

BOOK OF MEMORIES

LEST WE FORGET



FAMILY MEMORIES OF MARJORIE ASTLENTH BAYNE
MUNTER

“BOOK OF MEMORIES, LEST WE FORGET”



The memorial service for Marjorie Asenath Munter, Peoria, AZ, formerly of Laurel, Neb will be held at the United Lutheran Church, Laurel, on Aug 5th at 10:30. The internment of her ashes will be in the Belden Cemetery at 12:00 and a lunch will be provided for all family, relatives and friends at the Laurel Auditorium at 1:00.

Marjorie is the daughter of James and Mae Phillips Bayne. She was born Nov 14, 1903 at Coleridge, Neb. She passed away Feb 5, 2006 in Peoria, AZ.

Marjorie Munter is survived by her daughters Avis Anderson and husband Bob, Big Springs, Neb, Iris Herse, Omaha, Neb, Arlene Freitag and husband Merle, Sun City, AZ, and son James Munter and wife Barbara Urwiler, Sandy, UT, 20 grandchildren, 25 great grandchildren, and 13 great great grandchildren. Marjorie was preceded in death by step son Elmer Munter and his wife Harriet, son Duane and his wife Evelyn, and son-in-law Richard Herse.

Rev. Dr. James Munter, her son, and Rev. Ellen Munter, her granddaughter, will have charge of the service. Honorary pall bearers will be the grandsons and great grandsons.

In her own words Marjorie wrote: “I do not look forward to dying, but I do look forward to our Lord’s promise of being with Him in eternal life. It will be the fulfillment of everything I have longed for.”



This is the way I remember my mother, we had lots of fun times

Thanks for the privilege of allowing me to collect and compile your stories concerning the life of our mother and grandmother, Marjory Asenath Bayne, and the influence she has had upon our lives in this family "Book of Memories, Lest We Forget". It seems selfish to mourn for a woman who was blessed with such a long and rich life, especially knowing she is now with our beloved Jesus. Compiling our collective memories has been a healing catharsis and closure for me. It is my hope that writing your memories has been a meaningful closure for you as well.

This project has been a time to remember and to be thankful for the solid foundation of our family's past. It has been privilege to celebrate the values we share with each of you, which have in fact become our birth rite, and even more so as you in turn share our family's history and values with your children and children's children.

The editor: Jim Munter
co-Editor: Pastor Ellen Munter



BOOK OF MEMORIES: OUR FAMILY'S FIRST AMERICAN ANCESTORS

Jim Munter

The memories of Marjorie Asenath Bayne Munter begins with the Rev. George Phillips, the progenitor of Marjorie's side of our family in America. In his book, *A History of Rev. George Phillips and his American Descendants*, Robert H. Phillips tells about finding the key to his fifty year effort of tracing the Bayne family tree back to the Rev. George Phillips with our aunt Emma Bayne, who was living on the old farm just west of Coleridge, Nebraska. (The following information is from, *A History of Rev. George Phillips and his American Descendants*, by Robert H. Phillips, 1991)

In the summer of 1983 Robert Phillips was returning from Denver, Colorado, to his home in Maquoketa, Iowa. Robert was searching for the descendants of Jacob S. (Jasper) Phillips, when he learned that Jasper's youngest daughter, Asenath May Phillips, had married a James Bayne (my grandfather after whom I am named). The Baynes had produced a family of ten children -Marjorie being one. Their farm was five miles west of the small town of Coleridge, Nebraska, just off the Pearl Creek road.

Arriving in Hartington, the county seat of Cedar County, Nebraska around noon, Robert had lunch and went to the courthouse. From the tax file index Robert found the names of four Baynes currently residing in or near Coleridge, only six or so miles away. A gas station attendant in Coleridge directed Robert to the home of Virgil Bayne, a grandson to Asenath May (Phillips) Bayne. From there the trail led to Emma Bayne, at her farm home located on the Pearl Creek road west of town. Emma was the widow of Marion Bayne, sixth child of Asenath and James Bayne. Emma had the names and addresses of over 100 descendants and relatives of the Bayne family with whom she kept in yearly contact. One of those names was my aunt Ruby (Bayne) Roth, the seventh child of Asenath and James Bayne (and Marjorie's sister). The information from Ruby led to Ada Phillips (Asenath's sister) and from there to a Charles Thistle in Kansas City, a great-grandson to Jasper Philips. The twisting information trail continued to Iris Garceau in Sedwick, Maine, who like Emma Bayne, was an historian of the Thistle family.

This in turn led Robert through a maze of family roots in Pennsylvania, New York, back to Lincoln, Nebraska, then on to San Diego, California and back to New York. At last, after fifty years of searching, Robert H. Phillips found a genealogical chart appended to a letter from the Cooperstown Genealogical Society which extended the family lineage back to Rev. George Phillips of Watertown, Massachusetts, our first American immigrant.

This is an exceedingly brief accounting of Robert H. Bayne's fifty years of research. His work has uncovered a rich family history for which we can be justly thankful and proud to be a part. In Robert's words: "The chain of events which finally led to the discovery of those names is a story of phenomenal luck, bull-headed persistence and unexpected reward."

Rev. George Phillips was born in Rainham, St. Martins, Norfolk County, England, in 1593. His father was Christopher Phillips of Rainham who was born in 1560. (In Wales and in England, the family of Phillips antedates even the Norman conquest.) George Phillips was educated in Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge University, receiving the degree of B.A. in 1613 and the degree of M.A. in 1617. He studied theology, distinguishing himself by learning the scriptures in their original languages. He married his first wife, Elizabeth Sergent, in 1624, daughter of Richard

Sergent. They settled in Boxted, Essex County, England where he became a minister of the Church of England.

The effects of Martin Luther's Reformation brought about a halting and painful process for our ancestors. The Roman Church, by law, had established the status of the old Papal organizations with its compact body of ecclesiastics and was always prepared to battle for its prerogatives against any system of theology that challenged its supremacy. By the 17th century, England, Wales and Scotland were open to the Reformation renewal. The laity who became part of the Reformation church were reprimanded and required to confess their fault and return to the established church. If they refused to return they were excommunicated. The clergy, however, were subjected to more serious punishment. Those who refused to obey the Bishop were fined and sometimes imprisoned if they proved recalcitrant. Being defrocked meant they were deprived of their means of living. *(Editor's note: Some things never change...)*

Cambridge University was the alma mater of the dissenting clergy and also for the vast majority of those ministers who emigrated to New England. Among the dissenting clergy was our first American ancestor, the Rev. George Phillips. These emigrants were unanimous in their opposition to the established Church of England. Out of this religious persecution came the mass of emigrants who shook the dust of England from their feet in the twenty years preceding the death of King Charles I (1625-1649), who had given consent to the religious discrimination and harassment.

Except for the clergy, it is not correct to assume these (Puritan) emigrants left their ancestral homes only because of religious unrest and persecution. Many of these people had been tenants of the nobility and gentry. This Manorial System perpetuated a social slavery whereby landlords drained the earnings of their tenants, whose lives were spent working for their masters. These tenants died as poor as they began. Even in the newly invigorated merchant-economy of 1600's England, many people were hopeless of any improvement in their condition socially or materially, and doomed to indefinitely support a class of gentry set over them by a monarchical form of government. (The movie *Braveheart* depicts this hopelessness.) The established church in England had become part of this repressive system and is one reason why our ancestor, Rev. George Phillips, emigrated to America on April 12, 1630 with his wife and two children in the company of Gov. John Winthrop and Sir Richard Saltonstall. Jamestown (1607) and Plymouth (1620) had survived the harsh New England winters. By 1630, when Rev. George Phillips and family arrived, there may have been as many as five hundred emigrants living in the New World of America.

Rev. Phillips, his wife and two daughters came over on the lead ship named the *Arbella*, a 350 ton ship carrying a crew of 52 seamen and 15 officers. Captain Peter Milburne was its Master. Sixty five days after weighing anchor at Isle of Wight, England, they dropped anchor at Salem, Massachusetts. John Winthrop in a letter to his son said that during a difficult time of the voyage "Rev. Phillips prayed with us the whole day, and gave very good content to all the company, as he doth in all his prayers, so we have much cause to bless God for Him." John Winthrop, in a letter to his wife, said there were 700 passengers aboard the eleven ships of the Winthrop Fleet that sailed to America in 1630. Six months after arrival, 200 had died, and about 100 returned to England, leaving only 400 colonists in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Among the passengers on the *Arbella* was Elizabeth, the wife of Capt. Robert Weldon. Both Rev. Phillips' wife, Elizabeth Sergent, and Captain Weldon died as a result of the 65 day voyage across the stormy Atlantic. Rev. Phillips later married Capt. Weldon's widow, Elizabeth Weldon. Rev. Phillips and his family moved from Salem to spend the remaining 14 years of his life as pastor of the America's first Congregational church in Watertown, Mass., just west of present day Boston.

Rev. Phillips was one of the strongest and most influential men in the fledgling American colonies. The result of his religious and civil activity and his farsighted understanding of affairs is apparent in many of the institutions of New England to the present day. He was the first to urge the principles of church polity which ultimately developed into Congregationalism, and has been called the founder of Congregationalism in America. Some have even given Rev. Phillips the eloquent tribute of being the first to introduce the institution of representative government in America.

The Rev. Cotton Mather eulogized him in the warmest manner and praised the great work which Rev. Phillips did during his short life in the new colony. He was held in particularly high esteem by Rev. John Winthrop, who frequently wrote of him and his work in unreserved approval.

I have begun Marjorie's *Book of Memories* with the history of Rev Phillips, one of the first 500 colonist to survive in the New World, so that we can appreciate our heritage and recognize some of the strengths and values that resided in the person of Marjorie Asenath Bayne Munter. Marjorie's 102 years of life comprise about 27% of the years between 1630 and 2006! Consider this: it only takes three other people living to 100 years old in succeeding generations to hold hands with Marjorie and span the history of America since Rev. Phillips and the original colonies. I believe the genetics and values of Rev. Phillips lives on in the lives Marjorie's children and her children's, children's children.

Marjorie's love of adventure and travel, her appreciation for learning, her stubborn indomitable spirit, her grand expectations of us all, her resolute faith in Jesus, and her unwavering love for her family and grand children and great-grand children all reflect our heritage from Rev. George Phillips down through the generations.

I was vividly reminded of this several years ago when I took Mom to Promontory Point, Utah, where the "golden spike" was driven to celebrate the completion of the Continental Railroad. She was born only 35 years after that golden spike was driven. Shortly after seeing the ceremony reenacted we started our return trip home. As we rounded a bend in the road we heard the roar and saw the exhaust plume as Thiokol tested a rocket engine designed to take mankind to the planets. Marjorie's attitude was: "Why not?" If it was possible, she would have ridden that fire to the stars!

As you can see, Jack's interest in our family has resulted in his becoming a family historian. His passion for our family history, in his own words and photos, are included on the following pages of our *Book of Memories*.

Thanks Jack...



JACK "SCOOP" MUNTER

By WILD BILL CLOWER

His name is Jack Munter, but you can call him "Scoop."

He got that nickname from his ability to scoop up wild throws from his softball teams while keeping his toes anchored to first base.

"My family were bankers," Scoop relates, and he didn't know much about his ancestry until after a roadtrip that ended in Boston. There he found evidence of his forebears on his maternal side, the Phillips family, that brought his beginnings into focus.

His ninth-great-grandfather, Rev. George Phillips traveled over the Atlantic with John Winthrop in 1630 with a commission to start a church.

He founded the second church in New England, but the first to apply congregational independence and the first Congregational Church in the United States.

For his part in history, there is a statue in Watertown, Massachusetts relating that besides being a pioneer in reli-

gion in the Americas, Rev. Phillips was one of the first to protest "taxation without representation."

Another relative, Bishop Philip Brooks is credited with writing the lyrics to the hymn, *O Little Town of Bethlehem*.

Additionally, Scoop found two Phillips Academies founded by other members of his family, one in Exeter New Hampshire, another in Hanover, Massachusetts. Two of the first to incorporate in the colonies that to this day still continue to graduate students, many of whom further their education at Harvard.

Scoop's family still continues to have strong educational ties. Scoop's nephew, Danny Truckenbrod graduated from the Naval Academy with honors. Danny is presently flying an FA-18 jetfighter off of the aircraft carrier *George Washington* now stationed in the Persian Gulf guarding US interests.

Scoop is proud of what Danny has done and is doing for his country.

Parts of this article were deleted by the editor...

Jack Munter writes: "After all these years I found what I was looking for," is the phrase that best represents my trip of 1997. After traveling around the world and 48 states in the last 22 years, seeing many museums, cathedrals, and statues, I finally found landmarks of my own family. How exciting it was for me to make the pilgrimage to New England, to search for history of the Phillips' family. The trip was short but sweet. A trip to discover if the Rev. George Phillips' family existed, and to see if I was a part of that special family... there are still landmarks in New England to be discovered by those who are adventurous and proud of their Phillips ancestors. The best place to start, when you are in Boston, is the New England Historical Society (100 Newbury St). However, be sure to first review the book, *A History of Rev. George Phillips and his American Descendants*, researched and written by Robert H. Phillips. The following information in quotes are from this family tree book, written by Robert H. Phillips.

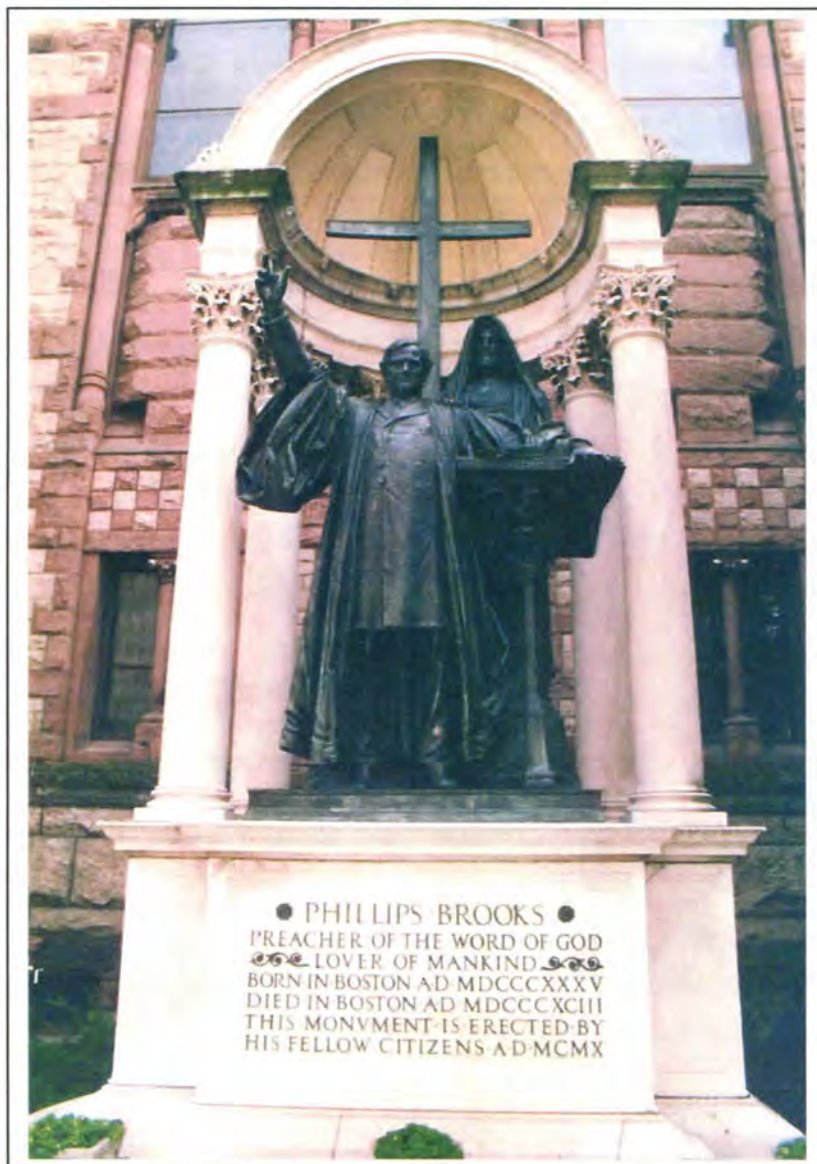


Exeter, New Hampshire: The church named in honor of the Hon. John Phillips, a direct descendant of the Rev. George Phillips. This church is located next to Phillips Exeter Academy, founded by Hon. John Phillips in 1781. "Phillips Exeter Academy's connection with Harvard has always been a close one, and no other school in the country, save the Boston Latin School, has sent so large a number of students to Cambridge."

Andover, MA: Samuel Phillips Hall, named in honor of the Hon. Samuel Phillips. "The school at Andover, established April, 1778, was incorporated by an act of the Legislature in 1780. It was the first academy so incorporated in America. The crowning act of [Samuel Phillips'] life was the founding of the Academy at Andover in connection with his brother, Hon. John Phillips of Exeter, NH, and his son, Samuel Phillips. His son provided financial support and drafted the constitution, still in service for both Phillips Academies in Andover, MA and Exeter, NH."



Salem, MA: Stephen Phillips Memorial Trust House (34 Chestnut St.) is the home of the Stephen Phillips' families. This branch of the Phillips family controlled a fleet of merchant ships from as early as the first half of the 1800's, and the house was bought shortly after 1900. It was turned into a museum in 1972. This federal mansion has an authentic family collection of early American and English furnishings, Chinese Export porcelains, rare Oriental rugs, primitive wood carvings, antique carriages, and automobiles, and other prized possessions from the sailing-ship era of Salem.



Downtown, Boston MA: Trinity Church (Dartmouth and Boylston St.) has two statues of Phillips Brooks, one inside and one outside. The one outside reads that he was a “Preacher of the Word of God and Lover of Mankind.” The one inside reads that he was a “Man Full of Faith and of the Holy Ghost.” “In character he was pure, simple, endowed with excellent judgment and a keen sense of humor and quick to respond to any call for sympathy. When kindled by his subject it seemed to take possession of him and pour itself out with overwhelming speed of utterance and richness of metaphor. His sympathy with men of other ways and thought, and with the truth in other ecclesiastical systems, gained for him the confidence and affection of men of varied habits of mind and religious traditions, and was thus a great factor in gaining increasing support for the Episcopal Church. His various volumes of sermons were widely read and **he was the author of some verse including, *O Little Town of Bethlehem*.**” Born in Boston, Dec. 13, 1835, he was a great-grandson of Samuel Phillips, the founder of Phillips academy, Andover, MA. He was descended from the Rev. John Cotton through his mother, Mary Ann Phillips, a woman of rare force of character and religious faith.

Grandma Marjorie was born in 1903. Here are some statistics for 1903:

- The average life expectancy in the US was forty-seven! (Go Grandma, Go!)
- Only 14% of the homes in the US had a bathtub. (Lots of wash tubs...)
- Only 8% of the homes had a telephone.
- A three-minute call from Denver to New York City cost \$11. (almost \$60 in today's currency)
- There were only 8,000 cars and 144 miles of paved roads.
- The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph.
- Alabama, Miss., Iowa and Tenn. were each more populated than California.
- With 1.4 million residents, California was only the 21st most populous state.
- The average worker made between \$200 and \$400 per year. A competent accountant made \$2000/yr; a dentist, \$2,500/yr; a veterinarian \$1,500 to \$4,000/yr.
- More than 95% of all births took place at home. (Grandma and her mom were midwives)
- Sugar cost four cents a pound, eggs were fourteen cents a dozen.
- Coffee cost fifteen cents a pound.
- Most women washed their hair once a month, using borax or egg yolks for shampoo.
- Canada passed a law prohibiting poor people from entering the country for any reason.
- The five leading causes of death were:
 1. Pneumonia and influenza
 2. Tuberculosis
 3. Diarrhea
 4. Heart disease
 5. Stroke
- The American flag had 45 stars – Arizona, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Alaska and Hawaii were not states.
- The population of Las Vegas was 30.
- Crossword puzzles, canned beer, and iced tea were unknown.
- There was no Mother's Day or Father's Day.
- One in ten adults could not read or write.
- Only 6% of all Americans had graduated from high school. (Grandma did not.)
- Marijuana, heroin, and morphine were all available over the counter at drugstores.
- Eighteen percent of households had a least one full-time servant or domestic.
- There were only about 230 reported murders in the entire US.
- Think what 2006 (and this book) may sound like to our family 102 years from now!!!

REMEMBRANCES FROM: Avis, Arlene, Bob and Merle. Memories from Iris have also been incorporated. All of it has been lovingly edited (and embellished!) by their baby brother (and Editor! ☺), Jimmy...

As the older children (compared to our little brother, Jimmy), we vividly remember the Depression and the Dust Bowl of the thirties. We did not know we were poor because no one told us. Without TV, magazines, or CNN to tell us how bad it was, we simply thought everyone lived much the same. This was enforced by all of our friends and neighbors whose lifestyle was the same as ours, except for Earl Barks, the Belden banker, whose daughter had a fur muff and white boots!

Like all other farm families in Cedar County, our whole family worked hard, to eke out a living from the dry Nebraska dust. We remember Dad and Mom looking to the western sky hoping to see a sign of rain, but there was only the brown dust on the wings of the wind. Under a relentless sun the crops burned in the fields and the few hardy plants and weeds that survived became fare for the millions of grass hoppers. Even the wooden fence posts were chewed smooth by the hoppers. Since the hogs and cattle had no market value and the farmers had no grain or hay to feed them, the animals were turned loose to wander the countryside to survive on their own.

Mom and Dad hung on to the farm by saving every penny possible. Dad always said it was Earl Barks, the Belden bank president, who trusted him with a prized loan that saved our farm from foreclosure. Those challenging years of poverty left a deep imprint upon both Mom and Dad. They never recovered from the fear that "things might go bust" once again. This caused our parents to become ultra conservative with finances and this old school attitude toward finances was instilled in all of us children as well.



Iris?, Duane, Marjorie, Avis, Robert, Elmer



Iris, Duane, Avis, Arlene with their dad

All of us kids have carried the recurring echoes of the Great Depression throughout our lives. Like Dad and Mom, many of us have missed opportunities for investments for fear that "things might go bust" and we would left penniless. This may be the reason our brother Duane became such a conservative banker, serving the agricultural community of Eastern Iowa. He knew the importance of a community bank that understood the risks of agriculture, but he too carried the fear of "going bust" from our family's past. Our mother's response to the insecurity of farm life in Cedar County was a relentless encouragement for us to seek our fortunes in other careers.

Our mother's life was shaped by four or five factors. The first factor was her own mother and father. She deeply loved both of them. Her mother was an icon of what an early Nebraska settler's wife might be like. She raised ten children, became one of the community's midwives, served as a prairie nurse and physicians assistant with love and common sense as her only medical degree, and was



Back row: Alvin, Ruby, Mae, Marjorie, Lola, Ada, Marion
Front Row: Alex, James Bayne, Lloyd, Cleve

available to help families and the mortician prepare the bodies of their loved ones for burial. Mother's father was a devote Baptist who read his bible at some point every day. Her father's faith found its way deep into his daughter's soul. Mom always cherished a vision she received as a



James Bayne

young girl of twelve as she rose up from the waters of her baptism. The songs that will be sung at Mother's memorial service were etched into her heart by our grandfather James' beautiful singing voice. His songs also graced the burial of our pets under the old lilac bush in the southwest corner of our farm house yard. *(Editor's note: what happened to the Munter voices?)*

The second major factor that shaped our



Asenath May Bayne

mother's life was the horrible flu pandemic that took the lives of thousands as its dark cloud of death covered Nebraska and America. Mom became intimately acquainted with sorrow and death as she accompanied her mother from one farm family to the next doing what they could for the sick and dying. Mom shared with us how it was during those days in her late teens that she burst out



Marjorie was always a classy lady!

sobbing when she heard that Bob Munter had died. She didn't even know this man! Thankfully, Bob Munter had not died. He recovered, but his wife and twin daughters did die. Their baby Elmer also survived, and would become our much-loved big brother. The uncertainty of life was never far from Mom's thoughts. All through the years she always included two questions in every phone conversation: "Are you alright?" and "How's the weather?"

The third major factor was her marriage to Bob Munter. She loved him unconditionally and despite being the strong-willed woman she was, nevertheless submitted to his final decisions. Their powerful bond of love was always a foundation of security for us kids.

The fourth factor that shaped Mom was the Depression, as we have already stated. But the fifth factor was World War II. Mom felt helpless as she watched her two sons, Elmer and Duane, and her soon to be sons-in-law leave the simple culture of northeast Nebraska

and enter the death zone of England and Europe. Our brother, Elmer, and Bob Anderson were in the thick of it. Elmer as an officer and troop trainer in war-torn England and Bob as a combat airborne parachutist on the front lines of Europe. Thankfully, Duane and Merle were not stationed in a battle zone, but were ready to go if ordered. I (Jim) remember hearing stories of the war and how it scared me when Mom fainted and fell to the kitchen floor on more than one occasion.

Weeks would go by without a letter from either Bob or Elmer. Mom could only sit and share the anxiety with me (her daughter, Avis), a young bride, and her dear daughter-in-law, Harriet, Elmer's bride, with their baby boy, Michel. Harriet, Mom and I (Avis) comforted each other as we awaited news of life from our soldier-husbands. After an occasion of months without word from Bob, Lloyd Henry, our rural mail carrier, picked up a "service letter" from Bob addressed to Avis. Running out of the mail sorting room with this one letter, Lloyd jumped in his old jeep mail wagon and tore off toward the farm. He spotted us girls out in the field picking corn and with his horn basting all the way, he drove through the corn stubble right up to me, handing over his precious "special delivery" from Bob. Mom, Harriet and I were all spared the dreaded visit of a military officer with a different kind of letter – the kind received by so many parents, wives and sweethearts in our community.

Now, let's talk about the funny things we did that our grandchildren would not know anything about. Every spring we would go down in the musty smelling earth cellar to "sprout" potatoes. This means we took each potato and snapped off the long white sprouts that had grown over the winter months of darkness. It was a real job to do this by lamp light, all the while trying to avoid picking up a rotten one with our bare hands! If you have ever grabbed a slimy, rotten potato with its terrible odor, you know what I mean! If not, take my word for it! But it was something we needed

to do since we all loved our potatoes for "supper" every night. There was also the carefully kept ritual of planting the new crop of potatoes every year on Good Friday, come rain or shine.

Mother planted a huge garden to feed her hungry family. During the dust bowl years, we would have to carry bucket after bucket to water the garden and assure a crop of vegetables to can in Mason jars. We never want to think of canning again! We canned umpteen quarts of peas (all of them shelled by hand, one at a time), beans (all of them snapped by hand, one at a time), beets (red stained hands for days), tomatoes (at least our hands were really white from the acid), and Colorado peaches and pears by the boxes. We also canned lots of apple butter from uncle John's apple trees. No one could make bread and butter pickles or dill pickles like our mother. All of this was done in a small, hot wash-house over a hot stove on hot August days! Of course we had no refrigeration, so everything that would spoil had to be canned and kept in the root cellar.

Chickens were both a blessing and a curse of farm life. Chicken poop and bare feet can be a problem. Naturally the hens liked to find a place to hide their eggs and hatch out a family. Our job was to hunt for their nests, because every egg was worth money for groceries. Fortunately the hens liked to cackle and brag about laying an egg, and in doing so they gave away the location of their hidden nest. The trick was not to disturb an old nest and pick up a rotten egg that would explode in your hand with a sickening smell, or even worse – having it explode in the egg case.

Every fall we would all go out after dark with long wire "chicken catchers" to capture hens roosting in the tree branches in our grove. What a fuss they put up as the wire hook caught their leg and we drug them off their perch. One hen after another would be caught and carried, squawking, upside down all the way to the hen house. Of course some hens would attempt to escape, and then the chase was on. It took two or three nights to catch the more elusive hens, but eventually they were all in the hen house protected from the winter storms and busy supplying us with eggs for market.



Arlene's infamous chicken house

We girls hated to open the chicken house door! No matter how carefully you opened the door those stupid chickens would all flap their wings, stirring up a fog of dust from you know what! Five gallon pails of water had to be carried from the tank near the barn to the hen house and poured into a tall water supply. Next we would take a basket to the corn crib where Dad had a hand cranked corn sheller. (These are only found in museums now!) One of us turned the crank attached to a big fly wheel and

internal teeth which shelled the corn off the cob, while the other person would feed in one ear of corn after another until the basket under the machine was filled. The cobs were expelled out the back of the sheller to be used in our kitchen cook stove. Next was the challenge of gathering the eggs. At least ten percent of the nest boxes in the hen house would have a mean spirited sitting hen

protecting her future family. Even Arlene, the most skilled egg gatherer, would be inflicted with the sharp bill of such sitting hens with really bad attitudes.

Monday morning was wash day. We would pump the water (no running water) and carry it to a big wash boiler where it was heated on a coal-burning stove. When the water was near boiling, we carried it once again in buckets to the wash house where Mother would cut up a bar of Fels-Napta soap or her own homemade soap for the wash water. The gas motor on the wringer machine would also be started. The whites were washed first, then the colored stuff, and last of all the greasy bib-overalls. Of course, some of the dirty water had to be drained off and more hot water added, but by the time the overalls were in the washer, they disappeared in the depths of the dirt laden wash water.



The old wash house—Dad's tool shop—canning house—etc.
Marjorie, ready for church on a windy dust bowl day in
Cedar County, Nebraska

The rinse water had to be changed often to remove the soap. This required a constant bucket supply of water from the boiler on the old coal stove. Each load required two or even three rinses. Then the three wires on the long clothesline were wiped off and the clothes hung out to dry. In the winter the clothes and sheets would freeze as soon as they were hung out. They would sort of freeze dry during the day and at night we brought them in and hung them all over the house to finish drying. The next morning, Mom would fire up the cook stove to fix breakfast and then place two or three flat irons on the stove to do her ironing. These flat irons were heavy – to hold heat for ironing. Mom would dip her hand in a bowl of water and sprinkle the sheets and shirts etc. before applying the hot iron to steam out the wrinkles. There was no such thing as wrinkle resistant cloth in those days. We can still hear that old ironing board squeak as Mom ran the iron around the collars and sleeves of our clothes. The ironing would take up the entire morning.

When we were smaller, some of our clothes were often made from special feed bags that supplemented the grain fed to the cattle. When Dad purchased the supplement, Mom and us girls would pick which feed bag fabric designs we liked! The good old days! When we were older, we went to the dry goods section of the Farmers' Union Store. There we would pick a dress or blouse we liked from the Sears catalogue. Mom studied the picture and then pinned a sheet of newspaper over the dress we were wearing and cut the paper into a pattern for the new garment.

Mom's faithful Singer foot-treadle sewing machine was in a tiny, sloped-ceiling closet under the stair steps. Mom would wind some matching thread on the bobbins and with lots of straight pins, make the pattern adjustments (and pin pricks). Then her feet would begin rocking back and forth on the treadle. Before long, she would have created an article of clothing just like the one in the Sears catalogue. In spite of all the love that Mom put into sewing these clothes, we always felt like country "hay seeds" wearing them.

Cooking on a cob-burning stove was a skill we have thankfully forgotten. When Dad had a crop of corn, it would be shelled and the corn stored in bins or taken to the grain elevator in Belden or Wareham (non-existent now.) But the cobs were nice and clean and were hauled to the cob house and stored there out of the rain and snow. That's the kind of cobs our little brother Jimmy gathered! However, during the Depression the corn did not grow and there were no clean cobs from the shelled corn. What little corn we did manage to raise by using some irrigation water out of the stock tank was fed to the milk cow and pigs. Our job was to rescue the cleaner cobs from the pig pen and bring them in for cooking. There are buffalo chips and then there are cob-encrusted hog and cow chips!

One of the treats was going to town on a nice summer Saturday night and walking up one side of the street and down the other for hours. Each of us girls were each given five pennies to spend and after going from one store to the next (there were only two), we would make our big purchase.



Duane, Mom and us three girls ready for church

Movies were ten cents – too expensive for our nickel budget – so we looked forward to the free movies in Belden, where we sat on rough bridge-plank benches. There were always a few slivers to be removed later from our behinds, a small price to pay for a free Western movie.

Once a week Mom got out the Daizy churn to make the butter. Valuable cream from the milk separator was saved up for a day or two and poured into the square, glass container of the churn. The churn had two paddles that would spin when the handle was turned. We would take turns churning and churning until suddenly the whey would coagulate in a big white glob. Mom used a wooden butter paddle to mix in a little salt and yellow food coloring, then she pressed the yellow butter into a large dish. With the help of a butter stamp, Mom made a fancy design on the surface of the butter. This would be our week's supply of butter for cooking and to spread lavishly on Mom's fresh homemade bread. (I can't believe we thought the town butter was better!)

Every Sunday, roads permitting, Mom and Dad gathered us all in church. Mother was

always well prepared to teach Sunday School and her part of Vacation Bible School. After church on a hot summer Sunday morning, Dad would stop and buy a big chunk of ice. He wrapped the ice in a gunny sack and put it in the trunk of our car. We would race home over the bumpy dirt roads, dripping all the way. Mom would mix up whole milk, eggs, and sugar etc. for the ice cream while Dad used the broad-side of an axe to smash the ice into small pieces inside the gunny sack. Mom poured the ice cream mix into the center cylinder and sealed the lid on tightly with wax paper. Then Dad added the crushed up ice, with lots of rock salt, between the inner cylinder with the mix and the outside wooden bucket with the crank. We would take turns turning the crank until it got too difficult, then Dad would have to finish the job. What a treat this was on a hot July or August Sunday! We all grabbed the biggest bowl available and started eating before the ice cream melted. When it was finished, Dad licked the dasher for the last bits of ice cream. He loved ice cream.

In the fall and winter, if the roads were passable, our neighbors would take turns going to each other's homes and playing cards. What fun they had. Obviously it was Nebraska style, with the men against the women! Gas was 25 cents a gallon, so they didn't do this every week because as Dad said, "It was too expensive to waste gas running the wheels off the car." There was always another big party when the neighbors would shivaree a newlywed couple. The ritual was to sneak up to the newlywed's house and start pounding on pots and pans and blasting off a round or two from a twelve-gage shotgun until they came to the door. The pounding and commotion continued until the couple promised to treat us to a dance or ice cream and beer etc. later that week! When Mom and Dad were shivareed a neighbor by the name of Haniky was loaded, as was his shotgun, and he blasted a big hole through the eve of our farm house with his twelve gage. Dad wasn't too pleased by that!

During the cold months of winter, Dad would set up a coal-burning stove in the dining room. It is a wonder we didn't burn the house down. We had some bitterly cold winters during the 30's, with snow covering the fences and in some cases even the smaller farm buildings. Of course the house was not insulated (that came later, when Jimmy grew up) and we all slept upstairs using a hot water bottle to get the covers warm before jumping in bed. Even the "thunder bucket" would freeze solid.

In the mornings, we would grab our clothes and run to the coal stove as fast as we could to put on our long-legged underwear, long cotton stockings and a dress (no girls wore jeans in those days). Mom would have breakfast ready and our school lunch pails packed with egg salad sandwiches and some hot broth in a thermos. If it was really snowy or muddy Dad would harness the team and take us to school in a wagon. Otherwise we walked the mile and a half to and from school.

Our school was a one-room building with a little bell tower that the teacher would faithfully ring for school to start or for recess to end – usually in the middle of a game of anti-over. All eight grades met in the same room with one teacher. However, there were seldom more than twelve kids in the whole school at once. We took turns hauling water from uncle John's farm, or from another farm place just down the hill from the school. The Christmas program was the highlight of the year. We would practice for weeks getting ready for the big program during which study time was suspended. On the big night we would be scared to death as the curtain opened and there sat all those people looking at us! Somehow we stumbled through our mini Broadway production, got our sack of candy from Santa with his straggly, twisted beard and returned home hoping Santa had enough strength to get to our house. We each received one gift, which was often a beautiful doll for which Mom would sew some lovely cloths on her faithful Singer peddle machine.

Spring house cleaning extended from one end of the house to the other, top to bottom. The rugs were taken up from the living room, placed over the clothesline and beat with a beater shaped like a tennis racket. We would beat and beat until no dust could be detected. No electricity, no vacuum. Next we waxed the linoleum kitchen floor and the wood floors of the dinning room, steps and bed room floors. Towels were wrapped around a mop and we took turns sitting on the mop while someone pulled us around until the paste-waxed floors shone like new.



Our farm home shortly before it was sold in '63

Along with waxing came the washing of all the kerosene lampshades. What a mess. We took down the stovepipes and knocked out all the soot so they would not be a fire hazard. (Fire was the fear of every farm family. If a fire started, there was no way to stop it.) Of course all the plaster walls were scrubbed and wiped down. The storm windows were removed, the windows washed and the summer screens installed. This was a hard job because the windows were large and made from heavy wood.

Spring and summer were the seasons for the farm kids (and men) to play baseball.

Dad loved baseball and he understood the nuances of the game. Our cousins, Dick and Junior, were so good at pitching and catching that sometimes the rest of the team would walk off the field and watch Junior pitch a "no hitter" with his brother, Dick, catching. We girls would all pile into one car and talk and giggle while the boys played ball. On Saturday night, Dad liked to play a hand or two of pitch. A nickel a game, and one nickel beer was his limit. One thing was certain, we girls would never enter the beer hall to tell Dad that Mom was ready to go home!

Things like flat tires are often forgotten in our modern times. In those days flat tires were a weekly event. The tires were poorly made and any sharp object seemed to puncture the inner tube. Dad spent hours patching the tubes of car tires and those on his tractors. One hot summer in the 30's when the crops were burning up, Dad and Duane dug a basement under our farm house. In order not to disturb the foundation or take a chance of the foundation sinking, they left a dirt ledge three or so feet wide around the circumference of the new basement and sealed it with a layer of concrete. What a marvelous place to store junk!

After the basement was finished Dad invested in a 32-volt Delco battery system with a gas powered generator. What a joy to have electric lights, an electric iron and even a radio powerful enough to pick up stations as far away as Yankton and Sioux City! We had to conserve the use of electricity because when the batteries got low it took gas to run the noisy Delco generator. Years later the REA 110-volt lines at last reached our farm.

Life on a Nebraska farm during WWII was difficult. All the boys were off to war and the farm work was left to the older men and us girls. Dad never liked for us girls to work in the fields and always said he would manage somehow, but we knew it was too much for him. Feeding the pigs



After 42 years, the last family gathering on the farm

in the service. The nation was united as one.

and cattle, putting up hay for the winter, driving the tractor to put in crops, harvesting the grain, shocking oats, picking corn by hand (often till Christmas), and everything else we needed to supply food for our troops meant everyone had to pull together. Sugar was rationed, which made it difficult to can and preserve food. Shoes and gas were rationed, and of course no new cars, farm machinery, tires etc. were available. All these resources went into the war effort. Everyone had brothers, husbands and boyfriends



Bob Anderson, Merle Freitag, Iris, Arlene, Avis

Neighbors would help one another and all would mourn when the dreaded telegram arrived at a neighbor's home. Farm prices were up and the Lord sent rain to reestablish the food basket of America. Dad and the other farmers were able to pay off their land and have a little money in the bank. When the war finally ended and the surviving service men came marching home, what a celebration we had. There was one wedding after another, including Iris and I (Arlene). With the weddings came grandchildren and on

holidays Mom and Dad would have all of us out to the farm. How many days and hours Mom must have worked baking and preparing food to feed all of us. That old farm house once again rang with laughter and the sound of children's voices. And did those grandchildren ever love the farm and the hay loft!

Time moves on and on Sept. 20th, 1963, the folks sold their beloved black angus cattle and their farm. They built a house in Laurel, and later sold that house and moved to Arizona, where the family had the joy of visiting during the winter months. As the years passed, both Arlene and Avis moved to Arizona and they were such a comfort and blessing to Mom after our father passed away.

Mother and Dad always dressed nice and all of us were proud to call them our parents. As we girls have grown older and look back on Mom's life, we appreciate more and more the loving sacrifices made by this gifted Nebraska farm wife. She nurtured her little flock of six children into responsible adults who have carried her values of a God-fearing faith, a simple honesty and the satisfaction of hard work to the second and third generation who are presently reading this page.



Did you know that the Munter girls were the first to be weightless (for what seemed to be minutes) as Duane launched off the sharp hill tops in his "space model Chevy" coup?

I think it was the same coup that I was cleaning and throwing out some beverage bottles when the Preacher came-a-calling...Our mom was not happy!

(the editor)

MEMORIES FROM: *Jim (the youngest)*

Many kind and gracious things have been said about our mother from others who have known her. I hold these kind words as valued gifts that adorn Mom's long and faithful life. Having attended too many funerals where eulogies have attempted to portray a person whose shoes even the Blessed Mother Mary could not have filled, I prefer to remember our mother as a wonderfully gifted lady who, like the rest of us, had her faults and challenges with life. But at all times she stalwartly held onto her faith in the love, mercy and promises of our Lord, Jesus.



The community church in Belden, Nebraska where I first attended church and Mom played the piano

One of my earliest memories of our mother is seeing her playing "Holy, Holy, Holy" on the piano at the opening of every (yes, every) Sunday morning worship service at the Belden Community Church. I don't remember much about my own Sunday School there, but I do remember our mother teaching Vacation Bible School and the fact that she and Dad made an effort to go to church faithfully, even when the roads were muddy or snow covered. On the way to church, Mom would check my ears for dirt. She always seemed to find some. With the words "there is enough dirt in there to grow potatoes" she would moisten her hanky with her tongue and much to my chagrin, proceed to dig it out! Every sermon

seemed endless, so I cuddled my head in her fur collar (see picture on p. 8). My first comprehension of eternity came while sitting still through worship. Mom did not approve of an impulsive "restroom urge" as a reprieve for boredom. I remember counting over and over the fourteen lights arranged in a small circle in the center of the ceiling of our little sanctuary.

As a little boy, winter nights were a marvelous time when Mom would patiently read (for the twentieth time) a chapter or two of *Uncle Wiggly*, the story about a mischievous rabbit. After the rabbit story, she would open a big red book entitled *Thompson's Bible Stories*. I would lay on the dining room floor under a blanket, with my feet against the warm air register, and listen to those magnificent stories. Each story ended with a pleading litany, "Just one more--please!" Those bible stories that Mom read have stayed with me throughout the years and have deeply influenced my life.

Thinking about the winter nights reminds me of Mom's huge kitchen stove. She cooked for Dad and all us kids over this corn cob eating monolith. There is nothing that can replace that old kitchen range for its warm welcome when you came in from a snowy day, with damp clothes, wet mittens and ice frozen to the end of your sleeves and pant legs. Mom would pull the oven door open and like a big mouth with its tongue sticking out, she would set my wet shoes and gloves on the tongue of that oven door to dry. I can still smell my wet leather shoes and wool gloves as they steamed dry in the heat from the oven.

This was the same oven in which Mom baked fresh bread with an aroma that could even penetrate through a different fragrance from the barn or chicken house. It took skill to regulate the heat with corn cobs in order to create a variety of cakes, cookies, pies and sticky cinnamon rolls! One of the dreaded requests to be heard from the kitchen was, "Jim, go get a basket of cobs!" In spite of such chores there was nothing quite like walking a mile and a half home from the one-room Prairie Hill #68 School and smelling fresh-baked bread or sticky cinnamon rolls, sometimes even with pecans!

Thinking of cobs, our "one hole" outhouse relied on catalogues--slick pages and all! Cobs were strictly for an emergency and every farm kid understood the term "rough as a cob." In the winter time it took a serious call of nature to motivate a person to dress up and make the fifty yard dash to the WPA-built outhouse. Mom managed to raise her family without indoor plumbing, except for a pump that had to be primed in order to get water into her kitchen sink from the cistern beside the windmill in the southeast corner of our yard.

I remember when, under President Roosevelt, the REA (Rural Electrification Authority) power lines finely came to our farm/ranch. The Zimmermans, bachelor brothers who lived on a farm a mile east of us, almost stopped the process because they would not sign the service contract for fear the bright electric lights would damage their eyes. One of the brothers had a severe stuttering challenge, and when he became excited it was a marvelous thing for a small boy to hear. The REA was a dream come true for Mom. The 110-volt current replaced the 32-volt Delco battery bank that had supplied limited power to light the house, barn and hen house. Small colored objects would rise or fall in glass tubes attached to the batteries to indicate when they needed charging. Mom would endure listening to the Delco generator motor droning away in the basement, as it charged the big glass batteries perched on a concrete ledge surrounding the small basement of our farm home. As you can imagine, we used lights only when necessary and never left a room without turning the light off.

Phone calls were made strictly for very important or emergency communication. Our farm phone consisted of a beautifully finished wooden box with a crank on the side that generated a signal to either call "central" (the operator at the main control board in Coleridge) or one of the other ten phones on our shared line. The receiver was a heavy bakelite device that you pressed tightly to your ear. The mouth piece was a device that projected out from the wooden case into which you shouted. Two bell-like ringers were at the top of the case making the phone look like a face with two big black eyes and a long nose. Our phone number was 21 on 14. That meant that our call signal was comprised of one long ring and a short ring on line fourteen. There were at least ten farm families on each line. So when the phone rang, about eight of the ten farm ladies would listen in (called "rubbering") on each other's calls. This nosey behavior always disgusted Mom. Sometimes she would say, "Would you women please stop rubbering and hang up so I can hear?" Of course the more neighbors who listened in, the weaker the voice signal. Four long rings meant there was a death, a fire, or some other emergency, so everyone would pick up the phone on this signal. For sure, "central" would listen in if she was not too busy "plugging in" other calls! She had dozens of plugs on long cords that were manually plugged into different circuits so that your call could be completed. If you wanted to know anything about anyone in the community, all you needed was a friend at "central." This also irritated Mom because, as you know, she was a private person. Long distance calls were expensive and Mom never did get over the reluctance of making a long distance call. (I think my sisters still have the same problem!)

Our farm phone was in a pantry-sized alcove in the west wall of the kitchen. This was also where uncle Lloyd would sit day after day, smoking and listening to baseball games and news on the old Emerson radio (see p. 5 for a picture of Lloyd). Lloyd was disabled from a sickness that had struck

him down as a young man. He was married and appeared to recover from the illness, but later his back began to curl so that at last his face almost touched his knees. If that were not bad enough, he also lost his sight. During this crippling process his wife left him, so Mom and two of her sisters took turns caring for Lloyd. Mom was always kind to Lloyd and I never once heard her complain about caring for her brother. Mom needed to prepare special foods and keep a bed for Lloyd in our living room because he could not negotiate the steep narrow stairs to the second level of our farm house. As I think back on it now, it must have been difficult in many ways for Mom to care for him.

Mom was always kind to people in need. She was just like our grandmother, who not only raised a family of ten, but found time to serve as a midwife, assist the local doctor in minor surgeries (done on dining room tables) and help the mortician lay out bodies for burial. As a young girl, Mom helped her mother with many of these tasks. She was at her mother's side through the great flu pandemic, when hundreds died in our community including Dad's first wife and twin babies (they are buried in the Belden cemetery only a few feet from Mom and Dad's graves).

So this same loving care, learned from our grandmother, was extended to her brother Lloyd. In spite of his misery, Lloyd had a great sense of humor and liked to tease my sisters. I remember watching Lloyd hand roll and smoke one cigarette after another. His fingers were yellow from the nicotine and he always had holes in his bib-overhauls from the live ashes falling from his cigarettes. Thankfully his mind was sharp. Nothing got past Lloyd! He could quote you every baseball player's name, their batting average, and which team won any game – not only for the current season but for years past!

I think Lloyd was a great comfort for Mom during the years of WWII. Lloyd always listened to the war news and knew where all our loved ones might be stationed and what battle they may have been near (or in)! I remember, vividly, how Mom would be listening to the war news and suddenly faint dead away, falling to the kitchen floor in a heap. As a little boy, I didn't understand, but I knew something bad had happened. I was afraid Mommy had died too! The only time I can remember Mom and Dad going to the movies was during the years of WWII. They would drive all the way to Laurel, not for the movie, but to see the news reel of the war that was shown before the feature film. Sometimes, much to my chagrin, they would not even stay for the movie. Rats!

These were also exciting years for a farm boy because the military fighter pilots from nearby bases would practice low-level flying, barely clearing the treetops of our farm. The chickens would fly everywhere, the cattle would break the fences and all hell would break loose. However, no one complained because those pilots were young American men training for a war from which many would never return. It was truly a united America.

Then, there was wash day. By the time I was old enough to remember, Mom heated the water in the wash house over a three burner kerosene stove. (The wash house was also Dad's tool shop) The boiling hot water was then carried in a bucket from the big tub on the stove and poured into the old Maytag wash machine which was powered by a small gas engine. Mom and Dad made their own soap from animal fat melted at a high temperature. The fat was forced through a screening device (called a larder) that pressed out the liquid fat leaving behind a cake of solids that looked like a waffle, which was fed to the chickens and/or pigs. The remaining hot liquid fat was mixed with lye and the resulting mix was poured into shallow pans and left to harden, and later cut into bars of soap.

On wash day, Mom would shave some long, thin strips of soap off a bar, and drop them into the hot wash water. Since there was no spin dry after the wash cycle, all the clothes had to be run through a ringer made of two hard rubber rollers that pressed out some of the water. The clothes were then dropped into a rinse tub filled with fresh warm water. Mom then stirred and punched the soapy cloths around in the rinse water with a wooden stick until most of the soap was removed, then put the clothes through the ringer once or twice again! At last they were carried to a clothesline and hung out to dry. On a cold the day, the clothes froze dry (sort of)! On a windy day, they blew off, landing on the grass or on a nearby hedge.

The same kerosene stove and wash house was used for canning jars and jars of garden vegetables, Colorado peaches, meats, and jellies. This was a tiring job for Mom because the canning was done on hot summer days in a small building with burners at full flame and no fans to cool her down. I remember seeing perspiration dripping from Mom's face as she sterilized the jars, cooked the vegetables, and then heated the filled jars once more before sealing the lids. (I loved to make toys out of the marvelous wood from the peach boxes.) At last the precious food for the winter was placed on wooden shelves deep in a cellar dug into the earth beside the wash house. This cave was about fifteen feet deep and kept things cool in summer and above freezing in winter. It was also the place we put the potato crop, which would begin to sprout by spring.

This all purpose kerosene stove in the wash house also heated our bath water. I was given a bath in a long narrow rinse tub on Saturday night, whether I needed it or not. I'm not sure how the adults managed to take a bath. I only know they couldn't get into the tub!

Along with all of this work, Mom and my sisters would prepare a big breakfast, wash all the parts of the milk/cream separator (no small job) and start on the noon meal we called "dinner". The noon meal was the big meal of the day, when Dad was working in the field. Dinner included potatoes, gravy, meat cooked within an inch of its life, vegetables from the garden, fresh baked bread, homemade butter and pie. Sometimes we even had lemonade, made with the fresh, cool water caught right out of the windmill pump. While eating, we all listened to the hog and cattle market report over WNAX radio, Yankton, South Dakota (which was followed by a song or two by "The Six Fat Dutchmen.")

No sooner had the dishes been cleaned up, than it was time for Mom to make sandwiches for the afternoon lunch. When I was younger, it was my job to carry the food to Dad in the field where he and I ate in the shade of a tractor or wagon. By now, it was time for Mom to think about the evening meal we Nebraskans' called "supper." Toward evening, the chickens had to be cared for, the eggs gathered, and of course, more cobs brought in for the stove.

The preparation of meals meant that Mom had to wring the neck of a young rooster or two, dip the headless carcass in scalding hot water to remove the feathers, and then cut it up for our meal. (If you ever heard Dad say, "That was a good scald," it meant a feather-removing job well done.) All this had to be done the same day because there was no refrigeration, or for that matter dish washers, gas stoves, washers, dryers, etc. During the winter months, I would help Mom by drying the dishes while we listened to "The Lone Ranger" over the radio. Mom loved to listen to "Magee and Mollie" and we never failed to laugh at the Kingfish or when Magee opened the closet door and everything fell out with endless crashing and banging. Then there was "Sky King", "The Shadow", "The Hit Parade," etc. Dad never failed to listen to the heavy-weight boxing matches when Joe Louis was the heavy-weight champion. He also listened as often as possible to baseball games, and for sure the World Series games. Dad was a Yankees fan. Mom was not into sports.

Around Easter time, we would go to the Norfolk Hatchery to get the baby chicks. We would bring them home in large cardboard boxes with air holes just big enough for a chick to stick its head through to peek around. They would "peep, peep, peep" all the way home. We put them in a small brooder house with a special "brooder stove". This "brooder stove" was a small kerosene stove with a large, low hood which extended about six feet across and only a few inches above the floor. It was toasty warm under the hood, and the fuzzy little yellow chicks would dart out from under the hood to eat or drink and then streak back. As a small boy, I loved to go with Mom to check on the chicks several times each day and evening, until their yellow fuzz began to turn into feathers. Checking on the baby chickens meant Mom walking down to the lower grove of trees where the brooder house was quarantined, because the unattended stove was a fire danger. Being chicks, they pooped in their water and feed troughs, which had to be cleaned and refilled at least twice a day.

On her way to the brooder house, Mom would pass by the family garden. By Easter it was time to plant. Dad would harness up the last two horses he couldn't part with and plow the garden with an old single-bottom plow -- the kind you walk behind, guiding it with two handles. Mom would plant lots of tomatoes, peas, beans, carrots etc. The rabbits got their share and still there seemed to be plenty left for summer feasts and canning. Since there was no water supply near the garden, Mom would cut the bottom out of used Folgers Coffee cans with a can opener and place one of these beside every tomato plant. Then she carried water to pour into each can, so the roots of the tomatoes would be soaked and little water would go to waste! Potatoes were always planted on Good Friday, no exceptions.

If Mom ran out of store-bought food supplies it was a fourteen mile round trip over dirt (and mud) roads to the Farmers' Union Store in Coleridge. Her trading (shopping) was normally done on Saturday night when all the farm families came to town to do their trading, sell their eggs and cream (for cash, without receipts— something about the IRS) and catch up on all the latest gossip. Dad would play a hand or two of pitch in the "Smoke House" and have one five cent glass of beer. Mom would give me nine cents which purchased one movie ticket and a bag of popcorn at the Coleridge Joyo Theater. What more could a young boy from the farm want?

The best time was in the summer, when we went to Belden to trade on Friday night. While Mom did her "trading" and Dad went into Schram's Pool Hall to play a hand or two of Buck-Euchre, I went to the "free show"! Now that was really living! The 16mm film strip always broke at least twice during the Western movie. The slowly melting broken ends of the film would be projected on a wooden wall painted white that served as the screen, sandwiched between two buildings. While the film was being repaired it gave us boys the chance to go pee behind Winthrop's Grocery & Dry Goods Store. One of the kids always had a fire cracker or two to toss under the plank benches where girls were seated. This had the marvelous effect of livening up a Western movie, making the girls scream, and causing the adults to cuss appropriately.

Perhaps the hardest time of the year for Mom was during the oat harvest. This was tough for everyone. The oat crop was cut with a machine called a binder that cut, bundled and tied oat straw into sheaves. Then under a hot Nebraska sun, eight to ten of these bundles were gathered and leaned together in shocks, like little huts, for drying. After about two or three weeks of drying, it was time for the community thrashing crew to do their job. Nine or ten farmers would come together with their wives, all the kids, the hired men, etc. and help thresh the oats on each other's farms. Before I was born, Dad had a huge steam engine that powered uncle John's thrash machine. By the time I was old enough to help, Dad had a John Deer D on steel lug wheels which was used to power my uncle John's thrash machine via a long belt (See picture on p. 4).

The old John Deer D and the thrash machine had to be lined up perfectly straight or else under a heavy load, or a few wet bundles, the belt would fly off the pulley and go whipping past the horses which were harnessed to the bundle wagons. This sudden snake-like belt flying through the stubble would sometimes terrify the horses and off they would go on a "run away." Sometimes a bundle wagon would fly apart as the horses raced across the field through the fences and ditches with people and animals in total disarray. A "run away" was far more exciting than any free show movie could ever be!

At threshing time Mom, Aunt Fern and the other farm wives and children were up at 4 a.m. to begin preparing mountains of mashed potatoes and gravy, fried chicken, fresh baked bread, fresh churned butter, fresh vegetables washed and cooked, and at least a dozen or more pies made from scratch -- all prepared and ready for the threshers when they came in for the noon meal. Five or six wash bowls with warm water, soap and towels were lined up on make-shift 2x6 plank tables for the men to wash. As a boy, I was fascinated by the way every man would snort and blow his nose as he washed his face. However, most of the dirt went on the towel. Everyone had one cellar-cooled (warm) long necked Papst Blue Ribbon beer while Mom and the women set out the huge feast they had been preparing since early morning. The huge bowls of food disappeared in a matter of minutes. Several pies vanished.

As soon as the men left for their afternoon of work, Mom and the other ladies would wash all the dishes, clean up the stove and cooking pots and then prepared the coffee, tuna fish, egg salad, and cold meat sandwiches for the afternoon lunch. Mom and the neighbor women would put all this food, complete with cloth napkins, coffee cups and large thermos jugs of coffee in boxes and transport it all to the harvest field. The men would sit in the shade under the bundle wagons and consume another enormous amount of food. These farm wives were organizational geniuses and they worked as a team in the picture of total harmony that would make a modern CEO salivate.

After cleaning up the dishes and kitchen, doing the farm chores of gathering the eggs, feeding and carrying water for the chickens, preparing left-over food for supper, etc., Mom would get up at 4 a.m. the next morning and start the process all over again. This went on for three weeks or more. Of course Mom and the other women had small children like me and babies to nurse and care for on top of everything else. (And there were no disposable diapers...)

Thankfully there were the rainy days when things slowed down. Rainy days were times to fix fence or drive the forty miles to Sioux City and do some serious "trading." It was truly something for us to eat at the Green Gables Restaurant. It was on one of those journeys to Sioux City that I saw a black man for the first time in my life. We always had to leave by 3 p.m. so we could get home in time to do chores and milk the two dairy cows.

Mom's loyalty and love for Dad could not mask the fact that she was never at peace as a farmer's wife. I always felt she was frustrated by her lack of formal education and her humble life on the farm/ranch. She was a woman born ahead of her time. All you have to do is read some of her thoughts and it becomes obvious that her mind was searching for an outlet. She remembered women's suffrage and was extremely active in the Republican Party and even received letters from the U.S. President. She was also active in the Women's Church ministry and World Missions. Mom was always doing something for New Guinea missions. Dr. Fritchel, the district president of the American Lutheran Church, would even visit our home and on occasion she was invited to speak at large women's conventions. However, because of her lack of education and being "just a farm wife", Mom never felt she measured up.

I believe this is one reason why Mom was so passionate about her children procuring an education and having the opportunity for choices in life. She was always proud of any of her children's accomplishments, as well as the accomplishments of their spouses and all the grandchildren. In some ways this was a good thing because it pushed us to do our best, and in other ways it was a burden to live under its unspoken expectations.

Having described what it was like as child growing up on a Nebraska farm, it can't be compared to the challenges Mom faced raising my brothers and sisters during the Depression and Dust Bowl years of the 30's, when it cost more to ship hogs and cattle to market than their market price! Can you imagine what it was like for simple farm parents like Mom and Dad when my brother Duane was named "Star Farmer of America" in Kansas City! Here was this lady who lived her life struggling beside her husband to tease a living out of the Cedar County dust, suddenly finding herself in Kansas City being interviewed by national news writers and seeing her son on the same stage with Washington officials who read a message of congratulations from Roosevelt, The President of the United States! She and Dad never lost their composure. Dad stood in front of hundreds of his peers and government officials and gave a moving talk with poise and dignity. These are the kind of people our nation has been built upon. For those few days, this Cedar County farm wife with a tenth grade education lived vicariously beyond anything she had ever dreamed possible. Under different circumstances what would this woman, with her stubborn driving character, have accomplished?

The three gifts and memories that I cherish are:

Her gift of faith and moral steadfastness. Mom never doubted the truth of the Scripture or the gospel of Jesus. The Spirit used her faith to instill this same faith in me. I have often shared with parents, at the time of their child's baptism, my experience of having a mother who read those Bible Stories to me as being a primary foundation stone in my life. Through the years I have encouraged all parents and grandparents in the congregation to read Bible Stories to their children. I think my experience has been passed on to many others over the years, so Mom's influence has been duplicated over and over.

Mom told me on more than one occasion that she had a vision that I should be a pastor. This information was a difficult burden for me to carry. It took years to discern whether the "ought-ness" I felt for ministry was from the Holy Spirit or my mother's vision! It wasn't until I left ministry for about three years that I was at peace in accepting the "call to ministry" as being from the Spirit. I never doubted Mom's vision as being authentic because Mom was not a woman to trifle with such a spiritual matter. I reveal this because it may help her grandchildren understand their grandmother's strength of will and character that is also reflected in her children's lives. It has been a blessing and a challenge to be loved by this strong matriarch who embodied both strength of character and a vision for what can be. It was no less true for her faith in the Lord Jesus. She instilled much of this same strength of faith and character into each of her children's lives, and yes, even to her grandchildren. She always believed in us and encouraged us to achieve.

This encouragement to be all that we can be is the second blessing Mom gave to all of us. Again, this is not an easy challenge. She wanted all of us to have the education that she did not have an opportunity to receive. As I said, she was always proud of any accomplishments that her children and grandchildren achieved. This kind of encouragement helped me to keep working hard to attain goals. Of course it goes without saying that this also had the down side of not wanting to disappoint her. However, over the years I observed that she loved us, no matter what. That was a good thing!



Enjoying the adventure and freedom of retirement as Grandpa and Grandma traveled around the United States

A third memory and blessing was Mom's inquiring mind, zest for adventure, and her love for travel. When Dad semi-retired, the two of them hooked up a small travel trailer she named *Susie* and drove to Florida where they stayed for two or three months. They returned to Florida a year later, then ventured on to southern Texas, and at last discovered the joy of Sun City, Arizona.

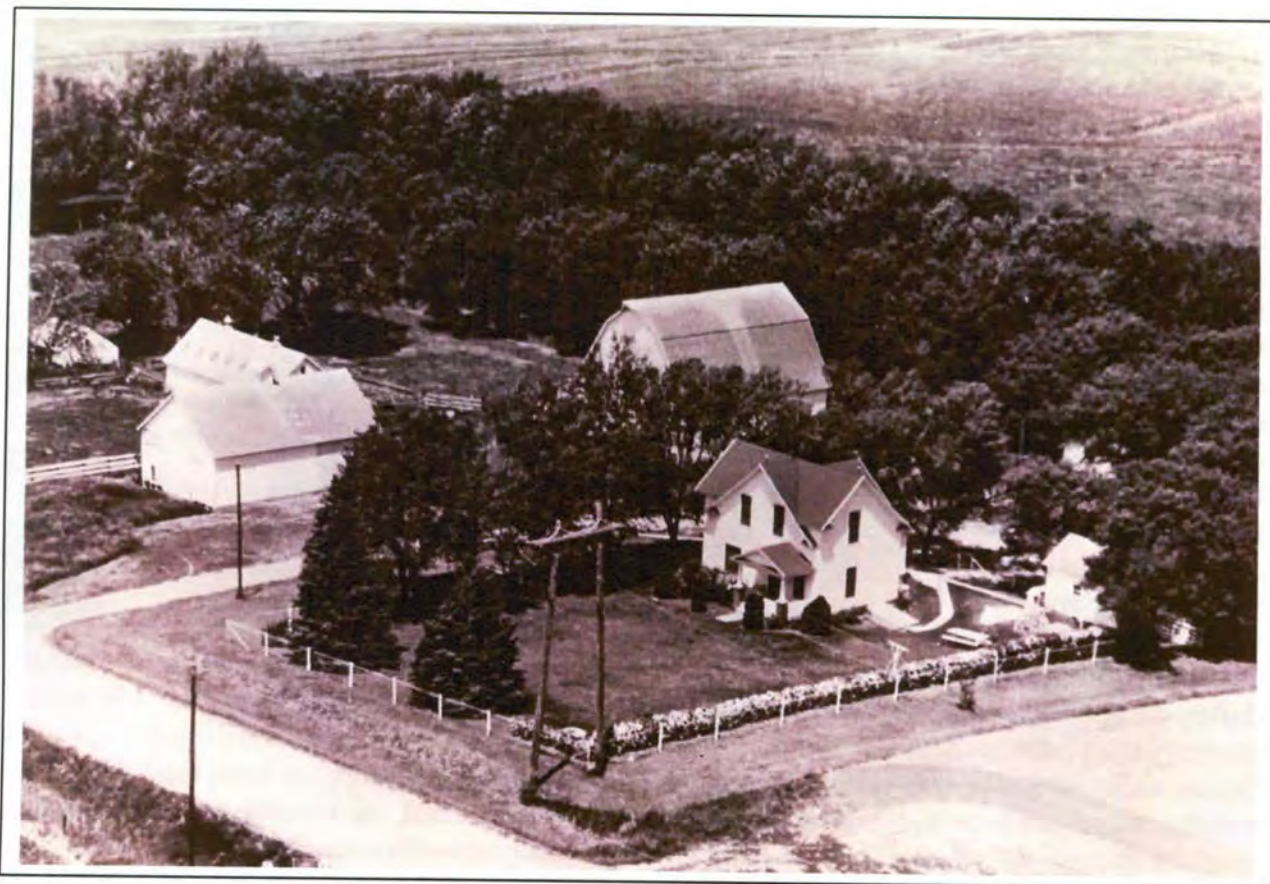
I was privileged to take her on a challenging journey to Peru where she, Barbara and a friend stayed at a Wycliffe Bible Translator mission base on the Amazon River while I was off in

the jungle with the Pittsburg Zoo and Explorers group. When I returned from the jungle, we traveled through Ecuador and had a marvelous experience. I was also privileged to take her and Dad to the Holy Land, and Mexico. After Dad's death, Mom, at 93, enjoyed two pleasant weeks with Barbara and myself in the Hawaiian Islands. Duane and I had also planned to take Mom with us to Switzerland. These were travels Marjorie must have dreamed about back on that Nebraska farm/ranch, but never thought it would be possible for her.

All of this is the history of life on Grandpa's farm, the place some of you grandkids loved to visit. These are a few stories and some of the history that would be lost unless it was captured in writing. Here is where you grandkids come into the story. From this point on you will add to the stories that will reveal the "foundation markers" of your lives. For many of you, your stories have continued through this little pile of babies on Grandmother Munter's lap.



Grandma Munter and her six grandsons.



The farm you grandkids knew when it was sold to a neighbor in 1963.



The house in Laurel, Nebraska, where Mom and Dad retired after leaving the farm. Grandma was active with the church and the community library where she reviewed books to be placed on the shelves. Their home was just a block away from Elmer and Harriet's home next to Highway 15. Even though they loved being close to Elmer and Harriet, they were never truly settled in Laurel. Each winter they traveled to Phoenix and rented a place for the winter.

At last they bought a small home in Sun City and lived the rest of their lives in Arizona. I remember them saying that they regretted not making the move much sooner, while Dad could still see to do things. Mom loved the stimulation of being with people from all parts of America. They both loved to walk and they truly enjoyed the

desert plants. Another benefit of living in Arizona is that the family was motivated to visit them during the cold winter months in Nebraska.



One morning, Grandpa was putting on his shoes while "The Mrs." prepared breakfast. A brain aneurysm struck without warning and Grandpa fell back on the bed. At most he suffered only momentary pain. More important was that Grandpa was prepared and ready. I had watched my father prepare spiritually for over a year. So, without warning, Grandma Munter suddenly found

herself alone after 66 years of marriage to the husband she loved unconditionally.



In 1989, when the house became too much for Grandma to manage alone, she moved to Sun Grove Village just north of Sun City. Her corner apartment looked out over the desert where she could spot a coyote now and then. Mom developed a deep friendship with a lady who also shared

the name Marjorie. The two Marjories did everything together. They often walked over a mile each morning and sometimes again in the evening. Following the sadness of her husband's death, these were reasonably contented years for Grandma. She was so pleased when Arlene and Merle moved to Sun City, only two miles away. Avis and Bob had become "snow birds" in Mesa, Arizona, only 60 miles away.



When that dreaded transition day came, we were all saddened to hear that Mom could no longer manage an independent lifestyle. The years were catching up. She needed to move to a care center. In 2003 Grandma moved across the street from Sun Grove to Desert Winds Village. She had her own apartment, but enjoyed much more personal care. She developed some friends with the women that sat together at her table, but never again had a friend like Marjorie from Sun Grove. She continued to walk the

hallways that made a circle of the building. She would make as many as four trips around these halls, which must have added up to a quarter mile or more. The other residents would say, "I would do that too, if I were younger." Marjorie never told them she was 98 years old. None of the residents knew her age until her 100th birthday 2003. After her 100th birthday, Grandma began to slow down more and more, but she never lost her memory and was always faithful to pray for her children and their families.

All of us are so grateful to Arlene, who faithfully visited Mom. Arlene washed many of Mom's nicer cloths, checked to make sure that adequate care was given, helped Mom with her bank business, helped Mom get to her doctors' appointments and most important of all, Arlene was simply there for a few moments, bringing a bright spot to an otherwise long day. Thanks, Arlene, for going the extra mile when the rest of us could not be there. We know it was not always easy for you. We are also grateful for you and Merle sharing your beautiful home, providing those marvelous lunches and a place to sit and visit as a family. We will miss those special times being together. Avis, Iris, Duane and Jim were also faithful to call and visit as often as possible. Of course Mom loved to see the grandchildren who also made an effort to visit.



Arlene Freitag, Grandma, and Jim Munter

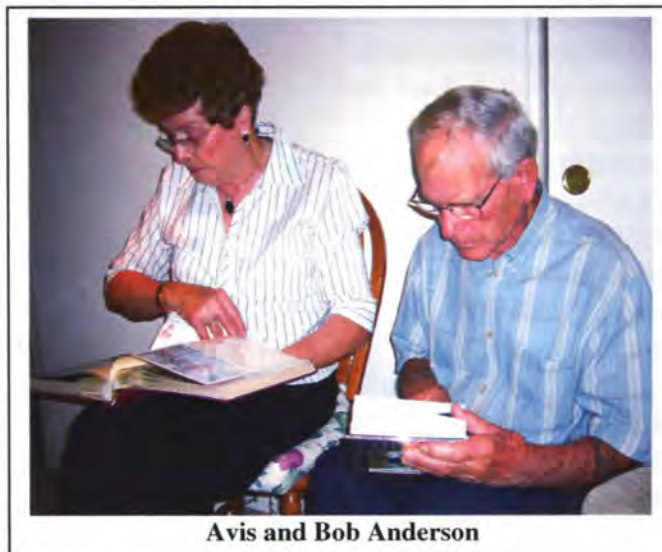


Iris Herse and Delia Lonca (nurse)

In 2005, Marjorie made that one next-to-last move. The director of Desert Winds Village told us that Marjorie had become too weak for their level of "assisted living" care. Arlene had expected this and had already done some research. I (Jim) went to Arizona and we began to look at some private nursing care homes the hospice nurse had suggested to Arlene. We checked six or seven homes and one stood out as the perfect place for Grandma. It was Bellview Assisted Living Home, managed by a skilled and loving young nurse from Romania, Delia Lonca. Delia impressed us with her big smile and open Christian spirit which reflected her caring personality. Delia was everything we had hoped for, and more. In fact, Delia bonded with Mom so much that during those last days of Grandma's life, Delia was emotionally torn.

All four of Grandma's children were with her during the last days of her life. She was aware that we were there, but she was too weak to respond. We did get her to smile two or three times when we reminded her of some humorous events in her life. But mostly we simply sat with her and visited between ourselves. I think she could hear our conversation and enjoyed knowing we were with her. We also played some CD's of old gospel songs she loved.

The day before she went to be with Jesus, we had a special blessing for her and told her that it was OK to go to her final home. I thought about what she had once written in her notes: "I look forward to death but not to dying." Mom said that she kept asking the Lord to take her home, but Jesus had always answered, "Not yet." We all said our "good-byes" before leaving that last night. We knew, and even hoped, that Mom with her determined will to live, would at last "let go."



Avis and Bob Anderson

In the early hours of February 5th, Delia called and said that Marjorie had gone home. We arrived before the coroner and spent some time standing in reverent silence out of love and respect for the passing of a great and faithful Christian lady, who now continues to live in the glory of the Easter promise. Jim

The following "Timeline" was prepared by Cindi Baker for Grandma's 100th birthday party.
Thanks Cindi.

Timeline of Marjorie Munter

1903 Birth of Marjorie (Bayne) Munter, eighth child, born in her family home near Coleridge, Nebraska (also called Pearl Creek). Her mother taught 5th grade in the public schools in Bellevue, Iowa after her marriage for 5 years (and with 2 children and pregnant with the third). May and James Bayne moved to Cedar County, Nebraska before the birth of their 5th child to farm and raise cattle and hogs.

Marjorie can trace her family heritage (through her mother, Aseneth Mae Phillips) to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1630. By the year 1630, perhaps there were only 500 people in the Jamestown and Plymouth colonies. She is a direct ancestor of Reverend George Phillips who was born in Norfolk County, England in 1593. His theological specialty was learning the scriptures in their original languages. He would be considered a nonconformist of the time because of his Puritan beliefs. Clergy who disobeyed the laws of the Church of England could be imprisoned and their means of living taken away. Reverend George Phillips and his wife Elizabeth traveled on the flagship *Arbella* with Governor John Winthrop. His wife died soon after landing at Salem, Massachusetts in 1630 after eight weeks at sea.

Rev. Phillips was highly esteemed by the Governor and members of the colony for his religious and governmental actions. His ideas for church government developed into Congregationalism and he has been called the founder of Congregationalism in America. Rev. Phillips was perhaps the first to say that taxation without representation was unfair. He persuaded Governor Winthrop to select two persons from each settlement to represent the public at a General Assembly, which then voted to impose a tax on the public soon after their arrival in America.

1903 Her two older brothers, Alex and Cleve, had just left for South Dakota to homestead. The land sold for \$1.25 an acre. They built a twelve by twelve-foot sod house with two tiny rooms to meet the government conditions to buy the land. They walked 5 miles to a creek to wash clothes and to bring back water for cooking and drinking and ate mostly potatoes.

1904 Grandmother, Surlina Phillips, died at age 85. Her husband Jacob (also called Jasper), who was Marjorie's grandfather, was unafraid to move his wife and first child half way across the continent from New York to Iowa. He was a successful miller in Bellevue, Iowa and the flour produced was named after him-Jasper XXX. He then became a successful grocery store owner. When Marjorie's mother, Aseneth Mae Phillips, was born, her father owned \$20,000 in real estate alone (nearly 1,000 acres of farm land) and had 3 hired hands. At 73 he was still running the flour mill. He moved at age 76 to be near his children and died at age 81.

Marjorie was judged the most beautiful young girl in Cedar County from a picture contest and won a gold watch. Her brother Elvin wore it to find a lost calf, fell in a creek, and lost it.

1907 Birth of Sister Mae

1910 Birth of Sister Lola

1911 Marjorie was knocked unconscious for several days from an accident during lunchtime at school. A boy was swinging his 1/2-gallon lunch pail in circles, didn't see her coming and the rim of the pail hit her on the bridge of her nose. The Doctor made several trips to her farmhouse to see how she was.

Grandmother Eliza Ann Austin Bayne died at age 92

1912 One of her chores was to carefully carry one of the four kerosene lamps to the different parts of the house when needed.

1913 Her first train ride was into Laurel (10 miles) and then another five miles by horse to visit her Aunt and Uncle Guinn. A 15-mile trip was quite an adventure.

1914 Marjorie remembers a new two-room school with a basement being built. One room was the 1st-6th grades and the second room was 7th-11th grades. The school had two teachers. Some students were as old as the teacher. She remembers never having fresh fruit in her lunch, mostly bread with syrup, sugar, butter, or apple jelly on it. Her older brothers, Elvin, Lloyd, and Marion took her to school in the wintertime. She attended school to the 11th grade and dreamed about being a nurse.

1915 Marjorie was baptized at age 12 and felt the touch of the Lord's hand as she was lifted from the water by her Pastor. She has always loved teaching Sunday school and leading Bible study.

1916 She became a teenager and never saw a movie. There was no radio, TV, library, computers or cell phone. She went by horse and buggy with her sister Ruby into Coleridge every Saturday for music lessons on an organ you had to pump up and down. She made sure her younger sisters, Mae and Lola, stayed put when the Pastor visited the home. Children were to be seen and not heard and they were never allowed to eat with the adults when the pastor came.

1917 Uncle Alex Phillips died at age of 75. He fought in the 31st Iowa Infantry Volunteers during the Civil War and served under his cousin Capt. Phillips, one year his senior. Marjorie's Uncle was honorably discharged as a private in 1865.

First vaccination for hogs to end cholera. The government provided this free.

1918 Many of her girl and boy friends died from the flu influenza. Her future husband lost his wife and twin daughters also in this flu influenza. Their son Elmer survived the flu.

Brother Marion enlisted to serve in WWI and returned safely after 3 years.

1919 Aunt Emma Phillips Worth died at age 69. When mail delivery began in 1884, her husband was the first U.S. Mail carrier in Sioux City, Iowa.

1920 Marjorie knew people who had to travel 30 miles to have any hope of finding bootleg whiskey.

1922 On a cold January night she had her first date with Bob Munter. He picked her up in an old 1916 Dodge touring car. The side curtains were flopping in the rain and she was cold. On the next date, he arrived in a brand new black (of course!) 1922 Dodge Roadster. Robert Henry Munter, son of Gottlieb and Elisa Stucke Munter was born November 2, 1894 at Ryan, Iowa. Both his mother and father were born in Bern, Switzerland. They had 12 children and Robert was the third child. The children's names were: Adolph, Fred, Robert, Elizabeth, John, Paul, Bill, Walter, Lillian, Emma Lou, Helen, and George.

Bob Munter loved raising livestock and took pride in his Angus herd. He was a faithful member of Immanuel Lutheran Church in Coleridge.

On May 3, four months after the first date, Bob and Marjorie were married in Sioux City, Iowa. Bob called her wife for the first 30 years and Mrs. after that. There was no honeymoon until all the crops were planted and then they visited Bob's sister in Minnesota. The couple lived and farmed west of Coleridge, Nebraska from 1922-1965. Because there were no tractors, horses pulled a wagon while the corn was picked by hand using a husking glove. After the corn was dried and removed, the cobs were used as fuel to cook in the kitchen stove.

1923 Son Duane is born.

1924 Marjorie cut her hair for the new "flappers" look and her husband didn't like it.

Daughter Avis was born. It was Election Day and the only time she did not vote. She remembers voting for the first time with her mother and how wonderful it felt to have a say. Having the right to vote empowered women and she often voted differently than her husband.

1926 Daughter Iris is born

1928 Daughter Arlene is born

This year was the beginning of a five year drought. A person didn't dare go outside or you would choke to death with dust.

1929 Her husband Bob had asked a trucker to take a load of cattle to Yankton, S.D. to sell. 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". They had to pay to take the cattle back home.

1930 Marjorie and Bob bought the farmland that they had been renting from Bob's father.

1932 She sewed her mother's dress for her parent's 50th wedding anniversary. Of her brothers and sisters, nine of the ten were present at this celebration. Also attending were thirty-one grandchildren and one great grandchild. The present to her parents was a fine radio and they received many telegrams of congratulations.

1935 Mother Aseneth Mae Phillips Bayne died at age 71. She had been married for 53 years. The newspaper reported that she was 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. Her mother never thought of herself being tired; her family came first, then other activities. She enjoyed company and helping those that needed her. Her mother delivered many babies and Marjorie often went with her to get things ready for the delivery. Her mother also assisted in surgeries with the doctor from Coleridge and helped prepare the deceased for burial. (She had 10 children and never drove a car!)

1937 Her mother-in-law, Elisa Stucke Munter, dies.

1938 Son James is born

1941 (Nov.) Son Duane was chosen through the Future Farmer Association to be the Star Farmer of America. Husband Bob talked three different times on national radio about their son receiving this top honor for his knowledge and care of cattle and hogs.

1941 (Dec.) Pearl Harbor and U.S. involvement in world affairs had tremendous effects upon her family and community.

- Son Elmer was an Army Captain and traveled between France, England, and later Germany to help get organized for the troop movements.
- Son Duane was a First Lieutenant in the Air Force and trained as a bombardier but never served in combat.
- Daughter Avis's husband Bob was an Army paratrooper and fought in France and Germany.
- Daughter Iris's future husband Dick was in the Naval Air Corps and was never called into combat.
- Daughter Arlene's future husband Merle was a Marine and was never called into combat.

1942 Son Elmer married Harriet Hicks on June 11, 1942 in Tacoma, Washington.

1943 Birth of first grandchild, Michael Munter. His father, Elmer, was stationed overseas in the Army.

Marjorie's father, James Buchanan Bayne, a pioneer farmer, dies at age 86. His obituary states that he was a man of fine Christian character and a member of the Christian church for over 70 years. She never heard her father use profanity.

1944 Daughter Avis married Robert Anderson on March 2, 1944 in Belden, Nebraska.

1946 Son Duane married Evelyn Liebsch on August 25, 1946 in Vinton, Iowa. Birth of grandson, Ricky Anderson in December.

1947 Birth of grandson, Thomas Munter in May.

Daughter Iris married Richard Herse on September 7, 1947 in Laurel, Nebraska.
Her father-in-law, Gottlieb Munter, dies.

1948 Birth of three grandsons, Gary Herse, Ronald Munter, and Larry Anderson.
between July and October.

1949 In April, Marjorie had her picture taken with 6 brown-eyed grandsons all under the
age of six (Mike, Ricky, Tom, Gary, Ron, and Larry) She said, "Grandchildren are the
crowns of the aged".

Daughter Arlene married Merle Freitag on June 5, 1949 in Lincoln, Nebraska.

1950 Birth of the first granddaughter, Kathleen Munter. Her husband bought a new
Pontiac on the same day.

1953 Birth of three grandchildren, Jack Munter, Cynthia Herse, and Danielle Anderson.
between January and March. Her brother Lloyd dies.

1954 Birth of grandson, Kenneth Freitag.

1957 Birth of three grandchildren, Steve Anderson, Steven Freitag, and Susan Munter.

1959 Birth of two grandchildren. Mark Herse and Nancy Munter.

1960 Son James married Barbara Urwiler on June 10, 1960 in Coleridge, Nebraska. Bob
and Marjorie began to motor around the country from coast to coast of the U.S. in a
Shasta trailer.

1963 Birth of grandson, David Munter.

The last family Thanksgiving celebration on the farm. Jim was the only one who couldn't
make it home from Ohio.

1964 Marjorie and Bob sold the farm they had lived on for forty-two years in Nebraska.
Bob was a very modern farmer for his time. He was hard working, took care of the land,
and never neglected the care of the animals. Marjorie worked hard inside the home as she
prepared thousands of meals without the conveniences we take for granted today. Many
hours were spent in the garden and in the canning of vegetables to be used throughout the
year. Marjorie's sister Lola dies.

1965 Marjorie and Bob moved into a new home built in Laurel, Nebraska.

Son Jim was ordained as a Lutheran minister in Coleridge, Nebraska. All of Marjorie's
children had graduated from high school, some went to college and each secured jobs of
their choice.

1966 Birth of last grandchild, Ellen Munter.

1967 Marjorie's brother Cleve dies.

1970 As a young girl, Marjorie never dreamed that she would board a huge plane and fly to other continents. She travels to Ecuador and Peru with son James and daughter-in-law Barbara.

1971 Marjorie's brother Alex and sister Ada die.

1972 Marjorie and Bob celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with family in Laurel with 220 friends and relatives. At the time they had six children, eighteen grandchildren, and four great grandchildren.

1973 Marjorie's sister Mae dies. Marjorie traveled to Israel with her husband, son James and daughter-in-law Barbara.
Daughter-in-law Evelyn Munter passed away in Sycamore, Illinois.

1974 Marjorie's brother Marion dies.

1976 Son Duane married Sheila Enderlin on January 27, 1976 in Sycamore, Illinois.

1977 Marjorie and Bob sold their home in Laurel, Nebraska and bought a home in Sun City, Arizona. They also celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary.

1979 Marjorie's brother Elvin dies.

1985 Son Elmer passed away and is buried in Belden, Nebraska.

1988 Her husband, Robert, dies in Sun City, Arizona. He was born November 2, 1894 in Manchester, Iowa. He was the son of Gottlieb and Elisa (Stucke) Munter who were both born in Bern, Switzerland. They had been married 66 years.

1989 Marjorie sold her home in Sun City, Arizona and moved to Sun Grove Retirement Village in Sun City.

1993 Marjorie's sister Ruby dies.

1994 Marjorie attended her daughter Avis's 50th wedding anniversary in Scottsdale, Arizona. Son Duane passed away and was buried in Strawberry Point, Iowa.

1995 Grandson Larry Anderson's wife Vickie died February 10. She was 45 years old.

1996 She flew to Hawaii with her son James and daughter-in-law Barbara. At 93 she still wants to see new places and shows her love to travel.

1997 Marjorie attended her daughter Iris's 50th wedding anniversary in Omaha, Nebraska.

1998 Marjorie writes her autobiography at the age of 95. Son Jim remembers that when she started writing things down the memories began to flow as fast as she could write them down. The *Memories of Marjorie Aseneth Munter* is a treasured gift.

1999 Daughter Arlene celebrates her 50th wedding anniversary.

2002 Son-in-law Richard Herse passed away in Omaha, Nebraska and daughter-in-law Harriet Munter passed away in Strawberry Point, Iowa.

2003 Marjorie has eighteen grandchildren, twenty-five great-grandchildren, seven great great-grandchildren.

She lives in her own apartment in the Desert Winds Village in Peoria, Arizona. She is a very independent woman who continues to read the Bible and newspaper every day, follows national and world events, and enjoys the fellowship of residents at mealtime. She remembers to send cards and letters to friends and family and talks on the phone to keep in touch with family.

Marjorie's celebrates her 100th birthday with family and friends in Peoria, Arizona.

2005 When the time came that Majorie needed more care, she moved into a private home with the care of a loving full time nurse.

2006 In the early morning hours of February 5, our beloved mother, grandmother, great and great-great grandmother and friend went home to Jesus, having lived a century plus two years. To the very end, Marjorie had clarity of mind and faithfully prayed for us all on a daily basis.

God richly blessed her and she tasted the joy of life, family and friends. And God wrapped his arms of love and comfort around her when she felt the sting of death, as she stood at the grave side of her husband of 66 years, two sons, two daughters-in-law and a son-in-law. However, most important of all, Marjorie knew the promise of her baptism and the resurrection hope that one day we will all be together again at the banquet table of our Lord.

On August 5, 2006 a memorial service will be held for Marjorie Munter at the United Lutheran Church in Laurel, Nebraska. Her ashes will be buried beside her husband in the Belden Cemetery.



Four generations: Marjorie, Iris, Cynthia and Emily

I Will Remember

Written for
Marjorie Aseneth Bayne Munter
By
Daughter Iris Nadine Munter
Herse
Granddaughter Cynthia Herse
Baker
Great granddaughter Emily Baker
Harden

I will remember you
Mother:

Because I have had the privilege of spending seventy-nine years with a loving, bright, alert, intelligent, and caring mother.

Because you always wore the glow of God's love in your beautiful face.

Because country life was a busy life. Two older brothers, Elmer and Duane, and older sister, Avis, and younger sister and brother, Arlene and Jim, added to your busy schedule on the farm.

Because of the knowledge you used to help your mother deliver babies and care for many ill friends and family.

Because you packed my lunch in a tin can and sent me off to walk the mile and half to country school.

Because you and Dad knew the importance of education. The roads were often impassable, making it difficult to travel on a daily basis, so you made arrangements for my room and board in Laurel, so that I could attend high school there.

Because church was an important part of our life. Dad always said that if I was able to date on Saturday night, I was well enough to go to church Sunday morning.

Because you watched Elmer, Duane, Bob and Dick go off to war. What a thrill when we heard the postman's horn long before he arrived at the farm, informing us of a letter from one of our men in service.

Because you shared a great relationship and love for my husband, Dick. I can remember Dick's amazement at how we would freeze a gallon and a half of ice cream, dish it up in large bowls and eat all of it immediately.

Because you gave me the freedom to follow my career after graduation. I went to business school in Sioux City and then stayed and worked there.

Because you helped me plan my wedding and later, you were a wonderful grandmother to Gary, Cindi, and Mark.

Because Gary was five months old when I just *had* to go home for Christmas. The roads were blocked with snow, but Dad and Elmer met us and we rode the last few miles in a wagon pulled by a horse. You had a warm meal and open arms to greet us.

Because my children loved their visits to you on the farm. All those cousins to play with and all the exciting things they could think up to do.

Because it took true love for you to give all the grandsons bows and arrows for Christmas. Poor livestock!

Because you had to fix two turkey meals on holidays—one for the adults and one for all those active grandchildren.

Because we did a lot of talking while we washed dishes all afternoon during family gatherings.

Because I cherish the family portrait that was taken one Christmas. None of us was pregnant, so you thought it was a good time for a picture!



Cynthia explaining the time line she made for 100 years of life

Because you loved to travel and wrote to me about the many happy hours on the road. What a adventurous mother!

Because you were there to help me celebrate my 50th wedding anniversary.

Because I knew your prayers were with me the day Dick was buried.

Because I am so thankful for your prayers and the spiritual direction you gave me.

Because you were God's most beautiful gift, the dearest Mom in the whole world!

I will remember you, **Grandmother**

Because I was blessed to share fifty-three years with a loving grandmother.

Because I know how special it is to be part of four generations of women for twenty-three years.

Because I will never forget those times when we could be together—mother holding hands with daughter and daughter holding hands with her daughter.

Because you and Grandpa were there when I said my wedding vows.

Because of the many handwritten letters you wrote to me.

Because you asked about my life and my family in every conversation we had.

Because it was always very clear to me how much love you had for my mother and her siblings.

Because my mom always said to me “Ask a busy woman if you want something done”. I think she learned that from you.

Because I will never forget how Christ’s love influenced your thoughts and actions.

Because you thanked God for every new day—even when you were very alone.

Because you aged so gracefully—never trying to hide your advanced years and always so beautiful.

Because your strength in facing the death of loved ones gives me hope that I can do the same.

Because, though I never understood why your husband called you Mrs., I did understand that you adored him.

Because you never seemed to care how many grandchildren you had at one time in your home.

Because you taught me that our being together was what is most important.

Because you let your granddaughters play in your Shasta trailer and didn’t fuss about any mess we might have made.

Because your interest in national politics influenced my interest in history.

Because you recorded your history as a lasting gif to the very large family that resulted from the union of Bob and Marjorie.

Because at your 100th birthday party you wrote and delivered a special message of love that my family will never forget.

Because you understood why Grandpa would never say goodbye to me—only “until we meet again.”

Because our grandmother/granddaughter relationship will always remain in my heart.

I will remember you, **Great-Grandmother**

Because I have been blessed to share twenty-three years with a loving great-grandmother.

Because, as part of a fourth generation, I hope I can continue the endless love you have shared with so many.



Emily with her grandma, great-grandma and mother

Because you always held my hand and wanted to know what my curious childhood mind was thinking.

Because you also held the hand of my fiancé, now husband, and wanted to hear about our life together.

Because of the fun we had picking fruit and making lemonade. I cherish the lemon squeezer you gave me for my wedding shower.

Because whenever I was amazed by a piece of jewelry you wore, you always had a story to go with it.

Because you were there when women were first allowed to vote, and your interest in politics and government even when women were not allowed to participate, has taught me to be thankful for the opportunities and careers that lie before me.

Because you were the first of three strong women who taught me to explore my opportunities.

Because you always shared stories of your life for others to pass on through the years.

We will always remember you, Mother, Grandmother, and great-Grandmother!



Remembrances from Great-~~great~~ Grandson
Mark Munter

I remember many wonderful conversations with great-~~great~~ Grandma when I was growing up. I loved hearing her stories of when she was younger, back in the early 1900's. I loved to hear how they worked on the farms, how they made their food, and mostly how she grew up.

I feel like my great-~~great~~ Grandma will always be with me and my child through the stories that she told that will live on in our hearts and minds. I also feel like I have learned a lot of life lessons through her and think that I am a wiser person today because of my great-great Grandma. She will be greatly missed.

I love you great-~~great~~ Grandma!

Mark Munter



Remembrances from Great-~~great~~ Granddaughter
Jenna Herse

Hey, this is Jenna. About great-~~great~~ Grandma. I remember at her 100th birthday, she saw me and I didn't know if she remembered me. I felt so welcomed when I went to hug her. She was so gentle, like I was a doll. I'm sorry that I didn't get to say goodbye.

With all my Love, Jenna Herse



MEMORIES

What a pleasurable memory
I will forever have.
The day my Father, Mother and I
Went down memory lane,

To the place where my Great Grandparents once lived.

Filled with anticipation
As we drew near,
My gaze fell on the house and on the barn.
Years of weather had taken their toll.
I pictured how it must have been...
The days where Great Grandma and Grandpa Bayne
Lived their lives, worked and played.

I pretended to knock on the door,
And then stepped into the past.
The rooms that seemed so large,
In my Mother's childhood memory,
Were not large at all.

As I went from room to room
I was drawn to the master bedroom.
There, in the brilliant light,
In the afternoon sun,
Were the exposed peeling layers
Of generations of wallpaper.
Carefully, I peeled off a piece.
To have...
To hold...
And to sense their presence of long ago.

As we left that farmstead of old,
Unrest came over my being.
I felt I was part of that place...
As if the memories of love and warmth
Were still consumed within the walls
Wanting to reach out and embrace me.

Wallpaper is from Grandma's childhood home...



The barn that holds so many memories

My thoughts then went to our next stop.
On our continuing journey into the past...
The next generation,
My Grandma and Grandpa Munter's farmhouse.

That beautiful two-story home,
Filled with love and laughter,
Holds many special memories for me.
Playing house in, Suzie, the trailer...
Hours of fun spent with cousins...

The massive barn
Where many a tale could be told...???...
By all the Grandchildren.

How blessed we all were
To have gone to Grandma and Grandpa's house
And be a part of their lives.
For moments of nurturing and fun,
And most importantly
To deeply bond as a family.

I am thankful for all they have given me,
For all the smiles and laughter...
The holding of hands...
And the silence that spoke volumes
When words weren't necessary.

You both lived your lives to the fullest...
The many things you have done...
All the times you were there
Help me to know deep down inside,
How much you truly cared.

Like all the layers of wallpaper,
That were applied one at a time.
Each generation passed down
Their morals...
Their integrity...
And you embodied these qualities
As an example to us all.

With loving admiration and gratitude,
Danielle Mauser, Granddaughter



David Munter shares a fun story with his grandma

Remembrances from Grandson David Munter

I remember visiting Grandma and Grandpa in Laurel. I was fascinated as I studied and touched the sea shells, starfish and rocks Grandma had in the basement. I wondered what it was like to be where they had found those treasures. Grandma even let me mow their lawn with their green Lawn Boy mower. As I think about it, she launched my lawn business career!

A little older now, I remember Grandma and Grandpa's 50th anniversary in Fremont. I was impressed with the cake and my first experience with a "ding-a-ling" party. Someone would tell a story about the family and then ring a bell, or for seemingly no reason someone would start ringing their bell and then everyone would join in the ringing until Grandpa would kiss Grandma.

Our family moved to Loveland, CO, and my Grandparents lived in Sun City, AZ. I remember how Dad would preach the Christmas Eve service and then, late that same night, we would head out for Sun City, driving all night and much of the next day. Sometimes Dad would try short cuts on gravel roads, some of those ended up being shorter, but most didn't! This Christmas Eve "all nighter" went on for years between '78-'85. I remember being impressed with how manicured and clean the landscapes were in Sun City. Everyone had colored rock for yards with cactus and fruit trees everywhere. It was fun to pick lemons and oranges right off the trees in Grandma's back yard and eat them for breakfast. Grandma seemed so content and happy. I think she really loved AZ.

After Grandpa died, our family would visit Grandma and take her out for a drive, maybe to Sedona or wherever, then out to eat. Grandma was able to keep up with us, even in her 90's! These were times when I got to know Grandma best – her sense of humor, her deep love and commitment for her family, and the importance she placed on family. She knew every kid, grandkid, great grandkid, and great-great grandkid and seemed to know all their names and what they were all up to! I received many letters from Grandma telling me what she was doing, who was doing what, and always how much she thought about and loved Debbie and me. I just re-read the birthday card she sent me when I was 40 – she was 100!

Grandma was certainly a great lady – bright, witty, and on top of her game. I was impressed at her 100th birthday party. We all took her out the night before to a Mexican Cantina restaurant. I helped her out of the car, but she insisted she was going to walk to the restaurant with her walker on her own. Grandma and I had lots of laughs and good talks as we sat across the table from each other and shared a margarita. The waitress couldn't believe she was 100 and joked about "carding" Grandma. Later the staff brought her a birthday cake. That was a great weekend, cousins got together again and we all got to know Grandma a little better. **Probably the one thing that most impressed about Grandma was her devotion to the Lord. Throughout my time of knowing Grandma Munter, she was always steadfast in her faith, in her walk with the Lord and in her caring and concern.** I feel blessed to have the memories of Grandma in my heart. David



Ron Munter and his son Mark share memories with Grandma

Remembrances from
Grandson

Ron Munter

I remember going to Coleridge, NE, in the Summer.

It was Mom, Dad, and us five kids sharing a long eight hour trip on Highway 3. We would stop halfway there and get five hamburgers for a dollar at McDonalds. By the time we were crossing the Missouri River and entering Nebraska, we knew we were only a half hour away from Grandma and Grandpa's farm.

Jim was in high school, Mike was in Junior High and they joined the "five rebels," (Rick, Larry, Gary, Tom, and Ron) swinging on ropes in the hay mow, having corn cob fights and caring for Grandpa's critters and Grandma's hen house. One time we helped Elmer stomp on the hay, packing it down in his barn loft. I even got to drive Grandpa's 1950 Chevy pickup when I was ten years old! Sometimes all us cousins would play football in the big front yard of Grandma's house. There were younger grandkids we tried to break in by playing football (Jack, Kenny, Mark, and Steve), but Grandma said they were too young and they were sent to play in the side yard.

When we were called in from all the fun there was always a big spread of food on the table. Everything made from scratch – pies and cakes – enough to feed an army. If you went away hungry it was your own fault!

On the years we were able to make it to the farm for Christmas, Santa would come, but for some reason when Jim went to college, Santa didn't come anymore. ☺ The "five rebels" usually received the same weapons for Christmas, either guns or bow and arrows.

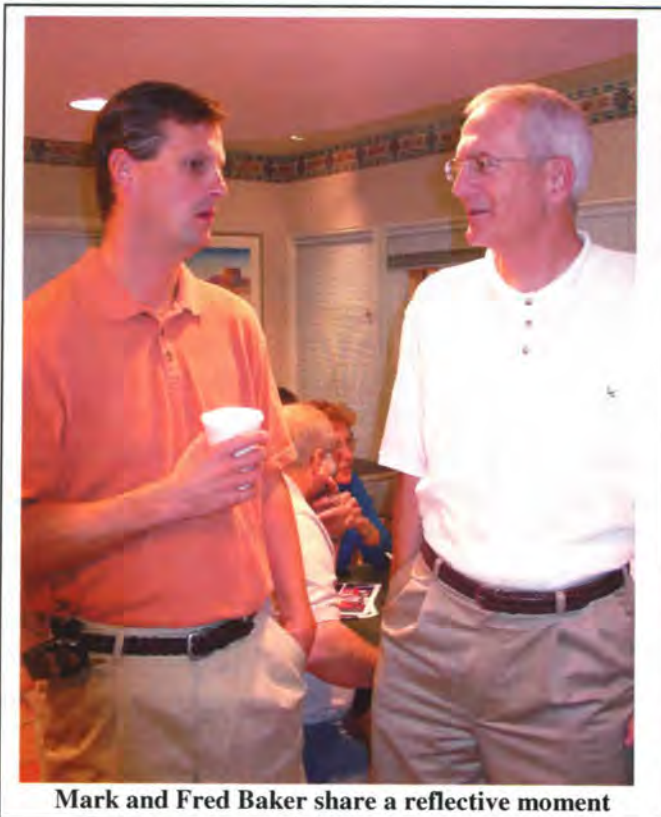
I have so many good memories of Grandma I don't know where to start or end. **One memory I'll forever hold in my heart is how Grandma always told me she loved me so dearly, no matter what I did or who I become. God bless our family, and this great lady is truly missed!**

Ron Munter

Remembrances from Great Granddaughter
Traci Munter Flynn

My fondest memory as a child was spending beautiful summer days up in McGregor with Grandpa Duane and my great grandparents. We would spend afternoons picking berries, playing ball and walking the railroad tracks looking for the coins we left the mourning before. But the highlight of our days was getting great Grandma's home-cooked meals, as we would all gather around the table on the three-seasons porch. Great Grandma would be scolding great Grandpa, telling him to leave enough for everyone else! Then of course for desert there were great Grandma's homemade pies baked with the berries we collected. I will never forget the afternoon Grandpa Duane talked great Grandma into going for a boat ride with all of us. Afterwards she said "never again." It warms my heart to know my great grandparents are once again reunited in heaven, and now I think of them as our guardian angels on earth. **I love you always great Grandmother.**

Traci Munter Flynn



Mark and Fred Baker share a reflective moment

grandparents (Munter and Herse) in Laurel. Of course Grandpa Herse had the Dental office and we always had fun playing in the chairs, looking at x-rays, and playing with mercury. Maybe that explains my mental state today!



Traci and brother-in-law Jim Sweeney

Remembrances from ~~Great~~ Grandson
Mark Herse

Here are some memories of my heritage:

First of all, David, Ellen and myself were the "young bunch" and we didn't stand a chance of living up the antics of our predecessors, Mike, Tom, Gary, Ron and the rest!

We did not get to experience life on the farm, but we heard plenty of stories. I have great memories of visiting both my

I was lucky that I could bounce between both grandparents' houses in Laurel. Coming from the big city of Omaha, it was an experience to hang-out in Laurel. I can only imagine my own kids doing that today! It would be a good experience for them. Of course at the time I did not realize how lucky I was to have both sets of grandparents in the same town. I was truly blessed.

I remember the time Steve Freitag was mowing Grandpa's yard and chopped up the lawn mower bag! I admired Grandpa's cut and polished rocks and also his neat rock table. Grandma had some great photos in her home. One of them by the back door pictured Grandpa, Uncle Jim and David around a campfire. Of course, how can I forget the family meals of meat and potatoes that Grandma, Iris and others all joined in to prepare.

The men were always discussing politics and I doubt if the subject matter has changed at all from then to now. I not only missed out on the political discussions, but I was also too young to participate fully in the card games in the basement of Uncle Elmer's house. I wish I would have been a little older to "fully participate!"

The first time I went to Phoenix with Mom and Dad to visit Grandma and Grandpa in Sun City, we arrived at Sky Harbor's single terminal. Then we drove through miles of cotton fields and orange groves to reach Sun City. I remember the big cactus and the citrus trees in Grandpa's yard. I can still picture Grandpa sitting in his chair in the sun listening to the LA Dodgers with Vince Skully doing the play-by-play. My grandparents always took us to visit the Senior Center and all the crafts that were being made. The highlight was swimming outside in March. That was a new experience.

On the day of Grandpa's burial in that little Belden cemetery, I remember hearing tractors as the farmers started a new season. Later Grandmother moved into her apartment at Sun Grove. Each apartment had a window box with different displays. Sometimes I think, what will I put in mine?

Grandma came to Omaha to be with Iris and us when Kelle had our first two children, Jesse and John. After Jenna was born, we traveled to Arizona every spring, and sometimes in the fall, to visit Kelle's parents and her aunt and uncle. Jenna and Jesse made sure we had ice cream in the ice cream parlor at Grandma Munter's complex. They could not believe how there could be "free" ice cream whenever they wanted some. When Grandma moved to Desert Winds there was no longer the ice cream but instead there was a large turtle who came to the door to watch us. I wonder if it is still there looking at other grandkids!

The 100th birthday celebration was so much fun and of course the great margaritas! The last time we all visited Grandma, she told us she took laps around the care center hallway with her walker and would not tell anyone how old she was. I know that impressed the kids and encouraged them when they were out on the soccer field!

So many great memories and just so fortunate to be a small part of them. Mark Herse

Remembrances from Great Granddaughters
Nicole Mauser-Storer and husband, Cory Storer
Shannon Mauser-Suing and husband, Mike Suing
and Great Grandson Scott Mauser

We were not fortunate enough to remember Grandma in her younger years, so most of our memories are of her after she and Grandpa retired and were living in Arizona. We do remember always being excited when they were able to visit us on our parent's farm north of Big Springs. Part of the excitement was that Mom always made root beer floats for Grandpa and they were a real treat for us kids as well. Even as kids under the age of ten, we knew that Grandma and Grandpa were special.

Very few of our friends can even say they have met their great grandparents. We feel special to not only have met our great grandparents, but to have wonderful memories of them both.



There are so many nice things we could say about Grandma that it would take pages to write all of them, so we will just mention two things that really stand out for us.

Grandma was always so good at remembering everyone and keep all of us in her prayers. Even our spouses, who she only met once or twice, were recognized and she knew how they fit into the family. This is quite a feat for a lady in her nineties considering how we can't even keep all of the family straight!

The other thing that I (Nicole) will never forget is the last conversation I had with Grandma, just two weeks before she passed away. She still remembered me and whose daughter I was. But that isn't the best part. In the course of our conversation Grandma talked about the fact that she would soon be moving. Sure enough, in just a short time she moved—right to her eternal home! **If we could carry one thing with us from Grandma's life it would definitely be that rock solid faith in God.**

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Kathy (first born granddaughter) and son Dan

What is a Grandmother?

Remembrances from Kathy Neace
The first-born Granddaughter

Dad would always tell me that Grandmother named me. She didn't like the name that my parents had picked and thought that her first granddaughter should have a more feminine name. So I knew that from day one I was a part of Grandmother's family.

Whenever I visited her, Grandmother expressed how happy she was to see me and made me feel connected and that I belonged. First thing she always showed me when I arrived at her place were the new pictures from the family. It was her way of making sure her family kept connected. Those picture albums gave her bragging rights to anyone who would look at them. She cared about each and every one of her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren and was always ready to talk to anyone about her special family.

She had a special interest in everyone who visited. Whether it was the employees at the home or the visiting members of her church, she always showed she cared about people and their concerns.

I think the first time I really realized that I had a special grandmother was hearing about Grandpa and Grandma traveling about the country in that little trailer. Meeting new people and experiencing what life in different parts of the United States was like was a special benefit of traveling. I loved hearing the stories Grandma told me about their travels, what places she liked to see and places where she wouldn't go back.

My cousins, Danielle and Cindy, and I spent many hours at the farm playing in the trailer. It was always fun imagining going to different places and seeing various parts of the country. That is until my boy cousins thought it would be fun to rock the trailer and then we screamed and hollered for our mothers.

Because of the time I was able to spend with her, I learned a lot about how I should live. She taught me courage. Her defiance toward the separation of men and women at church showed independence. She thought that women and children should not be sitting segregated from the men during church service. Fathers also have the responsibilities to help with the children. It seems so natural to us today but it had to take courage to stand up against tradition. I think Grandmother was in her 70s when she climbed right into Dad's Cessna airplane to go to Steve's wedding in Nebraska.

It doesn't sound so brave unless you know that Dad just got his pilot's license two days before. Faith in one another overcomes many a fear.

Our many family gatherings were special events. The 50th and 60th anniversary party was a chance to see cousins we didn't get to see too often. The connection to others provides a sense of acceptance, guidance and yes, peace, with who we are. It taught me that without family, we have nothing. She was always ready to go anywhere if that meant being with family. For a woman of 89 to jump on a plane alone and travel across the country to go to her great grandson's graduation at Annapolis, showed her courage and fortitude. She believed in her family and wanted to share in their lives.

She taught me to respect myself. Women had a right to their opinions. Maybe I didn't always agree with her but she taught me that I had a right to express my thoughts and feelings.

She taught me to never give up. The last time I saw her, five weeks before she died, she was so proud to tell me that she wanted to walk to the dinner table. Her poor body had almost had enough but Grandmother's spirit hadn't. Even the simple things can matter in how we live our lives.

The winters I spent in Arizona were like a special gift because I spent time with my special grandmother. We talked and giggled and walked. She loved to walk. We checked out all of the home developments in the Sun City area. We went through the models and even some of the newly constructed houses. We picked out which ones we would recommend if only someone would have asked us. We did every-day things like get prescriptions, pick up some groceries, check out stores – just ordinary things but shared time with each other. We always, always went to church on Sunday. She always wanted to sit in a certain spot because she could hear better from that pew.

She was 97 when I took her to a doctor's appointment. The doctor was concerned about her balance while she was standing or walking, so he told her she should be using a cane. Grandmother looked him right in the eye and stated she was not old enough to be using a cane. After the initial surprise and a quick look at the medical records (I presume to check her age), he laughed and asked her to do it as a favor to him. Whenever I took her to her hair appointments, everyone knew her and always had a warm welcome for Grandmother.

Most importantly, no matter where we talked or met, she always showed her love. She ended the conversation or the time together by saying, "You know Grandma loves you." You know Grandma, we love you, too. **Your first-born Granddaughter, Kathy.**

Remembrances from Kate Herse
Wife of grandson Gary Herse

The first time I ever spoke to Marjorie, I was struck by how warm and genuine she was with me. I mentioned it to Gary and he told me that was how she always was – that when she was speaking to you, even if there were lots of people around, it felt like you were the only person in the room with her. That's a very rare quality in a person. I'll never forget that about her.

Kate (Pictured on next page with husband Gary)

Remembrances from Gary Herse
Grandson



I remember...

1. Going to the farm during the summer and at holidays and sleeping on the floor with my cousins, Grandma always making me feel special, even though now I realize how busy she was preparing meals and taking care of guests
2. Gathering eggs, still warm to the touch
3. Homemade bread, jam, pies, canned goods from the root cellar
4. Running wild, chasing the livestock, playing games in the barn
5. Having corncob fights with the cousins
6. Grandma making everyone feel like the center of attention
7. Grandma working hard, but always being positive and fun, never making me feel in the way or like an imposition
8. Eating in the kitchen with the kids, with the grownups in the other room
9. Pheasant hunting on the farm and in the nearby fields
10. Card games at the kitchen table

...and how it all felt so carefree and safe for us kids, thanks to a loving and caring grandmother.

Gary

Grandma Munter wearing her 100th birthday hat at "Chevy's Mexican Restaurant" in Arrow Head Mall, Peoria, AZ. Our family enjoyed a pleasurable evening as we anticipated the next day's big celebration to be held at Grandma's church, American Lutheran, in Sun City. That "big celebration" would end with a another party at an Italian restaurant. It was a magical time to celebrate with almost a hundred family members.



Can you believe this woman is 100!

Remembrances from Granddaughter
Nancy Munter

Some of my first memories were when Mom, Dad and Kathy traveled to Europe in the summer of 1968. While they were in Europe, Sue and I stayed with Elmer and Harriet and spent time with Grandma and Grandpa, who lived only a short distance away. I don't remember the farm but I remember picking strawberries and helping Grandma with her garden in Laurel.



Christmas of 1977 was special. Dad, Sue and I went to Sun City to have Christmas with Grandma and Grandpa. It was nice to go out of their house on Christmas Day wearing shorts and picking grapefruit from their tree. Cindy and Fred came to Sun City and joined us for New Year's. It was nice to spend time with all of them.

Christmas of 1991. Grandma came to Dad's condo in Scottsdale to spend Christmas with Sue, Jim, Jack, Dan and me. Grandma was a trooper. She went to the Phoenix airport with Dad (Duane) three times in one day to pick us kids up from our flights. If that weren't enough, Dad, Grandma and I even walked through the Phoenix Zoo to see the Christmas lights before going for the third trip to the airport to pick up Sue and Jim. She was always the first one up and last one to bed

I wasn't a good letter writer, but I always remembered sending cards for special occasions. Grandma always remembered who she did or didn't get a card or a letter from on her birthday or anniversary or Christmas. Card or not, Grandma loved everyone the same either way.

I always send Grandparents' Day cards out. I received a letter from Grandma with a picture of them on their 66th Anniversary. She wrote, "You are the only one that send us a Grandparents' Day card so here is a picture of us on our anniversary." I framed the picture and it is still out on my shelf in the office.

You might think a Birthday is just when you are another year older. **But it was always special to get my birthday card from Grandma.** I missed receiving one of these special cards the last two years. I knew the 100 years was at last catching up with Grandma. I deeply miss her.

Nancy.

Remembrances from first-born Grandson
Mike Munter

The Early Years

I was born in April of 1943 and Grandmother was 40 years old. Her youngest son was about 4-1/2 years older than me. His name was Jim but my Mother called him "Jimmy" until the day she died. My earliest recollections of my grandparents were when we visited them on their farm southwest of Coleridge. I lived in a small house in Randolph from about 1946 to the spring of 1948. I enjoyed the farm so much, and I loved to be around Jim. I remember Grandma wearing a big straw hat when she gardened. She would weed and pick peas and beans and whatever else she needed for the next meal. There was a large crab apple tree planted in the garden that Jim and I would play under while she tended her gardening. It seems like all farmers had large gardens. Later in the evening when Grandpa would come in from the field, he would help her weed and pick. She always had a big smile for me and I remember she would fix me jelly sandwiches. Grapes grew along a fence on the south side of the garden and the flies would always swarm around the grape clusters. I don't ever remember her picking any grapes for the table, they were for jelly.



Mike and Grandma share a private moment of love, holding hands

In 1947 Grandma and Grandpa remodeled their kitchen. They bought a new refrigerator, stove and all new cupboards. The refrigerator came in a cardboard box which Jim made into a play house with real curtains and holes cut for windows. He and I would play in there for hours. I always wished I could have a play house like that but Mom explained that it was a refrigerator box, and they would not be making that purchase.

So I was surprised one day to find that Grandma and Grandpa had brought the "little beauty" to my house in Randolph for me to play in, as Jim was finished with it. Dad put it into an old shed in back of the house we lived in. I thought what fun I would have with it! But I found out there was little fun to be had with it unless Jim was with me. I invited some of my playmates down the street to play with me but they were older and they made fun of it and of me for playing in a girl's play house with curtains!

I can still see Grandma canning vegetables in the wash house, making jelly and cooking delicious omelets for breakfast. She gathered the eggs, but other than that I don't recall her doing much with the animals in the way of chores. Her jobs around the house and yard kept her busy.

I remember Grandpa plowing north of the grove with horses, even though he owned a 1929 Model D John Deer tractor on steel wheels with big steel lugs that prevented the wheels from slipping. Dad asked Grandpa why he was using horses and his reply was the he only used the tractor for plowing alfalfa and hard soil. Little did I know that I was getting in on the tail end of agriculture as it was practiced for hundreds of years and that a revolution was just about to occur. In a few years most of the work horses did would end, and tractors would be the rule.

A Proud Day For Me

I was in the first grade at Green Valley District #91 and my school prepared a Christmas pageant. We practiced our parts and we invite our parents and relatives to come see us perform. As I recall, I invited Grandma and Grandpa. I don't recall Grandpa being there but Grandma came along with my parents. I was so happy to see her because I thought I was doing something that was really special and entertaining. A couple of others in my class sang "A Bicycle Built for Two" and acted out the parts of riding a bicycle. It is interesting how adult encouragement from those close to you can influence a person for the rest of their life. I still enjoy getting on stage and performing. I guess the opposite is also true – if parents discourage their kids, they don't get to develop their talents, but here I go getting philosophical. My point is that this was never the case for Grandma. **She was always interested in what her kids and grandkids were doing and she never failed to support and encourage us.**

The New Car

In 1950, I was seven years old and living on a farm that was only four miles from my grandparents' farm. One evening Grandpa and Grandma came up the lane to our house in a brand new red and white Pontiac Chieftain hard-top convertible with a straight 8 engine and an automatic transmission. It was a beauty! I remember how proud they both were of their new car. Jim was beaming from ear to ear. After some small talk, Grandpa said, "Lets take her for a spin". We went down the road to Wareham corner and across a rickety old wooden-plank bridge that was rough. Grandma said, "Bob, slow down!" Not many people were getting new cars at the time, but that was about to change as prosperity was coming to Cedar County. Grandpa thought he turned a hard bargain and got the best out of the deal. Grandpa and Grandma, along with everyone else, had just gone through the Depression and their spending habits, acquired during those hard years, would not fade away quickly. Grandpa would always try to buy things by bargaining. He got quite a kick out of working the price down. (There are signs in the family that this trait has been passed down a generation or two. Now you know who to blame it on!)

A lot of women in Grandma's generation never learned to drive a car. Grandma was not one of them. She preferred not to drive if Grandpa was with her, but I remember her driving to town many times by herself to "trade" (as they referred to shopping).

Family Gatherings For Holidays

Most major holidays like Thanksgiving, Christmas and the 4th of July, were spent on the farm. as the family grew, with everyone having more and more kids, there were fewer of Grandma's children that could come home to the farm. In the early days it seemed like every one of the

children and their spouses came home. Since my family lived only a short distance from the home place, I got to attend every holiday.

As was the custom on the holidays, before dinner all the men would gather in the basement for a little "nip". Jim and I would always attend this "males only" ritual. I never did understand why we went to the basement and pretended it was a secret from all the women upstairs. They knew very well what was going on! Grandpa would say something like, "Let's go to the basement" or some such code words. All the men knew immediately what that meant and wasted no time in scurrying down to the not so comfortable basement with its concrete walls. Grandpa never liked to drink around women and children. I think that was the norm for his generation.

I was the oldest grandchild by about four years, so Jim and I would do our thing while Tom, Ronnie, Rick, Larry and Gary did their thing -- like shooting the boars (male hogs) with the bows and arrows they got for Christmas. It seems if they aimed just right, they could hit that delicate part of the boars' bodies and make them squeal! They learned that Grandpa could give a good scolding and his voice could be stern! Of course Jim and I did a better job of hiding our mischief.

Kathy was the oldest granddaughter and had to fend for herself. The next tier of grandkids had their own pairing. Cindy and Danielle played together, and the two Steves, Jack, and Kenny, along with Mark Herse, fit in somewhere. When Jim and Barbara's kids came along, the other cousins were all well on their way to young adulthood, so David and Ellen got ample attention from all their cousins. Perhaps even spoiled? (*co-Editor Ellen says, "Not!"*)

Grandma started cooking the meals early in the morning. Most of the food was fixed from raw ingredients, not out of the box like food today. She would sift the flour, and in the early days it was Jim's job to churn the butter in Daisy butter churn. There was a large dining room table with several leaves that would expand to seat about 10-15 people. All the adults ate at this "big" table. The kids ate in the kitchen at two other tables. When Jim got a little older he got to sit at the "big" table and I had to sit in the kitchen with the little kids. That lasted for a year or two, then I got to go to the dining room with the adults. I felt like I had grown-up!

One Thanksgiving in 1960 or '61 Russia had missiles in Cuba and the US was blockading Russian ships from sailing to Cuba. We were extremely fearful of nuclear war with Russia and there was a lot of discussion at the "big" table about that crisis.

The Grand Clod Fight at the OK Corral (Cob House)

On one 4th of July when I was about nine or ten years old, my family arrived at Grandma and Grandpa's for the annual family get-together and fireworks shoot. Duane, Dick, Merle and Bob were throwing clods through an open-roof door of the "cob house". I found out they had Jim cornered and were lobbing clods at him when he would appear and throw cobs back at them. Being close buddies, I would normally have defended him in what ever predicament he was in. This time, however, I weighed the fun against the duty and decided the fun of showing off my athletic ability to whiz clods through that open-roof door, trying to hit a moving target, was just too much to pass up. Jim would holler from deep inside that Grandpa would be angry if he knew the clods were breaking the storm windows stored there. I figured if my uncles were still throwing, it would be OK for me, and I didn't hear too much glass breaking. That continued for a while until Grandpa stopped the fun!

When Jim came out of the cob house he had dirt in his hair and all over his clothes from all the clods that pulverized as they hit something solid. He was also really mad! He was angry at me for throwing clods at him and told me he was disappointed that I entered on the wrong side of the fray. He also had some choice words for his brothers-in-law, but saved the harshest treatment for me. Jim wouldn't speak to me for almost the whole evening. I looked up to Jim as a big brother and I felt I had betrayed a friendship. I felt quite low, however I never let Jim know that. He got over it and much to my relief, our relationship recovered.

(Editor's note: it is a good thing you repented Mike, because as editor, my chance to get even...has arrived at last! ☺)

The Great Doodlebug Adventures

When Jim was 13 years old, Grandpa bought him a used Cushman Doodlebug from Fred Thies' farm sale. Jim had all sorts of issues with the little scooter. It would quit running if you got too far from home – the drive belt would come off or the gas would vapor lock. In spite of this, Jim and I took an eight mile trip to Coleridge one day, and I do mean ONE DAY! It seemed like I had to get off half-way up about every hill and walk the rest of the way because the Doodlebug didn't have the power or the clutch would slip and belt would start smelling like burnt rubber. It was a hot day and we stopped and asked a farmer for water when we reached Highway 15, still 3 ½ miles from Coleridge. Things went better on the hard surface of the highway. I don't even remember why we wanted to go to Coleridge in the first place. Probably Jim wanted to see if some girl was in town. Jim was getting to that age. The return trip was just the reverse. I walked the hills and I think the gas line vaporized a couple of times, but we made it home. The History Channel reviewed the Cushman scooters, and the Doodlebug Middle is now quite a collectors item!

Retirement and beyond

Grandma and Grandpa retired in 1958 or '59. They decided to travel and travel they did! They bought a 1958 Ford and pulled a Shasta trailer to Texas, Arizona, Colorado and other places. They continued to keep the farm as their home base for a few years, and at last sold it to a local farmer. They built a house in Laurel in 1964 about two blocks from where their son, Elmer, and his wife, Harriet, had moved two years prior. My work took me through the area about every three weeks and I would stay with my parents and walk up the street to see Grandpa and Grandma if they were home. They would ask my parents when I might be coming and always had a cold beer or two that Grandpa and I would share with a good visit. We often played the game "Aggravation."

As Grandpa aged, Grandma would get impatient with him, but there was a deep love and devotion between them that was there for all to see. I think they decided to move to Phoenix when Grandpa was about 80. My dad was worried for them, as no family member would be geographically close in case of illness. Jim's good friends, Palmer and Helen Freund, (and others) were kind to them and helped them settle. They lived happily and mostly illness free until close to end of their lives.

Mike Munter

Remembrances from Tom Munter
Grandson

Grandma Munter was certainly a fine person and great Grandma. How could someone remember all our names, faces, children's names, etc at 100 years? I have trouble with my kids' names!

Do you remember Grandma's omelets? They are still one of my favorites. I do not like those scrambled eggs with veggies they call omelets now.

I have fond memories of the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner get-to-gathers. The kids always ate in the kitchen and the adults in the dining room. I always hoped I would get old enough to eat in the dining room, but the farm was sold before that happened.

The field to the east of the house was a special place for us grandkids to play. It was so thoughtful of the neighbor to leave that wonderful pile of corn cobs. We would build forts and then start a corn cob fight. This would last until someone got hurt or Gary lost his glasses and then one of the aunts would make a peace treaty.



I especially remember one Christmas when Grandpa and Grandma gave all the boys bows and arrows. Since there were no targets, we had to find something to shoot. The arrows all had rubber suction-cup tips and being the intelligent boys that we were, we knew enough not to shoot at each other. So we found the next best thing: Grandpa's male hogs (boars). When one of us was lucky enough to hit one in the rear

end below the tail, the pig would squeal and take off running. (*Editor's note: hit em were it hurts, Tom!*) Somehow Grandpa must have had a suspicion, being it was so quiet and the aunts had not had to referee, so out he came to inspect. When he saw what we were doing, he put a quick stop to it. He explained very briefly that if we kept shooting his boars where we aiming, there would be no baby pigs. (*Editor's note: that was as close to a 'birds and bees' talk as Grandpa ever gave!*)

Grandpa and Grandma instilled the importance of God and family in their children and then, in turn, into us grandchildren. Karen and I have tried to instill those same values in our children and I hope they will do the same for theirs. If you have no family, you have no memories.

Tom Munter



Remembrances from Barbara Munter Daughter-in-law

As the young wife of her son, Jim, and an inexperienced mother of her two youngest grandchildren, Marjorie was always accepting and helpful – never critical. She was interested in everything the children did and always encouraged them in their life journey. Family was her number one priority.

The Lord blessed Marjorie with the gift and desire to teach and lead Bible studies. It gave her great joy to share the gospel with others.

The witness of her faith in Jesus will be my strongest memory of Marjorie, and for me her greatest legacy.



Sue and her daughter Becky

Remembrances from Sue Sweeney Granddaughter

My husband, Jim, and our daughter, Becky, don't have many memories of Grandma. Becky remembers picking the fruit off Grandma's trees in AZ. The 100th birthday was a very big deal for Becky. She told her classmates about it and they thought it was something that she knew someone 100 years old.

I remember helping Grandma in the garden. I still make some of her recipes. Of course, I can't drink ice water without thinking of how Grandma would never drink water with ice. I remember seeing Grandma with her hair down—once. I never thought of it being long because it was always in a French roll. She was always so beautiful. The fact that she used tissue paper when she packed her clothes made her quite gracious (royal). Much more ladylike than this granddaughter!

Remembrances from the youngest Grandchild--Ellen

I was having a really hard time coming up with something to write for this book. I have many memories of Grandma Munter, but they seemed small and insignificant. Then I read what y'all wrote (as associate editor) and I realized that it is exactly those little things which are most significant.

- ◆ Getting to check out more than the "two books at a time" limit at the library in Laurel because *my* grandma was on the library board. (And my grandma didn't want to have to make six trips to the library every day!)
- ◆ Having to wait 30 minutes after lunch to go swimming in the outdoor pool in Laurel. Those were always the longest 30 minutes of the day!
- ◆ Getting in the car at 12:30 a.m. on Christmas morning for the fun-filled 16 hour drive over the mountains and through the desert to Grandmother's house. And yes, Dad's 'shortcuts' became legendary.
- ◆ Getting to spend time every December in the warm Arizona sunshine, taking drives out in the desert, and being with my family.

As I look back on it now, I realize that the strongest and most significant memory of my grandmother was knowing my grandmother. So many of my friends didn't really have a sense of their family history, or know their grandparents, aunts and uncles, and cousins. Even as a young person, I knew that being part of a large, extended family and knowing them was special. And no matter what, every phone call, every card and every letter from Grandma ended the same: "Remember, Grandma loves you!" And that is the most significant memory of all. Ellen



Pastor Ellen Munter

Remembrances from Steve Freitag Grandson

My earliest memories are those of the farm. I remember the simple things that were so much fun; the rope swing in the barn, the game of marbles at night, watching the cows, and listening to the grown-ups yak. The ding-a-ling parties and marriage ceremonies are still vivid. The farm and the house in Laurel often hosted large family gatherings far larger than anything I've experienced elsewhere. While this meant the hard floor for my sleeping arrangements, it was a lesson in large families that shared, cared and loved



Lindsey, Steve, Susan and Bryan Freitag

being together. I believe these family gatherings were a result of and a tribute to Grandmother and Grandfather Munter's characteristics; fun (but with undeniable discipline), full of love, sharing and deep faith. Her same quite gentle hospitality and caring were still evident throughout her life, including her years in assisted living homes. **Grandmother, after your good works here may you now rest from your labors in the house of the Lord.**

Remembrances from Dan Truckenbrod
Great grandson



Snow in Arizona?

Blame it on our Northern Illinois address if you must, but for some reason a 19 year-old Dan Truckenbrod was not thrilled to trade a potential Northern "White Christmas" for the arid desert of AZ. You have to wonder how Great Grandma Munter (GGM) managed for me to see snow in Phoenix. After sun and swimming in the Orange Grove swimming pool one day, we had snowflakes (albeit short lived) two days later. I knew she was a master of prayer, but that experience took the cake. ☺ ☺ ☺

Wang Chung Wedding.

Another Ding-a-Ling wedding, Munter spirits were high, and I was determined to dance with GGM before the night was over. When I approached GGM seated at a guest table and asked her for the next dance, I was expecting another slow song just perfect for a Grandson/Great Grandmother dance. To my surprise, the disk jockey chose to play the 80's rock music song "Everybody Wang Chung Tonight." As I turned to GGM to let her know we would wait for the

next slow song, I discovered her sporting a great big smile with a spring in her step. She had no intention of disappointing a grandson, "No way, no how." We enjoyed our dance right then to that upbeat song without hesitation. What an amazing woman; she lived another 13 years mostly as spry and nimble as she proved on that dance

Canary Yellow Dress Shirt.

At GGM's 95th birthday dinner, I chose to wear a questionably fashionable dress shirt. She found a way to mention to me that she liked it. That bright yellow dress shirt of mine with a blue horse-mounted Polo insignia has yet to make a trip to the local Thrift Store. I might not wear it ever again, but it will always own a single hanger spot in my closet. Every time I look for a shirt to wear, I see that garment and am reminded of Great-Grandma, her intrigue and compliments of it at a party honoring her. I believe we could all use family memory catalysts like that placed strategically in our personal spaces.

No Fear.

GGM was always up for a drive or a chance to get out to see the goings-on. Never mind the type of vehicle into which she needed to sit. All she needed was the helping hand of one family member and maybe a step stool to climb into an oversized SUV. Fearless and trusting was she in the company of family or friends.

Strong, Proud Senior.

Grandma certainly did not want to be known as the "old one" of the group. She took great pride in telling stories of younger tenants at Desert Winds Assisted Living advising her on the difficulties awaiting her "when you get to be my age." Those weren't just stories either! I once observed as Clarice and Martha commiserated in the presence of GGM about the pains of wheelchair-bound lack of mobility. Grandma was nearly 20 years Martha's senior, but never let on to the fact. Instead, she insisted on maintaining the strength to walk. When she did suffer a physical setback, she remained determined to gradually increase in stamina by regularly challenging me to five laps around the "track" (the indoor second story at Desert Winds).

Model Home Tours.

A booming neighborhood growth on the outskirts of Phoenix reached the once relative isolation of Orange Grove Retirement community. Concurrent with this expansion arose a multitude of model homes available for viewing. My Mother Kathy told me how she enjoyed making it a regular event to take in a few homes each outing with GGM. When I considered my approaching first home purchase, I found a desire to research my "dream home" while taking GGM with me for some advise. As we toured the mostly two-story homes, mobility realities proved that GGM could only enjoy the lower half of the homes, and she surely would never intended to live in a single family home again. Knowing her time on this earth was limited, she was none-the-less willing to spend it pleasing her flesh and blood - a quality I desire to **emulate**. This lesson she taught to me without a single word spoken, and I will endeavor to retain it for us now through my golden years. Peace will certainly be with me if her values are reflected in 1/3 of my actions.

Lived to Please the Children.

An intense aim to please the children in her life was forever evident. Within the first minute she and my daughter Hannah met, GGM had complimented her as a pretty little girl, offered pieces from her candy plate, and mentioned the lone stuffed animal available for 6-year-old entertainment. Later, she was sure to introduce her to the crowd-pleasing live turtle serving as the home mascot in the courtyard. No wonder kids love GGM.

Thank you Grandma.

I was fortunate enough to live very close to GGM for three years. I will forever cherish the opportunity to hear her stories and will remember her always – as least as often as each time I look for a shirt to wear in my closet. I can only recall three places Great Grandma Munter physically lived, but in reviewing how she touched my life, I now count her 4th place as dwelling within the hearts of each and every one of her family members and friends.

Remembrances from Sheila Munter
Daughter-in-law
Wife of Duane Munter (sorry, no picture in my file)

I first met Robert and Marjorie Munter of Laurel, Nebraska, when I met Duane. Therefore, their last 20-30 years are the only times familiar to me. During the seventies when senior citizens were unique and Aarp was often confused with a musical instrument, "Bob and Margie" were excited about their convenient, relaxed, urban years at Del Webb's Sun City, Arizona. With their personal dedication, ever-present energy, and whole-hearted faith, they bought a small, beautifully landscaped home, complete with private, decorative rock backyard filled with exotic palms, aged cactus, rose bougainvillea, and one custom-woven pink and yellow hammock chair with an invisible sign "HIS." This was modern maturity amid the American dream!

Together they shared memories of their long days and nights of dedicated work on the farm; the good years and the dust bowl years when wind and dust buried homes and families. Also the depression, which did not defeat them: their children and grandchildren, their accomplishments and fear during many war years. They smiled as they recalled the one room school in the country and the local banker in Belden. Most of all, Sunday mornings were predictable. The family went to church; rain or shine, sick or well, good times or bad; "The Folks" and family all took time to remember their maker: thanking God from whom all blessings flow. Their dedication to farm, family and faith was clearly demonstrated as they set goals for their days, weeks, and years. And, those same characteristics are clearly demonstrated by the lives of all their children.

Also in their late years, they enjoyed their expanded family with children and grandchildren. They loved writing letters and receiving letters that introduced them to new areas of the U.S. and new careers. They also continued to travel, especially in the Southwest, although they enjoyed Florida and New England as well. Both were avid readers of current events and history. Your grandfather continued to read even as he struggled with eyesight problems. Margie read to him or borrowed books on tape from the library for him. With strength and quiet dignity, he accepted Margie as his guide, even as he continued his arts and crafts and photography. Each day they ate healthy, natural foods, walked nearly a mile each morning and evening to help them stay fit! They both enjoyed their travel to the Holy Land and attending local social activities at their church in Sun City.

After Bob passed, or as he would say: "he left the holding pen for heaven," Margie chose to live in an apartment and enjoy the benefits of assisted living. Little did she know that women as energetic, resourceful and healthy as she was, seldom received assistance. She found her way to new friends, a new neighborhood, new grandchildren and new travels. She wrote letters and cards to friends and family: read books and newspapers daily and kept up her daily walks. She longed to join any adventure, whether it was a new restaurant in Scottsdale or a trip down the Pacific coast highway or a trek to the Rockies. She was always ready to go. She loved all areas of Arizona: she seemed to be their own Chamber of Commerce. Nothing could have pleased her more than to sit on the rim of the Grand Canyon and chat with Georgia O'Keefe, a woman artist of her own time, a pathfinder, too. For them, the Grand Canyon is heavens' cathedral filled with beauty, power, and Awe!

In such moments of contemplation, Marjorie revitalized her body, mind and spirit. One day during a visit to Sycamore, she told me that she silently went to her room each morning and each afternoon for 15-20 minutes of prayer. She closed her eyes, recited prayers and thought about God and his universe. After her prayers, she returned to activities at hand. I have often recalled her example of concentration, contemplation, and dedication, which inevitably contributed to her health and well-being for over 100 years. She was certainly the most outstanding woman of the twentieth century whom I have known. She was surely God's gift to us.

Remembrances from Ken Freitag
Grandson

The two items I remember most as a very young boy were the barn on the farm and the trips to the Black Hills. The barn was a large, dark, and mysterious place with lots of nooks, crannies, strange critters, and best of all, a ladder to climb to get to the hay loft. The loft was especially good because

it had straw bales in it and ropes to swing on and jump into the bales. A great place for a small boy brimming with energy.

The trips to the Black Hills were exciting too. Grandpa pulled a small trailer that we slept in. He made the driving exciting because we were either on a very small road going into a tight tunnel and Grandpa "sure hoped no one was coming the other way" or else he seemed to be perpetually low on gas and frequently used the "farmer's overdrive" i.e. push in the clutch and turn off the engine going downhill and coast as far uphill as possible to conserve on gas. Yes, that was back in the days before power steering. I remember going to the educational spots (Mount Rushmore etc) as well as the places that really interested a small boy, Wall Drug, the Reptile Gardens and assorted cowboy and Indian roadside attractions. The rock shops were also really cool.



Ken and Carol Freitag

Remembrances from Scott Baker
Great grandson



Craig and Emily Hardin, Marcia and Scott Baker

Faith and love of family. These are two of the things I will remember most about my great-grandmother.

I remember how she read her Bible on a daily basis, and her commitment to her faith is something I will always admire. I truly think her faith is the reason she lived such a long and prosperous life, because I know she continually depended on God to help her through everything she faced. The example she set will stay with me forever.


Her love of family was evident more than ever at her 100th birthday celebration. I was amazed to see an entire room full of people, who were all members of her family, gathered together to celebrate

her wonderful life! This was my chance to introduce her to my fiancé, Marcia. I was struck by the fact that she remembered by name everyone in attendance that day. Her zest for life was very apparent as she enjoyed the party and church service afterwards. This was the last time I got to see my great-grandmother, and I treasure the memory.

I love you great-grandma...

Remembrances from Bev and Richard Isaacson
Marjorie's niece

The time was Feb. 1998. Dick and I had attended a Bayne reunion in Phoenix, AZ. We were pulling a travel trailer behind a Chevy pickup truck. During a weeks stay in that area, we spent some private time with Aunt Marjorie. She told me that she helped deliver me. She also told us that she remembered clearly when women got the right to vote. She said this with such determination, I could almost see her marching for this right.



In her second floor walkup she talked about her upcoming 95th birthday and explained that her party would not be at her residence because they thought she would be 85, and that it was nobody's business there to know any differently.

Aunt Marjorie then climbed into our pickup and showed us the pretty sites in her area. She took us to a park where we walked around. It was quite a kick for to see her getting in and out of the pickup and giving directions.

Dick and I feel very fortunate that we are able to have these memories of Aunt Marjorie.



Beverly Isaacson and her brother Gordon Bayne

The birth record of one family that I have been investigating is worth mentioning and which I call the "Guthrie-Hartman" family.

Debra H. Nantz, PhD

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[REDACTED] (C) [REDACTED] Classy Room Manager; Email: [REDACTED]; jgm77@yahoo.com

[REDACTED] of [REDACTED] Municipal Monitor, July 6, 1978

[REDACTED] R [REDACTED] M [REDACTED] N [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] M [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Name: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

_____ Reply by _____

Confidentiality Agreement

**Appendix: A few Family Pictures to bring a smile, and
to remember.**



Herriot Munter (Elmer's wife)



Michael, Mike, Mary and Ryan



Elmer Munter



Karen and Tom Munter

One of the only pictures I have of
Elmer in later years.



Darrah (Michael's wife), Jeremy (Tom's son), Kelly (Jeremy's wife), Michael (Mike and Mary's son) Baby Matthew (Jessica Hendricksen's son) Jessica Hendricksen, and Joshua (Tom's son), *Tom Hendricksen*



Duane Munter



Kathy, Dan Truckenbrod

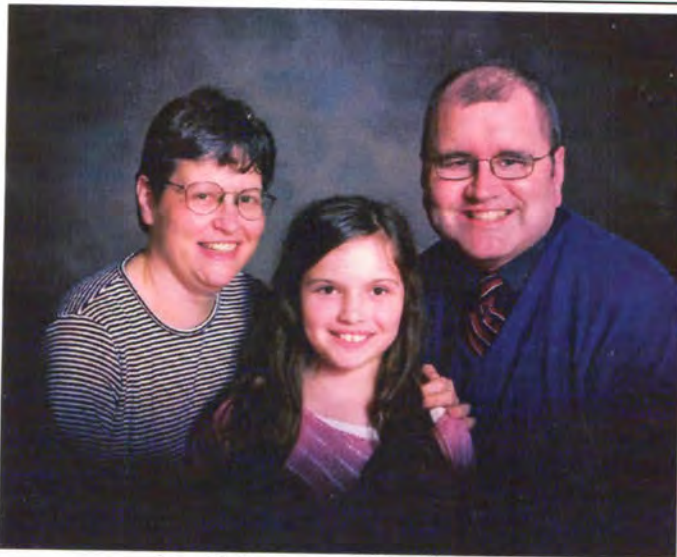


Top: Duane, Kathy, Jack,
Bottom: Nancy, Evelyn, Ron, and Susan

The only picture I have that includes Evelyn.



Back: Jim Sweeney, Dan Truckenbrod, Kathy Neace, Mark, Ron, Jack, Traci,
Bottom: Becky, Sue Sweeney, Grandma, and Nancy



Sue, Rebecca, and Jim Sweeney



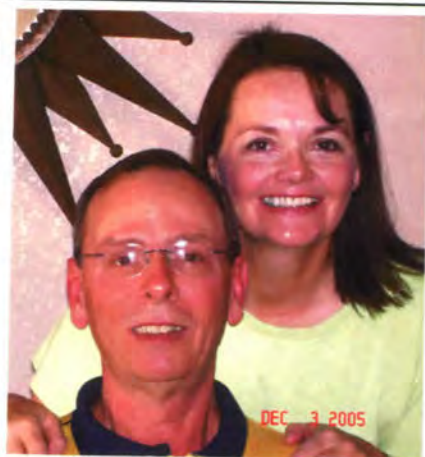
Bob and Avis Anderson



Back: Scott, Nicole, Cory, Michel,
Bottom: Kent, Danielle, Shannon, and Cade



Back: Bob, June, Nicole and Cory Storer, Avis, Danielle
Mauser, Bottom: Larry Anderson and Grandma



Steve and June Anderson

Lang



Back: Joshua and Jake
Bottom: Dianne and Steve



Iris and Dick Herse



Jenna, Mark, Kelle, John and Jessica



Nate, Sarah, Kate and Gary Herse



Kathy Neace has the honor of cutting
The 100th birthday cake.



The thinkers... Gary and Cindi Herse *Baker*



Ken and Grandma have a serious talk



Carol, Ken, Merle, Arlene Freitag



Arlene Freitag and her "Red Hat" club outfit. Grandma's 102nd birthday.



Ken Freitag and Fred Baker at the 100th



Grandma, the pool shark



Barbara, Jim, Debbie, David, Ellen Munter



Marjorie's lovely home at Desert Winds

The four us with Mom on her 102nd birthday. Arlene always invited us for lunch so Grandma could come and listen to our conversations. I don't know how much she could hear, but she loved to be with the family. By this time she would consent to taking a nap. Otherwise she would say, "I can sleep after you kids have gone home."





Grandma was so blessed to have a loving nurse like Deila to care for her. Deila was a Hungarian immigrant who owned this home.



Dan Truckenbrod dancing with Grandma
(see story above)



Four Generations: Avis Danielle, Nicole, G-ma



Pastor Jim Munter and Pastor Ellen Munter
at the "country church on a Minn. hillside. Ellen
serves a two point parish with the larger church
located in Porter, Minn.