

The Jacob Lebsack Family

By Lydia Dobler

Martin Lebsack was born in 1822 in Russia. In 1852 a son was born to he and his wife and this young man was named Conrad. When young Conrad grew up he married Anna Margaret Graining, and to this union were born the following children: Conrad, Anna Marie, Jacob and Anna Margaret. When young Jacob was seven, his mother died and left the father with his little brood. He soon discovered that a family of small children was more than he could handle with his farming and all, so he went around looking for a young lady who would accept a ready made family. He went to a neighboring settlement called Walter, and brought home his bride. To this union was born 3 sons, Dave, John and Fred, and two daughters, Henrietta and Mary Katherine. The children grew up, the boys married and as was the custom at that time, moved into the family home with their parents.

The Lebsacks were considered to be a rather wealthy family as they had more cattle and sheep than the average family and they also had camels. These were used to do some of their farm work and to drive to and from the small town to haul their grain and have it ground into flour. These were fun times for the family of boys, they soon found out that a camel could out run a horse anytime and didn't have to stop for water.

They lived in a village called "Franker Cuter," really more like a settlement than a town. The soil tillers lived in the village and in the morning the man hired as their cow herdsman would start at one end of the village and as he passed each home the cows were turned out the gate and he drove them out to grass. He watched the cows all day and at milking time he brought them back again and each animal knew just where it needed to turn to go home.

Down the path from the Lebsack family lived the Klein's, John and Catherine and their children. Young John (Grandpa) and a brother inherited the family farm, the horses and cattle when their father passed away. The brother soon sold out to John and moved to a warmer climate. A disease hit this area and he lost all of his stock and this drove him to drink. As the children were born times were very hard for these two young people. Finally he became the village butcher and each time he butchered for his customers, they sent sausage home for his family. Many nights he came home and insisted that his wife fix sausage for his drinking friends. To them were born twelve children. four of them died in infancy, leaving Katherine Margaret, John, Catherine, Fred, Anna, Jake, George and Henrietta (Etta). As the children grew up the older ones were sent out to work wherever they could find work to help keep the family together.

These people had no church building but held meetings in their schoolhouse. Several times a year a minister would come from Frank to baptize the babies and perform marriage ceremonies, and anything else he was needed for. When young Katherine Margaret Klein was old enough to be confirmed she was sent to Frank to attend confirmation school, a class of twelve boys and girls. After this she was considered old enough to go to work and she worked for Mr. and Mrs. Frick for a while and then went to work for the Walkers who lived near the Lebsack's.

The young people met at different homes to spend their evenings playing games, singing and the girls knitted or did other hand work. Young Jacob Lebsack had his eye on Katherine for some time but she thought he was too old for her and she tried to stay out of his way as much as possible. She then went to work for the Kissler's who were the young man's God Parents and this was certainly in his favor. Before too long, he was walking her home from some of these meetings. Her mother told her he was too old for

her and besides these were the rich Lebsack's and we were the poor Klein's, but before she reached her eighteenth birthday they were married, (October 5, 1903) and she moved to the Lebsack home. Jacob's older brother, Conrad, was already married and the girls became very good friends. Conrad's Marybell and Jacob's Katherine. The stepmother resented the young folks and did all in her power to keep things stirred up in the home.

Not too long after Jacob and Katherine were married, he was drafted into the service of their country, leaving his bride with his family at home. She was reminded many times that the family was already large enough and that there was lots of work to be done, and she tried very hard to be a good daughter-in-law. After some time her husband came home on a furlough and she became pregnant with her first child. She still worked hard at home and also in the harvest fields that summer.

The fields were some distance from home so they packed enough food and bedding and stayed out all week, living in a large tent. She had tied and stacked bundles all day and that night her young son was born, Jake, (July 14, 1906).

Our great grandparents were still living at this time and all lived in the same house.

Grandma was blind and spent much of her time taking care of the children from her rocking chair. One evening when the baby was several months old, Katherine asked Grandma to rock young Jake so she could go to see her parents for a while. Just as she was leaving the house, a man in a big fur coat was coming down the path toward the house, his collar was pulled up around his face and she couldn't tell who it was until he got closer--what a surprise to see her husband so unexpectedly.

He had so many things to tell about his work in the army. He had been chosen as the Czarina's chauffeur. I'm sure he was very handsome in his uniform and his high black boots so well polished all the time. When he went back after this furlough, word got around that if the child the Czarina was expecting was a boy, the soldiers would draw straws and the lucky ones would get to go home--he was one of them.

On January 11th, 1908 another son was born, Frederic, and the young couple settled down to a rather normal life. The grandmother was still carrying the key to the cupboard where the soap was stored and giving the young mothers barely enough to wash the children's clothes. Many diapers were spread out on the grass in summer or hung out to freeze in winter to keep them bleached. They didn't wear them during the week in the summer, even the little boys wore long shirts to cover their little bottoms, and they played barefoot and without pants lots of days.

These must have been happy times for Jacob and Katherine. On October 2nd, 1909 another son, John, was born to them. Shortly after this, war was declared again and the men met at the schoolhouse to decide what to do. They held a worship service and after many tears they left again to war. They only stayed a short time, things were settled peacefully and all of them came back.

On October 4, 1911 a daughter (Lydia) was born to the young couple, the first granddaughter in this family. At this time the young couple was seriously thinking of leaving Russia and starting a new life in the United States of America. Jacob's sister, Anna Marie, had married and gone to America, settling in Lincoln, Nebraska. Grandfather was very unhappy about all this talk and blamed Jacob's wife, he didn't think she was happy and wanted to take his son away.

After another meeting at the schoolhouse, seven young families decided to start on a voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. When they began packing, the stepmother decided to take over and kept many of Katherine's nicer things, some linens and bedding. Her mother had made a warm winter coat for her and Grandma said she would keep it and that she could have it when they returned from America. Grandma

Klein packed a box of food for the family to take on their journey, and after a sad farewell they all started out.

Mr. Strasheim from Loveland, Colorado, had borrowed and scraped up enough money to help Jacob and Katherine get their family across. By this time Lydia had passed her first birthday and was walking. What a sad time this must have been for these people.

Rumors of another war had started again and the young men had had enough of this so they chose to leave their home-land and started on a long hard journey across Russia into Germany to board a ship on the Hamburg America Line. When they got there, it seemed the ship was already filled, but a little man came along and said for a price he could get them on board. It seemed like these little men popped up every now and then for a price and Dad finally decided this was their way of making a living.

Many of the children on board became very sick, some died and were buried at sea. After three long hard weeks we arrived at Ellis Island. Dad had spent much of the time on deck and by this time had sore eyes from the salt air and water. Here the family was separated. Dad was being treated for his sore eyes, Jake and Fred had the measles, and Mother was left with John and Lydia. She knew the two boys were in the hospital but did not know exactly where. One day as she was walking with her two little ones, she saw Fred and Jake standing at a window looking out at the pigeons on the grounds. She called to them and they were so glad to see her, but in just a little while a nurse came to her and told her never to let those boys see her again, as they refused to eat their supper and kept crying for their mother.

The Doctor had told Dad if his eyes didn't improve in a few days, he would be sent back to Russia. So they waited patiently, hoping that things would work out for them. By this time the measles had settled in young Jake's eyes and he became very ill. After he recovered, he was very cross-eyed from this sick spell and he was like this until he was a teenager at which time he had surgery. Dad was finally dismissed and Jake was better and we went to Lincoln, Nebraska, to Uncle Dave and Aunt Mary Strasheim's, who had two children and with our four there was a house full.

Shortly thereafter Dad went to Hastings, Nebraska to see about a job. One of his very good friends lived there and told him they were hiring men to work for the Burlington Railroad. This friend's name was Yashka Wagner and he too was working for the railroad so Dad went to work with him one morning and met the boss. He discovered that he was a young man that he had played with in the sand back home in Russia. He informed Dad that he had one application ahead of his, and it took only one week to hire and fire the man, and Dad went to work as car inspector for the railroad. He worked a week and was issued a "pass" and we rode the train from Lincoln to Hastings. In the meantime, Mr. Wagner had rented a small three-room house for us. Mrs. Wagner's brother lived on a farm just outside Hastings they had seven children and shared their clothes with us, and Mrs. Wagner gave us two quilts, this was in 1912.

Dad worked for 15cents per hour, 8 hours per day, for one year, then he got 22 cents an hour--he worked here for four years. The friends in the country had fruit trees and a large garden and kept us well supplied with fruit and vegetables during these hard times. Dad couldn't speak a word of English when he started to work, but he learned the language very quickly.

In the spring of 1914, Mr. Casper Walker who lived across the street from us, helped Dad furnish money for Grandma and Grandpa Klein to come to America. They arrived on April the 11th and on the 19th we had another boy. We named our first natural-born American baby Clarence Albert. Mother didn't get too strong this time (and our Grandparents had moved to Scottsbluff that summer to work in the beet fields) so Dad got a "pass" for his little family and sent us to Scottsbluff and we spent the summer at the Grandparent's house. There were eight of them and the six of us. We must have filled that little "beet shack" to overflowing, but we had good times too.

Now there was unrest in our new country and talk of war. The boys were going to school, then I started too, after finally learning to walk when I was two, very roly-poly, fat and a nuisance to the kids when they played, I just couldn't keep up with the older ones.

On October 5, 1916, a baby girl was born, this one we named Leona Pauline. Now with his family growing by leaps and bounds, Dad decided he needed to make more money and get Mother out of town. She just wasn't feeling well and only weighed 107 lbs. that winter.

Our Grandparents were still living in Scottsbluff and after they had the beets topped, Grandpa and Uncle Fred worked in the sugar factory. They walked to and from work, the first World War had started and there was fighting in Europe and people were very uneasy and suspicious of foreign speaking people. One evening on the way home from work the two of them were being followed by several men. Grandpa being unable to speak English was telling Uncle Fred something in German when these men warned them and told them to stop talking like that. Just at that time they were going by a farm and Uncle Fred picked up a neck yoke and struck at the men and scared them away. After that they were very careful, but no one bothered them again.

Several years before this, a few families had come over from Russia and settled in Fruita, Colorado. Dad's sister Anna Margaret had married into this family, Amen family, Grandma and Grandpa, Henry, Conrad, David, Carl and Hattie. David was our uncle, and now they had migrated to Logan County, Colorado, near a very small town called Proctor. Dad wrote to him and inquired about farming or work of some kind.

In the spring of 1917 we and some friends, the Adam Trupp family, came from Hastings on the beet train to work in the beet fields. We had a job at the Jim Hamil ranch and our friends worked at the Bob Hamil farm. When we arrived, there was no depot or station, just an old box car. It was three a.m., a dark strange place and a group of tired people, fifteen in all. Uncle Dave drove down with his horses and wagon and took us about five miles north of Proctor where they were living, in what to us must have been a beautiful sod house.

We stayed here the next few days while the folks and Uncle Daves went down to our new home, a very lonely looking "beet shack" in the middle of a field of alfalfa. Hamil's cattle had broken the door and had been in and out of the shack all winter but they did get it all cleaned up and Dad got it all white washed. It was just large enough for two beds, a table, stove and the babies cradle. Mother hung up an old blanket to divide the room.

When the folks and the boys who were old enough to work finished in the beet field, Dad helped at the ranch, stacking hay and irrigating. The Hamils were very good to us--they gave us a milk cow. We had a nice garden spot, but the work was so hard for Mother and Dad. The boys were very young and Mom said, "just too dumb." The Hamils had quite a family too, Harold, Dave, Rugh, Edna and Donn.

Lydia, Clarence and the baby, Leona, stayed home all day, the baby slept or probably cried lots and the other two played. One night Dad came home from work with a puppy, he was so playful but we were afraid of him as he snapped at our heels as we walked, so one day we managed to get him in the house while the baby was sleeping, shut the door and started for the beet field. Mother saw us coming and her mother's intuition or something told her something was wrong. She came to meet us and hurried home, the baby was screaming and the puppy was nipping her little feet every chance he got--I'll bet we never did that again.

Another time we were on our way to the field and had to walk across a plank to cross an irrigation ditch. Clarence missed the plank and fell into the water. Lydia got him out somehow and took him home, took his clothes off him and put a long coat on him and managed to cross the ditch with him.

We always had home-made bread, milk and cream, sometimes we just dipped our bread into a bowl of sour cream for lunch.

Snow came really early that fall, the beets were covered and it was wet and cold. The folks wore overshoes or boots while they topped them. They got up at two in the morning, carried the kerosene lantern out to the field and hung it on a fork handle, and worked until dark at night. By this time another baby was on the way, not feeling too well and working so hard was just too hard for them. Finally Mr. Hamil hired two Mexicans to help them finish the beets.

Dad rented a dryland quarter of land from Mrs. Vannack, near Uncle Dave Amen's place and also rented 40 acres of irrigated ground from a Mr. Skinner. We had a very good beet crop that fall, so we bought out Mrs. Vannack, now we had four horses and six head of cattle.

On May 23rd another little girl was born, this one was named Rachel, all the children were born at home. About this time Dad took a trip back to Hastings and sold our house, 1918.

We had a three year lease with Mrs. Vannack, but after the first year broke the lease and rented two quarters of irrigated ground from Mr. Grady Cheairs who lived in Sterling. He built a new house on the north quarter and we moved. This was war time again and we were so poor, but so was everyone else.

Church services were held at the home of Grandpa Amen whenever possible. We walked a mile to school, west of our home, the McGinley School. The six youngest started and finished grade school here and what a school it was, those were the days. We carried syrup bucket lunch pails with cold corn bread and butter, sometimes an apple too.

Those were the days of Red Crosses on the front window, no white flour in the house, flu epidemic and much hard work. We washed clothes on the washboard, still bleached the diapers out in the sun and made lye soap in a big iron kettle out in the yard. Always did our own butchering, made sausage, smoked it, no refrigerator so we fried the sausage and fresh pork and packed it in a crock and covered the meat with hot lard. When mother went home from the field, it didn't take long to fix dinner. We all just grew like Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A large loaf of homemade rye bread, a dill pickle and a small piece of fat salt pork and a jug of cold water was our lunch in the field many afternoons while we were thinning beets, stacking hay and hoeing beans or potatoes.

The folks worked very hard to keep this family fed and clothed and we learned very early in life how to work. When the folks said do something, we didn't say why or later, or I'm tired, excuses were something we didn't know too much about. We all knew that a razor strop was not only to sharpen Dad's straight edged razor, but was also used to warm the seat of our britches many times too.

Irrigating was new to Dad and very hard work. The water came from the North Sterling ditch and when the winter was dry, there was very little water and crops were scarce. By this time Mr. Cheairs had begun another new house on the south quarter and the folks had cleared the land, burning large piles of weeds and trash. Most of this work was done at night while we were home in bed sound asleep.

In the spring Dad started Mother listing corn while he helped the neighbors make the "drop boxes" and clean the big ditch so the water could come down, it seemed that our farm was on the far end of the ditch. After Dad hitched the four horses to the corn lister he left Mother to her work and he went about his

business. He had set the lister the way he wanted it but Mother thought the horses were working too hard, so she lifted the lister out several notches and went on with her work. Driving four rather unruly horses was not to Mother's liking and she was very careful but one morning she hit a large rock in the corn row and flew off the seat and landed right behind Prince and Brownie, the two wildest horses we had. They must have felt her fright and they just stopped short and waited for her to crawl up off the double tree and get back on her seat, she had a sore leg most of that summer. Her cornfield was one of the nicest fields in the neighborhood. She didn't tell Dad for many years that she didn't plant the corn as deep as he told her to.

All the south field was corn and the north was grain and sugar beets. The second year the south quarter and fifteen acres of the north were planted into spring wheat. We had a wonderful crop--it was all cut with a binder and Mother, Fred and Jake, and a hired man named Ralph Bagent shocked it. Ralph didn't last very long. He said, "That old lady must be crazy to be able to work like that."

They got it all shocked and then it was time to thresh it. A man from Peetz came down with his machine and crew to thresh for the whole community, all the Amens, Pyles, McGinley's, Owens and Zinns. The crew consisted of about twenty men. When they got to our place it rained and rained. The men slept in the hay loft but we fed them all the time, dressed chickens, ducks, geese and then a huge beef roast.

We always served logan berry pie, and used the liquid from these berries to color our lemonade a lovely pink. Our dinners consisted of meat, potatoes, gravy, a vegetable, such as corn, peas or green beans. Our salad was chopped fresh cabbage mixed with a salad dressing that we always made, and several bananas were added to this, or fresh cucumbers mixed the same way. Sometimes Aunt Annie Amen came to help us with the cooking.

The boys were in the field and most of the time I was busy with the smaller children. I was only about eight at the time.

About this time another baby girl arrived, April 27, 1920. This one we named Emma.

By this time the "new house" was finished over at the other place and it was time to move. We little kids spent some afternoons over there just marveling at the new things, indoor bathrooms, electric lights, drapes, rugs on the floor, linoleum on the kitchen floor, built in cupboards and by this time we had the nicest blue kitchen range that just belonged in the new house.

There was quite a story behind the stove. Our Grandparents, the Kleins, had moved to Hastings by this time and Grandma was very ill. Mother had pleaded for a new stove but there was always something else that came first. That winter she asked to go to Hastings to visit her parents and she took Leona, Rachel and Emma with her. Dad tried his hand at cooking and did alright, but when he tried making biscuits in that old oven, he just gave up and ordered a new range from Montgomery Ward and Company. By the time mother came home, the new stove was in our kitchen.

This was during the Christmas holidays and we had all learned our poems to recite at the church program. I had a lovely Nile green dress trimmed with wide silver lace down the front. I was so proud, but I had long thick hair that needed to be braided. Dad tried but he had it so tight I could hardly close my eyes. Just before it was time to go to church, Auntie Katie Amen came down and fixed it for me. The boys were all dressed in their short pants, "knickers." Mom always cut the boys hair, we must have been a sight, but we looked like all the other kids at that time.

One nice sunny morning the folks loaded the hay rack with furniture and drove to the new farm. We kids went across the field and almost beat them, but we had to hurry home again and get ready for school.

By this time there was a new school house, "The Amen School." This was our church for years, too. For a while, before this was finished, we drove over to the Stump school for church services. Some of the ministers we had were Rev. Eckhardt, Rev. Hoelzer, a missionary home on furlough from Argentina, Rev. Kalmbach, Rev. Ament, Rev. Strauch, who baptized Rachel, Rev. Mehl, Rev. Rothenberger and Rev. Steiger. Rev. Kalmbach had married a local girl. Mr. Zinn was my Sunday school teacher and it seemed like he must have smoked his pipe or whatever it was that he smoked, until he was right on the door step of the church, what an odor, but those were good days.

Our County Superintendent was Miss Flora A. Allison, a tall stately maiden lady. When she came to visit our school, we were certainly on our best behavior. Some of our teachers were Misses Clara Campbell, Irene Neller, Ann Corrigan, Vivian Gill and Ruth Stewart.

Vivian Gill was very special to me, she asked me to spend a week-end with her at her home in Sterling. I had never been away from home before. We had a coke at the drug store fountain and went to her church and sang "Bringing in the Sheaves." All the songs I had ever heard in church were German. It seemed odd to me that the words could be so different but the melody was the same.

Now we were living in our new home and on July 27th another baby girl was born, Freda Marie. Grandma came to help out as this was a busy time on the farm and Mother had developed a "milk leg" this time and had quite a time getting over it. She still went out to the beet field to help us hoe and thin in the spring and top the beets in the fall.

In the spring of 1922 Dad went to the bank and borrowed money to send back to his people in Russia to pay for the transportation of his half brother Dave and two nephews, Carl and George, his brother Conrad's sons. Then we got word that someone had gotten hold of the money and the boys could not come to this country, so he started all over again and finally in the early fall he went to Proctor one Sunday right after church and came back with these three young men.

Their clothes were very different, their haircuts were odd and they couldn't speak a word of English, but that was no problem because we all spoke German too. After they had greeted all of us, Mother made them go to our bathroom and one after another they took off their clothes and she gave them some clean things, because they were covered with lice after riding in stock cars like cattle through Germany.

We were all so happy to have them with us. They stayed until the beets were hauled and then Carl moved down to the John Crum home and worked as a farm laborer all winter. George and Dave stayed and helped with the corn picking and anything else we had to do. By this time there were nine children in our family plus the folks and these two young men. We butchered a hog about once a month and Mom baked bread every other day.

Dad had made a large wooden box which we called the trough. This was used to mix our sausage when we butchered and then used as a bread box. We always milked cows, shipped cream but always made our own butter in a crock with a long stick with a sort of paddle on one end. This was poked up and down until the cream turned to butter. Earlier we used to trade some butter for groceries down at Lamb's store at Proctor. In the fall we always made beet syrup, this was a messy and smelly job but a slice of homemade bread with homemade butter and some beet syrup on top of it was real good. Many times that is all we had after school but we all grew and grew. Plenty of work to do, enough to eat and wear, and certainly enough companionship.

It seemed like every summer Aunt Annie and Uncle John Uhrich spent about three weeks on the farm with us. She was Mother's younger sister. While they were here she always helped make new clothes for

us so we could always go back to school. Seemed like wedressed four friers every day and carried big sacks of corn from the field, lettuce and cucumbers from a large garden and Mom's loganberry pies--what a dinner.

On May 24th, 1924 another baby girl was born, Ernestine Darlene, and now there were ten of us.

The boys were growing up and John and Fred were attending high school in Sterling and Jake had left home and was working for the neighbors. After Fred graduated from high school, he worked for Pyles, Amens and any neighbors that needed help. Seemed the rest of us were grown up enough to keep up at home.

We were feeding cattle by this time and running hogs with them. Then we decided to try our hand at feeding sheep too. The first fifteen hundred lambs were quite something. Dad said I could take my embroidery work under my arm and after the lambs settled down I could do some sewing. That turned out to be a big joke, sewing and sheep just didn't mix at all.

In 1929 we were feeding sheep, cattle, raising beets and potatoes, and then came the depression. No market for 75 acres of potatoes, the beets froze in the ground, we got less for our fat cattle and sheep than we paid for them and things looked real bad for us. By this time we had begun making payments on our farm that we had purchased from Mr. Cheairs. In the fall after all this, Dad went to him and asked him to take the farm back as we couldn't even pay the interest on our note, but he refused to do so, saying "Jake, I know you can do it, I don't want it back, just forget this year and try again."

On February 8th, 1931, we had our first wedding and it was a double wedding. Jake and cousin George married the Keil sisters, Natalie and Ernestine. They were married in the church in Sterling and we had a big dinner at our farm home. That fall we needed some help to haul beets and we hired a dryland farm boy from Bethune, Colorado, his first try at this hard job. He worked with John. His name was Theodore Dobler.

On January 24th we had our next wedding, John married Mary Fritzler. The young man from Bethune hauled beets at the Kaufman farm not too far away and visited at our house quite a few times during the beet season. The next season he hauled at our place again, and on February 22, 1934, he and Lydia were married very quietly at home. No wedding gown and veil, no money.

In 1937 we had two weddings, Fred had moved to California and on September 5th he married Alma Peters there. On November the 25th Clarence married Esther Hettinger and the next year Leona married Esther's brother Robert.

On November 24, 1940 Rachel married Albert Schuppe. The next June Emma married Raymond Kautz. By this time a group of students from a Theological school in Yankton, South Dakota were on a singing tour, and they visited our church in Sterling. Freda fell in love with one of them and on the 22nd of August, 1943 she and Hugo Flaig were married and she became a young minister's wife.

On February 1, 1944, Leona's husband passed away after a long illness, Hodgkins disease, leaving her a very young widow with two small sons, Loren and Lowell.

In 1945 the folks rented out their farm and had a farm sale and bought a nice home in Greeley, Colorado. This was the time of the Second World War and many boys were coming home for the service. One of them was Fred May and on June 2, 1946, he and Ernestine were married.

Leona had moved to Greeley with the folks and met a young widower, Dan Steinmetz, who had three children, Donald, Delbert and Margaret, and they were married on May 5th, 1946.

Now the nest was empty and things were easier for the folks. They spent time visiting Fred, Emma and Ernie in California, Lydia in Burlington and Freda at her home.

When we started coming back with our families we were something else, each of us with our spouses and all our children:

Jake--three boys, Robert, Richard and Allen.

Fred--one son, Wayne. Fred and Alma were divorced and he remarried, Mollie Herbst from Greeley.

John--two sons, Donald and John Jr.

Lydia--Carol Jean born and died March 14th, 1937, Bonnie, Stanley and Tom.

Clarence--four children, Lyle, Sharon, Tom and Steve.

Leona--two boys, Loren and Lowell and three stepchildren, Donald, Delbert and Margaret.

Rachel--three children, Gordon, Marla and Janie.

Emma--three children, Judy, Jimmie and Gary.

Freda--four children, Kenton, Linda, Susan and Cynthia.

Ernestine--two boys, Randy and Rick.

Dad passed away February 16th, 1959, after a long illness of leukemia and sugar diabetes. After his death Mom sold their house on 18th Street by the college and bought a real nice home down by the German church.

Written by Lydia in 1974.

Mom passed away on December 3rd, 1975, the day before her 90th birthday.