



Top row, l to r—Guy Mills, Floyd Clark, Paul Filer, Guy Knapp
Bottom row l to r Bert Van Der Las, George Knapp, Daniel Carpenter, Fred Knapp

March 12, 2007

Dear Vopal,

Well I am still working with photos, hope to get all Wylone's in Albums this week, least it keeps me busy and "off the streets"!

I have been going thru so many that I don't know or remember which I sent to who, got some cousins that are interested in family History fact Arthur Carpenter who lives in Wayne Michigan is so into it ----that he takes trips to New York and did find our great, great, great grandfathers stone in the cemetery. Christopher Carpenter killed in 18 44----that was Grandma Ganoung's great grand father and she wrote in her Diary of 1877 that 30 years ago Grandpa was killed. So that date must be correct. William Carpenter lived in Waterloo for a long time and he was w Grandma Ganoung's first cousin, and also Grandma Carpenter "s first cousin. His ^{great} grand daughter is all excited she was just accepted into the Mayflower Society so Arthur said it is ~~not~~ ^{now} official our line goes back to John Alden thru the Whitmore's. It is now thought that the Carpenter's had a different surname for his parents cannot be found at all, lots of Carpenter's he



Carl Mather drew -



Mr & Mrs James Henry Carpenter - Parkersburg 18 (?)

H. C. Cruise Jones, Cornelius Smith, 4 boys Lark, John DeVries - Bob Sherwood, J. J. Daly
Stanley Bird, Will Jones, Daniel Carpenter - Henry Cordes - Will Lahr





Parkersburg School ——— ~~by~~ my father Daniel Henry Carpenter (arrow) ^{by} age who was born in 1875 it must be around 1883 or 84

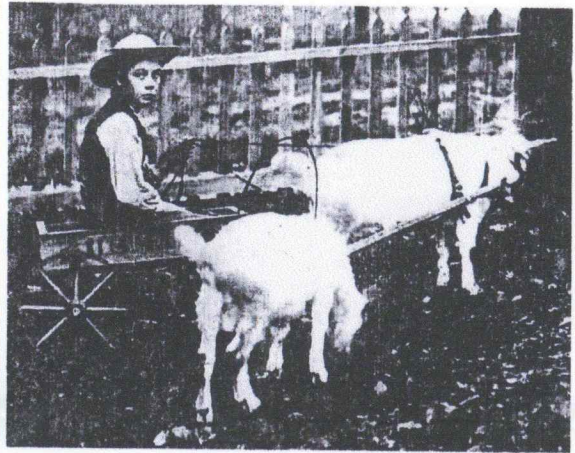
Parkersburg Football Team



Top row - l to R - Tom Strickler - Daniel Carpenter - Rev Stanford, Paul Filer, Morse Kemmer
 Second Row l - R - Floyd Clark - Bert VonderLas - Wap Codner, Fred Knapp - Walt Jensen
 Bottom row - Ras. Worman ~~think Worman~~ → Mrs. Knapp



Daniel Christopher his daughter Lucelia
at Parkersburg.



Daniel Henry Carpenter at Parkersburg

Page 4 of 4



Philip and Arvilla Wemple. Parkersburg, MO. I don't know for s
who kids are.

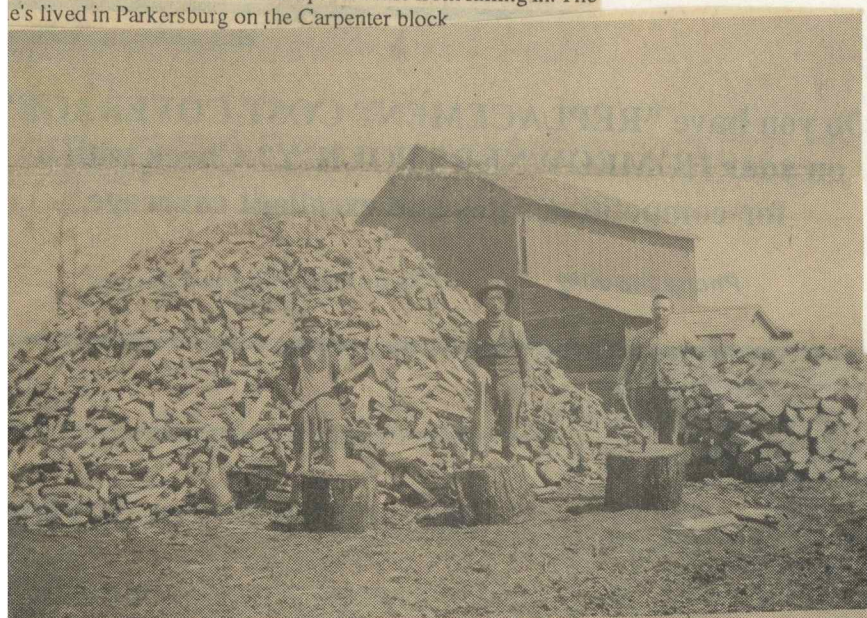


Glad & Mother Wemple
Oklahoma 1912



These pictures show Stewart Bennett (the taller man with the big hat), James Carpenter (the man on the right), and an unidentified man chopping and stacking wood for winter at the James Carpenter home in 1897.

Aura Wemple, when she was about 2 years old. One day she wandered down to the river without her parent's knowing and this dog came between her and the river to keep Aura safe from falling in. The family lived in Parkersburg on the Carpenter block.



This is the Albion country schoolhouse in 1899 in rural Parkersburg. It is where David Carpenter started school in 1879. See the dog by the door? His name is "Coalie!"

Philip Wemple Dead.

Last Thursday afternoon death came to claim one of the pioneer settlers of Parkersburg, Philip Wemple. He has been in poor health for a number of years, being confined to his home the greater portion of the time for over a year. He has been a great sufferer and his death has been expected at any time for many months. Last winter he was very low with heart trouble but as the spring came on he seemed to get a new lease of life and was able to be about the yard at times. He was taken much worse last week Tuesday and from that time failed gradually. *Nov 16 - 1906*

Philip Wemple was born in Schuylers, Herkimer county, New York, Dec. 27, 1831. When he was two years old his parents moved to Lee, Oneida county, and four years later to Elbridge, Onondaga county. Here he lived until 1846 when he was in his 16th year, his parents emigrated to Rock county, Wisconsin. When he became of age he was married to Lucy F. Carter Pickett. Immediately after his marriage he moved to Bristol, Dane county, Wisconsin, where he lived two years. In 1854 he caught the western fever and moved by ox team to Butler county, Iowa. At this time the railroad had only reached Rockford, Illinois, and this section was absolutely new, lacking in physical comforts, the nearest neighbors miles distant, and teaming had to be done at long distances. Three children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Wemple, two of whom are dead, the third, a daughter, is living, being the wife of Wm. Parker, of Oklahoma City, Okla. His first wife died October 13, 1886. He was married again to Arvilla Carpenter, on Dec. 4, 1887. This union has been blessed with three daughters, all of whom are living and with the mother are left to mourn the loss of a good husband and father. Mr. Wemple was a veteran of the Civil War, having enlisted in October, 1861. He served through the entire war with distinction and was discharged June 22, 1865. He has always been active in Grand Army work and has been commander of the local post a number of years.

The deceased was 75 years of age, fifty years of this time being spent in Butler county, in Parkersburg and vicinity. He endured the hardships and privations which fell to the lot of the pioneer settler and lived long enough to witness the marvelous growth of this western country. He was a good neighbor and friend and the entire community regretted to learn of his death.

The funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon from the English Baptist church, Rev. Wood of New Hartford having charge of the burial services. The Grand Army Post attended the funeral in a body and laid the remains of their comrade to rest in Beautiful Oak Hill with the impressive burial services of the order.

He is at rest, but above his grave on every decoration day will wave the flag of his country and upon his

grave will be scattered the beautiful garlands of nature at the hands of a grateful people, who thus remember the deeds of the nation's heroes. Peace be to his ashes.

Philip Wemple



Aura's Page



*Aura Wemple as a young lady.
She married Carl C. Crause.
Their children are Eva, Philip,
Carl Jr., Robert and Bonny.*



A DOG HERO

This is Aura Ellen Wemple, age 1½ years and the family dog, Shep. The story told by Arvilla Wemple, her mother, goes this way:

"We folks were so busy visiting and no one was mothering the baby who had just learned to walk quite well, and she must have slipped away followed by old Shep. When we were aware she was missing we all called and searched but to no avail. The whole town was notified and the country side was searched. Finally down by the creek, quite a way from the house some men found baby laying on the bank opposite from home, soaking wet with the wet dog Shep standing over her growling and attacking any man who came close. They even used sticks to drive the dog away, but he would not let anyone touch Aura.

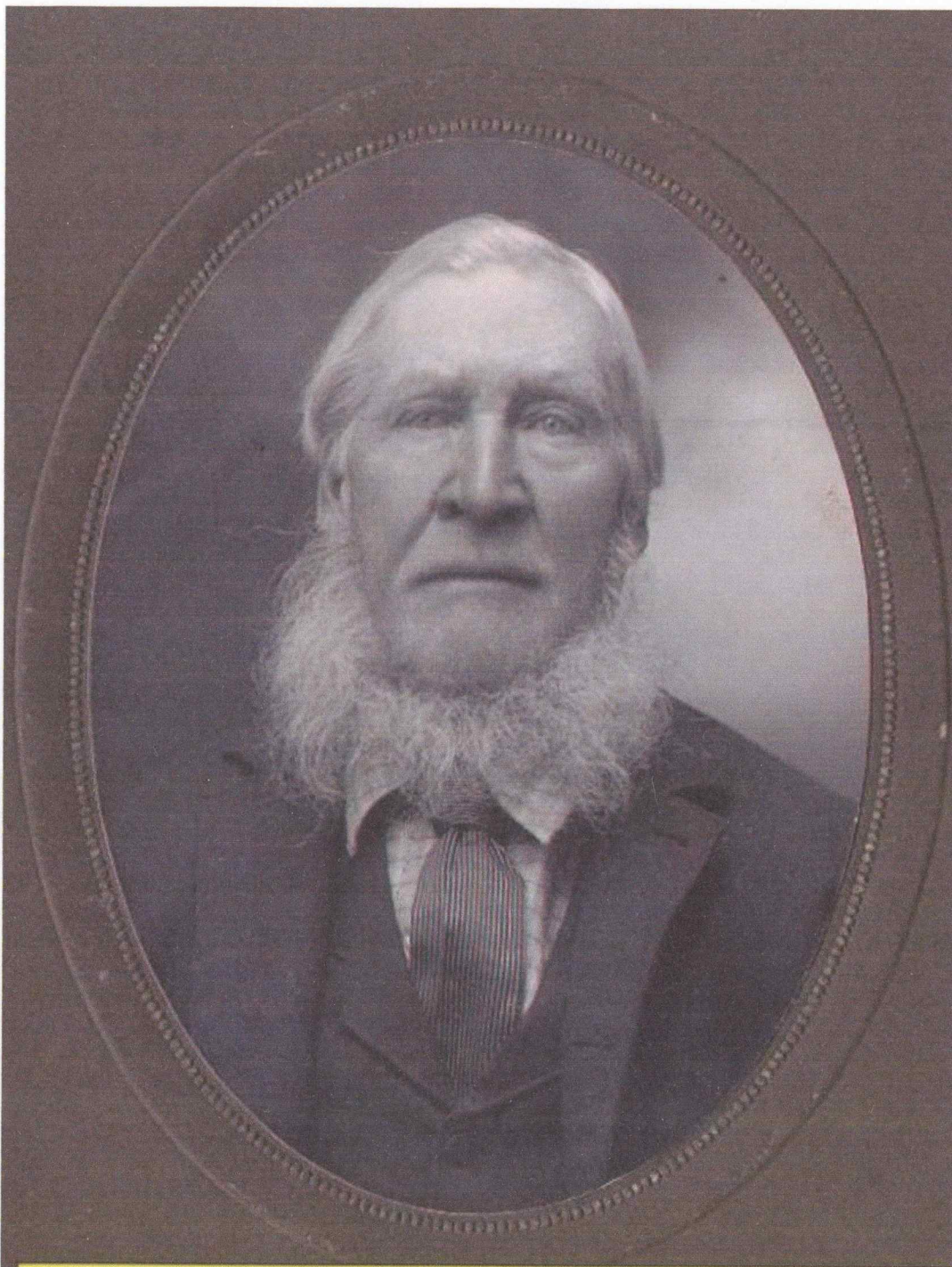
Then when we came he grudgingly gave up, he knew his vigil was over but he was still excited for a long time."

For saving the baby from drowning he was praised and this studio picture was taken to help remember a faithful dog hero.

Arvilla Carpenter Wemple was dad's mother's sister.



Parkersburg Crowd—Top Row from left—Guy Mills, Floyd Clark,
 Paul Filer, Guy Knapp,
 Bottom row from left—Bert Van der Las, George Knapp,
 Daniel Carpenter, Fred Knapp.



**Dan Carpenter. (Great Grandfather
of Jim Parker.) His wife was Eliza
Mason.**

*Grandfather of Daniel Henry Carpenter
Great grandfather of Altha
Great great Grandpa of Kylene*

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT A FAMILY, NAMELY "MY FAMILY" IT IS A FAMILY WHO LIKE ALL OTHER FAMILY'S WAS NOT PERFECT.

SOME OF US LACKED MUCH IN THE ART OF REFINEMENT, AND OUR GRAMMAR WAS NOT THE KING'S ENGLISH.

OUR WAYS WERE NOT GENERALLY THE WAY'S OF THE WORLD. WE WERE RICH BUT IN WAY'S THAT MANY COULD NOT INVISION.

I HAVE NEVER GONE TO BED HUNGRY, BUT I HAVE GONE TO BED WHEN ALL THAT WAS IN THE HOUSE AND ALL WE COULD AFFORD WAS BREAD AND MILK.

I SIT TONIGHT WITH MY COUFFERS'S FILLED SO THAT I LACK FOR NOTHING NOR DO I WANT. THE STEAK AND WATERMELON THAT WAS DESERT IN WINTER WAS DELICIOUS AND TAKEN FOR GRANTED. YET IF IT WAS GRANTED ME I WOULD TRADE IT ALL TO GO BACK IN TIME AND SMELL THE FRESH BAKED BREAD AS I CAME IN FROM EVENING CHORES ON THE FARM CARRYING THE PAIL OF WARM FRESH MILK WHICH WOULD BE OUR SUPPER.

THE LOVE AROUND THAT OLD WOOD STOVE BURNING BRIGHT WITH THE CORN COBS MY GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER AND I GLEANED FROM THE HOG AND CHICKEN YARDS, WILL BE REMEMBERED AND CHERISHED ALWAYS.

IN THIS WORLD I WAS SAFE AND WARM AND LOVED. THE STARS WERE SO BRIGHT ON MOON-LIT NIGHTS AND EVEN HOWLING WINDS OF WINTER AND SNOW COULD NOT MAKE ME FEEL DEPRESSED, POOR, OR LONELY.

RECREATION IN SUMMER WAS A WALK IN THE MEADOWS AT TWILIGHT WITH DAD AND LEARNING OF THE WILD FLOWERS AND THE WAYS OF THE MANY BIRDS IN MEADOWS AND SWAMPLAND. LISTENING TO SEE WHO WOULD BE THE FIRST TO HEAR THE TRILL OF FROGS OUT IN THE BOGGY WATERS THEY CALLED HOME. WHO WOULD SEE THE FIRST FIREFLY AT TWILIGHT, OR WHO WOULD HEAR THE FIRST CALL OF THE RETURN OF THE MEADOW LARK AND KILLDEER.

I HAVE SEEN MY PARENTS CRY BECAUSE THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY THE TAXES OR BUY GROCERIES, BUT I NEVER SAW THEM LOOSE FAITH IN GOD OR SPEAK CROSS WORDS TO EACH OTHER. THERE ARE THOSE WHO WILL CALL ME A "LIAR" AND ALTHO I HAVE LIED, I AM NOT SINNING BY DOING SO NOW.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO MOCK "SALVATION" AND HAVE LEFT THIS EARTH AND I FEEL A TWINGE OF GUILT FOR NOT SPEAKING TO THEM OF "ANOTHER WAY".

SOME WERE DISHONEST, CRUEL AND HYPOCRITES, ALTHO THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE IS BORN INTO A SINFUL RACE WITH A SINFUL NATURE THAT DEMANDED PAYMENT. SO CHRIST CAME TO EARTH TO PAY A DEBT HE DIDN'T OWE BECAUSE WE HAD A DEBT WE COULDN'T PAY. SO THERE WAS CALVARY.

AS THIS STORY UNFOLDS MY PRAYER IS THAT ALL WHO READ IT WILL SEE HOW GOD TRULY GUIDES OUR LIVES. HE WORKS MIRACLES AND THE GREATEST MIRACLE OF ALL IS HIS FREE GIFT OF SALVATION.

I HAVE SEEN GOD'S POWER IN MY LIFETIME I HAVE ALSO KNOWN SATANS BUT WHEN I FELT GOD ALWAYS REACHED DOWN HIS HAND AND BROUGHT ME BACK HOME. WITHOUT HIM I WOULD NOT MADE IT THIS FAR AND I WOULD NOT BE WRITING THIS STORY.

Had just
 after finishing
 the inside work
 on Wolf House he
 left for Oklahoma to
 work as foreman
 & inside finisher
 for Stewart &
 Wilderson Builders

(Al Stewart
 & Dave Wilderson)

I be was pay roll
 manager I have
 his books of hours
 & who guy were.



O. Byerly,

Parkersburg,
 IOWA.

Daniel Carpenter



Washington as Pres.

The Father of Our Country took the oath of office for the first term in New York, April 3, 1789. When he took the presidential chair he informed himself of the affairs of the state. Before congress set he presented a series of suggestions of laws and provisions, which were at once made the basis of the legislation. This work was the framework of the whole political and social system of the country was now erected. The democrats and the federalists, each party included many names of Washington's closest personal and political friends. Not on that account, but from the sense of justice which ruled his life

he refrained from allying himself with either party. With so great a success of his first administration that his cabinet and friends wanted him to take the reins of the government the second term. Jefferson and Hamilton wide apart as the poles in political opinions both wanted Washington to run the second term. On March 4-1793rd took the oath of office for the second term as President of the United States. At the very beginning of his second administration he saw that the United States was all mixed up in European politics. Great Britain and France were at war, and gratitude seemed to demand that the western republic should sustain her sister state in the

existing struggle. Washington was especially opposed to the but excepted the French Republic. Now arose factions in the United States on the one hand seeking to enforce practical adherence to the cause of France. On the other sustaining Washington, though accused bitterly of being in favor of the ancient enemy of America. Between democrats and the federalists the line was now drawn strictly on the basis. Anger words and resignation accrued in the cabin and the Jacobin club was formed among the people. In the midst of all this excitement Washington sent John Jay to England to make out a treaty which was signed by Washington Aug. - 18 / 1795. The publication of the terms

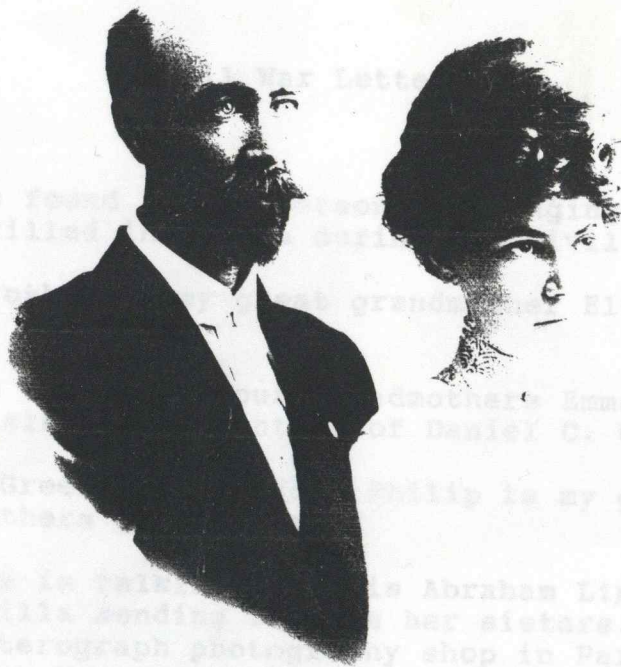
of this treaty aroused the most violent discussions in and out of Congress. These discussions soon died out in Washington's favor. Thus by his wisdom and determination did he preserve the country. And on Sept. 15-1799

Washington published his farewell address to his dear country which he had formed. Then he retired to his home in Mt. Vernon. He devoted himself to agriculture.

After being there about three years died Dec. 12-1799. His last words were, "I die hard; but I am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long." A little later he said, "I feel myself going. I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you to take no more

trouble about me. Let me go off
quietly, I cannot last long." He
died without a struggle.

Dan C.



From Parkersburg
paper
1912

admission to see the game.
— Friends here have received the announcement of the wedding of Daniel Henry Carpenter at the home of the bride, Miss Alma Ellen Ganoung, in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, on Wednesday, June 26th. Many friends of the groom here extend congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple. Dan is one of Parkersburg's favorite boys having grown up here and the Eclipse joins his many other friends in wishing him success and happiness in life. They will make their home in Oklahoma where Dan has been engaged in carpenter work for some time.

Wrong - they were
married at
Sulphur, Oklahoma
in Chas. A. Bassett's
Charcoal parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar F. Ganoung
announce the marriage of their daughter

Alma Ellen

to

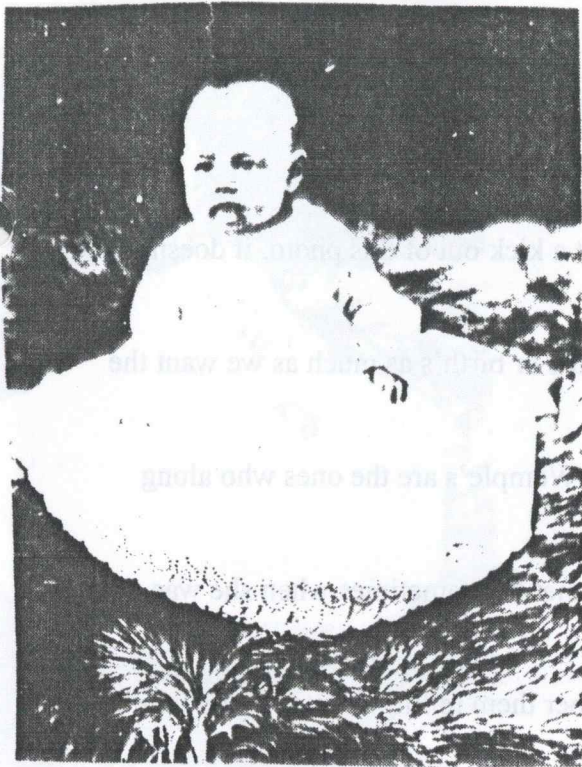
Daniel Henry Carpenter

Wednesday the twenty-sixth of June

nineteen hundred and twelve

Oklahoma City

Aura's Page



*Aura Wemple as a young lady.
 She married Carl C. Crause.
 Their children are Eva, Philip
 Carl Jr. Robert and Bonny.*

(her mother's sister)

A DOG HERO

This is Aura Ellen Wemple, age 1½ years and the family dog, Shep. The story told by Arvilla Wemple, her mother, goes this way:

"We folks were so busy visiting and no one was mothering the baby who had just learned to walk quite well, and she must have slipped away followed by old Shep. When we were aware she was missing we all called and searched but to no avail. The whole town was notified and the country side was searched. Finally down by the creek, quite a way from the house some men found baby laying on the bank opposite from home, soaking wet with the wet dog Shep standing over her growling and attacking any man who came near. They even used sticks to drive the dog away, but he would not let anyone touch her."

Then when we came he grudgingly gave up, he knew his vigil was over but he was still excited for a long time."

For saving the baby from drowning he was praised and this studio picture was taken to help remember a faithful dog hero.

Hand Writing of Alma Ellen Ganoing Carpenter

This account of the bottom girls was written by William Turnbull, then appeared in the Boston Herald, and Phoenix, July 29, 1882.

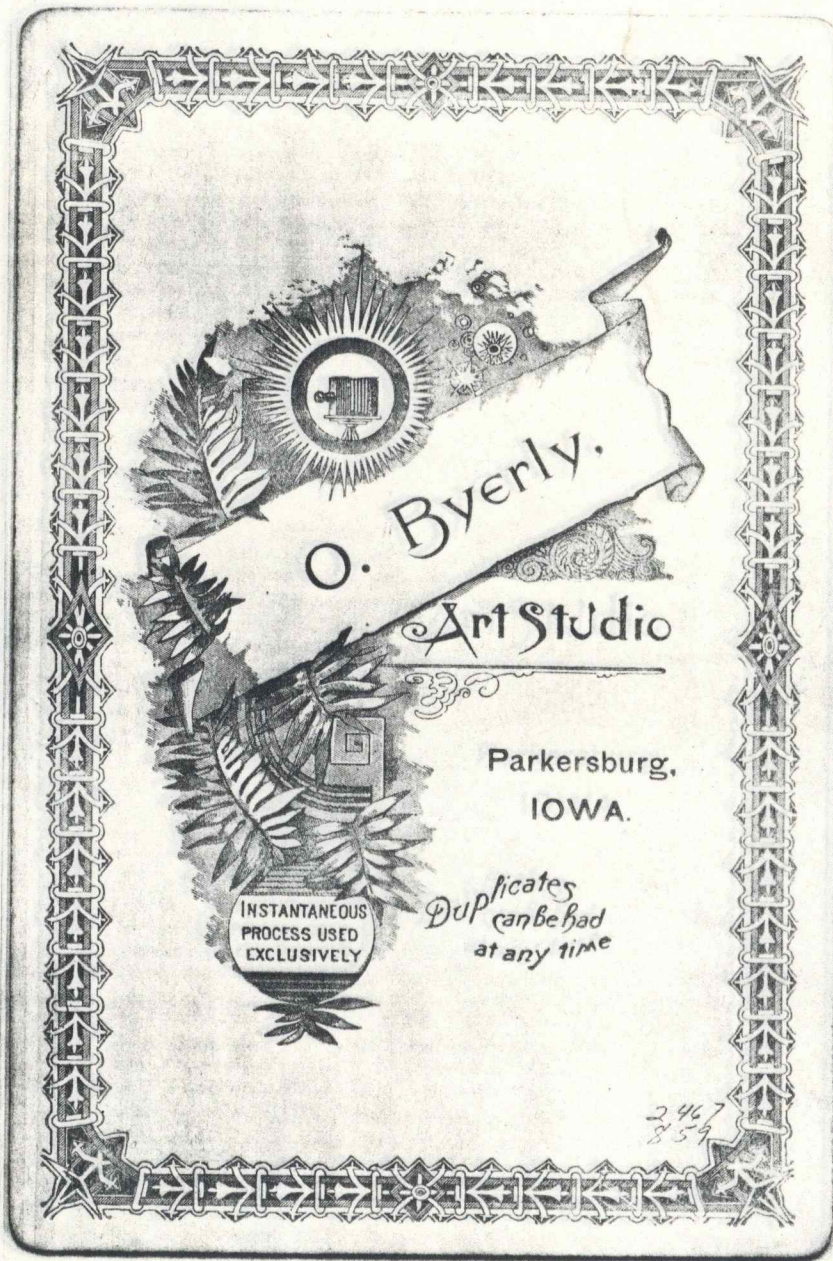
Shawnee and Pottawatomie, among others. The original photo of Olive Johnson, taken at her capture has been presented to the state of Arizona. The photo, the only one in existence, is full length and shows plainly the marks made on her skin while a captive of the Tonto Apache and Mohave Indians. The original photo will be placed in the archives of the state historian in Arizona.

The station measure is one of the outstanding tragedies in the early Arizona history.

The family going west, they had left Wisconsin and were going down the Milwaukee river near what is known now as Oshkosh, Wis., where they were attacked by a band of Ojibwa Indians. Oshkosh, his wife and four children were made alive there to pass on her sister Mary Ann's were taken prisoner a brother George 14 was left dead but was not killed. This occurred when the his provisions running low refused them as much food as they wanted. Olive & Mary were sold to a Mohave Indian for two horses a blanket & some few Mary Ann died but Olive was with them for yr. Mary when an Indian carpenter at Fort Sumner who was interested in the case made every effort to learn where the girls were and secure their release.

named women university, was in the green
living with the movers at Needles California. I ca-
recuse the line ^{from} Arizona and if he were given
four blankets and a supply of beads he could get her
released as fast. Col Martin, the officer in charge
who, apparently, had been told ~~she~~ that Olive was a
willing captive, and in a note he gave Francisco, to give
Olive, that he wished her to come to ~~the~~ Yuma or state
in a note the reason, why she would not come.
he took the blankets & beads and went to the Indians
at Needles. he gave Olive the note, who read it with
difficulty. - she told him she wanted to go with him.
after a long pow-wow, the Indians consented to let he
go with him. five years after her capture she
arrived at Fort Yuma here she was made much of, her
brother was sent for and the survivors of the massacre
were reunited and was so appealing that the
hardened soldiers wept unashamedly. Her
they were taken to California & Ben Stratton, who
the story of the Otman family experiences, which
was published in 1857 and this is taken most
from that book.
In 1858 Olive & her brother moved to ~~California~~ New-York
in 1865 Olive married John B Fanchild, moved to
Sherman Texas later, where she died in March 1909
the blue tato marks still on her face
The bones of the massacred family have been buried
several times, after cyotes would uncover them
on what is known as Otman Flats near old Ft Yum
Oatman Mountain is where Olive was held captive
I have written this from the papers that three different
people sent us one was then post master in Oatman Ariz





O. Byerly.
Art Studio

Parkersburg,
IOWA.

INSTANTANEOUS
PROCESS USED
EXCLUSIVELY

*Duplicates
can be had
at any time*

2467
858



Mr & Mrs Daniel Henry Carpenter

SCHOOL MEMORIES

As I rummaged through my pictures packed away and left so long,
Came the memories of my school days like a long forgotten song.

As I saw my schoolmates' faces all their names came drifting back,
And I wondered where they ^{they'd} ~~had~~ strayed to down life's long and winding track.

Some I know have crossed the river, some are learned and grown quite wise.
Some are common, just as I am and to fame will never rise.

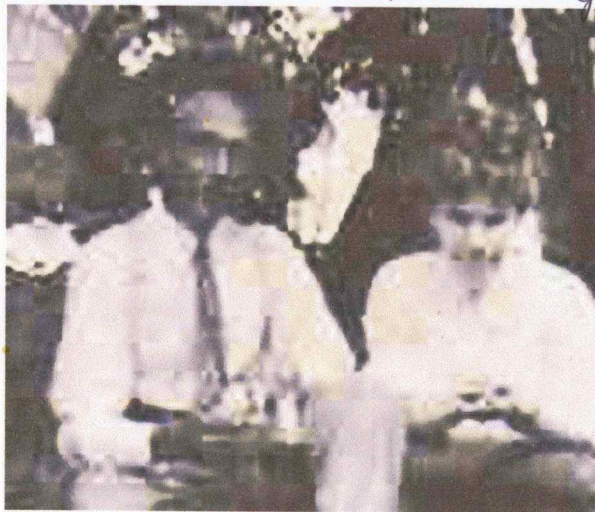
Many are the miles we've traveled since we started down the trail,
With our book and slate and pencil and a small tin dinner pail.

Then our hair was bright and shining and we loved to romp and play,
But the years have slowed our ardor and our hair has turned to gray.

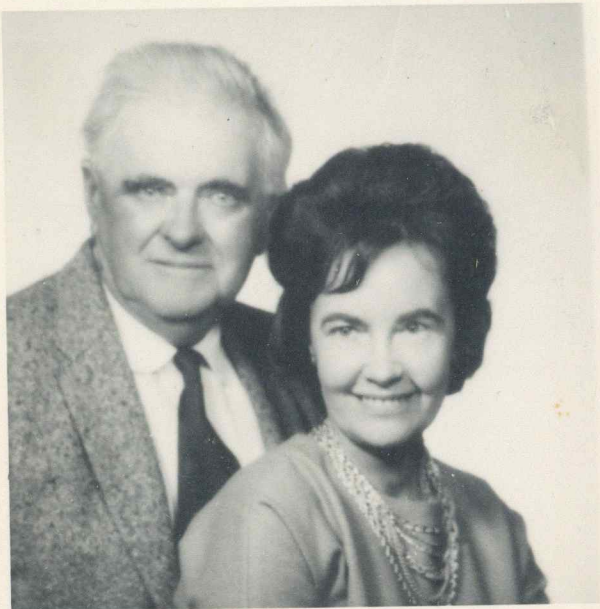
Forty-four the years are numbered, each with shadows, but some good,
Since we posed to have our pictures by the school house in the wood.

1931 - Alma Ellen Hansen Carpenter

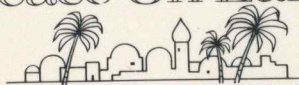
Dad + Mother taken 12 yrs before
they were married.
Taken at School house here in Beaver
Horse when Minnie taught there



1
not
Minnie
his
sister
Minnie
Carpenter
his
Aunt



Peace On Earth



Earl & Aletha Warring

Mr. Earl A. Warring, 72, of New Hartford, passed away late Thursday afternoon, Aug. 17, at Allen Memorial Hospital in Waterloo. Earl was born on March 3, 1900, at Aplington, Iowa, the son of Chris and Hulda (Hoppe) Warring. He attended school in Aplington. In 1940 he went to Chicago where he attended and was graduated from the Green Welding School. On November 17, 1941, he was married in the Presbyterian church in Hammond, Ind., to Aletha Carpenter. They lived in Chicago three years where he worked as an inspector at Danlys, an anti-aircraft gun factory in Cicero, Ill. They then moved back to the New Hartford area where they have farmed and he worked for the John Deere Tractor Co.

Earl was preceded in death by his parents and one brother, Lyle. He is survived by his wife, Aletha, a daughter, Mrs. Dick (Wylone) Abbott of Anoka, Minn., a brother, Edward Warring of New Hartford, and one grandson, Brian Lee Abbott.

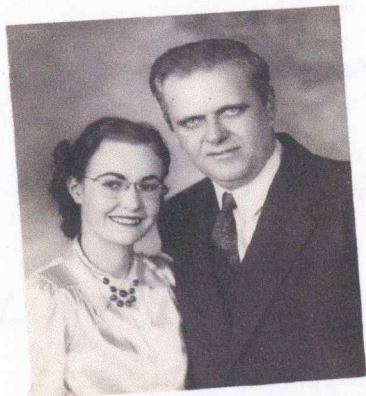
Aug 17, 1972



*Part of our
happiness comes from
your thoughtfulness*

*Lindy & Aletha
Frickes*

October 13, 1973



Nov - 41



we h



Alma Garoung Carpenter

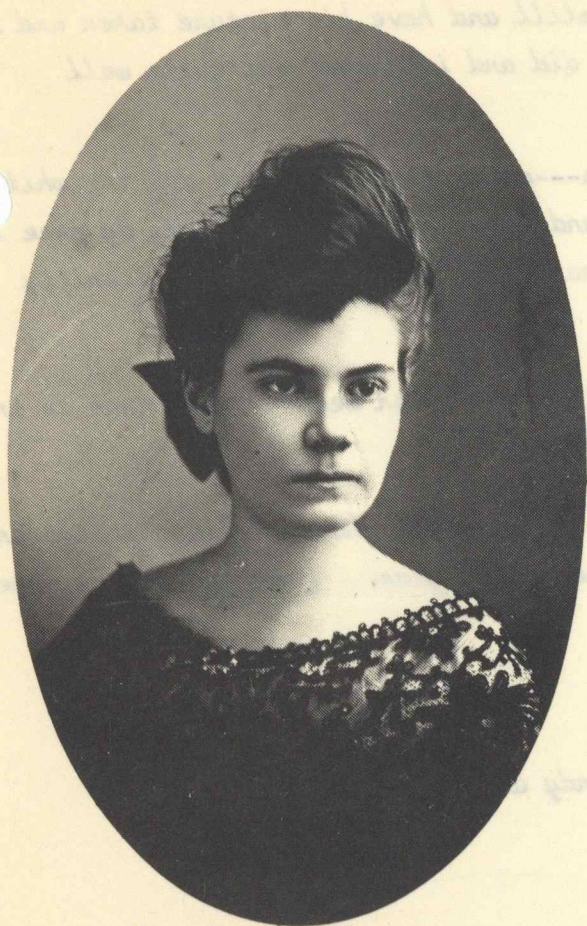
why hopes for why of them



Wylone Warring Abbott



Over 12th - Anniversary Linda was standing & I had to sit on a stool



Alma Garoung Carpenter

Dear Friends---

"ello there you girls. I looked and looked for you to come and see us this summer but maybe like us you just could not find the time ----seemed that it flew on wings of light. I did see you one day but thought I wouldn't bother you----I was on my way to the dentist in Waverly and you were just at the Clinic there getting out of the car, I was a little off schedule and thought maybe you were to so didn't stop.

Course you know Mother here---this was taken in 1901 when she was only 18 years old-----and the bottom ones are recent photo's of Wylone and Brian in fact Brians is his school photo. He is 11 years old now impossible so it seems until I stop to think of my own age.

We had a busy happy summer---we had rented our corn and bean ground out as we had plenty corn in the crib to feed the milk cows---took that time to

rent and repair and clean up. Fact we are renting it out again this coming year to. We had a big garden but Lindy is so good to help me that it wasn't that much work for me and the things sure taste good and it sure saves on the grocery bill to.

Home place keeps getting vandals even after they caught Bucky in there----I get the things back Bucky stole and sold to the Attic in Cedar Falls---soon as all the red tape is over. I don't have any hopes for any of them Buck or his sister Roxann either one ----hope they are happy Lind

and I sure are. I wonder if Buck and his outlaw friends don't stop to realize they are sure causing Bible prophecy to come true. I hope that making them go to Church that somehow it will soak in --- what they have really done not so much to those of us they stole from but for what they are doing to their own souls.

Well guess I had better get on with my letter writing here.

Sending you this other photo



Wylone Warring Abbott



Brian Lee Abbott

Hope that you enjoy to----this of course is this old gray mare----and Brian taken in Wylone's living room---Brian was teasing he didn't want to sit still and have his picture taken and I just grabbed him and yelled at Wylone "shoot" -----she did and it turned out quite well considering the subjects!

We had been having a rat problem so bought some Ferrets---named the male D-Con and the white female Snowball and the other 3 brown females---Raid, and Radar and Sniffy. They do more in getting rid of rats than any rat poison. They really make cute pets to---especially Sniffy will sit on my lap and wash her face just like a cat.

I have my 9 cats yet just turned the heat lamp on for them the other week----they sure do enjoy that especially when the sun doesn't shine.

Tell everyone "hello" for us and hope that you have a very peaceful, happy Holiday season and that the Lord will give you many of His blessings in the coming year. (Come and see us sometime you would be welcome always.

Love,

Lindy and Aletha

LINDY D. FRERICKS

Lindy Dick Frericks was born May 6, 1927, in rural Butler County, a son of Matthew and Jennie (Wolters) Frericks and died Tuesday, September 21, 1993, at the Waverly Municipal Hospital.

He received his education in the rural Butler County Schools and has farmed his entire life mostly in the Greene area. He will be remembered for raising Shetland Ponies.

On October 13, 1973, he was united in marriage to Aletha (Carpenter) Warring at the Little Brown Church in Nashua.

Living family members include his wife Aletha of Greene; a step-daughter Wylone and her husband Richard Abbott of Anoka, Minnesota; stepson Brian Lee Abbott; and one great-step-grandson Joshua Abbott; four sisters, Alice Druvenga of Parkersburg, Rena Town of Ackworth, Grace Johnson of Alliance, Nebraska, and Ann Fleener of Grundy Center; and many nieces and nephews.

He leaves to join his parents, and two brothers, Leroy in infancy and George in 1970

Memorials may be directed to the Butler Bremer Hospice or to the family.

† † †

The family of Lindy Frericks acknowledges your kind expressions of sympathy offered to them at the time of their loss.

† † †

Reid's Funeral Chapel
Greene, Iowa

AUGUST 31, 1994

IN MEMORY OF MY BELOVED HUSBAND LINDY FRERICKS--

I feel your kisses in the morning wind
I feel your warm love in the sunshine
I feel your loving arms around me
And the morning wind is mine.
Your Wife Aletha

(48-1)

DECEMBER 7, 1994

IN MEMORY OF

In Memory of my Beloved Husband Lindy Frericks

The cold night winds blow hard and strong
Like the pain of losing you
But dawn is coming this I know
And I'll be seeing you

Your loving wife Aletha

(10-1)

FEBRUARY 22, 1995

IN MEMORY OF

IN MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND LINDY FRERICKS ON THIS ONE OF OUR SPECIAL DAYS

*He woke me in the morning
When the sun began to shine
And he reminded me everywhere*

*That he was really mine.
He filled my every afternoon
With dreams of days to be
With happiness that only God
Could give him and me
For he brought us both together*

*And he made us into one
Life was our from dawn
Until another day was done
While some may not have realized*

*As fully as they might
I loved him more than all the world
Or all the stars at night.*

Aletha

(20-1)

PUBLIC AUCTION

Saturday, October 23rd

Commencing 9:30 a.m.

Located 1/2 mile N. and approx. 2 miles West of Packard Elevator, or from Greene 3 miles E. 2 1/2 miles S. and 2 miles West. Alice's lunch wagon on ground.

FARM MACHINERY: IH 656 gas tractor, w.f. fast hitch, cab, good rubber, clean and runs exceptionally nice; MCD model M. tractor, good usable rubber, straight, runs nice; Koyker loader with snow bucket; IH Super C. w.f., f.h., very good rubber, runs nice; IH Super C, n.f. good rubber, runs nice; IH 13 ft. wheel disk; IH semi-mount 414 f.h. plow; Tractor mounted oat seeder with grass seed; IH 4-row rear mount cultivator; IH 12 ft. pull type field cultivator; Farmhand grinder-mixer; IH 450 planter, set for 30 inch rows; 4-section harrow and cart; 2 wheel auger wagon; Loftness snow blower, with hyd. spout, unit used once; MCD 7 ft. f.h. mower with crimper attachment; New Idea pull type conditioner; 40 ft. bale conveyor on transport with electric motor; JD 14T baler always well shedded; New Holland 56 side rack; 6 by 12 barge box, hoist on an exceptionally good gear; New Idea, ground driven manure spreader; 16 ft. bale rack, and a very good gear; Woods 6 ft. 3 pt. rotary mower; 3 pt. adapters; A pair of flat-top fenders; A pair of IH fenders.

PONY EQUIPMENT: 4-wheel pony or goat cart; Pony skid Buggy seat; Leather stitcher; Pony sleigh; Harness sewing machine; Set of new pony eveners and neck yokes; Harness box Buggy fills; 2 golf carts with pony tongues; Offering of tie, straps and other items related to the ponies.

FARM MISC.: Gopher getter plow with 50 lbs. of gopher bait 75 steel posts; 2 spools of barbed wire; 5 12 ft. Sioux gates; Portable cement mixer; 500 gallon fuel barrel with electric pump; MCI hand sheller; New Idea hand sheller; Omaha wooden stock rack w top; Double snowmobile trailer; Bee hives; 36 ft. wooden extension ladder; 3 step ladders; Loading chute for a pickup (portable); A pair of steel loading ramps; 16 ft. travel trailer; Other Misc.

HOUSEHOLD: 5 ft. tall 1899 Montgomery Wards clock; 5 gallon Western jug; 4 qt. glass churn; Kerosene heater; Oak swivel chair Gas grill; Wagon wheel light fixture; 2 cast iron kettles; Lard press Farm lanterns; Single fuel oil heater, very clean; Wooden radio Antique clock, over 100 yrs. old; New driving computer; Other misc. household.

GUNS AND TOYS: Approx. 14 toy tractors and implements mostly IH; Mossberg SS22 rifle; Remington 22 pump with he barrel; Remington 22 pump; Marlin 12 gauge pump; Double barre 12 with flint lock, antique; Pellet gun.

SHOP AND LAWN ITEMS: Dixon 8 hp lawn mower; JD 11 riding mower with mower deck and tiller; Lawn roller; Small tiller Vacuum for a Dixon lawn mower; Waterloo roller cabinet, brand new; Electric lawn mower; Homelite 360 chain saw; Homelite X 12 inch chain saw; Rotary brush cutter with a sickle mower; 10 inch table saw (Craftsmans); Steam cleaner; Cutting torch unit, less tanks; Power hack saw; Grindstone on a stand; 2 antique grind stones; Antique drill press; Antique after hydrant; Portable air compressor with removable tank; 2 wheel lawn cart; Mighty Mit 15 amp battery charger with boost; New Briggs gas engine; Metal weather vane with horse; Milk cans; 2 weed eaters; 2 Hayes plant boxes; Sheep clipper; Sickle grinder; Table model cream separator; 3 wooden poultry crates; 5 ft. wire cage; Electric fogger; Hand cor planter; Cross cut and 1 man saw; Forks, Shovels, fencing tools, and other misc. hand tools, parts, etc.

*Terms: Cash or good check. Nothing removed until settled for
Not responsible for accidents*

LINDY FRERICKS ESTATE

Sale being conducted by Bud Mennenga Auction Service

The Old House

The old house stood along the road. It was weathered, gray and old.
It seemed as though it was calling out, "I've a story to be told".

Once I stood beside a river where grew a small young town.
I saw the wigwams of the Indians before the white man tore them down.

Then I was moved to prairie lands when farming had begun,
And here I've spent my lifetime, but now my race is run.

I've seen a thousand dawns and known as many nights.
I've loved the open country, far from city lights.

I've seen the dew on roses and been kissed by gentle rain,
I've been lashed by wind and lightning, known sorrow and felt pain.

My walls have been a witness to the miracle of birth,
I learned that simple pleasures are the best things of this earth.

Within my walls are a thousand songs that a little kitten sang,
And in those songs the voice of God, like a mighty anthem rang.

I've watched the fireflies that lifted from the swamplands in the night,
Listened for the trill of frogs, heard wild geese in homeward flight.

My walls have sheltered all with love; I've seen my people cry,
I've heard their songs and laughter, and I have watched them die.

Don't be sad to see me leaving for I've heard the wild bird's song,
Like my people who I sheltered, it is time to move along.

ALCWR
Altha

Dear Vopal,

How kind and thoughtful of you to remember my Birthday, I have a hard time to realize that time has slipped away until I am a old woman. I am reminded of that tho whenever I try to go shopping, I find my interest gets less and less and my movements slower and slower.

Lindy and I talked so often of growing "old together" and I thought we didn't have that time together but guess we did and I didn't know enough to know it, thought we were young yet, well we acted like a couple kids half the time. We tried to make up for time we felt we lost I guess.

Elmer and Margaret Hansen knew Lindy was in love with me way long before I even suspected it. Margaret used to tease me about it. Doesn't seem that Lindy has been gone for almost five years, that I have known him for thirty one years, twenty of them as his wife.

My great grandkids will soon be in school, that doesn't seem possible either, Josh will be in first grade and Nicole goes to pre school she won't be five until April.

Wylone still works at the government center and hopes to retire in a couple of years, Dick still with Northern Gas and he will retire a year from this January, he has the days counted and almost the hours to.

Brian is a draftsman for a music company in the city and is a fireman for the city of Ramsey, he is thinking of going on and become a regular one and quit the drafting work as he does not like the city he likes out door work. Rari is a R.N. and talking going back to school to become a MD and I and a lot of others hope it falls thru, as even now Dick and Wylone are raising the kids more than they are. She is a very selfish and un caring gal, who thought I should take care of the kids three days a week, and I did until the hours began getting longer and days more often and I said NO!

Thought you would enjoy seeing this photo, it was taken here in Minnesota down near the Iowa border at two in the morning. It is of the Hak-Bopp comet. I wish that I had been on the farm with Lindy we would enjoyed it so much and it would been a lot cleaner away from city lights. You can see the little dipper so good. I love night photos.

I keep busy sewing, crocheting and think I will end my crocheting and go on to making quilts. I have made four afghans this summer as Christmas gifts, a Lighthouse, a Cat and Flowers and now working on Wolves in moonlight.

Thank you for remembering me. Love,

Aletha

To my beloved husband Lindy Frericks
In the glory of the season
In the silence of the snow
May we remember why He came
To pay a debt He didn't owe
Because we had a debt we couldn't pay
But still I ask "Why did you go?"
Your loving wife Aletha

In Memory of my Beloved Husband, Lindy Frericks.

We travel the river of life together and its turns brought many changes.

What seemed to be for some the final bend, to us was just the beginning.

For beyond lies another land, where you live on-Altho physically out of my sight your waiting for me to come and we will travel together eternally.

Your loving wife, Aletha.

(50-1)

IN MEMORY OF

In Memory of my Beloved Husband Lindy Frericks on the
one of our special days.

I hear the whisper of wings overhead

The work of a distant farm
Fresh mown hay and wild plant blossoms

The touch of your hand and country lane

Was all I ever wanted

It was all I ever needed.

Your Loving Wife Aletha

(27-

SEPTEMBER 6, 2000

In memory of my beloved
husband Lindy Frericks who
went home seven years ago.

You woke me in the morning
When the sun began to shine
And you reminded me everywhere
That you were really mine
You filled my every afternoon
With dreams of days to be
In happiness that only God
Could given you and me
For he brought us both together
And He made us into one
Life would be ours from dawn
Until another day was done
While some did not realize
As fully as they might
We loved each other
More than all the world
Or all the stars at night.
See you in the morning.
Your loving wife, Aletha

NOVEMBER 22, 2000

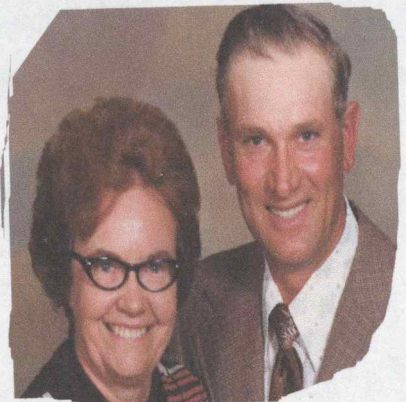
IN MEMORY

IN MEMORY

In memory of my beloved
Husband Lindy Frericks

In the glory of the season,
in the silence of the snow
May we remember why He came
to pay a debt he didn't owe.
Because we had a debt
we couldn't pay.
So in the silence of a snow storm
Or on a clear and starry night
In a new days golden dawning
I am thankful for God's mercy
For I'll see Lindy in the morning.

Love, Aletha
(8-1)

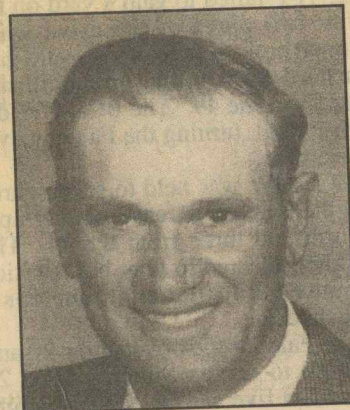


Mrs Aletha Frericks
2520 Fair Oak Ave Apt 104
Anoka, Minnesota
55303

I wrote this before Lindy died and gave it to him
added the first 4 lines after he was gone

How like children in the twilight
We would laugh and walk the lane
Never dreaming that this pleasure
May never come again.
Catching fireflies at twilight
Hearing night hawks wings in flight
Listening to the frogs in moonlight
Smelling twilight smell of meadows
Seeing stars that fall from Heaven
Hearing night call of a bird
Watching storm clouds rise to meet us
Hearing thunder crash and roar
Smelling fragrance of the raindrops
As they fall upon the sod
Taking time to touch the morning
As it breaks the silence of the night.
These are things I want to tell you
And I cannot find the words
Like how I feel when walking with you
Or hear the wild song of a bird
Or when making hay in fields of clover
When the wild rose is in bloom
How your smile is like the sunshine
When you walk into a room
How I listen for your footsteps
And feel lonely when your gone
How my heart fills up with rapture
When the music is "our song".
How I feel when I remember
No cross words are given me
How your love is like a river
Flowing gently over me.

MEMORIAL



IN MEMORY OF BELOVED HUSBAND LINDY FRERICKS

Autumn leaves are bringing memories
And I hear the wild goose call
We were married and you left me
When it was in the early fall
But your love it still surrounds me
I hear your laughter, see your smile
God was good to give His blessings
I'll be home in a little while.

With Love,
Your Wife - Aletha
(50-1)

Lindy might even show this to Roy - for when we sold our cows everyone at sale barn kept asking Lindy what he was going to do & telling he'd go back to milking. He came to me - said "write me a poem" & make copies & I'll hand them out when they ask.

Milking Days are Done

Lately I've been asked the question
What we'll have to do
When the last cows left the barnyard
And our milking days are thru
I'm perplexed, confused and silent
Not knowing what to say
How do you explain to others
The beauty of a country day
There is so much we ^{have} awaiting
That will make our life more fun
Dreaming, fixing, planting, reaping
Til another year is done
In winter time we'll have the snow
Like diamonds in the sun
A cutter ride in clean crisp air
When morning chores are done
There will be silent meditation
When we see the snow clouds form
Then we'll feed the free wild creatures
In the stand still of the storm.
In spring we'll have the warm South wind
The welcome gentle rain
The sunshine and the birds to sing
As we plow and plant the grain
We'll take the time to stop and listen
To the song of every one
To watch the stars push back the twilight
When evenings work is done
In summer we shall have the time
Before the harvest calls
To listen to the crickets song
In the tangled weeds of fall
We'll pick wild flowers by the wayside
And smell the new mown hay
Hand in hand we'll walk together
As the darkness ends the day
God's been good and kind to us
He made us into one
Life will be ours
From dawn until another day is done
While some may not realize
As fully as they might
The beauty of our country world
Or our peacefulness at night.

AICWF

There is so much we
have a waiting.

The End of Summer

The breeze of summer's winding down,
The winds of winter call.

The cricket's chirp is fainter now,
And the leaves of autumn fall.

The country lanes have turned to brown,
No longer brilliant green.

Wild geese crying in the night,
Impatient, restless and unseen.

Harvest moon and tangled weeds,
The night call of a bird,

And far off in the distance
Lowing cattle can be heard.

The golden rod is yellow,
And red the sumac glows.

The crispness of the evening air
Brings summer to a close.

The fragrance of the new mown hay
In the twilight of the fall,

Is a world that, if you know it,
Brings the greatest ~~sound~~ of all.

place *ARCWF*

Clatha Loan Carpenter Warring Freicks

Information

Did you know that life is eternal and death only a dream? If we did not go to sleep at night we would never waken to the joy of a new day. We would never know the beauty of a early morning sunrise, or hear the robins song. We would never see the dew like diamonds on the grass and flowers. We would never know the evening with the quiet call of the night birds as they prepare to rest and sleep, and never hear the lowing of the cattle in a meadow lane. Never see the sunset or feel the evening breeze push us as we walk a country road. We would never know the scent of new mown hay or hear the crickets call in the tangled weeds of autumn, or in the spring to hear the frogs out in the boggy meadlands they call home. We would never see the stars like diamonds on black velvet or the fire flies of summer , never know the beauty of a moonlight night in summer or the clear crispness of the winter night when snow sparkles as the most brilliant of jewels. We would never know the special fragrance of a summer rain----then we sleep---and in this little death God and His angels watch over us til morning ===when then again comes the dawning of a new day with all of these treasures, sometimes we waken to the fall of a much needed gentle rain, winters dawn can be with with snow but we know that underneath the flowers sleep. At times there will be clouds but we know the sun is still shining behind them. Death to then is only a time of sleeping for those who die in Christ. To them it will be the begining of a new eternal day the likes of which the mortal tongue cannot describe. Become a child of the King and inherit His kingdom and all these treasures and gifts plus many more of which we do not know. This is what waits for those who are truly "born again" Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. that is all it takes to be saved.

Trust His promise
And doubt Him never
For only thru death
Can we live forever. AICWF

A



Weeds

If you happen to be walking
Down a dusty country road
And your mind is feeling tired
And your weary with the load
Take the time to stop and listen
There are sounds you seldom hear
Like the whispering of a cricket
Or wild flowers growing near
For in the country roadside ditches
There is beauty never known
Til you look and find it hiding
In the weeds so close to home.

Winter Winds

The Meadows now are silent
And the snow is on the ground
I hear the winter winds sad moaning
Such a lonesome chilling sound
It screams its songs thru window panes
That are old and getting worn
I've listened to those songs before
For t'was here that I was born
Yet the voices of that winter wind
Bring warm and happy thoughts
Of loving arms and laughter
And of lessons I was taught.

Country Wildflowers

I lived where flowers always bloomed
In the early spring
Tho they were said by many
To be such homely things
But I've been blest and honored
With a dandelion bouquet
Picked with little hands and laughter
Worth more than words can say
They're not something to get rid of
They're not just a weed
I've seen the wild canaries
Eating all their seed
I've often seen the Monarch
Drinking dew from morning mist
They were thankful to the Father
For a banquet such as this
And if I'd sit and listen
I'd hear the bee's loud hum
As they searched among the blossoms
Making food for every one
There were times when I was hungry
There was dandelion greens
And the jell made from their blossoms
Seemed a treat beyond our means
For it was the great depression
Times were hard and sad
But I'd return there oh so gladly
They were the best times that I had.

I'll try & find the photo of
very I wrote this our entire
yard clear down to barn
& half barn - nothing but
yellow dandelions. Ulyone
As a little girl used always
bringing me dandelions
bouquets.
In depression - dandelion
jell & greens with onion
& fresh bread & warm milk
Wish I could have that route

There is a section along the river
Where the "high class" doggies dwell
This pooch went for a stroll one night
Right after darkness fell
He went down where the "lower class"
Go hunting every night
But soon he came home running
Looking quite a sight
His fur was full of burrs and sticks
His eyes were swollen shut
He reeked of odors, some unknown
He was a sorry pup.
The lady of the Manor screamed
To get all help they could
How awful that her precious dog
Got mixed up with those hoods
First to get there was a van
Marked "Mobile Pet Salon"
Police arrived upon the scene
So much was going on
Soon another van arrived
Marked "Nuisance Wildlife Control"
They'd find that dirty varmit
That marred her doggie so.

This was written when I
lived at Fair Oaks - Two blocks
from the Mississippi River.
Along the river were the houses
of Dr's & lawyers - & rich or
maybe only pretended. - Nearly
every week this "Mobile Pet Salon"
made its trip thru - That day
my friend & I smelled "skunk"
the Mobile Pet Salon truck went
followed by Police & Wildlife
Control - Carol & I got into
a silly mood!

May the whistle of a freight train
Or a summer sunset and some flowers
Bring gladness on your Birthday
And many happy hours.

*I've loved
the trains that
ran thru our farm
& barnyard.*

It is springtime and a soft warm breeze is blowing
The robin sings in the apple tree, the meadow lark
Is singing in the meadow, and your walking in the
Meadows of my mind.

Scrambled eggs are good for breakfast
They're good for dinner to
This old hen tried very hard
To make them nice for you
She practices her singing
And she cackles when she lays
She keeps her feathers neat and clean
And dusts them every day
She runs around the chicken yard
To get her exercise
Hoping that she will lay the egg
You use with this surprise.

*Josh wanted a
"egg beater"
& we got him one
wrapped at Christmas
in a fancy box
in this poem.*

Come walk with me as twilight falls and sunset streaks the sky
Let's walk in shadowed pathways that overlook the river
Hand in hand as sun's last rays take flight, and evening melts
Into the night, locked in your arms beneath a starry sky my
Being sings for I am yours alone.

*Lindy I loved the Shale Rock River
that ran thru our farm.*

Muddy Lane

Down a muddy lane in autum
And across a open field
Hand in hand we walked together
In cold rain as thunder peeled
Cowss ahead of us were hurrying
For the shelter of the barn
Where they knew fresh hay was waiting
And it was dry and safe and warm.
Darkness fast was closing round us
And he put his hand in mine
And drew me closer to him
As we followed down the line
For we both loved open spaces
A farmers way of life
Far from noisy cities
I was a country wife
And we knew what perfect love was
Why our hearts still beat as one
This peaceful quiet closeness
As evenings chores are done AICWF



January 31, 2007

I am really making a mess of this letter but I want to get it all done today and it takes me all day to get out of bed! Well not quite that bad it just seems that way.

The Memorium I had printed in the Parkersburg and Greene papers for Lindy I have always made them up.

This last one if you didn't notice in the paper was

When evening shadows cover me and I hear the night hawks cry
My heart goes racing to your arms beneath this summer sky
In Memory I am with you in this quiet country lane
Where we walked and talked so often in sunshine & in rain
The crickets sing as loudly as they did when you were here
The corn is tall and green and growing harvest will be good
this year

The fireflies play hide and seek just like they used to do
But darling its just not the same because I miss you so.

When the wind sings in the willows when the night hawks
cry at night

When the evening breeze says summer is ready to take flight

Then I have the strangest longing
When I hear the wild goose call
For I remember when you left me
It was early in the fall.
And I miss your smile and laughter
Sun burned hands that held me close
And your tender ways of caring
Are what I miss the most.

In the darkness by the river
When the moon is riding high
Listening to the call of night birds
In a star splashed summer sky
Then my thoughts go flying backwards
And I'm in your arms once more
I can almost hear your laughter
In the waves that lap the shore
For we were as close to heaven
As one can be upon this earth
God had given us a blessing
And only we knew its true worth.

Hear the Raindrops on the window
Smell their fragrance in the air
Darkness wraps its arms around me
And your memory's every where
How you lay in bed beside me
Making plans for days to be
Never dreaming you were leaving
That time was running out for me
When no longer would I see you
Couldn't hold you in my arms
Couldn't see your smile or laughter
As you walked up from the barn
How your sun burned hands were trembling
When you said you loved me so
How you kissed away my tear drops
When you said you had to go
But when you told me to remember
That the best is yet to be
I saw you smile and then I knew
We'd be together eternally.

Dec. 3. 32

Don't think I am lazy and trying
to shirk.

I write all my poetry while I'm
at work.

And when I can't sleep, the nights
are so long.

To keep me from worry I write
me a song.

So in the near future when
Roosevelts in and depression is
drown in whisky and gin.

Then I'll publish my poetry
in a big book.

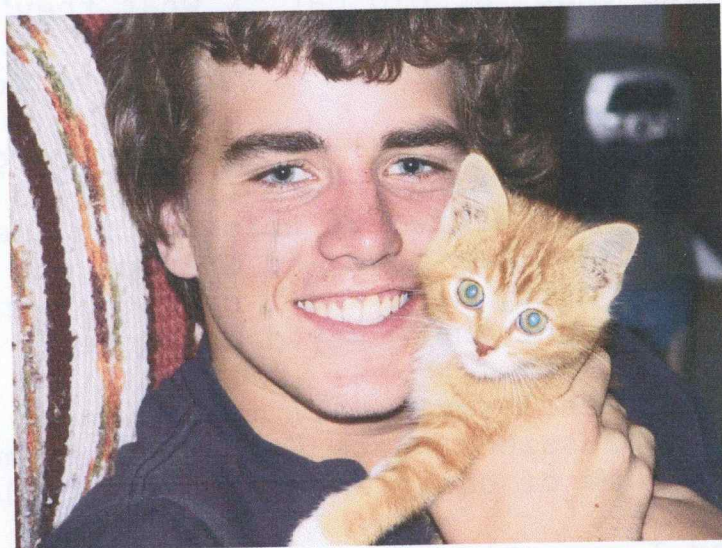
So you'll see it was time
and not brains that it took.

So keep on your hat for
you might catch cold.

But when the books finished and
all of them sold, I'll give you a
copy to remember me by.

And the time of depression
in the net bye and bye.

Teardrops falling in the nighttime
 Crickets sing in tangled weeds
 Moonlight streaks across the meadow
 Casting shadows in the reeds.
 Fireflies playing in the corn field
 I remember these and more
 And my heart is longing for you
 As I walk along the shore
 Distant call of sleepy night birds
 The low whistle of a train
 And I feel you walking with me
 As I walk this country lane.
 *****8



Well here is Rusty, tomorrow he goes in the Vets to be made
 a gentlemen and be clawed. This is after his recovery from
 falling out of a tree, and this is Josh my great grandson
 who rescued him from being almost starved to death under a
 porch to small to even eat by himself.
 Wylone requested a poem for his scrap book, oh yes, he has
 his own and is getting things pretty well the way he wants
 them to be run.

*****Rusty's First Winter*****88

It was early in December and the day dawned bright and fair
 T'was not a day to be a-wastin sitting in a chair
 I cried and cried to go outside there was so much to do

Leaves to chase and trees to climb just to name a few
I jumped and rolled and played around just like a kitten
Should.

I felt so free to be outside, the earth smelled fresh & good
I looked beneath all twigs & leaves I checked beneath the
Car

My folks kept right on telling me not to venture far
Then I recalled the Christmas tree-the one they took from me
I climbed up to its very top the whole room I could see
Now I think this piece of wood out here is called a tree
Believe that I should check it out, go see what I can see
My nails sink easy in this one the first was dry and hard
Its not the same inside the house as out in this big yard
It's working I am climbing up. What's Wylone yelling for
I never knew of so much fun in all my life before
Oh my goodness what has happened now Dick is out here to
I heard the words that "stupid cat" & what they're going to
do

I'm getting really frightened now I can't seem to turn
around

My paws are getting tired and its so far to the ground
I must be brave and just hang on and try to find reverse
I've been in many jams before but this one is the worst.
I finally got myself inched down and Grandpa got a ladder
He grabbed me by my furry hide and I began to sing
"I thought that they'd be madder".

Well enough of what Earl would call me "being so silly" one
of his favorite expressions where anything sentimental was
concerned. Reminds me of Uncle Chris then not Hulda.

Dick, Wylone and I are going out shopping tomorrow, going to
Appleby's for dinner, we got a Gift Card for that and the
Bank of Elk River gave all of us here a \$20 gift card to
Coborns a Grocery in Elk River. If it was better weather we
would go to Coon Rapids and shop at Borders and the Fabric
store but when it is cold and nasty I am content to just
stay home.

There are 24 units here 4 are 1 bed room and the other 20
are Efficiency apartments and believe me that is all I want
to take care of and clean and gives me all the room I need
or want. Good sized bath, 5 closets and got stove ref and
cabinets and my piano, big screen t.v. the computer and a
Davenport, what else do I need? Electricity is free and we
have electric heat, plus two wall heaters one in the bath
room and one in the hallway by the front door that opens to

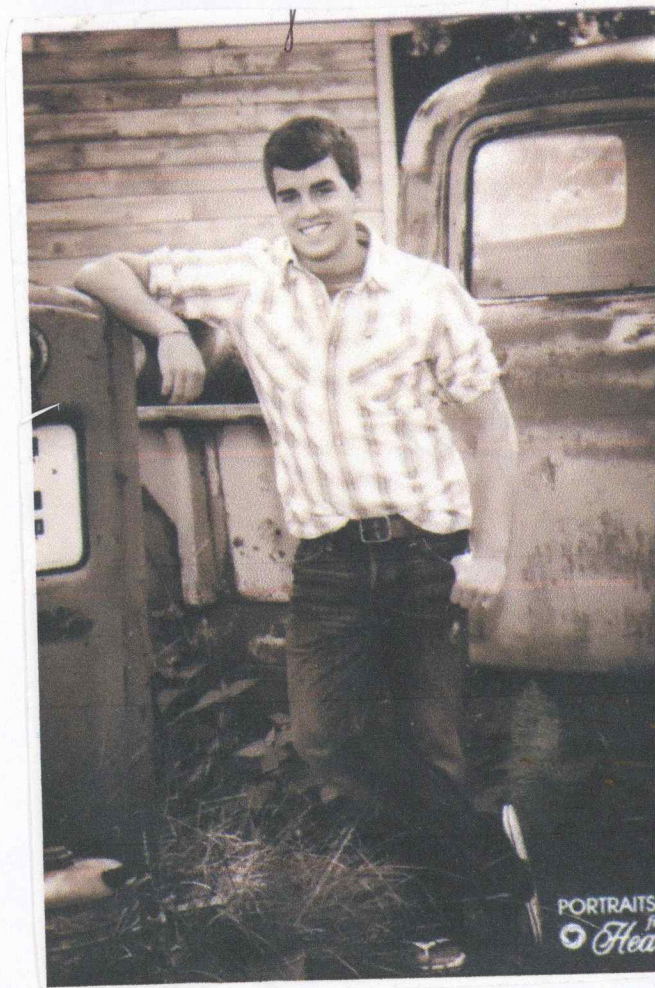
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the outside, the back door also opens outside right on the river bank, a high bluff so don't need to worry about flood. Excuse my messy way of doing things. Just hope you enjoy them. Will give you a call again one of these evenings. It seems good to talk to the old friends -----I talk to Les and Helen every week. I miss them so.

I don't hear from any of Lindy's family, Wolters his Mother's brothers and sisters have all past away now, they really enjoyed Lindy and I, but Lindy's sisters and his nephews and neices did not like me -----even got mad at poor Lindy even more after he died, he didn't leave the farm to them. Jealousy more than anything else, in fact one sister Rena told me that she thought their Mother favored Lindy -----I did to!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Almost time to get ready for evening again but I got your letter ready to go!!!!!!!!!!

Love Aletha



Henrietta A. Fowler rites are held Saturday

LINDY FRERICHS told his wife recently he was going to write her a love note. And he did in a very unusual way. When she went out to do chores, "I LOVE YOU" was disced into

the pasture on a hill above their home. You can see it on the river road south of Greene near Packard.

It was a nice day in early springtime and I went to Waverly shopping for some clothes.

Now Lindy always told me where he would be so I could always reach him if I needed him. Even when he went into Greene he would let me know which store he would be in. I always let him know which store I would be going into and generally we always let each other know in what order we would be going to those stores. We seldom went alone but if we did the other always knew where the other one was. My Father done this also so it did not seem strange to me in fact it felt as if I was really home again.

If something came up there was always a note left on the kitchen table for the other one.

I was ready to leave and Lindy said "I think I might disc across the tracks" but I will leave a love note for you. I laughed and said "o.k." and took off.

Upon returning there was no note on the kitchen table, Lindy was busy putting the cows in the barn, I done my cat and chicken chores and walked in the barn and jokingly said. "I didn't see any love note on the table". Lindy said "You didn't maybe its not on the table then. I went to the house and looked in all his places he would hide his notes.

I went to the barn and by this time I knew Lindy was up to something and I said "There is not a love note in that house". Lindy laughed and took my hand and said "Come with me" and started down the driveway out onto the road. We got to the road and he said "Look at the hill". I was speechless That wasn't the end of the story for when the Greene paper came out that week here right on the front page was this photo. We did not know that Fred Hawker had come out while we were gone and took this picture. He was standing up on a hay rack by the North end of the cattle shed, so he could get a good view of the printing.

That evening we were serenaded with car horns honking as they drove by to see it.

To top this we had decided to buy a new "air" mattress that Dralle's were advertising. Jim Dralle came up to me and when I asked about the "air" mattress he said "I knew that love note would have some great effect".

Lindy and I took kidding about it all spring, and Lindy said he wasn't thinking clearly of he would of left it and seeded the letters to oats and it would stayed green and then brown

from my History Book

Sunset

I'm not looking for the sunset
As the swift years come and go
I am looking for the sunrise
And the golden morning glow
Where the light of Heaven's glory
Will break forth upon my night
In the land that knows no sunset
Nor the darkness of the night
I'm not going down the pathway
To the setting of the sun
Where the shadows ever deepen
When the day at last is done
I am walking up the hillside
Where the sunshine lights the way
In the glory of the sunrise
Of God's never ending day
I'm not going down but upward
And the path is never dim
For the day grows ever brighter
As I journey on with Him
So my eyes are on the hilltops
Waiting for the sun to rise
Waiting for His invitation
To that home beyond the skies.

A.S. Reitz

Sunrise-Sunset

Our backs are to the Eastern Sunrise
But we're facing western sky
Time is fleeting, time is passing
Soon it will be our time to die
But if you've asked our Lord and Savior
To forgive you and to save
You won't be alone and sleeping
In the silence of the grave,
I don't know what I'll be doing
There will be so much to do
But I'll be home and looking
For you to come home to

*I thought while looking
Westward on the bridge
South of home.*

Puppy Love

There is this thing called puppy love
And it can be amusing
But for a tiny little pup
It can also be confusing
It happened on a Christmas day
When Rudolph came to call
This pup looked into those brown eyes
And brother did she fall
She threw her paws around him
And gave a great big kiss
Carolyn stood there mortified
Screamed can't have none of this
She took puppy to the Doctor
To see what could be done
The Dr sadly shook his head
Said I hate to end her fun
But puppy knew this was true love
She'd wait till she was grown
She would show her family
That Rudolph was her own
A year has past and Gem is older
But she never did forget
Her first true love at Christmas
She loves those brown eyes yet.

Wylones girl friend
Carolyn has a black and
dog named Gem -
she bought a big
stuffed toy of Rudolph
+ Gem went silly -
trying to mate with it.
She even took the dog
to Vet. She had to get
rid of Rudolph to solve
the problem. We all
thought it hilarious.

End of Summer

The breeze of summers winding down
The winds of winter call
The crickets chirp is fainter now
And leaves of autumn fall
The country lanes have turned to brown
No longer brilliant green
Wild geese flying in the night
Impatient, restless and unseen
Harvest moon and tangled weeds
The night call of a bird
And far off in the distance
Lowing cattle can be heard
The golden rod is yellow
And red the sumac glows
The crispness of the evening air
Brings summer to a close
The fragrance of the new mown hay
In the twilight of the fall
Is a world that if you know it
Brings the greatest peace of all AICWF

I wrote this as I sat in our living room after working all day in the hay field making hay and sat tired and content and loving this quiet country life far from the noisy, dirty city, the smell of the polluted air and the confusion of people and traffic ---watching Lindy coming down the lane with a load of green hay in late fall. No one will ever really know how I miss making hay in wide open fields with nothing around me for miles and miles. What peace and solitude. /God indeed gave us a blessing few really know or understand.

Chips and Green Jeans spent the summer
At the Abbott's down the street
There was room to run and scamper
And plenty food to eat
They became good friend's of Abbott's
Even climbed upon their knee
Ate, the candy, seed, and peanuts
Life was good and it was free
The Abbott's helped them carry acorns
When the autumn leaves turned gold
This would last them thru the winter
When the Northern winds blew cold
Then a cloud came out of nowhere
When new neighbors had a cat
They could no longer play in safety
Never knew where it was at
Then Chips and Green Jeans had a problem
For the nights were getting cold
They must find a winter Haven
That would all their harvest hold
They spent many days in searching
Followed sometimes by that cat
This caused many frightful moments
Lost some fur and winter fat
The Abbott's were so good and kind
They thought they wouldn't holler
If they moved into their attic
They wouldn't be a bother
They could chase and roll the acorns
All across the floor
Safe from cats, and snow and winter
They wouldn't ask for more
Things are well in this new Haven
It seems a Chipmunks dream
The only thing that bother's now
They hear this woman scream.

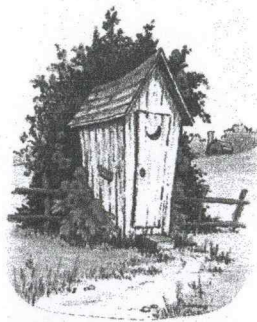
Chips & Green Jeans
were two pet Chipmunks
that climbed all over
you & in fall we
surmised it never
them that got in
the attic & went
a time - they'd wake
Dick & Mylene up -
~~and~~ rattling acorns.

This is one of Mother Poems.

Memories

As I rummaged thru my pictures
Packed away and left so long
Came the memories of my school days
Like a long forgotten song
As I saw my school mates faces
All their names came drifting back
And I wondered where they'd strayed to
Down lifes long and winding track
Some I know have crossed the river
Some are learned and grown quite wise
Some are common just as I am
And to fame shall never rise.
Many are the miles we've traveled
Since we started down the trail
With our books and slate and pencil
And a small tin dinner pail
Then our hair was bright and shining
And we loved to romp and play
Now the years have slowed our ardor
And our hair has turned to gray
Sixty Six the years have numbered
Each with shadow but some good
Since we posed to have our picture
By the school house in the woods.

Written about the school house at Burr Oak
Clarksuite, Iowa.



It didn't make the local news,
although it is a wonder.
The Abbott household came alive
with noise that seemed like thunder.

They thought it must be lightning
when the stool refused to flush
They heard a scream for help,
and then a silent hush.

The cat got all excited,
and in the hallway stood.
If her station smelled like that,
she'd get bawled out good.

A horrid odor filled the air.
The house reeked with its smell.
Someone thought they might get sick.
The cat got sick as well

Someone yelled to get some rags.
Another wanted paper.
The cat ran to the basement.
She thought it would be safer.

Someone yelled to bring some tools
A plunger would be fine.
But even that seemed useless,
"It" was further down the line.

They dug and poked and worked all day
But nothing would avail.
That toilet bowl was plugged real good
And all their good work failed.

We hear this happens often.
We hope it isn't true,
but here's a gift in case it is.
We hope it works for you.

*Another Christmas
gift wrapped
in paper!
(a plunger)*



If tears could build a stairway or memories a lane
I'd walk right up to Heaven and bring you home
again.

But then perhaps I'd want to stay your world would
be so fair

No war or crime or worries no pain, or tears or
care

We'd walk again a country lane and God would
walk there to

Indeed it will be Heaven when I walk again with
you.

Wish I had kept all the poems and stories that I
have written, but there are a lot of things I wish I had
done different and in spite of it all I have had a
wonderful life. Love Aletha

Mrs Aletha Frederick
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