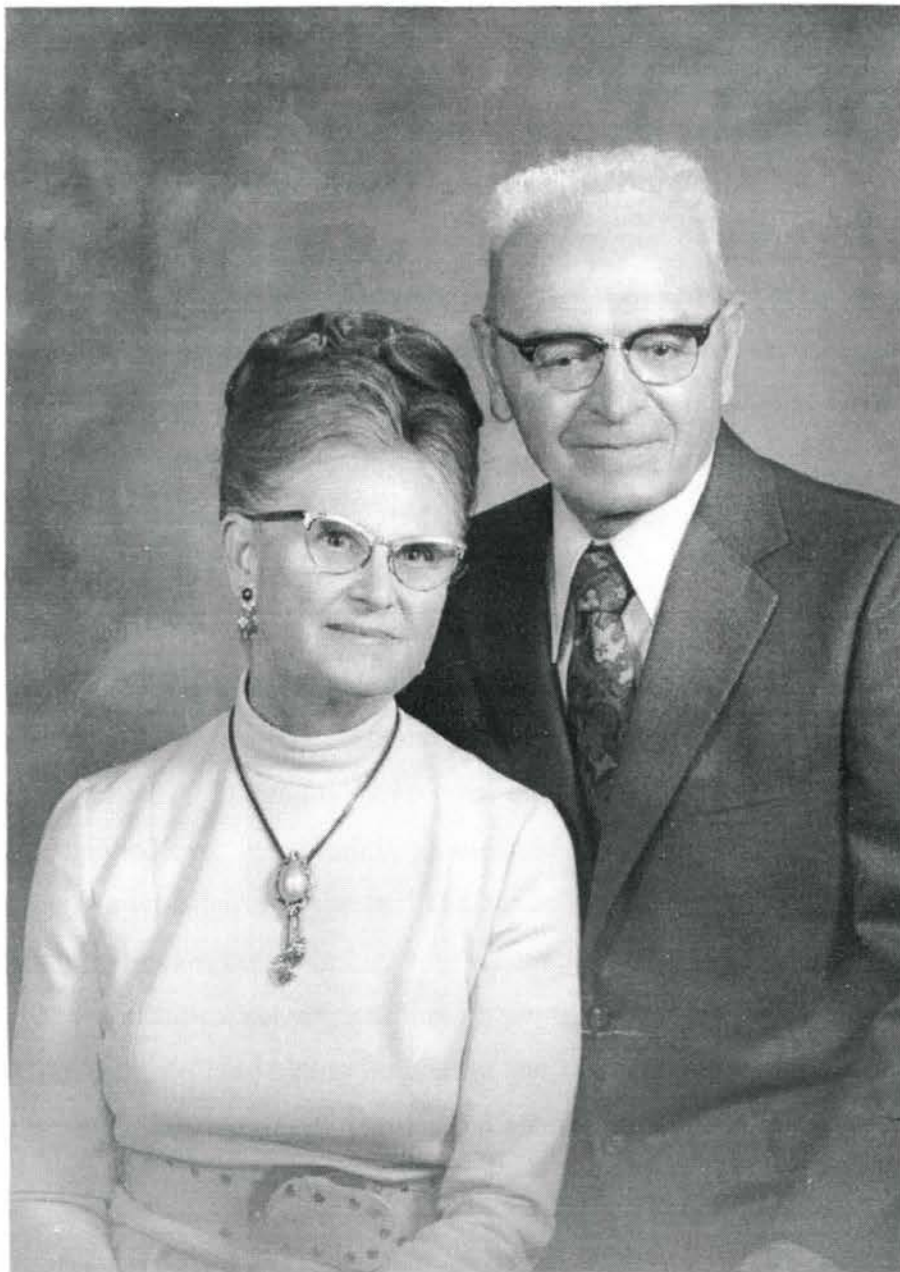


MEMORIES OF MARJORIE ASENETH MUNTER



WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1998
FOR HER CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN
AND HER GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Introduction

It was a privilege to help Mom create this book of her memories over these ninety five years. I have been encouraging her over the past two years to write down some of the things she remembers from growing up on what we all called "Pearl Creek Road" in North East, Nebraska. I have always loved history and felt it would be a shame if the history of our own family should become lost to the generations who will follow. At first Mom had a hard time remembering many of these stories. She said, "I always think of today and tomorrow and I don't sit around thinking about the past." Perhaps that is why she has been so alert and up to date on all the things going on in the world around her. Yet, when she started writing things down the memories began to flow as fast as she could write them down. I only wish I could have captured all the colorful comments that Mom shared as we worked on this little book.

Mom stayed with Barbara and I for five weeks this past summer. During that time we took time to drive up to see the "Golden Spike National Monument". This is the place where the first continental railroad was completed. Grandpa Bayne was only in his teens when this historic event happened. We oohed and aahed over the brightly painted old wood burning locomotives and delighted as the engineer blew the whistle, rang the bell and made lots of smoke as the machine moved down the tracks. Returning toward the main highway we rounded a bend in the road and there before us were the test bunkers for the rocket engines that propel our satellites to distant planets. I looked over at this ninety five year old lady sitting beside me and realized that she had lived through the years that have taken us from the old steam locomotive tooting its whistle to the thundering roar of rockets streaking toward the distant planets and beyond. She has witnessed amazing changes.

Most of the news articles and many of the pictures were saved by Mother over the years, however I thank my sisters, Avis, Iris and Arlene for the pictures and information they also shared that filled in some of the gaps. I am hopeful that this document will be treasured by those of us who follow in successive generations this remarkable God fearing woman named, Marjorie Aseneth (Bayne) Munter. May she and the memories of her life serve as a model of dignity and godliness.

Jim Munter

(Copied from the Colridge Blade newspaper, February, 1932)

"On Saturday, February 20, Mr. and Mrs. J.B. Bayne celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with about sixty attending.

On February 23, 1882, James B. Bayne was united in marriage to Miss Mae Phillips at Climbing Hill, Iowa. After farming there for a few years, they moved to a farm near Coleridge in the Norris vicinity, then to a farm near Magnet, later buying a farm six miles west of Coleridge; and after living there a number of years, Mr. Bayne bought the old Strivens place on Pearl Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayne are among the pioneers of northeast Nebraska, coming to this community when Coleridge was just started, and have lived forty-two years in Cedar County. They, like all pioneers, know what it means to establish a home in a new country, when inconveniences and handicaps were the lot of all settlers. But today they have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done their part in developing and building up the community in which they live. Mr. and Mrs. Bayne are to be congratulated on the passing of their golden wedding anniversary, as fifty years of companionship together is given to comparatively few couples.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayne are the parents of ten children, all living. They are: Alex, Elvin, Lloyd and Marion Bayne all of Coleridge; Cleveland Bayne of Sacramento, California; Mrs. D.F. Allison of Randolph; Mrs. Wilbur Larson of Hartington; Mrs. Fred Roth and Mrs. Robert Munter of Coleridge; and Miss Lola Bayne, teacher in Cushing, Iowa. Also thirty-one grandchildren and one great grandchild, Robert lee Allison of Cambridge, Nebraska. All the children were home for the occasion except the son in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayne received many telegrams and telephone calls during the day. Their children presented them a fine radio."

(From the June 2nd, 1881 issue of the Bellevue Leader)

"Mrs. J. S. Phillips and daughter Mae Aseneth have gone to Ponca, Nebraska, to visit her son Alexander Phillips who served in the civil war. My mothers father was a courageous adventure being unafraid to move his family half way across the continent. He was a businessman, having accumulated enough money by age 42 years old to purchase 1000 acres of Jackson County farm land on hie arrival in Iowa."

Jasper died April 26th, 1888. His wife Surlina Phillip died October 12th, 1904, age 85 years at the home of her daughter Emma Worth, Sioux City, Iowa.

Jasper and Surlina had their fifth and last child Aseneth May Phillip. She was named after her Aunt Aseneth (phillip) Merrill; my mother, your grand mother Bayne.

(From the Bellevue Leader, March 16, 1882)

Married: Bayne – Phillips

At the residence of the bride's sister in West Fork Township, Woodburg, County, Iowa, February 28, 1882. Mr. James B. Bayne of Sioux City to Miss Aseneth May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Phillips of Bellevue, Iowa. Rev. Purtle officiating.

The happy couple took the train to Nebraska to visit the bride's brother, Mr. A. J. Phillips.

The bride is one of Bellevue's fair daughters where she is well and favorably known by a large circle of friends. She was the recipient of numerous valuable gifts and congratulations of friends. The man she has chosen for a life companion is said to be well-to-do, a gentleman of high standing. The Leader tenders its congratulations.

May Aseneth was married in the home of her sister Emma (Phillips) Worth, wife of Robert Worth."

End

My grand parents on my father's side. My grand mother died when I was one year old. I don't know when my grandfather died. I never saw either one of them.

Grand Father Henry Bayne



Grand mother Bayne



Marriage license

HIS
CERTIFIES
THAT

James B. Bayne and Annelle May Phillips

Were solemnly united by me in the

Holy Union of Matrimony

at Mr. R. J. Worley's

on the Twenty-third day of February

in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred

and Eighty-two conformably to the Ordinance

of God, and the Laws of the State.

In Presence of

Miss Clara Huston

Mr. Johnson Ross

Signed

R. J. Pentle W. D. M.

C. Blanchard W. D. M.

MY MOTHER
ASENETH MAY BAYNE



I remember my mother and father as pioneers in the rolling hills of Northeast Nebraska. Coleridge was a town of only a grain elevator, trading post/post office, bank and a few other buildings when they settled in Cedar County in 1890 (over a hundred years ago). My mother had three sisters, one brother, Alex Phillips, who served in the Civil War. Alex enlisted on August 12, 1862 and was honorably discharged June 27, 1865. In 1885 the husband of my mother's sister Emma Worth was one of eleven men who handled Sioux City Mail Carrier Service.

My father and his brothers and sisters



Top left: James Buchanan Bayne, Adalline C. Bayne, Silas DeKalb Bayne (Hank)
Second row: Elizabeth Jane Bayne, Isreal Putman Bayne, Benjamin Franklin Bayne, Isabell Bayne
Bottom row: Joseph Marshall Bayne (Marsh), Henry Clay Bayne

Elizabeth Jane Bayne born June 22nd, 1838, Indiana
 Married Patrick H. O'Brien August 11th, 1862
 Children (no record)
 Died March 10th, 1907 (age 69) Sioux City

Amanda Bayne born Dec 10th, 1839, Indiana
 Married John Houston Aug 11th, 1862 Merville, Iowa
 Children Arnold; Lisa (died young)
 Died Oct 27th, 1923 (age 83) Merville

- Isabell Bayne born Oct 24th, 1841, Iowa
 Married Joseph S. Montgomery Dec 20th, 1859, Sioux City
 Children: Sidney; Hugh, and Ester (deaf)
 Died April 11th, 1923 (81) Sioux City
- Silas DeKalb born Dec 20th, 1843, Indiana
 Married Catherine Snyder Sep 5th, 1872, Buffalo, Oklahoma
 Children: Nora; Hattie; Mary (died at 4); John; Delvin
 Died Dec 3rd, 1934 (age 90)
- Israel Putman Bayne born Jan 10th, 1846, Indiana
 (1) Married Mariah Morrison July 13th, 1876
 Children: Louis; Charles; Gertrude
 (2) Married Florence Morrison (sister) Feb 15th, 1885
 Children: Pearl (Russell); Will
 Died March 25th, 1943 (age 97) North Platte, Nebraska
- Sarah A. Bayne born May 5th, 1848, Indiana
 Married John Coghorn Sept 13th, 1868
 Children (no record)
 Died Sept 17th, 1869 (age 21) Davis County, Indiana
- Eliza Bayne born Aug 21st, 1850, Indiana
 Married George Arnold Oct 6th, 1872
 Children (no record)
 Died Dec 20th, 1873 (age 23) at Woodbury County, Iowa
- Martha Alcy Bayne born Oct 12th, 1852
 Married Samuel Snyder Aug 15th, 1872
 Children: Sylvia (retarded and died young), Lewis
 Died April 9th, 1884 (age 32) Sloan, Woodbury County, Iowa
- Adaline C. Bayne born Nov 29th, 1854, Iowa
 Married James H. Strong Nov 3rd, 1872
 Children: one daughter Carrie; and nine boys (all pastors!)
 Died July 5th, 1931 (age 77) Sioux City
- James Buchanan Bayne born Dec 20th, 1856, Veva, Indiana**
Married May Asenith Phillips Feb 23rd, 1882 Climbing Hill Iowa
Died July 13th, 1943 (age 86) Coleridge (Pearl Creek) Nebr.
- Ada married Dave Allison
 (Leroy, Jay, Carl, Gladys, Marian, Elsie, Don, Norma)
- Cleve married Ella
 (Daisy, Erma, Ona, Fern, Clair)
- Alex married Ollie Stober
 (Ruth, Beulah, Alice, Helen,)
- Lloyd married Sella Farris (no children)
- Elvin married Katie Carpenter
 (Kenneth, Gordon, Beverly)
- Marion married Emma Rath
 (Vivian, Virgil, Dorthy, Lowell)
- Ruby Married Dee Wilson (Roicy)
 Married Fred Roth
 (Leonard, Deward, Wendell)

- Marjorie married Bob Munter
(Elmer (step son), Duane, Avis, Iris, Arlene, Jim)
- Mae married Wilbur O. Larson
(Shirley, Eldon, Rodney and Phyllis who at only 5 weeks)
- Lola Married Everett Manchester
(Karen, Korene, Michael)
- Henry Clay Bayne born Aug 25th, 1858
Married Louisa Parmelia McMurray March 27th, 1887 Lutton, Iowa
Children: Mabel, Chella, Edith, Robert, Hazel, Percy
Died Jan 25th, 1936 (age 77) Selma, Harper County, Oklahoma
- Joseph Marshall Bayne born Dec 14th, 1860, Indiana
Married Vernie Headley Oct 27th, 1895 Gross, Nebraska
Children: Hildred
Died Oct 29th, 1946 (age 85) Gross, Nebraska
- Benjamin Franklin Bayne born Aug 14th, 1865, Indiana
Married Daisy M. Allred May 9th, 1898
Children: Lowell, Dwight, Leland, and Doyle
Died Oct 29th, 1963 (age 98) Lutton, Iowa

I remember my Mother as a very loving mother. She was always patient and encountered all the hardships, discomforts and disadvantages of making a home on the prairie. I thought my mother was beautiful, with pretty black eyes and curly hair. I never heard mother or my father use profanity. Family was always first before other activities. Although mother didn't sing very much, her favorite hymns were "Abide with me" and "When my life work is ended will there be any stars in my crown". As the mother of ten children, she did not have much time for church work – too many little ones to cook and wash for. But she was always ready to help those that needed her. Mother never drove a car, but she wasn't afraid to drive horses or to go alone at night if someone needed her.





My mother's brother and sisters:

top: My mother May Aseneth; Aunt Ada

Bottom: Aunt Bell; Uncle Alex (who was in the Civil War) and Aunt Emma.



My dad and my mother. (taken in 1883)

Far left: my father holding my oldest brother Alex

Back row: my mother and Aunt Belle

Front row: Aunt Emma and Alex Phillip who was in the civil war.

The following news article has a picture of Robert Worth, my Aunt Emma's husband who was first U.S. Mail carriers in Sioux City, Iowa.

Emma Worth -

Sister of Mae Phillips

THE SIOUX CITY JOURNAL.

Seven Men in 1885 Handled Sioux City Mail Carrier Service That Now Requires 65 Here



UPPER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—AL MASON, ROBERT WORTH, W. H. COBURN, ABE FOSTER AND WILLIAM RYAN.

LOWER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—E. R. MOSSEAU, POSTMASTER CRAWFORD AND A. W. CRAIK.

IT WAS October 1, 1884, that Sioux City first had mail delivery service. There were four men who began the service that now requires 65 carriers here.

The picture shows the seven men who served as carriers together with Postmaster E. B. Crawford, who had charge here from 1885 to 1889.

E. R. Kirk, who served as post-

master from 1878 to 1885 and from 1889 to 1894, was postmaster when the carrier service began here. The four men who originally carried the mail to Sioux City residents were: L. Q. Harper, David Hattenbach, Charles Lindblad and Ephraim Wood.

Miles A. Shaver, assistant postmaster here now, who has been a postal

employee for 47 years, recalled that when the carrier service was started the postoffice building was at Fifth and Pierce streets where the Frances building now stands. At that time Mr. Shaver had served three years as a postal clerk. It was from Mr. Shaver that the names of the carriers shown in the picture were obtained.

Mother should have been a nurse, as she delivered many babies, including a pair of twin girls, and never lost a mother or a baby. I don't remember many people going to the hospital. There were no hospitals close by and few had enough money to go there. People would call the family Doctor.

Mother worked with Dr. Dewey from Coleridge many times, assisting in surgeries and with other procedures. When my oldest brother's wife Ollie became very ill, he called Dr. Dewey. The doctor told him that Ollie had a large tumor that needed to be taken care of. Alex called mother to come and help. In those days in the country, some surgeries were done in the home. Mother and Alex pulled out the dining room table as far as it would go. Mother washed it off with soap and water, closed the kitchen and living room doors, and when the doctor arrived, she had Ollie ready. In those days, ether was given for anesthetic. A round mask that fit tight around the most of the face was placed on the patient. Mother knew just how much ether to spray on the mask and when by the pulse rate of the patient. Too much could mean death, and too little wouldn't keep the patient asleep. The incision was long and required many stitches. After the surgery, Alex and Dr. Dewey carried Ollie to the living room and placed her on a bed there until she was able to be up and around. Mother stayed with her the first night and all the next day. For the next ten days, she came every day to bathe her and check her incision and make something to eat. As I remember, no one died from surgery at home – maybe we can be too clean.

My first funeral was when I was four years old. It was the funeral of the woman who had delivered me, Mrs. Furness. She asked that my mother give me the vase her mother had given her. I still have that vase, which is about three hundred years old now. When I saw her at the funeral I thought she looked beautiful all dressed up and sleeping in that pretty box. And there were people to push her around! I thought that was really something! I didn't realize that she would never wake up again. My mind could not grasp the meaning of this special occasion and why everyone was so sad.

One evening my mother was asked to come to a neighbor's home. Mother was tired and had things to do at home. My father told her that she must rest. But when the neighbor said, "May, please come. I need you" she went. I had gone with her many times before and I went this night as well. This time, when we arrived, a young fifteen-year-old girl was dead. She had been in school with me and was my same age. I can still see her face. She was pregnant but could not deliver the baby. Mother asked what happened, and the family simply told her that the girl had died. Mother called the doctor to come and pronounce her death. Mother and I then dressed her and made ready for her burial. We put coins on the eyes to keep them closed. At death, the eyes don't close and a weight holds them closed until they set. There was no embalming. In warm weather there was no ice, only cold water and towels to cover the face and hands. I had been with my mother many times, but this time really made me think. Could this happen to me if I became pregnant?

Four – Five years old

The church I remember when I was young was a small building. Nothing modern, no beautiful windows, only small colored windows. The building was painted white with red trim. There was a large bell in the bell tower that took two men to ring on Sunday morning. The church was built on a half acre of land with room for people to tie their horses.



The inside of the church was white with wooden pews and a wood floor. A red carpet covered the center aisle. The church could seat about one hundred people. Kerosene

lamps placed in holders over the windows lighted the interior. It was the pastor's job to see to it that the lamps were full and ready to go before church started. Above the altar was a cross and there was a pump organ in the corner. The congregation loved to sing, although there was no choir. A wood stove provided heat for the church and the men piled up wood for use in both the church and the pastor's home. The church basement was decorated with curtains made by the women and a few tables made by the men. There was a small cook stove as well for church lunches. The women got together when they could to make clothes for those in need from clothes their children had outgrown. Many were made for the pastor's family as well.

The pastor's home was built on a couple of acres of land. The pastor was given a team of horses to use when he went calling and one cow for milk. The farmers took care of the needs of the pastor. Everyone helped to pay his salary and the council would meet monthly to decide what each family should give for food – eggs, meat, lard, garden vegetables, feed, etc. Town people brought sugar, flour, dried fruit and other foodstuffs. My father was always on the church council.

For Christmas, the church was decorated with a live tree and strings of popcorn. There were no candles in the church due to the threat of fire – there was no water close by. Many of the other decorations were made by the Sunday School classes and at home. There were no Christmas programs by the children because the weather could be very unpredictable in December and sometimes church would have to be canceled. The pastor would give a Christmas message and after the service, Santa would visit. Santa gave each child a sack of candy and cookies our mothers made and one apple. Those five years old and older were taught to give a gift and bring it on Christmas Eve. The price limit was 10 cents. Each child was given a name of another child to buy a gift for.

There were not many toys in those days and not many stores in which to purchase them, so some children made gifts for each other. Our gift wrapping paper was brown paper sacks from the grocery shopping. To make the gifts pretty on the outside, we pasted on pictures we found in the paper or in the church paper. We had to make our own paste

with flour and water. On Christmas Eve, the pastor's wife would have a couple of boxes to put our gifts in – one for the boys and one for the girls. Pastor then passed out the gifts. No one knew who had given him or her the gift, it was only signed, "From your friend".

In my home on Christmas Day

In my home at Christmas time, we always had a live tree with candles on it and decorated with color paper rings and strings of popcorn. We cut out paper Crosses and colored them as well as paper angels which we cut from drawings we found. We colored in their faces to make them look real. We played games, read Bible stories and sang the Christmas songs we learned in Sunday School. Of course, the most fun was opening presents. My mother never received any presents in those days because what little money there was went for gifts for the children.

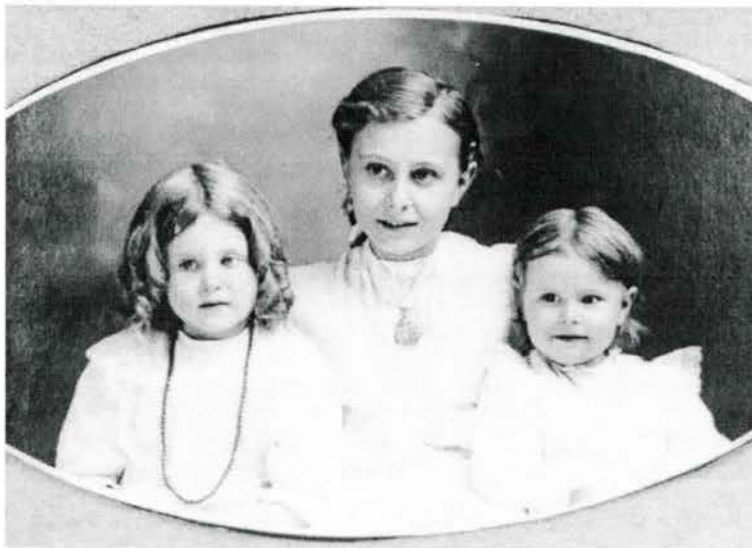
Ruby sits beside her little sister Marjorie



Marjorie at the wonderful age of two



At four years of age, all the girls who lived in Cedar County were to have their pictures taken. The one who was judged the most beautiful would receive a gold watch. I won the gold watch. I have a picture of my watch and of how pretty I was. One day my older brother Elvin wanted to war it to find a lost calf. He had to cross a creek, but a rainstorm came up and when Elvin crossed over he fell in and lost my gold watch.



Little Marjorie (on left) was almost ready to cry because big sister Ruby had traded her beads for my gold watch!

We had no bathtubs when I was young. Mother would heat the water on the stove and put it into a round tub in the kitchen. We three older girls would get into the tub at the same time to take our baths. When we were done, the water was taken and dumped outside in the yard. What a comfort it was when I was a child to know that my mother knew what to do if I was ill; to always have food when I was hungry; and to have clean clothes to wear. My mother would come my hair and put me to bed at night telling me she loved me.

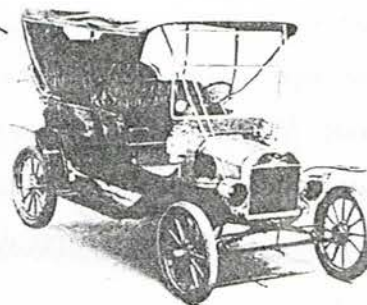
The first car I remember

The first car I remember was one Alex and Cleve bought. It had one seat across the front and no doors.

The lights were on the side and had to be filled with some kind of liquid, possibly kerosene and needed to be lit with a certain kind of match. The car was small with room for only two people. To start, the car needed to be cranked and went up to fifteen or twenty miles an hour.

The roads were plain dirt roads – no paved highways. You could have any color you wanted, as long as it was black. Many years ago cars didn't mean much to little girls. I don't remember how long they kept it or when they sold it.

Official First Day of Issue



MODEL T FORD
1908

Celebrating
the 20th Century
1900-1909

Six – Seven years old

I loved dolls. My father went to Omaha, Nebraska on the train with some cattle to be sold at the stock market. While there, he bought me a beautiful china doll. I had never seen one like that before. I had one that mother bought – the body and the head were separate and then she sewed them together. When my father gave me this beautiful china doll, he didn't tell me that this doll closes her eyes when you lay her down. When I laid the doll in my arms and the eyes closed, I thought she died. I gave her a throw and broke my doll to pieces. I didn't realize she would break either. I cried and cried. I had never gone anywhere or read any books or seen any pictures of a doll like her before. I sometimes wonder why I am as educated as I am. After I was married I took some correspondence courses which I enjoyed. Reading about people and history were my favorite subjects – and still are.

My Baptism at age twelve

When I was twelve years old, I was baptized in the in the church Baptismal Font. Some of my family asked, why did you wait until you were twelve? I was taught that before

that age, we didn't understand the love of the Lord. When we grew older, we knew who Jesus was and learned to pray to Him. Mother made me a white dress for this special occasion. As I walked to the steps leading up to the water to be baptized, the congregation sang the hymn "Just as I am". The pastor took my hand to help me down the steps in the water and as I was lifted up from the water, I felt the hand of Jesus on mine. Words cannot express my feeling in that most beautiful moment - the touch of the Lord's hand. I walked up the steps in the arms of my godmother to help me into dry clothes. If I had been baptized at a younger age, would I have felt the hand of Jesus on mine?

My father tried to have nice things:

My father sold the two seated carriage and bought a new car. Although I was sad to see the carriage go, we enjoyed the new car - we were more in style! My father liked nice things and could afford nice things at the time. People did not travel much then. There were not many good roads and many people simply didn't go very far from home.

The home I grew up in was very nice. We had lights all over the house upstairs and downstairs. The fixtures were beautiful and looked like our lights today except that the light itself was blue-white in color. To turn one on we had to light it with a long match. We were the only ones around who had these beautiful lights. There was a cave a ways off from the house with a large round tank in it full of liquid. I am not sure what the liquid was, but it was Lloyd's job to take care of it and he would move the scale attached to the tank when needed.

Grandparents

I always felt sad because I never had any grandparents. I never saw them when I was young. Grandmother Bayne and grandmother Phillips died when I was only one year old and the others lived too far away. Often the women speak of their wonderful grandparents and how they could go and visit them and what fun they had as children. My husband never knew his grandparents either, nor did my youngest son, Jim.

Games played at school

We played "Drop the Handkerchief" when I was young. We would all join hands to make a circle and one would start walking around the circle with the handkerchief and dropped it behind someone else. That person would get up and run after the first person trying to touch them before they got back to their place. Then the new person was "it". If the first person was caught, they had to do it again until they could outrun someone and get "home". While we were playing, we would sing, "Around and around we go. Where we stop, nobody knows". The girls also jumped rope. In the winter when it was cold outside, the girls put on their winter coats, mittens and caps and ran around the school house several times. We would stop then and ask each other what their plans were for the evening.

When the teacher wasn't looking, the boys would throw paper wads and put the girls' long hair ends in the inkwells. The ink wouldn't wash out and sometimes our mothers had to cut off the ends. On cold days our lunch would be brought inside by the wood heating stove so we could eat where it was warm. Otherwise, we ate outside.

When I was twelve years old at school we were all playing outside during the noon hour when a little girl my age lost her cross. She started crying and crying and said that if she couldn't find it the Devil would come up out of the ground and get her. I thought she was going to lose her mind, she was crying and screaming so loudly. She begged us to help her to find it, and we did find it about an hour later. I was so frightened because I thought the Devil would get me too – I had no cross either. When I went home after school I told my father what happened and I was nearly sick all night. I could see the Devil coming after me. My father said to come over to his chair and he and I would have a little talk to explain what happened that day and why I should have no fear it could happen to me.

My childhood was simple. I never went to the movies – I didn't even know what that was. There were very few books to read because they were very expensive to buy. We did not have a radio or television. We went to school, church, visited the neighbors and worked. On the Fourth of July we would go on a picnic with the neighbors. Mother would make something special – a pudding, cake or pie – and we would gather in someone's yard to eat and talk and play ball. When I was a little older, mother would

buy me a new pair of white shoes, a new dress and hat for the Fourth. Many people bought new things for this holiday. My father gave each of us a quarter when we went into Coleridge and we looked around for quite a while before we decided what to purchase. For sure we were not able to buy any fire crackers. In fact I never even heard of such a thing.

Age 14-17 years old:

In those years boys and girls dated at an early age and many girls were married at 18-20 years old. There were a 18-20 of us teens (all unmarried) who enjoyed getting together for neighborhood parties in both the summer and winter. In the summer months we looked forward to late Sunday after noon when we would gather at our lawn parties. My parents always enjoyed a pretty lawn and ours was large and beautiful with a row of pretty mulberry trees along the driveway.

The parents of the home in which we met would serve the food. The summer months were busy. The women were busy canning, making jelly and all the supplies that would be needed for the winter, so the mother of the guest home did not have time to prepare food for 18-20 hungry teenagers. So the mothers would have a meeting and decided what each family would send along to each of the parties. Some would send baked cookies, some sent sandwiches, etc. The sandwich bread would be home made with fresh cooked meat, or home churned butter and homemade jelly. Everything was always so good. There was no such thing as canned soft drinks or ice so we drank nice cool water from the well.

Members of our own group who brought their instruments with them provided our music. Since there was no such thing as electric lights the boys would bring big poles and kerosene lanterns. They would arranged the poles in a big circle and hang the lanterns upon them for our light. This was always so pretty and it added a special festive atmosphere and togetherness for our group. It was beautiful sitting outside in the cool summer air. I do not remember hot summers like we have now. We seemed to receive plenty of rain to keep our lawns so pretty and the crops growing.

Sometimes for games we would pass out slips of paper and were told to write down something about the person whose name was on the slip. I loved being a teenager. There was so much clean fun and the boys respected the girls.

In the winter we would meet in different homes and made candy, sang lots of songs, played games and visited as young people do today. One topic for debate was who would be the next official elected for office in our group and where the next meeting would be held. We also debated current events. We would read articles out of the paper and magazines and then ask different people to be ready to lead a discussion on this topic at the next meeting. That way at every meeting we would have a lively debate on different topics. Many topic were political in nature concerning the county officials and bills passed in congress. Sometimes it was more humorous in terms of what food we liked and what we wanted to do with our lives when we graduated from high school. Most of the youth in our group went on to high school, but that was not true of other kids in our community. We had some intelligent teenagers in our group who went on to become professional people.

Many farm families had sled runners under a wagon box for the horses to pull over the snow. The boys looked forward for all of us girls to go for a ride and then every time the boys would turn the wagon over on its side and out we girls would spill out into the snow. It was great fun. After the wild sled ride we would go back for lunch and make plans for next weeks meeting at another parent's home.

The boys didn't have cars, but when they were 18 years old they were given a new buggy and a team of horses. The boys kept their buggies looking beautiful, even the spokes of the wheels would sparkle as they turned in the sunlight. We were all taught to take care of things. As a young girl I never had many clothes. My mother made everything I had from material she bought from a store in Magnet (a tiny town of three or four buildings about five miles west of our farm). Girls never wore slacks in those days. We wore a dress, long stockings and not much make-up.



The five sisters all in a line: Ruby; Ada; Marjorie; Mae; Lola

Box Social

One of the big events of the year was the Box Social. It was held once a year at the schoolhouse. The single women made boxes with lunch for two inside. These boxes were auctioned and whoever bought the box got to eat lunch with the girl who made it. All the proceeds went to the school. Our parents came to the Social along with many young men from around the county. It was always crowded.

We girls would spend weeks making our box beautiful. We kept our designs secret because we each wanted to have the best looking one that would bring in the most money. The boxes were cardboard and had to be a certain size, but they could be any shape. To change the shape of the box, we would cut a pattern out and then sew the box together with a needle and heavy thread. Then we would start looking for different colors and decorations to cover the outside. The boxes had to be covered with paper, but we could use lace and ribbons of different sizes and colors to embellish our designs. I would rather make a dress any day than make my box. It was work getting all the details on it

once I decided how I wanted to trim it. I used yards of lace and ribbons. One year I made lace hearts and pasted Redhots in the center and nestled a toy bird in the middle of all the lace. It was very pretty. Some of the boxes were exquisite and sold for as much as \$15.

We were not to tell anyone who made which box. After the boy bought the box, he found out whom he was to eat lunch with. However, secret signals were sent. The boys would look around when a box was on the auction block and try to figure out whose it was. The girls would wink or nod or send some signal that the box was theirs so they would get to eat with the boy they liked. One time, a boy I did not like at all was bidding on my box and I just knew he was going to get it. So I fiddled with my collar and pointed to myself discreetly and the boy I liked saw it and bid more so that he and I could eat together. After a nice lunch of homemade cookies, sandwiches or meat rolls, candy, apples or pop corn, the boys often took the boxes home. Our parents brought their own lunches in a box to enjoy during the festivities.

Halloween

The boys loved Halloween. There were several traditional Halloween pranks they loved to play. All the school's outhouses were pushed over; someone's buggy would be found on the roof of a small building; buggy whips would be hidden; buggies would be exchanged. In the morning when it was time to do the chores, you would have the wrong one and didn't know where yours was. It always took a couple of days for everything to get straightened out.

During the noon hour we set up a tub to bob for apples. We filled a wash tub half full of water and about six apples at a time. There was a three-minute time limit for each person. The person who brought up an apple in the shortest amount of time won the prize.

Watermelon stealing

The boys loved stealing melons from other people's patches at night. They knew which place had the best melons and, if caught, would provide the quickest escape. Some farmers were watching for them and told the boys they would have to pay for the melons if they got caught. Of course, the boys had no money for this and as I remember, no one ever got caught. They would hide the melons somewhere if they had time and would retrieve them later at night and bring them home. The next day we girls would meet them and have a watermelon feed – were they good!

Light in the home

Until I was about eleven or twelve years old, we didn't have electricity. We used kerosene lamps. There was one lamp holder on the wall in the kitchen and one in the dining room. Upstairs in the bedrooms, lamps were set on a dresser. We had about four lamps, which we carried to different parts of the house when we needed them. By the time the children were seven years old, they carried their own lamps up and down the stairs, without falling or dropping the lamp. I never remember a fire caused by the lamps in anyone's home. We were taught the danger of fire at an early age and so we were very careful when we carried our lamps.

Rug cleaning

The only way to clean the carpet was to take it outside, hang it on the clothesline and beat it with a couple of brooms. After it was cleaned, it was rolled up and brought back into the house and laid back down. The rugs were in the living room and dining room. While the rugs were up, we scrubbed the floor with warm water and soap. When the floor was dry, mother would varnish the floor from the wall out about eight to nine inches all around the room. The rugs didn't go all the way to the walls, so when they were laid back down on the floor, they looked beautiful with the varnished wood around them.

Butter churning

We churned butter about twice a week in a wooden barrel with a crank that turned a paddle around and around inside the barrel. Each child would make ten turns on the

crank and then the next one would take over. It would take anywhere from twenty minutes to a half an hour to churn, depending on the temperature of the milk. The butter was white because we didn't have any way to color it. Eventually we had small tablets that would dissolve in the butter and color it yellow. Mother put the butter in one pound molds and when it was set, she unmolded the butter onto wax paper and took it to the grocery store to sell. The store would then give her credit toward the groceries she needed to purchase. The churn was washed thoroughly and when it was dry inside, mother put a dishtowel over it to help keep it clean. My father loved to drink buttermilk and mother often made buttermilk pancakes for the family.

When the cows were milked, the milk was separated from the cream in a Delaval separator. This had to be washed every day by hand. There were forty-eight disks in the separator to wash and then put back together in the correct order. The cows were milked twice a day and the milk was immediately separated. In the summer months especially, the separator was washed twice a day, after each milking. The separator was operated with a handle, which had to be turned at the right speed. Not too fast and not too slow or the cream wouldn't separate correctly. After the milk had gone through, one dipper of water was added to rinse the residual cream through.

We did not drink very much milk. In the morning one of the boys would bring in some of the whole milk for mother to use in her cooking that day. There was also some to put on cereal or corn mush or oatmeal, but otherwise, the separated milk was given to the hogs and the cream was churned into butter. The cream was stored in the cave until it was time to churn. The cave was a few steps outside the kitchen door. It was covered with one large hinged door and had about twenty steps down to the bottom. At the bottom was another door that led into the cave itself. The walls of the stairwell and the cave were all cemented to keep from collapsing. We stored fruit, cream, vegetables and canned meat. Every farmer had a cave, not just us! The cave was also our shelter in case of tornadoes or other violent storms.

Chickens

We had quite a few chickens on the farm. We had to search high and low for their eggs, as they were free to roam about the farmyard. They laid where ever they could find a place, and every egg counted for us. The girls hunted for and gathered the eggs and mother took them to the store along with the butter to sell. We sold most of them. Sometimes we would miss a nest and in about three weeks here would come the mother hen with her chicks up to the house looking for something to eat. The chickens mostly ate what they found in the yard and picked through the garbage. The hogs got the rest of the garbage from the kitchen. At night, the little ones would go under their mother's wing to keep warm. It was a pretty sight to see their little heads peeking out from under her feathers. I'm sure they felt very secure there.

Doing laundry

Monday mornings mother brought in the oblong copper wash boiler and set it on the stove. She filled it three-quarters full of water and added soap. She washed the bed sheets, tablecloths, underwear and white shirts together, boiling them on the stove in the wash boiler for about a half-hour, stirring them with a long stick. Then she took the clothes out with the stick and put them in the wash tub, which had cold water in it. Some of the clothes needed to be scrubbed up and down on the washboard. This was the first rinse. After that, they were put in another washtub for the second rinse. A wringer was attached to the second tub and the clothes were put through it by hand. They were then taken outside and hung on the clothesline. In the winter, we still hung out the clothes and brought them in frozen and hung them around the house to dry.

My first train ride to see Aunt Corry and Uncle Carter

My first train ride was from Coleridge to Laurel, almost ten miles! Mother packed my little suit case and away I went all by myself at age ten. I thought that was really something and that train sure did look big to me. Uncle Carter Guinn met me at the station. Uncle Carter and Aunt Corry had two boys, Clifford and Clayton, who always thought of me as their sister. Aunt Corry's mother was a sister of my father and for

some reason they loved me and wanted me to spend a couple weeks with them every summer for several years while I was growing up.

The second part of the trip was in a spring wagon. Uncle Carter and I would sit up on a spring seat where we could see to drive the horses. Behind us in the wagon would be all the supplies Uncle Carter had bought while he was in Laurel to pick me up. We rode about five and half miles from the railway station to the farm with the horses trotting all the way. It was a great adventure for a young girl at that time.

Making Bread

Mother always set her yeast sponge the night before she baked. The yeast is dissolved in water and then added to more water. Flour was added to this mixture and it was left to raise overnight. In the morning, salt and a little sugar was added and the sponge was kneaded with more flour. When the dough was ready, it was placed in loaf pans to raise and then to bake. Mother usually made four loaves at a time. She baked bread two or three times a week, along with pies, cakes and other goodies. In the kitchen was a sink with a wash basin sitting in it. My father would bring in water for the sink three times a day. There was a reservoir connected to the stove where the warm water was stored, and this was filled once a day. He put the cold water in a pail by the sink and we took it out of there to use for drinking or cooking. When we needed to wash hands, faces and dishes, we put some of the warm water from the stove reservoir into the wash basin in the sink. There was a drain in the sink that let the water drain outside.

Harvest Time

When I think of harvest time, I see the great threshing machine in an oat field of golden shocks. The grain shocks stand out like miniature Indian teepees as far as the eye could see. I hear the drumbeat of the steam engine's blower pumping out straw hour after hour until at dusk there was a perfect cone-shaped yellow stack looming up against the horizon. There were a dozen hay racks piled high with shocks lined up behind the threshing machine, men waiting their turn to throw the bundles into the separator, horses standing patiently lulled half-asleep by the beat of the steam engine.

The threshing machine moved from farm to farm taking care of the grain. There was a rotation system among the farmers. Whoever was first in line one year was last in line the next year and everyone moved up on spot. The grain was shocked in the field to keep it dry while waiting to be threshed. Sometimes it would be a few weeks before it was our turn with the machine. The crew consisted of four men who ran the thresher, drove the water tanker and operated the steam engine.

The threshing crew arrived at the farm early in the morning. At 4:30 a.m. mother served the men breakfast – pancakes, pork sausage, syrup and coffee. She ground the coffee by hand in the grinder that was on the wall. She mixed the coffee with an egg – shell and all – and put it in the coffeepot with water to boil. Men from surrounding farms came to help each other with the job and there would be ten – twelve men to feed, besides the children. Dinner was served at noon in the house and lunch at four p.m. was brought to the men working in the field. There would be doughnuts, sandwiches covered with a flowered dishcloth and a large pot of coffee. The men jumped down from their hay and grain wagons and squatted on their haunches to form a circle around the food. Harvest time meant long days and lots of cooking! And when we were finished, we went off to help someone else do the same thing.

After I was married, I had to feed the threshers who came to our farm every summer. I got up at four in the morning to make breakfast for the men just like my mother did. Fern Munter, Alma Munter (my sisters-in-law) and Julia Felber would come over to help start dinner, which we served at 11:30. Some would not eat until noon, however, because we could not get everyone around our dining room table. The oven was heated for a large roast, or if it was Friday we had fish and chicken, potatoes, pies and several kinds of vegetables.

When dinner was over, we had all the dishes to wash by hand – no dish washers! There were also the babies to care for and feed, and lunch to prepare and take out to the field at four. We made rolls, cakes, sandwiches and coffee to take to the men working. One of

the women would stay in the house with the little ones while the rest of us brought the food out to the field. Several times the horses would start to run and the men couldn't catch them. Once they just missed the food and us. Before they stopped, they broke the gate and a few fences. No one was hurt, but this is why we never brought the children out to the field with us.



My father and mother with their family: (1915)

Front row: Elvin; Ada; Mother; Father; Lola; Alex; Cleve

Back row: Mae; Marjorie; Marion; Ruby; Lloyd

Putting up the hay

The hay fork looked like an upside down "U" with sharp claws on the ends. At the top of the U it was attached to a rope that went to a pulley system in the roof of the barn. The other end of the rope pulley was hitched to a horse who provided the power. The fork was let down into the hay wagon and as the horse pulled the fork up, the tines would come together. Then the horse would pull the fork full of hay up to the door of the haymount and inside. The pulley system moved the fork up and into the haymount and back to where it needed to be dumped. When the fork was in the right place, another

rope was pulled which opened the fork to let the hay out. My job was to walk the horse in a straight line to the end of the rope or until someone hollered, "Ho!" Then the horse was backed into place to lift another load. Every barn had a large door that could be opened and let down half way to the ground so that the hay could be lifted into the haymount. When we were finished, the door was closed using a rope and pulley system.

Butchering our own meat:

My father and my two brothers, Lloyd and Marion, did all the butchering of the pork and beef. As soon as the hog was killed it was put into boiling water to remove all the hair from the skin. Next the hog was cut in half from top to bottom and hung up to cool for a two or three hours. Lloyd was an expert at cutting the pieces we wanted, such as roasts, spare ribs, bacon, etc. As Lloyd cut the meat of our choice, it would be placed into a large stone jar. The fat that was cut off of the lean meat was placed into huge a cast iron kettle. A fire was built under the kettle to melt the fat. This procedure took lots to experience because too hot a fire would turn the fat brown and ruin the lard making it brown and having a strong taste. A long dipper was used to put the hot lard in stone jars. One stone jars of lard was used to make soap. Making "lye soap" was two days work in itself. I never learned to make lye soap, but my mother and Ollie make lots and lots of soap that would be cut into bars for washing cloths. A heavy knife was used to cut long slivers off the lye soap bar into the boiling water that would be used for washing. This home made soap was wonderful to get the soiled farm cloths bright and clean.

While all of this was in process mother also canned jars of meat on the cook stove. There was no refrigeration in those days. During the winter months the boys would carry the large stone jars of meat and place it on the north side of the house where it would stay frozen. One early morning in the winter dad told me to go out and get a piece of bacon. When I took the cover off the stone jar and reached to get a piece of bacon all the meat was gone! Someone stole it in the night. I ran into the house to tell dad what had happened. It frightened me to think that such a thing had happened and I started to cry.

It was a terrible feeling to think that someone who knew us would sneak up and steal our meat. Lloyd and Marion made a trap to fit under the handle of the jar and the other end was fastened under the jar. No one ever stole our meat again.

The Nebraska Journal, 1917

Farmers's

Read this offer for free treatment

To follow vaccination of your

hogs.

We are making a fight to stamp our cholera. Free treatment to follow vaccination.

"We will vaccinate your hogs without charge. Read how we follow up the vaccination.

We furnish remedies to keep you hogs in condition until January 1st, 1918.

This means any medicines free, worms, lung trouble, kidney trouble, stomach trouble, lice, paralysis, we take care of it. All you pay for is the amount we charge for serum."

Government Inspected Serum – Government dosage – Government methods – Licensed veterinarians

Phone at our expense

Phone Auto 3828 Bill 3232

Guarantee Veterinary Company,

4th and Nebraska st. Sioux City, Iowa

My father used this service and it was a "good deal". My father, Lloyd and Marion raised lots of hogs. They lost quite a number of them before anyone realized what the problem was. Of course today these shots are routine for raising hogs.

Memories of church:

We never asked if we were going to church. We knew that our father and mother were going and we looked forward to going. Church was six or seven miles away via a two

seated carriage. In the winter mother would heat oats the night before and then pour the hot oats in a gunny sack to keep our feet warm on the long trip to church. Many Sundays after church during the Summer the congregation would meet at Olver Grove for a picnic. The children played games, the men played baseball and the women visited.

When the Pastor came to visit our home Ruby and I would take care of Mae and Lola making sure they stayed put! Children in those days were seen not heard. Ruby and I were scared of the Pastor. He always wore a long black swallow tail coat and tall back hat. He never came near us children. Mother made lunch for the pastor, dad and herself, but us children were never allowed to eat with them. We thought the pastor was some one from heaven.

I learned more about the Bible from my father then from the pastor. I remember my father best sitting for hours reading the Bible.

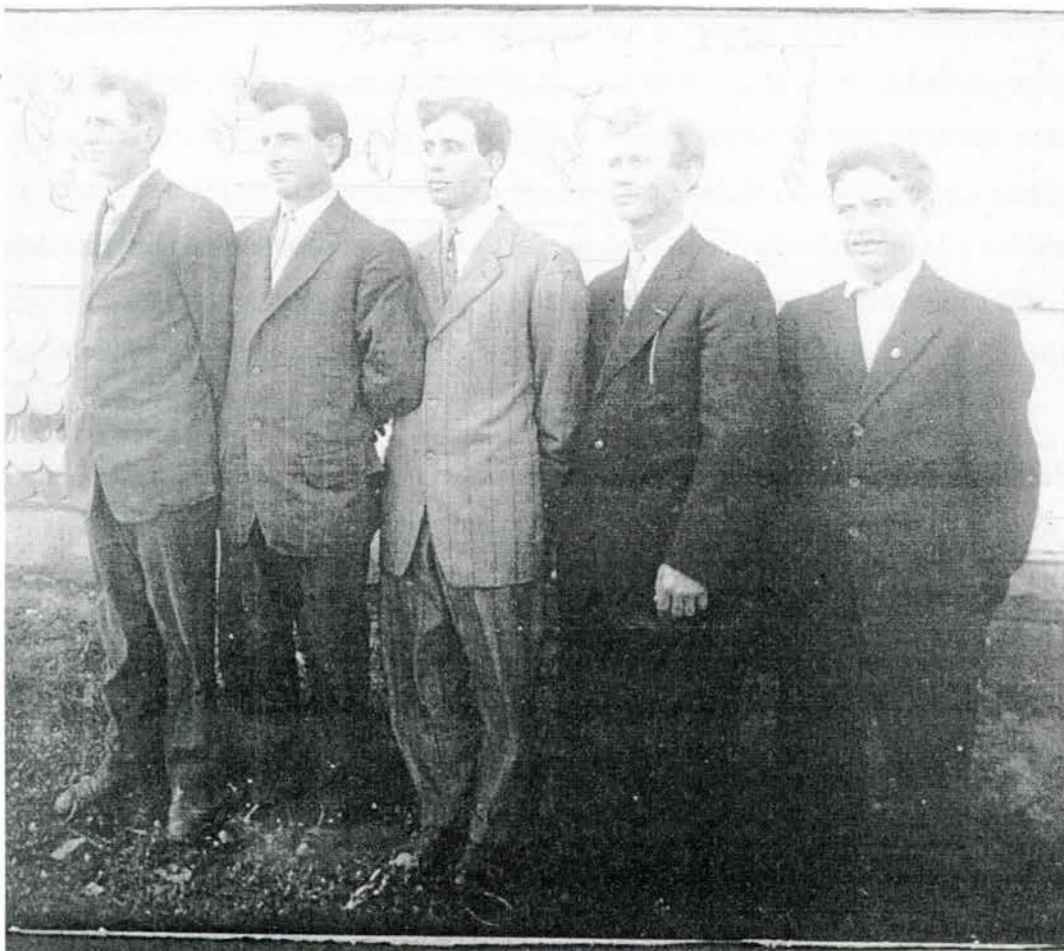
I never went to a movie. There were few books to read, no library, and books were expensive to buy. There was no radio or T.V. T.V. was invented in 1925 after I was grown up and married. There was church, school and work, so we had to make our own entertainment.

Music lessons:

My sister Ruby and I went to Coleridge with a horse and buggy every Saturday (seven miles) for our music lessons. Many times it would rain and we would have to stop and put the side curtains on the buggy. We would practice at home on an organ that had to be pumped up and down with our feet. Later our father bought a piano and were were so happy to have this beautiful piano to practice our music lessons.

While one of us was practicing our music lesson the other helped with the ironing using flat irons heated on the stove. In the summer the kitchen would be very warm and yet we wore dresses and long stockings. We never heard of anyone wearing shorts! The women of today have no idea what my mother's life was like, yet I would not trade it for a

million dollars because we enjoyed each other so much. There was never any cursing or drinking or arguing in our home or even between our neighbors. I am so thankful for my God fearing father and mother.



My five brothers: Alex; Cleve; Elvin; Lloyd; and Marion (1915)

Gypsies:

In the summer months the Gypsies would come in their covered wagon begging for what ever food might be in season. They always asked for eggs and potatoes to be traded for lace. Some times they would camp by the side of the road for days away from any farm buildings so their horses could graze on the road side grass. We know they stole chickens, eggs, apples etc. at night.

I remember one late afternoon just one came in a buggy and one horse and asked if he could sleep in the barn and have some food. I can see him yet! Of course my father said no because the hay could catch on fire from his pipe etc. He wasn't going to take "no" for an answer. This was the first time I ever remember my father being afraid of any one. My father asked him why he didn't find work in place of begging for food. After a few words the man left and started south toward where Alex and Ollie lived. We knew Ollie would be alone because Alex was working in the field. Dad called Ollie to lock the door and hurry to the neighbors farm. My father stayed up all night in case this man came back in the night. Some of these drifters were mean people. In later years the Gypsies still came through every summer but they were much more civilized. I remember them coming by our farm years after Bob and I were married.

Thanksgiving Day at my parents home:

We always raised a few pumpkins to make pies because there was no such thing as canned pumpkin. Mother cooked the pumpkin the day before, let it drain good, then mashed it to be ready to make pies the next morning. My father would buy a live turkey which also had to be prepared for the oven very early on Thanksgiving morning. We cooked the cranberries the day before. Mother always made extra loaves of bread the week before for the dressing. Our salad was cut up cabbage for coleslaw. The carrots were pulled up from the garden and packed in sand in a stone jar and put down in the cellar or cave where they kept beautifully all winter. My oldest brother Alex and his wife Ollie and their little ones always came as did my oldest sister Ada and her husband Dave and their little ones. Elven and Katie would come but Cleve and Ella could not because they lived in western Nebraska. Then of course there was Ruby, Marion, Mae, Lola and me. My father always thanked the Lord for all His blessings eating these beautiful Thanksgivings Day dinners.

By the time dinner was served and the dishes were washed by hand and put away there was not much time to visit before it was time to prepare lunch from the leftovers. In those days there was never a church service on Thanksgiving Day.

Horse racing:

In many ways boys were no different when I was a young girl that they are today. They loved to see who had the fastest horse. I did not know Fred Roth until later when he married my sister Ruby, but Fred and another young man loved to race horses. Each raced with their horses and buggies on a narrow dirt road. Before the race, several boys would go ahead and stop any traffic coming from the other direction until the race was over. Sometimes they were so close that their wheels would touch. The boys would have to watch carefully so that they could race as fast as possible and yet not lock up with their opponent's wheels, which would cause an accident. A small margin, half a length or less usually won the races. Very few boys were proficient enough to race buggies. Fred usually won. The boys thought so much of their buggies, and took such good care of them, that people couldn't believe they would race them and take those chances.

Barn Dance

Barn dances were held in the winter. The dance was held in the hayloft of a large barn. The loft was one large room, so there was plenty of space for dancing. The only downside was the climb up the ladder to get to the party! Bob and I went a number of times. Dances were a fun and exciting change of pace from the doldrums of winter. The women brought cookies and the men made coffee in the large coffee pot.

Our music band was four men who loved to play their instruments – violins, drums and horns. The musicians took up a collection to cover their expenses and time as the dances often went from eight p.m. to midnight. The owner of the barn also took up a collection for the use of his barn and time spent cleaning it up and getting ready for the party to begin. There were always a couple of hundred people who attended, some coming from as far as thirty miles away. There were more cars by this time, and people could travel farther to join in the fun. Square dancing was the most popular style and many people were very good at it. There was one man who was an expert caller, and he kept the dancers moving. Bob's brother Fred and his wife Alma were wonderful polka dancers. When they got on the floor, everyone stopped to watch them dance.

One evening a pretty lady dressed in red attended one of our dances. She was a relative of a neighbor of mine who was visiting from Minnesota. Many of the young men asked her to dance. One of the men who asked her to dance was Chris, a tall boy who was not at all handsome. We were all very surprised – we thought he would be too shy to ask her. He was a very good dancer, however, and they danced together three times. They seemed to really enjoy themselves. Of course, we local girls were not at all impressed that the boys wanted to dance with the new girl instead of with us!

The owner of the barn asked that there be no alcohol brought into the party. Women didn't drink in those days, but there was always one boy or another who smuggled liquor into the dance. When they had had too much and started to be obnoxious or tell dirty stories, some of the other boys would take them outside to walk it off. They didn't want the girls to be offended. Besides the owner of the barn, there were not many adults present at the dance – we chaperoned ourselves. Inside the barn everyone was dancing and talking and having a good time. Outside, it wasn't always so pleasant. There were always a few boys who came to fight and they usually found a reason.

One night two men that were always in trouble met at the dance. They didn't fight for fun, they fought because they had hated each other for years. When the other men saw them arrive, they knew there would be trouble. The onlookers tried to break up the fight that eventually broke out, but they couldn't. When one boy bit the other's ear off and spit it on the ground, they still didn't stop. Finally, someone picked up the ear and several men waded into the conflict and broke it up. They took the injured man to the doctor and he sewed the ear back on. This wasn't the first time a fight had broken out at a dance. There were almost always one or more.

Ray, the son of neighbors of mine, was another one who liked to fight. One weekend, his parents left to visit relatives. As soon as they were gone, Ray got on the phone and invited several friends over for a party on Saturday night. Bob and I came early, around milking time, and walked over to the barn. I asked Ray if there was anything I could get ready in the house. Ray was coming up from the barn with a full pail of warm milk,

when someone he had not invited or knew arrived. The newcomer seemed nice and was all dressed up. He said he would like to join the party. Ray told him to leave. A few more words were spoken between them and Ray finally asked, "Are you leaving?" The other boy answered, "I might." Then Ray took the pail of milk and dumped it over the other boy, drenching him and his nice clothes in warm milk. It was quite a sight. When he left, the boy told Ray, "My pals and me will meet you another time." When the others arrived, they asked what had happened, because they could see all the spilled milk on the ground. Ray laughed and said they had missed all the fun. That evening, the boys moved the furniture out of the dining room of Ray's house and we danced there to the music of the phonograph.

The flu in 1818

The doctors didn't know what it was or what to do except give the patient aspirins. For some reason it seemed to strike young people 18-40 years old and pregnant mothers. It was not so severe for the younger folks or the older people.

My first cousin from Oklahoma came that winter to visit us and became gravely ill as did Lloyd, Elvin and Katie. Ruby went to take care of Elvin and Katie while mother and I took care of Lloyd and Percy. We were up and down the steps most of the night carrying wet towels to put on their heads and faces because of their high temperatures. The temperatures were so high that blood would run out of their ears. The ordure was so terrible up stairs I can't even describe it. My dad called his brother in Oklahoma to tell him he didn't think Percy would live. His brother said, "Jim, people are dying here every hour. Do the best you can." Over 20 million people died in one year. Many of Ruby and my girl and boy friends died. As I write this I have watched on television the first view of the virus that killed millions of people world wide making it the worst infections disease ever. Dr. Jeffery Taubenberger, leader of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology gave a report on genetic analysis that determined the 1918 influenza virus originated from American pigs.

Percy recovered. Lloyd recovered but was left blind and then the flu settled in his spine which left him bent over, his head nearly touching his knees.

Every time the phone would ring some one had died. Once when I could listen I heard that Bob Munter had died. I heard that a couple of times and told mother Bob munter died. She said you don't even know him, and I didn't. Never-the-less that message went through my body and I couldn't believe it was true. Even the name Bob Munter gave me a strange feeling I couldn't describe. Mother kept asking "why are you so concerned about his death more than those you know?" I would answer, "Mother, I don't know."

1920

The onset of Prohibition in the 1920's changed many men's lives. It was very depressing for them to go to town and see the saloons boarded up. There was no place for them to go and sit around talking with old friends. The near-by small towns did not traffic in illegal liquor, at least in the early years, and a person had to go almost thirty miles to have any hope of finding bootleg whisky. Automobiles were not prevalent at the time, so many people tried to brew their own beer. As they were not often very good at it, the beer frequently went sour. Revenuers were always a threat. They were the government officials whose job it was to search out illegal alcohol and fine those who made it. When anyone heard rumors in town that the revenuers were in the territory, everyone would run home, take their crocks out from under the stove, and dump it out under the trees.

In the towns that had two grocery stores, many of the farmers would pass the time playing penny-ante poker. They sat in the back of the store by the potbellied coal stove for a few hours and talked, drank coffee and played cards. It was a place for them to gather now that the saloons were closed. If the women didn't want to be in a place where the men were playing cards, they could go to the other store. Pretty soon it would be time to get on home – there were cows to be milked, eggs to be picked up under the Rhode Island Red hens and hogs to be fed.

Refrigeration

A number of years after I was married in 1922 we didn't have electricity. Most people in the small towns had an ice box which held a couple of blocks of ice. On the farms, everyone had caves or cellars underground to keep food cool. We kept our vegetables, fruit and canned meats in the cave and many trips were taken up and down those steps. It was the only cool place we had to store food.

We did, however, love ice cream, which we only made a couple of times a year. To make it, first my father or a brother went to town and purchased a block of ice. At home, we put the ice in a burlap bag and pounded on it with the flat side of an axe to crush it. Meanwhile, mother mixed up the recipe for the ice cream and poured it into the large steel freezer can. The can was then set in the wooden shell of the freezer and the crushed ice was packed around it. We layered the ice with rock salt to make it colder. We kids all took turns cranking the freezer, turning the steel can around and around. As the cranking got harder and harder, we knew that we were getting closer and closer to the end. The magic taking place in that steel container was working. Finally, when the crank would no longer budge, we knew it was ready. The suspense was almost unbearable as the cover was lifted off to reveal the incredible frozen swirl inside. The dasher was lifted out onto a platter and carefully scraped clean and we all enjoyed eating a couple of dishes of wonderful, creamy, cold ice cream.

Alex & Cleve

Alex and Cleve decided to go to South Dakota to homestead in 1902. There were thousands of acres of unclaimed land where anyone could stake out a homestead. The land sold for \$1.25 per acre and was paid for in cash. Six months after they arrived, they went to the federal land office to prove their claim. The Homestead Act required that certain conditions be met in order for the farmer to buy the land. Alex and Cleve homesteaded in Chamberlain, S.D. They built a twelve by twelve-foot sod house with two tiny rooms. The only furniture was a potbellied stove with a surface large enough to boil a pan of water, a couple of beds and a table with three chairs. Once a week, one

would walk five miles to a creek to wash clothes and bring back water for cooking and drinking. They mostly ate potatoes.

Cleve was in love before he left with Alex. In 1906 he went back to Nebraska and married his sweetheart, Ella Brown. They returned to South Dakota to live on the homestead. Two years of living on the prairie in a sod house was enough for Ella. They returned to Nebraska. (more to come)

Alex Bayne

Returned home from Chamberlain, S.D. and married Ollie Stober on March 4, 1908. They celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary in 1968. Alex and Ollie were the parents of four girls: Ruth Westaad, Beulah Manchester, Alice Skinner and Helen Bell.

The money Alex received from selling the homestead bought a half section of farmland near Coleridge, Nebraska. In a few years he built a lovely home, a large barn and other buildings. He raised cattle, hogs and chickens as well as crops. They lived on the farm until their retirement in 1953 when they moved to Sioux City, Iowa.

Cleve Bayne – born Feb. 1, 1885 in Bellevue, Iowa

Cleve and his wife Ella returned from Chamberlain, S.D. in ?. With the money from his part of the claim, Cleve bought a home in Crawford, Nebraska. He never liked farming. Cleve loved sports, especially wrestling, and was quite good on his feet. He loved to be where the action was and enjoyed getting in a few fights now and then.

Cleve and Ella were the parents of five children: Daisy, Erma, Ana, Fern, and son Clair. Cleve worked for a neighbor for ten years off and on. He also worked at one of the largest ice houses in the county. Cleve did farm a few acres and kept a cow for the milk and a few hogs for the meat. Around 1918, Cleve and his family moved to Sacramento, California. He worked for a dairy farmer for a few years and then bought his own. Cleve made a good living there, and liked to drive his Cadillac home for visits.

Ada Bessie Bayne-Allison – Born May 22, 1887 in Cushing, Iowa

Ada married David Allison who was the mail carrier for Randolph. I don't remember how much education Ada received. In those days, many children didn't spend time in school because they were needed at home to help with the chores both in the house and in the fields. Ada was the only girl for quite a while – she had two older brothers and three younger ones before the first sister was born.

Ada got married in 1904 at seventeen years old. Her husband was also quite young. David delivered the mail for Randolph in the summer months on a motorcycle with a sidecar attached. In the winter, David had a horse and buggy to make his deliveries. David loved his motorcycle and Ada loved to ride in the sidecar, and they even took a vacation that way. They built a house in Randolph.

Ada and David were the parents of eight children: Leroy, Gladys, Marian, Carl, Elsie, Jay, Dan and Norma. Five of their children earned college degrees. Leroy was a teacher in a school in California and the new school building is named Roy Allison School.

Ada and Dave decided to sell their home in Randolph and move to a warmer climate. They went to Monrovia, California. Four years later, Dave died of a heart attack. Two years their eldest son Roy suddenly died of a heart attack while on vacation in Europe. As his wife tells the story they were in this beautiful place having breakfast and Roy said that it was a beautiful place to die and about an hour later he did. Then two years later Ada lost another son, Carl, to a sudden heart failure. He went out to pick up the morning paper and read the front page before leaving for work and died in his chair. Carl was married to Vivian, a girl from Plainview, Nebraska. He left two teenage daughters. Then the third son Jay died of a heart attack within two years. Ada also died of a heart attack and was saved the grief of watching her daughter Gladys die of cancer. Four of the eight children are still living; Marian, Elsie, Norma and Don. Ada knew much sorrow and much happiness in her life.

Elvin and Kadie Bayne:

Elvin was born July 27, 1890 in Bellevue, Iowa. He married Katie in 1915 and lived most of his life on a farm bordering on Pearl Creek, west of Coleridge. Alvin and Katie Carpenter were married for 60 years at the time of his death in 1965. It was Katie who named Duane. She said she thought "Duane" would look pretty in print. Little did she know how often Duane's name would appear in print and on letter heads.

Alvin was in poor health for most of life due to working in a cold rain with a neighbor and not changing into dry cloths for the most part of a day. My father was angry that the neighbor allowed Alvin to work in a cold rain without giving him dry cloths. Unfortunately Alvin was never well after that.

It was a blessing that Alvin received a couple years of college which allowed him to do something beside farm work. Along with farming a few acres Avin was Cedar County Assessor and was also associated with Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service from 1934-1948. He loved this work and was good at it.

Alvin and Katie were the parents of two sons and one daughter; Kenneth Merle Bayne, Gordon Keith Bayne and Beverly Bayne Isaacon.

I was there at the birth of both Gordon and Beverly. I remember seeing baby Gordon at his birth with "club feet" and we felt so helpless. Katie always loved to tickle the babies feet and we didn't tell her for two days because she was so sick. When we did show her the babies condition it was a very emotional experience for all of us. Four or five years later when Beverly was born Katie never took her eyes off my face and knew everything was fine from my expression. As Gordon became older they tried braces but nothing worked as far as a cure. At about a year and a half Alvin took Gordon to a see a doctor in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. They stayed over night at a local hotel and pick up some terrible disease at changed Gordon's life even more.

The doctor in South Dakota told them to go to St Louis, Mo., to see another specialist. Alvin came back home and picked up Katie and the three of them went on to St Louis. The very day they arrived the disease had taken its course and both Alvin and Gordon became deathly ill. They were so ill that Katie could not move them and had the hospital come to the room and pick them up. Alvin was near death and his heart stopped, but the hospital emergency doctors were able to revive him. At one point Katie called home and said Alvin was going to die. The disease settled in Gordon's ears and caused him to become deaf for the rest of his life. After several weeks they did do surgery on Gordon's feet, but he has never been able to walk correctly.

As I write this Gordon lives in Omaha under nursing care. We are thankful for all the love and support Beverly continues to give Gordon, even from as far away as North Carolina. Alvin and Katie moved to Sioux City, Iowa in 1948 and Alvin worked for the Broyhill Co. until retirement.

Lloyd Bayne:

Lloyd was born Dec. 6th, 1892 in Magnet, Nebraska.

Lloyd loved horses and was the one that took care of them. Dad could always depend on him for much of the farm activities. Lloyd enjoyed being with young people and almost every Sunday after noon his friends could come for a few hours under the shade trees or in the alleyway of the corn crib and visit. Walt Munter was a close friend of Lloyd.

Lloyd was in good health until 1918 when he became very ill with the disease we all called "the flu". The doctors did not know what it was or what to do to help. Mother and Dad did not think Lloyd would live. The fever was so high and the body odor so heavy that to walk into a room was almost more than a person could stand. When Lloyd finally did recover from the flue he was left nearly blind and it settled in his spine and left him a cripple for the rest of his life never again to straighten up. As time went on he became totally blind and his head nearly touched his knees.

The process of this crippling disease happened gradually. He was married to a teacher named Zola and they moved to Ansley, Nebraska and he bought a filling station thinking he could do something to make a living. The station proved more than Lloyd could handle and along with all that he and his wife were very unhappy with each other. Lloyd called home and asked dad to come and get him. Dad went and brought him home and he made his home with mother and dad until mother's death. From then on he was cared for by Ruby, Marion and myself. He would stay so many months with one of us and then move to the next for so many months, etc.

The one remark I have never forgotten was when I asked him "how can you be happy in this condition?" His answer was, "Sis, what can't be cured must be endured, the Lord knows what care I am to all of you."

Marion Bayne:

Born September 3rd, 1895 in Magnet, Nebraska. He married Emma Rath in 1924 and lived west of Coleridge in the Pearl Creek area for 50 years. They were the parents of four children; Vivian Ropte, Virgil Bayne, Dorothy Anderson and Lowell Bayne.

Marion always did his share of work at home. When ever there was something going in the neighborhood he wanted to be there. Everyone knew Marion and liked him. He loved to trap badgers and weasels and collected bounty on them. He and I went to a number of parties together and also square dancing. By this time Ruby had left home and of course I wanted to go to these activities. Mother said it was O.K. if I would go with Marion. He would have a girl friend and I would have a boy friend, so all four of us would have fun, and I always came home with Marion until I was older and Marion was in the service.

I remember when Marion enlisted to serve in World War I. He was gone for three years.



The week before Marion left for the service he talked to Uncle Alex who had served in the Civil War and asked him questions. He said, "Marion, you will know what it is all about when you go over the top and charge the enemy." I remember visiting Uncle Alex in Ponca, Nebraska, but he never wanted to talk about the war. He said, "I guess I was one of the fortunate ones to come home with all my body." Before the war ended Uncle Alex died, so he never knew if Marion lived or died.

We never heard from Marion for months and dad sent a telegram to Europe to ask for his well being. Under cover of darkness Marion took food and shells to front lines of one of the companies each night.

It is a miracle that he lived through months of this activity on the very front on the fighting. I know the anguish from my own experience of World War II. We also had sons and sons-in-law in service and were so grateful they all came home safe. We were fortunate to have them all return. In fact Elmer first met Bob Anderson for the first time at a hospital in Germany.

The day that Marion came home mother Ruby and I were in Sioux City walking down the street and we noticed some soldiers. We said, wouldn't it be something if we would meet Marion on his way home. We had no sooner said it than we heard this voice calling from behind us, "where are you going?" We turned around and there he was! We were so excited that we could hardly believe our eyes. He had just arrived and was wondering how he was going to get to Coleridge.

Ruby (Bayne) Wilson/Roth:

Born August 23rd, 1899 in Magnet, Nebraska. She married Roicy Dee Wilson who was killed in action in World War I and buried in Flanders Field. Ruby gave birth to a daughter, Roicy Dee Wilson, whom her father never saw. Ruby and her infant daughter came and lived with our parents. Ruby began her life over and dated different young men. She never cared to dance, however she loved to go to a good movie. Ruby could read anything writing up side down, was an expert at spelling and loved nice clothes.

A few years later in 1920 Ruby married Fred Roth, a Swiss from Belden, Nebraska. The pastor was angry for the Swiss boys marrying non Swiss girls and gave them a talking-to. Ruby and Fred became parents of three sons, Leonard Roth, Deward Roth and Wendell Roth. Roicy grew up under the care of her grand mother and grand father Bayne. The first few years of their Marriage Ruby and Fred lived on a farm in North Dakota. A few years later they returned to Nebraska and lived on a farm east and north of Coleridge and then they moved to Sioux City, Iowa, for retirement. They were married for 55 years.

Mae (Bayne) Larson:

Born May 13th, 1907 in Coleridge, Nebraska. May married Wilbur Larson in 1925 and lived in Laurel for a number of years before moving to Hartington, Nebraska. They were the parents of four children, Shirley, Elden, Rodney and a little girl that died at age 10 days. May and Wilbur were married for 49 years.

Mae and Wilbur Larson lived on a farm for a few years before he decided farming was not for him. They moved to Laurel, Nebraska, where Wilbur was a very good plumber. Mae made all the appointments for the jobs beside house keeping and raising a family. Wilbur didn't charge enough for his work and was in debt much of the time. During the war they moved to Portland, Oregon, where there was more pay. Mae was a great help to him and was an efficient secretary.

They lived to retire in Portland before Mae died of cancer in 1974 and Wilbur died in 1982. Eldon has stopped to see Bob and I on several occasions. He has continued to stop

after Bob's death. I have seen all the children on several occasions in the last few years. Rodney picked up some illness in the hospital and has not been well for at least fifteen years, and has now suffered a stroke. Eldon has retired from plumbing and Shirley has enjoyed a lovely life style.

Lola Manchester:

Lola is the youngest of the family, born May 16th, 1910, in Coleridge, Nebraska. Lola married Everett Manchester. There were the parents of three children, Karen Olson, Michael (who was killed with his mother in an auto accident at age 19), and Korene Fuller.

Both Lola and Everett were teachers before they were married. When they did get married they had to keep it a secret because if a lady married during the school term they would be disqualified from teaching. I don't remember if that was the law in Colorado only or it was the same in other states. My mother felt bad when Lola told her she had been married during the school year and had not waited until the end of the school term.

Both Everett and Lola were very active in school activities like sports etc. They were also active in the community. Bob and I visited them quite often at Alamosa, Colorado, until Lola's tragic death along with her only son Michael on December 14th, 1964. Lola was 54 years old and Michael was 19. That was a very sad Christmas for Bob and I. Everett went on to pay for his son-in-laws college degree since his own son was gone. Years later Everett married Alex and Ollie's daughter Beulah. They continued to live in Alamosa until their deaths.



I look at this picture and realize sadly that I am the only one still living of all my family!

Front row: Emma; Katie; Aunt Daisy; Marjorie; Mae; Ruth; Ollie; Ada; Ruby
 Back row: Uncle Ben; Elvin; Bob; Alex; Wilbur; Dave; Ralph; Fred

I have always been interested in politics (church first, politics second)

Through out the history of the United States the Bible has played an important part.
 Presidents and Statesmen have declared the importance of God's Word.

George Washington, our first president said, "Let us indulge with caution the supposition that morality can not be maintained without religion."

President Grant said, "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of our liberties."

President Taft said, "It is the Bible's classic English that has given shape to American literature. Its spirit has influenced American ideals in life and government."

President Wilson said, "America was born in a Christian nation to exemplify that devotion to the elements of righteousness which are derived from the revelations of Holy Scripture."

President Coolidge said, "For two thousand years the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount have been preached. Our religious and social systems have not failed, they are sound. The failure lies in human imperfection."

President Roosevelt summed it up well when he said, "The teachings of the Bible are so interwoven with our whole civic and social life that it would be literally impossible for us to figure what life would be if those teachings were removed, all these we owe to the Bible. I knew Christ would use our efforts of love to bring a solution to our crisis. It is no different today. We need a religious awakening, a clear vision of God. We need Christ to end the crisis facing us today and the world beyond and I pray we all work together."

My aunt Isabelle Montgomery on my father's side

This picture means a lot to me. My Aunt was born October 24, 1841 in Indiana and came west in a covered wagon in the spring of 1869. She was always interested in politics and never failed to vote. Perhaps that is why I became so interested in politics. She was a role model for me. (See next page)

Great Grandmother Drawn on Jury; She's Eager to Serve



MRS. ISABELLE MONTGOMERY.

Mrs. Isabelle Montgomery, 81 years old, who resides at 4224 Central avenue, Leeds, had her long desire fulfilled when drawn to serve on the jury before the September term of district court.

For many years Mrs. Montgomery had hoped that some day she might be able to serve on a jury, but she doubted whether the opportunity would ever come to her.

Several days ago she was notified to report when the September term opens, unless sickness should prevent, she promises to be on the job.

Mrs. Montgomery was born October

24, 1841, at Vevay, Ind., and came west with her husband and six children in a canvas covered wagon in the spring of 1869. They settled on a homestead 20 miles southeast of Sioux City near Climbing Hill.

She is the mother of nine children with 26 grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren.

She has always taken an active interest in politics and has never failed to vote since women have been granted the right.

Her husband J. S. Montgomery died 13 years ago. They moved to Sioux City 20 years ago.

The Dust Bowl of 1928

Alex and Ollie came for dinner one Sunday at out home around 1:30 (only a few miles away). The wind came up and you could not see anything but dust. It was so terrible Alex and Ollie had to stay over night at out house. We received no rain and the dust blew in the windows, under the doors, and everywhere heaps of dust drifted across the floors.

A person didn't dare go outside or you would choke to death with the dust. Many of our live stock were lost. Words can't describe how terrible it was or the damage it did.

The drought years had begun in earnest. As a young married couple Bob and I didn't have a decent crop for five years and in some places it was eleven years. Many farms were lost because there was no income from their farms. Young couples today can't realize what your parents or grandparents went through in those years.

The Great Depression!

I remember 1929 – Black Tuesday! October 29th, 1929, the day the day the stock market crashed. America plunged into two decades of sacrifice, depression and despair.

None of you are old enough to remember those dark days. I was! I believe it is my duty as a citizen to share my knowledge with you.

Millions of Americans had invested their life savings in the stock market with promises of easy money and rising stock prices. When the market crashed, dreams of safe and secure retirement became a night mare of impoverished old age for far too many.

Those who forget the lessons of history will be cursed to repeat them. I don't want America and my grandchildren to repeat these lessons that were learned so bitterly during the Great Depression.

President Hoover was elected in 1929. His term hardly began when the county suffered the worst business crash in our history. Banks failed, factories closed down, many stores closed their doors, farm prices fell lower. Angry farmers prevented mortgage fore closing with pitch forks. Workmen demanded government action. Bob wanted \$50 from the bank. Earl Barks told him they couldn't lend a dime to any one. All the banks were closed in the entire United States. Earl took out his billfold and gave Bob \$50 of his own money. (Bob never forgot that and banked with Earl for the rest of his life.)

We had just shipped a load of cattle to market in Omaha a week before and put the check of \$10,000 in the bank and couldn't touch it. When we could use some money we were told our \$10,000 was only in the amount of \$6,000. The difference was taken by the government. What is the difference between the government and a robber?

I remember the day Bob asked a trucker to take a load of cattle to Yankton, South Dakota, to the sales barn. Just as the sale was ready to start the auctioneer said, "quiet down everyone, I have just received news from the government that every bank in America is closed." We had to pay to take our cattle back home. Many farmers just turned their livestock loose and let them roam the land. No one wanted them because they could not feed them either. Hogs just roamed the roads and farm land looking for something to eat. Many people had absolutely nothing. They lost everything they had ever worked for and lived in shacks called "Hovertowns." The nation was shocked. No one could believe that such a thing could happen in America. We could not buy or sell anything.

1933 – Franklin Delano Roosevelt

In 1933 when the new President of the United States made his inaugural address I was 33 years old. When Delano Roosevelt spoke to the nation we were in the midst of the Great Depression and fear and anxiety were everywhere. The President told us that all we had to fear was fear itself.

I was impressed by his leadership. Here was a man with polio, he was wealthy and could have taken his ease in seclusion in his Hyde Park home. Instead, he chose to lead. When we pull together, put aside our differences and care for each other as a community, wonderful things can happen.

President Roosevelt created the world's finest Social Security system so that no American worker would ever have to suffer this tragedy again. Throughout the years the market has gone up and down, but the Social Security system has remained stable. There is a movement, led by Wall Street now by moving trillions of pay roll tax dollars into

risky and uninsured individual stock market accounts. Wall Street, members of Congress and others who gamble with our hard earned retirement saving must be stopped. We must preserve our Social Security System because you have no idea what it can be like when a real depression strikes.



My family's picture taken in the depression of 1930. We did not have much in terms of material things but we had each other, five brothers and five sisters.

Back row: Alvin; Ruby; Mae; Marjorie; Lola; Ada; Marion
Front row: Alex; Dad; Lloyd; Cleve

How I met my future husband, Bob Munter

I met my husband at a dance in Coleridge, Nebraska. He asked to take me home and I said "no" I was with another friend, but I did accept a date the next week end.

When Bob came that evening he was driving an old 1916 Dodge turing car and it was not in very good condition. It was a cold January night and the side curtains were flopping in the wind. I was cold. On our next date Bob came in a brand new 1922 Dodge Roadster, black of course! In those days when we girls had dates the boy came to the door to get us. My father said, "if a boy wanted to take his daughter on a date he had better come to the door or she could not go." He did mean that, too.

John Munter and Fern were dating, se we four enjoyed going places together. Four months later Bob and I were married. We just knew form our first date we were in love and remained in love until his death on May 11th, 1988. We were married in 1922 in Sioux City, Iowa, the year Harding was elected President.

I wore a light blue dress, pretty gray hat and shoes. We were married by Pastor Dorreen in a "Christian" church (I joined the German Reformed church with Bob later). My mother and Pastor Dorreen's wife were witnesses. Only my mother and father were present because the roads were not even gravel. If it rained it would take several hours to get there, so none of our relatives could come. Besides that, weddings were not attended like they are today. Usually only a few of the closest family and friends would come.

On the way down the church steps Bob said, " well, wife, how does it feel to be married?" I had the strangest feeling as I asked myself, "am I really married?" For some reason Bob called me "Wife" for over thirty years. I don't know why. Later he often said "Mrs", but he seldom if ever called me Marjorie. I don't know why, and I never asked him.

The reception was in the home of Aunt Emma Worth. Eighteen or twenty people were there since many of my relatives were around Climbing Hill (close to Sioux City but not there now) Sioux City, and those close by.

I received some beautiful crystal, some beautiful plates and cooking pans and other beautiful gifts. At this writing I have given them to my girls. My father and mother paid

for my dress, the wedding picture that Jim has, the wedding service and the cake. Mother gave me some things for the house later. Two months later mother and I bought the two chalk pictures I have had in my home ever since for twenty five dollars each (Jim has one of them now). I remember my mother saying, "at that price you will have to keep them for as long as you are married." Little did she know that it would be true.

Bob had been married and had a four year old baby by the name of Elmer. Bob's first wife, Haddy Rath, (who I have never met) died in the Flue epidemic of 1918. Bob also had twin daughters who died along with their mother in those terrible days of the flue.

When I was going to get married I asked my father what I should do about telling any future between Bob and I about having a stepbrother. My father told me not to tell any future children about Elmer until they were older and could understand. He wanted to be sure that the same love would be shared between them all. My father warned me not to show any different love to Elmer than any of the other children that he hoped would follow. My dad always seemed to know the right way. He was a loving and wise man. He never became angry. When us kids got into an argument dad was always calm and said we needed to sit down and talk it through.

On May 4th, 1922 Bob took me to the farm which was to be our home for 42 years, where our six children were born. A couple of days later thirty neighbors came in the evening to chivare us and would not leave until Bob gave them \$25 to have a beer party. That was a lot of money at that time. They would shoot off shotguns, honk their horns, bang on pots and pans and make all kinds of noise until the money was given. One of the fellows by the name of Hankie was a little happy before he came and shot through the overhang on the house roof. About that time Bob thought it was time to go out and give them the money so they would go to town and get their beer.

We didn't go on our Honey Moon until Bob had all the crops planted. We went to Madelia, Minnesota, to visit Bob's sister Lizzie and her husband Albert Arduser. We were there a week and enjoyed getting away from the routine at home.



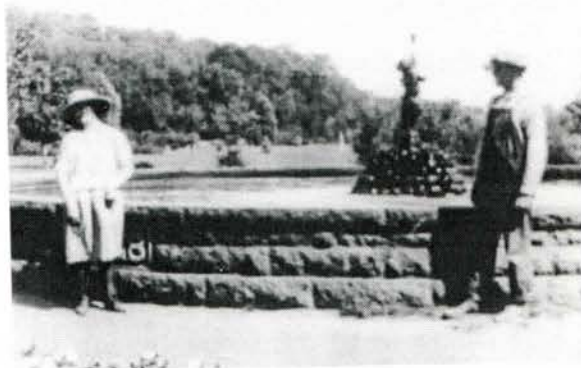
My wedding dress and hat. The dress was a pale blue with a gray hat that blended with the dress



Bob wore a brown suit and a nice brown tie and a white shirt. Bob had a streak of gray in his hair that I loved.

**Picture taken on our honey moon
In Minnesota (1922)**

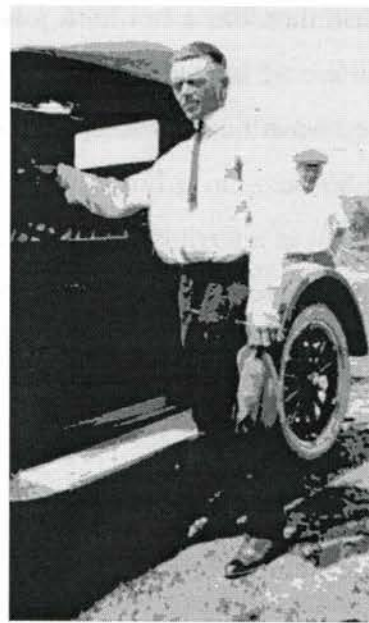
Albert said, "OK, now Marjorie you Run and see if Bob can catch you. If He can't, then you stay here."



Pictures from our first year of marriage:



Hug on Alex's farm – 1922



New Dodge Roadster Bob purchased for our second date

Early years of marriage

I remember a few things from my early years of married life. House keeping wasn't easy. No vacuum sweeper or running water. We had to take the living room rug outside in the spring and hang it over the cloths line and use a rug beater and a broom to clean it. We had a hand pump, painted white, for water in the kitchen, but it always had to be primed to get the water started. This meant pouring water down inside the pump and then pumping the handle fast and hard until it finely drew the water from the pipe that was connected to a cistern up by the windmill. The waste water was piped beyond the garden into the grove north of the house where the pigs always enjoyed the mud on a hot day

Since there was no electric for a washer or a hot water heater wash day was a hot hard job those first years of my married life. I heated the water in a small building we called the "wash house which was located only a fifty foot from the house. On a hot day in the summer heating the wash water was a terribly hot job. The old wash machine I had when we were first married had to be hand operated, however, later Bob hooked up a small gas motor to my washer which made it much easier to do the laundry.

At this time Bob was farming a half section of land, so we needed the help of hired men, which meant more cooking and washing. Corn picking was a long two months of work. There were days when the hired help couldn't go to the field because of weather. This made work for me because when it was a cold rainy day they would be in the house under my feet and I still had to prepare three meals a day for them. There were no tractors, only horses that pulled a wagon while the corn was picked by hand using a "husking glove". This was a leather devise worn over one of the cotton gloves that had a steel hook used to rip off the corn husks as it was picked. This took more skill than you might think. Of course during the war there were no younger men to pick, so only the women and older men were available. This meant that corn picking was slow and often stretched on into January with its bitter cold weather.

CAN HUSK MORE 1917 CORN THE NEW WAY

Many Men Will Husk From 90 to 100 Bushels In A Day

There can be no doubt that the gathering of the corn crop in Nebraska and several other states, is going to be a difficult job. The husking of corn and putting in a crib is one thing that must be done by hand, although many attempts have been made to invent a machine to do it. The fact is that the work of husking was done in the same way by the farmers for more than a hundred years, with no advancement in the method. A farmer would husk about fifty bushels a day, many of them less than that, but in the last few years more skill has been developed and many men will husk from 90 to 100 bushels. The first departure was the "bump board," and that necessitated one man for a team and the husking of only two rows as the team went through the field. That old "down row" which was the terror of the boys who were always put upon it, was abandoned.

Then there was an efficiency developed in the husking itself and the first men who learned it were wonders in the neighborhoods where they were employed. It takes a little time to learn the trick and there are hundreds of farmers who never try to learn, yet a man who employs the new way will husk twice the amount with less physical exertion than the man who sticks to the old way. There will be a great many men sent into the corn fields this fall who have never husked corn. It will be far easier for them to learn the new way than for the man on the farms who have employed the old way. To "unlearn" an old habit is many times harder than to learn a new one. If the new men could be taught the most efficient way, the corn crop could be gathered far sooner.

When it snowed we would have to wait for the snow to melt off the stalks or it would freeze the hands of those picking corn. The wagons had a "bang board" attached on one side so that when the person picking corn threw the ear of corn it would hit the bang board and fall into the wagon. (Later after the war was over Bob was able to buy a John Deer one row picker.)

A good picker could pick two wagon loads per day. They would come home for dinner at noon and unload the corn. This process was accomplished by pulling the wagon under a hoist which had cables that were attached to the hub of the wagon wheel and then lifted the front of the wagon so the corn would roll out the back into the hopper of a grain elevator. The elevator was quite long to reach the top of the corn crib or the top of three or four ring outside corn piles. As each ring was filled another ring of wire mesh was placed on top of the pervious one until the pile of corn reached around fifteen or so foot high. When the last load was brought in at night it would be unloaded and then the chores would need to be done after that. In spite of all the hard work it was beautiful to see the neat wire cribs of bright yellow/orange corn standing in the clear crisp Fall air.

Later after drying it had to be shelled. Several neighbors would get together and help each other shell the corn and truck it to the elevator in town to be sold. There were men who owned large shellers mounted on trucks. The men would shovel the corn onto a conveyor that fed the corn into the sheller and all the cobs would fall into a large pile. These cobs would then be hauled to the "cob house" where they became fuel for the cook stove for the rest of the year. One of the jobs for the kids was to bring in the supply of cobs for the stove in a cob basket. I knew just how many cobs to put in the stove if I was making an angel food cake, or how many for a pie, or for baking bread, etc. I couldn't do that now! In the summer when several of us ladies were working together cooking for threshers the cook stove would be hot from four a.m. until late at night and the kitchen would be very warm. That was hard work.

Church in Belden, Nebraska:

We went to church in Belden, Nebraska where the congregation was mostly Swiss. The young men married non Swiss girls making the pastor unhappy. He asked the men why

they married girls who were not Swiss and the pastor treated us non Swiss girls as second class members. That wasn't very nice. In spite of that I enjoyed being a member of the German Reformed church except for one thing: the men were required to sit on one side and the women on the other. With our little ones there were Sundays when I should have stayed home because it was difficult sitting alone with three or so small children.

The church I grew up in with my father did not separate the husbands and wives, so I decided I had enough organized eight other women to go to talk with the pastor about this matter. The pastor said that it was church policy and there was nothing that he could do. We told the pastor that if the husbands could not help with the children none of us women would attend church until the children were of Sunday School age. Then we went home and told our husbands what we had told the pastor. We women had made our plans for the next Sunday that we would meet before church and if we were told we could not sit with out husbands we had plans to go home. All the women drove our own cars so we would simply go home. We left two cars so the men could get home by helping each other if necessary

We walked in the church with our husbands and they had the children in their arms and we sat with them. We planned it so that some would sit on one side and some on the other side. Not a word was said from the pastor and from then on husbands and wives sat together. We all just sat there and no one smiled or did anything except wait for the service to begin. No one ever said a word more about it. (Editor's note: I know just how it was for that pastor!!!)

The birth of Avis:

Avis was born at midnight on November 4th. As she was born the radio was playing the song, "The End of a Perfect Day." Bob and I now had two boys and a new baby girl. It was election day and "no" I did not vote.



Avis was a very good baby. When she was able to creep, Duane would take all her toys away from her. One time she thought that that was enough. She had four little sharp teeth and she bit Duane on his foot. He screamed and the blood all over his foot. I told him that is what he gets for taking everything away from her. He carried that scar all his life.

Duane's serious illness:

Some of my memories are happy and some are sad. When Duane was eighteen months old he became very ill with the measles. It was in the winter time and very cold. Duane didn't fully recover from that illness and it settled in his ear. It was so cold and a lot of snow was on the ground so we could not get to a doctor or go to see either Bob's mother or my own.

We always went to Bob's folks for Christmas in Hartington, Nebraska. It was a few days before Christmas and we had not been to a doctor, a week before Duane has a swelling behind the ear. The child just laid quiet and didn't want to move or eat. I had no idea what was wrong. As soon as we arrived at Bob's folks mother I told mother about Duane's ear. She took one look and said, "you and Bob get down to doctor Johnson's office right now!" When doctor Johnson looked at Duane's ear he said "get him to sioux City as soon as possible." He told us not to ride in a car, but take the train because it was a smoother ride because Duane had a mastored ear. Any little jar could cause the inner ear tissue to break which would mean sure death by infection.

Doctor Johnson called an ear specialist by the name of doctor Tripp and told him what to expect. Bob rushed home to get a few things to take, Avis was six weeks old and I was nursing her as well. When we arrived in Sioux City the doctor had arranged for someone meet us at the train depot and carefully transport us to the hospital. A nurse met us at the hospital door took Duane right to surgery. Doctor Tripp was ready for surgery and Bob was allowed to go into the operating room with Duane. Dr. Tripp told Bob we wouldn't know for a week if Duane would live. Bob said when the doctor made the incision puss

ran down and there was a terrible odor. A little girl Duane's age was operated on the same day and died three days later. I can still see her in my mind.

There was a darling lady there to see her mother every day. She saw me with baby Avis and was worried about my little boy Duane. She had no children of her own and asked if she could help take care of Avis who was six weeks old. She took the baby clothes home every night to wash them and brought them back the next morning. The nurses would also help by giving Avis her bath each morning.

When Duane could be picked up the doctor said we must not allow him to cry or walk for at least a week no matter what. My mother came down to help me care for Duane and Avis. We were in the hospital for three weeks. The nurses all made over Duane who had light curly hair and big black eyes. He was a pretty boy. No matter what he wanted we had to get it for him so that he would not cry.

When we returned home we had to take him to the doctor twice a week for the dressings to be changed. This went on for a couple of months. The pastor came every day and we had prayer together and we felt so blessed that Duane was going to be O.K. and that we could bring him home. Doctor Tripp said that if we had waited another day that it would have been too late.

Avis loved animals, horses, dogs, pigeons etc.

A barn pigeon was wounded and Avis caught it and loved it back to health. She made a wooden house for her pigeon by the back porch of our farm house. She named the pigeon Janie and made a narrow side walk from Janie's house to the back gate. She tied a string around Janie's leg and taught the pigeon to take a walk and then to go back home. In only a few days Janie understood what Avis said and would go back home.



One day while the children were in school the gate was open and the the door to her house was left open as well. Bob had some men helping do some farm work. When Janie got outsied the gate she was lost and so flew up on the barn. The men tried to catch her, but she would fly some where else. Bob called me to come and see whart I coujld do. I called saying, "Janie, you come home" several times. She flew down from the barn and came walking home scolding all the way into her house. The men said if they had not seen what happened they would never have believed it.

Avis would put Janie in the wash house at night so nothing could happen to her. One morning Avis went out to put Janie in her house and she was dead. A rat had killed her. The girls cried and cried. The teacher even let school out early that day. My father was withus so he dug a grtave by the ever green tree in the front yard. I made a pretty box with lace and a little blanket to put Janie in and my father had the funeral service.

Avis also had her beloved pony, Major. Avis could ride a horse better than her brothers. The girls enjoyed so much fun with Major and the cart. One day Major pulled the door lid to the oat bin open and ate too much oats and nearly died. He would have if Avis had not loved him so much she sat by his side for several days, even stayed up all night with Major. Iris and Arlene liked Major too, but nothing like Avis. Iris liked to help me in the house and enjoyed her play house outside in the grove. Arlene enjoyed gathering the eggs and enjoyed playing with Iris in the play house.

Sewing for my three girls:

I made nearly all the dresses my girls wore. Some dresses were made out of feed sacks. These sacks were bright and colorful with all kinds of designs. Once we had a pattern we liked Bob would have to be careful to pick that same pattern out when he bought the feed from the feed store. During the depression, times were difficult and these feed sacks made all the difference between having a new dress and not having one. In those days paper patterns cost 25 cents each.

When we would see a picture of a pretty dress in the paper or magazine I would take a news paper and cut my own pattern to recreate and fit whoever I was making the dress for using whatever kind of fabric we had. I made many dresses from my own patterns. I would stand one of the girls on the kitchen table while I fit them with the news paper pattern. This exercise was repeated as the dress was made, and they always looked nice. Lola, Emma Lou and Helen would send old coats and other things that I would alter to fit for one of the children.



Twelfth Anniversary - 1934

Shopping:

When we got ready to go to town for shopping I would dress Avis first, then Iris, then last of all Arlene who was the littlest. When Avis was dressed she was put on a chair and told to stay quiet. Then I would dress Iris and sit her on a chair next to Avis. Arlene was dressed last and she was set on another chair beside Avis and Iris and all were told to sit quiet while I dressed. When I was ready I would go out and get the car out of the garage while the girls waited quietly on their chairs.

Once while I was getting the car out of the garage John Munter stopped by and came to the door and there sat all three little girls in their nice dresses. They were told to keep quiet, so when John spoke to them they just sat there. John said many times he couldn't believe what he was seeing and how pretty they looked sitting there. When we got to town I would give each of them five pennies to spend on whatever they wanted, but they could not eat any of it until we returned home. I wanted them to look nice and not have candy all over their face and cloths. When they saw other children with candy on their face and cloths they would point it out to me.



Once during corn picking season they got into the axle grease. Every so many days Bob would loosen the wheels of the wagons and grease them with a heavy black axle grease. One noon he forgot to put the cover on the grease bucket. When you three girls went out to play you saw that the axle grease wasn't covered and discovered how much fun it was to play with. This black grease was the kind that would not wash out of your cloths. You had axle grease all over your cloths and you had plenty on your face, hands and even some in your hair. Arlene, you were the youngest at three years old, and you were just covered. I said you three stand there while I take a picture of you so I can show your little girls what you did when you were little. You all stood there knowing that you had done something that you should not have done. I undressed you and burned your dresses and then I washed your faces and hands and hair. It was days before it all came off. It took all afternoon to get you three cleaned up. That was the worst you ever got into.

Thanksgiving with my parents:

My mother always had our family over for Thanksgiving. My mother would use her beautiful sauce bowl that was given her on her wedding day. It had beautiful painted flowers painted both inside and out. She always used it on Thanksgiving and filled it with cranberry sauce and then she would set it in the center of the table.

Mother always had turkey with dressing made from home made bread that was baked a week ahead to be used for the dressing. It was so good. She also prepared cabbage salad, cooked carrots, home canned sweet corn, home made rolls, jelly and of course pumpkin pie and coffee. All the family would bring some kind of food because it was too much for mother to prepare for so many. My father would always give the blessing.

Christmas at Bob's parents

No one could have had a sweeter mother-in-law than I had. Eliza had long black hair and very little gray, even when she passed away. Bob's father was gray when I met him, but the Munter family turned gray at an early age. Our Christmas gifts from her were usually knitted items – mittens, caps, scarves. We gave her pretty towels and tablecloths.

Christmas dinner on Christmas Day was a family celebration with good food and lots of conversation. Eliza fixed a traditional dinner of roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy, her special Swiss rolls and mincemeat pie.

Avis and Iris – ages 4 and 6



Iris and Arlene – ages 4 and 2
(watching out for the rooster)





Duane and Avis on a Nebraska
summer day



Duane and first cousin Deward
Elmer



Elmer and Duane (with a halo of
dandelions)



Mother; Duane; Avis; and Iris

Memories of Sunday School Teaching

I have always loved to teach Sunday School and Bible School from the time I was married until long after I retired. One year Earl Barks helped me pick up kids for Bible School and just as we turned into Belden his horn started honking and he couldn't get it to stop. So we went all the way down the main street with the horn honking and people were coming out of the stores looking to see what was happening. There we were with a whole car load of kids and the horn honking for all it was worth!

One year in Laurel I wrote the whole Christmas program and the kids did a wonderful job of presenting it. I was also president of the Women of the Church in Belden, Coleridge and Laurel was elected to serve for five years on the Indian Missions Board in the Central District of the ALC which represented three states. I was also active in the Book Club and served for five years on the Laurel Library Committee to select books for the library. We went to Sioux City to purchase the books and then we reviewed them to see if they were fit to be in our library. I still give Bible lessons for our women's circle's now at American Lutheran Church, Sun City.

I remember a little boy in my Bible class in Coleridge. I noticed this boy in a class of about twenty who was drawing on a piece of paper and not paying attention. So after class I told all the children that I needed to pick up all the papers so that Pastor Nederwiemer would know what the students were learning in class. As I came to this young boy he asked if he could do his paper over. I said that we didn't have time for that and he would need to turn in whatever he had written for the pastor to see what we were learning. He held his head down and scratched his head and said, "please, Mrs Munter can't I do it over?" I knew he had drawn something on his paper so I asked why he didn't want to hand his lesson in. He confessed that he had drawn something on his paper that he didn't want the pastor to see. I asked him if it was bad. He scratched his head again and said that the pastor wouldn't like it! I asked him what it was and he said, "a girl!" I told him "no, I would have to pick it up because the pastor wanted to see what we were learning."

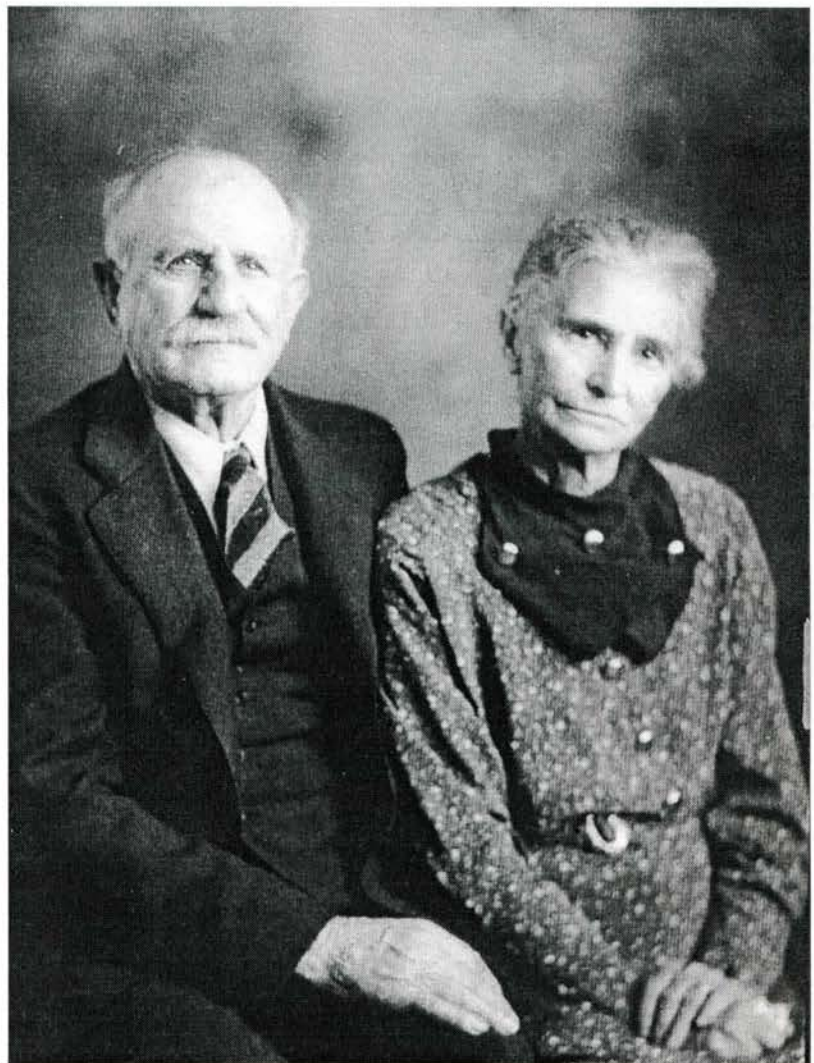
I can still see him wishing he had paid attention to the class instead of drawing pictures. I told the pastor what had happened and he laughed and laughed. He got a big bang out of the story. Bob told me that I shouldn't have done it, but I said that I had and that it was too late now.

The next Sunday pastor called me aside and told me that the boy never moved during the whole service and had given his total attention to the whole sermon. I asked the pastor if I had done the right thing. He said that I had, and that the boy needed to learn a lesson that would be important to him the rest of his life.

I loved the kids and I loved teaching them. I never had a problem with them no matter how old they were. The kids always responded to me because I believed in them and they knew it.

Father and mother's 50th wedding:

Mother drove a team of horses three and one half miles in the morning and stayed two days while I made her dress. The dress was blue with silver dots. The neck piece was navy blue with three buttons across the collar to match the dress. When I hemmed it she stood on top of the table and while I went into the bedroom for the right color of thread a neighbor opened the door to the kitchen looking for Bob. There



mother stood on the table. He looked, never said a word and left. We laughed and laughed about that all day.

Mother and I had so much fun and I enjoyed making her dresses. I loved my mother. Mother never drove a car but wasn't afraid to drive a team of horses by herself. She always knew when I was ill or my family was ill. When Avis and Duane had their tonsils removed in Norfolk, Avis kept bleeding and I never said a word but when we came home mother was there. She somehow knew I needed her.

Avis (12), Iris(10) and Arlene(7) standing by our car. Notice the old garage door is open.



Arlene, Iris, Shirley Larson, Avis and Grandpa Bayne in front of our home.



GOLDEN WEDDING AT PEARL CREEK A FESTIVE EVENT

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bayne of
Pearl Creek Are Honor-
ed Saturday

Parents Ten Children

Surprise Planned By Children—
Open House Held—Residents
of County 42 Years

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bayne, residents of the Pearl Creek vicinity west of Coleridge, were the guests of honor at a surprise party and dinner at their home on Saturday. The occasion was the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Bayne. The anniversary party arrangements were made and carried out by their children.

At noon, dinner brought by the guests, was served. The afternoon hours were spent socially and "open house" was held from 2 until 5 o'clock. About 60 friends, neighbors and relatives of the honored couple were present at the Bayne home during the day.

The children were all present but one son, H. C. Bayne of Sacramento, Calif. The others and their families who were present were Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Allison and family of Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Alex J. Bayne and family, Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Bayne and family, Mr. and Mrs. Marion J. Bayne and family, and L. C. Bayne, all of the Pearl Creek vicinity; Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Larson and family of near Hartington, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roth and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Munter and family of near Coleridge, and Miss Lola Bayne of Cushing, Ia. Two granddaughters of Mr. and Mrs. Bayne, Misses Beulah and Alice, Bayne, who are attending the Wayne State Teachers College, also were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayne were the recipients of many gifts and letters and cards of congratulations from their many friends.

On Feb. 20, 1882, Miss May Phillips and James B. Bayne were united in marriage at Climbing Hill, Ia. Following their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Bayne made their home on the groom's farm near Climbing Hill for eight years. The Bayne family moved to Cedar county about 42 years ago and since that time have made their home in the Coleridge community. They now reside on a farm five miles west of Coleridge in the vicinity known as Pearl Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayne are the parents of ten children. They are Alex J., Elvin M. and Marion J., all of the Pearl Creek community; H. C. Bayne of Sacramento, Calif., L. C. Bayne, now at home; Mrs. Fred Roth and Mrs. Robert Munter of near Coleridge; Mrs. D. F. Allison of Randolph; Mrs. Wilbur Larson of Hartington; and Miss Lola Bayne, who is an instructor in the Cushing, Ia. schools. They also have 30 grandchildren and one great-grandson.

7-1935 No. 7

MRS. J. B. BAYNE EXPIRED AT DAUGHTER'S HOME MONDAY

The pioneers, who so bravely encountered all the hardships, discomforts, and disadvantages of making a home in a new country, are, one by one, passing on. In the death of Mrs. J. B. Bayne, another pioneer mother, who knew what it meant to make the sacrifices, which early settlers were compelled to, if they succeeded in establishing a home. The courage of these men and women, under the circumstances, was limitless.

Asenith May Phillips, the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Phillips, was born May 15, 1864, in Bellevue, Jackson county, Iowa, 22 miles south of Dubuque. She lived here until she was a young woman of 17 years. In November of 1881, she came to Climbing Hill, Iowa to visit her sister. It was here she met J. B. Bayne and on February 23, 1882, they were united in marriage at the home of her sister. In August of the same year, she was buried with Christ in baptism. February 1, 1891, they came to Cedar county and for the last 44 years have made their home north of Randolph and west of Coleridge.

September 30, Mrs. Bayne became bedfast at the home of her daughter, Mrs. D. N. Allison at Randolph. She was bedfast for five weeks and on November 4, 1935, she was called home to her heavenly Father. Heart trouble was given as the cause of her death. She had reached the age of 71 years, 5 months, and 20 days.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bayne were born 10 children, five boys and five girls, and Mrs. Bayne's death is the first break in the family circle. Mrs. Bayne was devoted to her family and her home. She and her faithful companion were permitted to travel together down life's pathway for more than 53 years; a blessing enjoyed by comparatively few married couples.

She leaves to mourn, her husband and 10 children: Alex of Coleridge; Cleve of Sacramento, Calif.; Mrs. D. N. Allison of Randolph; Elvin, Lloyd, Marion, Mrs. Fred Roth, and Mrs. Robt. Munter, all of Coleridge; Mrs. Wilbur Larson of Laurel; and Mrs. Everett Manchester of Schleswig, Iowa; also a granddaughter, Roicy Wilson, whom she had raised from babyhood. She leaves also 32 grandchildren and seven great grandchildren, besides a host of other relatives, friends, and neighbors.

Funeral services were held from the Congregational church at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Guy Dunning, pastor of the Christian church at Neligh. He was assisted by Rev. Wm. S. Rowden. Rev. Dunning spoke from the text: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Mrs. Geo. Stone, Miss Laurine Miller, Frederick Sherer, and A. R. Linkhart, accompanied by Miss Ellen Mitchell, sang: "When My Life Work is Ended," "Will There be Any Stars in My Crown," and "Abide With Me."

The casketbearers were: H. N. Holcomb, O. G. Ritchie, Jake Ostrand, George Kirkpatrick, Clayton Collier, and Sam Black.

Burial was made in the Coleridge cemetery.

Obituary, written by Rev. F. J. Tresidder in 1943.

James Buchanan Bayne, a son of Henry and Elizabeth Guston Bayne, one of the early settlers of the Coleridge community, departed this life at the home of his son Alvin, on July 13th, 1943, at the age of 86 years, 6 months and 13 days.

Etc.....

Mr. Bayne was a man of fine Christian character, a member of the Christian Church for over 70 years. Speaking of him on the street the other evening, an old neighbor said to me, "I shall always remember him leading the singing out at the Pearl Creek Sunday School. He never got tired and of course he could out-sing all the rest of us."

He took an active part in community affairs and was for many years a director of the Public school of his District, and was beloved by his neighbors and friends.

A fitting close for these remarks, will I think be the favorite verse of the hymn he dearly loved, "Near the cross I'll watch and wait,

Hoping, trusting ever,

'Till I reach the golden strand,

Just beyond the river."

(Rev. F. J. Tresidder)

JAMES B. BAYNE, 86, DIES AT FARM HOME

Pioneer Farmer Resident of
County More Than
Half Century

COLERIDGE—James B. Bayne, 86, pioneer farmer, who had spent more than a half century in Cedar county, died at the farm home of his son, Elvin, southwest of here, Tuesday afternoon after an illness of about six weeks. Death was caused by old age and complications from a recent operation.

Funeral services for Mr. Bayne will be held tomorrow (Friday) afternoon at the Coleridge Congregational church. Burial will be in the Coleridge cemetery. Pallbearers will be W. M. Jordan, George Stafford, H. N. Holcomb, Otto Fink, Charles Evans and A. N. Ulrich.

Mr. Bayne is survived by five sons, Alex, Marion, Elvin and Lloyd of the Coleridge vicinity, and Cleveland of Sacramento, Calif; five daughters, Mrs. Robert Munter and Mrs. Fred Roth of Coleridge; Mrs. D. F. Allison of Santa Paula, Calif., Mrs. Wilbur Larson of Portland, Ore., and Mrs. Everett Manchester of Grafton, Ia.; two brothers, James M. of Gross, Nebr., and B. F. of Luton, Ia.; 37 grandchildren and 18 great grandchildren.

Mr. Bayne was born at Veva, Ind., December 20, 1856 and was married to Miss Aseneth Mae Phillips at Climbing Hill, Ia., February 23, 1880. They farmed in the Climbing Hill community for several years and moved to Cedar county in 1892, first locating on a farm east of Coleridge. Later they moved to a farm west of town in the Pearl Creek community.

For many years Mr. Bayne served as a member of his district school board. He was affiliated with the Christian church for more than seventy years.

*July 13, 1943
at 2 o'clock*

GEORGE MUNTER DIES IN HOSPITAL

Young Man Succumbs on Tuesday Following Operation —
Funeral Thursday

Death cut short the young life of George D. Munter, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Munter of this city, Tuesday noon at St. Vincent's hospital in Sioux City. He had undergone an operation Wednesday of last week for appendicitis and gangrene had set in.

George Dale Munter was born May 14, 1907 at the farm home near Belden. He was baptized at the Hope Reform church at Belden and lived in the Belden vicinity until 1922 when the Munter family purchased a home in Hartington.

Since that time, he had been employed in the Coleridge and Randolph vicinities where he was well known. He had been making plans on entering into business with his brother, William, in Randolph.

He had been assisting his brother in arranging the place in Randolph and contracted a severe cold which at that time he thought was the cause of his illness. He would not give up.

MUNTER FUNERAL WILL BE FRIDAY

Mrs. G. H. Munter Died Tuesday Evening in Kearney Hospital — Family Survive

Funeral services will be conducted in this city Friday afternoon for Mrs. G. H. Munter who died Tuesday evening at 6:20 o'clock in the Kearney hospital where she had been a patient three weeks. Mrs. Munter had suffered with tuberculous several years.

Prayer will be read at the Munter home at 2 o'clock and service will be conducted at the Trinity Lutheran church at 2:30 with the pastor, Rev. A. J. Thorson, officiating. Interment will be made in the Hartington cemetery under direction of the Bange and Lee Funeral Service.

At the time of her death, her husband, two sons, William and Adolph, and four daughters, Misses Emma Lou and Helyn, Mrs. Albert Arduser and Mrs. Marion Arnold, were at her bedside.

Survivors are the husband, G. H. Munter of this city; four daughters, Miss Helyn of Hartington, Miss Emma Lou and Mrs. Marion Arnold (Lillian) of Long Beach, and Mrs. Albert Arduser (Lizzie) of Madelia, Minn.; seven sons, Adolph of Kasota, Minn., Fred and Robert of Coleridge, John and William of Randolph, Walter of Butte and Paul; 24 grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

One son, George, died about six years ago.

GOTTLIEB MUNTER BURIED TUESDAY

Former Local Man Died at Long Beach, Calif.,
Burial Here

Funeral services for Gottlieb Munter, 79, who died July 31 in Long Beach, Calif., were held August 5 from St. John's Lutheran church in Randolph with Rev. H. L. Niederwimmer of Coleridge officiating. Burial was made in the Hartington city cemetery beside the body of his wife, who died here in 1937.

Pallbearers were: Chris Arduser, Richard Draper, Chris Graf, Len Arudser, Jess Harper and Lester Samelson.

Gottlieb H. Munter was born September 30, 1867 at Bern Switzerland, where as a boy he was confirmed in his home church. December 28, 1889 he was married to Elisa Stucki at Lansdorf in Switzerland.

Several months after his marriage Mr. Munter came to America, followed in a year and a half by his wife and infant son. They lived for several years at Monticello and Independence, Ia., before moving to a farm several miles northwest of Belden in 1900. They remained on this farm until 1922 when they retired and moved to Hartington.

They lived in Hartington until 1937, when after the death of Mrs. Munter, Mr. Munter moved to Long Beach, Calif.,

During his residence in Belden, Mr. Munter was a member of the German Reformed church.

He is survived by eleven children: Seven sons, Adolph of Garden City, Minn., Fred of Belden, Robert of Coleridge, John and William of Randolph, Paul of Detroit and Walter of Omaha; four daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Arduser of Madelia, Minn., and Mrs. Lillian Arnold, Mrs. Emma Northrup and Mrs. Helen Houdvshell of Long Beach; a sister, Marie Munter of Long Beach; and 28 grandchildren. A son, George, preceded his father in death.



Lola, Mae, Marjorie, Ruby and Ada

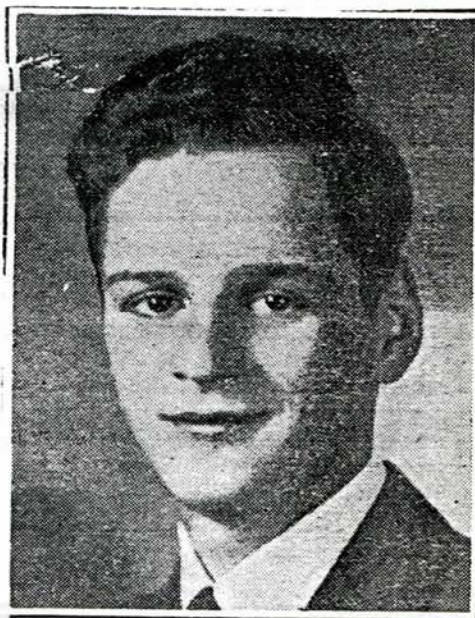
This was the last time we were all together for a picture. My dress was red and it is the only time I can remember doing my hair that way. Why I did it that way I will never know.

Duane was named Star Farmer of America

Duane loved cattle and hogs and kept careful records of his projects to the "Future farmers of America." Duane carried twelve projects and all of them had to have reports and records sent into the organization at Kansas City and from there they went to Washington D.C. That was hard work. He spent hours on these records and many more caring for the animals. Every week or two the boys would visit each others projects with their teacher. Duane took his hogs and cattle all over the state of Nebraska.

Duane saw a picture of a young man who was "Star Farmer" in a farm magazine. He came over to me with the magazine and asked, "how would you and dad like to have your picture in a magazine like this?" Un-be-knowens to me, from that day he worked toward that honor and three years later our picture was in the magazine. Before Duane was selected, some men came out from Washington to see if Duane and his records was genuine. They were there for several hours and it got late so the three girls fixed them supper. Those men could hardly believe those three young girls could fix such a lovely supper.

We didn't know if we should go to Kansas City because Duane was only nominated for the honor. Duane's Agg. Teacher, Mr. Heddy, came out and told Bob that if he and I didn't go we would be very sorry. We went and stayed a whole week. Thousands of young boys were in Kansas City, all in their blue FFA jackets. It was a beautiful sight. As the winners were announced it kept getting closer and closer until there was only the top honor left to announce. At last over the speakers came the final announcement for the top honor, "Duane Munter of Randolph, Nebraska, is the new Star Farmer of America." Bob talked three different times on national radio and he said, "all the credit belongs to Duane." It was really something and it took about three months for us to come down from all that excitement.



Star Farmer

Signal honor came to Nebraska, its Future Farmers' organization and the hog industry of the state at the recent American Royal Livestock Show in Kansas City when Duane Munter of Coleridge, Cedar county, Nebraska, was named the Star Farmer of America.

The award, made by the Weekly Kansas City Star, means that Duane is the year's outstanding member of the Future Farmers of America.

sociation

—November 1, 1941

World War II

Roosevelt's program was interrupted when the United States became involved with World war II on December 7th, 1941. This was to have tremendous effects upon our own family and community. All the boys were in the armed services. It was impossible to

hire any men to do farm work, so Avis and Iris became dad's helpers as they assisted in things like corn picking. Roosevelt led us through most of the war until his death in the spring of 1945 and suddenly Vice President Harry Truman became our President.

I remembered World War I when my brother Marion served his country. Now we were back at war. We were given a book of food stamps. Each stamp stated what it was for; flour, sugar, etc. This book had to last a certain number of weeks before we could get another book. Nothing was wasted on food.

Farmers presented their case to the President in Washington, D.C. Representatives of more than two million organized farmers met President Wilson at the White House and discussed with him ways of exemptions for farm labor in connection with the draft. The farmers were accompanied by a large number of senators, congressmen, and prominent persons various stated to present their case to the President. The farmers presented a memorial drawn by the federal board of Farm Organizations, which was formed soon after the outbreak of our war with Germany as a means of giving the farmer a vote in national affairs.

Elmer had graduated from Wayne State Teachers College and decided to go to George Washington School of Law in Washington, D.C. He stayed with Godfrey Munter, who was a



prominent lawyer in Washington, D.C. When the war broke out Elmer decided that he may as well enlist and get it over with and then return to school after the war. Elmer was gone five years and was the father of a son he did not see until he returned after the war. Elmer and Harriet were married while he was doing troop training here in the States.

Elmer made the rank of Captain and traveled between France, England and later Germany to help get organized for the troop movements.

When Elmer was in service over seas I sent him a quart jar of fried chicken and packed it in popcorn. That glass jar arrived in perfect condition! Elmer wrote and asked for more! He said that he had a hard time keeping all the others from eating his fried chicken.



Elmer with his sisters

Duane with this baby brother



Duane was a First Lieutenant in the Air Force and was trained as a bombardier. Duane spent his time of service in the U.S. and was never called to serve in combat. One time when he was home on leave Duane put his parachute on and climbed the windmill telling his little brother Jim that he was going to jump off and parachute down to the ground. He had Jim's full attention.



Later he had Jim climb up the grain elevator and inch his way to the edge of the corn crib which was at least twenty foot off the ground. Then he had Jim stand up and told him that if he jumped that he would catch him. Wouldn't you know it...Jim jumped! Duane lived two life times as his little brother came flying down. I don't know what ever possessed Duane to do such a thing! I almost fainted when I heard what Duane had done. Duane caught Jim somehow and broke the fall by passing Jim between his legs like a football and Jim went rolling on the ground behind him. Duane was white for a whole day after that trick. I don't think Duane ever had a scare much worse than that. Bob was upset and told Duane, "don't you ever do a trick like that again." I think Jim must have some kind of guardian angel watching over him to have survived that.

The wasn't the first time Jim had a guardian angel. I had a terrible scare when I came home form the hospital with Jim. I was home a couple of weeks when Mary Ann Felber called and asked me to come to the circle meeting. She said her house would be warm, so I decided to go and took the diaper bag with me.

Doris Cogil had a retarded daughter the same age as Iris. She went to school, but the children were afraid of her. The teacher kept her after school until the children were well ahead down the road. She never liked little babies. That day Doris brought her along to circle. As I came with Jim she was waiting to get into the bedroom where Jim was sleeping. I went out to the car for the diapers and she went into the bedroom and had both hands around Jim's neck trying to choke him.

Mrs. Swansen was sitting in a chair facing the bedroom and saw what she was doing. She yelled for help and it took several women to release her grip. She was a big girl and very very stong. When I came into the house and was told what happened I fainted. The Lord had other plans for Jim.



Avis's husband, Bob Anderson, was an Army paratrooper and fought in horrible battles in France and Germany. He was one of only a few men who escaped death on one of the military parachute drops in the Belgium Bulge during the invasion of Germany. There was a time when Avis did not hear from Bob for over two months. Our mail carrier, Lloyd Henry, watched every day for a letter to deliver to Avis. One day it came after his normal delivery and Lloyd made a special trip, racing out from Coleridge and driving right out into the corn field where Avis was helping to pick corn, honking his horn all the way, to deliver the letter to her. He was so happy the letter was from Bob rather than from the government announcing still another death! The first time Elmer ever met Bob was in a German hospital where Bob was taken after a serious illness from battle fatigue.

Dick Herse, Iris's husband, was in the Navy, and Merle Freitag, Arlene's future husband, was a Marine. Thankfully neither one of them were called into combat.

Laurel Boy Will Wed on Thursday

Cpl. Robert Anderson Will
Take Miss Avis Munter
as Bride Thursday

CEREMONY AT BELDEN

Cpl. Robert Anderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Anderson of this city, will be united in marriage to Miss Avis Munter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Munter, of Coleridge, in a pretty ceremony at the Union church in Belden, Thursday evening, March 2nd. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Keys, pastor of the church at 8 p. m. in the presence of relatives and friends. The wedding ceremony is open to the public.

The bridal couple will be attended by Duane and Miss Iris Munter, and Miss Norma and Wayne Anderson. The bride will be attired in a white satin gown with train and fingertip veil. The groom will wear his uniform of a paratrooper in the United States army.

Following the ceremony, a reception will be held in the Munter home near Coleridge. Mrs. Luther Hagerdon, grand-mother of the groom, will bake the wedding cake, a three-tier angle food appropriately-decorated in the brides colors of blue and white.

Cpl. Anderson needs no introduction to the people of this and surrounding communities. He was reared to manhood in this city and graduated with honors from the Laurel schools with the class of 1941. He was an athlete known throughout the territory while attending school and his reputation as such is one of the brightest in school history. He entered the armed service of his country on March 8th 1943 and is now stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia, with the paratroop division of the army. He enjoys the respect and confidence of all who know him.

The bride also attended the Laurel schools, graduating with the class of 1941. She is a young lady of charm and personality and is admired and respected by all who know her. At the present time she is employed with the telephone company in Omaha and will return to her position for the present. She will join her husband later when he is transferred, as he expects to be in the near future. We join the community in extending congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy married life to this fine, out-standing young couple.



ARLENE JOY MUNTER

Announcement is made today by Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Munter of Coleridge, of the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Arlene Joy, to Merle R. Freitag, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Freitag of Lincoln.

The wedding, an event of Sunday, June 7, will take place at the First Presbyterian church in Lincoln.

Mr. Freitag is attending the University of Nebraska.

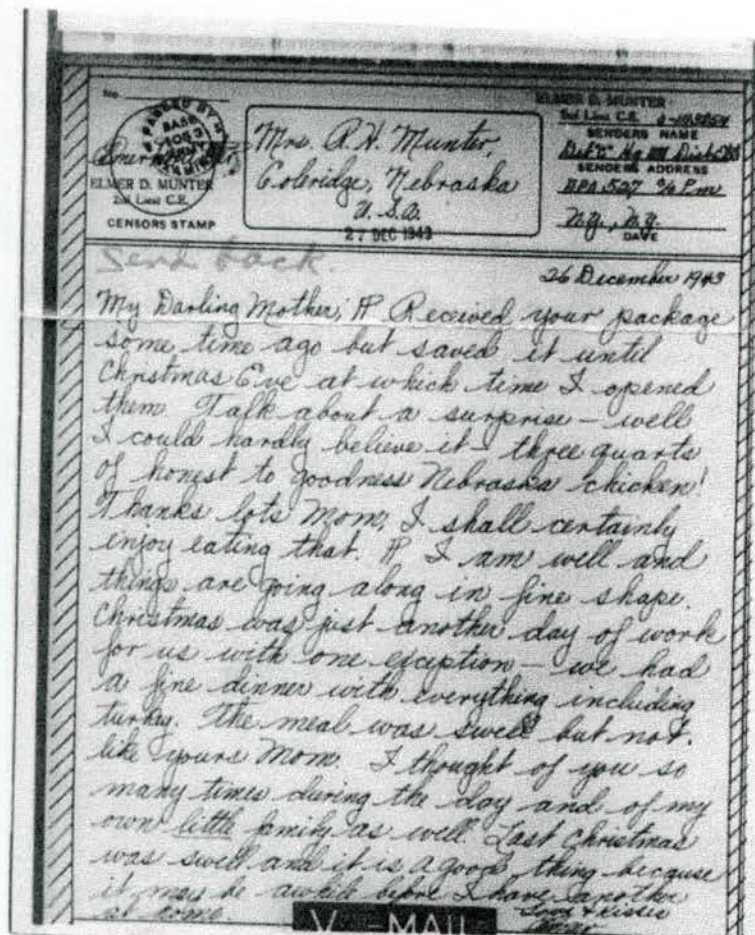
Harriet Hicks Weds Sgt. Elmer Munter

BELDEN—The chapel at McChord Field, Tacoma, Wash., was the scene of a wedding Thursday, June 11, when Miss Harriet Hicks, daughter of Mrs. Freda Hicks of Belden, became the bride of Staff Sgt. Elmer D. Munter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Munter of Coleridge. The single ring ceremony was read by Chaplain Morris Chester. Fellow members of bridegroom, in the medical detachment, were guests at the wedding.

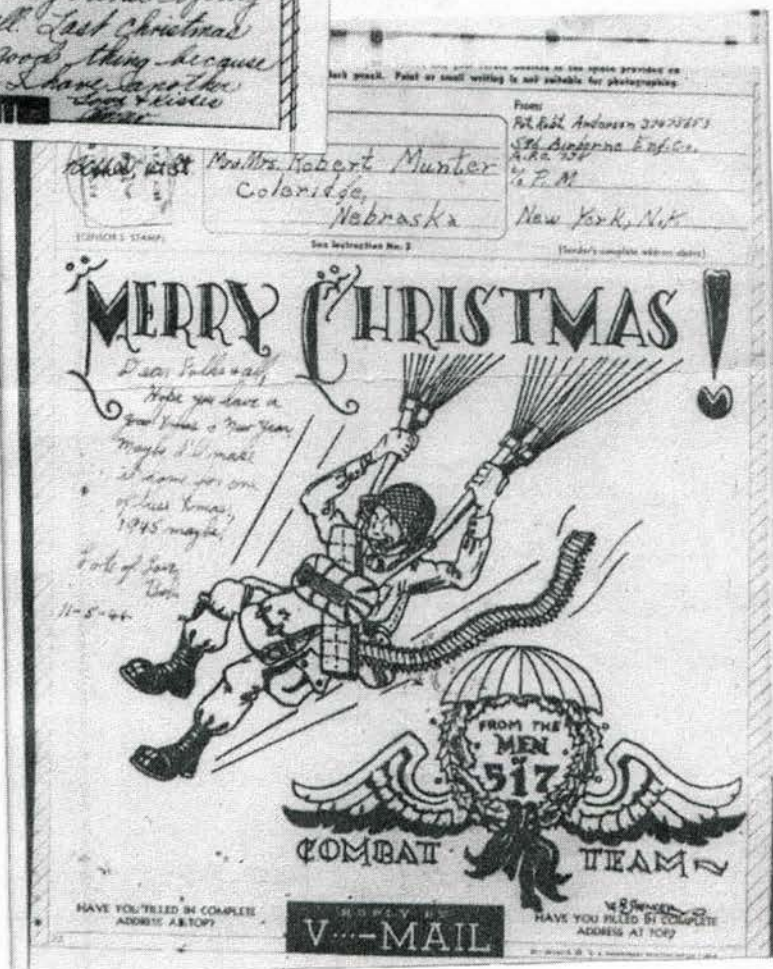
For her wedding the bride was attired in a brown mesh street length dress with linen and corsage was of talisman roses. The bridegroom wore a full dress army uniform.

The couple was attended by Staff Sgt. Carroll S. Franklin and Staff Sgt. E. Keyes.

Both the bride and bridegroom were graduated from the Belden high school in the class of 1936. Both attended Wayne State Teachers college. For the past three years the bride has been the first grade teacher in the Winnebago, Nebr., school. Before his induction into the national guards on January 6, 1941, Mr. Munter attended George Washington university at Washington, D. C.



The V-Mail letters were wonderful to receive to know that you were still alive. We counted the days until they would return safely home from the war.



Bob Anderson was in battle both on the ground and in the air. He once said, "If it is worse I see I hope I never see it."

July 24, 1939

Pieridge, Neb.

M

Dearest Mother,

I am writing this while we are getting a nice rain. I have heard Jimmie could not be any better. I think he is better than when you were home, because he doesn't think he needs something to eat every five minutes. We put the piano bench in the middle of the floor and then we kept putting it back further. We had it clear across the floor and he took twenty-one steps just loves to walk. At night we go to bed and I say "Go to sleep" and you don't hear another word out of him until 8:00 o'clock in the morning. Only he wakes up once in the night and wants his water. We have usually two passages a day, and they are good color. Been taking him a bath usually twice a day, and keep him clean. The last day we had threshers for dinner we had potatoes - gravy - meat - cabbage - chocolate pie and peas. They ate everything, and then after we did the dishes we ate (I am Mrs. Jimmie) & I went to sleep. Got up about 2:00 o'clock & Fern scrubbed & washed & dinnering room while I cleaned up stairs. Anytime any one comes they can see their faces where ever they want to. (over)

Next day I got up and did a good line stacking. Jimmie had 34 sheep and all the water and then I drove home I even tried. It quit raining now it rained a good hour. Nice rain. Daddy was still up to feed - feeding and he said it rained quick as fire. He didn't get up yet, that I notice.

How are you feeling by now? Hope better than Thursday. Been having a lot of company. Mac & Gilbert were out to our place Sunday. and they didn't know about your visit. P. Carroll told them. the wife was mad. My other brother & girl took our dogs 7-8 I think that was the real reason Mac came up last night with Harold.

I have you still got your favorite record you had last time. Hope so.
Mother every time you go to the store.

My wife promised me she wants me to play with him on the board and want me to take him, push him around and molest. I told her that lately he had and I manage to keep them out. What a letter -

words on this didn't and did not do one tonight. I have id till on her vacation and won't come home. I've could use her. Because it takes one of us to take care of them, and it least me to do all the work. Some night I can hardly sleep but I am not so busy know.

[illegible]

Prinmice were taken in with good. Every time he sees it he starts to say for it and I am always careful to let him know. Prinmice wanted to say a few words with a friend.

And I cannot
live and drink

My milk good,
 I hope you are
 better. I am a good
 little boy - pleased
 to know you are better
 don't worry about me
 because I am fine
 I like a lot of
 potatoes love
 PS

Love from Jimmie
 I am
 tired of I am
 trying to walk - it's fun
 Well mother didn't want to write
 but I told all the news - she always
 sends her love and a big kiss
 we will see you soon
 Daddy, Ais. Miss, Susan & Jimmie

Front row: Ben; Lowell; Rodney; Jim; Wendel: ?; VaNoy

Back row: Elaine; Lorraine.



Alice; Iris; Beulah; Shirley; Avis; Vivian; Vergil; Leonard; Gordon
Eldon (kneeling)





Memorial gestures were taken place on November 11th in United States, England and France since the end of World War I at 11a.m. Just think if it: November 11th, the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month. The date was officially named Armistice Day by Congress in 1926 and became a national holiday twelve years later. In 1954 President Eisenhower signed a bill proclaiming November 11th as Veterans Day.

1963 – Last Thanksgiving on the Farm

It was a wonderful day. Our entire family, spouses and children came home to celebrate the occasion. The only one missing was Jim, who couldn't make it back from Ohio. We were sad that he couldn't be with us all. It was a sad day also because we knew that this would be the last time we would celebrate Thanksgiving at the farm. None of our children would be coming back to the place they called home.



Farm Home 1948-1949



I am standing by the crab apple tree. See how high the snow is. Today, April 10th, I still can't see the fence. A winter to be remembered.

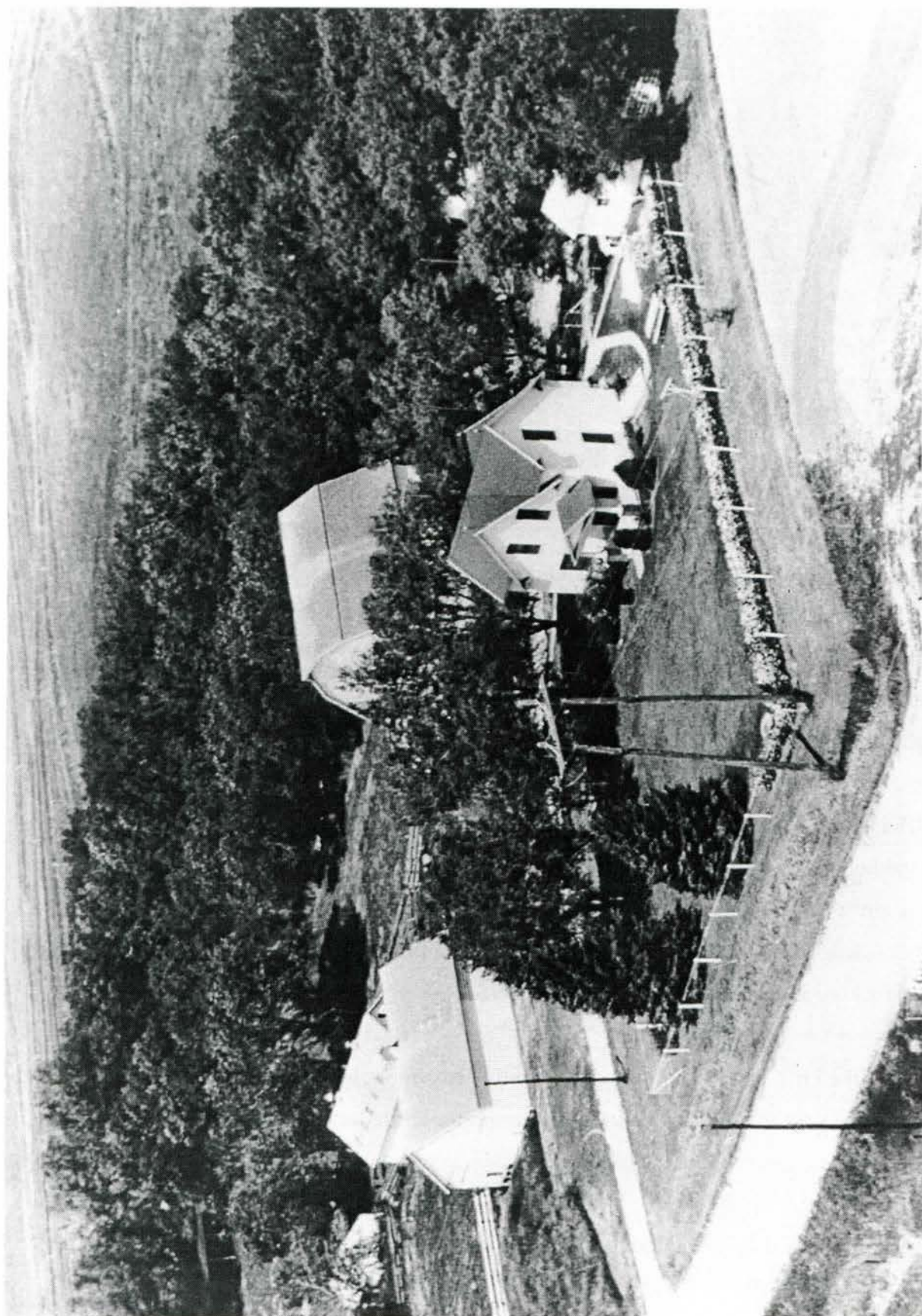
1948-1949 79 inches of snow



When this was taken we had received 78 inches of snow, besides 2 inches of rain. In all we received 90 inches. In November we received 34 inches at at one time. You can see what a drift of snow to get to the barn. Two days ago was the first time we had the car by the gate to the house since November.



Grandma and a lap full of brown eyed Boys. April 11th, 1949





Bob and I lived on that farm for forty-two years. We were now in the midst of a great change in our lives. In a few days we would walk hand in hand from the past we had known to a future of the unknown. Our only guide in whom we put all our faith is Jesus Christ, our Lord. Maybe this was the first time we really knew the meaning of Thanksgiving – to be thankful for all we have been given. Moving day was another sad time. We had help from relatives and friends, but everyone was crying as we went out the door for the last time.

The new house wasn't ready for us yet, so we moved our furniture into Marion's home and he was kind enough to let us store it upstairs. Some of his kids came over and helped us move it all up the steps. Then Bob hooked up the travel trailer and we went to McAllen, Texas for a vacation of about three months. I cried and cried all the way there and for three days after we arrived.

I felt like I had lost my home and my family because we would never be together in quite the same way again. I stayed in the trailer for those first several days and hardly came out. The other people in the camping area thought Bob was down there alone and were offering him dinner! He said, "My wife is making dinner for us." They said, "You have a wife!" Bob finally said to me, "Mrs., we can't go on like this. We sold our home and

FARM SALE

As I have quit farming the following machinery will be sold at public auction on my farm located $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of the curve on Highway 15 south of Coleridge on the north side of the road or 6 miles north and $3\frac{1}{2}$ east of Randolph on —

Tuesday, Sept. 20

SALE STARTS AT 1 P. M.

MACHINERY

1942 JOHN DEERE A TRACTOR with
Power Trol
J. D. TRACTOR CULTIVATOR
ALLIS-CHALMERS 66 COMBINE with
motor, like new
J. D. TRACTOR DISK
FOUR SECTION HARROW
NEW IDEA MANURE SPREADER
I.H.C. TRACTOR CORN PLANTER,
2 Row with Fertilizer Attachment
2 GOOD AUTO STEER WAGONS with
Flare Boxes
GOOD CUT DOWN J. D. WAGON HOIST
2 RUBBER TIRED WAGONS with Boxes
HIGH WHEELED SEEDER WAGON
with Seeder
GANDY FERTILIZER SPREADER
MANURE LOADER
BELT DRIVEN CEMENT MIXER,
Good Condition
FLAT BED For Hauling Bales

Buildings - Feeding Equipment

43 PEN PORTABLE HOG HOUSES
10 x 14 BROODER HOUSE
75 BU. SELF FEEDER FOR HOGS
60 GAL. HOG WATERER, New

Fencing Material

BARB WIRE—Several Miles in Rolls,
In Good Condition
200 STEEL POSTS
8 ROLLS OF GOOD WOVEN WIRE

Miscellaneous Items

300 GAL FUEL TANK ON STAND
50 FT. ENDLESS BELT
150 FEET OF 1 IN. PIPE
2 ELECTRIC MOTORS
1 x 12 ROUGH BOARDS for Crib Floors
4 ROLLS WIRE CRIBBING

TERMS: CASH

Nothing Removed Until Settled For

ROBERT H. MUNTER, Owner

KURTZHALS and LANPHEAR, Auctioneers

First National Bank of Belden, Clerk

2 1/2 ft John Deere Elev.

36 ft Kelly Pagan Elev on rubber wheel motor

we both wanted to – we are having a new home built. We have to go on to the future and not stay in the past. I feel bad too, but we have to move on.” Our new home in Laurel was beautiful. It was built up on a hill very near to Elmer and Harriet’s home.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Munter Hillcrest Addition

Grandchildren are the crowns of the aged. Grandparents serve as a refuge to which growing youngsters can turn for comfort and advice. A family is mutual love for one another, a bond of faith that even time can not sever. A gift to last through our lives, a family is forever. When the children are grown up and leave home, down the pathway of life they go, one by one. When the last one takes their walk alone in the world, then and only then do we realize that our duty as parents has been fulfilled. Mothers and fathers begin to lean on each other more and more.





In Arizona with our little trailer



First plane ride (Arizona)



Lola; Marjorie; Ruby; Mae(1963 Alamosa)

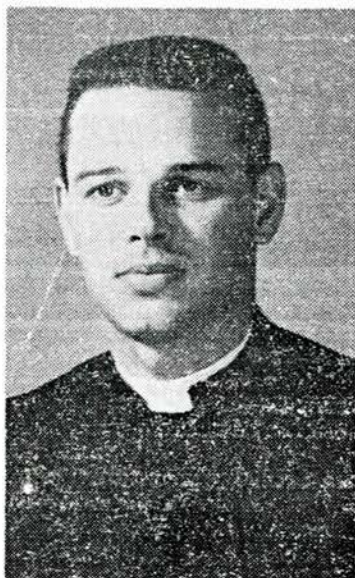


Cleve; Marjorie; Marion; Ruby; Elvin; Alex (1965)

THE LAST TIME WE WERE ALL TOGETHER

Jim's ordination - 1965

James Munter to be Ordained at Coleridge Sunday



James G. Munter, 26, will be ordained into the American Lutheran Ministry at the Immanuel Lutheran church in Coleridge on Sunday, October 3, at 10 a.m.

Mr. Munter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Munter of Laurel was born at Wayne on October 5, 1939. He attended a rural Coleridge grade school and graduated from Coleridge high school in 1956. He received his B. A. Degree in 1960 majoring in Sociology at Wartburg college, Waverly, Iowa.

In 1961 James entered The Evangelical Lutheran Theological Capitol Seminary, Columbus, Ohio. As part of this course he completed two years of internship at Martin Luther Church in Baltimore, Md., under Dr. Herman C. Schultz. During this time James was part time student at John Hopkins University of Baltimore.

Mr. Munter is married to the former Barbara Urwiler, daughter of Carl and the late Mrs. Carl Urwiler of Laurel. They have one son, David.

Members of the immediate family include Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Munter and sons of Laurel, Mr. and Mrs. Duane Munter and family of Strawberry Point, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Anderson and family of Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Merle Freitag and sons and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Herse and family of Omaha.

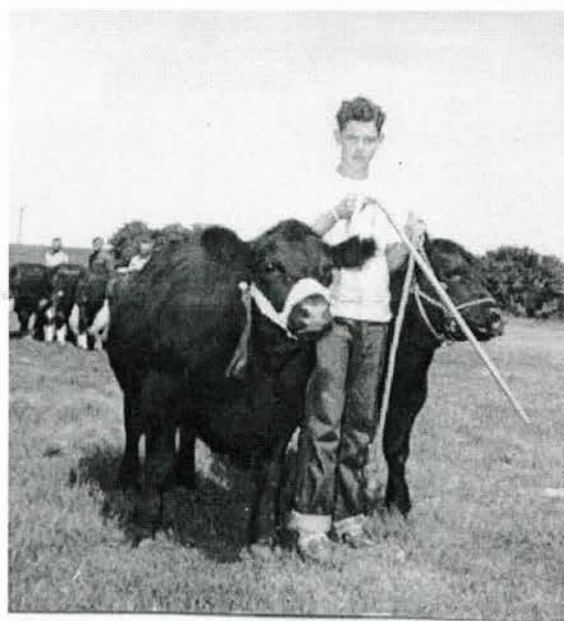
Mr. Munter will minister the mission, Christ The King Lutheran Church, 1181 Churchill Hubbard Rd., Youngstown, O.

The mission was organized in 1962 and has 275 baptized members and has 93 in Sunday school.

After completing his internship he returned to Columbus, Ohio, for a final two years of academic work and served as assistant pastor of Hope Lutheran Church under Pastor David Lynn. Mr. Munter graduated from Capitol Seminary with a Bachelor of Divinity Degree June 6, 1965.

Dr. Merlin Hoops, a native of Nebraska and professor of the New Testament, Capitol Seminary, Columbus, O., will preach the ordination sermon. Pastor Marvin Rothfusz will be the ordaining pastor. Pastor Gerald Flathman of Immanuel Lutheran Church at Chadron will lead the liturgical worship.

There will be an informal program in the church at 2 p.m. followed by an open house reception in the church basement until 4:30 p.m. for all members and friends of the congregation and relatives and friends of the newly ordained and his family.



Jim with two of his calves at the Cedar County Fair. (One on left won purple)

50th ANNIVERSARY 1972 (see cover picture)

Bob found the following poem, cut it out and said, "put this with our 50th anniversary book." He put his arms around me and said, "Wife, I love you."

FIFTY YEARS HAPPINESS

It only seems like yesterday
Yet fifty years have passed away
Since at the altar, side by side,
I stood with you, my happy bride.

And now our children's children stand
Close gathered round, an eager band.
Whilst we recall, with smiles and tears,
The joys and griefs of fifty years.

For we have known the cares of life,
Sweetheart, since we were man and wife
Yet have not loved each other less
Through fifty years of happiness.

When clouds have threatened storm and rain
The skies have always cleared again.
And fifty years have come and passed,
And brought us sunshine at the last.

And now that we are old and gray.
We trust Him, our guide and stay.
Our Constant and unchanging Friend,
To lead us to our journey's end.

The family at the Wagon Wheel Steak House gathered to celebrate our Golden Anniversary



Robert Munters Feted On Golden Wedding Anniversary

by Mrs. Shirley Kraemer

A memorable golden wedding anniversary celebration began for Robert and Marjorie Munter on Saturday evening, May 6, with a social hour, held for the honored couple and members of their immediate families at the Elmer Munter home. A dinner and program followed at the Wagon Wheel Steak House.

A centerpiece storybook cake graced the banquet table with nut cups in a bell design. The cake represented the story of the honorees, naming each member of their family, Elmer, Duane, Avis, Iris, Arlene and Jim.

Pastor Jim Munter gave the table prayer with Elmer Munter as master of ceremonies.

Gift champagne glasses were presented by Mrs. Arlene Freitag, with a champagne toast made by Duane Munter. A bell gift was presented by Mrs. Avis Anderson.

Following the dinner hour, the master of ceremonies read the story of 50 golden years, which had been authored by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Munter.

Gimick fun gifts were opened by the honored couple, after which Mrs. Iris Herse showed slides of family gatherings.

The cake was cut and served to the group.

An open house was held on Sunday, May 7, at the Wagon Wheel Steak House, with 220 friends and relatives joining the Robert Munters in celebration on this special day.

Hosting the event were the couple's six children: Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Munter of Laurel, Mr. and Mrs. Duane Munter of Strawberry Point, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Anderson of Big Springs, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Herse and Mr. and Mrs. Merle Freitag of Omaha and Pastor and Mrs. James Munter of Fremont.

As the guests entered the steak house foyer, they were greeted by a large family picture poster and a 1922 newspaper clipping of the marriage of Robert Munter and Marjorie Bayne, as the announcement appeared in the Coleridge Blade and Omaha World Herald. The Munters were married in the First Christian Church at Sioux City, Ia.

Congratulatory cards were placed in a large wishing well. Tables were decorated with gift floral arrangements and a tiered anniversary cake.

Granddaughters, Cindi Herse, Danielle Anderson and Susan and Nancy Munter, registered the guests.

Serving at the punch table were Mrs. Clifford Guinn and Mrs. Bill Munter. Cutting and serving the cake were Mrs. Alvin Bayne of Sioux City and Mrs. Dennis Truckenbrod of Strawberry Point. Coffee was served by Mrs. Fred Roth of Sioux City and Mrs. John Munter.

Family presentations of special interest were a decoupage golden anniversary invitation made in Portland, Ore., and a Swiss wall decoration with the names of the honored couple. Congratulatory cards were sent by Governor J. J. Exon and Congressman Charles Thone.

Guests attending were from Iowa, Arizona, California and Minnesota and the communities of Randolph, Wakefield, Coleridge, Fremont, Papillion, Big Springs, Omaha, Butte, Belden, Madison, Plainview, Hartington, Meadow Grove and Laurel.

The Munters have 18 grandchildren and four great, grandchildren.

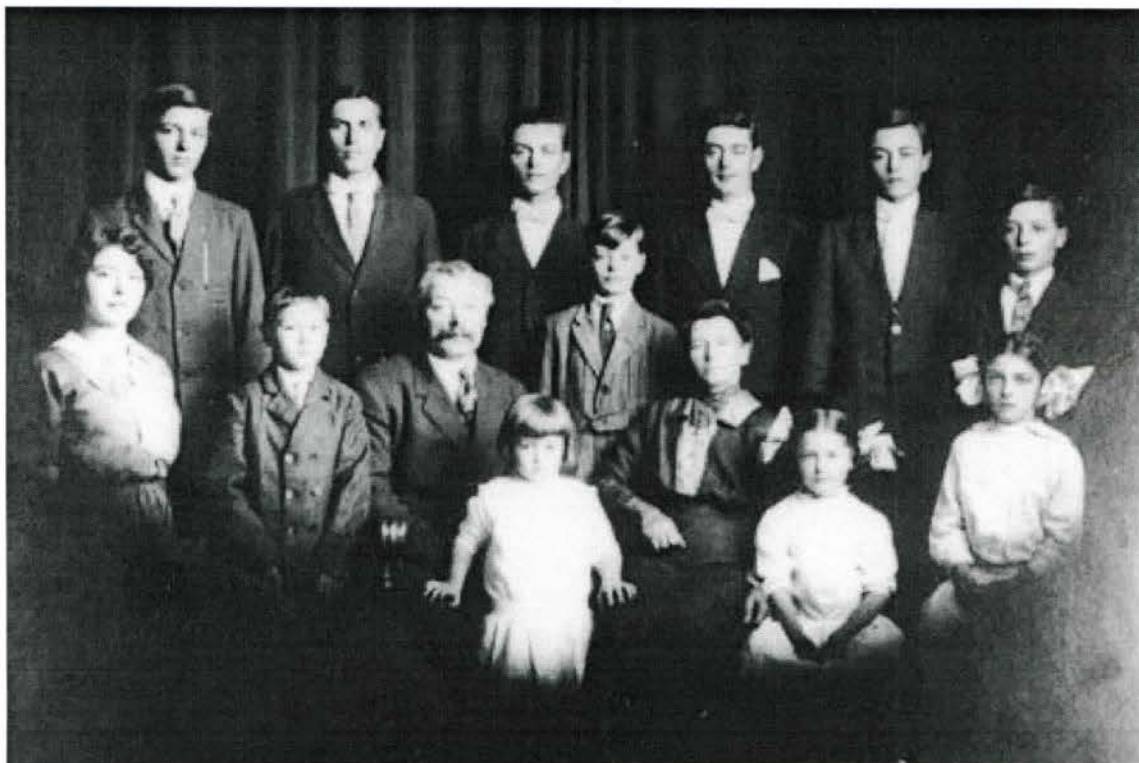
*The Children of
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Munter
invite you to attend their
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary Open House
of the marriage of their parents
on Sunday, May 7, 1972
at the Wagon Wheel Steak House
Laurel, Nebraska
2:00 to 2:00 P. M.
No Gifts Please*

Dad's brothers: Adolph; Bob; John; Bill; Walter; George (died); Fred (missing)



8 First Cousins: Helen Bayne; Roicy Flanders; Leonard Roth; Deward Roth; Elden Larson; Wendell Roth; Alice Skinner; Rodney Roth; Ruth Westgadt; Sirley Boyd

The Munter Family: John; Adolph; Bob; Walt; Fred; Paul; Bill;
Lizzie; George; Grand pa; Hellen; Grand ma; Emma Lou; Lillian



Bob's 80th Birthday: Jim; Arlene; Iris; Duane; Avis; Elmer



60th anniversary at the church in Laurel



Home in Sun City, Arizona. We lived in this home for 13 years. Bob always wished he had moved there 10 years sooner so he could have been more involved in the activities and hobbies.

May 3rd, ¹⁹⁸⁸~~1982~~. Our last anniversary, (the 66th.) Eight days before Bob passed away. I could not have asked for a more loving, understanding, kind husband. I loved him so very very much.



May 11 - 88

No goodbye

You left without a word or sigh
 When our Lord called you home on high.
 No time to say farewell,
 Nor even a chance to tell
 Sad feelings expressed;
 My heart was oppressed!

Now you're home in Heaven;
 No longer earth-bound given!
 You soared high into the clouds
 Where everlasting life abounds.

Some day we two shall meet again;
 Where all is sunshine — no rain —
 And see each other face to face;
 Another time, another place.

Bob died on May 11th, 1988 at our home in Sun City, Arizona. We both got up and he was sitting on the edge of the bed and asked him what he wanted for breakfast, oatmeal? He said, "no, I think I would like some Cream of Wheat." I went out to the kitchen and came back to ask him something and he was laying on the bed with his head on the pillow. He was gone that fast. I think it was his heart. I never got to say "good by"...

Part of Elmer's memories that he wrote for the 50th anniversary:

"...Of course Mother was a very busy lady in the house so it was one of my jobs to watch these three little girls as they sat on a blanket in the yard. By now I was ten and eleven years old and I could think of other things more desirable to do but I'd coax them to watch our brother Duane as he did plenty of tricks for them in clowning around.

"As I mentioned before, Mother was busy constantly with us as her family, cooking, sewing, washing and ironing, gardening, canning and we always had a hired man so that was one more. We each learned to work and share responsibility. I finally graduated from the baby sitting and began to help with chores and in the field. Duane of course was right behind me so I'm sure Dad appreciated our help. Avis was a fine outdoors girl as she could do well with the horses. Iris helped Mother inside and Arlene became a chicken specialist as she fed chickens and was the official egg gatherer.

"My sisters often talk about how our brother Duane should have joined a big league baseball team as he had such a well developed pitching arm. So often then they came out the door or around a corner, corn cobs or mud clods would come flying through the air with them as a target. Of course they would scream and run for cover.

"I remember when we four older kids attended our country school. Dad provided a buggy and horse for us to travel back and forth in, and I was to be the "wagon master" but Duane wasn't content to ride home so he'd get out and run or hide someplace and it was my responsibility to see that he was in that buggy when we drove in the yard! What a time we had! I was proud of my little flock!



"In those years our recreation consisted of Sunday family gatherings, family card playing, Dad listening to the radio and reading. Dad and Mother seldom went any place at night – so we were all at home. For the fourth of July Mother would pack a picnic dinner and Dad would put some flags on the fenders and radiator of the car as we loaded up to take a ride to Center, about 50 miles away, or some other place to check on Dad's cattle which he had pastured there. I realize that doesn't sound too jivvy to you young whipper-snappers but to us 40 or 45 years ago we thought we were havin' a ball. And then we'd get home and hurry with chores so we could shoot firecrackers while Mother and Dad made homemade ice cream.

"Some times we'd go to Coleridge on Saturday nights and this was a big deal as Mother dolled up herself and each little girl. When she got each one ready, they had to sit on a chair until we were all ready.

"Duane and I would go to the show and get a candy treat and feel like plutocrats as Dad probably gave us each 25 cents from the cream check money!

"We kids kept growing up and older and by and by some of us were in high school and college.

"Twas in the fall of 1938 that our baby brother Jim was born. I was attending college at Wayne and working in Dr. Benthach's old hospital. Dad brought Mother there and while she was in her room waiting the action, Dad suggested to me that we should take a little ride into the country to help pass the time. When we returned a half-hour later, we learned Jim had been born and he was cute curly-haired red-faced squalling baby! Of course all of us were so happy and proud and Jim became the center of attention for us all – and eventually the idol of the grand children. You see Jim was lively, full of ideas, loved fun and he was in the new-doing generation.

"School, parties, dates and boy friends filled the minds of Avis, Iris and Arlene as they were popular with their friends. On weekends when they'd come home, Mother would usually do some sewing for them as she made most of their clothes.

"Duane was developing into quite a hog and cattle raiser as he was interested in livestock. He made our parents very proud in his endeavors in 4-H work and when he became Star Farmer of America.

"Eventually all of us graduated from high school, some of us went to college and each of us secured jobs. I'm sure our folks were proud of each of us for something although this is not a portrayal of the attainments of the offspring. Our parents deserve the credit for letting us go into our chosen field as we made our decisions.

"Duane and I served in the armed forces of our country, as did most other boys our age.

"By now all of us are married and have children and yes there are four great-grandchildren as of this writing with another due in June.

"I look back through the years and can say our Dad was a mighty good farmer – He took care of the land, was a fine cattle and hog man, never neglected the care of the animals, liked mules and used them for work in the fields. Dad

was a very modern farmer for his time as he read farm magazines for new ideas and trends. He was hard working and a good manager. He didn't like milking however so that job was delegated to the hired man or one of us boys! But I well remember how he'd like to drink the cream from the separator!

"Just as Dad worked hard outside so did Mother work hard inside as she prepared thousands of meals and did an abundance of cooking for hired men in the corn picking and threshing seasons. Farm women are to be commended for their contribution as they did their bread baking and all of their other cooking without the conveniences so well taken for granted today.

"Dad and Mother while you were making history on your farm, many things were happening in the United States as well as in foreign countries so I will review a few of the highlights.

"At the time of your marriage, Harding was president and some historians call those years the "roaring twenties". The country as a whole prospered. There was stock speculation, riotous spending, and real estate booms sent prices skyrocketing. During those years the United States set off on a joy ride in an era of wonderful nonsense. Americans naturally felt light-hearted after the war. Henry Ford led the way by "Putting America on wheels in his Model T". People spent more and more money for good roads, furniture, clothes and vacations. There were crazes for jazz bands, sports and dances. Daring young flappers shocked their elders with shorter skirts, bobbed hair, free use of cosmetics and cigarettes.

"I remember how you, Mother, came home from town one day after having your beautiful long hair cut short! Dad didn't like it but finally became used to the new look!

"I remember reading the papers and hearing on the radio about the Charles Lindbergh's solo flight across the Atlantic Ocean in 1927 and how it roused the nation to a fever pitch of excitement. Coleridge was elected president in 1921 as I mentioned before. In 1928 or 29, you decided to purchase the farm you were renting from Grandpa Munter and this became an important step to you.

"The future looked bright when Herbert Hoover became president in 1929 but his administration had hardly begun when the country suffered the worst business crashing its history. After the 1929



collapse the country sank steadily into the most acute depression in its history. Banks failed, factories shut down, stores closed, farm prices fell lower than ever before.

"...Of course Dad and Mother this depression affected you folks and all of the other people in our area. But we always had enough to eat, sufficient clothing and parental cars so we survived famously even though we kids were not aware of the worry our parents had.

"...Roosevelt's domestic program was interrupted by the gathering war clouds which led to the entrance of the United States into WW II on December 7, 1941.... Truman ordered the newly developed atomic bomb to be dropped on Hiroshima, Japan on August 6...

"...The Korean War broke out on June 25, 1950.

"...The United States found itself stronger and richer than ever before. It grew by two states when Alaska and Hawaii joined the union in 1959.

"...The United States launched its first satellite, Explorer I, into orbit in January 1968. (Russia launched the first man-made satellite, Sputnik I in October 1957). I presume some of our family will be week ending on the Moon in the years to come.

"...Kennedy served only 34 months when he was assassinated in 1963.

"Someplace along here I should mention Dad's automobiles. There was a 1916 Dodge touring car, a 1922 Dodge Roadster and a 1924 or 1925 Studebaker sedan. A 1935 Ford sedan which wasn't too satisfactory was next on the list followed by a 1942 Chevy. Then on July 7, 1950, the day the first granddaughter, Kathy, was born, Dad purchased a Pontiac. This was followed by a yellow Ford in 1958 and then a 1963 Pontiac which is still holding the road at this writing.

"Dad and Mother, I know that while you were actively engaged in farming and family raising, you took very little time for traveling (maybe a weekend to Iowa or Minnesota occasionally) but you looked forward to the trips you might have. Well, the "crops and kid raising" seemed to cease and you found yourselves in 1960, living it up in your trailer as you motored around the country from coast to coast and stem to stern of the U.S. This "map and miles" hobby seemed to occupy your lives for about 5 or 6 years.

"Finally Dad and Mother you decided to sell your farm. This was a great jolt to you to leave the home you had built up into a beautiful place with its attractive white fences which you and Mother had built and painted, its tall beautiful evergreens you had planted and watched grow, and its land which you had lovingly cared for, for over forty years. But you realized you should make a move while you were still able and alert. So in January 1964, you sell the farm to George Foendt and think about the home you'll be building and moving into in the fall of 1965 in Laurel.

"You are situated in a good little town and are now noted for being a good gardener (my Harriet and I enjoy those results!), a good lawn grower and a wise sage. Mother enjoys the social entities of the village as she does her "thing". Both of you are avid readers and interested in world happenings.

"I'm sure you're not finished with your traveling yet - Mother enjoyed her South American adventure in 1970 so much that I presume there'll be more trips in the future some place - you certainly have the time to go now folks. No eggs to gather, no cows to milk, no hogs to feed and nothing to obligate you.

"All of your family are very glad for you that you had the opportunity to enjoy these trips together.

"There must be something noted about the good times the grandchildren enjoyed on your farm, Mother and Dad.

"Of course, the main character in this grandchildren chapter would be Jim! He was the leader, the entertainer, the main actor of the clan - the fellow who these kids all adored. First there was Mike in 1943, then Rick 1946, Tom in 1947, Gary, Larry and Ronnie in 1948, then finally came the long awaited first granddaughter in 1948 followed by the 1953 batch made up of Jack, Cindy and Danielle. Kenneth made his appearance in 1954 followed by Steve A. in 1957 as well as Susie in 1957 and Steve F. in 1958 and the 1959 babies were Mark Herse and Nancy. David joined this group in 1963 and Ellen made her appearance in 1966.

"It is the older grandchildren who made up the excitement in the "era of Jim". There was the digging of caves in the trees, the burying and digging treasures, the camping out, the Christmas bow and arrow sets used on the hogs!

"Avis' boys led the rest in ice and overshoe chapping in the tanks. Iris' Gary lost his glasses in a corn cob fight. There was swinging on the rope in the hay mow, there was climbing, wrestling and just loads of good fun with the whole gang.

"Mike fondly remembers the good omlets Grandma made plus all the other goodies found in her kitchen.

"Jim's "doodly bug" was fun to go someplace on but disheartening to have to walk it back home – engine trouble maybe?

"Some more grand kids' antics was to put corn by the electric fence so that cattle would come to eat it and get a shock!

"I never was aware that these kids ever had disagreements or fights – I guess they had too much fun to waste time arguing! But now of course about half of these kids are grown up and married or about to be so I'm sure they have good thoughts about their gatherings on Grandpa's farm.

"My family was so great to Harriet while I was overseas as they helped her get Mike "into the world" and showed their concern in an abundance of ways. Of course, Harriet, having no brothers or sisters of her own, immediately adopted all of mine and had always loved them dearly. She's even tried to get her nieces and nephews when she can get by with it!

"Through those years different things happened to each of us – we didn't all get our toes bitten, not split our baby-doll pajamas which exposed our modesty, nor even get to be the first to have a grandfather's chair, but we sure enjoyed sharing the experiences with the ones to whom these things happened.

"I remember how my sisters sat down to do their Christmas shopping from the Sears catalog - -but the time they embarked from the little out house if they still wanted it, they sent for it!

"I know there are many subjects I didn't mention, such as the hired men, our relatives, the neighbors, the illnesses, the marriages of the children, the sorrows and tears, the reunion, etc. Every one of these is important and would make great reading but I think it's impossible for me to try to delve into every facet.

"I'm sure that we, Elmer, Duane, Avis, Iris, Arlene and Jim, have neglected to say thanks to you our folks for many things you did for us; for words of encouragement, and thoughts and prayers rendered for us. I know such actions are inexcusable but probably very typical. It isn't too late yet to show how we feel, but of course some of us don't express our thoughts adequately. I don't remember the who, when, where, and what – the exact dates of all the important events in the life of our family but in these notations, Harriet and I have selected, there is a richness of shared experiences that only we its members can fully appreciate.

"Dad and Mom, I shall close this reading using a quote from an unknown author:

'You've passed your silver quarter and now reached your Golden half.
You've reaped joy from Life's Harvest and I s'pose of course some chaff.
May pathways which now lie ahead prove peaceful as can be
to make a lovely setting for your Diamond Jubilee
END"

Home in Sun Grove Resort Village, Peoria, Arizona:

Bob loved Sun City. He never once said he would like to move back to Nebraska.

After his death I stayed in our home one year. I was very lonely and needed to be with people. The yard was more work than I could do. Taking care of the beautiful fruit trees and watching out for the all the things in the house was too much. I am thankful for Palmer and Helen Freund who helped Bob and me so much during those days.

I sold my home in 1989 after living there a 13 years. I moved to Sun Grove Resort Village, which is a beautiful place, but I was sad when I closed the door of the home Bob

had loved for the last time. I had never lived in an apartment before and did not know if I would be happy there.

I have lived 10 years in the same apartment on the second level where I can look out across the Arizona desert (now it is all new homes). I have met wonderful people and have enjoyed living here. I pray this is my last home, and not a nursing home, until I am called to my eternal home!



As a girl I never dreamed I would ever board a huge plane and fly to other continents. Jim and Barbara took Bob and me to Israel. Later I went with Jim and Barbara to Ecuador and Peru where Barbara and I visited a mission base on the Amazon River. Bob and I enjoyed visiting Brother George in Mexico with Jim's mission groups. Then in 1996 Jim and Barbara took me to see Hawaii. Like Jim, I love to travel and see things.

Pastor Ellen Munter's ordination in 1998



David; Barbara; Pastor Ellen; Dr. Jim; Debbie

In 1998 I will be 95 years old. The Lord has blessed me in so many special ways. I helped celebrate Avis and Bob Andersons's 50th anniversary and also Iris and Dick Herse's 50th anniversary. I have lived to celebrate the ordination of my grand daughter Ellen Munter in April of 1998. I have been able to attend most of the weddings of my children, grand children, and even a great grand child! There are so many beautiful things that I could write still another book. I give thanks to my Lord for all these blessings.

I end this little book of memories from mother by including some of her hand written thoughts. Some of this material may have been covered earlier in the document, however, it seems good to see them in her own hand. I begin on page four of an eight page musing that mother wrote in about 1993.

I Remember^o Very Clearly World War I
my brother Marion served in that war.

My Uncle Alex served in the Civil War.
the last time I Remember Visiting with my
Uncle was the week before Marion left for
service. he wanted to ask a lot of questions
before the war ~~was~~^{over} Uncle Alex died.

In World War II we had some sons-in-law
in service. we were so grateful they all
came home safe.

As we grow up, fall in love, marry have
a family. Our responsibility as parents is too
keep a watchful eye, a keen ear and a prayer
in our hearts that our children grow up and
lead a life God has planned for them.

The years have passed quickly. you are
grown up, leave home, down the path way of
life you go, One by One — when the last one
takes his walk alone in the world, then
only then do we realize our duty as parents
has been just filled - Mother & father begin
to lean on each other more & more.

As night falls, the rooms are empty
never to be filled again with love & noise

V

Of your Children.

As time passes on mother & father are not able to carry on the farm work, we rent the land, but still live in our home, have a great interest in our black cattle, this to come to: end when we must part with them, as I look toward the white painted fence yards, now vacant. — I don't hear the Clatter of little Calves that jump their black eyes through the fence rails, as if to ask, do you enjoy us too. — There isn't any more buying & grooming of Club Calves to be taken to the County fair, where we, as parents stand in the front row hoping our son, calf will win the purple ribbon — the hogs no longer root up the green pastures, or little pigs trying to find a hole in the fence to go where they are not wanted, no more raising chickens & catching them at night to be put in the hen house for the winter.

The time has come to sell the farm, was sad to see our home we kept so pretty. white fences, beautiful ever greens we watched grow.

We realized we should make a move while we were still able, January 1964 we sold our farm.

In 1960 we bought a trailer & traveled through the winter months.

The morning of our farm sale, I felt sad people coming to take away the machinery we had had to new owners. ←

Yes, this is some thing of life. The
Lord Giveth & He takes away.

What mother & father have left of our
married life together is memories of a
wonderful life together with our beloved
children on our farm.

1963 - Last Thanksgiving
was wonderful that day, all the family
was home, except Jim, also sad for the family.

Today, knowing never again would you
be coming back to the place called Home.
Jim, you were sad you were unable to make
the one last trip home.

Your mother & father living here 42 years
are now in midst of a great change in our
lives, not in months or years, but in a
few days your mother & father will walk
hard in hard from the past we have known
to a future of the unknown. Our only guide
in whom we put all our faith is "Jesus
Christ our Lord" - maybe this is the first
time we have known the real meaning
of Thanksgiving, "Thankful" - If so, life
is beautiful.

Our 66 years together is given to few to
be married as long as we were.

In over a half century we did a great
amount of living as well as for giving - we
met many people here & there.

We were blessed with six children - 18
grand children - 21 great ~~great~~ grand children

VII

Since your father's death the Lord has blessed me with another granddaughter and 2 great great grand children to add to my joy.

My memories are of a house on a hill. The house is still on the hill, the yard no longer echoes your children's feet, so still — so still — I remember it all.

Grand children are the crown of the aged, grand parents serve as a refuge to which growing youngsters can turn to, for comfort and advice.

A family is a mutual love for one another, a bond of faith, that over time can't sever, a gift to last through our lives, a family is for ever.

It is ours to do with today with all our loved ones here, & those that are with us in prayer, before it becomes the past. What remains is the future which may be prolonged or brief.

Children — my marriage of 66 years, I could not ask for a more loving understanding kind husband. When the angel of death came for Bob, I loved him so much, there was nothing I could do, but kneel down and pray and wait my turn to hear the angel say to me — God has chosen you to be with him today. — Always remember let God hold your hand — and you do the trusting.

VIII

Heavenly Father with our hearts
full of joy, we thank you for this
special blessing given us today.

May the Lord bless all of you for
the love you have given me on this
special 90th birthday, it has given me
more happiness than words can say.

You all know how much I love you.
And I thank the Lord every night for
my wonderful family and to keep you
in His Care!

May the Lord always bless your
hearts - your home - and those you love.
Love to all.

Mother Munter

"Nicole"

This Book is for you Nicole as you read these pages you will know some about your relatives

I am the only ~~only~~ left in my family. When I am gone, no one to ask questions.

Always keep this Book, Will never be another one.

Nicole you are so dear, I miss seeing you, so wonderful to write to me,

"From a little girl I loved you"

Grand mother Minter