



Edited by Frances Reavis

I want to thank you one and all for the great help you have given me for our family tree. Without your EXCELLENT HELP, I would never have made it. My only hope now is that you will all enjoy it one fraction as much as I have putting it together.

I chose this name for our tree: "FAMILY PLEASURES AMONG THE TREASURES." That doesn't mean that you have to call it that. Feel free to give it your choice of a name. It would be great to hear the different names you all come up with. On second thought, maybe it wouldn't. Ha! Ha!

I was planning a stronger binding, but my thought was that many will be subtracting or adding pages, so I chose this type of portfolio for it doesn't affect the book in any way if you choose to take out or add new pages. I am in hopes you will agree.

All in all it was a great task. But believe me, the fun in doing it outweighed the task by far.

My one request of each of you is this. If you plan to use just the names and dates to make your own style with your ideas, please let me know what you did differently. It will be interesting to know.

My only prayer now is that the families are in their right places, as well as dates and names.

Frances Reavis

WHAT DOES CHRISTIANITY
MEAN?

In the home—kindness.

In business—honesty.

In society—courtesy.

In work—thoroughness.

In play—fairness.

To the unfortunate—pity.

To sin—resistance.

To the strong—trust and good will.

To the weak—help.

To the penitent—forgiveness.

To all men—reverence and love.

To God—worship and service.

I

TERLEP FAMILY

To tell you about our family life when we were growing up, I must first get you acquainted with our lovely family. There were

eleven of us -



Dad, Mother, Mary, John, Jennie, Tony, Frances,

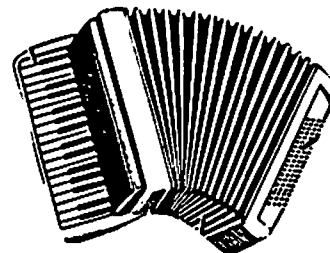


Lily, Louie, Charles and Dorothy. We were inclined to be a very musical family. Dad sang regular music as well as opera; he was a great whistler, played the accordion, organ and mouth harp all by ear. Tony, Louie and Charles played by ear the accordion and mouth harp. Dorothy took piano and voice lessons. Many times the dance floor was cleared just to watch Mother and Dad dance. We all loved to dance and sing, except for Mary and John; I guess they were too busy helping with the younger children. Mother always made sure to set aside a little money to keep us in phonograph records. That was our main source of entertainment, other than listening to Dad and the boys playing one of their instruments.

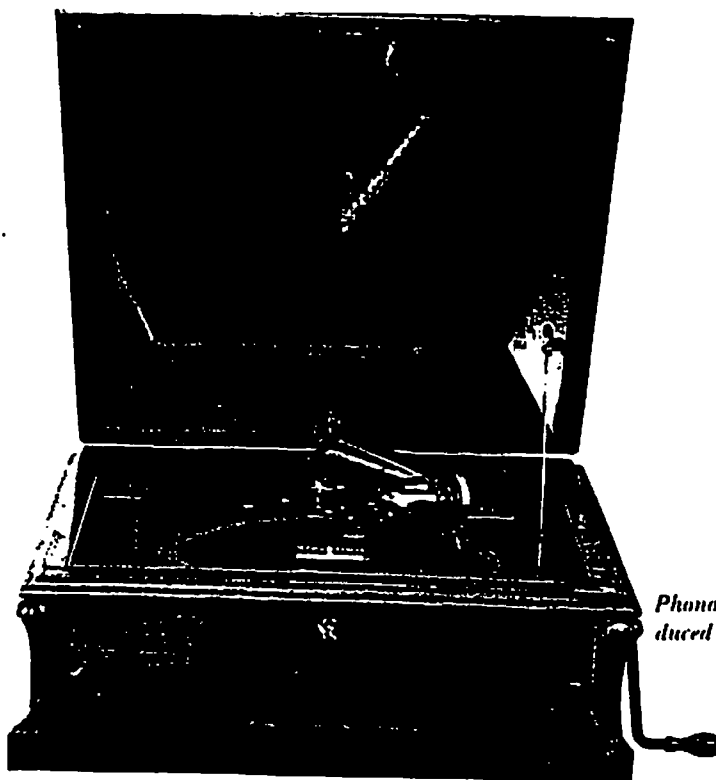
Cyrillys Damian invented an accordion in Vienna in 1829. But the principle had been known for centuries before in China.



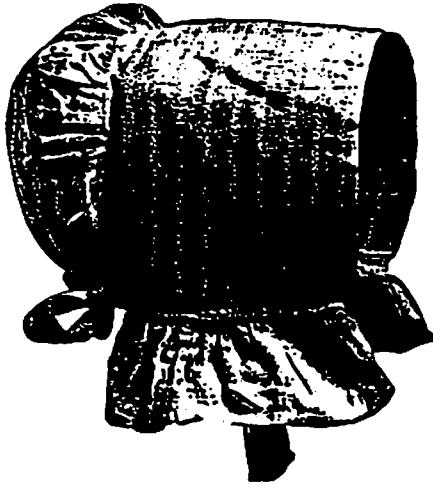
The Harmonica is a small wind instrument with reeds that produce tones when the player exhales or inhales.



DANCE



Phonographs that have the sound horn inside the cabinet, first introduced in 1906.



A slat bonnet, so called because it was stiffened by removable wooden splints, was an essential item for homesteading women intent on protecting their fair complexions from the merciless Western sun.

SCRUB BOARD and WASH TUB MOTHER WITH BABY



WASHDAY

THE WATER
FROM THE WELL
WAS SO COLD.

WE PUMPED IT
DRY MANY TIMES.

REMEMBER THE GOOD
WATER FIGHTS
WHEN WE PUMPED
THE WELL DRY AND
MAD
WAS ANGRY FOR THE STOCK
HAD TO WAIT FOR WATER

BUT THE DEAR STOCK
DIDN'T SUFFER ANY

PUMP

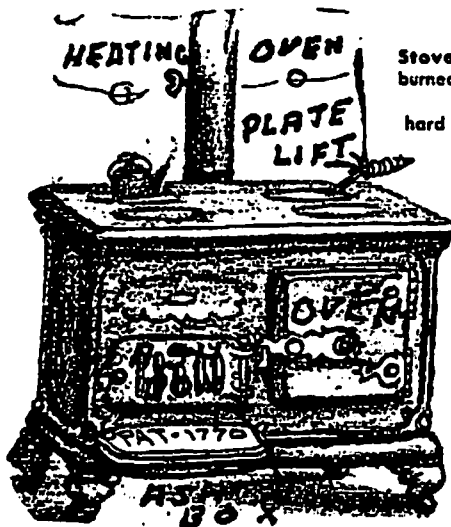


Our laundry was all done on a scrub board by hand. We had to pump the water, bring it in and heat it on top of the cook stove. Mother was very particular with the wash; it had to be just so. She boiled all the white clothes in a boiler on top of the stove. Mother made all her own laundry soap. Jennie finally managed to talk Mother into buying a washing machine.

We never did buy any bread or sweet bread. Mother did all her own baking. She baked fresh bread at least twice a week and sometimes three times. Bread was very important in all our meals. At breakfast was scrambled bread made from a dough that was a little thicker than pancake batter, then browned in a hot skillet on both sides, then cut into very small pieces by using a knife in each hand and cutting until the pieces were small enough. The cornmeal and buckwheat mush was usually for breakfast also. On important days or holidays or weekends, Mother made donuts. She didn't make only a few dozen, she made them by the large bushel basket full. She would bake large loaves of nut bread or raisin bread. Baking was all done on a large coal wood range with a large oven. It took a master mind as to how much coal or wood should be put in at a time so the bread baked even and had a beautiful golden brown crust. She never missed - it always was beautiful.



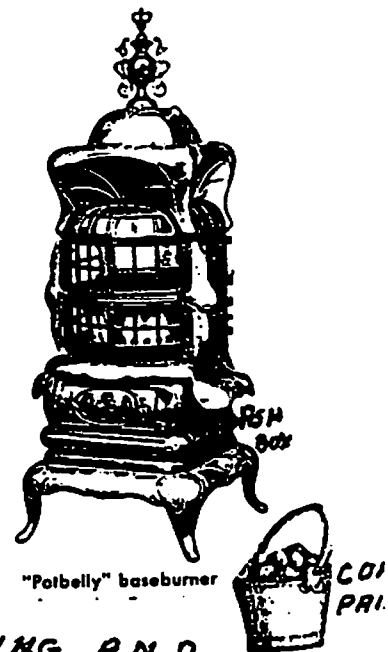
Mother taught us girls how to do all these chores. We loved it all and never complained. We were glad that we could help because mother was such a joy to have close at all times.



Stoves of the Past. A cast-iron range of the late 1800's burned coal, coke, or wood.

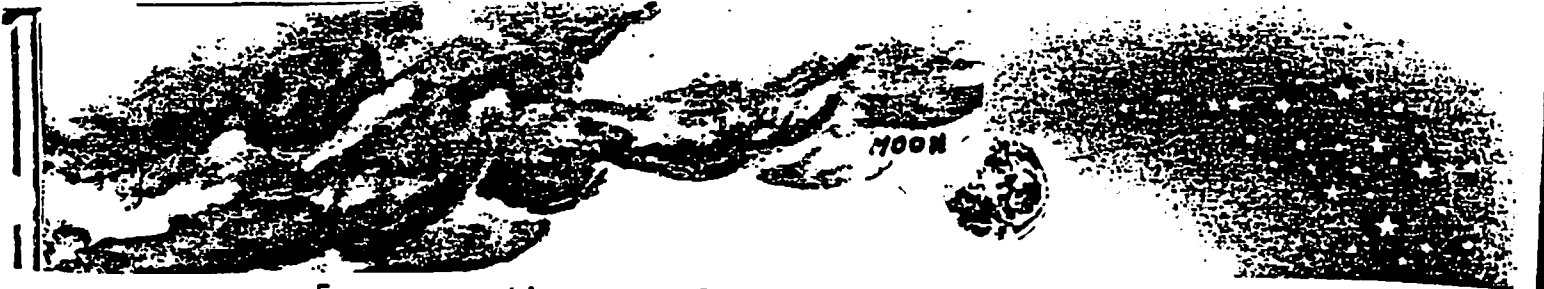
A "potbelly" baseburner of the late 1800's burned hard coal to heat a room.

THOSE STOVES WERE
MORE WORK THEN
MEETS THE EYE.
THEY HAD ASH PANS
THAT HAD TO BE
EMPTIED EVERY DAY.
THAT WAS AN EARLY
MORNING JOB. BEFORE
THEY WERE FIRED UP.
DIRTY JOB TOO.



DAD AND THE BOYS DID ALL THE SAWING AND CHOPPING OF WOOD THAT WAS USED. THAT WAS QUIT A HARD JOB TO CUT DOWN THOSE BIG TREES. WITH AS LITTLE EQUIPMENT AS THEY HAD BACK THEN.

WE ALL HELPED STACK THE PILE AFTER IT WAS SAWED AND CHOPPED. MORE FUN

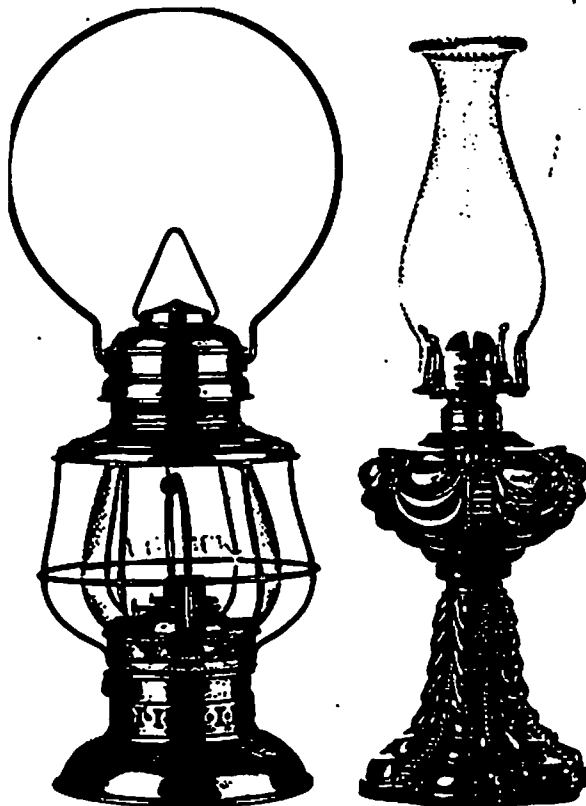


For recreation, we played cards a lot. The games that were played included jumping rope, jacks, marbles, Annie over, run sheep run, tag, hide and seek, baseball and horseshoes. We didn't need any neighbors to come in to play - there were always enough of us - but the neighbors were always welcome. We also loved to sit outside at night with Mother to watch the clouds go floating by and would see the different shapes of clouds and would mention what they looked like, as well as watching the stars and the big full moon come up. We would sing while we were watching. Mother was very good at memorizing songs and poetry. I do believe us kids were gifted with that talent also. We would hear the songs a few times and they would stay with us by heart - likewise with poems. Mother taught us all our prayers in three different languages: Slovenian, German and English. That was a must. Each night at bedtime, we all, except Dad, knelt together in a group.

Mother was always so cheerful and ready to help anyone. She spread her love evenly among us all.

Our family was very fortunate with good health. There was illness, but nothing serious. John was troubled a lot with tonsillitis. Charles was in Children's Hospital for correcting a neck problem.

Kerosene oil lamps supplied us with our lighting.



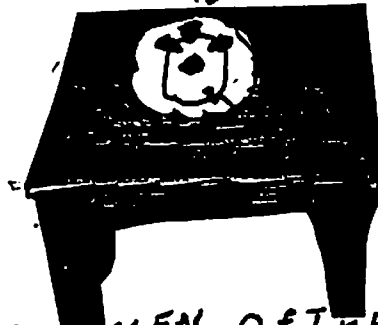
KEROSENE LAMPS

That might be the equivalent of a 40 watt light bulb to a room.

In the cold of winter that didn't provide much light. Summer wasn't too bad for we had the outdoor light. We always had to go to bed early between 8:00 and 9:00 p.m. We never fusses for we were always having to get up early.

John had our home wired with electricity. It was a great thing!

DUST CAP



THE WOMEN OF THE 1900'S
WORE DUST CAPS A LOT

Dad canned our dill pickles and we had pickles year around. He canned them in a 50 gallon key. They were so crisp and delicious. You just can't buy those kind in stores. Mother canned any vegetable or fruit that was on the market. They used to have trucks from the vegetable and fruit stands that made their rounds in the neighborhood at least twice a week and in top season three times a week. This made it handy - just go to the truck and buy what you wanted. We never did buy any kind of canned fruit or vegetable from the store. Just think of all the work it was to wash all those jars by hand. All the water that was used had to be pumped, heated on top of the coal wood range. Mother never did have a jar of her food spoil on her. She also made a lot of jelly. If we bought jelly, we would buy them by the 5 lb. buckets. Mother had a beautiful cellar by the end of canning season. But by the time of the next canning season, it was bare. We always bought our apples by the bushel basket. We all loved apples, so it didn't take long for the bushel basket to go. That was the only snack we had after school except for a dill pickle.



Our food was supplied through these sources: Dad raised a few cows, pigs and chickens. Mother was in charge of the chickens, especially if they were to set and hatch. We were well supplied with all our meat, lard, cream, butter, buttermilk, cottage cheese, bacon sausage, and eggs.

The folks did their own butchering, cutting up all the fat and rendering in it into lard. Mother would grind all the crockles and would spread them with seasoning on bread dough and roll them into loaves of bread. Sure great eating! Wish I had some today! we made our pork sausage, also a blood sausage made with blood from the hogs and a large kettle of rice and seasoning and added groundmeat sometimes. It was then put in casings just as the pork meat for pork sausage. That too I wish I had now. Dad smoked a lot of meat to keep it through the summer months. We didn't care too much for that. He had to do that to keep it from spoiling. Mother churned the cream into butter and made cottage cheese. How she did all this I'll never know. Along with having to get three meals a day. Breakfast at 7:00 a.m., dinner at twelve noon, and supper at 6:00 p.m. Always on time every day of the week, every week of the month, every month of the year. Think of the dishes that had to be washed. Mother taught us how to do all this and always while doing them, she would sing and teach us new songs. While doing these chores, she had to take time out to tend the baby and look after the small children pulling on her skirt. She was always so pleasant, never had a harsh word. She would pick up the wee one, change a diaper and give them a hug and kiss that seemed to please them. I must add that we had more milk and eggs than we could use ourselves, so we sold the extra to neighbors that weren't as fortunate as we. Eggs for 10¢ a dozen and milk for 10¢ a quart.

The only items beside clothing that we bought from the store were flour and sugar, cornmeal and buckwheat flour, by either 10 or 25 lb. bags, and brown sugar which was used for baking and took the place of candy many times. Coffee, nuts, raisins and raising yeast for bread were also purchased. What little medicine we used, spices, and toilet articles were mainly bought from Rawleigh, Watkins & Jewell Tea Company through door-to-door sales. We also bought cleaning items from them.

Many times brown sugar took the place of candy. Occasionally we were in 'high heaven' when we were given a whole nickel to spend on candy. We always liked that for the candy was displayed in enclosed glass candy showcases. The candy looked so fresh and delicious, the glass showcase brought out the colors so clear. It was quite a decision for us to choose from so many penny candy. There were jelly beans in so many colors, peppermints in different shapes and forms, orange slices that looked so soft and fresh. It didn't take much to melt them away. Jaw breakers were always great for they lasted so long. Taffy kisses were my favorite. Another favorite of mine was a black cow. That was made of caramel with dark chocolate that lasted all day. The little paraffin bottles filled with liquid in different shapes and colors were a great buy for after the liquid was gone, you could chew the paraffin. That lasted quite a while. Chewing it in place of gum made the jaws quite tired after a bit.

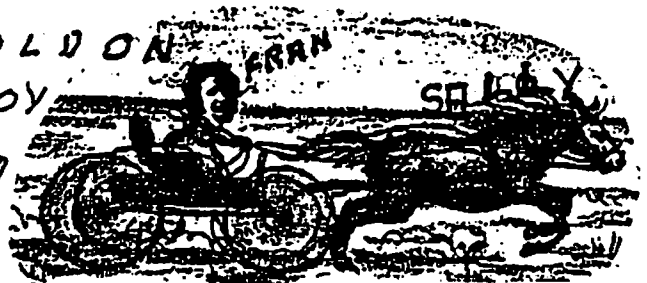
I think the clerk got quite a kick out of seeing our choices and the expressions on our faces. We always tried to get the most of our precious nickel. We tried to get the kind that had the most pieces so we could share with the other classmates.

Another thing that was so great in our time was the 5¢ boxes of Cracker Jacks. The little gifts that were enclosed in each box really made you so anxious to open and see what was inside. Seemed like the little gifts were much better back then than they are today. We always got these treats when we were working in the beet fields. They served as a little lunch break. That way we always drank plenty of water. Of course when working in the sun in the fields we were always ready to drink water at the end of a row.

The only time we were permitted to drink pop was when we were ill and had a little upset stomach. Something with a lot of fizz in it, such as 7 Up or a real sour lemon flavor helped greatly. It served more as a medicine, for that was the only medicine we got for upset stomachs or headaches. It sure made you feel better fast - and it wasn't hard to take!

ON A SUNDAY OUTING HOLD ON
SOMETHING ALARMED SILO-BOY
DID WE EVER TAKE OFF?
DO YOU REMEMBER THE GOOD
OUTINGS

JEN AND LIL



We girls loved to go for a ride with the horse and buggy. Mary, Lily and I would take Sally, our horse, and go for a drive to the prairie and country a couple times through the summer. Poor Jennie was working and couldn't join us. We would spend about four or five days out visiting neighbors where our folks owned their homestead.

We would start for the country around four o'clock in the morning. What beautiful sights to see. The sunrise was spectacular! The birds sang sweetly. It was much cooler that time of day for Sally for she trotted a lot.

When we started for home it would be around five o'clock in the evening. Taking in the changes in the scenery. Farmers leaving the fields. The sun was beginning to set — the big moon was just coming up. It was all so clear. No smoke or tall buildings standing in the way. Simply beautiful — the birds still chirping. The clouds floated so softly by.



Silo Sally, our horse, played a big part in our life. We had two buggys. A one-seated and a two seated buggy, also a spring wagon. We would take the one that was best suited for the occasion. We kids usually took the spring wagon when we went pickle picking, cherry picking, beet picking or other work in the fields - more fun.

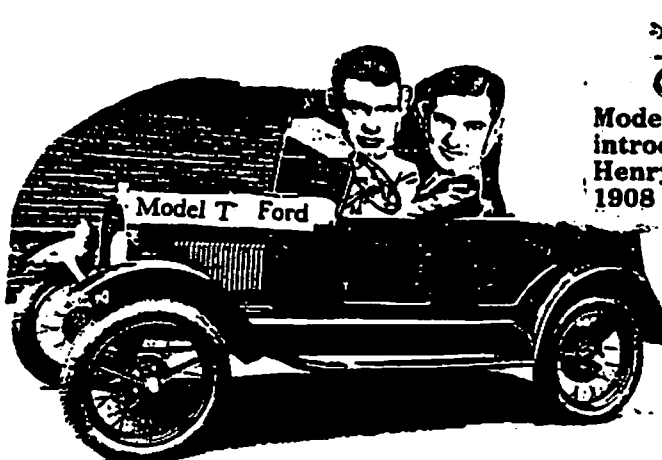
Dad served as a coachman for a group of society women of the city of Eaton, Colorado. He used the two-seated buggy for them. He had six women to pick up and take them to the home that was having the luncheon and card party. Then he had to pick them up again to take them home after the luncheon.

Us girls used to go to Church from Eaton to Greeley with the horse and buggy. That was before the highway got so busy with cars! Then Mother put a stop to it for safety reasons.

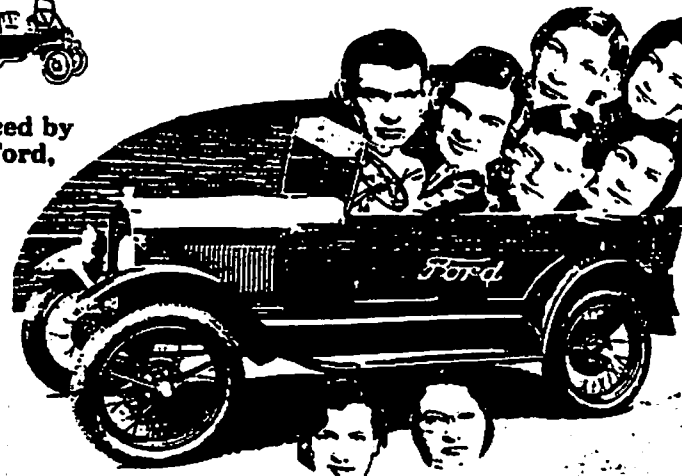
Tony and Dad were the only ones in the family that rode Sally saddle-back for she was quite lively. When something scared her, she would really take off without warning.



John and Tony liked to drive to the homestead and around that country in the Model T Ford. They did a lot of rabbit and wildbird hunting, as well as some fishing. Us kids all went Indian arrow-head hunting on the prairie in the Model T. We really found some nice ones and had a great time!



Model T
introduced by
Henry Ford,
1908



John also used the Model T to take us to work in the fields. He was really proud of his car. We also did a lot of walking to wherever we wanted to go, be it school, store or work.



PREPARATION FOR BATH

It was always more of a rush job and very inconvenient, quite a task to get things ready for our bath. First pump and bring in the water. Then heat the water on the coal-wood range. Put up the curtain for privacy. Bring in the washtub that served as our bathtub. Fitting into it was something else! Most of our young people of today wouldn't believe that it was possible to take a bath in a tub of that size.

Then when the bath was finished, there was no plug or stopper to pull to run out the water. You had to have someone help you carry out the water to dispose of it. Put the tub back into place, remove the curtain and tidy up the area so it was back to family living. No mirror in sight. We never took any longer than necessary.

THE OUTSIDE TOILET

This little room has latched on to so many different names in its time. I counted twelve. Won't bother to name them, but it was well taken care of. Montgomery Ward and Co. and Sears and Roebuck played a very important part in that little room. There was nothing like soft tissue to greet you. But I must say, there were more pictures and reading material there than you had time for. I also feel safe to say that the indoor flushing toilet was the greatest invention of our time. Nothing, but nothing could surpass it! Believe me!

This picture below brings back memories of how it was back then. If you had an urgent call of the dark of night, it was not only the darkness, but many times hail, wind, rain or snow for you to put up with. Didn't always have time to light the lantern. It didn't happen often, but once is bad enough.

Just stop and think for a minute what a burden that was for our dear mothers. Think of the many times she had to run out in any kind of weather for us when we were wee ones.



This other little cartoon seemed to fit in to the history of the different names for the little room - added one more to my dozen.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY SCHOOL



Most of the country school consisted of one classroom with one teacher. The class was made up of children from the first through the eighth grades. There were from eight to twelve children in all. We walked between $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 miles to school. But we didn't mind that - in the cold, cold of winter, we could hear the telephone wires hum. Also the woodpeckers were busy pecking away on the trees or telephone poles. The fall and spring with all its beauty was noticed by all. The different birds sang so merrily.

We always took paper bag lunches. The teacher was in charge of the heating stove.



The thing that goes the farthest towards
making life worthwhile,
That costs the least, and does the most, is
just a pleasant smile.

It's full of worth and goodness too, with
manly kindness blent,
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't
cost a cent.

JOHN TERLEP FAMILY
by Frances (Terlep) Reavis

The folks moved onto their homestead in 1907. Our family life when we were kids times were hard but we seemed to be happy. We were always ready to help one another. Our wants were few. We just took life as it was and did what we were told to do. We were always glad when we were called on to help. As we look back to those by gone days we often think how in the world did the folks manage, especially our dear mother. So much rested in her hands. She was out there in the middle of nowhere with tiny wee ones. Just think of those long winter days and nights when the wind blows out there it really blows. How terriying. But I guess where there is a will there is a way. The folks stayed out there six long years. Dad really never was a farmer. He was wrapped up in mining. They had to leave Aspen when they did for the mining all came to a shut down. Dad did go back to mining a number of times but it just didn't pay off. This is when they decided to work for different farmers. Mother just wasn't satisfied to see us girls work so hard in the fields. She wanted something better for us. She had many lovely friends that were helping her get jobs for us kids. She permitted the girls to move to Greeley. First Mary and Jennie then me and then Lily. Finally the whole family moved to Greeley. Dorothy is the only child that went through the 12th grade but the rest of us all held jobs that required a much higher education than any of us had. Our boss told me and Lily when we started to work at the print shop, me as a compositor and Lily as a secretary, not to worry that we could do anything if we just set our minds to it and not to be afraid. Mother got the job for us through one of her friends and we were so glad we never regret giving it a try. Mary and Jenny made the best cooks ever. John made a plumber and painter of himself. Tony was our only farmer but he loved it with all his heart. Louie was a carpenter. Charles was the only one that liked mining like his dad but couldn't always find mining work. Mary in her later years became a nurse with only a fourth grade education. John was also assistant to a doctor. He was a skilled medical technician who assisted doctors at Eight A.A.F. fighter dispensary. We did a lot of field work from ages eight to sixteen but through mother hard work and visiting with different women she got what she was after and that was a better job for each of us. We learned what it took to get ahead in this world was the willingness to work and what ever you do give it your best.



Mary in her nurse uniform

A dream come true

I can well remember Tony and myself saying there must be an easier way to do all this work. We said when we get big we were going to invent a machine that would take our place in the beet fields. We never made it, but three cheers to the man that did.

We did many many acres of beets in the summer and fall. It was hard work out there with the good old sun beating down on you. But really it didn't seem to bother us. We put in good long days but time seemed to go so fast for we were always anxious to see how many rows we would get through before the day was done.

International Beet Harvester which went into use about 1945 or 1946. The first beet harvester that topped and pulled and loaded the beets in a cart was in the year of 1946. Now this machine was entirely different than the topper of today. It only took one row. The new beet topper of today can top six to eight rows at one time.

BEEET THINNER

The beet thinner came into use about 1963 but never was to popular. A lot of beets today are still thinned by human hands. Many of the large beet growers use some kind of beet thinning machine.



A diagonal look across a machine thinned field. Harvesting uniform stand of more uniform size Beets is faster, easier and less costly.

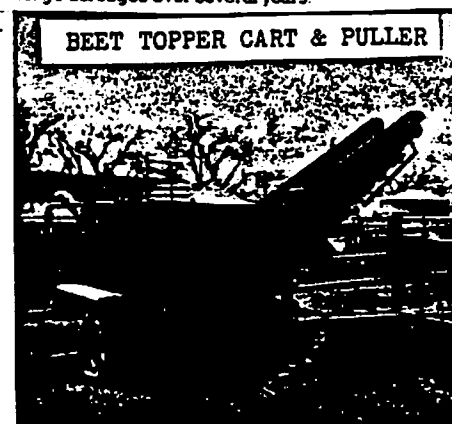
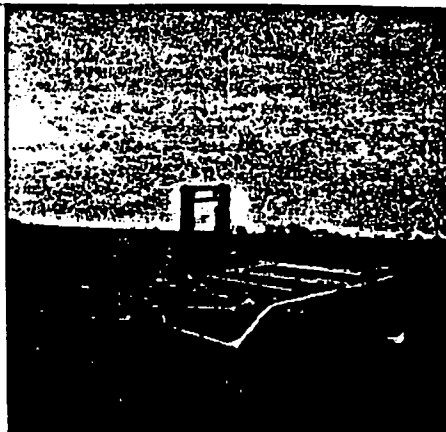
12-Row Everman Thinner - covering up to 6 acres per hour.



Proven performance during the past six years over more than 500,000 acres

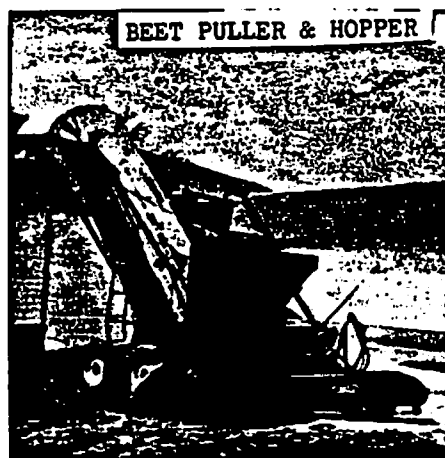
The Eversman Selective Row Crop Thinner is a complete machine including an electric power source, air compressor, gauge wheels, positive drive leaf-handling system and tractor-installed monitoring system. A wide range of adjustments permits operation for sugar beets, cotton or vegetable crops. This is a precision unit which looks — selects — and thins — faster and more accurately than human hands. It can be adjusted to produce a wide range of selective plant spacings, and will leave singles under a favorable space-planted, good seedbed and field conditions. A two-knife operation will mulch all the row and weed between those plants which are selected to be retained. The Eversman has the

greatest versatility of any machine to handle large plants and to cover the wide range of row spacings, planting patterns and varying field conditions. The final stands behind the machine are more uniform than those left by hand labor. The yields are equal to in all cases, and in most cases, superior to hand worked fields. The Eversman is capable of covering 30 to 100 acres in a 24-hour period, with individual owners consistently reporting 3 acres per hour for a 6-row unit. Timeliness in thinning results in more tons per acre, and the uniform size beets are easier to harvest. Eversman owners report low maintenance costs on machines which have covered large acreages over several years.



BEET TOPPER CART & PULLER

BEET TOPPER



BEET PULLER & HOPPER

A CHILD'S TEN COMMANDMENTS TO PARENTS

1. My hands are small; please don't expect perfection whenever I make a bed, draw a picture or throw a ball. My legs are short; please slow down so that I can keep up with you.
2. My eyes have not seen the world as yours have; please let me explore safely. Don't restrict me unnecessarily.
3. Housework will always be there. I'm only little for a short time - please take time to explain things to me about this wonderful world, and do so willingly.
4. My feelings are tender; please be sensitive to my needs; don't nag me all day long. (You wouldn't want to be nagged for your inquisitiveness.) Treat me as you would like to be treated.
5. I am a special gift from God; please treasure me as God intended you to do, holding me accountable for my actions, giving me guidelines to live by, and disciplining me in a loving manner.
6. I need your encouragement to grow. Please go easy on the criticism; remember, you can criticize the things I do without criticizing me.
7. Please give me the freedom to make decisions concerning myself. Permit me to fail, so that I can learn from my mistakes. Then someday I'll be prepared to make the kind of decisions life requires of me.
8. Please don't do things over for me. Somehow that makes me feel that my efforts didn't quite measure up to your expectations. I know it's hard, but please don't try to compare me with my brother or my sister.
9. Please don't be afraid to leave for a weekend together. Kids need vacations from parents, just as parents need vacations from kids. Besides, it's a great way to show us kids that your marriage is very special.
10. Please take me to Sunday school and church regularly, setting a good example for me to follow. I enjoy learning more about God.

YOUNGSTERS' CODE FOR PARENTS

1. Keep cool. Don't lose your temper in a crunch. Keep the lid on when things go wrong. Kids need the reassurance that comes from controlled responses.
2. Bug us a little. Be strict and consistent in dishing out discipline. Show us who's boss. It gives us a sense of security to know that we've got strong supports under us.
3. Don't blow your class. Keep the dignity of parenthood. Stay on the pedestal. Your children have put you there because they need someone to look up to. Don't try to dress, dance, or talk like kids. You embarrass us and you look ridiculous.
4. Light a candle. Show us the way. Tell us that God is not dead, sleeping, or on vacation. We need to believe in something bigger and stronger than ourselves.
5. Scare the hell out of us. If you catch us lying, cheating, stealing, swearing, boozing, being cruel, or whatever, get tough. Let us know why what we did is wrong. When we need punishment, dish it out. But let us know that you still love us, even when we let you down!
6. Call our bluff. Make it clear that you mean what you say. Don't be wishy-washy. Don't be intimidated by our threats to drop out of school or run away from home. Stand firm. Kids don't really want everything they ask for.
7. Be honest with us. Tell us the truth no matter what. We can smell uncertainty a mile away. Lukewarm answers make us uneasy. This means for you to be generous with praise. If you give us kids a compliment once in a while we will be able to accept criticism more readily.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.
Yes, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff
they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence
of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil my cup
runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.



MOTHER LOVED to RECITE
THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM
SO OFTEN

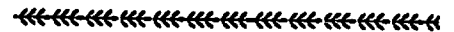
THE FLAG OF PEACE

Men long have fought for their flying flags,
They have died those flags to save;
Their long staves rest on the shattered breast,
They are planted deep in the grave.
Now the world's new flag is streaming wide,
Far-flying wide and high.
It shall cover the earth from side to side
As the rainbow rings the sky.

The flag of the day when men shall stand
For service, not for fight;
When every race, in every land,
Shall join for the world's delight;
When all our flags shall blend in one,
And all our wars shall cease,
'Neath the new flag, the true flag —
The rainbow flag of peace.

ALWAYS FINISH

If a task is once begun
Never leave it till it's done.
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.



LOVE AT HOME

There is beauty all around
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound
When there's love at home.

Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide
When there's love at home.

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

Through this toilsome world, alas!
Once and only once I pass;
If a kindness I may show,
If a good deed I may do
To a suffering fellow man,
Let me do it while I can.
No delay, for it is plain
I shall not pass this way again.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep —
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

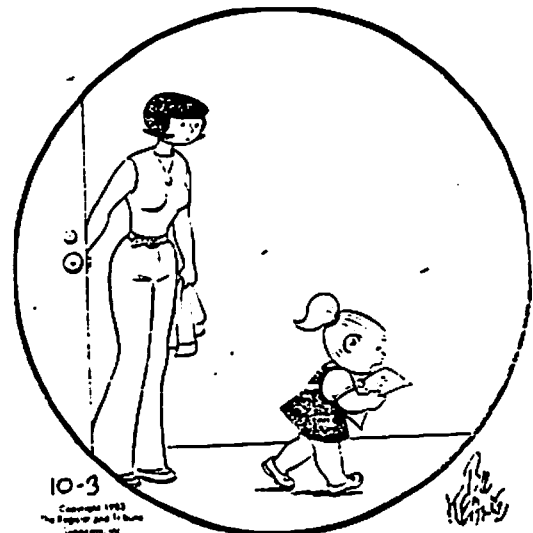
Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears —
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain —
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay —
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap —
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep —
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures —
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep —
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep —
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

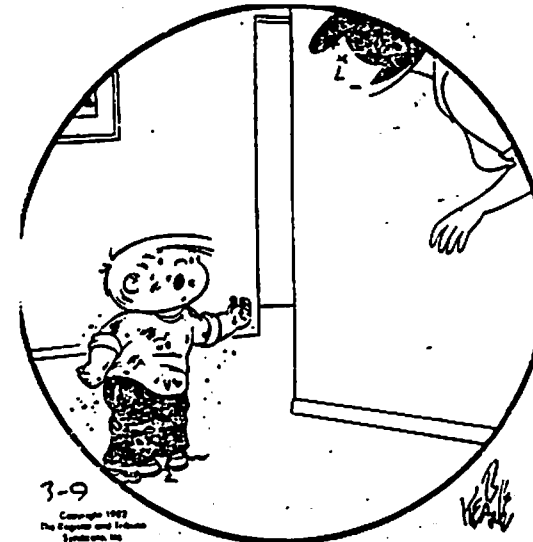
Mother, dear Mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep —
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!



10-3

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The Rogers and Latham
Syndicate, Inc.

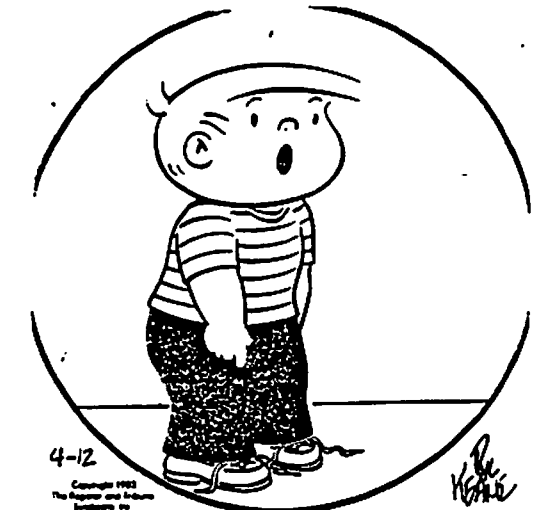
"I'm having trouble with eagles in school—one plus one eagles two, two plus two eagles four...."



3-9

Copyright 1922
The Rogers and Latham
Syndicate, Inc.

"I finished cleaning up my room, Mommy. Now what'll I do?"



4-12

Copyright 1922
The Rogers and Latham
Syndicate, Inc.

"Mommy, will you put some hairspray on my shoelaces so they won't keep comin' untied?"

RAGS OF MANY COLORS

Back through the years I go wandering once again,
Back to the seasons of my youth.
I recall the box of rags someone gave us
and how my Mama put the rags to use.
There were rags of many colors and every piece was small,
and I didn't have a coat and it was way late in the fall.

Mama sewed the rags together so every piece we loved.
She made my coat of many colors that I was so proud of.

As she sewed, she told a story from the Bible she had read,
about a coat of many colors Joseph wore and then she said
Perhaps this coat will bring you good luck and happiness,
and I just couldn't wait to wear it and Mama blessed it with a kiss.

My coat of many colors that my Mama made for me.
Made only from rags, but I wore it so proudly
although we had no money, but I was rich as I could be
in my coat of many colors my Mama made for me.

So with patches on my britches and holes in both my shoes
in my coat of many colors, I hurried off to school,
Just to find the others laughing and making fun of me
In my coat of many colors my Mama made for me.

Oh I couldn't understand it for I felt that I was rich
and I told them all the love my Mama sewed in every stitch.
And I told them all the story Mama told me while she sewed,
and how my coat of many colors was worth more than all their clothes.

But they didn't understand it, and I tried to make them see,
one is poor only if he chooses to be.
Now I know we had no money, but I was rich as I could be
In my coat of many colors my Mama made for me.

THE BEST GIFT

The best gift that I ever got
Didn't really weigh alot.
It didn't have a ribbon round
And it sometimes made a terrible sound.

But best of all it seems to me
It wasn't 'neath the Christmas tree.
And yet, I'd guess I'd have to say
That it made all the presents twice as gay.

The best gift that I've ever known
I'd always wanted most to own.
Yet in my dreams of sugar and spice
I never thought it could be so nice.

The best gift that I'll ever get
Was sometimes dry and sometimes wet,
Was usually pink but often times red,
As it lay so innocently in its bed.

The best gift of the year to me,
The one I hold most dear to me,
The one that simply drove me wild
Was a tiny, newborn child.



I think the teddy bear should be counted as one of the family. I do believe there has been a teddy in almost every family through time.

Rally 'Round the Teddy



This cartoon by Cliff Berryman first appeared in The Washington Post in 1902. It was the beginning of the teddy bear.



Winnie-the-Pooh is over 50 years old. He first appeared in 1926 in a book by A.A. Milne. The stories are about Pooh and his owner, Christopher Robin.



Paddington Bear™ is 25 years old. He first appeared in a book by Michael Bond in 1958.

Over 80 years^{ago}, President Teddy Roosevelt went bear hunting. He didn't see any bears for quite some time. A guide spotted a cub and pointed it out to the President. Roosevelt refused to shoot. He thought the bear was too little to defend itself.

A newspaper artist drew a cartoon about it. A candy store owner in Brooklyn, New York and his wife saw the cartoon and started making stuffed bears. This store owner, Morris Michtom, wrote the President and got his okay to use the name, "Teddy." Mr. Michtom later started the Ideal Toy Company.

About the same time, the Steiff Toy Company in Germany started making stuffed bears. These bears were used as table decorations at a White House dinner. The bears were a hit from the beginning, thanks to a president who saved a bear and inspired a toy.

It's amazing what teddy bears do for people. It's also amazing what people will do for teddys. Teddy fans of all ages are taking their bears to gatherings called "teddy rallies." Teddy rallies give folks a chance to look at and talk with each other's teddys and their proud owners. Rallies also give teddys a chance to show off. There are many contests, such as those for the tiniest, largest and best dressed. Rallies are happening all over the country.

Also, bear classics have been translated into many languages. Many varieties of bears are popular as stuffed toys. In addition, they appear on TV, on children's clothes, furniture and other items.

Winnie the Pooh and Paddington Bear are two very popular English bears who first appeared in children's books.



Kids have loved teddy bears for years.

Kids grow up and still love teddys and teddy memories.

Today the teddy bear business is booming. Teddy bear cards, stationery and other teddy stuff is selling well.

Many folks think that teddy bears offer a special kind of comfort in troubled times.

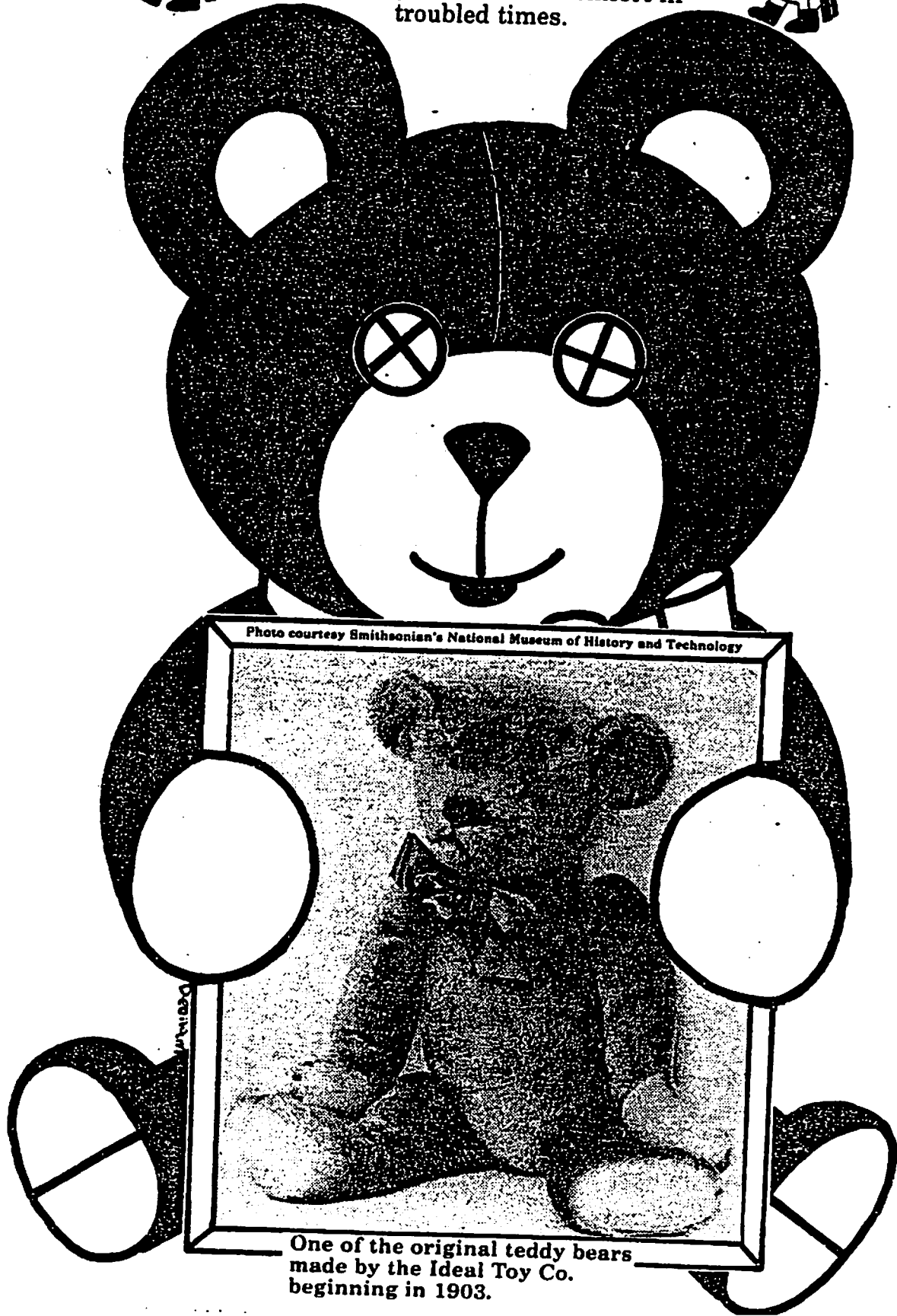
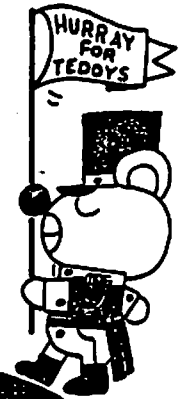


Photo courtesy Smithsonian's National Museum of History and Technology

One of the original teddy bears made by the Ideal Toy Co. beginning in 1903.

DECK OF CARDS

During the North African Campaign, a group of soldier boys had been on a long hike. They came to a little town called Burzity. The next day being Sunday, some of the boys went to church. A Sargeant commanded the boys in church. A Chaplain had read the prayers. The text was taken up next. Those of the boys who had prayer books took them out. But this one boy only had a deck of cards. So he spread them out. The Sargeant saw the cards and said for the soldier to put away those cards. After the services, the boy was taken prisoner and taken before the Probate Marshal. The Marshal said, "Sargeant, why have you brought this man here?" "For playing cards in Church, sir." "And what do you have to say for yourself, son?" "Much, sir," replied the soldier. The Marshal said, "I hope so. Because if not, I shall punish you more than any man has ever been punished."

The boy said, "Sir, I have been on a long march for six days. I had neither Bible nor Prayer Book. But, I hope to satisfy you, Sir, with the purity of my intentions." With that, the boy began his story. "You see, Sir, when I look at the ace in my deck of cards, I know there is one God. The deuce tells me the Bible is divided into two parts, the Old and New Testaments. And when I see the three, I think of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I look at the four, I remember the four Great Evangelists who preached the Gospel, Mathew, Mark, Luke and John. When I see the five, I think of the five wise virgins who trimmed the lamps. There were ten of them. Five were wise and were saved, five were foolish and were cast out. When I look at the six, I know that in six days God made this great Heaven and Earth. And the seven tells me that on the seventh day, God rested from His work and called it holy. When I look at the eight, I think of the eight righteous persons God saved when he destroyed this earth. They were Noah, his wife, their three sons and their wives. And when I see the nine, I think of the lepers our Savior cleansed, nine of the ten didn't even thank him. Of course, when I look at the ten, it always reminds me of the Ten Commandments that God handed down to Moses on the tablet of stone. When I see the King, Sir, I know there is but one King of Heaven, God Almighty. When I look at the Queen, I think of the Blessed Virgin, Mary. And the Jack or Nave is the devil."

"When I count the spots on my deck of cards, I find 365, the number of days in a year. There are 52 cards, the number of weeks in a year. There are twelve picture cards, the number of months in a year. There are four suits, the number of weeks in a month. There are thirteen tricks, the number of weeks in a quarter year. So you see, Sir, my deck of cards serves me not only as a Bible and Almanac, but also as a Prayer Book."

(Friends, I know this story is true, because I new that soldier.)

Stories of our times



Remember this silver beauty? It's the Pioneer Zephyr, our country's first streamlined passenger train.

AMERICA'S FIRST STREAMLINED TRAIN

In 1929, with the Great Depression barely beginning, America's railroads already had lost one-third of their earlier revenues from passenger travel. By 1933, the decline in passenger traffic had worsened to a staggering 61 percent. Fast, luxurious passenger trains had long been part of the grand tradition in America. Now they were being supplanted by a jerking, bouncing and backfiring horde of 45-miles-per-hour family automobiles. Americans appeared willing to sacrifice the greater speed, comfort and safety of rail travel for life's vagaries on the open highway.

Then, on May 26, 1934, a new, amazingly innovative passenger train made its debut in Denver. Named for the Greek god of the west winds, it was the Burlington Railroad's *Pioneer Zephyr*. This ultramodern king of the rails completed a record-shattering dawn-to-dusk run from Denver to Chicago. Built of glistening stainless steel and air-conditioned throughout, the new train reached a sizzling top speed of 112½ miles an hour. It covered the entire 1,015 miles

in 13 hours 5 minutes, an average speed of 77.6 miles an hour.

Following this brilliant debut performance the *Zephyr* was sent on a cross-country tour of 200 cities. More than a million curious visitors walked through the 196-foot-long train. They admired its fluted silver exterior, said to be three times as strong as ordinary steel. It was lightweight yet almost impervious to wear. This would guarantee the railroad tremendous savings in car maintenance.

The complete three-unit *Zephyr*, powered by a 600-horsepower diesel engine, weighed only 97½ tons. (The cumbersome steam locomotives then in passenger service often weighed as much as or more than this entire train.) The *Zephyr's* fuel oil also weighed less. It required only half as much space for storage and was more economical than coal. A resulting ratio of less weight per horsepower greatly reduced the cost of passenger train operation.

Burlington's *Pioneer Zephyr* inaugurated a new era in passenger train design. Its power unit housed the engineer's cab, diesel engine, a compact railway post office and a small baggage space. A second car carried a larger compartment for baggage, a buffet-grill and a 16-foot smoking section with seats for 20 passengers. The train's third car held seats for 40 plus a solarium-lounge with comfortable chairs for 12 more rail travelers.

Passengers accustomed to gloomy Victorian railroad interiors were pleasantly surprised by the *Zephyr's* pastel wall colors, its stainless steel strips above the windows and along the ceilings. Each compartment had color-coordinated walls, window drapes, upholstery and carpeting.

Passengers' seats were upholstered in deep-pile gray-green mohair woven into a geometric pattern against a tasteful gold background. There were silk drapes at each window, wall-to-wall taupe carpeting and soft indirect lighting.

The *Zephyr's* buffet-grill featured hot foods, ice cream and a choice of hot or cold drinks. Its design incorporated electric grills for cooking, a spacious electric refrigerator, electric urns for coffee and hot water, and storage space for food, china and

utensils needed for counter service.

Following an appearance at Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition in 1934, the *Pioneer Zephyr* starred briefly on several radio programs and in a hit movie called *The Silver Streak*. On Armistice Day the train was assigned to daily round-trip service on the Burlington's Lincoln, Nebraska, to Kansas City, Missouri, run. Traveling via Omaha and St. Joseph, it replaced two conventional steam-powered passenger trains.

In 1938 a new fourth car was added to the original historic three-car train. The new car was a dinette-coach. In 1949 the *Zephyr* was exhibited once more, this time at the Chicago Railroad Fair. Its outstanding performance record had already made it the forerunner of an entire fleet of fast, modern, streamlined passenger trains. When the *Pioneer Zephyr* first entered service in 1934, the nation's railroads were operating around 50,000 smoke-and-cinder-belching steam locomotives. By the end of its quarter century in operation, 28,500 diesel-powered locomotives had replaced virtually all of them. The diesels were racking up twice as many ton-miles in both freight and passenger service, all at substantial savings. Diesel engines had revitalized the railroad industry.

On February 20, 1960, Burlington retired its *Pioneer Zephyr*. During almost 26 years of railroading the train had traveled 3.2 million miles, equivalent to seven round trips to the moon! More than a million excited passengers had watched the nation's mountains, forests and prairies flash by outside its broad picture windows. Today you'll find the original train on permanent exhibit outside Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry.

YEAR THE GREAT PLAINS BLEW AWAY

Throughout 1934 and 1935, an almost continuous dust storm—more lethal and devastating than the lava ash that spewed from the recent eruptions of Mount St. Helens—lashed southeastern Colorado, southwestern Kansas, northwestern Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle.

The dust storm peaked on Black Sunday, April 14, 1935, when, in some areas, a cloud of grit reaching 40,000 feet turned daylight into night.

Many in the blanketed areas believed the end of the world had come. A Stratford, Texas, preacher cried out that the pestilential dust was "a new Egyptian Plague sent to punish the sinners."

Gasping sinners and saints fled eastward and westward as streams of refugees abandoned their farms, many never to return to the great Dustbowl. Typically, the population of Hall County, Texas, diminished from 40,000 to 400.

The hardest remained. One farmer recorded, "We scratched, literally scratched to live. We'd come to town to sell sour cream for nine cents a pound and eggs at 10 cents a dozen. We barely survived out of barnyard products and we had five crop failures in five years. Each night we prayed, 'Dear Lord, give us another chance.'"

The legion of Dustbowl migrants seeking food, shelter and clean air spawned stories of courage and endurance to match the most heroic tales of the pioneers who opened up the West. California was envisioned as the land of milk and honey, and some families from Oklahoma and Texas walked all the way—ragged bands sleeping in hobo jungles and under canvas along the highways, and crossing the Colorado River with possessions limited to the clothes they wore and a few pots and pans.

The media widely quoted one penniless couple who had traveled 900 miles with their five small children. When her sixth was born in California's Imperial Valley, she told the doctor, "I'll never be able to pay you nothin' for deliverin'; so I'll give you this one."

Within a few years, the Dustbowl was tamed and the Depression ended. Farms that sold for a few dollars are now yielding crops in the world's richest breadbasket. □

THE DAY THAT VAUDEVILLE DIED

When the Palace Theatre opened, in 1913, at 47th and Broadway in New York City, it became vaudeville's citadel. A booking at the Palace meant glory and riches for any new act.

Vaudeville was in its heyday. It was as big as baseball and the Palace was the big league thousands of tank-town performers hoped to reach.

With its variety of acts—singers, jugglers, tumblers, clowns, magicians and dancers—the Palace flourished through war, peace and Prohibition and was lucrative enough to be owned in turn by Joseph Kennedy and Howard Hughes.

But its days were numbered with the advent of radio and the talkies.

When sound was added to film, audiences could see and hear the world's greatest entertainers at a fraction of the price vaudeville asked.

It's hard to pinpoint the exact date vaudeville and the Palace died because it was a lingering death, almost as indiscernible as when jazz took over from ragtime.

In November 1932, the Palace, which had been running pictures and four acts of vaudeville, dropped the live acts and played only the movies.

But there were subsequent resuscitations into 1949 and beyond.

Remember when Palace audiences wouldn't let Judy Garland go at the end of her 1951 run? Betty Hutton had a later success at the Palace and, in 1953, so did Danny Kaye.

Jerry Lewis held the crowds in 1957 after his split with Dean Martin; so did Eydie Gorme and Liberace.

Even so, everyone knew that the Palace and vaudeville were gone in late May 1949. That was when the stars of the Palace gathered at Gus-Andy's, a bistro next door, to hold a wake.

Pat Rooney Sr. came on the Palace stage after the last show and did his soft-shoe act in the same left-of-center spot he always used. He related incidents from the old days and called up entertainers from the audience. When Bill (Bojangles) Robinson came on stage, the house went wild.

Meanwhile, at Gus-Andy's, Joe Laurie Jr. was introducing others who had made vaudeville history—Eddie Cantor's partner Lew Hearn, the Watson Sisters, Smith and Dale, and comedian "Senator" Murphy.

The reminiscences flowed as freely as the drinks. Many remembered Jack Benny starting out as a serious violinist, and Eddie Cantor learning to run as he sang out of fear of being hit by vegetables and fruit.

They paid tribute also to Blossom Seeley, Weber and Fields, Moran and Mack, the Astaires and a veritable army of entertainers who performed over the years at "Heaven on 47th Street."

When someone called out that it was unpatriotic to close the Palace, a spokesman for the theater delivered a lecture on bookkeeping.

At 95¢ a patron and four shows a day in its 1,700 seats, with a full orchestra in the pit to pay and all sundry expenses, including the cost of movie film, there was not enough left over to pay the vaudevillians more than \$300 a week. With that sum you couldn't attract big names, much less provide incentives for vaudeville circuits to build up new acts.

Finally, the Palace spokesman intoned the fatal words: "Vaudeville, ladies and gentlemen, is dead."

A POOR GAMBLE

Would you wager \$18 million (if you had it) on the chance of winning \$1? That sounds like a silly question...but wait a minute. The average man, 35 years of age, may ordinarily expect 18 million more minutes of life. That is what he can reasonably expect, providing no accident comes along to upset his prospects.

Yet nearly every driver now and then will gamble his 18 million remaining minutes to save just one little passing minute. He does exactly that when he jumps the traffic lights; when he cuts around the heavy traffic; when he refuses to yield the right of way; when he rushes through blind corners; or in some other manner tries to gain a minute en route to home or work.

He takes all kinds of death-defying chances. If he wins he gains a minute. If he loses, his 18 million minutes are gone forever.

If that isn't a poor gamble, what is?

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS
ON THE GOOD SHIP LOLLIPOP?

Ah yes, the "thirties" were the days of simple tastes and simple pleasures. They were not the days of affluence and abundance.

They were the days when bad news didn't seem to travel as fast as it does today. And the family contented itself to sit around the living room listening to the radio...together.

They were the days when you could take the kids to see almost any movie that was playing. And of course the most popular face of the "thirties" was Shirley Temple. She brightened up the silver screen and became "America's Sweetheart" - and in those simple days she was also America's favorite little doll. It was she who danced with you on Sunnybrook Farm. Showed you what it's like to be the Littlest Rebel. How even a little rich girl can be poor. And took you for musical rides aboard the Good Ship Lollipop.

Try as we can, we will never bring back the good old days. But we can revive some of the simple little pleasures from the past.

TWO SIDES OF THE COIN

Always remember to forget
the things that made you sad,
But never forget to remember
the things that made you glad.

Always remember to forget
the friends that proved untrue,
But don't forget to remember
those who have stuck with you.

Always remember to forget
the troubles that passed away,
But never forget to remember
the blessings that come each day.

Take time to work —
it is the price of success.
Take time to think —
it is the source of power.
Take time to play —
it is the secret of perpetual youth.
Take time to read —
it is the foundation of wisdom.
Take time to be friendly —
it is the road to happiness.
Take time to dream —
it is hitching your wagon to a star.
Take time to love and be loved —
it is the privilege of the Gods.
Take time to look around —
the day is too short to be selfish.
Take time to laugh —
it is the music of the soul

— An old Irish prayer

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT

Do the children upset you?
Are they turning you gray?
The solution's quist simple:
Just up and away.

Then, once you are distant,
Well out of their range,
Observe the remarkable,
Wonderful change.

Forgetting their badness,
The difficult days,
You're showing their photos
To all who will gaze.

Horns become halos,
The noise is a tune,
And you can't hie you homeward
A minute too soon!

Money Talks

Three business tycoons were lunching together at an exclusive restaurant. When the check came, tycoon number one grabbed it, saying, "Let me pay this, boys. I'm in the 50 percent income tax bracket, so really only half the check will come out of my pocket."

Tycoon number two snatched it out of his hands, saying, "I am in the 70 percent bracket, so only 30 percent will come out of my pocket."

It was tycoon number three, however, who won the argument by observing, "Wait a minute, boys. My firm is operating on a cost-plus basis with the government, so I'll really make four bucks on the lunch."

THE RACE THAT GAVE FORD ITS START

When Henry Ford's Detroit Auto Company failed after 18 months in 1899, he sought something spectacular to gain the public's attention.

"When it was found out," Ford said, "that an automobile could really go and several makers started to put out cars, the immediate query was, which one would go fastest?"

Auto races were common. Yet no one could get national publicity unless he beat the best. And the best then was Alexander Winton of Cleveland, a bicyclemaker who had introduced his gasoline-powered car in 1896.

Winton toured the country successfully challenging anyone with a fast car. He had just driven from Cleveland to New York City in 47 hours and 37 minutes. In 1901 he drove a mile in one minute 12¼ seconds—or 49.72 miles an hour.

Ford set about designing a racing

car to beat Winton. It was a light two-cylinder car of 26 horsepower that he would drive in the race himself.

The race was arranged for October 10, 1901, at the Detroit Driving Club's one-mile oval in Grosse Point. Eight cars entered the 10-mile run, but six dropped out, leaving only Winton and Ford to race. At the gun, Winton took the lead and gained steadily on the turns, hugging the inside lane. Novice Ford shut off power and ran wide on each curve. At the three-mile mark, Winton had a 400-yard lead. At five miles, Ford was picking up ground on the straightaways.

Winton kept his lead until the seventh mile, when his bearings began to overheat. Ford stayed in the lead from then on and won in 13 minutes 23¾ seconds. More than winning \$1,000 in prize money and a cut-glass bowl, Ford also won recognition for his automobile.

But Winton, a tenacious Scotsman, was not accustomed to losing. He began building a new racer. Ford also began building another racing car. This was the legendary "999," named after the famous locomotive of the Empire State Express.

So powerful was this 80-horsepower contraption that Ford declined to race it and hired a champion bicycle racer, Barney Oldfield, who had never driven a car. "I'll try anything once," Oldfield said—and learned to drive in a week.

Meanwhile, Winton manufactured his own superracer, the Winton "Bullet." The two cars met on October 25, 1902, in the Five Mile Manufacturer's Challenge Cup.

As the race started, neither Ford nor Oldfield had any idea how fast "999" could really go.

But "999" led from the start. The cigar-chomping Oldfield opened it wide, sliding around sideways on curves. Winton quit after four laps, claiming his car's ignition had been tampered with. Ford's car won over all others by half a mile.

Shortly after the race, financiers approached Ford—and the Ford Motor Car Company was born.

The Model T was introduced in 1908. This rugged, reliable and utilitarian car later became enshrined in American folklore as the Tin Lizzie. The original price of \$850.00 was reduced to \$360.00 by 1916. When the last Model T came off the line in 1927, more than 15,000,000 had been produced. The car put America on wheels. Ford built the Model T in the belief that buyers would continue to prefer simple, low-cost transportation. But more sophisticated tastes prevailed and after 1925, Ford lost ground to the Chevrolet, General Motors' entry into the low-priced field which stressed styling and luxury features. The successor to the Model T was the Model A, introduced in the late 1927. That sturdy vehicle is now a collector's item and was replaced by the more powerful V-8 in 1932. During the depression, sales continued to decline.



C

Children reaching out for one another
seeming to say

H

Hail, hail, the gang's all here
shouting it loud and clear
the gang's all here

I

I am hoping we are in our right places
showing our faces

L

Looking back over our shoulders
through Pleasures and Treasures

D

Days long gone, but not forgotten

R

Returning to our days of
childhood and youth

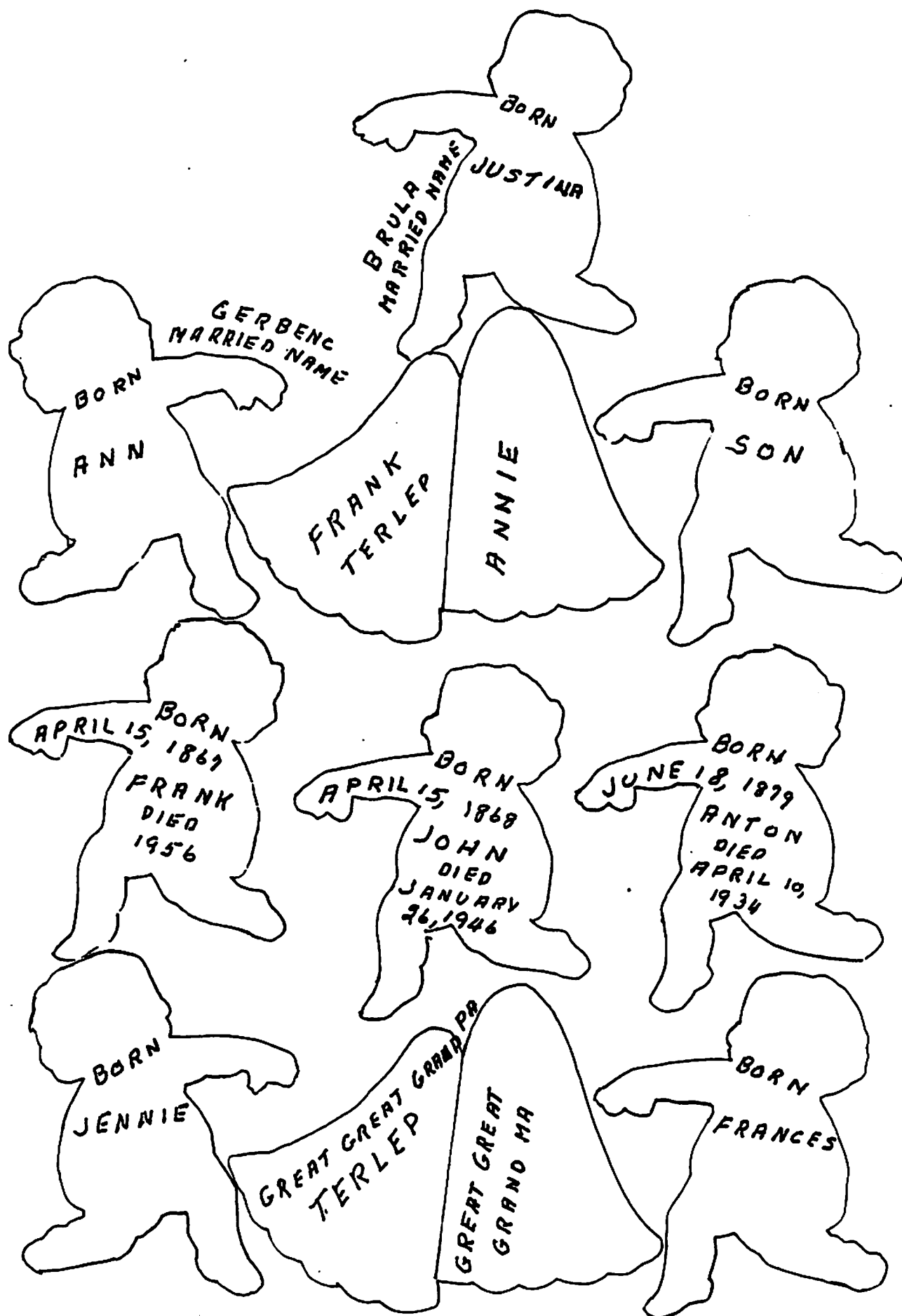
E

Everyone is proud, happy, and glad
that they are part of this family

N

Never forgetting what a great life
they have had.

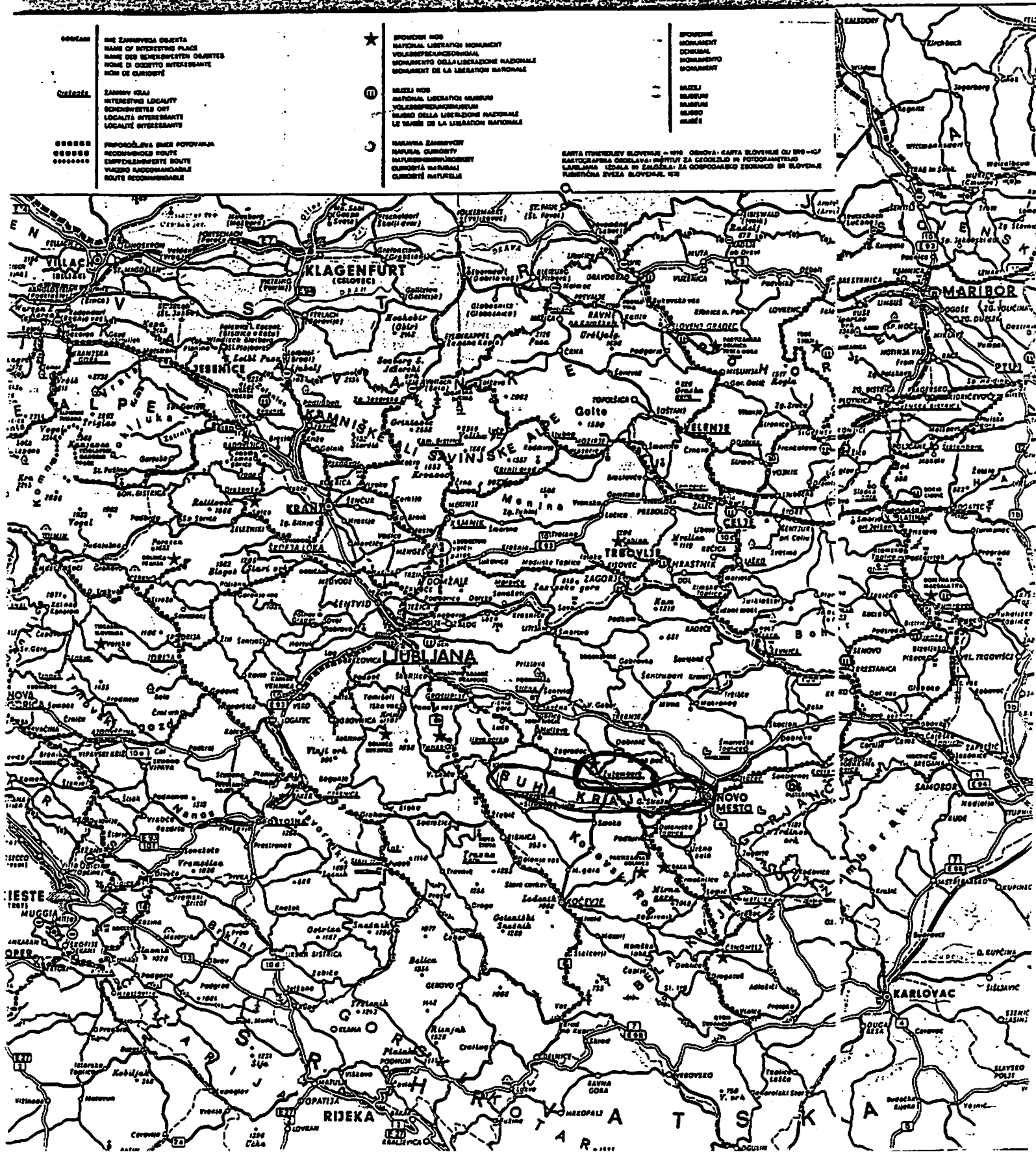
Frances Reavis



THE GIRLS WERE OLDER THEN THE BOYS

SUHA KRAJINA

ZUZEMBER ZUZEMBER



Who Are The Slovenes?

Who are the Slovenes? Here is what author Bernard Newman of London, England says of them:

The Slovenes share with the Scandinavians the reputation of being the best read people in the world. The number of books per head of the Slovenian population was four times the British figure.

Their libraries house a total of over two million volumes for a population of a million and a half. This is larger in proportion than in any other of the six republics of Yugoslavia.

Nor are the Slovenes entirely dependent on their ability to read and write. German is very widely spoken and read. In every small village cottage there is a little library of high literary quality.

Educational standards are also high. Ninety-five percent of Slovenes can read and write. Drama and poetry are very popular.

Slovenes have never known national independence, yet they have always remained Slovenes. The Slovenes were determined to secure the greatest possible degree of home rule and concentrated on cultural liberty.

It was a miracle of survival, almost without parallel in history.

The boundaries of Slovenia have never been based on physical features, they rest on the moral strength of its people. They have maintained a living standard higher than any other in the Balkans.

During the war they fought with their brains - no slugging match with a better-armed conqueror, but a well thought-out plan to disrupt communications and lower his morale.

They have artistic skill in local crafts. Patterns in wood and iron are indeed beautiful. In one valley apprentices do not qualify until they can forge a miniature horeshoe and fit it into an egg without cracking the shell.

Slovenia is very like Austria in its background and culture. It was of course under Austrian rule for centuries.

Slovenia is a tidy land. Farms and fences are kept in proper repair by their owners who are handymen as well as farmers. The rafters of the cottages are gaily carved, the proportions of the cottages simple and harmonious. Quite a few industries have been established in the land and are among Yugoslavia's greatest success.

Slovenian History

Tiny Slovenia in present day Yugoslavia occupies a territory of 7,800 square miles and has a population of 1 3/4 million: in addition, Slovenian ethnic territory amounting to some 2,300 square miles lies outside the Republic of Slovenia in Italy, Austria and Hungary. Some 250,000 Slovenians inhabit this area.

Recorded history of the land now occupied by the Slovenians dates back to ancient Roman times. On their way to reach countries along the Danube River and Constantinople, the Romans built many roads and cities. Among the cities still existing are Emona (Ljubljana), Coleja (Celje), Poetovium (Ptuj).

During the great migration of peoples in the sixth century, the Slovenians were in effect pushed into the territory they now occupy. It was much larger at that time. Slovenes came from behind Carpathian Mountains from Russia. They were primarily farmers, and owned great number of domestic animals. These people were pagans who worshipped a sun god, moon god, and others.

Slovenia was the first nation to be governed by a true popular democracy ...in contrast to the earlier Greek "democracy" where very few men were free and allowed to vote.

The Slovenians as early as the seventh century developed a government in which all men (except those who had been convicted of a serious offense) were permitted to vote. This system prevailed until 1414 A.D., when it was finally destroyed by the German oppressors.

After they were invaded in 658 A.D. by a warlike Asiatic tribe, the Avari, the Slovenians formed a military alliance with the Bavarians to repel the attackers. This they did, but alliance resulted in forceful attempts at Germanizing the Slovenians that is still going on in Carinthia, Austria. Because of strategic geographical position, they were invaded many more times.

The Slovenians became Christians in the ninth century when they accepted the faith from Greek missionary brothers Cyril and Methodius, whom all Slavs venerate. The Reformation made little headway in Slovenia, for it was hated oppressors who had first accepted the new faith.

The Slovenian reformer was Primož Trubar born in 1508 at Rascica in Dolenjsko. He was ordained as a Catholic priest in 1530 but in 1535 became Protestant preacher in Ljubljana Cathedral. Later he had to take refuge in Germany where he died in 1586 in Derendingen.

Attempts at Germanization of the Slovenians were unceasing, but they were always resisted. The Slovenians developed their language and literature beautifully, and were always rich in good music, drama, and art.

Primož Trubar was author of the first books in Slovene in 1550. All in all, Trubar wrote more than 20 books in Slovene. Notable among these striving to develop and preserve Slovenian culture was Bishop Anton M. Slomšek (1800-1862) whose cause for beautification is currently being considered.

After World War I, in an attempt to strengthen their position against invaders, the Slovenians in 1918 entered into alliance with the Croats and Serbians, creating the Kingdom of the Serbians, Croats and Slovenians--now Yugoslavia. They had life no better, however, for they were dominated by the Serbs.

During World War II, when Nazi and Fascist armies invaded Yugoslavia, thousands of innocent Slovenians died, and many more were imprisoned. The White Guard collaborated with the Nazis and Fascists, while the Partisans fought on the side of the Allies and won, forming the new Yugoslavia under the leadership of President Tito.

The Republic of Slovenia has its own independent government and continues to be outstanding culturally and in industrial development. Their living standards are better than any time in history.

The Slovenian language, one of 13 literary standard Slavic languages, is the language of one of the first known documents in a Slavic tongue...the Freising Leaves, dating around 1000 A.D. It is considered most important among the Slavic languages for linguistic research. Slovenia is almost 100 percent literate, and publishes more books per capita than any other nation.

Slovenes in America

The Slovenes came almost to every state in the Union. They migrated for economical and political reasons which prevailed under old Austrian rule.

As far as could be proven, the first Slovene who came to North America (Vera Cruz 1687) was Jesuit missionary Marko Kapus who was born 1657 in Kamna Gorica, Gorenjsko. His birthplace is still standing. He died in Matape, Mexico, in 1717.

Fr. Kapus was also known as geographical discoverer of America and was in 1694, a member of an expedition which discovered that California is not an island as Spanish sailors thought. He left six interesting letters of his activities. His missionary work among the Indians was very hard and dangerous.

The peak of Slovene immigration was between 1900-1910. Today there are more than 300,000 Slovenes and their children in U.S.

Another well-known early Slovene was missionary Friderik Baraga, born in 1797 in castle Malavas, Dobrnice, Dolenjsko. He came to North Michigan in 1830 where he later became bishop. He wrote a grammar and a dictionary in the Chippewa and Ottawa Indian languages. He was a very talented and educated man and could speak all modern languages. He died in 1868 and was buried in Marquette, Mich.

Following him were other priests. About 1850, Slovenian workers and farmers gradually began to immigrate, mainly from the poor section of Belokrajina. Some of them settled in Chicago and started to peddle merchandise to sell to Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Michigan.

First was Joseph Gorse who came to Chicago in 1847. Others were Michael Tomcc, John Pesel, John Zagag, George Cernic, Math Kure and Joseph Turk.

Some of them became prosperous and rich dealing with merchandise and land. They cut down trees and sold them. At that time Chicago was a small town.

Another early Slovenian settlement was Keweenaw, Mich. The reason for this was the rich copper mines in which they worked. The first two Slovenes were Joseph Vertin and Peter Rupe. They peddled merchandise to miners and farmers and did well. Rupe was later elected mayor of Red Jacket.

One of the oldest Slovenian farm settlements was in Brookway, Minn. Seven Slovenes came there in 1880. It was a tough beginning...they found nothing but virgin forest. They cut the trees down and plowed the land.

By 1903 there were 53 families and three bachelors. Every farmer owned an average of 300 acres of land on which they grew wheat and oats. Their farms were well kept. The settlement was established most likely with help of Slovene missionaries Frank Pirc, Lovrenc Lavtizar, Andrej Andolsek, Jurij Godec, Jernej Cebul, Jakoc Trebec and Ignac Mrak.

Another early Slovenian settlement was Joliet, Ill. The first Slovenians came there around 1872. Among them were J. Cerar, A. Golobic, J. Grahek, J. Loparc, A. Nemanich, J. Jerman, I. Stonic, I. Rogina, M. Vardjan. They worked in industry and on farms; some also became merchants.

In 1890, Joliet established the first Slovenian school in America. At the beginning there were 64 students with a Slovene teacher and two nuns as assistants. In 1894, the Slovenians in Joliet organized the first Slovenian fraternal society KSKJ (Kranjska Slovenska Katoliska Jednota). Today we have four large and two small fraternal societies with over 150,000 members in U.S.

First Fraternal Lodge

Slovenian pioneers did not have life insurance with which to be protected in case of sickness and death. So they organized their own benefit lodges which also served as social gatherings. The first lodge, Svetega Jozega (St. Joseph), was founded in 1882 in Calumet, Mich., with 35 members. Every member paid \$2 joining fee and 50¢ dues per month.

The first officers were Joseph Soltic, president; Matija Stukel, vice-president; John A. Vertin, secretary; M.B. Vertin, treasurer. The highest number of members was 804 in 1905.

Calumet was the center of copper mining territory. In 1882 there were around 1000 Slovenes in Calumet. Some kept saloons and stores, bought mining stock and became rich.

The first Slovenian newspaper in the United States was a weekly called Amerikanski Slovenec, founded in 1891 by Anton Murnik in Chicago, Ill. Today it is printed in Cleveland, O., and is the official organ of KSKJ.

Statistics show that today there are nine Slovenian newspapers and periodicals in the U.S. All in all, we had 80 newspapers in our history. There were also 376 books and brochures issued in Slovenian and English languages in America.

As for cultural organizations, we had scores of singing, dramatic, dancing and gymnastic groups and libraries with thousands of books. There were a number of authors and poets such as Louis Adamic, Ivan Molek, Katka Zupaneic, Etbin Kristan, Ivan Zorman, Anna Krasna, Karel Mausar, Ivan Jonetz, Ivan Zupan, Joze Grdina, etc.

We also had a museum in Cleveland, a cultural garden with statues of our big men, two Old Age Homes, about 200 Slovene Homes (halls) with stages for cultural purposes and halls for the lodge meetings and social gatherings, and about 500 Slovenian churches and parishes -- some with schools.

We had scores of orchestras and brass bands. In music and drama we were among the first ones from ethnic groups. We even performed operas -- particularly in Cleveland under direction of Anton Subel, John Ivanush and Ivan Zorman.

Most of the early arrivals planned to stay here a while and earn enough money to return to their homeland and buy property. But the majority got married and stayed here.

Their children have a much better life than they had because they have a higher education and know the language. Many of them are engineers, technicians, doctors, professors, chemists, scientists, etc. But in cultural traditions, most of them follow their fathers' steps and are proud to be of Slovene descent. They also like to travel to Slovenia and they enjoy it.

There are three books about Slovenian history in America. Two are in Slovenian: "Amerika in Amerikanci" 1912, by Rev. J.M. Trunk; "Amerikanski Slovenci", 1925, by Joze Zavertnik -- in English "From Slovenia to America", 1969, by Mary Pristland. All three are interesting.

Another large book in English about Slovenes in America and throughout the world will soon be issued by professor Edward Gobetz which will also be interesting.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

One night a man had a dream. He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the Lord. Across the sky flashed scenes from his life. For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand: one belonging to him, and the other to the Lord.

When the last scene flashed before him, he looked back at the footprints and noticed that many times along the path there was only one set of footprints in the sand. He also noticed that this happened during the lowest and saddest times in his life.

This really bothered him, so he questioned the Lord. "Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you would walk with me all the way, but I noticed that during the most troublesome times of my life, there was only one set of footprints. I don't understand why, when I needed you the most, you deserted me."

The Lord replied, "My precious, precious child, I love you and would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you." — AUTHOR UNKNOWN

The Lord's Ways

Oppressed by the noonday heat, a farmer sat under a walnut tree to get some rest. As he sat there, he looked at his pumpkin vines and said to himself, "God is really foolish and inexperienced. He put big, heavy pumpkins on a frail vine that has so little strength it has to lie on the ground and then he puts small walnuts on a tree with branches that can hold a man. Any man can do better than that."

Just then a breeze dislodged a walnut from the tree under which the farmer sat. The walnut fell on the critic's head. The old man rubbed his head ruefully and mused, "It's a good thing there wasn't a pumpkin up there instead of a walnut."

The World Needs . . .

A little more kindness and a little less creed;
A little more giving and a little less greed;
A little more smile and a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;
A little more "we" and a little less "I";
A little more laugh and a little less cry;
A few more flowers on the pathway of life,
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

BE THE BEST OF WHATEVER YOU ARE

(We all dream of great deeds and high positions, away from the pettiness and humdrum of ordinary life. Yet success is not occupying a lofty place or doing conspicuous work; it is being the best that is in you. Rattling around in too big a job is worse than filling a small one to overflowing. Dream, aspire by all means; but do not ruin the life you must lead by dreaming pipe dreams of the one you would like to lead. Make the most of what you have and are. Perhaps your trivial, immediate task is your one sure way of proving your mettle. Do the thing near at hand, and great things will come to your hand to be done.)

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley - but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,
And some highway happier make;
If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass -
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,
There's something for all of us here,
There's big work to do, and there's lesser to do,
And the task you must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail -
Be the best of whatever you are!

TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL

If I knew you and you knew me -
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine -
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you, and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me.

TOP ROW

LAST THREE UNKNOWN
GREAT GRANDPA POPISH FRED + LENA POPISH - TONY KOVACH
BOTTOM ROW
GREAT GRANDMA POPISH + THERESA FRANCES BALEZAR
GRANDMA + GRANDPA TERLEP - VINCENT SKUFAR





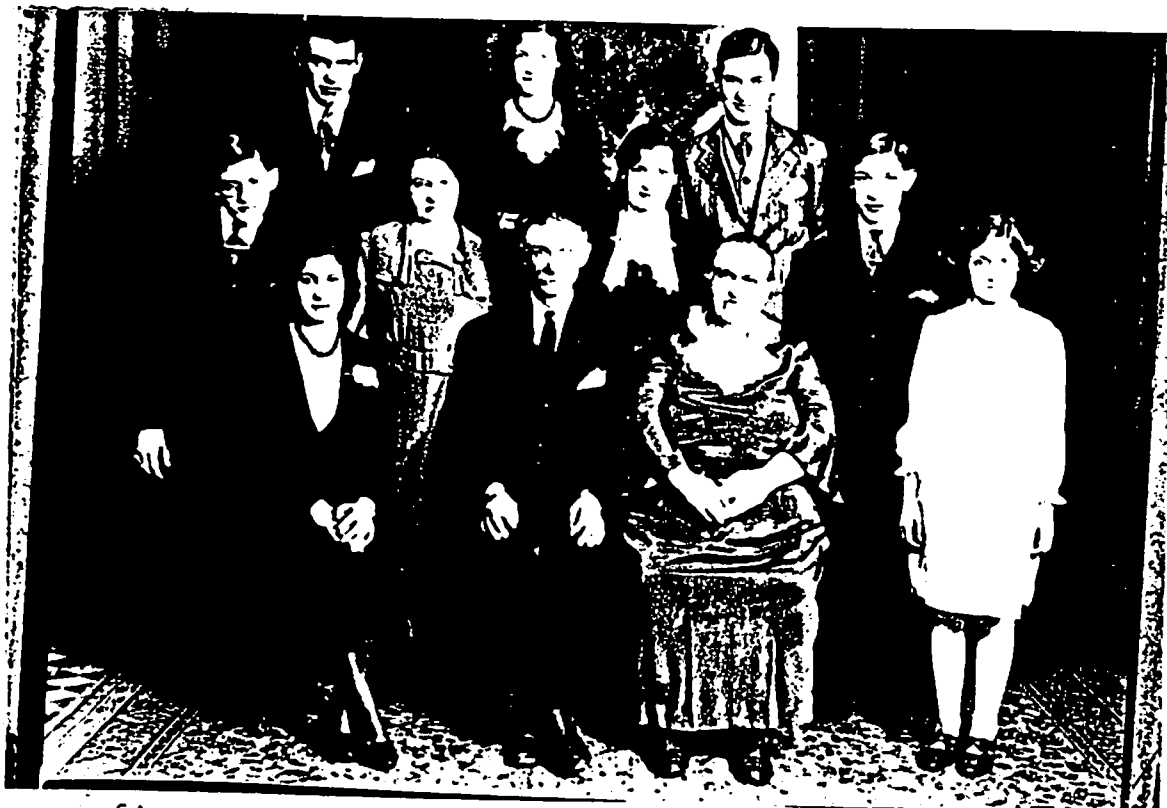
DAD'S (JOHN) MOTHER, BROTHERS AND SISTERS
FRANK, TONY, JOHN, JENNIE
GREAT GRANDMA TERLEP, FRANCES



DAD'S (JOHN) FATHER AND SISTERS
JENNIE, GREAT GRANDPA TERLEP, FRANCES



top row: GREAT GRANDPA POPISH, FRED and LENA POPISH,
 TONY KOVACH, last three unknown
 bottom row: GREAT GRANDMA POPISH and THERESA,
 FRANCES BALEZAR, GRANDMA and GRANDPA TERLEP,
 VINCENT SKUFAR, last lady unknown



first row: TONY, LILY, JOHN
 second row: CHARLEY, MARY, JENNIE, LOUIE
 third row: FRANCES, DAD, MOTHER, DOROTHY TERLEP

1st generation GREAT GREAT GRANDMA and PA POPISH-TERLEP



MARY



2nd generation
GREAT GRANDPA
and GREAT
GRANDMA TERLEP



JOHN



JENNIE



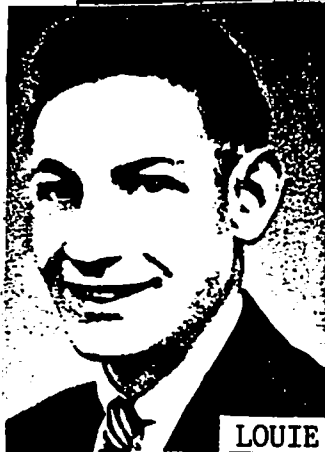
TONY



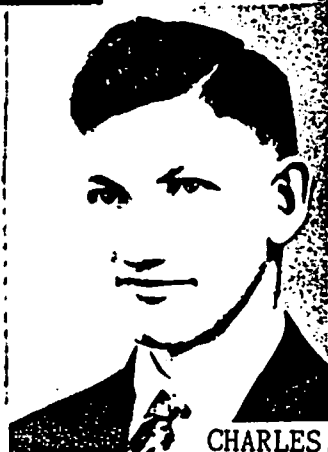
FRANCES



LILY



LOUIE



CHARLES



DOROTHY

TERLEP

BORN
MAY 30, 1918
LOUIE
ANDREW

BORN
MAY 30, 1921
CHARLES
WILLIAM
DIED
DECEMBER
13, 1983

BORN
SEPTEMBER 1, 1925
DOROTHY
ELIZABETH

BORN
JANUARY 2, 1910
TONY
MATTHEW
DIED
JULY 11, 1944

BORN
AUGUST 25, 1913
FRANCES
MADELINE

BORN
APRIL 12, 1916
LILLY
CICILIA
KATHRYN

BORN
JULY 20, 1904
MARY
MARGARET
DIED
MARCH 29,
1971

BORN
OCTOBER 8, 1906
JOHN
THOMAS

BORN
DECEMBER 30, 1908
JENNIE
THERESA

BORN IN RUSTRIA
APRIL 15, 1868

DIED
JANUARY
26, 1946
LAYED TO REST
ERTON
COLORADO

JOHN T.
TERLEP

MARY
THERESA
POPISH

BORN IN
LEADVILLE
COLO. AUGUST
15, 1884

DIED AUGUST
28, 1937
LAYED TO REST
ERTON
COLORADO

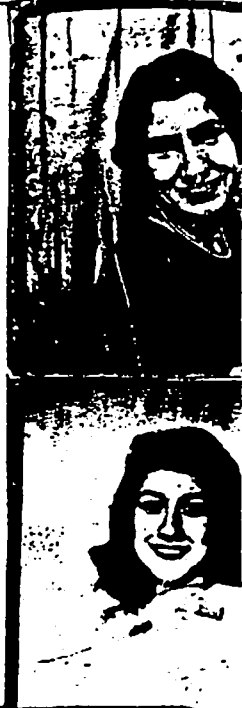


JOHN, LILY, CHARLES with accordion, JENNIE at top

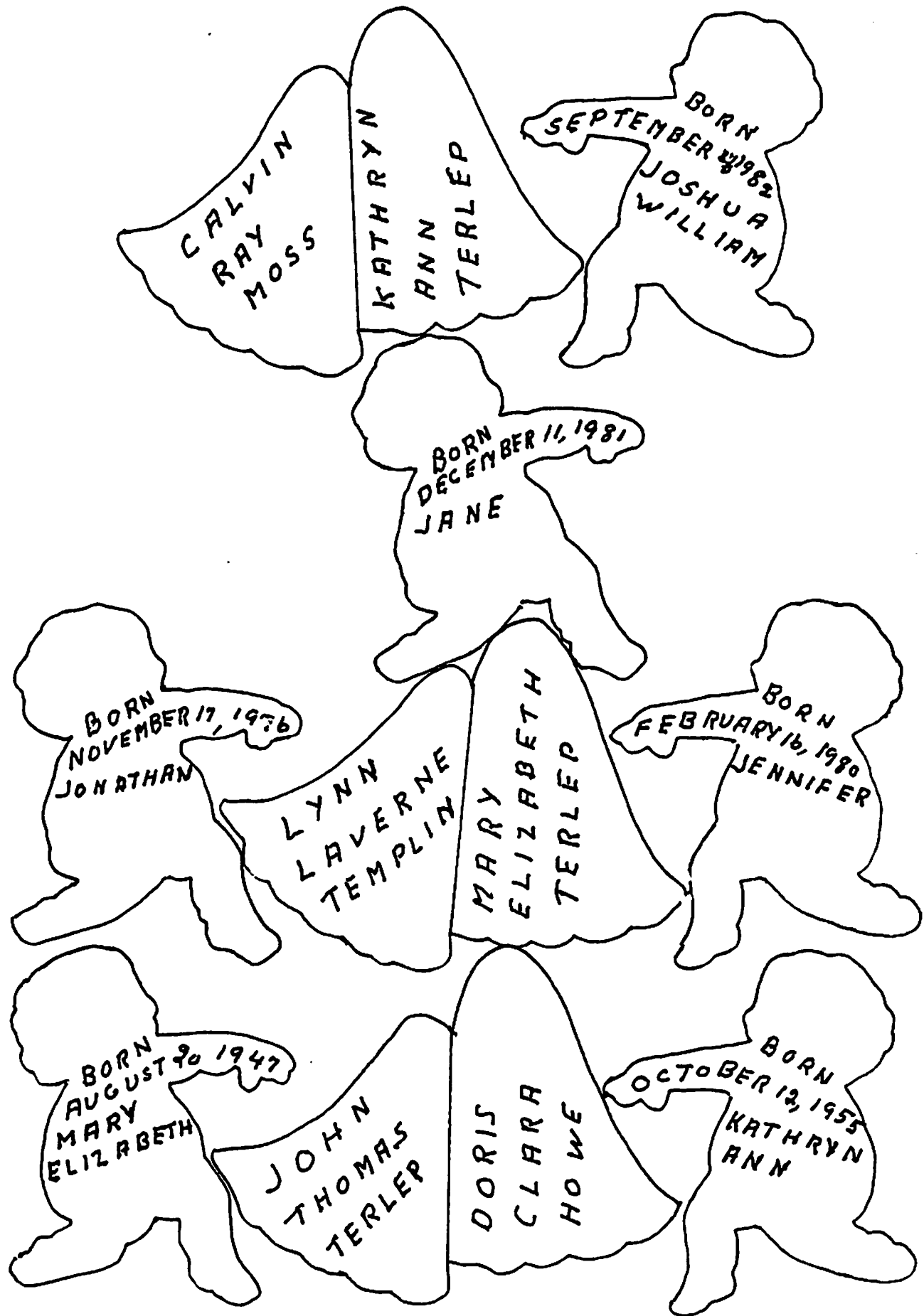
PAPA, FRANCES, LILY, LOUIE, MARY bottom, MAMA, TONY



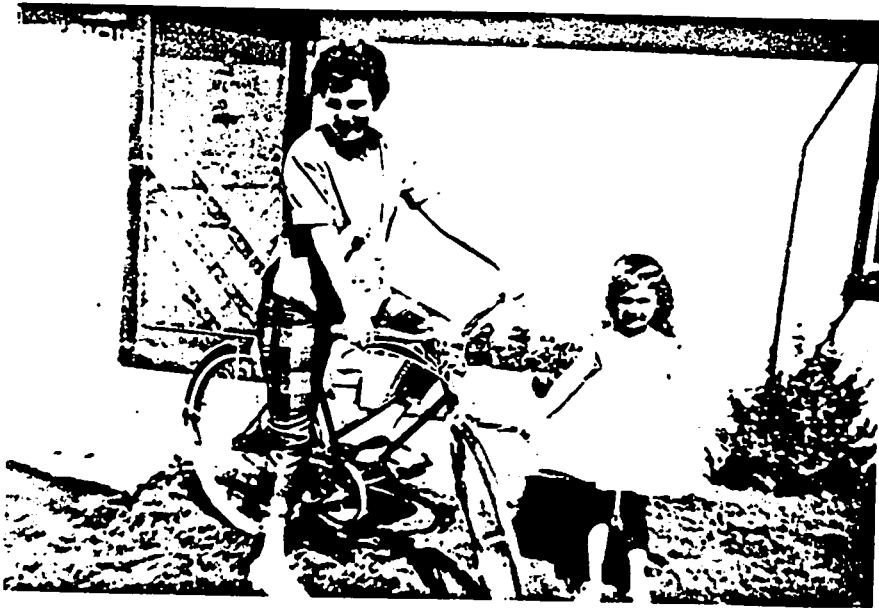
The large picture was taken in August, 1937. We all went for a picnic to Fort Collins, Colorado. That was our last picnic together for Mother passed away on August 22, 1937.



TERLEP



MARY and KAY



JONATHAN



JONATHAN



LYNN MARY JONATHAN
JENNIFER
FAMILY PICTURE LYNN MARY
JONATHAN JENNIFER JANE CALVIN
KAY JOSHUA JOHN DORIS

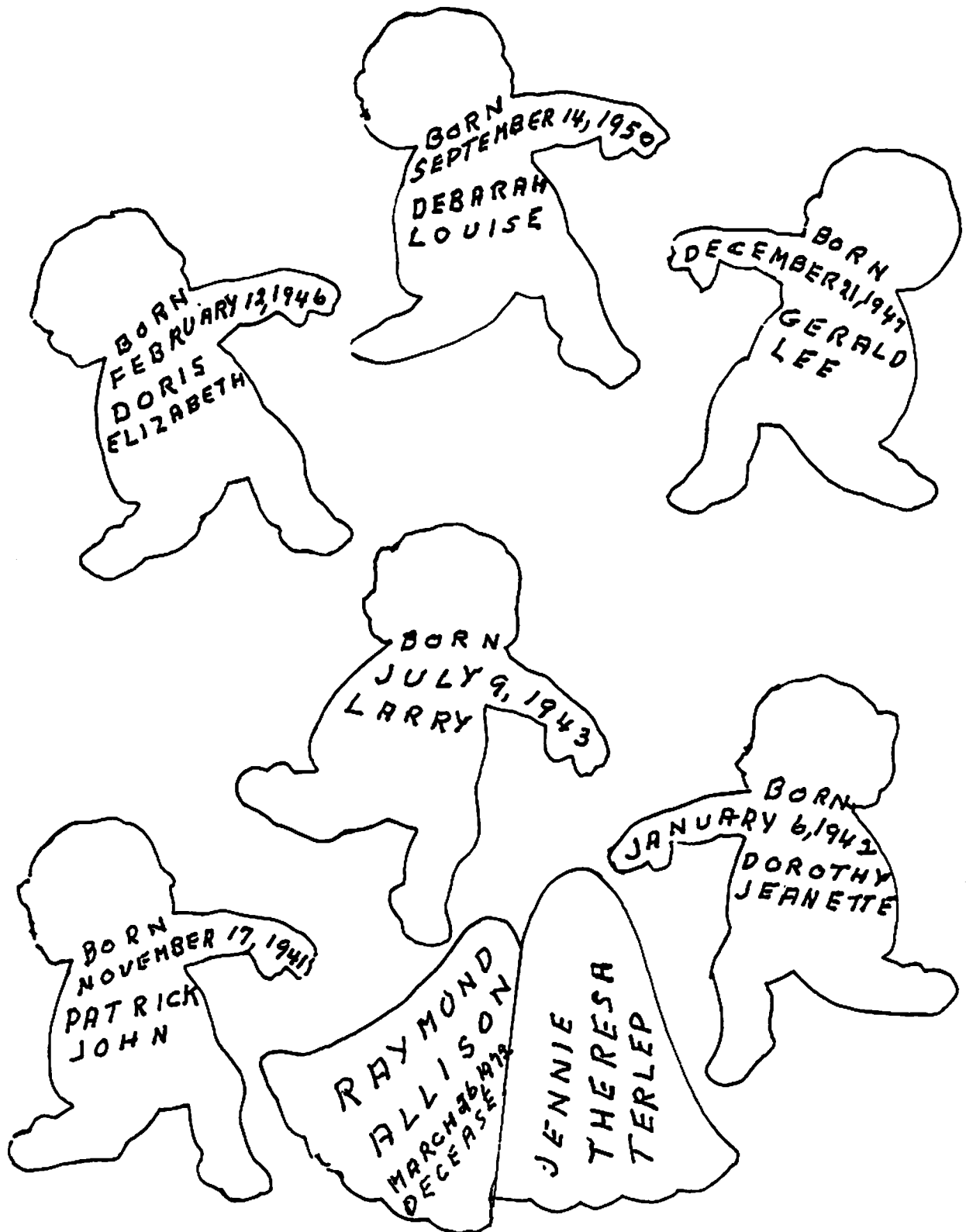


JENNIFER

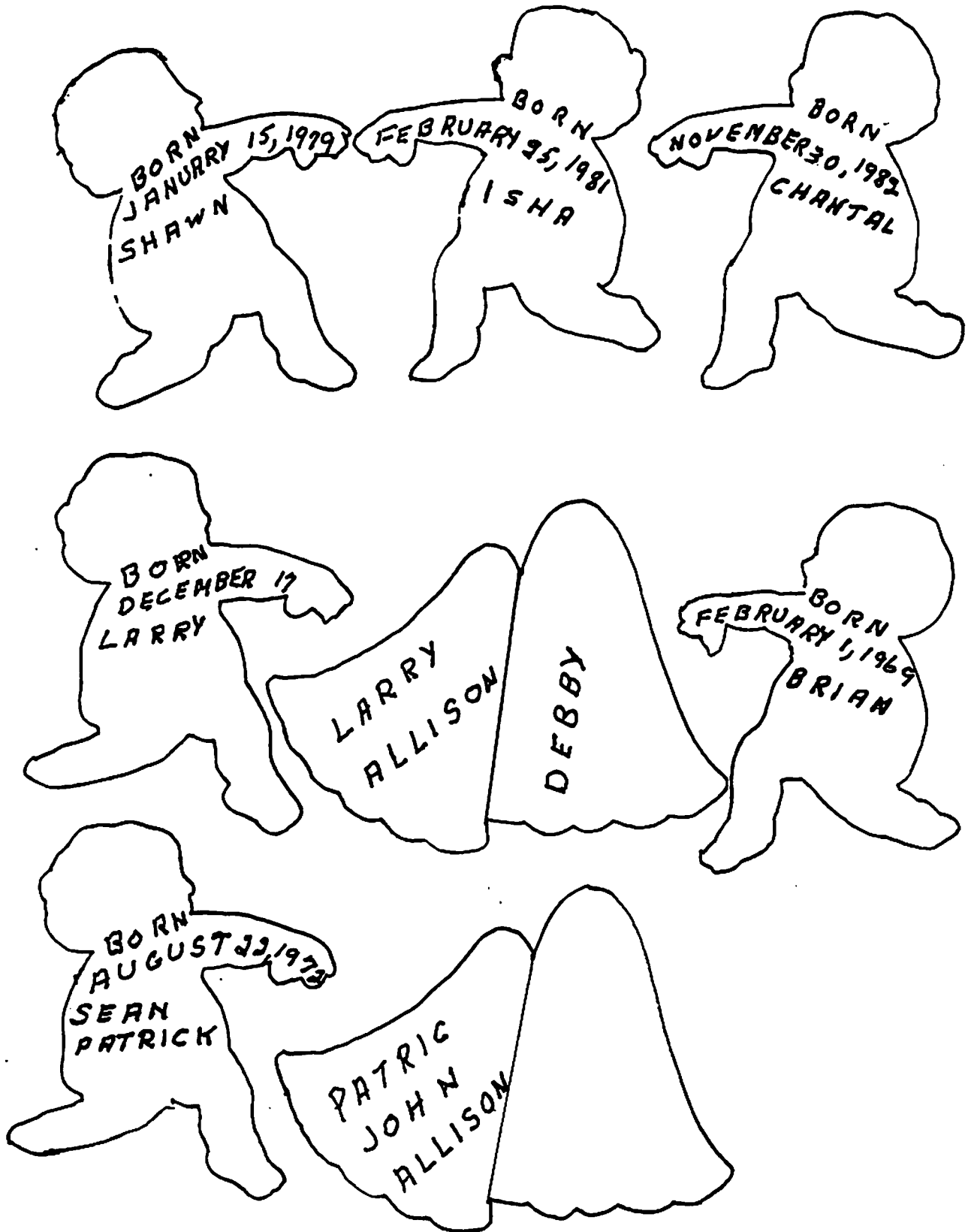


JONATHAN

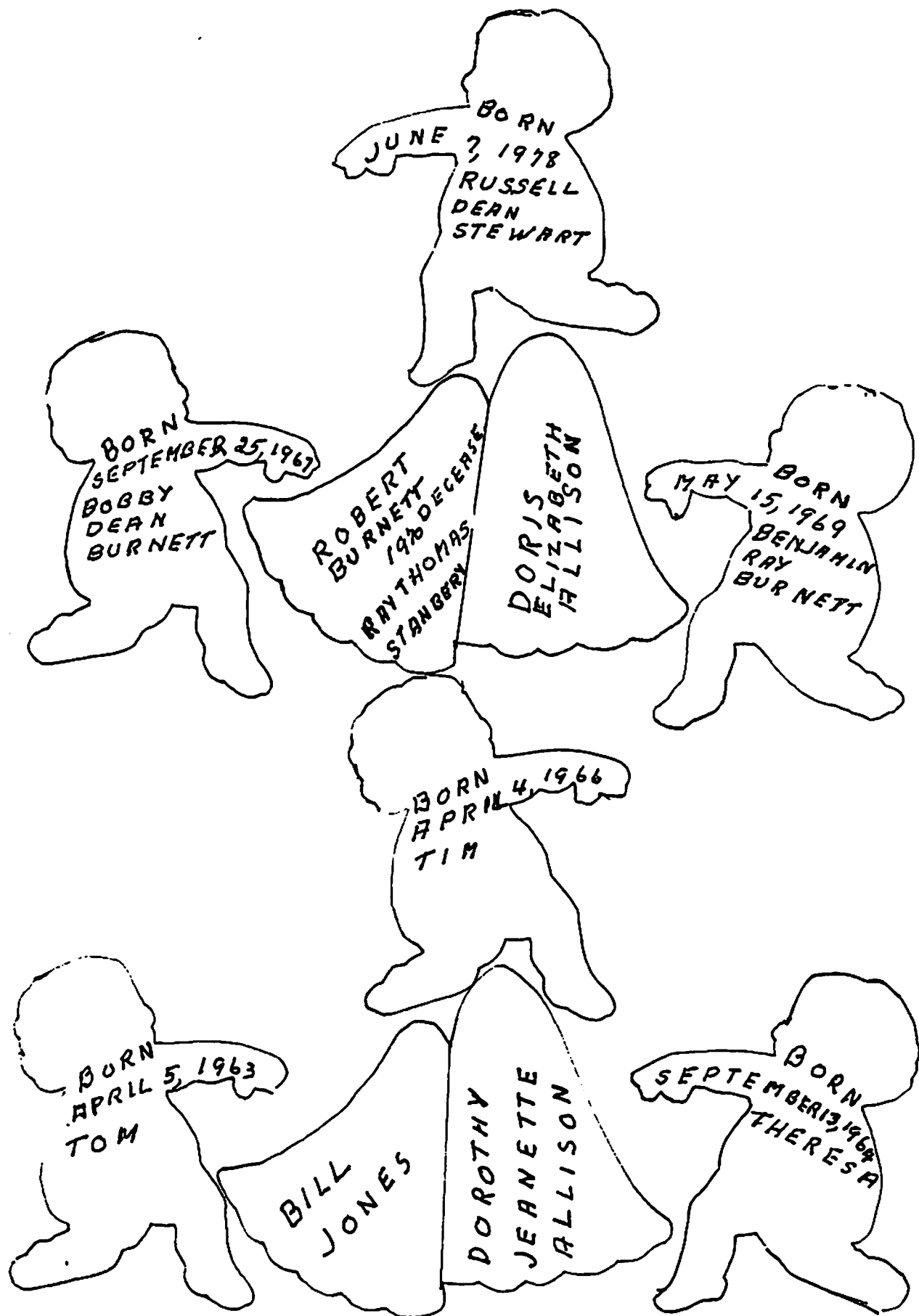
ALLISON



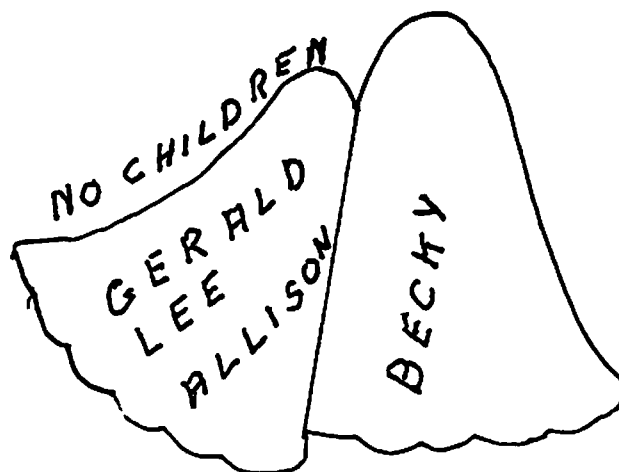
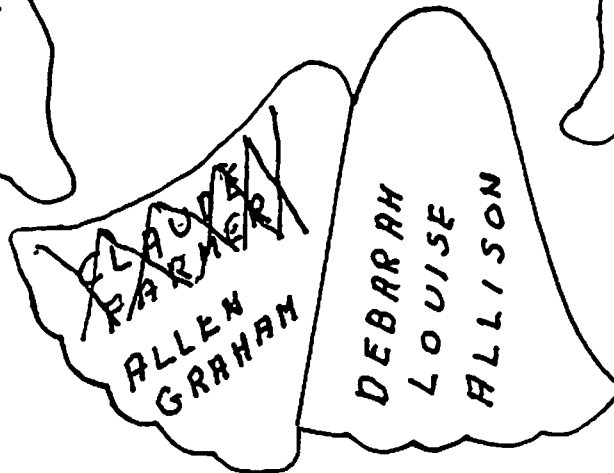
ALLISON



ALLISON



ALLISON



Mr. & Mrs. Allison (Children Deborah isn't shown)



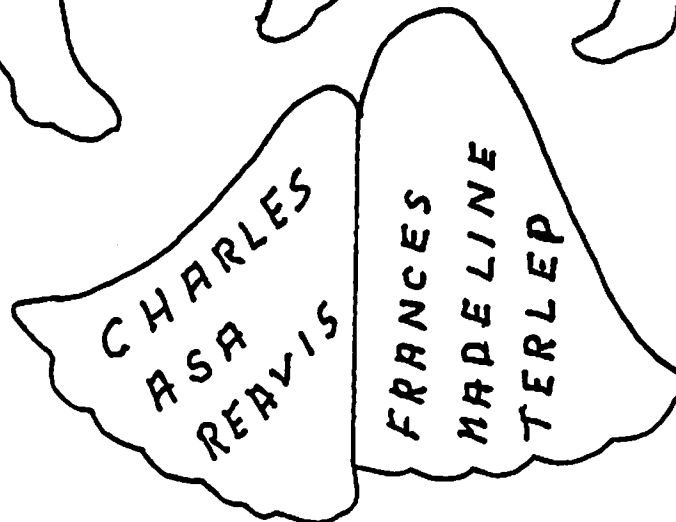
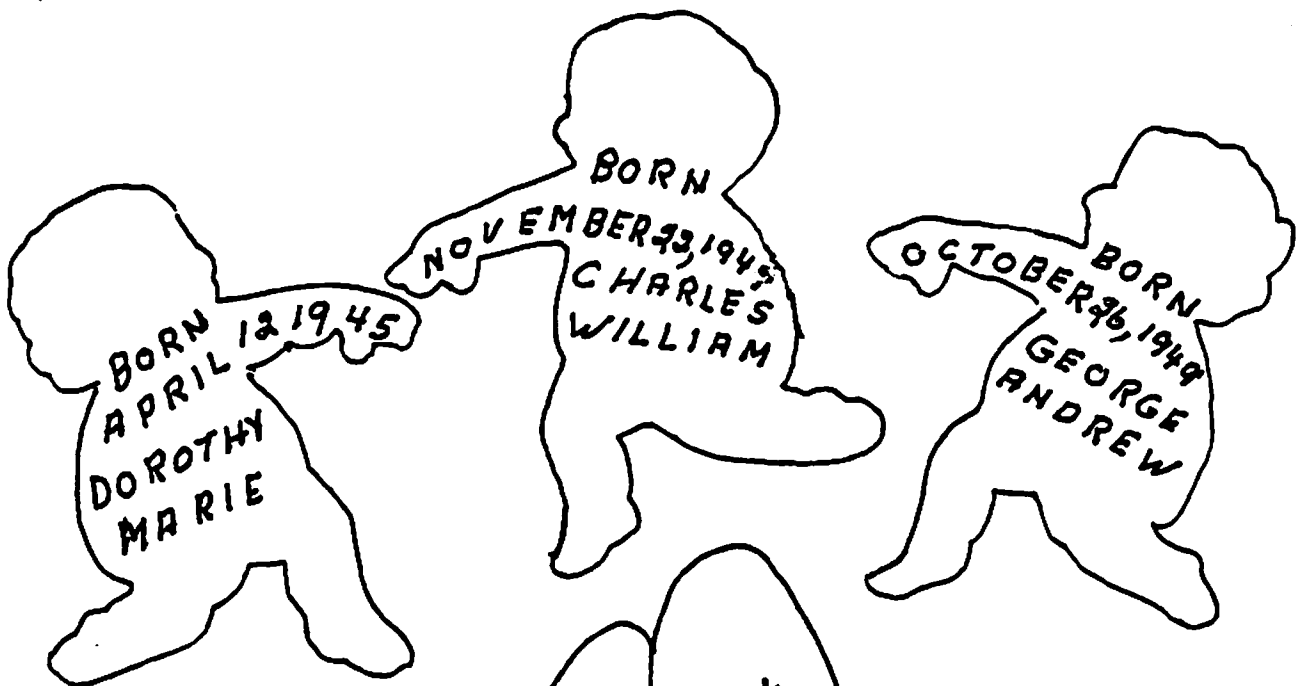
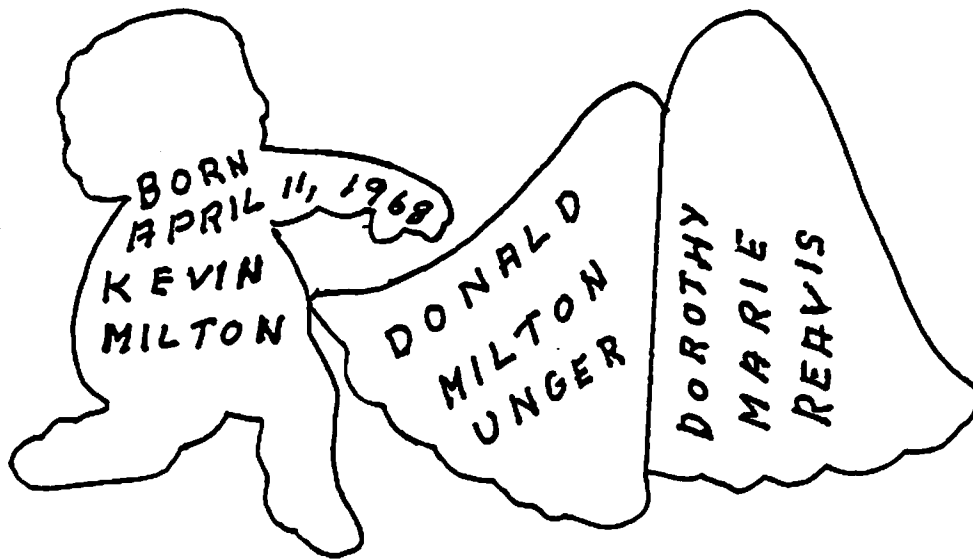
TOP ROW PATRICK DOROTHY LARRY
DORIS and GERALD



JENNIE, DAUGHTER DORIS & FAMILY



REAVIS



REAVIS

STEP DAUGHTERS

BORN
SEPTEMBER 18, 1964
SAMANTHA

BORN
APRIL 21, 1966
LINDA

BORN
DECEMBER 29, 1974
JOL
JERMAIN

GEORGE
ANDREW
REAVIS

NOY
BUARI

BORN
DECEMBER 15, 1973
CHRISTOPHER
SCOTT

CHARLES
WILLIAM
REAVIS

MARILYN
KAYE
NOLDER

BORN
FEBRUARY 4, 1975
MATTHEW
DENIS



3rd generation

GRANDPA and GRANDMA (TERLEP) REAVIS

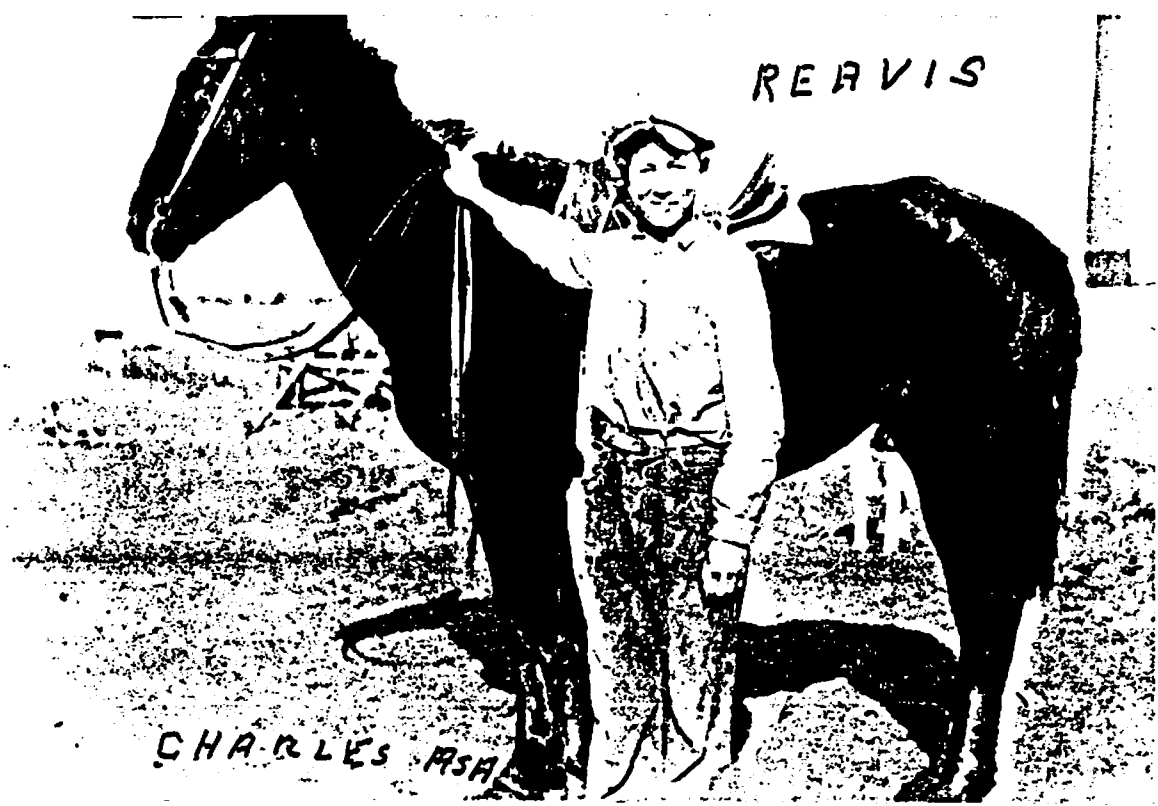


4th generation



5th generation





REAVIS

CHARLES ASH



JOC



DOTTIE



CHARLES



GEORGE



KEVIN



MATY

CHRIS



KEVIN



CHRIS



KAREN

BO



JOE



MATT

FUTURE STARS OF AMERICA

DON AND DOTTIE AND KEVIN



MARILYN
CHUCK
CHRIS
MATT



MATTHEW



CHRISTOPHER

DOROTHY, CHARLES AND GEORGE REAVIS



SAMANTHA LINDA
GEORGE JOE NOY

CHUCK
MARILYN
CHRIS
MATT



CHRIS
KEVIN
MATT

GEORGE
NOY
LINDA
SAMANTHA
JOC



FRANCES
WE ARE
LOOKING
AND I AM
POINTING
AT THOSE
BEAUTIFUL
GIRLS
BELOW



CHARLES
ASA

DOTTIE



KAY JEN FRAN MARY
LIL JENNIE

LINDA
NOY
JOC
GEORGE
SAMANTHA

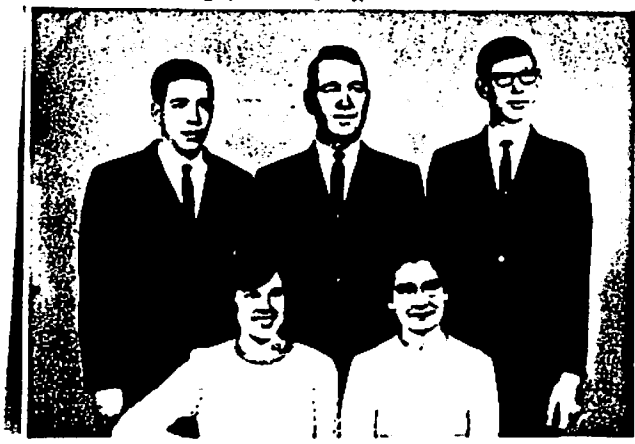


JOC
CHRIS
KEVIN
MATT

CHRIS
MATT
JOC
KEVIN

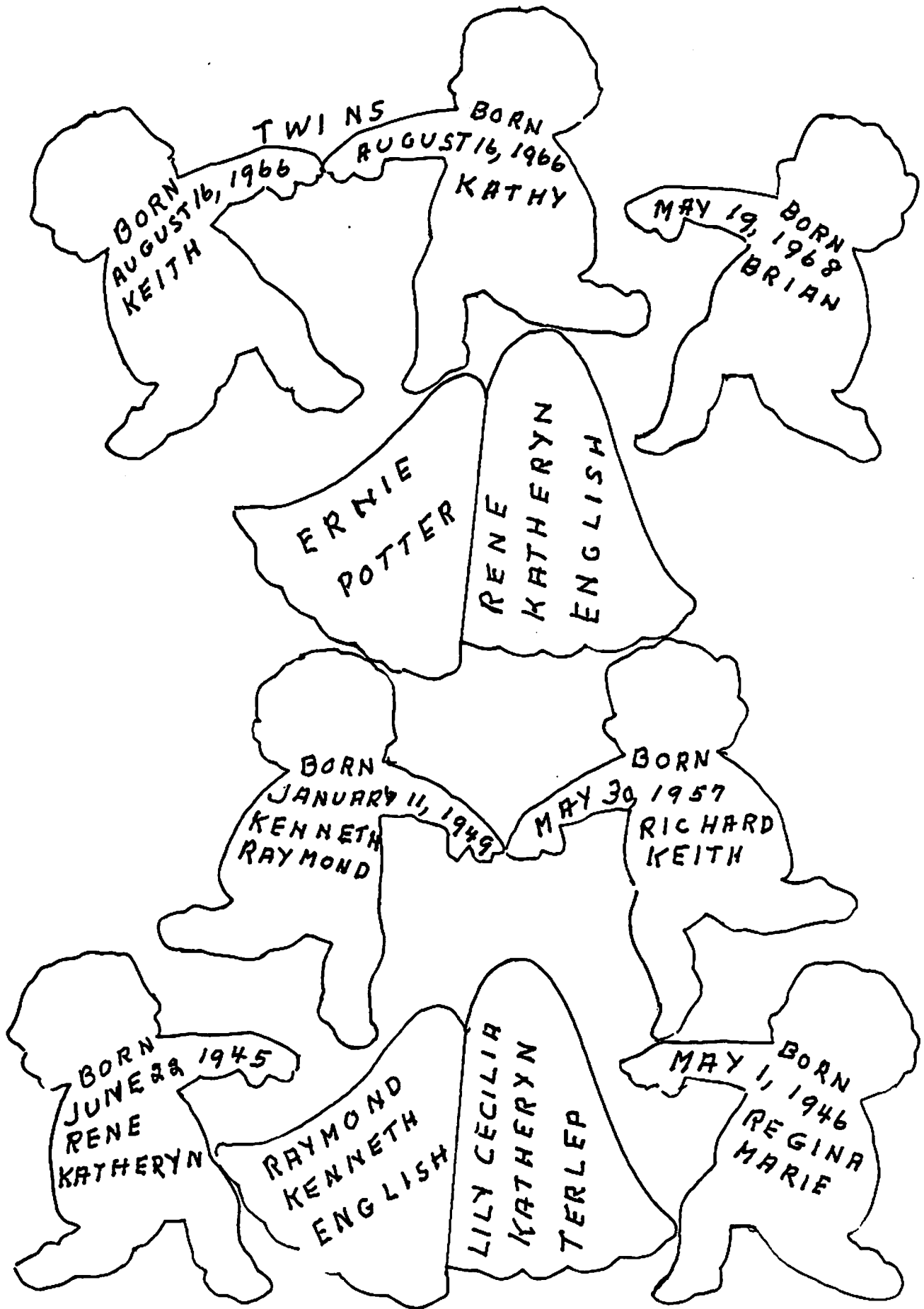


CHARLES REAVIS FAMILY

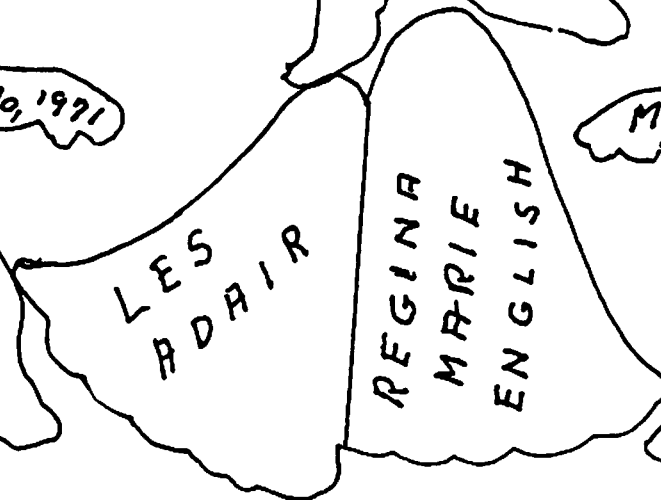
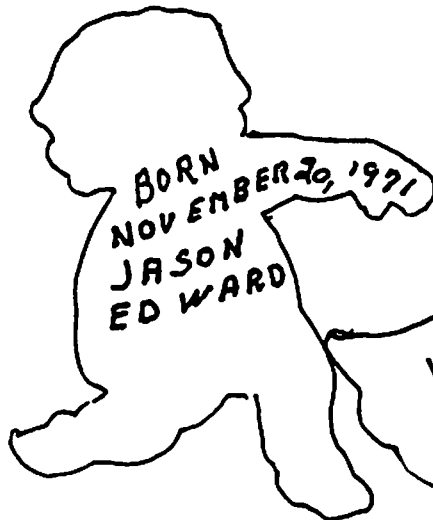
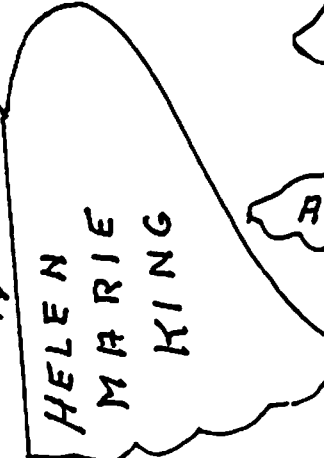
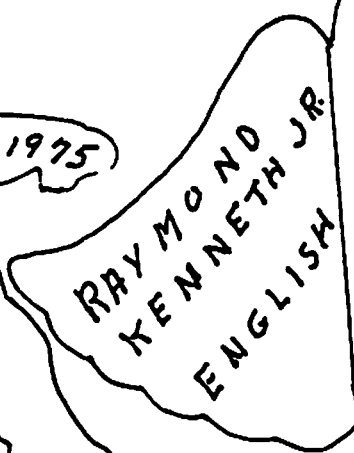
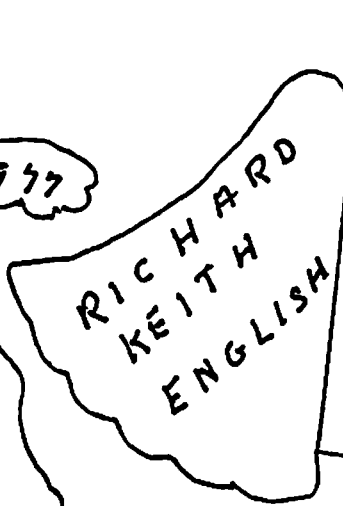


CHARLES GEORGE MOM DOTTIE

ENGLISH



ENGLISH



ENGLISH FAMILY KEN, GINA, RENE RICK RHY-KAY



GINA
KEN
RENE
RICK



THE POTICKA
FAMILY

RENE
ERNIE
KATHEY
BRIAN
KEITH



RICHARD
LISA

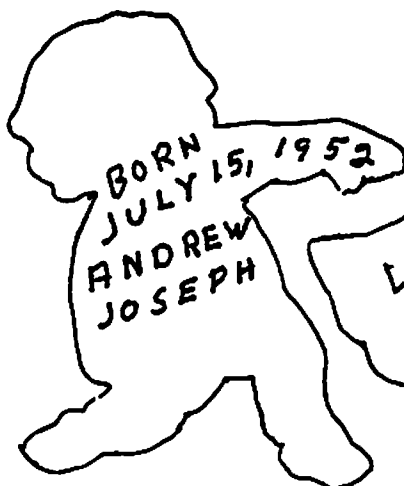
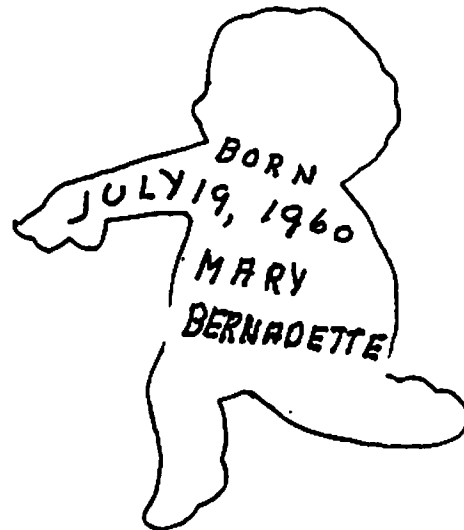


SILVER
CHRISTOPHER

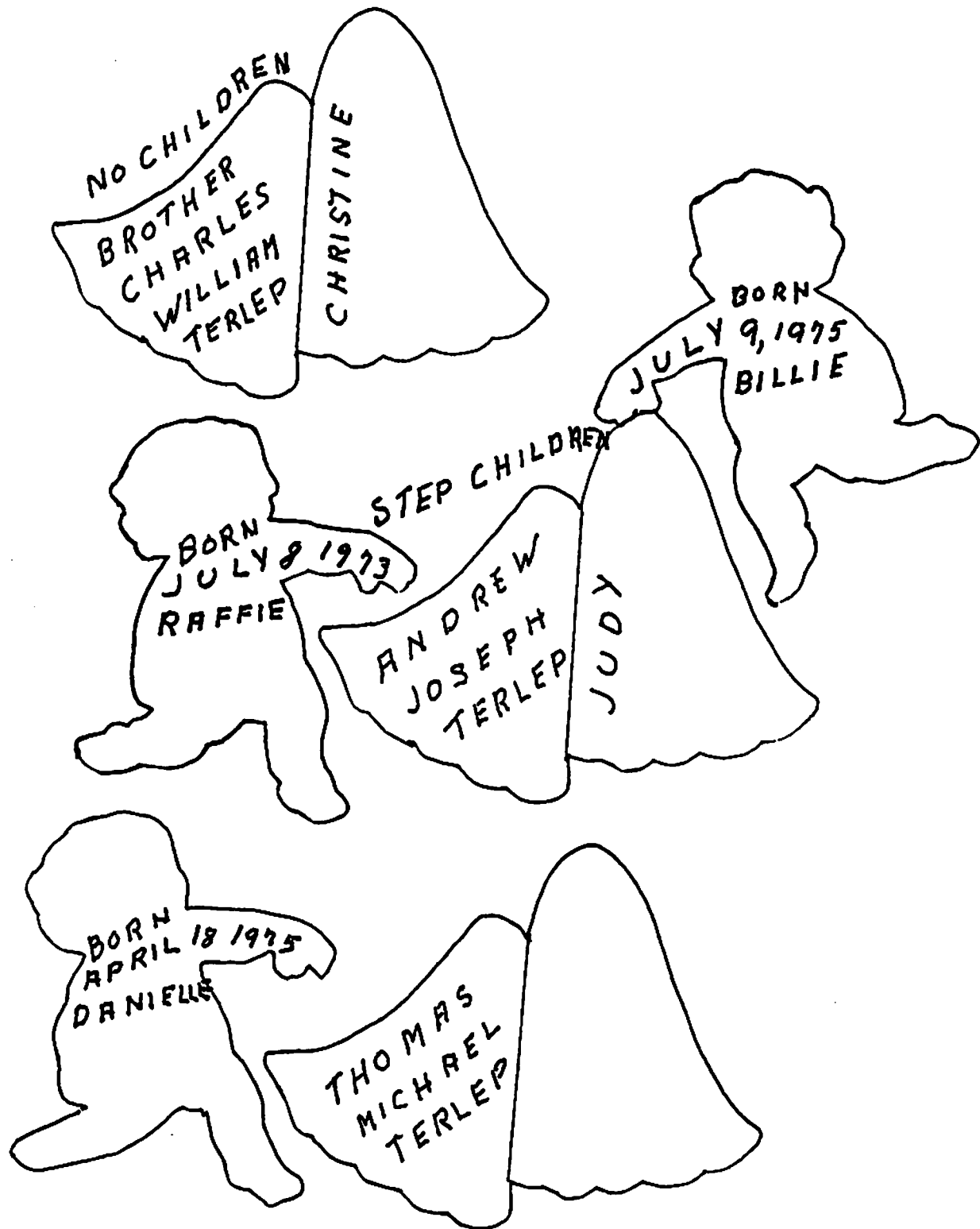
THE
ADAIR
FAMILY
GINA
LES
JOHN
JULIE
JASON



L. TERLEP



L. TERLEP



LOUIE and HELEN



GREGORY



MATTHEW



MARY



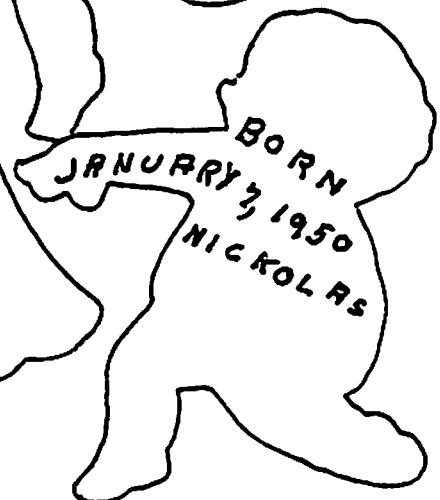
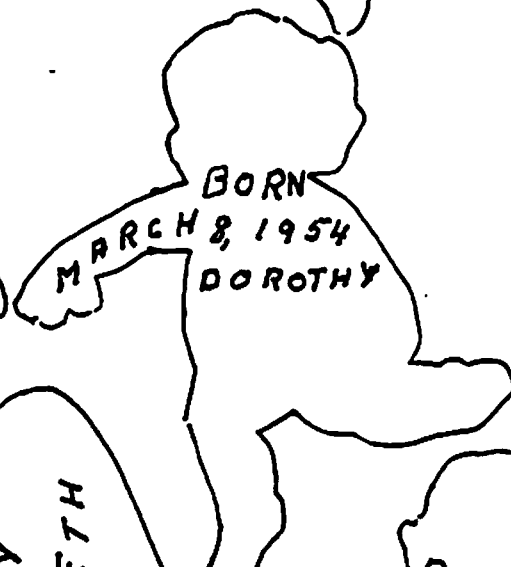
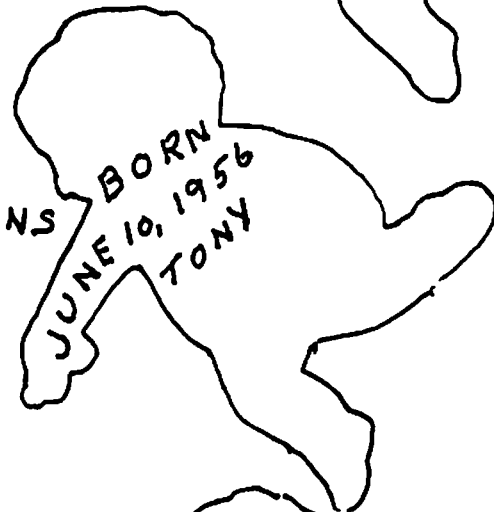
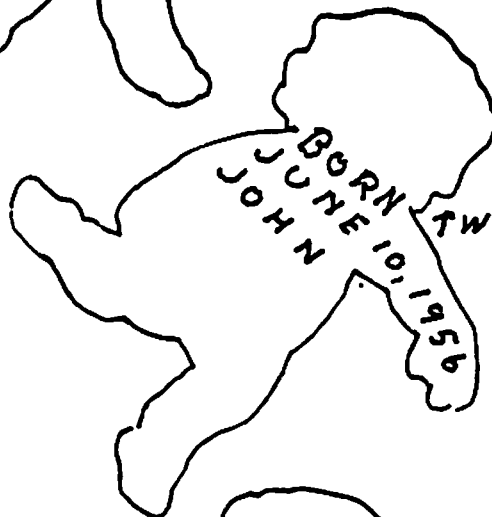
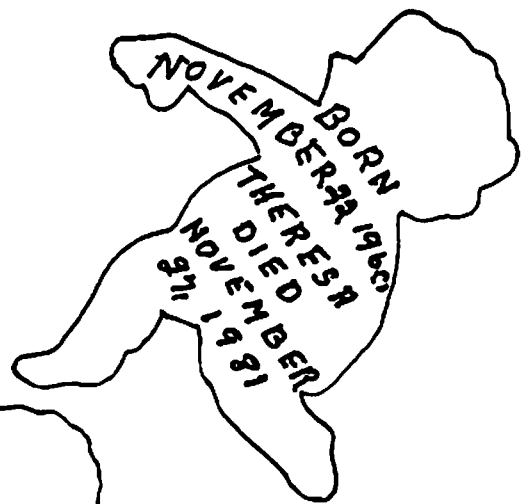
ANDREW



THOMAS



AZZOLINO



AZZOLINO

JAMES
CRAIG
LYDON

DOROTHY
ELIZABETH
AZZOLINO

JOHN
THOMAS
AZZOLINO

KATHLEEN
ANN
O'HARE

MICHAEL JR.
AZZOLINO

EILEEN
PRENDERGAST

BORN
DECEMBER 25, 1933
JULIE
ANNE

BORN
JULY 16, 1979
MICHAEL
ANTHONY

~~PAUL
MICHAEL
ANTHONY~~

AGNES
AZZOLINO

Theresa is no longer with us;
 God needed an angel to help Him above.
 So he called on Theresa
 to give all her love to Him above.
 She's watching and waiting,
 just give her a prayer.
 She will be overjoyed
 to greet you there.

PHILIP



DOROTHY



TONY



JOHN



GINES



NICKOLAS



MICHAEL



ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

All things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

A CREED

There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds firm and fast —
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of man is cast.

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the streets there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of colour beneath the sky:

Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!
The colours before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and grand
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase:
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honour and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honour, — all
Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!



"Dinner's takin' too long to cook, Mommy. We should've brought our microwave oven!"

YOUR CHURCH AND MINE

You go to your church, and I'll go to mine,
But let's walk along together;
Our Father has built them side by side,
So let's walk along together.
The road is rough and the way is long,
But we'll help each other over;
You go to your church and I'll go to mine, these.
But let's walk along together.

You go to your church, and I'll go to mine,
But let's walk along together;
Our heavenly Father is the same,
So let's walk along together.
The chimes of your church ring loud and clear,
They chime with the chimes of my church;
You go to your church, and I'll go to mine,
But let's walk along together.

You go to your church, and I'll go to mine,
But let's walk along together;
Our heavenly Father loves us all,
So let's walk along together.
The Lord will be at my church today,
But He'll be at your church also;
You go to your church, and I'll go to mine,
But let's walk along together.

A loving word,
A cheerful smile,
A kindly thought or
two —
A helpful hand,
A ready step,
They help, my friend,
they do.
A patient heart,
A thoughtful deed,
A willingness to
cheer —
An endless day
Of service, friend,
These things make life
most dear.
Be kind,
Do good,
Have lofty thoughts
Throughout the livelong
day —
Think right,
Serve God,
Be friend to all,
And you have found the
Way!

A Lesson for Life

How far you go in life depends on your being —
tender with the young,
compassionate with the aged,
sympathetic with the striving,
tolerant of the weak and the strong.
Because some day in life, you will have been all of

MYSELF

*I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect.
For here in the struggle for fame and self
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
I'm bluster, a bluff and an empty show.
I never can hide myself from ME;
I see what others may never see.
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.*

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must - but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow -
You might succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man,
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup.
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out -
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt -
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit -
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

ANTON TERLEP



BORN
AUGUST 20, 1915
FRED

NOVEMBER 15, 1917

BORN
JANUARY 15, 1917
DIED
MARCH 15, 1925
JACK

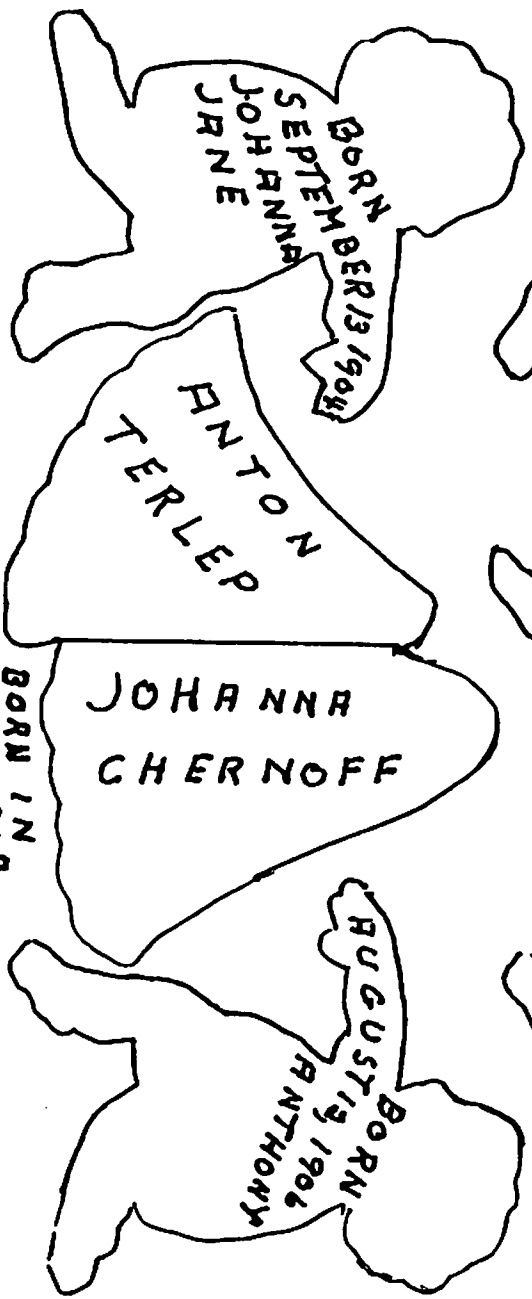
BORN
FEBRUARY 13, 1919
KATHRYN



BORN
JUNE 4, 1908
JULIA

BORN
JUNE 2, 1910
FRANK

BORN
MARCH 5, 1912
MARY ANN



BORN
SEPTEMBER 13, 1904
JOHANNA
JANE

ANTON
TERLEP

JOHANNA
CHERNOFF

BORN
AUGUST 13, 1906
ANTHONY

BORN IN
AUSTRIA
JUNE 18, 1879
DIED APRIL
19, 1934
LAYED TO REST
BUHL, MINN.

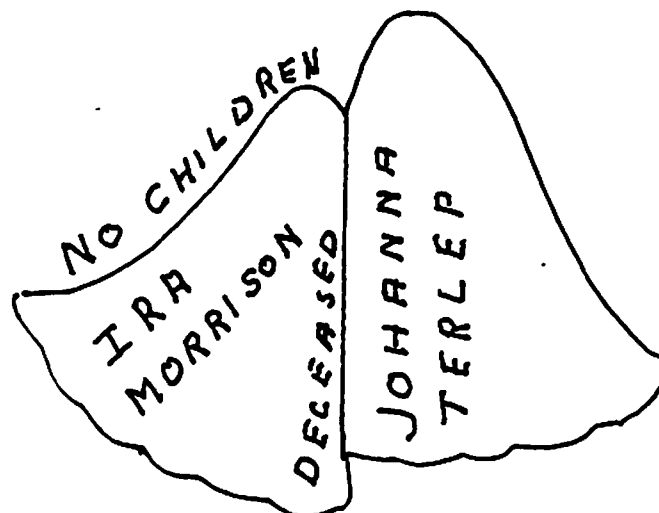
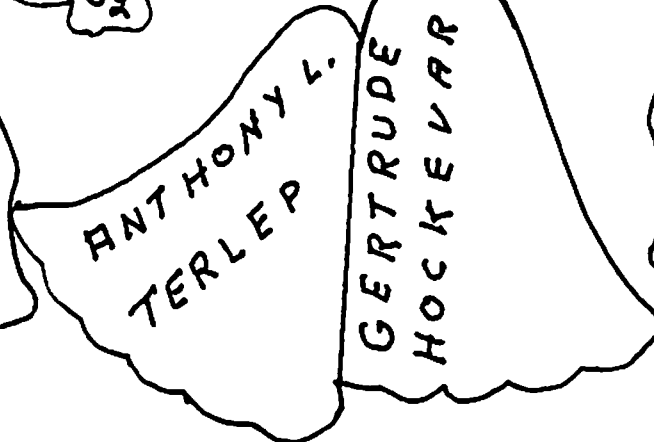
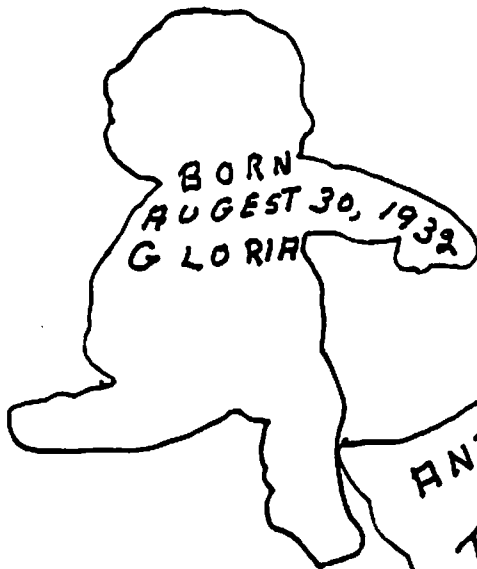
BORN IN
AUSTRIA
1886
DIED MARCH
10, 1961
LAYED TO REST
CROWN POINT
INDIANA

TERLEP

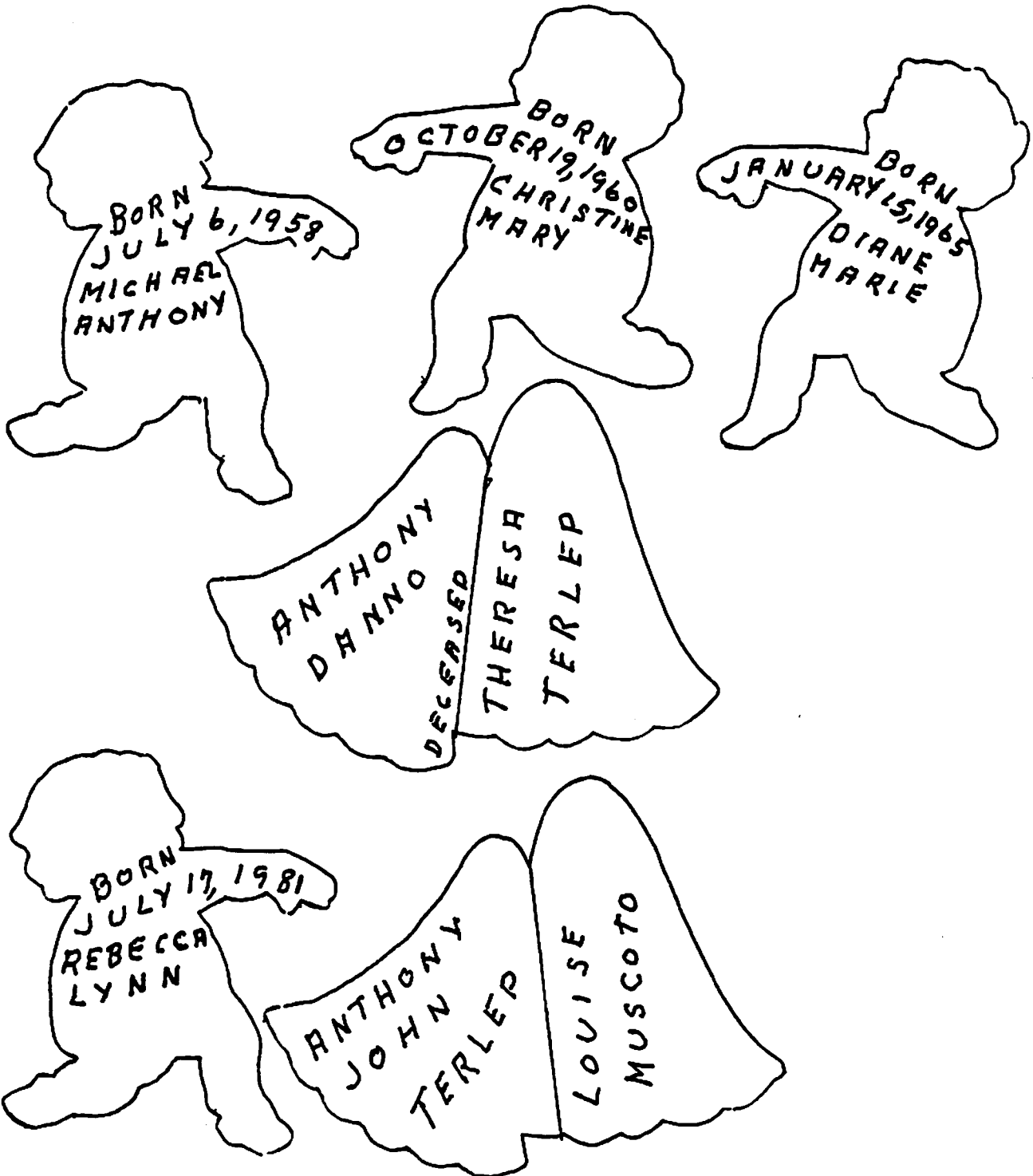


JANE - CATHRYN - JULIA MAY & MARY ANN
FRANK - TONY - FRED

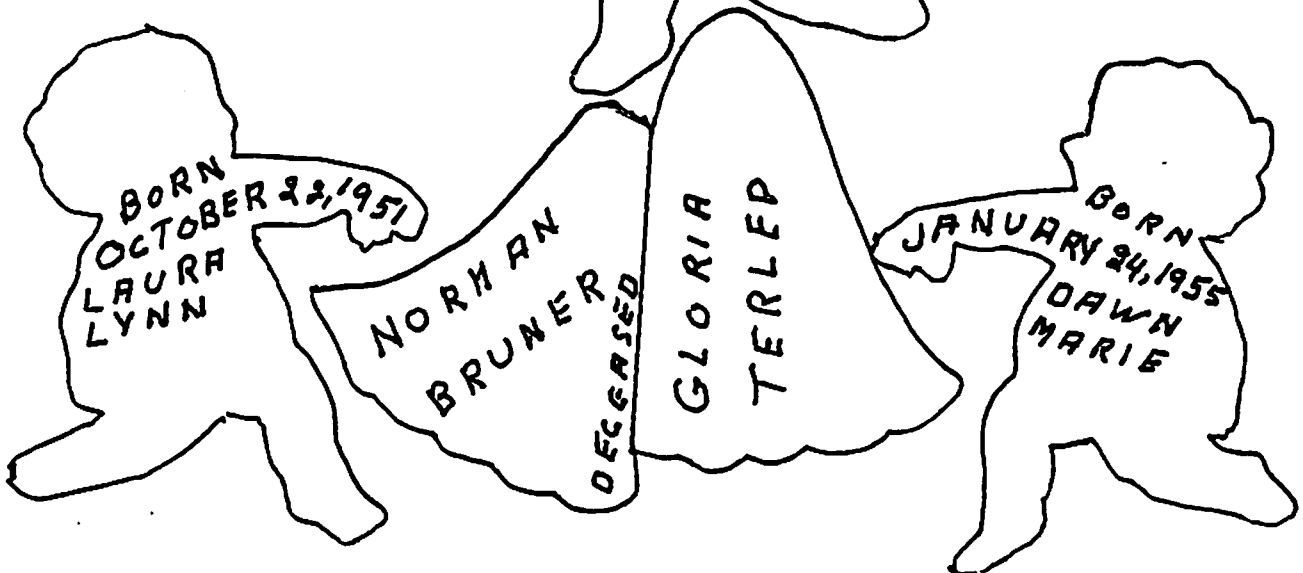
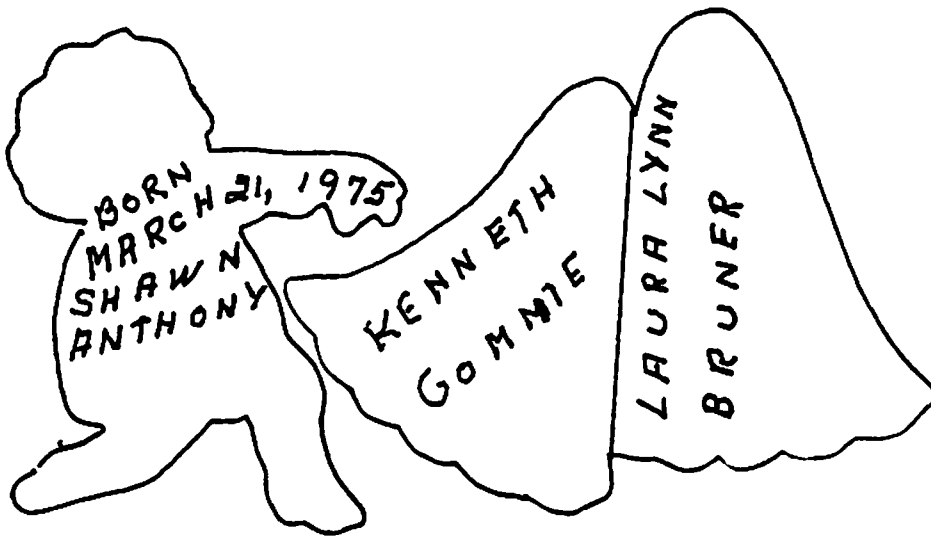
TERLEP



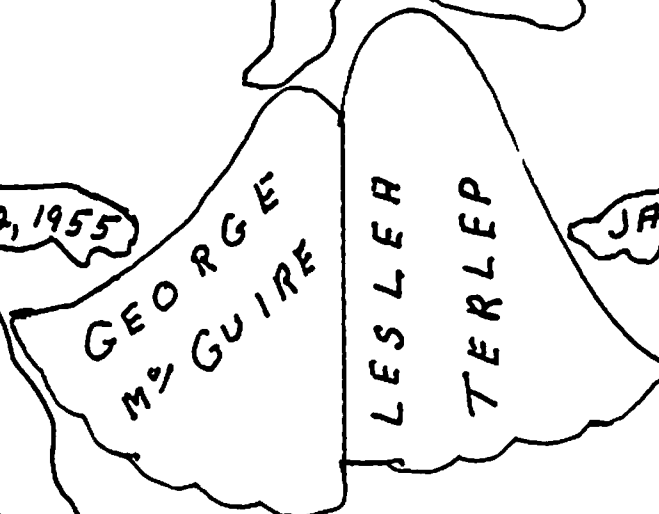
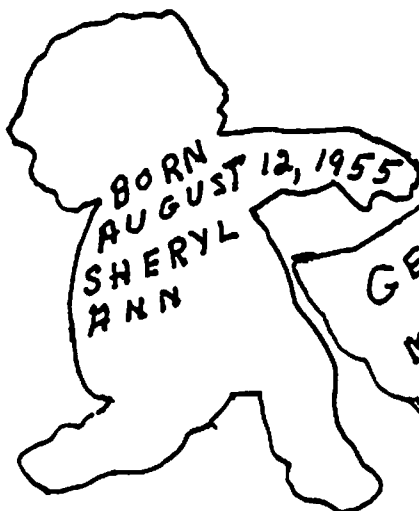
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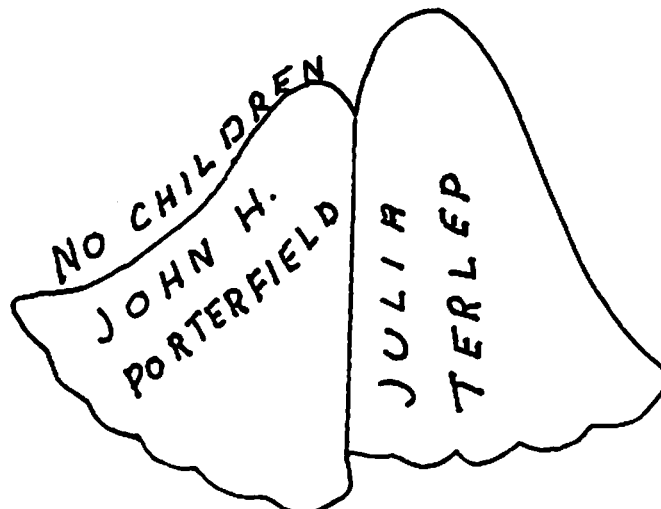
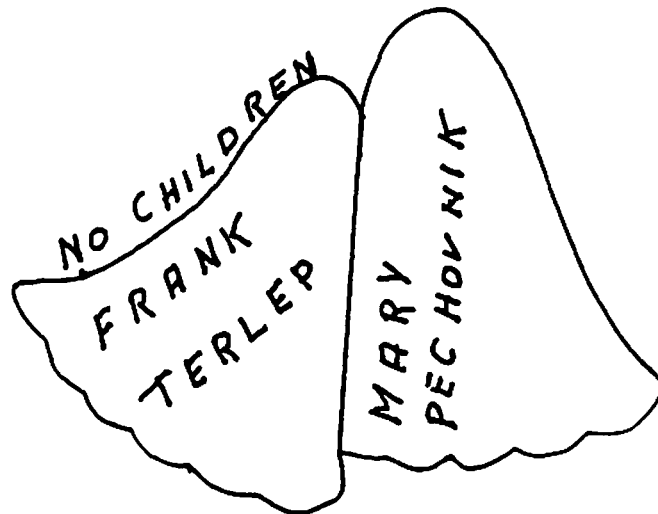
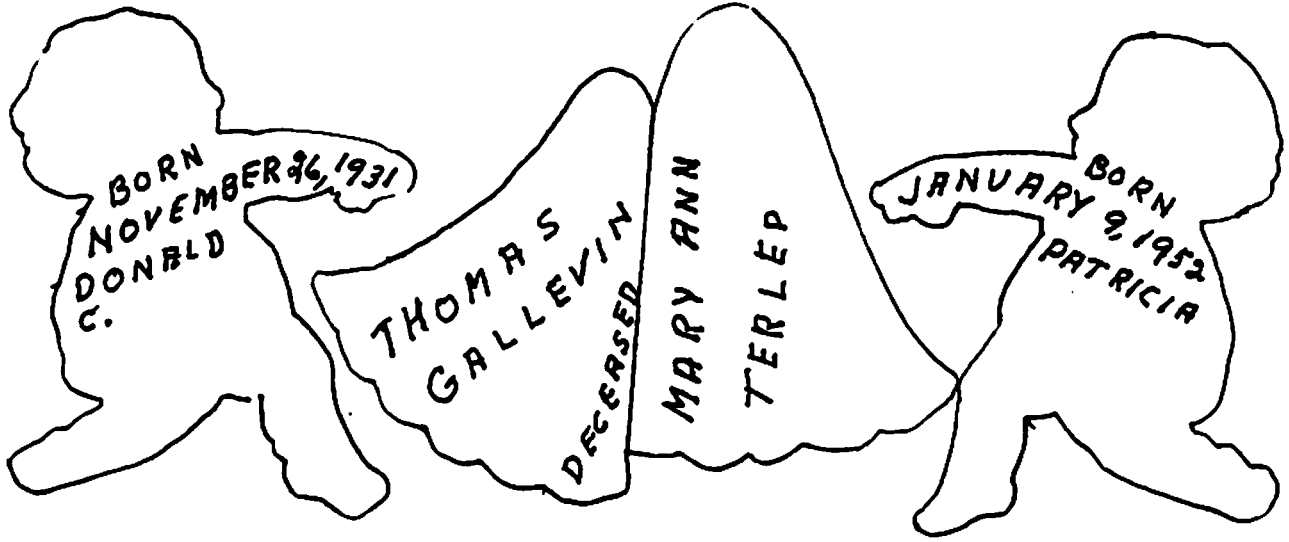
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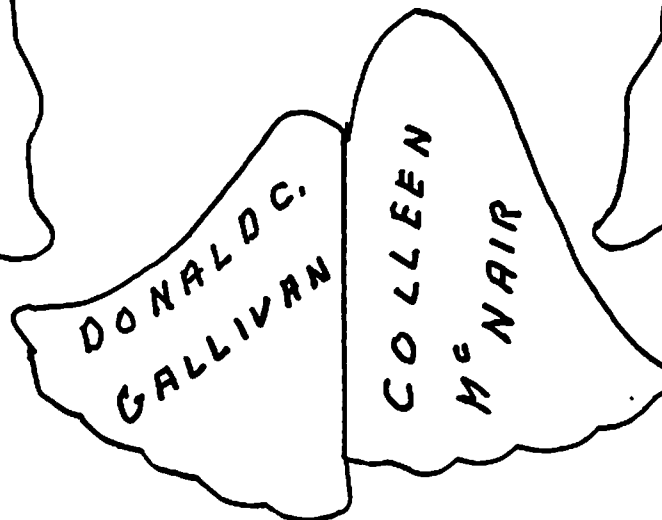
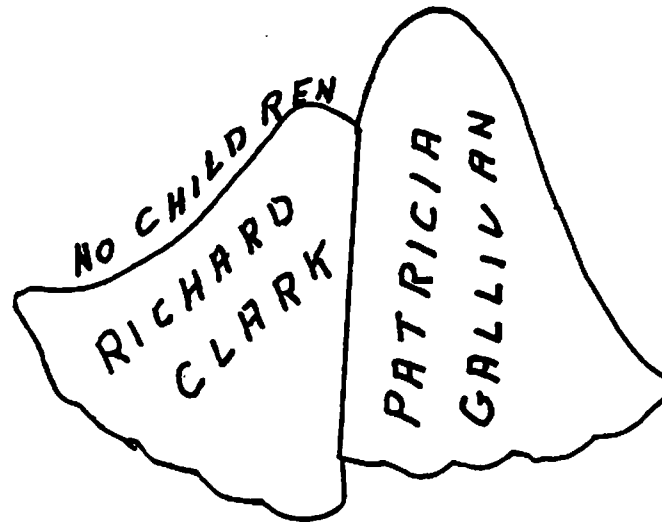
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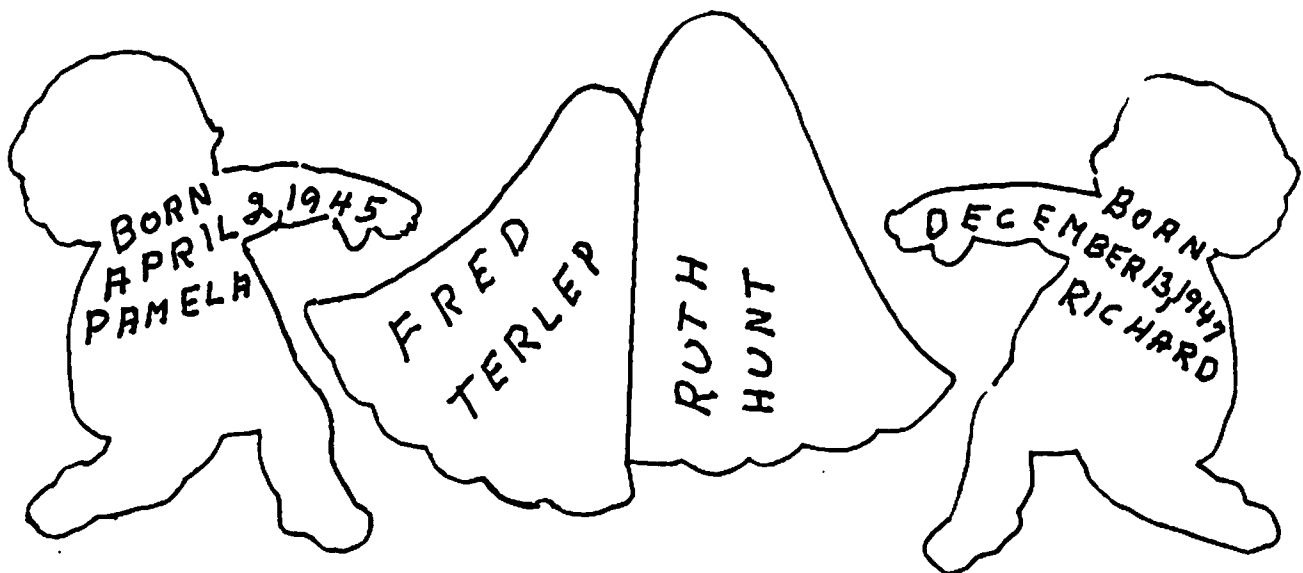
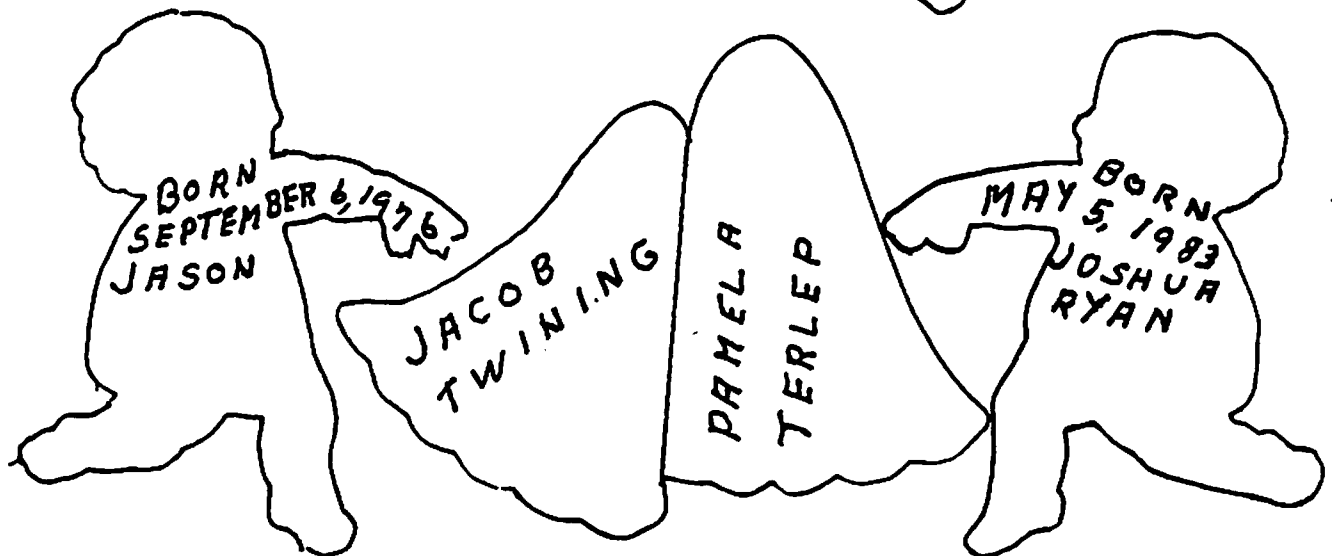
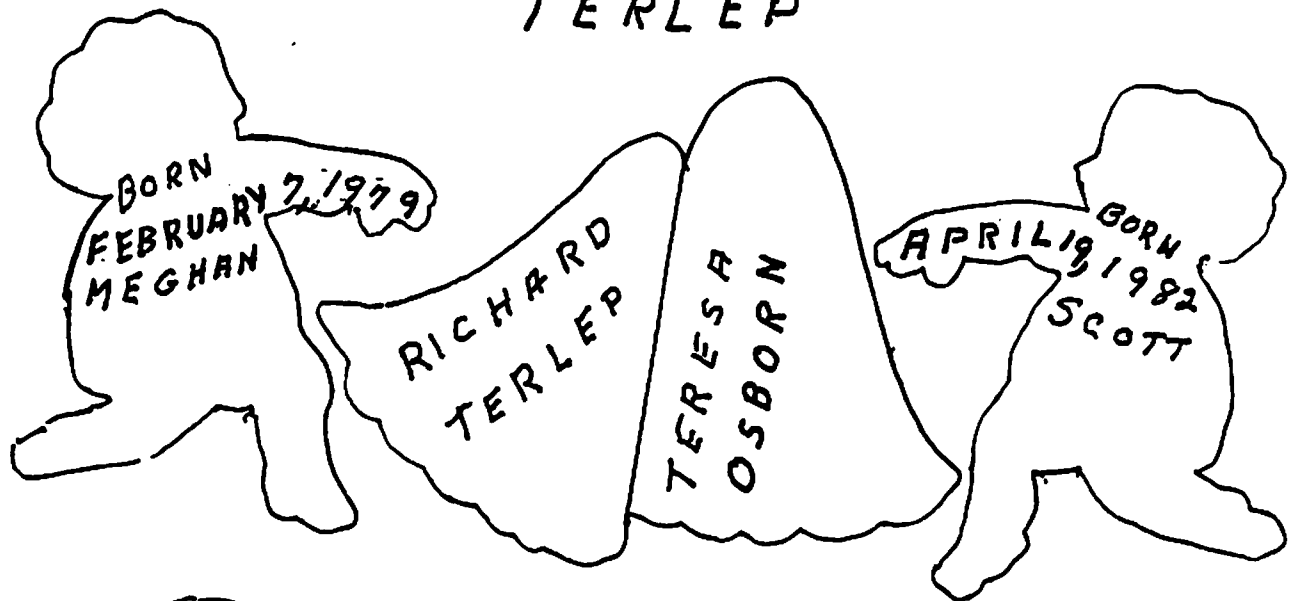
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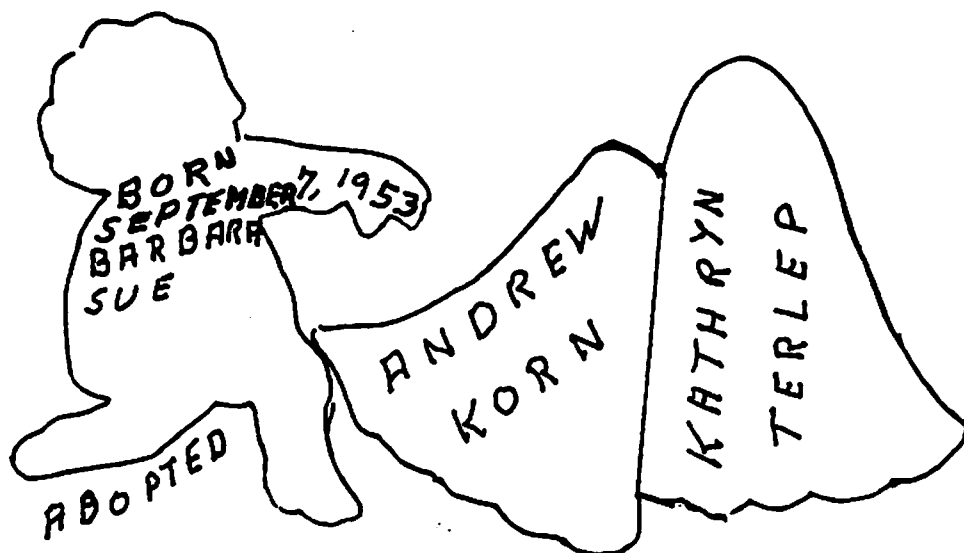
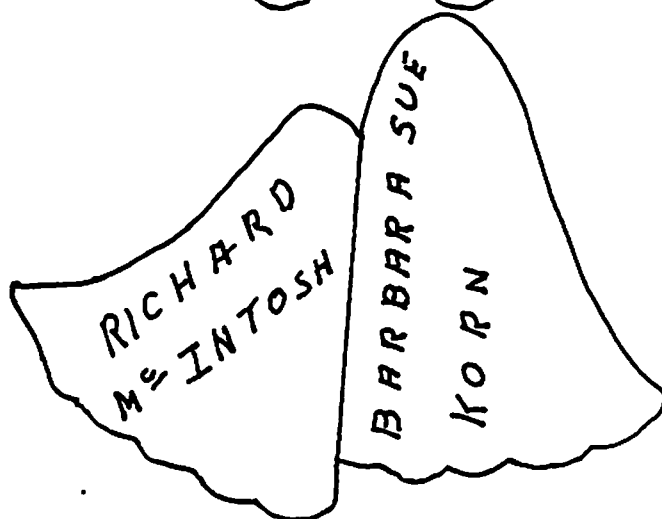
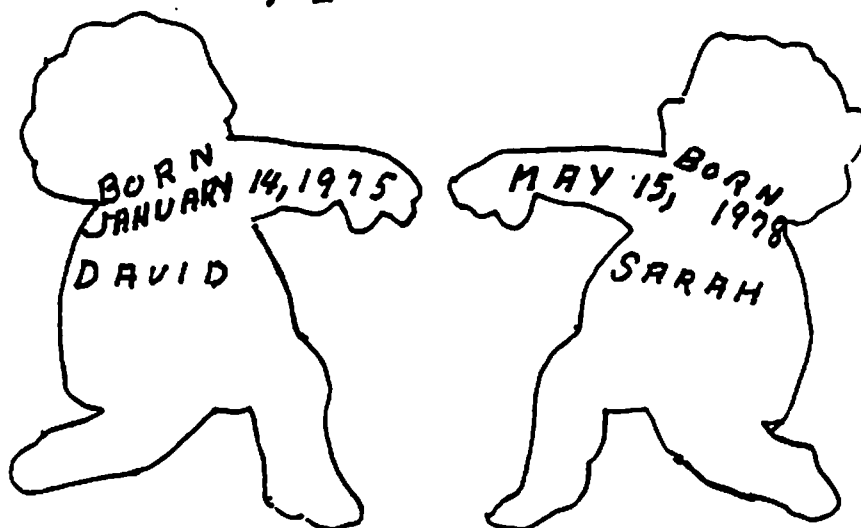
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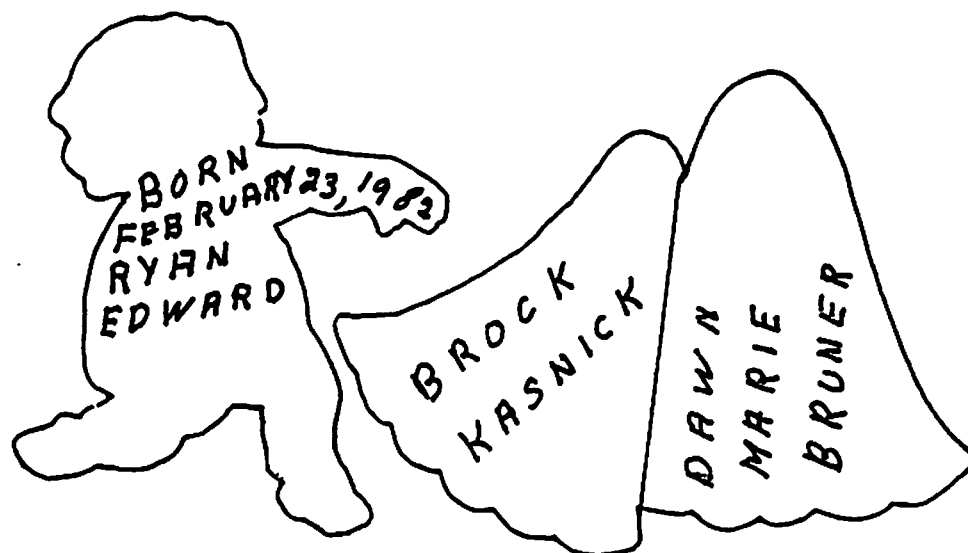
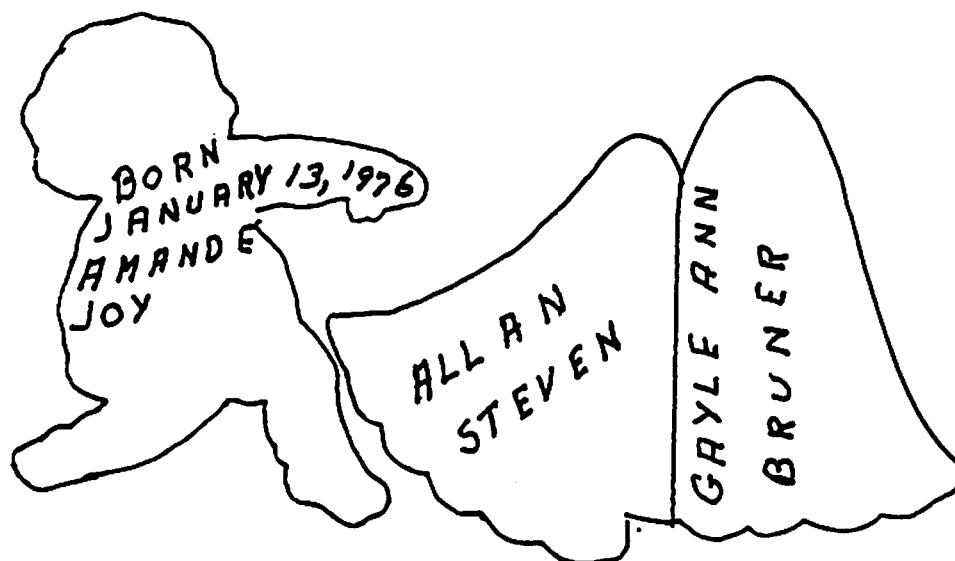
TERLEP



TERLEP



TERLEP



THE PESSIMIST

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'til gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs;
Ah well, alas! Alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst;
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus thro' life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes,
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

Divine Intervention

I think that I shall never see
A diet that's just right for me.
One that will let me eat my fill
When I forget to take my pill.

One that helps me get through the night
Without sneaking one single bite,
So that I may in summer wear
My loveliest dresses so bare.

Around my waist there'd be no fat,
No more calories to combat.
But I have learned to my chagrin
That only God can make me thin.

THE HUMAN TOUCH

'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the fainting heart
Than shelter and bread and wine;
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice
Sing on in the soul away.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER

How many buttons are missing today?
Nobody knows but Mother.
How many playthings strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but Mother.
How many thimbles and spools are missed?
How many burns on each fat little fist?
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many hats has she hunted today?
Nobody knows but Mother.
Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay
Nobody knows but Mother.
How many handkerchief wilfully strayed?
How many ribbons for each little maid?
How for her care can a mother be paid?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many muddy shoes all in a row?
Nobody knows but Mother.
How many stockings to darn, do you know?
Nobody knows but Mother.
How many little torn aprons to mend?
How many hours of toil must she spend?
How late when her day's work shall end?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many lunches for Tommy and Sam?
Nobody knows but Mother.
Cookies and apples and blackberry jam -
Nobody knows but Mother.
Nourishing dainties for every "sweet too"
Toddling Dottie or dignified Ruth -
How much love sweetens labor, forsooth?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many cares does a mother's heart know?
Nobody knows but Mother.
How many joys from her mother-love flow?
Nobody knows but Mother.
How many prayers for each little white tooth?
How many tears for her babes has she shed?
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but Mother.

Stopped by a policeman for driving
without a taillight, the driver be-
came quite distressed.

"Don't take it so hard," consoled
the officer, "it's a minor offense."

"That's not the point," replied the
troubled driver. "What worries me is
what's happened to my wife and my
trailer?"

ON THE WINGS OF PRAYER

Just close your eyes and open your heart
And feel your worries and cares depart,
Just yield yourself to the Father above
And let Him hold you secure in His love...

For life on earth grows more involved
With endless problems that can's be solved -
But God only asks us to do our best,
Then He will take over and finish the rest...

So when you are tired, discouraged and blue,
There's always one door that is open to you -
And that is the door to "The House of Prayer"
And you'll find God waiting to meet you there...

And "The House of Prayer" is no farther away
Than the quiet spot where you kneel and pray -
For the heart is a temple when God is there
As we place ourselves in His loving care...

And He hears every prayer and answers each one
When we pray in His name, "Thy Will Be Done" -
And the burdens that seemed too heavy to bear
Are lifted away on "The Wings of Prayer."

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR

The good, green earth beneath our feet,
The air we breathe, the food we eat,
Some work to do, a goal to win,
A hidden longing deep within
That spurs us on to bigger things
And helps us meet what each day brings,
All these things and many more
Are things we should be thankful for...
And most of all our thankful prayers
Should rise to God because He cares!

THE GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a priceless gift that cannot be bought or sold,
But its value is far greater than a mountain made of gold -
For gold is cold and lifeless; it can neither see nor hear,
And in time of trouble, it is powerless to cheer -
It has no ears to listen, no heart to understand,
It cannot bring you comfort or reach out a helping hand -
So when you ask God for a Gift, be thankful if He send
Not diamonds, pearls or riches, but the love of real true friends.

NEW FRIENDS AND OLD FRIENDS

Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test —
Time and change — are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew,
But old friends, alas, may die,
New friends must their place supply.
Cherish friendship in your breast —
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.

THEN LAUGH

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
When it's strong as your hand can make
Put all your troubles there;
Hide there all thought of your failure:
And each bitter cup that you quaff.
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh!

Tell no one else its contents,
Never its secrets share;
When you've dropped in your care and w
Keep them forever there;
Hide them from sight so completely
That the world will never dream h
Fasten the strong box securely,
Then sit on the lid and laugh!

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

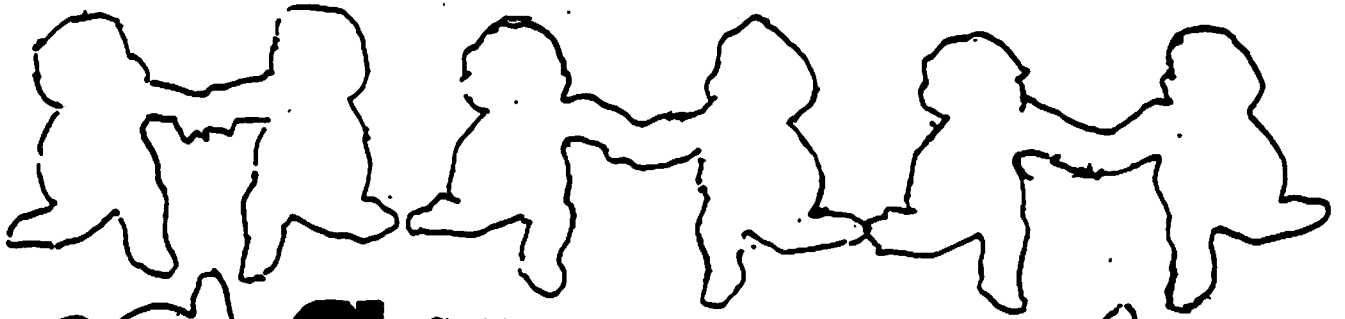
The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

A WISE OLD OWL

A wise old owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard:
Why can't we all be like that bird?



C

Children reaching out for one another
seeming to say

H

Hail, hail, the gang's all here
shouting it loud and clear
the gang's all here

I

I am hoping we are in our right places
showing our faces

L

Looking back over our shoulders
through Pleasures and Treasures

D

Days long gone, but not forgotten

R

Returning to our days of
childhood and youth

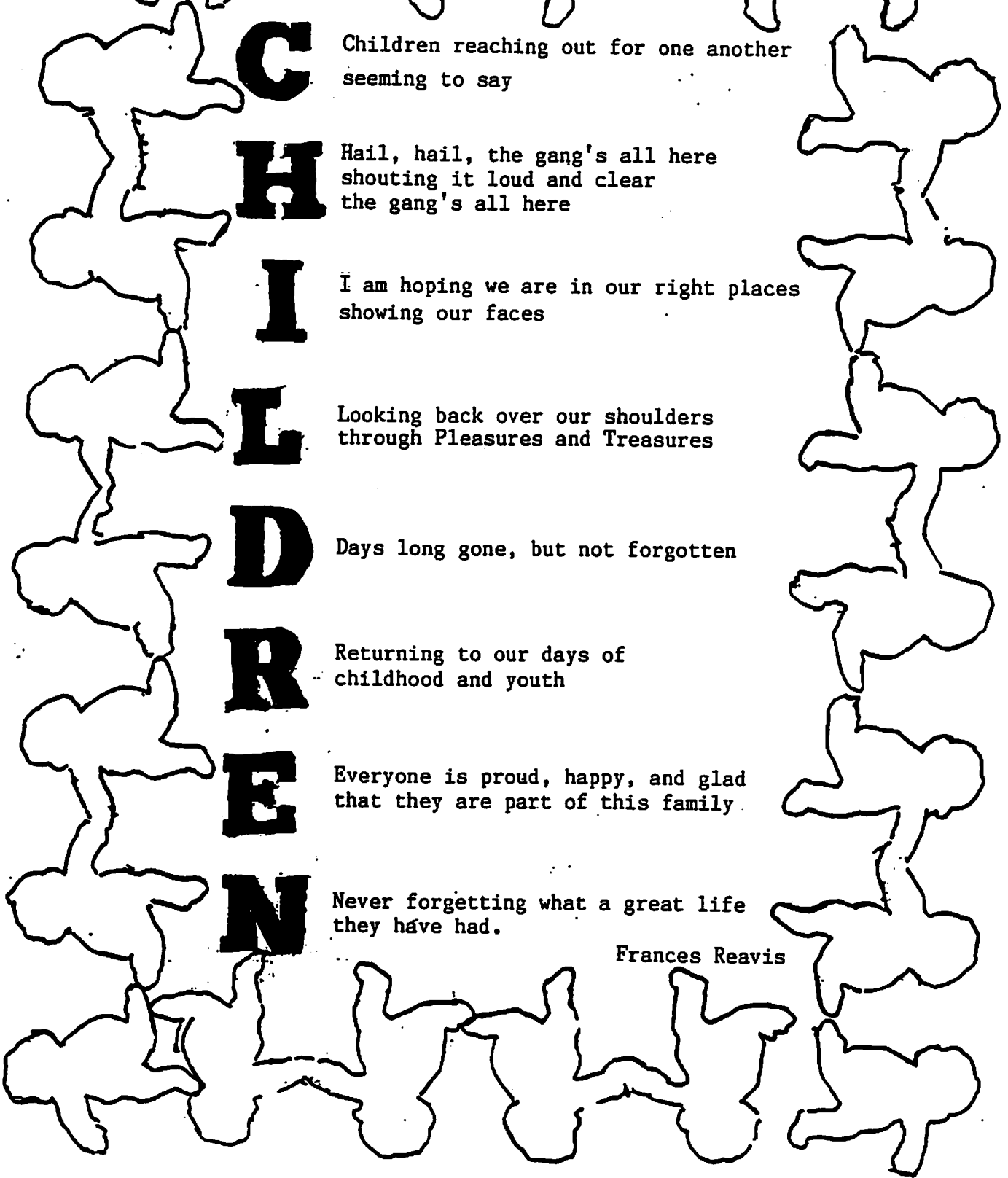
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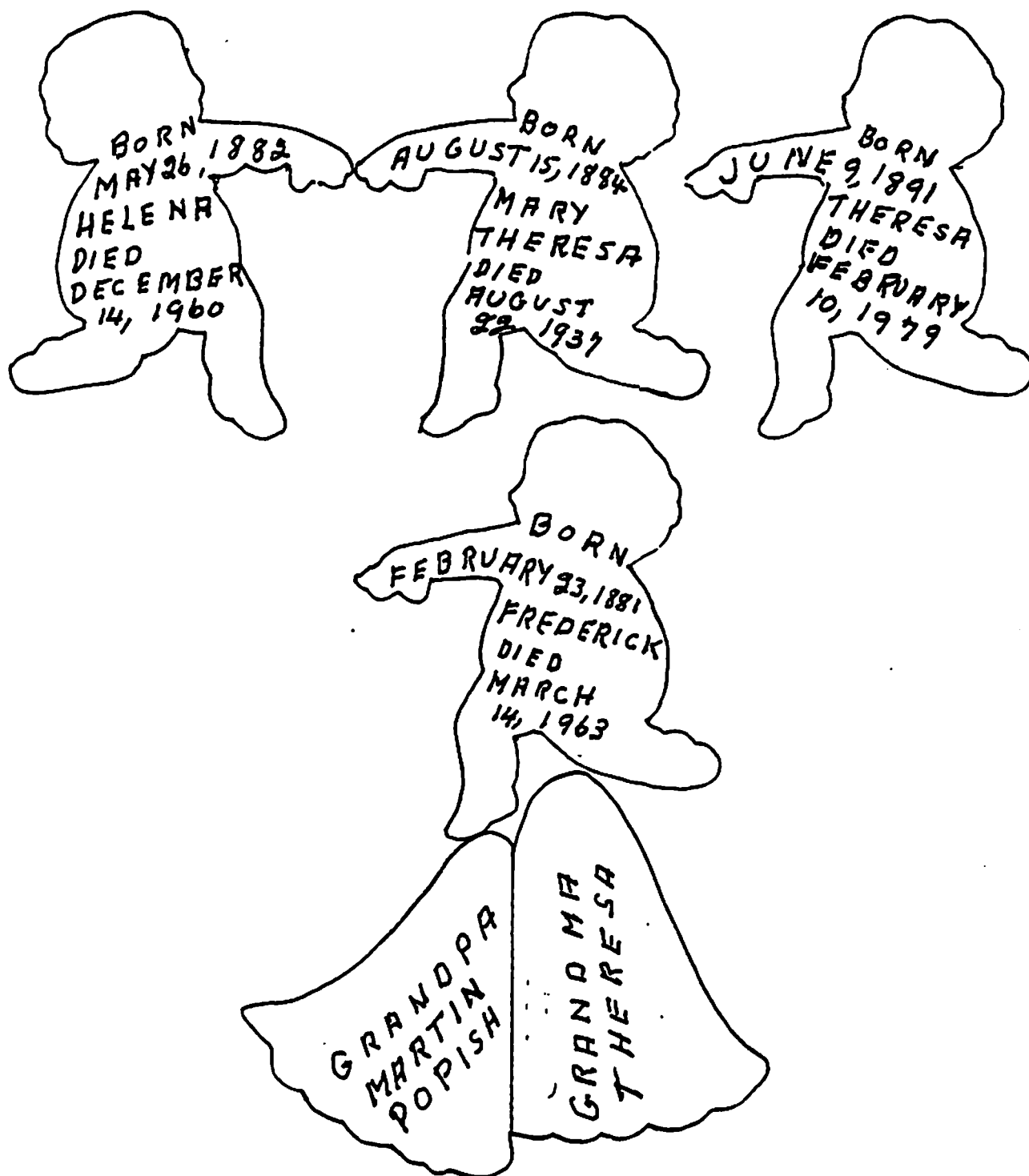
Everyone is proud, happy, and glad
that they are part of this family

N

Never forgetting what a great life
they have had.

Frances Reavis





GREAT GRANDPA WAS AUSTRIAN GREAT
GRANDMA HUNGARIAN THEY CAME TO THE
UNITED STATES LATE 1882 OR EARLY 1883
THEY RAN A BOARDING HOUSE AND SALOON
FOR THE MINERS. LOCATED ON HIGHWAY 82
7TH & HALLAM STREET NEAR THE PRESENT
FOREST SERVICE BUILDING IN ASPEN, COLORADO
LAYED TO REST IN ASPEN, COLO.

GRANDMA DIED MAY 17, 1920 GRANDPA DIED JULY
25, 1924

FRED POPISH FAMILY
by Katie Skiff

As for our life style in our early years, it was very similar to yours. We made do with everything we had. You figure back - the United States was all more or less in pioneering days.

We raised cattle, pigs, lambs for sale but our own meat needs came first. The folks had a barrel of corned beef and hams and bacon to start with and then we had a large flock of chickens for eggs and meat; we also sold some. Mama always raised a flock of turkeys for holiday sale and for our holiday dinners.

We made our own laundry soap, some cheese, both hard type and cottage. We raised all our own vegetables and potatoes; in the fall we put some in the root cellar and some in a pit that was lined with straw and then covered with dirt. This kept very well all winter. In Mama's garden were raspberries and strawberries. We used all we could fresh and canned the rest and made jam and jelly. We couldn't raise other fruits in that altitude so we got those from peddlers that came through or went down the valley ourselves. These fruits, peaches, pears, apricots, cherries, plums, and tomatoes, we canned.

The folks milked quite a few cows; the milk was separated by machine and we shipped the cream in five or ten gallon cans to a creamery where they tested it for butter fat and mailed a check; this money was for the groceries and other expenses. In the fall when the cattle and pigs were sold, that money went for the big expenses like taxes, interest and machinery.

All the farm work was done with horses; at an early age we all learned to drive a team and help in the fields.

We rode horse-back to school about 2½ miles plus, to a one-room school. We had to board in town for high school. Two went three years to Aspen High and graduated from Glenwood High. Annie went two years to Aspen High and two to Glenwood High; Jennie went all four years to Glenwood High. Three of my teachers live in this vicinity and we have remained friends all these years.

For entertainment in the evening we would read (by kerosene or gasoline lights, no electricity out there), play checkers or other games. Mama could pick a banjo or guitar and we would try to sing. Mama was the only one with a good voice. Mama also could play chords on our old organ. About once a year the community where we lived would have a picnic. During the school year, the kids would give a program and the parents brought things to make a real get-together party. When we grew up we would go to the country dances or a big dance in Aspen.

Mama washed all the clothes on a wash board; water was heated on the cook stove; in winter months the water had to be hauled from a spring located about 1,500 feet from the house. During summer months the ditch came by the house and the cistern was filled from it.

(continued)

Our home was heated by wood, mostly Aspen wood. During the summer months, the family went into the groves of Aspen trees and piled up the dry trees and our folks hauled them home; most times they had them sawed into useable lengths by some neighbor who had a power saw. We had a cook stove and heater that used this wood.

We got our mail from a country store and Post Office about six miles from home. About once a week, our folks or neighbors would go to the little store and Post Office and train station (we all took our cream cans there to be picked up by the train crew). Our neighbors or folks would do a little shopping and get the mail for the community. We had good neighbors.

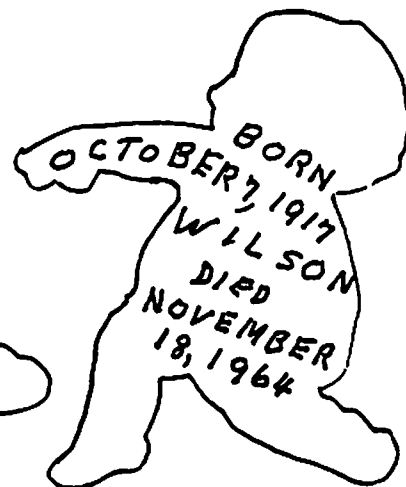
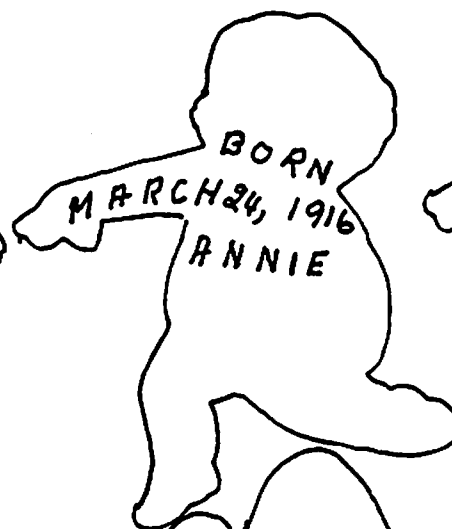
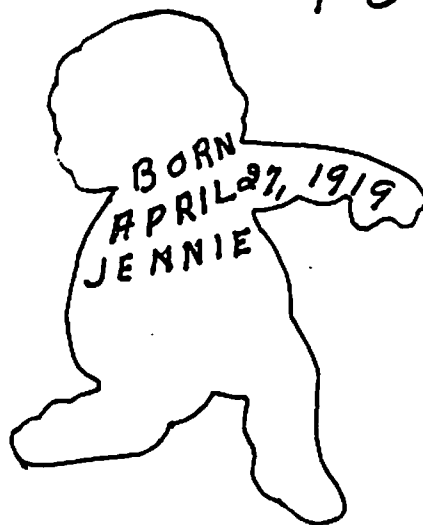
Mother used to "read tea leaves" and was pretty good at it. We used to love having our fortunes read. Jennie was gifted with this talent also.

Mother was also a straight shot with a gun. She got many grouse and they sure were good eating!

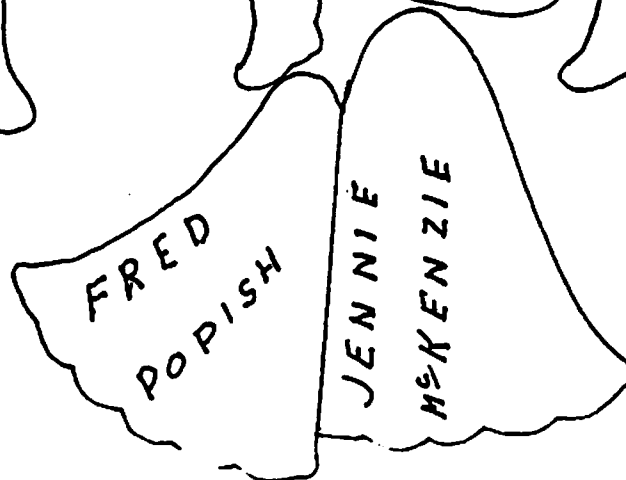
We were fortunate with our health as a whole. But Ethel had diabetes all her life; she had quite a bad time.

We had a very nice farm and country life, but we didn't realize it until we got out on our own. I hope this will answer the questions about our early life. We were all pioneer people. Both my parents were homesteaders.

POPI SH



PARENTS WERE
AUSTRIAN
GERMAN BORN
IN GERMANY
FEBRUARY 23
1881 DIED
MARCH 14, 1963
LAYED TO REST
FRUITA,
COLORADO



PARENTS WERE
FROM SCOTLAND
BORN IN ILLINOIS
SEPTEMBER
22, 1881 DIED
FEBRUARY
22, 1960
LAYED TO REST
IN ASPEN
COLORADO