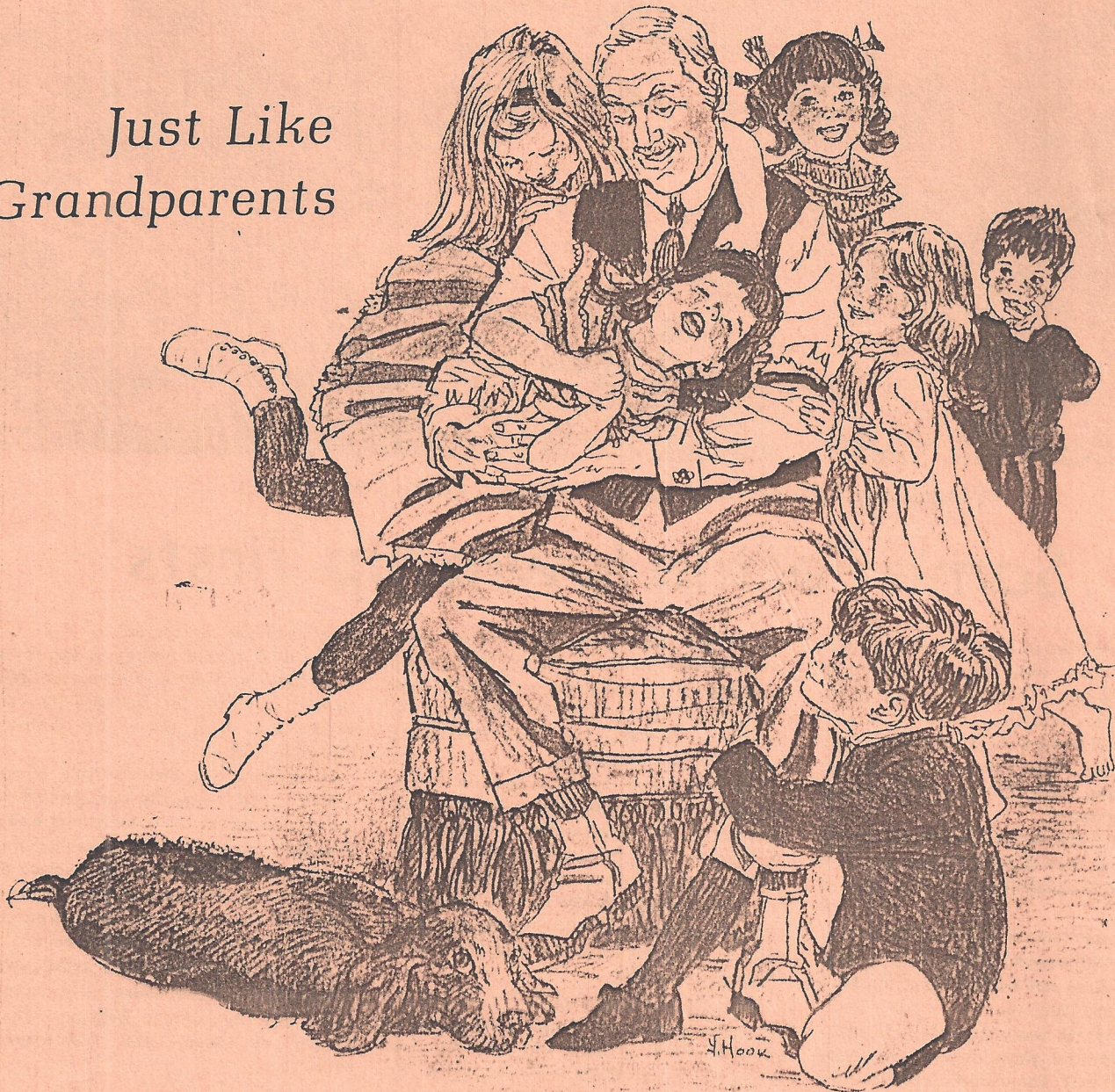


# Fertile Reminder

September 1987

Just Like  
Grandparents



## I REMEMBER "BESTAMORE"

September 13th is Grandparent's Day, when we remember those special people who have been so near and dear to us. I am certain all of us have fond memories of days spent with them when we were young and as we grew older too. Each one is special and brings a smile in remembrance. Grandparents are a special breed of people who know "Their Grandchildren are just about perfect!"

I remember my "Bestamore". --I don't know the correct spelling but that is the way it sounds to me. My Bestamore, we always called her just Besta -- came to America when my oldest sister was two years of age. My father and his brother had come to the United States from Denmark, my father came to Iowa and my uncle stayed in New York. When they became established in their new homes, they brought Besta to the United States as she was a widow. For a time, she lived in New York but she and her new daughter-in-law couldn't communicate, so my father went to New York and brought her to Iowa to live with us.

She was a wee bit of a thing but because of the many layers of clothing she wore we never did know what she did weigh. You know I don't ever remember her changing in looks --to me, she always stayed the same. She would certainly shake her head now at our modern day clothes and our way of doing things. She always wore dark colored clothing with two or three petticoats under her skirt. My Mother made all of her clothes including her muslin underpants that tied below her knees! She always wore heavy black stockings in winter, but in the summer she agreed to wearing a lighter weight cotton. Her dress waists or tops always had long sleeves, high necks and buttoned down the front. I can close my eyes and see her Sunday summer dress -- it was a navy blue dotted voile, with long sleeves, high neck, tiny tucks and many rows of fine narrow lace. Truly she looked very elegant in her finery. Her gray hair was pulled straight back into a tiny bun in the back.

I know she kept busy as we were one brother and three sisters in our family. You know I don't even remember her getting after any of us although I know she must have felt like it many times. Even now when I am doing dishes and washing the coffee pot I can hear her say, "Little Sister, be sure you rinse the coffee pot good so the coffee want taste of s . ." This was said in Danish as she never learned to talk English, so the first language the four of us learned was Danish. You know I often think now that she probably knew more about the English language and the American ways than she would let on!

She had two feather ticks on her bed. Not one of us could make her bed the way she could-- I'll never know how she could distribute those feathers so evenly so that the bed was perfectly even -- and was it ever high! When it was time to go to bed, my younger sister and I would make a flying leap and sink into the middle! I don't ever remember being scolded for doing that although now I realize we should have.

I was seventeen years old when my Grandmother left us. Even though she had lived in the United States many years, she never became a citizen. She left an empty place in our lives and one by one our Danish ways of doing things were given up, including the speaking of the Danish language. How I wish I could carry on a conversation in her native tongue as we did when we were young! I'll always be glad for my memories as she was the only Grandparent I ever knew.

Blessed be the memory of Anna Marie Rasmussen.

L.V.N.

\* \* \* \* \*

### RETURNED DELIGHTS

Grandchildren are so precious;  
They dwell within the heart.  
You can scarcely wait to see them  
When you've been long apart.  
But it is also quite delightful  
When sister fights with brother  
And constant care begins to wear,  
To send them back to Mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SCHOOL SAFETY

It's your responsibility - not the schools -  
to see your child knows:

What is the best way home from school.  
Which are the best places for crossing streets.  
What the signs and signals mean.  
How to understand the crossing guard's  
directions.  
Warn children to avoid talking to strangers.  
Tell him to walk directly home from school.  
Advise him not to play in streets or driveways.

### WEARING OUT

Chip: "What's a computer's first sign of age?"  
Tron: "I don't know, what?"  
Chip: "Loss of memory".

\* \* \* \* \*

Did you hear about the bride who serves  
meals that melt in your mouth? They're still  
frozen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fertile Pre-School will start Sept. 8th.  
Call Barb Seglem, 797-2225, to register your  
Child.

\* \* \* \* \*

SENIOR CITIZEN'S MENU

Sept. 1 - Cubed Beef over Mashed Potatoes,  
Corn, Tomatoes, Melon, Coffee, Milk, Bread  
& Butter.

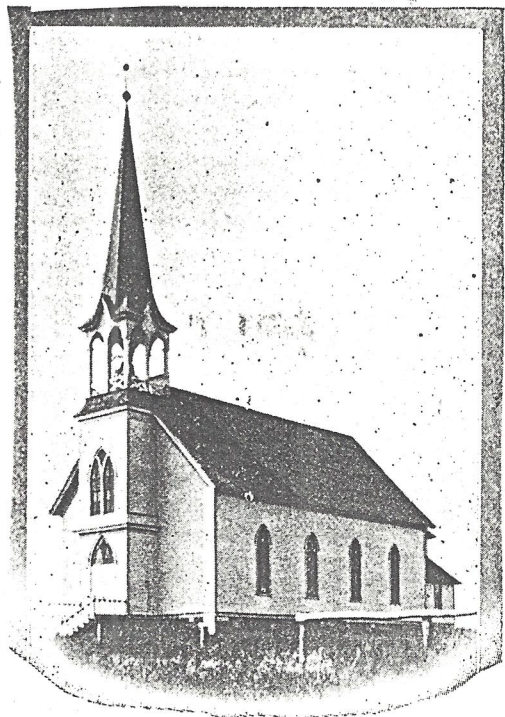
Sept. 15 - Chicken, Mashed Potatoes, Mixed  
Vegetables, Cole Slaw, Pie, Coffee, Milk,  
Bread & Butter.

Call Edna Pederson, 797-2669, before noon on  
Monday.

\* \* \* \* \*

☞☞☞ All Little League uniforms and Candy  
Money must be turned in. Give to Cliff  
Petersen or Jane Ramon. ☞☞☞

*Pictures from the past*



BRUSH POINT CHURCH



HANLONTOWN DEPOT

The Fertile High School class of 1962 held their 25th reunion on Aug. 1st at the Jack of Diamonds in Clear Lake. Also attending were members of the Fertile classes of 1960, 1961, 1963, and 1964.

Receiving the prize for coming the farthest was Dennis Ouverson of Sebring, Florida. The classmate with the most children was Doug Ouverson of Montrose, Minn. with ten, six children and four grandchildren. Changing the most was Larry Vaage of Forest City, and changing the least was David Lovick of Mankato, Minn.

Attending from the class of 1962 were Gail Lee Zirbel, Diane Brinton Burtness, Merle Tuttle all of Fertile, Jay Ouverson of Ankeny, Joanne Roberts Zrostlik of Shell Rock, Darlene Johnson Gremmer of Britt, Bert Pederson of Clear Lake, Harlan Rodberg of Forest City, Rosemary Waage Thompson of Forest City, David Lovick of Mankato, Minn., and Dennis Ouverson of Sebring, Florida.

Those attending from the class of 1960 were Judy Jenkins Valley of Forest City, Lance Burtness of Fertile, and Dale Clapper of Clear Lake.

From the class of 1961 were Donna Lee Olson of Joice, Darlene Rodberg of Forest City, Larry Ouverson of Kearney, Mo., and Douglas Ouverson of Montrose, Minn.

Those attending from the class of 1963 were Bob Wolfe, Dean Ouverson, Kay Aspland Olson all of Fertile, Jim Almellen of Winfield, Ia., Roger Torkelson of Forest City, Sandy Johnson Millard of Wauwatosa, Wis., Joan Scobee Norem of Lake Mills, and Larry Vaage of Forest City.

From the class of 1964, those attending were Patty Purcell Lovick of Mankato, Minn., Elsie Felland of Forest City, Pat Pederson Lucero of Solida, Co., Cindy Midtgaard Schubert of Britt, Elouise Nelson Harmeyer of Clear Lake, and Linda Kirschbaum Halverson of Tolra, N. D.

Former teacher Chuck Stalker of Swea City also was in attendance.

The Fertile High School class of 1962 will hold their 30th reunion in 1992 with Merle Tuttle, Jay Ouverson, and Elouise Nelson Harmeyer in charge.

# Pork Chop Supper

Fertile Community Center

Saturday, September 19<sup>th</sup>

5:00 to 7:00 pm

Serving: Grilled Pork Chop,

Scalloped potatoes, Baked Beans,

Salad Bar, Buns, Cold Drink, Coffee

Ice Cream or Sherbet

\$5<sup>00</sup> in Advance \$5<sup>50</sup> at door

All proceeds will go to help pay

for new gym roof

Drawing for  
T.V. at 7 P.M.



8th Grade Graduation  
May - 1927

Left to right: Reva Nelson, Ruth Myhre, Orville Rholl, Lorraine Kirk, Blanche Bacon, Maynard Sanderson, Mavis Oувerson, Lurene Nelson, Mrs. Mort Haugen (teacher), Roscoe Helm, Dorothy Gaskill, Ernest Johnson, Lillian Eikenbary (White), Melva Jones, Stanley Brue, Elaine Kirk, Selma Oppedahl.

*BUSINESS OF LONG AGO*

**J. M. VANNOTE**

PRACTICAL

*Blacksmith*

HORSESHOEING A SPECIALTY

FERTILE

Answers to Quiz....

1. Curtsy
2. Curlew
3. Currency
4. Curator
5. Curfew
6. Curve
7. Curiosity
8. Curtain
9. Curriculum
10. Current

How many song titles can you find in this article?

Josephine, every night about this time that old black magic gets me in the mood to cuddle up a little closer, so lets go down by the sleepy lagoon in the stardust and maybe you'll say you'll be nobody's darling but mine. You're my ideal and if you cuddle up a little closer, I'll sing you the honey song cause you'll never know just how much I miss you. Every night about the time dearly beloved I'll pray for you and if I get the blues in the night would it be wrong to say I need a little lovin'? As time goes by don't sit under the apple tree until Johnny comes marching home. And when it's fiesta in Mexico don't let the gay ronchero get you saying can't get out of this mood with his serenade in blue.

When the lights go on again geeche joe will have you doing the 729 jump to the johnson rag while Mr. five by five sings murder. So why don't you do right - like the fuddy duddy watch-maker and go to the woodchoppers ball which will start with the one o'clock jump in the apple blossom time. So paper doll when they begin the beguine either night or day or when or where, I'll still be yours. And when I'm sailin' sailing over the bounty main I hope you'll still say I'm thinking tonight of my blue eyes and say a prayer for the boys over there and end it with Amen. For then you'll be my all American girl Sunday, Monday, and always for I want all or nothing at all. I'll be faithful forever if we're the couple in the castle and Mr. and Mrs. is the name. Although I've got nuthin' I'm not slender, tender, and tall.

Summertime and in the blue of evening when the lamp is low I'll pray for you. But this is the army and when I'm over there I'll know there's a star spangled banner waving somewhere and soon we'll bring new glory to old glory. Until then I'll pray for you and hope you keep the love lights burning.