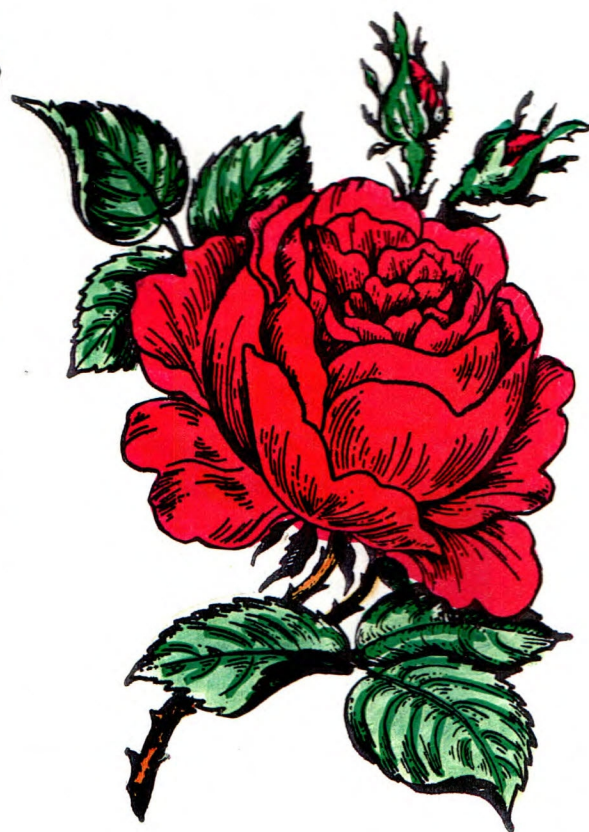


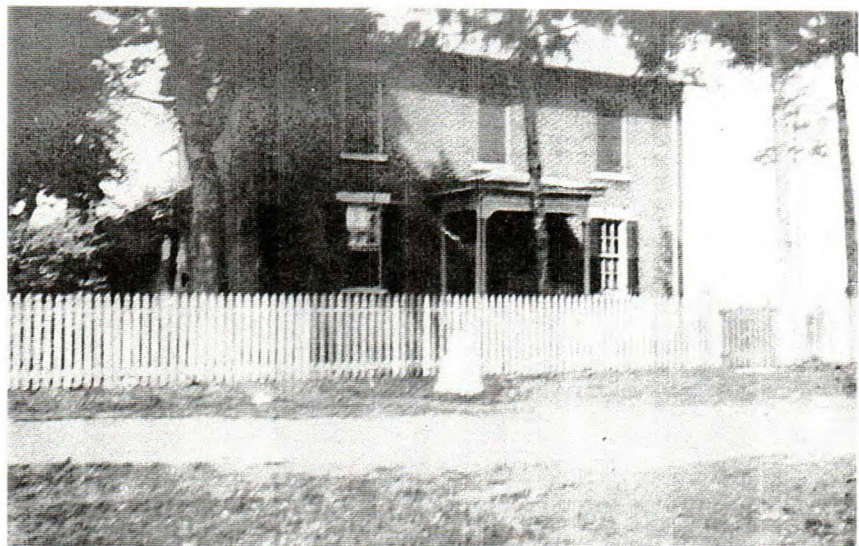
Smiles and Tears Throughout the Years

Memoirs of Arthlena I. Shoup





MAMA & PAPA
Adria & Chanley Frantz



Our Farm Home on New Carlisle Pike



Our Barn

GRANDPARENTS, PAPA & MAMA AND HOME

My father and mother, Charley and Adria (Brubaker) Frantz, were married on May 16, 1897. Papa would have been 25 years old then and Mama was 18. Papa's obituary and deed records and other records give his name as Charles, but his name was Charley. Grandfather Frantz owned a considerable amount of land just east of New Carlisle along both sides of the New Carlisle Pike and as each of his children married he provided land and homes for them. Uncle Mart Frantzes lived on the north side of the road in the first big brick house east of Honey Creek, and when Uncle Joe was making plans to be married in 1882, they built the brick house just across the road from Uncle Marts for Uncle Joe and his bride, Elizabeth Eby of Preble County. Every time they made some progress on that house, Elizabeth would come up for the weekend and look it over and invariably it wouldn't suit her and they would have to change it. This happened time and again until it's a wonder it ever got built. Apparently she never liked it very well in Clark County, and in 1897 they moved to Preble County. Then after a number of years they moved west where they lived for awhile in Colorado and Texas. After they left their home on the New Carlisle Pike, Uncle Amos and Aunt Lizzie Detrick bought it and lived there. Aunt Lizzie was Papa's sister. I think my parents' first home after they were married was where John Stull lives now. At least that is where they lived when a picture of Mama holding my little brother was taken, and that is where I was born - Aunt Lizzie told me. But I think soon after I was born my parents moved to the next place east where Grandfather Frantz had been living. My Grandmother Frantz, Mary Ann (Leedy) had died in 1896 and in 1898 Grandfather had married Mattie Binkley. Grandfather was getting on in years and wanted to retire from the hard work of farming, as it was in those days, so he and my step-grandmother built a smaller house and barn across the road and a little farther west, and my father took over the farming of the "home place". In those days the houses were built to accommodate the big families that most people had, with little concern for saving energy when it came to heating them in the winter time. That was done

by burning wood in the fireplaces, and there were plenty of children to split and carry in the wood! This house had a big kitchen, pantry, living room, parlor and one bedroom downstairs besides a large central hall and stairway and a small sewing room and a back stairway. Upstairs there were four bedrooms and another room we just used as a storeroom. There was a good strong spring downhill southeast of the house, and it was fixed with a ram which the flowing water operated to pump the water up the hill and into the screened porch on the south side of the house. From there it was piped out the east end of the porch into the milkhouse which was just down a step from the porch. This is where we had a big tank or trough filled with cold water to cool the fresh milk each morning and evening and also where we kept our butter and other perishable foods cool in the summer time. From the milk house the spring water was piped into the wash



HONEY CREEK CHURCH

house, just a few more steps away where there was a large fireplace with two big iron kettles to heat the water for washing the clothes. From the washhouse the water pipe went to the barn, where the fresh cold water flowed into the horse watering tank all the time. The water from this spring was even piped to Ben and Dora Frantz's and on to Uncle Mart's

a mile to the west of us. There was a big orchard of fruit trees on this farm. Between our lane and the Honey Creek Church, there was a cherry orchard of a thousand trees. The tenant house was the next house east of the Advance School, the brick one-room school where my sister and I went. Our hired



ADVANCE SCHOOL

man lived in the tenant house and helped with the orchard and farm work. I remember Frank Gantt, Jr. living there and working for us awhile. It was in this orchard where the Annual Meeting of 1898 was held when there was a prize apple tree in the way, and instead of cutting it down, they just built the "wooden tent" right around and over it!

But to continue with the story of my parents; on August 27, 1898 their home was blessed with a little son and they named him Roy Leedy Frantz; his



ROY LEEDY FRANTZ

other daughter was born on November 8, 1903, named Verga, and this completed the little family. My sister and I did not look anything alike, as I was blond and fair, and Verga had real dark hair. Papa liked to dress me in blue and Verga in red.

It just seemed that it was not to be for our little family to live happily together for very long, as baby Verga was not much more than a year old when Mama became sick with scarlet fever and then tuberculosis. The doctor did not give

middle name being after his Grandmother, Mary Ann Leedy Frantz, who had passed away just a little over a year before little Roy was born. But the joy in their home was not to last, for when baby Roy was eighteen months old he became very sick with spinal meningitis, and in just a little over two weeks after he became sick, God saw fit to take him home to Him. That was just the beginning of the sadness which would come into this home. But the next year, on July 17, 1901, a little daughter was born to them and they named her Arthana Isabell. Then more than two years later an-



VERGA and ARTHENA FRANTZ

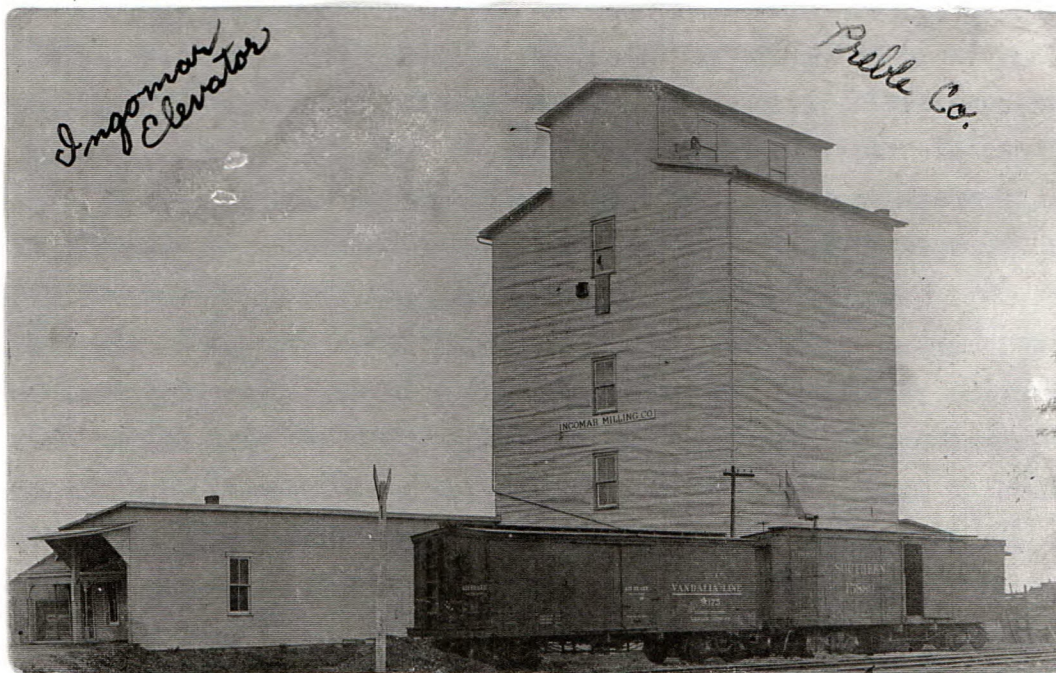
her any hope of recovering, and on October 15, 1905 she called for the anointing service. Then shortly afterward the little family, with Grandmother Brubaker, Mama's mother, and Aunt Etta, Mama's sister, left on a long wearisome journey by train to southern New Mexico, where it was hoped the warm dry climate might help Mama's health. I can remember the long train ride and the little cabin where we stayed after we finally got there. I remember seeing my mother lying in bed, and one night when it was chilly, Papa went outside and took up the board walk and brought it in for fuel to keep her warm. Water was very scarce here and people peddled barrels of it, which we had to buy.

After awhile Grandmother Brubaker brought me back home to Ohio. Aunt Etta, who was then about 16, stayed to help take care of Mama and little Verga. But Mama did not get better; instead she got worse, and on January 11, 1906 she died there in Carlsbad, New Mexico. She was just 26 years old. So Papa, Aunt Etta and Verga had another long and sad journey by train back to Ohio where they brought Mama to Aunt Lizzie Detrick's before the funeral. I remember Papa holding me up and trying and trying to get me to look at her, but I didn't want to. Mama's funeral was held in the Honey Creek meeting house, right beside our home, and she was buried in the Funderburg Cemetery beside my little brother.

I was just four and a half years old when Mama died, and my sister, Verga, was a little past two, so my father needed someone to come in to take care of us and the house. Rosa Brubaker (who later married Irvin Shoup) was available and quite willing to come, but she said it wouldn't look proper for her to come and stay unless someone else was there too, so they got Grandmother Edminster to come and stay. She wasn't really my grandmother; that's just what everyone called her. She was an old sister who had lived in the Owl Creek district, in Knox County, Ohio, and she was one of the last members still living there, so she was no doubt glad to move closer to where other members were living. Grandfather Frantz was acquainted with the family from all the years he had spent as the over-sight elder at the Owl Creek district. He took the train to Knox County many, many times while he was the elder there. Grandmother Edminster's son, Herman, moved to our place with her and milked the cows and helped with the farming, and he also became a member of the church. In 1906 "Grandmother Edminster" would have been 71 years old. Apparently she and Herman went back to Knox County as she died in his home there in April of 1920. She and Rosa stayed with us a year or so. I really don't know why they left, but next Papa got

Clark and Ida Baker to move in and take care of us and the farming. This was Ezra Baker's folks and he, of course, moved in with them. However, he didn't always treat Verga and me very nice, and later, after we were grown up, he kept wanting to go with me. He kept calling and calling, but I just wasn't interested!

After the Bakers left, a couple from the community, Laura Peters and her husband came to stay. They did not prove to be ideal either. When Laura washed our long hair and then tried to comb out the tangles she just ran the comb through, and Oh! how it pulled. Sometimes they invited their friends in for the evening and made ice cream and sent us girls off to bed without any. One reason things were not going so well for us was because my father had to be gone so much. Papa and his nephew, Omar Frantz, bought and were operating two grain elevators in Preble County; one at Farmersville, and the other one at Ingomar. Papa had a car he drove back and forth, but he stayed down there all week and just came home on weekends, and how we looked forward to seeing him and the little gifts he always brought for us when he came! Sometimes, when I was only five or six, the people who were staying with us would take Verga and me to New Carlisle to the traction station which was near where the railroad track crossed Route 235 south of town. We would take the traction car to Medway and there the station master would put us on the car for Dayton, and once we got to Dayton, they would see that we got on the right car for West Alexandria, and there Papa would meet us.



INGOMAR ELEVATOR near WEST ALEXANDRIA

Even though Verga and I were not living with Grandfather and Grandmother Frantz at this time, they seemed more like parents to us than grandparents and we loved to go over to their place. We had a little express wagon and nearly every day I would pull Verga in it over to see them.

Aunt Dora Frantz felt sorry for us because Grandmother dressed us so plain. We wore little black bonnets like the "Conservatives" used to wear then. One time, later, when I was older, Aunt Dora took me to Dayton and bought me a stylish hat!

Frequently Grandfather and Grandmother Brubaker would come and get us too, and we'd spend a few days or a weekend with them. They often took us down to Grandmother's brother's place; Uncle Henry Arnolds. They lived on the farm that is now Carriage Hill farm. We had family reunions there in the summer time and there is a picture on the mantle in the house there that was taken at one of these reunions.

Finally, after none of those who came to stay with Verga and me proved to be very satisfactory, Papa decided to just let us go and stay with Grandfather and Grandmother Frantz. We thought that was lots better. Grandfather kept a cow and a big bay horse that he drove to church and town. He was always very serious, and although he had a very kindly disposition and never really scolded us, whenever he talked to us we knew he meant every word he said. He was a fairly tall man; not heavy, and he had a long, full white beard and hair when I remember him. One time when we were at the table eating, Verga and I got to laughing at something and couldn't stop, so Grandfather made us go fill the wood box, and then it wasn't nearly so funny after that.

I remember how Verga and I coaxed and coaxed for Papa to get married again so we could move back with him and have a real home, but Papa didn't re-marry for more than six years after Mama died. Then on March 7, 1912, he married Mary Sophronia Wray. She was Cline Wray's sister. She was 37 and Papa was 39 when they were married. Then Verga and I got to move back home again with Papa and our new Mama, and no one could have been better to us than she was.

SCHOOL - WORK - GRANDFATHER'S DEATH

I started to school the fall after I was six years old at the little brick Advance School just a short distance east of our house. But I didn't like going there and being separated from my sister and I just cried most of the time until finally the teacher talked to Papa and said she thought it would be better to let me stay home another year and then Verga could go too. So that's what we did, and Verga and I were in the same grade all through school.

The Shearer family lived to the west of Grandfather Frantz's place and they had a daughter Cora, and twin girls, Nora and Zora who were just two months older than I was. Verga and I weren't allowed to go visit our neighbors very often, but sometimes we would all meet at the line fence between our farms and there we could visit for awhile.

After Verga and I graduated from the eighth grade at Advance we started the ninth grade at Olive Branch down on the National Road. I drove a horse and buggy to high school and took Verga and Nora and Zora. They had a barn at the school to stable the horses and we unhitched them when we got there and had to hitch up again before going home. I guess we took some feed for the horses to eat during the day. Verga and I started in the ninth grade for three years in a row and each time something happened and we had to quit. The first year after going for six weeks we both got the whooping cough and after missing four weeks of school, we were so far behind we just quit. The teacher at the Advance school, where we had attended grammar school, didn't have any eighth graders that year and she coaxed us to come and take eighth grade over again, so we did. I don't remember what happened the second year we started in the ninth grade, but the third year my father got sick and we had to stay home to do the chores and other farm work. The one outstanding event of my high school days happened on November 11, 1918 when word was received at the school that an armistice had been signed, bringing World War I to an end. It was an occasion for great celebrating and school was dismissed for the day, but the teachers wanted all the students who could, to go to Springfield and march in the great celebration

parade. Verga and I and Nora and Zora hitched up the horse and hurried home to get permission from our parents and they said we could go. We were to meet at the livery stable at the west edge of town where everyone left their horses and took the traction car down to the Esplanade. The students and teachers from each school marched together and the bands played. I think we started at Jefferson Street and marched up Fountain Avenue to Main Street, then east to Limestone Street and back south again. My teacher told us this would be something to remember and tell our grandchildren!

Summer was always such a busy time at home on the farm, especially after we were old enough to help with the work. There were always the cows to be fed and milked by hand, as well as the horses, pigs and chickens to care for. I was the one that worked outside as Verga never was very strong, and she stayed in and helped with the housework. I drove the horses to mow hay and rode the horse when it was time to put the hay in the mow with the big hay fork. The hay making always seemed to come over the Fourth of July when the other young people would go to the Chataqua Grounds in New Carlisle where Smith Park is now, for a big time on the rides that were there, but I always had to stay home and work. It seemed like everyone got to go but me! In the fall I helped shock corn, and also helped take care of the tobacco, which was a lot of work to raise.

When I was 17 years old my sister had a birthday surprise for me. I was out pulling suckers from the tobacco and getting the worms off of it when Mama hollered out for me to go do the milking as Verga was too busy to help me. (She was



making a cake and ice cream and they wanted to keep me outside!) So I milked the 15 cows by hand, carried the milk into the milk house and ran it through the cream separator and took the skim milk out to feed the hogs. After the chores were finished Verga came out and we were playing with a ball or something on the barn bank when the young folks started coming in the lane and I said "Well, who's coming? We're getting company!" and Verga didn't say anything. I guess I soon caught on what was going on. We had a good time playing games and then we had the ice cream and cake and I opened the gifts they brought.

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8.

Arthena's sister's
name, Verga, was
pronounced "Vergie"

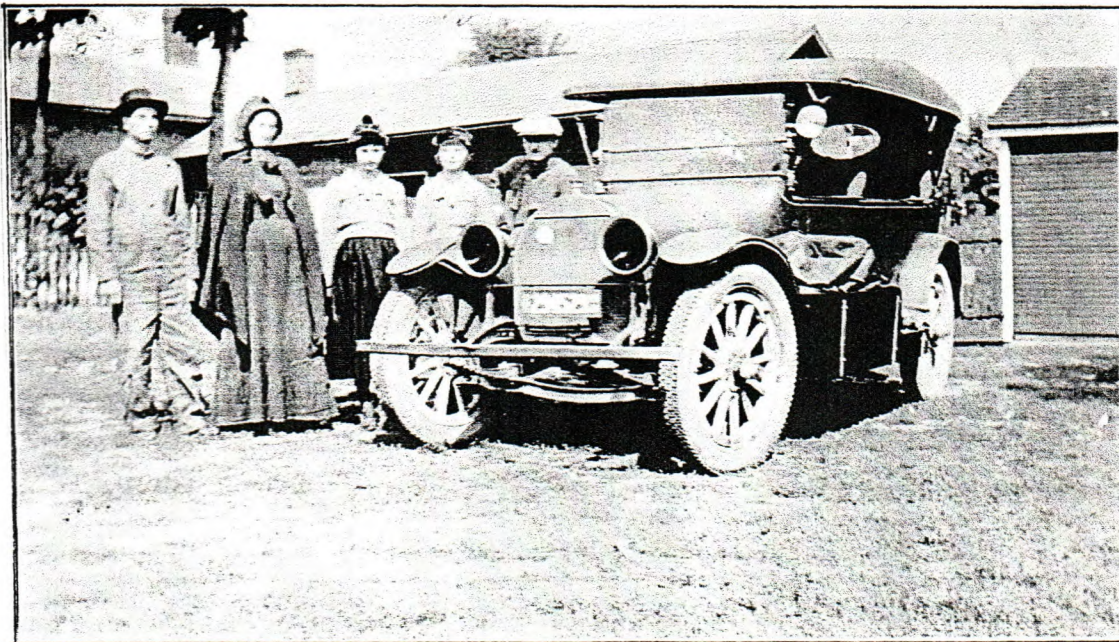
Papa was baptized in April of 1916. Three of Uncle Mart's girls and James Shoup were to be baptized on a Sunday after meeting at the Honey Creek meeting house and we were all invited to go to Ben and Dora's for dinner. (Ben was Uncle Mart's oldest son, and they were living in the house where I was born, where John Stull lives now.) Before church that morning Papa decided to be baptized too. They were all baptized in Honey Creek, just a short distance west of where we lived.

Grandfather Frantz was getting up in years, and he became sick with cancer of the stomach. My step grandmother, Mattie, took care of him and he was really sick for quite a few months before he passed away on March 31, 1920 at the age of 85 years. He had lived his entire life in the same vicinity where he was born on April 25, 1834. He was called to the deacon's office in the Donnels Creek district about the year 1870, and was elected as minister in 1882, and ordained an elder in 1894. He had served on the Vindicator Committee from 1908 until 1917, and was overseer of the Knox County congregation a number of years. He served on the Standing Committee at Annual Meeting from 1907 to 1916 with the exception of 1910. He also was the presiding elder of the Donnels Creek district from 1908 until his death in 1920.

Grandfather was a staunch believer in the "old way", having lived long enough after the divide of 1881 to see how far into worldliness the members of the churches which had been part of ours had gone. He lived during the time that the automobile question was making trouble in the church, and he did all he could to try to keep it out. Ironically, Annual Meeting granted the use of the automobile less than a year before Grandfather died. Maybe that's what caused ulcers and his stomach cancer! His funeral was held in the Honey Creek meeting house on Easter Sunday, and his body was taken to its last resting place in a horse drawn hearse, the last time it was used by the Doom Brothers Funeral Home.

TEXAS TRIP

Even before Grandfather died we knew that Papa and Verga had tuberculosis. Back then that was a very dreaded disease, because there was really no cure for it. There were some people who did recover, but usually they didn't. Papa was doctoring with a doctor in Dayton and it was so far to go that he rented a house in Dayton and we all lived down there for awhile. But neither Papa or Verga seemed to improve so we began making preparations to go where it was warm for the winter, in hopes that might help them. Papa bought a second-hand Kissel car and we loaded in a tent, cots, camping gear and food and clothing for five people; Papa and Mama, Verga and I and my cousin, Eby Frantz, who was going along to help drive and try to keep the car going. We were finally packed and pulled out and headed west at 2:30 P.M. on September 7, 1920. I kept a daily diary of our travels and following is the story of our trip to Texas as told in the diary (with original spelling and grammar.)



Papa Mama Verga Arthana Eby Leaving for Texas

MY DIARY

Sep 7 Stopped to tell Grandfather Wrays good-by. We ate some good juicy mush-mellons on leaving the Wray farm. Drove down at Albert Brubakers and stayed over night. Had a fine supper and breakfast.

Sep 8 Struck out from there at 6:00 o'clock A.M. Went on the National Road from Eaton through Indianapolis and camped near Dansville Ill. One hundred and 75 miles of fine roads. One blow out and a big rain at Ind. and Ill. line. Ate dinner on the highway East of Indanopolis. While eating a guy passed us putting up tin signs wanting guys to join the submarine corps.

Sep 9 Left Dansville 6:00 o'clock Thurs. morning. Changed drivers after passing through Dansville. Papa drove so Eby could rest his weary bones. Went 175 miles of slick muddy roads. Pressed one chicken. Eby, Verga and I were on the back seat what time we wasn't in the air, and the rest of the time we were looking at the beautiful country. Ate dinner in an old church yard. Camped just west of Barry Ill. in a recently married couples front yard. After having supper and washing in a gypsy fashion we retired for the night.

Sep 10 Left 6:30 and struck out for the main trail again. I drove until about 10:00 o'clock over Mts. 2 miles high. At least they seemed that way. After passing through Bluffs we discovered we were out of oil and had to turn and go back. Eby drove the rest of the day. Crossed the Ill. River on the Ferry admission \$1.00. Drove through the rain for two hours. Passed over some big hills and windy roads. Crossed the Mississippi River into Mo. Admission 50¢. Bought



Breaking camp in Mo.

some gas and air in Hannibal. Had some roads, we didn't know whether we would get stuck or not. Passed lots of travelers so we wasn't by ourselves. We were wise and camped just before we stuck. Stopped about 3 o'clock at the foot of a big muddy hill which some had to be pulled up. Had a dandy place and plenty of water to wash up. After eating a big supper we went to bed. Slept fine all except moving every five or ten minutes to keep from drowning. On rising in the morning Mama discovered they called the pigs just like they do in Clark County. After scrubbing some of the dirt off and Eby fixing a puncture on the rear tire we started out to travel. The watch was ready to strick eleven o'clock.

Sep 11 We all walked up the hill but Eby and Mama. Just made it in low with the chains on. Walked up several after that. It began to look like we were in Kansas for about all you could see was two horses hitched to a buggy. Came thirty five miles and camped at a school house. We didn't put the tent up but slept in the school house for it rained 60 miles an hour and hailed to boot. We had rain water to drink but we were thankful for it was Sunday morn.

Sep 12 Left the old school house 11:00 o'clock A.M. Ate dinner just west of Madison Mo. by a cemetary had cold lunch and a half gallon of ice cream and cake. Eby drove all day. The roads were like iceing on a chocolate cake. Crossed the Mo. River at Glasglow on the ferry. Drove about a mile and half then camped in a school yard, and didn't get run out either. (Also had one puncture extra) Some folks passed us which were touring through to Oklohoma. They camped at the same place. Went to bed 10:00 o'clock and it started to rain at 2:00. The folks from Oklohoma brought there canvas over and slept in the tent with us.

Sep 13 Ate breakfast together and then packed up. Hiked out at 11:00 o'clock. Had very bum roads tough enough for any negro. We ate dinner in a pasture field just outside of some curious burg. All acted as though they had never saw anything that looked like food. Camped three miles out of a small burg. We had fried potatoes and beef steak for supper. It certainly was scrumpious. Just before supper I heard something that sounded like a bee. Hurried around on the other side of the car and what do you think - there was a tire going down flat. Well so Eby had to work before he could eat any supper. After supper we put in a good night of sleep. Papa drove all day Tue. and Wed.

Sep 14 Wed morning after tightening the clutch and breaks we started to hit the trail. Every thing just went splendorous until just before we got to Ind. Mo.

And the breaks got stubborn. Stopped to get some gas and we also discovered that both our front springs were broke. We went about a mile and stopped at a garage. They put in new springs, tightened the clutch and breaks. So we stayed in the car and ate our lunch. Eby stayed to see that it was done right and the rest of us hopped on the car and went to Ind. Mo. We rented two rooms their for \$1.25 each. Stayed there for two nights. We shipped our tent and cots and most of our clothing from Kansas City to Colorado. (to Uncle Joe's) Started from Ind., Mo. Thur. morning at day break.

Sep 15 Drove through Kansas City in a short time. It certainly is some town. It has the largest depot in the world. Ate breakfast just on the other side of K. C. in some little burg that looked like the side of a barn. When we come to think about it we had crossed the dear old Mo. Line. Just before we got to Wellville we were surprised to find another broken spring. The first thing that we did then was to visit a blacksmith. While we were waiting on them to fix it we stood out on the side walk eating watermellon like negros. Five Mexicans were seen walking up the street. That was the first time Eby began to feel at home. After fixing the spring we started out on the old trail. Oh yes we are driving on the Santa Fe Trail. Very good roads most of the places. Drove through to Ottowa Kans. and saw Bro. Amos Barnhart there. We found out that Sister Kate Wray only lived about twelve miles from there so drove out there and stayed all night. Only 3 o'clock when we stopped so it cut our day pretty short. The children all came home after supper and we had a very nice time and fine rest.

Sep 16 After eating breakfast and looking at the horses, cows, dogs and etc. we decided it was time to pull out as was getting around 8:30 then. I drove all day. Fine roads but hit some sand. Went one hundred and ninty miles. Stopped at some little burg along the Santa Fe railroad and bought some ham sandwiches for dinner they tasted splendorous. Bunked in Hutchin Kans. over night. Didn't get any to much sleep as it keep me busy scratching .

Sep 17 Left in the morning at day break. Papa drove all day. The roads were simply fine. When driving in St. John's Kans. we found out the brace to the breaks was broke. Drove to the blacksmith and had it welted. Drove about five miles out and had to go back and get them fixed over.

Sep 18 Eby drove all day. Had fine roads most of the way. Stayed in Garden City

Kans. all night. Had an excellent supper and a fine place to sleep.

Sep 19 Left in the morning at day break. Had very nice roads in Kans. But better than ever in Colo. They certainly were fine. Went ____ miles and arrived there safe and sound (this was at Uncle Joe Frantzes) The clock struck 3:00 just as we arrived. We were very glad to get there. But I think they were more surprised than we were. For they thought we were never going to get there. The boys were all gone duck hunting. Didn't get back until after dark. Had eleven ducks which were simply fine. We histed the tent right away .

Sep 20 The next day Papa and the boys went duck hunting. Very bum luck only got five watermellons. Slept in the tent that night. Hadn't any more than got in bed until we heard a kyote yell. It certainly was a queer feeling.

We stayed for twelve more days in Colorado visiting, doing our laundry, going hunting and shopping. One day the boys killed six jack rabbits. "It surely was some swell job to clean them." One day "Uncle Joe, Aunt Lizzie and our family took a ride down in the draws, Shot two Jacks, one snake, one prarie dog and one owl. Surely did have a swell time. Mama thought they surely have some winds in Colo." One day we went to Haswell. "After we got down there we didn't know what we came for. We bought Kaki goods to make us all dresses to wear to Texas and didn't get home till dark. All of the kids but Eby and Verga played rook till bed time. They don't believe in such things. "

Sep 28 our family and Omar went to Denver Started 6:30 arrived in Denver 4:30 Had a fine trip. Part good roads and part bad. The streets were so narrow and crowded you could hardly keep your hat on. Rented a room in the hotel that night." The next day we visited Colorado Springs and Cave of The Winds. "Didn't have very many breaks so you know what for time we had getting down the Mt. We had our top down when we started for home but soon found out we would freeze our noses off and put it up. Stopped at Pueblo about eleven thirty and refreshed on a dish of ice cream. Reached home around 3:30. Wasn't that some night owls?"

Friday Oct 1 "We took a silly notion and decided to get ready to start to Tex. The men light out for town to get a few things fixed on the car. We tried to get ourselves in shape. Mama and Bessie finished our dresses. Uncle Joe and Eby decided to go with us. Just before we were ready to start Eby tried to back out going. But I guess he decided he better go long and help drive the boat

down. After some hard trials we were all ready to start by ten A.M. So we said Good Bye to good old Colo. Had several punctures and quite a good bit of trouble with one tire. The first night we drove until almost dark. Was in hopes we could get to Uncle Chesley Wrays for over night. Only camped about eight miles of there house. In the morning we inquired at the first dwelling where C.D. Wray lived. They told us correctly and we drove straight there. Got two mellons a sack of green peanuts and a mess of sweet potatoes. Didn't leave there until 11:00 o'clock."

After driving for seven more days we finally arrived at McAllen, Texas on October 9, at 8:30 P.M. Had good roads and fine places to camp every night and also had fine meals. "Lots of good fresh meat. Even had to kill a road trotter but thought it was a pheasant." McAllen is 6 miles from the Mexican border and about 65 miles from the Gulf.

After arriving in McAllen we hunted up Omar (Uncle Joe's boy - he had come down the week before on an excursion train.) Then we drove out to Uncle Joe's place. Their house was rented to another family, so we slept in the garage that night. The next day the men put our tent up and we slept in it for a week until we could get in the house. "Surely had some fine sport hunting and fishing that week." Omar stayed with us for two weeks and then left for Colorado to help "the folks" get ready to start for Texas. Verga and I started to work in a new Woolworth store getting ready to open in McAllen. Twenty-eight girls besides us were working there for a week or more. The grand opening was Saturday, October 29 which I will never forget. People rushed in like wild cattle, especially the Mexicans. On Nov. 2 we moved to the beautiful city of McAllen, and left Uncle Joe and Eby there by themselves to cook until the folks came. Verga quit working in the store that week as it was most too hard. I received \$9.00 a week for about one month and then it was raised to \$10.00. With the first \$100.00 dollars I made I bought a cow so we could have fresh milk and butter. (That was at the time that we moved back out to the country.)

Every day on my way to work I passed a store that had the most beautiful orange coat in the window. It had a fur collar and fur around the bottom and I thought it was so nice, so as soon as I could save enough money, I bought it. "Just liked my work fine. Sold candy all the time I was there. Verga was down sick for about one month and then got up and around, but wasn't very well.

David Morgans and Carson Boones got here from Ohio. (Anna Morgan and Pauline Boone were my cousins - Uncle Mart's girls.) Papa and Eby were in Mexico hunting at the time. About the middle of December we moved out in the country about three miles from town. Had eight acres of ground, a three room house and out buildings. We bought two cows and had around thirty chickens. Sun shines nearly every day. Papa took me to work in the morning and then came after me in the evenings. I quit working in the store Mar. 9. Thought if I didn't I wouldn't get to see anything at all for the folks were talking pretty strong of going home soon. Verga was in bed two months and a half after we moved to the country. She had a good many Mexican visitors. We sold most of our eggs and some milk to the Mexicans."

Since we had to buy furniture to use while we were living here, we planned to have an auction sale to dispose of it and the car before going home to Ohio. Eby was planning to stay in Texas, and we couldn't drive the car home without him. Anyway Verga and Papa were not able for a trip like that now. In March we cleaned up the car and painted it to sell. The sale was on March 29. "Not a very large crowd. Things sold pretty good. After the sale we all went down to Uncle Joe's and stayed the rest of the week." Went sightseeing over into Mexico.

Monday Apr. 4 "Everybody was jumping around to get ready to start on the train. Packed a large lunch box. Left Uncle Joe's 1:00 P.M. Uncle Joe, Eby and Roy took us to the train. After bidding everybody good bye we left on the 3:30 train. Arrived Houston, Texas Tues. morn at seven A.M. Started to rain sometime towards morning and kept it up until late in P.M. Came through some very low swampy country Almost everything is under water. Lots of timber. No houses whatever except a few huts scattered along the road. Don't see but very few white people mostly negros. Very little if any farming country. Arrived in New Orleans 8:30 P.M. train 1½ hours late. Changed depots and rode in a "yach" (hack?) twelve blocks. Caught a train to Montgomery, Alabama. Everybody crossed over the Miss. River on a ferry boat. The train run right on the ferry. River one mile and a half long. Was tired and sleepy. Had to take a tourist sleeper from there to Montg. All the pullmans were taken up. Arrived in Montgomery 7:30 A.M. ate breakfast at a restaurant. But we sure did pay for what we eat. Caught our train to Cincinnati at 9:15 A.M. We saw some very

pretty country. The trains are all pretty full and we can't get a pullman yet. Waiters are coming through the train about every five min. trying to sell something. We pulled in Nashville, Tenn. 9:30 Wed. eve. Looked over the depot and tried to see some of the city. But didn't see much for it was pretty dark. Tried to get a sleeper but they were all taken up. Had to sit up in the coach all night. We arrived in Cinn. at 7:15 A.M. Was transfered to another depot for Dayton. Ate breakfast soon after we got on the train. Our lunch box had begun to get a little stale. Arrived in Dayton 11:30 A.M. April 7. Got on the traction and pulled for New Carlisle. Arrived here around 12:30. Called up Uncle Mart and he came after us. Stayed there for dinner. Went out to Grandmother Frantz's in the P.M. and stayed there. Everything looks natural as ever."

(This is the end of the diary.)



Uncle Mart's Farm House on New Carlisle Pike



The house Grandfather Frantz built about 1902

MORE SADNESS

Papa lived only a little over three months after we got back to Ohio. We all stayed with Grandmother Frantz and she helped take care of Papa and Verga. They put beds for both of them on the screened porch and I wasn't allowed to help take care of them for fear I might get sick too. They just got worse and worse until Papa was released from his suffering on July 18, 1921 at the age of 48 years. His funeral was preached by Elders Enos Fisher and Simeon Frantz and he was laid to rest in the Funderburg Cemetery near those of his family who had gone before.

Verga lived four months longer, and realizing that her time on earth was getting short, she requested to be received into the church by baptism, and this was done on November 21, 1921. The weather was very cold for one who was so sick to be baptized outdoors, but water was heated and put in the horse watering trough and she was baptized there. Just four days later, on November 25, 1921, she passed on into eternity, her last words being, "I want to go where Papa is." She was just a few days past 18 years of age. Her funeral was preached by Elder Enos Fisher and she was buried in the Funderburg Cemetery beside her parents. I remember we had several of Verga's girl friends to be the pallbearers. One of them was Amy (Stitzel) Mabin.

When Papa had become too sick to work on the farm any longer, he rented it to Joe Wrays. They may have moved there in the fall of 1920 when we left for Texas. At least they were living there the summer of 1921 when their daughter, Ellen, was born. The rent was to be paid in cash; I think maybe \$100 or \$150, but when the time came for it to be paid, Joe came and told Mama he just didn't have the money to pay it. So Mama told him to just sell what grain he had and give her half of what he got for it. We had Papa and Verga's funeral expenses to pay, and they told us if we didn't have the money we would have to sell the farm to pay them. I didn't know any better, and I guess Mama didn't either, so I signed the paper they wanted me to. Afterward we found out we wouldn't have had to sell the farm at all, we could have borrowed what was needed. But some of

the undertaker's family wanted the farm and it was sold for around 6 or 7 thousand dollars, I think. At least my share and Verga's both together came to \$3000.00 dollars. After Joe Wrays moved away from the farm Mama and I moved back there for awhile and tried to make a living by going to the market in Springfield with dressed chickens and ducks, eggs and butter and whatever we had or could raise. For awhile we baked pies for a restaurant and hauled them in the spring wagon. But maybe a year and a half or so after Papa died, someone started coming to see Mama and before long was wanting her to marry him. Jake Deeter had lost his wife about a year after Papa died, and he was looking for someone to help him re-establish a home for his younger children who were still at home. So Jake and Mama were married on October 30, 1923. When I told Grandmother Brubaker about the up-coming marriage she said, "I'd have rather heard it was you getting married." She thought it was most too soon after Jake's wife had died for him to be getting married again! Of course she knew I had been keeping company with different ones off and on; especially with two brothers by the names of Kenneth and Carl. I knew which one I preferred but didn't know how to get him to come alone without bringing his brother too, until the summer when a young lady named Rachel Miller came from California to visit and soon caught Kenneth's attention, which was fine with me!

Anyway, after Mama and Jake were married, he moved into the farm house with us and helped butcher and go to market. I remember once he cut his hand so bad it bled and bled and I had to go call Dr. Detrick to come out and sew it up. After the farm was sold to settle Papa's estate, we had to have an auction sale to get rid of the farm equipment and Jake helped us get ready for that. After the sale Mother Deeter and I put some money together and went to see Uncle Henry Brubaker who had an auto dealership in New Carlisle and drove away in a spanking new Chevy.* Uncle Henry got in the car with me and told me how to drive it. We went up the road a little way, then turned around and came back and he said, "You know how to drive it, you just take it home." So I drove out New Carlisle Pike and pulled in at Grandmother Frantz's to show her the car and I couldn't remember which pedal was the brake. I managed to get stopped just before running into the fence! I decided right then and there I was going to drive around and drive around in the barn lot until I knew I could do it right!

Of course, after the farm was sold, we had to move away, and Mother Deeter and I bought a house in New Carlisle on Pike Street and we all moved there.

* Uncle Henry sold Willys-Overland & Whippet cars in 1920s.

The house on Pike Street was in the Maple Grove district. There weren't very many young folks living there and Vanice Shoup and I were the only ones there to have the young folks from the love feast. Our house on Pike Street wasn't large enough to hold everyone, so I had them in the basement of the Maple Grove Church on Saturday afternoon for supper. There must have been a lot of young people there who needed a place to stay overnight; my room was full of girls and the boys just kept coming and coming. The hall was full of boys on the floor and the downstairs got full too. They just said, "Oh don't worry about us." So I guess we didn't. We did not live at this house very long as Jake and Mother Deeter soon bought the house on Church Street just south of Lake Avenue where the greenhouse is and we all moved there. Later, Velma, Jake's youngest daughter came and lived with us too.

While we were still living at the farm I got a job keeping house for old Mr. Sultzbach who lived several miles east of us on the New Carlisle Pike. After we moved to New Carlisle I worked for awhile at the Dayton Armature and rode with a carload of people from New Carlisle who worked there. Then Uncle Alfie (Alfred) Brubaker coaxed me to get a job at Elders Department Store in Dayton and stay with them. So I got a job as sales clerk at \$10 dollars a week. Aunt Etta Brubaker was working in Dayton and staying with Uncle Alfies so we roomed together. I wasn't there very long until I got a job working for some rich people in Dayton who wanted me to take care of their little girl while her parents worked. After that I got a job at the telephone exchange in New Carlisle. It was right at home and just as much money. Bertha Lambert was at the desk; Effie Shoup worked there too. I never worked past nine o'clock at night. Then's when I knew everybody in New Carlisle. Now I don't know nobody! But I quit working away when Carl and I were married.

MARRIAGE

I had been going with several different boys, off and on, but I really didn't care for any of them; I had my eyes on Carl. Eventually I guess he caught on. I don't remember our first date, but we went different times to communion young folks in the spring and fall. At least once, we rode the traction car to Medway and then to Dayton. We talked about it and talked about it, trying to decide if we should go to a show. We finally went once but didn't think much of it and we didn't go any more.

After Mother Deeter and I bought our car, I drove it and took Mother along to Shady Grove to the Communion Meeting. That afternoon while playing circle games at young folks, I turned down two boys who asked me to go back to church, because Carl was there and I was hoping he would ask me. During one of the circle games I ended up with Carl as my partner, and he did ask me. After leaving young folks, we took a ride into town to buy some candy and bought a bag of Hershey Kisses. What we didn't eat that evening, I took with me. On Sunday, after the meeting, when Mother Deeter and I were getting ready to go home, Carl walked up to the car window and said, "Guess I better have another kiss before you go!"

We set the date for January 28, 1926 and sent out the wedding invitations.

*Mrs. Jacob M. Deeter
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of her daughter
Arthena J. Frantz
to
Carl C. Shoup
on Thurs. evening Jan. the twenty eighth
nineteen hundred and twenty six
at six o'clock
New Carlisle, Ohio.*

On the morning of the wedding Carl's father took Carl and me to Springfield to get our marriage license. I was 24 years old but Carl was just 20, so one of his parents had to go along and sign for him to get the license. I wanted to carry a bouquet of roses, but the temperature was 20 degrees below zero; too cold for roses, and no one had any. After inquiring several places Carl said, "Looks like we'll have to give up," so I settled for sweet peas.

We went to Grandfather Wrays to get fresh eggs for an angel food cake and it was such a cold day, the eggs got too cold. The first cake I baked fell flat and I tried either the second or third time and then the cake didn't get like I wanted it to. We made ice cream too, and I don't remember what else we had for the wedding supper.

We were married in my home on Church Street at 7:30 in the evening, just at the foot of the stairway, by Grandfather Wray, with Harold and



Ella Garber standing up with us. We stayed there at home the first night; the temperature outside was still 20 below zero. We left the next morning on our wedding trip, visiting relatives in the valley. We went to Aunt Etta and Uncle Fred Millers in Dayton and stayed there the second night. I remember she had creamed tomatoes and crackers for supper. The next day we headed for Eaton where we visited my cousin Myrtle and Albert Brubaker and then on to Myrtle's sister, Duvall and Jess Brubaker where we stayed for a day or two. Then we went to Uncle Henry

Arnolds (he was my great-uncle) at Covington where we stayed several days and spent one night with Lawrence and Irene Arnold. Altogether we spent two weeks visiting before returning to our home on New Carlisle-Addison Road to set up housekeeping. We bought a new davenport and chair at Trostels, also a dining table and six chairs from Sears and Roebuck for \$150 dollars.

Our place was the first farm north of Shroyer Implement on the east side of the road. Uncle Jess Shoup owned this place as it had been Aunt Amy's father, John Studebaker's, so we didn't have to pay rent for the house. Carl was to work for a year for Uncle Jess on the farm, beginning the first of March, for \$500 dollars, but he didn't get paid anything until the year was up. Carl had a cow and Grandpa Hockmans gave us 25 hens besides their wedding gift of six silver knives and forks. Grandfather Brubakers gave us six silver knives and forks too. Besides milk and eggs, we had a big garden for food and we sold all the eggs we could spare and also some milk. Money was scarce but I still had my \$3000 inheritance from my parents' estate in the bank and we didn't use it until the next year when we moved to Aunt Lizzie Detrick's place on the New Carlisle Pike which Roger Stitzel owns now. (1985) We lived there and farmed the place for four years until 1931. We used my money to buy horses and cows to get started farming. I'm not sure how many horses died for us that first year, but it was too many. That summer on the first day of July, 1927 our first baby boy was born and we named him Marvin Leroy. Three months later, in October, we were baptized.



AUNT LIZZIE'S PLACE
Marvin & Norman were born here



ARTHENA with BABY MARVIN
4 weeks old

Grandmother Frantz came to live with us the first year we lived at Aunt Lizzies. We gave her the big front room for her own little apartment. She even cooked her own meals on a little kerosene stove. This was the same big brick house that had been built for Uncle Joe and Aunt Lizzie Frantz. It had a big kitchen, pantry, a big living room which we also used as a dining room, besides the "good living room" and the front parlor which Grandmother used. There was a screened porch in the back with pumps for rain and well water and porches on the east side and also the west side of the house, with an adjoining wash house in the back, and four bedrooms upstairs.

On Christmas day, December 25, 1928 our second baby boy was born and we named him Norman Eugene. The next spring on April 19, 1929 at council meeting at Donnels Creek, Carl was elected to the office of deacon. He was 23 years old and had been in the church a year and a half. So more labors were quickly added for us both.

One event which happened while we were living at Aunt Lizzie's, that made quite an impression on the mind of our little four year old son, which he still remembers, was when Carl bought his first tractor. It was an International Farmall Regular with big iron cleated wheels, and in 1931 there were not many of them around.

Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Amos Detrick didn't have any children of their own except one baby girl who died the same day she was born, so they took four children to raise; Anna Motter, Fred Eliot, Bert Freeze and Roscoe Martin. Anna married Jesse Stitzel and they were Roger Stitzel and Amy Mabin's parents. After Roger was married he wanted to live here on his grandmother's farm so we had to move in the spring of 1931. Aunt Lizzie hated awfully bad to have to tell us. We moved to Uncle Will Hockman's farm which is the first farm north of Black Pike



MARVIN 2½ NORMAN 1 yr.

on the Detrick Jordan Pike. Jerry Suver lives there now. (1985) Grandmother Frantz was still living with us and we fixed the south side of the house for her with her own kitchen and everything. But she got sick and died here on January 26, 1932. We were here just two years. After grandmother died we gave her furniture to Jim and Edith Shoup who were struggling from the effects of the big depression. Uncle Will had agreed to pay \$12,000 dollars for the farm, but because of the depression and hard times he was not able to make the payments and lost the farm, so again we had to find another place to live. It seemed like the farms were all rented and we didn't know where we were going to move, then Aunt Lizzie Detrick, who was now a widow, said "Come and live with me." She said her place was big enough for our cows and horses and her shed would hold our farm machinery. So we moved into her home on South Main Street in North Hampton where, once again, we divided the house but we ate our meals with Aunt Lizzie. She moved her things out of the front room for us and we had two bedrooms upstairs. Carl had his cows to milk and was fortunate enough to find a field to rent for summer pasture for them. In the fall Marvin started in the first grade and walked to school from here. We were just at Aunt Lizzie's about a year.

In the spring of 1934 we moved to the Harley Stafford farm on the north west corner of the intersection of what is now State Route 235 and R t. 41. We stayed and farmed here for fourteen years. Harley and Edna Stafford lived across the road and they were like family to us. These were very busy years, as we had 185 acres of farm land to work and we usually milked around a dozen cows by hand twice a day. We also had the work horses, chickens and the hogs and sheep we raised on shares with the Staffords. This is where our boys grew up and they were soon helping with the chores and farming. To help out, we boarded children from the Orphanage in Springfield. One of the first was Mildred Creasy who was just here a few years and helped with the housework. She later married Dale Taylor who became the successful owner of Taylor Manufacturing on West Main Street in Springfield. Later we had little boys named Clifford and Billy, and also **two** girls named Judith Ann, one of them we called "Judy" and the other one "Ann". After a few years we adopted Judy but when she was in her teens, she got into bad company and finally up and ran away. Later she came to visit with her husband and two little boys, asking for money, but I would be home

alone while Carl was working at the school, and after a few times of that I became rather afraid, and the girls asked them not to come asking for money again. After that we lost contact with them.

Jake and Mother Deeter were still living in New Carlisle on Church Street and Lake Avenue where the greenhouse is, but even before we moved to the Stafford farm, we knew Mother Deeter wasn't well. In Jake's obituary in the August 1938 Vindicator it says "Some time since Sister Deeter was smitten with an affliction and for more than five years, unceasing and without complaint he has combined the care of his companion with his other labors. " As Mother Deeter grew worse and was in bed much of the time it became too much for Jake to care for her and I spent a lot of time there helping them. Over the years I had been there quite a bit, helping them in the greenhouse; a job which I really learned to enjoy. But now Jake wasn't well either, and in June of 1938 he passed away at the age of 62 years. For awhile a nurse came in to take care of Mother Deeter, but eventually we just took her to our place at Staffords where she died in December of 1938 at only 64 years of age.

In the summer of 1946, after Norman graduated from high school, we took a trip to California and were gone several weeks. Our landlord, Harley Stafford, didn't think too much of that and told us we were going to have to move, then relented and said we could stay another year. In the meantime, the "Black" place on Marquart Road came up for sale so we decided to buy that fifty-five acres. We had an auction and sold all our farm machinery and moved to Marquart Road in 1948. For several years we put out a lot of strawberries, melons, tomatoes and other vegetables to sell. Carl bought an 8 N Ford tractor and a hay baler and did custom baling. He and Marvin rented a big farm on the west side of State Route 235 from Tom Clark and George Jeffers. They raised corn, wheat and soybeans and made a lot of hay. They had to put the bales of hay and straw in the barn for the landlord's cattle. Carl had done some custom butchering the last few years we lived at Staffords, then at our new home, he and the boys fixed up the "bee house" and we started butchering for other people in the winter. We killed and processed hogs, made lard, sausage and puddin'. For a good many years I cleaned casings for stuffing the sausage and Marvin helped in his "spare time". Roger Reese helped several winters too. Carl killed and dressed beeves and for awhile cut them up and wrapped and froze

it for people. When the inspection laws became too stringent we quit butchering about 1968 and Carl went to work as a custodian at the Park Lane Elementary School.

On Aug 7, 1949 Norman and Bonnie June Filbrun were married at her home in Preble County. Earlier that summer, Norman had started building a new home just north of our place. After the wedding, Carl and I left again for California, this time helping Bob and Eunice to move out there with their four children, but that is a story in itself! Norman and Bonnie and Marvin stayed in our house and took care of things while we were gone.

On November 24, 1949, Marvin and Lela Landes were married at her home near Brookville, and they went to live at Grandpa Hockman's farm on Eber-sole Road.

The following November, each of our children presented us with a new granddaughter; Marva Lee, and Norma June, and a few years later we had our first grandsons; Melvin Daniel in 1953 and Douglas Eugene in 1954.

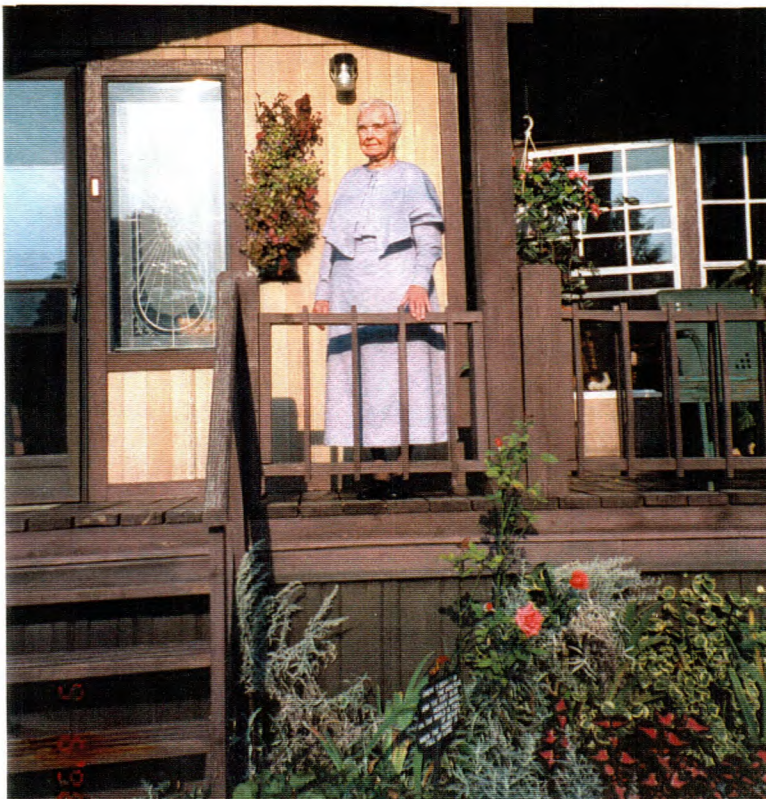
In August and September of 1955 we took another trip to California with Marvin and Lela and their children. In the summer of 1956 Norman and Bonnie and their children went to California, and while they were gone, one cool September morning we were burning some trash in the furnace when a spark lit on the wooden shingle roof and set it on fire. Carl was down at Marvin's and I called the fire department and then called Lela. Several people came to help carry things out, but the upstairs was badly damaged and the downstairs had some fire and water damage. I lost a lot of my dresses, bedding, furniture and other things that were upstairs. We moved in and stayed in Norman's house until we could get ours closed in and finished enough to move back. We had some insurance which helped to build it back. The members and others came in and tore off what was left of the second story and then we put on a fairly steep roof which gave space for two bedrooms upstairs. We moved our kitchen from the northwest corner to the southwest corner and made the old kitchen and dining rooms into bedrooms. We added the porch to the living room, making it large enough for a combination living and dining room. It was a year or so before we got straightened up again.

In 1958 we had two more grandchildren, Marvin's Cheryl Ann in July and Norman's Gale Leon in November. Then on September 1, 1965 Norman and Bonnie's Janet Kay was born, and this completed our grandchildren, but in a few years the great grandchildren started coming, and now (1998) I have twenty-one great grandchildren and six great greats!

Carl's maiden aunts, Ada and Ida Hockman, were living in New Carlisle after their parents were gone, and Aunt Ada got so she couldn't walk and they required help, but stayed in their own home with hired help until Aunt Ida died in December, 1963. Then we took Aunt Ada and between Willards and us and our children, took care of her until she died in September 1964. Also in 1964 we went to the Annual Meeting in California, and were out there when our long-time friend, Jesse Frantz passed away.

Carl's father, Irvin, had died in 1951 and Mother Shoup (Rosa) stayed in her home a good while, but when it became more difficult for her to get along alone, we took her into our home where she stayed several years until Ellen and Carlton took her in their home and she celebrated her 100th birthday there on May 9, 1976. She died the next February.

The year 1981 brought an event which completely changed my life. For several years Carl had been having some problems with his heart and had been in the hospital for treatment. His doctor didn't want him to do much work so he retired from the school custodian job before he was really ready. He liked the work, and the teachers and students loved him. After he retired, he was about the house more and helped me with my work. Then quite suddenly, in the morning of October 23, 1981 he suffered a severe heart attack from which he didn't recover. We had been married over fifty-five years, and no one knows how I missed him. I stayed in



my home on Marquart Road until 1984. When Kenneth and Arlene Hopkins were looking for a place to move to in the Donnels Creek district, I thought maybe I should offer them my place. They decided to buy it so the children came in and got things ready for an auction sale in April of 1984. The boys got a nice mobile home for me and put it in Norman's yard. That was fourteen years ago. I still enjoy doing hand sewing for the girls, or helping them snap beans or peel peaches.

Now I am 97 years old.

Arthene J. Shoup 1998



I was born here. Now Stull Farm - New Carlisle Pike



Grandfather Frantz's Home. I grew up here (photo 1990)
below: same house in 1998



My Mobile Home 1998





*Norman, Marvin & Carl cutting hay
with Tom & Dolly*



Judy



*MARVIN & NORMAN
new winter togs*



**LIFE AT
STAFFORD
FARM**



*Norman, Marvin & Jack
"Cleaning the chicken house"*



*Marvin, Marilyn & Donald, Bent Edins, Norman
hired man*



Norman & Marvin with "Jack"



30. Carl, Anthena, Marvin 16, Norman 14



GRANDCHILDREN
AND
CHILDREN

Norman & Bonnie's Family 1994



Norman, Bonnie, Gale, Norma, Douglas 1963



Bonnie & Norman Aug. 7, 1949



Lela & Marvin Nov. 24, 1949



Marvin & Lela's Family 1995



Marvin, Lela, Cheryl, Marva, Melvin 1963

MISS FRANTZ WRITES FROM TEXAS BORDER

McAllen Texas.
Mar. 16, 1921.

Dear Folks at Home;

As I have been enjoying letters from other states I thought perhaps you would enjoy hearing from the Rio Grande Valley.

We left home Sept. 7th ¹⁹²⁰ and spent twelve days on the road to Colorado. Went sight seeing in Colo. Springs, Denver, Manitou and Pikes Peak. Left Colorado for Texas, Oct. 2nd and arrived here Oct. 10th; had a very pleasant trip.

No trouble whatever except a little tire trouble and a couple broken springs.

We have been having very pleasant weather all winter. Two or three little frosts but not enough to hurt anything. The smudge pots were only lit up once to protect the fruit trees from freezing. Wasn't really necessary then. Have lots of sunshine and very warm in the daytime. The thermometer has been running around ninety degrees but always cools off after night enough to sleep under blankets.

The principal crops are corn, cotton and broom corn. Corn and cotton are mostly planted. Lots of corn eight to ten inches high and being cultivated. Also lots of vegetables raised of all kinds.

Very plentiful and very cheap. There are hundreds of carloads being shipped to the north.

People are planting thousands of acres out in citrus fruit of all kinds. They also have a good many orchards that are bearing. The fruit are almost gathered for this year. Trees are all in bloom and small fruit setting on. The grape fruit seem to be much sweeter than some.

They have very few rains here. Therefore most all the farming land is under irrigation. Of course it is lots more work than watching it rain. But then you can water your crops whenever you need it.

This is a very fine country for dairy work. Green pasture the year round. Very few people feed their cows at all. Milk has been eighteen cents a qt all winter. Butter fifty to fifty five. Eggs now twenty five to thirty.

The timber is mostly very small. Mexicans have it nearly all cleared off. Very good country for game of all kinds. A fine place to hunt deer. Quite a number of them killed this season. We had venison to eat several times and it certainly was fine. Lots of people come here from all through the northern states to spend the winter. Most all nationalities. Lots of Mexicans living everywhere. They are very dark complected and rather short. Most all live in small huts just stuck together. They are very good natured people and will do most anything to keep you out of trouble if you treat them with respect. The people are very thickly settled in most parts of the valley.

McAllen is a very nice town and is growing very rapidly. Population is now around eight thousand. Has been seven to eight years building. A new Woolworth building just went up late in the fall. McAllen claims to be the smallest town in the world to have a Woolworth building. We also have a very large hotel which is called the House of Palms or the Causa De Palm. A large park and lots of nice dry goods stores and others.

There are lots of nice palms here. Some almost fifty feet high. They surely are beautiful. Lots of pretty flowers out in bloom.

We are six miles from the Mexican border and about sixty five from the gulf. Hindaligo is the nearest town to the border from here. All the towns along the border look old and shell shocked. The riots are very scarce across the border at present. Haven't

heard of any since late in the fall

Respectfully Yours
Arthana Frantz

VERGA FRANCE CALLED AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Nov. 25, 1921

Funeral services for Miss Verga Frantz, who died at her home east of town, last Friday, were held Sunday afternoon at 1:00 o'clock at the Honey Creek Brethren church. Burial in Funderburg cemetery in charge of Doom Brothers.

Verga Elizabeth, daughter of Charles and Adria Frantz, was born Nov. 8, 1903 and departed this life Nov. 25, 1921, aged 18 years and 17 days. She was born and reared in the immediate neighborhood in which she died.

Her mother, father and infant brother have preceded her to the spirit world, her mother leaving her at the age of two years, and her father about four months ago. Verga leaves only one sister, Arthena, also a step-mother, who has been a kind and loving mother to this family, also many relatives and friends.

A little over a year ago the family went to a warmer climate seeking health for the afflicted ones, Verga and her father, both being distressed with Tuberculosis, and not being benefited returned after seven months, willing and patiently submitting to the Lord's Will.

A few days before the Lord called Verga, she requested to be received into the church by baptism. Her last expression was these words: "I want to go where papa is".

Friendship and Love have done their best,

And now can do no more
The Bitterness of Death is past,
And all thy sufferings o'er.
Thy gentle Spirit passed away,
'Mid pain most severe,
So great we could not wish thy stay,

A moment longer here.

Mrs. Jacob Deeter gave a birthday dinner in honor of her father, Mr. J. P. Wray, who was the guest of honor. He was honored with a large cake beautifully decorated with flowers. Those taking part in the celebration were Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wray, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wray, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lynch and son, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gibson, Lois Gibson, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Deeter.

BEAUTIFUL WEDDING TONIGHT

Wedding to Be Solemnized at the
Deeter Home This (Thursday) Evening Jan. 26, 1926

Beautiful in simplicity will be the wedding of Miss Arthena Frantz, local girl, and Mr. Carl E. Shoup, of North Hampton, Ohio, at six o'clock this Thursday evening, at the bride's home on North Church street. A bank of ferns will form an altar in the spacious living room of the home where Rev. J. P. Wray will perform the ceremony in the presence of a large number of invited guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Garber, of Brandt, Ohio, will be the only attendants.

The bride will be beautifully attired in a wedding gown of peach crepe de chine, with hoes to match, silver slippers and will wear a veil fastened with orange blossoms; she will carry white roses.

Following the ceremony a three-course luncheon will be served to the guests, the color scheme throughout being pink and white, and at the bride's table will be seated: Mr. and Mrs. Shoup, Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Wray, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Garber, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Deeter, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Shoup, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brubaker, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hockman, Mrs. Mattie Frantz and Mrs. Elizabeth Detrick.

Other guests witnessing the ceremony were: Mr. Walter Brubaker of New York City; Miss Marjorie Brubaker of Dayton; Miss Dorothy Shade and Mr. Ray Frantz of Johnsville, Ohio; Messrs. Joseph Frantz and Marcus Shoup of Columbus; Miss Virgie Shoup of Cincinnati. Misses Ellen and Eunice Shoup, Messrs. Willard Shoup and Kenneth Shoup of North Hampton; Misses Ada and Ida Hockman of Springfield; Mr. Wm. Deeter of Palestine, Ohio; Miss Vanice Shoup, Messrs. Cline Wray, John Lynch, Allen and Dewitt Wray.

Miss Frantz has been connected with the local Bell Telephone Co., and is the step-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Deeter.

Mr. Shoup is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Shoup, prosperous farmers near North Hampton.

Mr. Shoup and his bride will leave late tonight for a ten days' motor trip, after which they will be at home to their many friends on the John Studebaker Sr. farm north of New Carlisle.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATED

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brubaker
Celebrate in a Very Elaborate
Manner—Receive Message

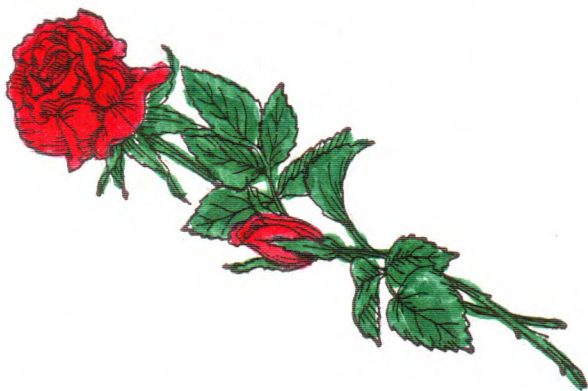
Wednesday, January 27th was the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brubaker, but the elaborate three course dinner, which was a surprise to the bride and groom of 50 years, was served at their home on West Jefferson street on last Sunday. The table was graced with two large angel food cakes, golden iced, and were cut at the table by Mr. and Mrs. Brubaker.

A very unique particular concerning this affair was that the dinner was served on plates which were in use at the wedding of Mrs. Brubaker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Arnold, and were also used at their golden wedding celebration.

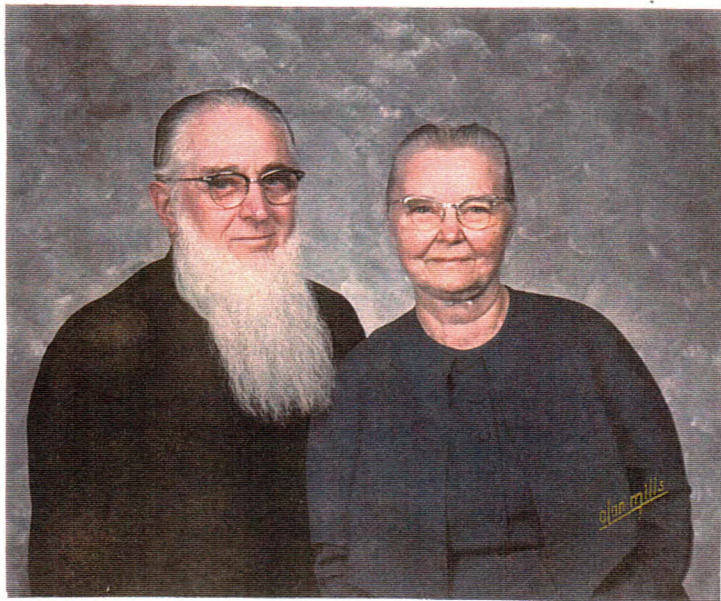
A thing which added much pleasure to the day and gladdened the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Brubaker was a telephone message on Sunday morning from their son, Dr. C. A. Brubaker, of Los Angeles, Calif., and he could be heard very distinctly. They were also the recipients of many beautiful gifts.

Aside from the honored guests being present, others were: Mr. & Mrs. A. A. Brubaker and daughter

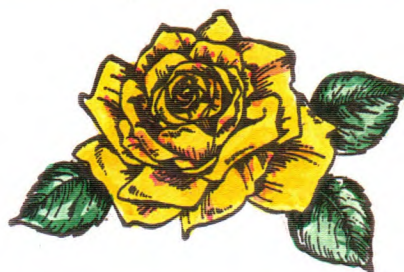
Marjorie, Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Seipz, all of Dayton; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Arnold of Covington, Ohio, and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Brubaker.



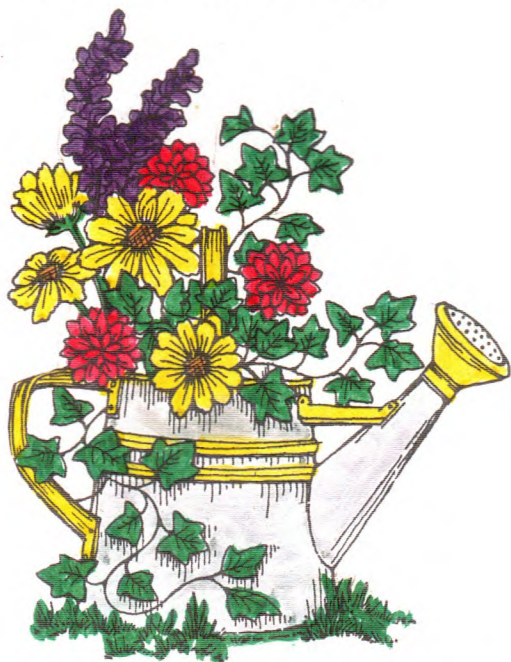
Our Home on Marquant Road



Carl & Anthena 1977



Grandma Rosa Shoup on her 100th Birthday



Two Sons and Daughters-in-law
Marvin & Lela Shoup
Norman & Bonnie Shoup

Seven Grandchildren
Marva Brubaker
Melvin Shoup
Cheryl Flora
Norma June Brubaker
Douglas Shoup
Gale Shoup
Janet Filbrun

Twenty-One Great Grandchildren

Six Great Great Grandchildren

Two Sisters-In-Law
Mildred Shoup
Eunice Peters

Pallbearers
Gayle Brubaker
David Brubaker
Melvin Shoup
Douglas Shoup
Duane Flora
Gale Shoup
Rex Filbrun



After the Clouds, the Sunshine,

After the Winter, the Spring,

After the Shower, the Rainbow,

For Life is a changeable thing;

After the Night, the Morning

Bidding all darkness cease,

After life's Cares and Troubles,

The Comfort and Sweetness

of Peace.

In Memory Of
Arthena Isabell Shoup

Date of Birth

July 17, 1901
Clark County, Ohio

Date of Death

November 18, 1998
New Carlisle, Ohio

Place and Time of Service

10:00 AM Saturday November 21, 1998
Donnels Creek Old German Baptist Church

Presiding

Eugene Wray Larry Nicodemus
Kenneth Hopkins John Wray

Interment

Saturday November 21, 1998
Myers Cemetery

Arrangements By
TROSTEL, CHAPMAN & CHRISTMAS F.H.
507 W. JEFFERSON ST.
NEW CARLISLE, OHIO 45344

... Cemetery.

ARTHENA ISABELL SHOUP

97, of New Carlisle, Ohio died at 2:25 p.m. Wednesday, November 18, 1998 in her residence. She was born July 17, 1901 in Clark County, Ohio the daughter of Charles and Adria (Brubaker) Frantz. She is preceded in death by her parents; and her husband, Carl E. Shoup in 1981. She is survived by two sons and daughters-in-law, Marvin and Lela Shoup of Springfield, Norman and Bonnie Shoup of New Carlisle; seven grandchildren; 21 great-grandchildren; six great-great-grandchildren; two sisters-in-law, Mildred Shoup and Eunice Peters; nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends. Services will be at 9 a.m. Saturday, November 21, 1998 at the funeral home and 10 a.m. at the Donnels Creek Old German Baptist Church. Burial will be in Myers Cemetery. Friends may call from 2-4 and 6-8 p.m. Friday, November 20, 1998 in the TROSTEL, CHAPMAN & CHRISTMAS FUNERAL HOME, New Carlisle, Ohio.

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Donnels

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