



*These
Fifty
Years*



1895-1945

This little booklet is affectionately dedicated to "The Folks" who through Fifty Years have built a home to which we instinctively turn in time of stress and storm, a place where many friends enjoy to gather, and where we ourselves love to come.

As we think back on the many experiences of the past we are reminded of the words of the Psalmist David who said, "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places, yea, I have a good heritage."

THEY TOO
Author Unknown

They are left alone in the dear old home,
After so many years,
When the house was full of frolic and fun,
Of childish laughter and tears.
They are left alone, they two—once more
Beginning life over again,
Just as they did in the days of yore,
Before they were nine or ten.

*And the table is set for two these days;
The children went one by one
Away from home on their separate ways
When the childhood days were done.
How Healthfully hungry they used to be!
What romping they used to do!
And mother—for weeping—can hardly see
To Set the table for two.*

They used to gather around the fire
While someone would read aloud,
But whether at study or work or play
'Twas a loving and merry crowd.
And now they are two that gather there
At evening to read or sew,
And it seems almost too much to bear
When they think of the long ago.

*Ah, well—ah, well, 'tis the way of the world!
Children stay but a little while
And then into other scenes are whirled,
Where other homes beguile;
But it matters not how far they roam
Their hearts are fond and true,
And there's never a home like the dear old home
Where the table is set for two.*



TO MOTHER

This is an expression from your three daughters and four sons who now have homes and families of their own and are now beginning to realize how faithful a mother you have been to us.

Material gifts cannot begin to repay you for the simple and lasting truth you so unselfishly gave to us by precept and example. Your sacrifice, diligence and interest in our religious training can never be forgotten by us.

So, Mother dear, accept this sincere thought of ours and may you be as proud of us as we are of you.

—THE CHILDREN.



TO FATHER

Your seven children wish to say that we are proud of you and we thank you sincerely for your deep interest in us.

You also have taught us many things, one is to enjoy work regardless of what it is, also to get along in life with what you have and to cooperate with others to the best of your ability.

So, Father, we can never repay you for your life of energy and kindness but in return we shall endeavor to teach our children the same truths you have taught us.

—THE CHILDREN.

One Sunday morning a young man went to a little country church. After the Sunday school was dismissed and church service started, Fred Schield whispered to one of the other young men, "Who is the freckled-faced girl playing the organ?" That was the first time he saw Emma Thompson who was later to become his wife.

Mother was born and reared in Benton County, Iowa. At an early age the responsibilities of the home fell upon her at the death of her mother. Due to the failing health of her father, the family spent the winter of 1894 in Archer, Florida.

After the passing of her father early in 1895 she had to assume full responsibility of her younger brothers and sisters. This task enabled her to be well qualified to rear her own children.

Dad spent his boyhood on the farm in Benton County. In 1891 he attended Tilford Academy at Vinton, Iowa. After working with his father, he too, chose farming as his life's work.

Not too much has been told us about their romance, but in 1895 they were married and lived on the Simon Schield farm for three years.

Dad must have had the spirit of adventure in him for he heard the call, "Go West, young man, go West." He started out for Sioux County, Iowa, with a mule team the fall of 1897. After the fall plowing was finished he

and his brother-in-law, Ward Thompson, rode back to Benton County on bicycles. That was before the time of roads. The black, sticky mud of the Iowa prairies made bicycling almost impossible. In fact they pushed them most of the way.

In the spring the family moved to Sioux County, and settled near Hawarden, Iowa. By much toil and sacrifice they developed and improved the 160 acre farm. Dad was a progressive farmer always searching for better methods of doing his work. He was the first to grow alfalfa around those parts. That was back in 1907.

Not only were they interested in farming, but in the spiritual nature and welfare of their seven children. Feeling the need of the church they were instrumental in building of Mount Joy Chapel on the corner of their farm.

The church became the center of all spiritual and social activities in the community. Looking back now to the good times we had there brings back many a precious memory. Our home was always opened to the ministers who passed that way.

Our parents taught us to be self-reliant, and put us to the test by leaving the four younger ones in the care of the three older ones while they went to the West Coast in 1915 attending the World's Fair.

In the spring of 1920, after living in Sioux County for 22 years, the family moved to Montevideo, Minnesota, purchasing the Nor-

man Nelson farm. Here many new experiences were shared and new friendships made

It was while the family lived in Montevideo that a number of the children went to college and seminary. At this time, too, Rae the eldest son married and bought the farm adjoining our father's.

The next move in the spring of 1929 brought the folks to the farm near Waverly, Iowa, where they now reside. It was here that "The Folks" who had reached the years when many folks retire, practically started all over again. A new home was built and the farm generally improved.

It is here that a notable achievement was made. Through the "depression years" they labored untiringly and by sacrifice, paid off the mortgage on their farm. They can now, in their declining years, enjoy some fruits of their labors.

But this is not the greatest blessing they enjoy. They have a measure of good health, and many friends who call on them. The people who stop off at "The Folks" in their travels have been a great source of happiness to our parents.

When we think of their home now we are reminded of the lines of the poem,

*"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."*

. . . A WORD ABOUT THE CHILDREN

Rae, the eldest . . . the only farmer of the seven. He took a little excursion into North Dakota and farmed in the Red River Valley. (Served in World War No. I.) Married Lillian Yeatman of Chicago. . . . They have four children. . . . Preston, a Staff Sergeant in the U. S. Army, Merwin in the U. S. Navy, Shirley Mae and Ramona. At present they live on their farm near Waverly, Iowa

Myrtle . . . always playing the piano and getting us to sing. Went to Western Union College, Le Mars, Iowa, and Anderson College, Anderson, Indiana, receiving her three year certificate in 1931. Married the Rev. D. E. Nelson. They have one child, Donna Mae. Now pastor at Versailles, Illinois.

Lura . . . the teacher at Montevideo, Received her B. Th. degree in 1930. She was secretary to the President of Anderson College a number of years and was assistant to the pastor at the Church of God, Atlanta, Georgia. It was there she met and married Eugene S. Reynolds. They have three children . . . Norma Jean, Phyllis Dean, and John Spencer . . . now living in Anderson, Indiana.

Vern . . . chief executive. Took a short course in mechanics at Ames, Iowa, and always was over-hauling something. Vern went to Anderson College for three years and finally landed on the "Rock Pile" developing Iowa's largest soft lime quarry . . . now

President of the Schield Bantam Dragline & Trench Hoe Co. . . . Married Marjorie Vosseller of Waverly, Iowa. . . . Two children, Marilyn Laverne and Roger Eugene.

Russell . . . the preacher. Attended Anderson College and Theological Seminary . . . Worked in Federal Land Bank, St. Paul, two years. Entered the ministry in 1935. . . . First pastorate, Rice Lake, Wisconsin for seven years. Now in Willmar, Minnesota. . . . Married Mary Toth, St. Paul. . . . Two children, Dean Clark and Dawn Yvonne.

Wilbur . . . the business man
Went to Morris Agricultural College, Morris, Minnesota and Anderson College. He was in business for himself at Anderson, Indiana, for about ten years Married Eileen McKlvey of Franklyn, Pennsylvania. . . . Their two children are Milo Arvid and Marlo Rae. . . . He is now in business with Vern in Waverly, Iowa.

Viola . . . the last, but not the least, graduated from Waverly High School. . . . Worked at Gospel Trumpet Co., Anderson, Indiana, for a number of years. Came back to St. Paul, Minnesota, where she worked for two years before she met and married Maxfield M. Sliter. They have one girl Diane Carolyn, and are living in Waverly, Iowa.

HIGHLIGHTS AND LIGHTS NOT SO BRIGHT

Mother playing the organ Sunday afternoons and singing the old hymns.

Dad taking the front runners off the bob sled, putting a long plank on them and coasting down the long hill from Mt. Joy Church, Sioux County

Rae driving off the yard with a new buggy and his buckskin team, Buck and Dexter . . . going to see his girl.

Myrtle giving music lessons in the community and putting on recitales.

Viola singing the song, 'I'll Be a Sunbeam' in church when she was two years old.

Vern put in a baby's crib at Rev. Rear's home in Montevideo. They thought he was a little boy . . . and he was too bashful to protest at the age of 17.

Lura catching a big fish in the Chippewa River and carrying it so proudly all the way home. It turned out to be a dogfish and had to be thrown out.

Russell taking a bottle of perfume. . . . the girls' best. . . . and putting it on his overalls. He smelled for a week . . . or was it two?

Mother getting us all ready for Sunday School every Sunday morning.

Our telephone ring in Sioux County "five short" . . . Lura's boy friend calling.

Wilbur turning a summersault out of the hay door, missing a pitchfork by an inch or two . . . all of us playing tag on the cross beams of the corn crib high above the cement floor.

Riding our bicycles around in the house at Sioux County while our parents were gone. . . . (Why mothers get grey.)

The young people gathering at our home in Montevideo on Sunday afternoons.

Viola getting candy from her boy friends, the boys eating it.

Folks attended the World's Fair in 1915. Myrtle and Lura in their early teens, were accompanied home on Sunday evenings by the gray-haired parson much to the disapproval of the young men of the community.

Believe it or not. Dad buying a horse at sale, getting on its back and riding five miles home—two weeks before his Golden Wedding day.

OUR MOTHER

Mother has always been thoughtful and kind,
On the lookout for our pleasure;
Deep in the heart of her children enshrined,
None her devotion can measure.
What can we do in return for this love,
Faithful and found as no other?
Can we ever forget how deeply in debt
We always must be to our mother?

How can we tell what you have meant to us,
How speak of times your trust,
Your tender love and loyalty,
Have quickened us to win the race
In which it seemed we must
Lose place?
Only the heart can whisper its devotion,
For lips are mute in deep emotion.
But with our need of grateful love this prayer:
In darksome days and fair,
God keep you!

THAT DAD OF MINE

He's "slowing down", as some folks say,
With the burden of years, from day to day;
His brows bear many a furrowed line;
He's growing old—that Dad o' mine.

*And his shoulders drop and his step is slow,
And his hair is white—as white as snow;
But blue eyes sparkle with friendly light
And his smile is warm and his heart is right*

He's old? Oh, yes! But only in years,
For his spirit soars as the sunset nears;
And blest I've been and wealth I've had,
In knowing a man like my old Dad.

*And proud am I, to stand by him,
As he stood by me when the way was dim,
I've found him worthy and just and fine
And a Prince of men—that Dad o' mine.*

—Adam N. Reiter