

I Was Born in a Granary



By Margaret Tembrock April 18, 2003

Introduction

This is an unusual title for the story of my life; but I so enjoyed telling people this when I was small, that I think it's proper to title the story this way.

My dad bought a farm about a mile northwest of Callaway, Minnesota in 1912, and went there to live. This was the only building on the farm when they moved there, so my mother and dad and my two sisters, perhaps 2 and 3 years old, lived there. You'll notice my sister Marie in front of the house. One night while she was sleeping a rat bit her on the cheek. **[2 - Marie Krier in 1913]**



The first building he built was a granary, [3 - **Catherine Krier, Margaret Krier & Sophie Krier about 1917**] where he and his family lived while he next built the barn, and then the house. This is a picture of the granary where I was born - taken a few years later when I was about two.



My dad built all the buildings in the picture. [4 - **The Krier farm around 1920**]



His family at that time consisted of my mother, my sister Catherine about four, and a sister Marie about three. Mother made the building very homelike, I've heard, with curtains on the windows and pictures on the walls. Also, one room was wallpapered with sheets from wallpaper books.

This building was not used as a granary until after my dad finished the barn and the house, and we then moved into the house. Our first home was used as a granary, and I was born while we were living there. In fact, the bedroom I was born in later became a wheat bin. Several years later when I was about seven years old we invited the local school board out to our farm for a meal. The adults were all telling where they were born, and little Margaret interrupts and says, "I was born in a wheat bin."

I was born on March 29th, 1914. Apparently I was of average length and weight, as I never heard any remarks about me being unusual. My mother did say that I had black, curly hair when I was born. The color I have maintained with the help of 'Loving Care' since I was about forty-five, and the curly hair has remained with me all of my life.

Dr. Leach, a family doctor from Callaway, Minnesota delivered me. He would make house calls in the country driving his little buggy, and would come in carrying his little black bag. I assume the birth was normal, as I haven't heard anything otherwise. I do remember someone telling that the umbilical cord was wound around my neck, and my dad wondered what the Doctor was doing with the baby, and the doctor said, "Do you want a dead baby?" so I guess my dad made no more comments.

My Dad was 31 when I was born and my mother was 24. Dad was 25 when he married my mother, and she was only 18. So now there were three children in our family. They were very busy - Dad with carpenter work - and mother with her children, chickens, garden and milking cows. Dad was breaking virgin prairie land in preparation to seeding his crops. [5 - **breaking virgin prairie**]



A little later, about 1917, my dad bought a Studebaker, which was his pride and joy. [6 - **John Krier and Studebaker with Catherine and Marie**]



Everything was done with horse drawn machinery, I remember my dad saying he brought cows up with him from Redwood Falls in a boxcar on the train. I believe there was an old shed he kept them in until the barn was finished. He had some of his brothers and some of mother's brothers help him with the carpenter and farm work. [7 - **Uncle Dutch, Margaret, Marie & Catherine Krier**]



Many important things happened in 1914, the year of my birth. Henry Ford announced he'd give workers \$5 a day. A Serbian Nationalist assassinated Archduke Ferdinand and his wife; Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia. Germany declared war on Russia; first shots fired in 1914. Telephone lines were installed between New York and San Francisco. Pope Benedict XV elected at Vatican. The president in 1914: Woodrow Wilson - Vice President: Thomas R. Marshall. The Boston Braves took the World Series over Philadelphia in four games. Births in 1914 were Joe Louis, American Boxer, and Joe Di Maggio, baseball star. A postage stamp was \$.02; a pound loaf of bread was \$.06; a quart of milk was \$.09 and an average house was \$4,615.00

I really don't know why my parents decided to call me Margaret. My mother was very religious, and perhaps she named me after a St. Margaret - or a teenage friend of hers. I've always liked my name, but I've noticed as I get older, there seems to be a lot of Margarets around, and I sometimes answer when no one really wants me. My roommate in college always called me Maggie - and I had no objection to that. My brother John was born when I was six years old. At first I resented him because he received much of the attention that I had received all those years. However, as we got older we learned to get along better. [8 - **Grandfather Albert Kakenke holding Margaret with Marie on the left & Catherine on the right**]



[9 - Sophie and John Krier with Margaret, Marie & Catherine]



A Happy Childhood

My oldest sister Catherine was born in 1909. My next sister Marie was born in 1911, and I was born in 1914, so by this time I was welcomed with open arms. I've been told I was a cute baby, and it seems the black curly hair and fair skin contributed to that. There was a baby girl, Theresa, that was born between me and my brother John. She only lived 4 hours because of a heart defect. Perhaps that was one of the reasons I received so much attention.

I was the baby until my brother John was born 6 years later. Until that time I had received so much attention from everyone, I

was quite spoiled they tell me. Then into the family arrived a boy, the first boy, and (of course) farm families always want boys. So much of the attention I had received for 6 years was lavished on him. Naturally, I resented this. By the time he was 3 or 4, and I was 9 or 10 - there were arguments. I was supposed to watch over him. If anything went wrong, it was my fault. As we both grew older, we got along much better. My older sister was handicapped, so Marie had to watch over her and me - so she was more or less held responsible for things that went wrong - but she was very capable and took things in stride. But to this day I'm still her kid sister- she at 91 and I at 89. But considering everything, we've had a very good relationship, and have had many wonderful times together.

When I was small, I played by myself most of the time. It seemed I liked my own company quite well. Cats and kittens were my biggest friends. I even had a pet chicken. I would dress them in doll clothes, put them in my doll buggy and wheel them around. Much of the time was spent upstairs in our barn in the hay. I still enjoy the pleasant aroma of hay. Dolls were favorites of mine too. I loved to dress them and change their clothes. I made doll clothes for them when I was very young - maybe 6 or 7. I talked my mother into making doll clothes too. Some of the dolls I saved, and still have them - many minus legs, arms, or hair - but they were still precious to me.

Once when our mother pig didn't have enough faucets for all her babies, they gave me a little runt to take care of. I fed him with a bottle, wrapped him in a blanket, and carried him around. I still remember his pink skin and white bristly hair. When he was pleased he was so full of little grunts his whole body shook. He grew up to be a big pig.

Most of my life has been happy, and I've loved life. Of course, there were some disappointments, and some bad times, but most of the time I've enjoyed life, and I credit my good Lord and my Guardian Angel for helping me.

One of the bad times I still remember was when I was about 3 or 4 years old. My Dad had told me to go to bed, but I had knots in my shoelaces, and I couldn't get them open. My mother was working out in the garden, and I went out there to get her to open them. Dad thought I was deliberately disobeying him. He picked me up and gave me one really hard swat on the seat. A few days later one of my aunts was bathing me in a washtub on the floor (that's the way it was done in those days) and said to my mother, "What's this black and blue mark on the baby's seat?" My mother said, "I guess that's where John spanked her." In this day and age I would have been called an abused child. Anyhow, Dad said afterwards, maybe he spanked me too hard - that he had destroyed my spirit; - but I don't think so. I still have plenty of spirit left. I think I was rather spoiled as a child. From what I've heard I was kind of cute, and an

extrovert. Maybe if it hadn't been for that punishment, I would have grown up to be a spoiled brat.

As much as I loved the outdoors, and the flowers and birds and animals, I was deathly afraid of bugs, worms, and snakes. If I saw a snake or a milkweed bug, I would run to the house screaming all the way. I overcame my fear of bugs and worms, but not entirely of snakes. Later on I even put worms on my hook when fishing; - but to this day I will not put a leech on my hook.

My parents didn't have much time to play with me, as they were always so busy with all the work that had to be done on a farm. There were very few conveniences at that time. I had a few friends, but most of the time I played with myself, and I was very happy doing that. I'm a very social person, and love people, but to this day I still enjoy my own company, and don't mind being alone.

Pleasant Memories of my 5 1/2 Years In Elementary School

Most of my five and 1/2 years I spent in Elementary School were enjoyable. One unhappy memory comes to mind. I was in the first grade, and we were practicing a song for a program. They had me in the first row, as it seems I was rather photogenic, and I was singing lustily, when my teacher came and whispered in my ear that I should just mouth the words, and not make any noise. I was crestfallen, as I didn't know I couldn't sing.

I started school when I was six, and my two older sisters & I walked the one-mile to school almost every day. I didn't go to school the four winter months, as the weather was too cold. I had no trouble passing into the next grade, as I played school at home, with some encouragement, from my Mother and Dad and my sister Marie.

For the rest of my Elementary school years, we usually walked, but in the winter a neighbor down the road who had children in school, built a little house over a platform sled bottom, and horses would pull it; - and when the weather was cold we rode with them. My Dad would pay them a little to stop by and pick us up sometimes - I remember we had to wear warm clothes. I had little corduroy leggings (I still have them) that had buttons and buttonholes. Sometimes if my Mother was busy, my Dad would use a buttonhook and button them for me. Every morning before school I had to sit on a stool and Mother would make little corkscrew curls all over my head. I finally talked her out of that in the 4th grade, and she tied them altogether and cut them off. They're still saved in perfect condition.

There were no hot lunches in school in those days. Most of the children brought their lunches in gallon syrup pails. Sometimes our sandwiches contained fresh rendered lard and molasses. Fruit wasn't very common, but we occasionally had half an apple, and usually a cookie or a piece of cake. My mother was a very good cook.

Most of my teachers were very good, and took a genuine interest in their students. One very fine teacher was Jenny Modey who taught many years in Callaway. She tried so hard to give her pupils a good education. She was my teacher for the combined 3rd & 4th grades. A few of us took the 3rd & 4th grade together. Later on when I became a teacher in Callaway she still had the intermediate grades, and I taught 6th, 7th, & 8th grades & was the principal. When I look at my report cards from Elementary School, and see all the marks from every subject written in numbers instead of letters, I really sympathize with those former teachers - and report cards came out every month.

My oldest sister, who was mentally handicapped, was moved along with me until the year I was in the 3rd & 4th grade, but she was not able to do the work. The teacher said it was no longer necessary for her to come to school. Marie had watched over her before, but then when Marie graduated, I had to help her. Some of the kids would tease her. I remember one boy who was unusually mean to her. I became so angry I knocked him down, sat on him and pounded him. I assure you my sister was not teased after that. There were no remedial reading classes, and no attention deficit classes at that time. Students not able to learn repeated the same grade over and over, or advanced to learn what little they could in each grade.

One thing I remember was hearing my first 'dirty' joke, because I was so shocked. As our group of farm children was walking home after school, I suppose I was about ten, one of the boys said, "Say crack my finger backwards." So, gullible, innocent me said it. My religion from early on always meant a lot to me, so I was very disturbed by this.

My grades in elementary school were always quite good - mostly in the 90's, with an occasional 80. My parents, as I remember, seemed pleased. I was surprised that my mother signed all of my report cards, as my dad usually took charge of everything. He very likely told her she was to do that. Both my mother and dad helped me with my schoolwork, if I needed help, but I don't think that was very often.

Valentine's Day was always very special. I've kept all the Valentines I've received in Elementary School (I've always been a pack rat all my life). Boys never excited me very much, until the sixth grade, a boy sent a Valentine with this verse, "I'm Cupid's Thrall! Mercy me! Am I in love? Do tell me what's the matter. Every time I look at you my heart goes pitter - patter." That Valentine was read over and over many times.

At the end of the seventh grade, we all took what was called 'The Minnesota State Boards.' Those that passed all the tests didn't have to go into the 8th grade, but we graduated from Elementary School. There were a few of us, I just don't remember how many, but I do remember one girl. She went on to a Catholic Boarding School and became a Nun, and eventually became a teacher.

She's been a good friend of mine, and I've seen her occasionally over the years.

So-- after five years and five months I was graduated from Elementary school, at 12 years old, which took place at the Pavilion in Detroit Lakes. I was ready and eager to start high school.

Growing up Fast

After graduation from Elementary School at age 12, I started High school in Moorhead, Minnesota. **[10 - Margaret 12 years old in the first year of high school]**



My sister Marie was 15 and was starting College at Moorhead Teacher's College. My dad thought it would be good if we were together, and perhaps I needed someone to watch over me a bit. We stayed in the private home of Sven and Thea Larson, a wonderful Norwegian couple. Dad paid for our room and board, which I think, was \$25 a month each. When we did some little chore, like wiping dishes, she would give us a dime, and we would walk three miles from Moorhead to Fargo to go to the Princess Theater to a movie, or go roller-skating. The Larson's had a daughter who was a freshman in high school too, so we enjoyed each other's company.

Dad was sending us through high school and College with the stipulation we had to pay him back, so we had to keep track of every penny we spent - that meant stamps, candy bars (very few), gum, etc. My freshman year total amount spent was \$300. I still have my book in which he kept track of everything I spent. My mother and I made all of my clothes, so that was a big saving.

Because sending children to high school at this time '26-'29 was considered expensive for someone engaged in farming, my Dad decided my sister and I could complete high school in three years. He went to the Principal's office with me and asked permission. My sister Marie had completed high school in three years, so he thought

I should be able to do likewise. The Principal said I could try, and if I kept my marks up I could continue. I enrolled in the College Preparatory course. I took English, Algebra, General Science, Latin 1, and Modern History, which was a Sophomore Course. I had to take that if I was to complete high school in three years. I felt that the teacher somewhat resented me as I was the only freshman in the class. However, I asked her at the end of the school year to write in my yearbook, and she said I did very well in spite of the fact that I was only a freshman.

I have always been interested in sports and enjoyed Physical Ed. very much. At the beginning of the year we were all measured and weighed. I weighed 96 pounds. and was five feet tall. There were two of us in the class that had perfect posture. Sorry to say, I didn't keep my perfect posture. I grew over five inches that year and the next. I was embarrassed because I was taller than many of the boys; so I hunched down to be their height. Many times I was told to stand up straight.

Tennis was one of my favorite sports. My sister and I had one tennis racket that we had to share. Larson's had a tennis court in their back yard, and many of our friends came to play.

There was a Piano Club at school, and I joined that. I appreciate music, but I'm not musical. I couldn't sing at all, so I had a difficult time with instruments. The Piano Club didn't last very long, so I started taking violin lessons because my dad owned a violin and he thought I should take advantage of that. There wasn't much success with it either.

I was only 12 most of my freshman year, however I was mature for my age and started to notice boys - and was pleased when they noticed me. Of course I didn't date, but a boy did come to pick me up to go to a Masquerade Party at school (we walked). I wore my mother's wedding dress, and powdered my hair to make it gray. I wore a small black mask. When I was ready to leave our place (it was wintertime) they made me wear black, four-buckled overshoes. I was so embarrassed. When I arrived at the school, and I went in, someone standing there said, "Hello! Margaret!" To my disappointment my camouflage hadn't worked. Toward the end of the school year an important senior boy asked to write in my yearbook. He wrote that he admired me and hoped to see a lot more of me. Imagine from a senior to a freshman. I was really thrilled!

My parents were really good to me. Mother made cute clothes for me. Dad had to take my sister and me to Moorhead to school and pick us up for school vacation. There weren't many, but we did get home for Christmas and Easter, and maybe a few more times. I think we rode on the train once or twice. So ended my first year of high school. I had now turned 13 at the end of March.

Last Two Years of High School & 2 Years of College- Age 13-17

After my one year of high school in Moorhead, my dad deemed it was best I finish my next two years in Detroit Lakes. He found a place for me with a city banker and his wife, a good upstanding Catholic family. I shared a room with their daughter! I think my dad paid \$25 a month, which was a lot of money in those days. He and I kept very careful track of everything I spent, as I was expected to pay him back for my education.

As I was planning on graduating from high school in three years, I had to take six solid subjects, including sophomore and Junior English. I was taking a College Preparatory Course, so I had to take two years of a language (Latin)- I had taken Latin I in Moorhead. I needed two years of Science. I took General Science in Moorhead and Biology here. I took Algebra in Moorhead. Now I had to take Geometry- and that was my hardest subject of all. I made beautiful posters, memorized the theorems, but when it came to tests I didn't know how to solve the problems. I was allowed one year of typing, and I did very well in that. I've saved my report cards that I received at the end of my Sophomore- Junior year. This is what my Geometry teacher had to say about me, "Has found work pretty difficult. Has not been able to reason out proofs very well, hence has stood low in her tests," and the marks C+, D, or D+, the lowest marks in all my school years. I remember our elderly math teacher drawing a circle on the blackboard and saying, "You're just like a dog chasing his tail, you go around and around and you never get anyplace."

My teacher for Latin II wrote, "Margaret showed very much that she possessed initiative and cooperation. A very good student and a good workman." Marks B+, B, B. I've always been appreciative of the fact that I had two years of Latin. It has helped me in the use and knowledge of words.

As I mentioned previously, I was good at typing. My typing teacher wrote, "Margaret has been doing A work throughout the course. She has done excellent work in her assignments and splendid work in speed." Grades A-, A. As I was taking sophomore and Junior English in one year, I didn't do so well. My Sophomore English teacher wrote, "is rather good in the mechanics of English, but failed to hand in some of her papers. She reported a fair amount of outside reading, and did some good work on her two themes." Grades- B-, B-, 92, B-. The Junior English teacher wrote, "Margaret's interest and study is not regular enough to achieve superior mastery. At times she recites often and well, but her tests are not always evidence of thorough review which is necessarily important. She has improved in her written work." Grades: B-, D+, C+. I guess taking two English courses was too much for Margaret- and she was only 13. I guess my Biology teacher thought I was a little lazy. He

wrote, "Should cultivate more interest in the work at hand. Capable of excellent things. Could easily have done A work in this course." Grade B for the year.

My senior year I took eight subjects. One was Music Appreciation, which was only a half credit course, and I took violin lessons. One of the courses was Home Economics, which was a required course - half-year cooking and half-year sewing. I only received a 'B' in the course because I wanted to do things my way, the way I had done at home. I remember I made such good muffins they took some down to give to the other teachers. Later on I made baking powder biscuits and forgot to put in the baking powder. Everyone had a good laugh.

Report cards for my senior year: Music Appreciation: "Class response- good. Margaret seems to have developed somewhat of a better appreciation of music." Grade B. American History: "Margaret has been doing work of an excellent nature, especially during the second quarter of the course. She seems to have been very much interested in the work. She has shown rapid improvement and progress." Grades B, A, A, A. Violin- "Margaret has been making average progress on the violin. Her preparation of her lessons shows consistent practice." Grades: C+, C+. He was just being kind. He tried, but I really learned very little. I can't sing at all, and that makes it very difficult to play a violin. As I mentioned before, my dad owned an old violin and I think it made him happy to have someone play it. He was very willing to pay for the lessons, even if times were tough- It was 1928 and 1929 you know. Commercial Law: "Margaret has shown excellent preparation and application this quarter. Her progress has been very rapid, and her marks show results of distinguished achievement." Grades: B, B, B. It helps if your teacher likes you. He and another teacher once asked two of us girls to go riding with them. We didn't go. Problems of Democracy: "Margaret has done a very good grade of work in this course. She has entered into the classroom discussion in an enthusiastic manner and contributed materially to the class." Grades: B, C, B. English 4: "Margaret gives her lessons complete daily preparations and her recitations are usually of high quality. Her written work shows considerable original thinking. She has been faithful with her outside reading and memory work." Home Economics 3: "Margaret's test grades have not been good. She has received 72, 93, 84, and 79. Practice in sewing will improve her technique and increase her speed." Grades: B- B. This teacher didn't like me. I had already made a few dresses for myself when I took this course, and I didn't sew the way she wanted me to. She wanted me to use a thimble and I wasn't used to it. Every time she turned her back, I took it off.

Dramatics, Declamation and Plays always interested me. I memorized "The Giant's Garden" for Declam. There were three judges and two of us still competing. My opponent recited "The Highway Man." I can still hear the 'Clop - Clops'. She got two votes and I

got one. I was deeply disappointed. I had worked so hard. Also, she was the best typist in the class. I was second best. They took us both to Fergus Falls to a typing contest. She got to type, but I didn't. I think maybe I was secretly hoping she would faint.

I didn't date in high school- you know I was only 14 my senior year. I do remember the first time a boy tried to kiss me. I was the typist for the school paper. We had a closet for all our supplies. There was no light in it. One day I went in to get some paper, and there was a boy in there (I think he was the editor). He grabbed me and kissed me on the cheek. Naturally I pushed him away, but really I was quite pleased. Then later on I had to stay late at school and one of the boys walked home with me, and he really kissed me- and I didn't resist this time.

I had secretly admired the handsome captain of the football team, and my greatest wish was fulfilled when he asked to take me to the Senior Prom. We dated the summer after graduation, and really traveled in style. His dad had the Ford dealership in the town from which I graduated, and his dad would let him drive an almost new 28 or 29 Ford when he came to pick me up. I really thought I was on cloud nine! Sometimes he would let me drive.

That fall, at 15 years of age, I started college at Moorhead State Teacher's College to take a two years college course that would give me a standard college certificate that would allow me to teach in a Junior High School. I'll admit I didn't get the best of marks (I was busy having too much fun). I received mostly C's and B's, except Practice Teaching in which I received and A. My supervisor brought in people to observe me teaching.

A football player from Montana and I were attracted to each other, and we dated- which meant going for walks holding hands, or going to the Princess Theatre (admission \$.10 each), or perhaps roller skating (same price). That Christmas I received presents from three boy friends, and my dad had a royal fit. He told me I had to return all of my gifts. I assumed I cried, and begged him to let me keep them. He finally relented, but I could not date anyone until after Easter. I agreed - and I kept my promise.

My high school Principal told me I had to put my birth date a year younger when I enrolled at college, as I was not allowed to teach in Minnesota until I was 18.

In the spring of my freshman year my roommate and I were walking on campus when a couple of guys in a cute coupe with a NDSU sticker stopped and asked us if we wanted to go for a ride. We did - and met two nice fellows. They came back later, and we started dating. The cute one took me to a dance at his university, and we went on picnics, to shows and everywhere. We dated off and on for several years - even after I started teaching. Eventually we broke up, but he really was a nice fellow.

My Working Life

When I graduated from college at 17 (18 according to the revised records), we were in the midst of the Great Depression. I had a Standard Certificate allowing me to teach in any elementary grades (I practice taught in upper grades - (English and Geography), but there were no jobs available. We contacted Teacher's Employment Agencies, but no luck. Finally there was one in Northern Minnesota that seemed encouraging. My dad let us take the family car to apply. **[11 - Margaret's teaching application picture at age 17]**



The interview seemed to be going well until they found out that I was Catholic, and they were no longer interested. I finally obtained a job at a one-room rural school four miles west and one-mile north of our home farm. There were six grades and sixteen students- salary \$70 a month- board and room \$16. The house I stayed in had chickens living in half of the house. The upstairs was not heated at all. There were small cracks in the roof, and in the wintertime snow would sift through the cracks and fall on my bed. I couldn't keep water for washing in my room because it would freeze, so in the morning they would bring up warm water for me to wash. The young married couple I stayed with were wonderful people and did all they could for me, but it was rough going. When it was very cold out, the man of the house would come and throw his sheepskin coat over me after I was in bed.

The school where I taught was one mile away, and I had to walk morning and evening no matter what kind of weather: -40 degrees sometimes in snow, sleet, storms, whatever. My lunch for noon was packed in a gallon syrup pail, and in the winter was frozen when I got to school - as were all my pupils' lunches.

When I got to school when it was cold, I had to start a fire in the big, pot-bellied stove, unless there were coals left from the evening before when I had tried to bank the fire. I was my own janitor and had to carry out ashes, sweep, dust, etc. This was unusually hard for me because at my home we had a furnace, electricity, running water, and indoor toilets. All five years I taught school, I had to use outdoor toilets and sometimes had to use pages from catalogs or tissue wrappings from fruit for toilet paper- and when it is 40 or 45 degrees below zero, it was very uncomfortable to say the least.

I had no training for primary or intermediate grades, so I had to get out my Minnesota State Curriculum and try to teach my pupils what they were required to know. At about 10 minutes a class, it was very difficult. I think all the children learned well, but I had some problems with discipline- some of the students were almost as old as I was, and I was so inexperienced.

I taught in the same school the next year, but times were harder, so I only got \$60 a month- but room and board went down to \$14 a month. This year I hired an older boy to do janitor work for a small pittance, so that helped some. The family I stayed with moved into a new house, so that was better. The upstairs was not heated, but the man of the house came up about 4:30 A.M. and built a fire in a little airtight heater that was in my room. That was a big help. However, those two years were the worst of my life. I used to cry myself to sleep quite often.

The next three years I taught school in Callaway, my hometown. I again walked the one-mile to school and back every day. I taught 30 students in the 6th, 7th, and 8th grades, and there was a janitor. I was principal, librarian, playground supervisor, and everything else that was needed. I was older now and had some experience, so things went much better. My pupils and I worked together, and I have good memories of my years here.

After my first year of teaching, I took on another job in the summer, waiting tables in a nearby larger city. I became a waitress for four summers, one summer at an uptown hotel, and three summers at a lovely lakeside resort. The wages were small, but we got our room and board and tips. I made more money in a month than teaching school a month- and had more free time.

The Early Married Years

After I married, I was a homemaker for about the next 30 years raising our family of five children. After the youngest was about 12 years old, I worked part time in my husband's bank, but I was always home when Paul, our youngest, got home from school. On rare occasions when I wasn't there, we wrote notes to each other.

After my teaching years, I married my boyfriend, with whom I had fun dating occasionally for about three years, and entirely for about six months. I had paid off my debts to my dad (about \$1,450)

for my high school and college education, and had saved a total of about \$1,400. After I had paid off my debt, my dad gave me \$1,000. My husband to be had saved about \$1,300 after having bought a 1937 Ford Coupe with a rumble seat for around \$400, and had bought my engagement and wedding ring.

We were married in Calloway the 21st of June 1937. Up to the 1st of June, Ray was getting \$100 a month working in his dad's bank, and then his dad raised his salary to \$125.

He and I (he did most of it) fixed up the back rooms of the bank which consisted of a kitchen, a living room, a bathroom, a large closet and a back entry way that was unheated.

[12 - Ogema State Bank around 1926]



We slept on a davenport that made up into a bed in the living room. There was water in the bathroom but no water in the kitchen. When I washed clothes, I built a fire in a little wood stove in the basement, and heated water in a copper wash boiler. I had a washing machine with a ringer that you had to turn by hand. I didn't feel

at all deprived; as that was the way most people lived. Many at that time did not have electricity or water piped into their houses.

After sleeping in the living room for three months, we got tired of that, and moved a $\frac{3}{4}$ size bed into the closet. From then on, we had to crawl over the bed to get our clothes.

Ray renovated an old barn back of the bank for a garage for our car. We made a small garden in back of the bank (but I think must have been virgin soil) and raised our own vegetables.

Ray and I were very active Catholics, so we never missed anything connected with the church. **[13 - Most Holy Redeemer Church in Ogema]**



I immediately joined the Ladies' Sodality and Ray belonged to the Knights of Columbus. I joined a Bridge Club and belonged to a Sewing Club for a while. Ray and I went fishing quite often on White Earth Lake. About once a week we walked up to Ray's mother's and dad's place, and we played Skat, a German card game- and sometimes they would come down and play Skat with us. We visited my folks in Callaway quite often.

Ray worked very hard in the bank. He had only to open the door from our apartment and be at work. He sold insurance in the bank, and made out income taxes. I made copies in the evenings, using 3 or 4 sheets of carbon paper and typed the copies on the typewriter. After the income tax period was finished in February, we would take a two-week trip to Florida, Texas, or once we went to California and took my mom and dad along. We stopped to visit my brother John who was in Arizona. We took this two week trip every year after income taxes.

We lived very conservatively, but always had all the necessary things. I remember our grocery bill was about \$10 a month. There was one small problem. Ray's mother told me before we were married

that I had to watch Ray because he liked to drink. Most of our drinking was at family get-togethers, parties and dances, and in moderation. I enjoyed drinking too, but occasionally. On rare occasions Ray would imbibe a little too much. However, this was seldom, and he never missed a day of work in his life.

After we were married nine months, I became pregnant. The first three months, I had no problems, but after that I was bothered with severe indigestion much of the time. The baby was due Dec. 12th. A doctor came to Ogema once a month, and he seemed to think everything was progressing O.K. However, he left and got married, and I had no doctor when labor pains started on Dec. 30th. We drove to Perham, -picked up my mother on the way, and they put me on the Delivery Table at 6:00 P.M. At 4:00 A.M. the baby died- a 7 pound full term baby girl with black curly hair- from prolonged labor. It was a breach birth and the doctor didn't know it (more details on the story of my health over the years). Six months later I became pregnant, and in 9 months I delivered a healthy baby boy. **[14 - Joe Tembrock]**



We continued to live in the back rooms of the bank. It was a little inconvenient for the three of us, but we lived there until April, when I was expecting a second child in June. Then we bought a large house with four bedrooms. Bill was born in June. I was very busy but had help for a little over two months. However, after Bill was born, I became pregnant again in three months. Marilyn was born in June. They were just a little over a year apart. I had help again until Labor Day. I was a very busy mother. Luckily my family lived only nine miles away, and they helped a lot. We went there for a chicken dinner almost every Sunday. Where else could you take children one, two and three years old?

We had a large yard and a big garden. Ray did all the outside work and I did the inside work. [15 **Margaret washing clothes in the basement about 1958**]



He would pick the garden vegetables and help me can them. Sometimes we would stay up to midnight or later canning. One year we had 700 quarts of beans, peas, beets, tomato juice, tomato mix, pickles, peaches and pears.

After Marilyn was born, we had about 150 diapers a week. [16 – **Marilyn, Bill and Joe**]



In the wintertime, Ray would help hang them on three large wooden racks. We would put them out in our unheated front porch. We would bring in one rack at a time and set it over a large heater in the floor, and they would dry in a hurry.

Two and a half years after Marilyn was born, Jim was born. Joe was still four years old, so we had four children with the oldest four years old for 3 months. This time I had help most of the time for six months. Our upstairs was not very warm, but Ray and the two boys slept up there. In the downstairs hallway, I slept on a twin bed, with Marilyn on one side in a baby bed, and Jim on the other in a bassinet. We had three little rockers, and in the evening before I went to bed, I would lay out their clothes on the rockers ready to put on in the morning. It's amazing what one is able to do!

Ray and I worked very well together. There were very few arguments, and none in front of the children. I think it helps if both husband and wife have the same religion, and really lead a religious life. Both need to give 100% (sometimes I felt I had to give 101% - but maybe Ray felt he had to too).

Raising a Family

In my last topic "Early Married Years," I have already told about our first four children: Joe, Bill, Marilyn and Jim. We had one more child, Paul, who was born about 8 years after Jim. **[17 Ray, Joe, Bill, Margaret, Jim, Marilyn & Paul in 1953]**



I had one miscarriage between Paul and Jim. I was only a few months pregnant. Their respective ages as I am writing (I'm 89 now) are 63, 61, 60, 58, and 49.

Four of my children were breach births: the baby girl that died at birth, Bill, Marilyn and Paul.

When Jim was almost two, we moved into a different house just across a lot where we lived before. Ray's mother and dad had been living in this house since 1917, and they moved into beautifully renovated rooms in the back of the bank. An addition had been added there. The house we moved in had four bedrooms. There was a garden and a large yard with flowers and many trees. Ray and I lived in it together until he died in 1989, and I'm still living in it. It has been occupied by Tembrocks since 1917- that's over 86 years.

Joe and Bill had very good times together and with the neighborhood boys. They did a lot of horsing around, but had very few fights. They had a treehouse in a large, old elm tree where they spent quite a little time. Marilyn and her girl friends played with them sometimes, but they had a playhouse in the back of the garage. Jim was younger and small for his age, so didn't get included in their games very often. However, he was very intelligent and was very interested in books and maps from the time he was only two or three years old. When he was 4 years old in December, he recited the entire "Night Before Christmas" in a school program.

We were a very organized family. I was up first and made breakfast. We ate about 7:30 A.M. because Ray opened the bank a little before 8. Dinner was at 12:00 sharp. Supper was at 6:00, and right after supper we prayed the Rosary. When the children were small, they were in bed at 7 - then 8- and then 9 as they got older. Anything we went to, we were usually 15 minutes early. Paul had to start grade school all by himself in Ogema. Joe went to high school in Waubun, Bill went to Prep. School at St. Johns, and Marilyn went to Mt. St. Benedict at Crookston her first year of high school (because Ray thought we were obligated to send our children to a Catholic school if we could afford it). Jim started Prep. School at St. John's when he was 13. Bill and Jim wanted to go to Prep. School at that time because they intended to be priests- so poor Paul had to start first grade all by himself. He was heartbroken- and I guess I was sort of too. His first grade teacher remembers that ironed, white handkerchief in his pocket that came out quite frequently to wipe his tears the first few months of school.

Marilyn thought we were quite cruel to send her away to school at Mount Saint Benedict's in Crookston when she was fourteen, and she wanted to stay home. She went to Waubun for her sophomore year. Then Ray thought we were being derelict in our duty, so we sent her to a Catholic high school at St. Joseph, Minnesota for her junior year.

The day after Labor Day we loaded Jim 13 (going on 14), to attend St. John's Prep., Marilyn, 16, to St. Joe's, Bill, 17 to St. John's Prep., Joe 18, to St. John's University, and Paul along for the ride, to take four kids away for school. I had sewed nametags on all those clothes, got them all ready and packed them (with Marilyn's help). The trunk was full, and we fastened the boat on the back of the car, and that was full.

Two days later, we got a call from Marilyn "Come and get me. I don't like it here". So we went down, and after a few hours of trying to talk her into staying, we brought her home and she spent the next two years at Waubun (happy to be at home, and a big help to me).

Our family was great on celebrations: birthdays, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, 4th of July, and all church holidays. We never missed Mass on Sundays and Holy days, and went to daily mass often. We prayed the Rosary daily for many years. We quit for a while when the kids came home from St. John's, and they said it wasn't an especially good prayer, and that spontaneous prayer was preferred. After they were gone, Ray and I went back to our beloved Rosary.

When the children were small they played many games with the neighboring children. They had many good friends. They played Cowboys and Indians, and were always running around with toy guns. After they were gone, I collected a large sack of toy guns. They loved to hunt when they were young, and have beautiful guns, but none of them would ever want to use them in a warlike manner. We played many card games, - Monopoly, and Skat, etc. as they got older.

We took the children to go on trips occasionally. We went to Duluth a few times, to the Black Hills, to Ray's sister in Kansas City and to another sister in southern Minnesota. They stayed occasionally at my parent's farm in Callaway (9 miles away) and at my sister's in Detroit Lakes (20 miles away). We spent one week out of every summer at the cottage on White Earth Lake (11 miles away).

Ray was the chief disciplinarian. Sometimes I thought maybe he was a little too strict, but now I thank the Lord he was. I think children need that. They did what I told them, but not quite as quickly as with Ray. They confided in me more than in Ray, but I always told him about it later. I told them the facts of life, and always answered their questions. If I didn't know the answers, we tried to look it up.

The Story of My Sons and Daughter

Being blessed with five children, I have decided to tell incidents and anecdotes of their lives as they come to mind.

Joe, our oldest, was born 15 months after our first baby died. We went to a specialist in Fargo (70 miles away) because we were so afraid something might go wrong. We picked up my mother at the farm on our way. When we got to the hospital I was so frightened; I grabbed the nurse around the waist and wouldn't let go. They pried my arms away and took me to the delivery room immediately and put me under. I think they called it twilight sleep. Several hours later they brought me this red faced, wrinkled bald baby. I said, "Oh! No! That's not mine!!" He didn't look anything like that beautiful baby that had died. Anyhow, after 10 days in the hospital with me,

we were able to take him home, and he was looking pretty good by then. He turned into a beautiful blond, curly haired baby. I think he had more care than any other baby ever had.

However, when he was 6 months old, I became pregnant with Bill, so that somewhat curtailed my undivided attention to him, as I had to start preparing for another baby. Also, later on during this time, as I had mentioned before, we started planning to move into a larger house. A few months after we were comfortably living in our new house, we went to bed about 10 o'clock as was our want, the water broke about 10:30. I awoke Ray and said, "We have to go." We dressed quickly, and as we passed the clock on the Detroit Lakes State Bank, it was a little past 11:00. When we got to the hospital, I wasn't able to walk. They brought me a wheel chair and took me to the Delivery Room- but it was occupied. They then took me to the operating room and put me on a stretcher. The doctor came and gave me a cursory examination and said, "She's not ready to deliver," and started to leave the room. The nurse was standing there, and said, "Oh! Doctor, I see a foot." He returned just in time to catch the baby as he popped out. The doctor said the baby would have flown across the room if he hadn't been there. The pain was intense but short-lived.

When they brought me this baby, another surprise- he had olive skin, black hair, and he was long and skinny. His head was narrow and had a big bump on the back. They told me they didn't know what it was- either an injury at birth or what they called a waterhead. They said when he was 10 days old, they would inject a needle and draw out the fluid, and if it was bloody, it was a birth injury, and if it was clear liquid, it was the alternate opinion. Thank the Lord, it was an injury.

Then they decided they had to circumcise him, and he had to stay 4 more days. When we picked him up, the circumcision was not quite healed. They said that I should keep a bandage on it. It was impossible to put or keep a bandage on it (we tried but it didn't work), but it healed shortly anyway. He was a very good baby, and as he got older, he really got cute.

We were happy with our two babies, but really hoped not to have any for awhile. After three months of abstinence, we found rhythm didn't work, and I became pregnant again. When I went to the doctor later and he told me it had happened again, I cried. I didn't really know how I was going to handle this.

However, after a fairly uneventful pregnancy, I delivered a baby girl, I was happy! It was the best thing that ever happened to me. She's been my daughter, my helper, my friend, all my life. She wasn't so cute when she was born either. She had olive skin, almost bald, and she had hair growing on her shoulders and arms. However, as she grew older, she had black curly hair and became beautiful.

Two and one-half years later, our third son was born. I was not too disturbed about getting pregnant this time, because Marilyn was close to two years old when I became pregnant, and was

completely trained, as were the two boys. I knew this was not going to be a breech birth, because after the first 6 months, I was carrying the baby lower. With the three previous breech births, I could feel the babies' heads with my hand, close to my ribs- hence I suffered much indigestion while carrying them.

When the labor pains started, we arrived at the hospital in time. However, the baby wasn't able to make an exit, so the doctor had to use long forceps, and a cute blond baby boy emerged. I had to stay in the hospital the traditional 10 days, and then I was able to take James home. It was the 12th of December.

We now had four children and the oldest was four years old until March. I did have help for 6 months, so we managed. It was cold upstairs, but Ray, Joe and Bill were able to sleep upstairs. We moved a single bed, a child's bed, and a baby bed in a downstairs hallway. I slept in the middle with one on each side of me.

Jim was a good baby, but all was not well. When he was 5 or 6 weeks old, I noticed his head always went down on one side. Ray's mother, who lived across the lot, used to come over and visit every morning, so I mentioned it to her. She immediately said, "There's something wrong with your baby." I hadn't mentioned anything to Ray because he was busy doing income taxes, and I really didn't know if anything was wrong, because at that age, babies don't hold their heads erect very well. But now I told him right away.

We immediately took him to Fargo to a specialist, and he said he had been injured at birth with forceps that were too long, and said he had a wry neck. The doctor put him in a cast from the top of his head (with just his face out) to his bottom, just allowing enough space to change diapers. He wore this for 6 weeks. Then the doctor took it off, and he wore a small brace for a long time. Every day, until he was a year old, I had to put his little body between my legs, with his legs pointed toward me, and turn his head as far as it would go, many times. People thought I was being cruel to him. Through all of this, he was a good baby. His neck turned out o.k.

About 3 years later, I became pregnant again. However, when I was less than 2 months along, I had a miscarriage, and was very sick. We don't know whether it was a boy or a girl, because it was too early to tell.

When Jim was 7 years old, I became pregnant for the 7th time. Surprisingly, I wasn't very upset. All the children were in school, and helping me, and I always loved babies and children. Marilyn was the most excited because she thought she would get a baby sister. When I was about 5 months along, the doctor said he thought I was going to have twins, but he wasn't sure, and to come back in a few months. Then he said it was another breech birth, and the baby was sitting spread eagle, one arm to the left, one to the right, and one leg to the left, and one to the right.

When the labor pains started, we drove to Detroit Lakes. It was about 11:00 P.M. when we got there. The pains weren't too bad,

so we went to a café and had a cup of coffee. We didn't want to get to the hospital until after midnight, so we wouldn't have to pay for an extra day.

All went well, and Paul was born about 4:00 A.M. Marilyn stayed up until Ray got home, and when she found she had another brother, she cried the rest of the night. However, her sadness was short lived, and she loved Paul and helped a lot taking care of him. He was a cute baby, and everyone spoiled him. I didn't have to have extra help this time, because the older children were all good help.

My mother came for one week when I came home from the hospital. This time I had to stay in the hospital 7 days because I was an older mother; the rest were out in 3 to 5 days. I had to stay 10 days with the first 4 babies.

My Life as a Widow

After 52 years of a good married life, my husband died on the 24th of June, 1989. [18 - **Ray, Margaret, Marcella Knopke & Martha Bergen**]



He was 76 when he died and I was 75. It was an unexpected death, but I should have had an inkling. The night before he died, he was in his hospital bed, and he shut the television off at 9:30 P.M. which was unusual, because he usually shut it off after the news at 10:30 P.M. When I went in to kiss him goodnight, he was lying on his left side, and he usually was on his right side. About two days before he had said to me, "I love you very much," which was very unusual. I answered, "I love you too," and he said, "That's good!" However, at the time, I didn't think too much about it. He hadn't been well for a long time, and had been in a hospital bed in the living room for fifteen years, and I had taken care of him. When he was 58, he had been hit by a car when he was standing in back of the bank. It broke one leg, and injured the other. After two knee replacements and a fusing of the knee joint, he got a staff

infection, and they had to remove his leg way above the knee, so he had to sleep in a hospital bed.

I slept upstairs directly above him. I usually got up at 6:00 A.M., and when he heard me get up, he would push the button on his bed to raise the bed, and I could hear that.

This morning, I had heard nothing, and I knew immediately something was wrong. He was lying on the floor by his bed. He had got up to use the commode and fell down. I laid over him and found he was already cold. He died as he wanted to, suddenly, he didn't want any more doctors or hospitals or a nursing home.

I called 911, and then our Parish Priest. He told me I shouldn't be alone, so I called our neighbor, Orville Wander, and he came over. Father came shortly and prayed over him. He asked me if there was anything he could do. I said, "yes! Call all of my family," which he did. By that evening, all my children were home - Joe from California, Marilyn from Texas, Paul and Jim from St. Cloud - except Bill from Colorado, and he was there the next day. They all stayed a week or so. Then I went back to Texas with Marilyn for a while.

When I returned, I found our Parish Priest had been killed in a bicycle- truck accident. This was very sad, as I had expected a lot of consolation from him. The children were home off and on all summer. By fall, I was on my own.

I have a cousin, Sue Baker, who helped at Ray's funeral. She has continued to help me from then on - 2 or 3 times a week from one to three hours each time. She's been just wonderful, almost like a daughter- I couldn't have continued living in this big house, with a huge lawn, if it hadn't been for her.

Ray had told me where we stood financially, so I had no worries that way. However, I had never done any bookwork, paid any bills, or balanced a checkbook. Joe set up a file system, which I haven't used very diligently, and Paul and I went to the 1st National Bank in Minneapolis, and we set up our account there. They had always been a correspondent bank with the Ogema Bank. I kept CD's for all the kids in the Ogema Bank, and I always had a large checking account there. Paul and I went to Ray's lawyer in Detroit Lakes, and he set things up for me. He's still my lawyer when I need one.

It was difficult for me the first few years, because I had never done any of the business. I missed not having Ray to tell me what to do. Paul has been a big help. Marilyn and I have been together a lot since Ray died, and that has been so wonderful. Bob has been so good about letting her spend a lot of time with me. I have wonderful neighbors who check on me, and see that I'm getting along O.K.

My religion has been a big help. Ray and I were strong Catholics, and I continued after he died. We went to daily mass, and after he died, I sat in the chair where he had sat for many years. I taught Religion for 20 years, but discontinued a few years after he died, as I was getting older, and I thought they should

have new blood. I've always been friends with our Priests and helped them. I've been sacristan off and on for many years. Our priests have been like members of our family, and we invite them for Holy Days and holidays when our children were home. I rode with one for 6 Saturdays to Bemidji to attend a 3-hour course he was giving on the New Testament. One priest came to the house about twice a week to play Scrabble with me for two years, which we both enjoyed very much.

I found that the best thing for me was to keep going and going. I continued to have a small garden and many flowers. Sue did most of it, but I helped. I pulled an awful lot of weeds sitting on a small stool.

When Ray was living, we made quite a few trips, but it was difficult for him after he lost his leg. After he died, I continued going on trips, which I enjoy so much. I'm writing this part of my story in Bahia Blanca, Argentina where I'm spending 6 weeks with my daughter and son-in-law and my great granddaughter, Tiffany. I hope to get a few more trips in before my demise.

Our senior citizens meet at Shirley's Café three times a week for nutritious meals. I rarely miss any of them. I'm a life member of VFW, but sad to say, I do not do so much for this organization, but do give donations. Once upon a time, I was president. I belong to the Catholic Order of Foresters, and try to make their meetings. I have belonged for 61 years. The Catholic Ladies Sodality is another organization I belong to, but lately I haven't attended many meetings. I've been on our Church Council as president and secretary. I belong to Koinonia and attend their prayer meetings when they have them. Our Singles Group used to meet once a month, but hasn't been very active lately. Our plans are to get going again. Politics has played a great part in my life. I'm a staunch Republican, and have attended many meetings, even going so far as to State Conventions. I've been fighting against abortion since 1973, and have attended many meetings- Right to Life in Washington D.C. and in Houston, and a few times to the MCCL State Convention in Minneapolis. I've also written many letters against it. I belong to a Historical Society, Retired Teachers, and Council on Aging, and I'm president of our Senior Citizens.

My advice from someone who has lost a spouse, is to keep busy- it really helps. Also, keep in touch with family and relatives. My two sisters in Detroit Lakes and I usually see each other once a week, and we often spend overnights with each other before Marie became too ill.

MY SPIRITUALITY (This written as an assignment when I took a course on the New Testament from our local priest)

As a child, and when I was a young adult, very little emphasis was placed on the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit was mentioned when we made The Sign of The Cross - but we never dwelled on the part the Spirit played in our lives. Jesus, the Son, was always very real in my life. Even God seemed a very remote figure. When I prayed I would pray to Jesus, to Mary, or some favorite saint, but seldom to God the Father - and I think never to the Holy Spirit.

I started working with the Religious Education Program nineteen years ago, and at that time started to become aware of the Spirit in my life. It's amazing how much one can learn when teaching children. I would come to class sometimes worried and frustrated, but would try to say a quick prayer to the Holy Spirit to enlighten my mind and help me through the class - and most of the time I would quiet down, and all would go well. After class I would try to breathe a quick prayer in thanksgiving to the Holy Spirit. It really helped.

I am the type of person who has to be continually doing something. It has almost become an obsession with me. I have always worked very hard, and usually enjoyed it. It's almost like I'm wound up, and must continually keep going. It's very hard for me to relax. During my work I'm aware of the Spirit many times, and sometimes ask for help, and sometimes say a quick 'thank' you. However, I'm lacking in patience to just sit and do nothing or say nothing. Contemplation and meditation are very difficult for me. When I'm sitting and doing nothing, all sorts of plans and ideas and memories keep cluttering my mind. This is a problem I have to work on. They say the Spirit will come and take over your thoughts, but I haven't found it so. I can read religious articles and say personal prayers, and then I feel the presence of the Holy Spirit.

I'm very interested in the Bible, and enjoy Bible reading, and Bible study, and studying different interpretations. I'm anxious to do more Bible work, as I find it fascinating, and definitely feel the workings of the Holy Spirit.

When my husband was living, we had a rhythm in our prayers. When our children were home, we said many prayers before breakfast, because we didn't know when we'd all be together again for family prayer. When they were young we'd all pray the Rosary together after supper. We had seven Rosaries hanging up on a rack, and after supper each one would automatically pick up his or her Rosary, and we would pray. After our sons went to St. John's they would come home and say the Rosary was old-fashioned and just rote, and that we should pray extemporaneously. So, we discontinued it and tried what

they thought would be better. After they were grown up and left home my husband Ray and I reverted back to our beloved Rosary, only then we prayed it in the middle of the afternoon, and added Bible reading and other prayers with it. Now that he has passed on, I'm afraid I've lost the rhythm. I find it more difficult to pray alone. I ask the Holy Spirit to forgive me, and I tell the Spirit perhaps my Religious Education work and the Ministry classes I'm taking and all the almsgiving in which I'm involved will supplant in some way for the lack of rhythm in my daily prayers.

I've always seen God in nature. I love the outdoors, the flowers, the trees, all growing things, birds, animals, but I see God, not the Spirit in these things because he created them. But I can perceive the Spirit in people, in the sky and the clouds, and the wind in my hair. Yes I know God created these things too, but the Spirit is more obvious in these things. An old saying comes to me. "The world is so full of a number of things I think we should all be as happy as kings". I can't remember the author.

I am basically a very optimistic person, and I usually rationalize if things aren't going my way. I'll just retreat and try to work it out another way. I'm not taking credit for these traits. I thank God for having been so good to me - and I see the Spirit work in this too.

Family traditions mean very much to me and our family. We are interested in family trees and have worked on ours quite extensively. When our children were small, four of them, and the oldest at that time four or five years old, we would go to a chicken dinner every Sunday at my Mother and Dad's - they wanted us - and where else could we go with that crowd? My mother was such a wonderful person - she would do everything for anyone, and never complained or said anything bad about anyone.

As before mentioned, I have a difficult time with meditation or contemplation or relaxing. The most relaxed I've been in many years is when Fr. Urban was having us relax in class. But then he was reading to us, so I was able to turn my thoughts to his words and dwell on them. But as I said before, to just try to empty my mind and let God or the Holy Spirit take over and fill my thoughts with lovely things or beautiful visions is not possible with me - so I guess I'll just have to keep trying and striving until I reach that plateau of holiness.

Margaret Tembrock

This picture was taken about ten years ago when I joined the Oblates of St. Benedict at Crookston, Minnesota. I read from a book called 'Preferring Christ' every day. It's about "The Rule of St.

Benedict". I have always gone to their retreat at Crookston the first weekend after Labor Day **[19]**.



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Letter written to Chris & Sonya Thelen after Sonya had a miscarriage with their first child (letter written 4-12-2001)

Dear Chris & Sonya,

I was sorry to hear you lost your baby. I just have to tell you about the baby we lost.

We were married nine months before I got pregnant. I had no morning sickness, and felt absolutely wonderful. It wasn't until about the sixth or seventh month that I started to feel uncomfortable and miserable. I had so much indigestion.

The due date for the baby was Dec. 12th. The Dr. I had been seeing ran off and got married to his girlfriend. (He had a wife). I was left without a Dr. I kept gaining weight - I gained 35 pounds altogether.

One afternoon Dec 30th, I started getting labor pains. We stopped and picked up my mother in Callaway, and drove 40 miles to Perham. Detroit Lakes didn't have a hospital at the time. I went into the delivery room at 6 o'clock. The nurse examined me and said it would be a long time. The labor pains got worse. They would come in every half hour or so and give me a few whiffs of ether. At about 11:00 they called the Dr. He came and examined me and said it would be a long time, and went to bed.

Occasionally a nurse would come in and give me a little more ether. They left the ether right next to me, and sometimes I felt like reaching over and using it to relieve the pain or put myself out.

Ray and my mother were sitting in my hospital room waiting for our baby to be born. At 4:00 am (they had put me under) they went in and told them that the baby had died. The nurse finally woke the Dr. up and he was there. There was a question of whether they would be able to remove the baby - but with many incisions, it was accomplished. I didn't get to my hospital room until 7:00 AM.

The nurses started going by my door carrying the other mother's babies in beautiful pink blankets to be nursed by their mothers - and I had no baby. I asked to see my baby, and they said do you really want to? - and I said "yes!" They brought her in a faded old blanket. She was beautiful. About seven lbs. - fair skin - and black curly hair.

I had made many beautiful baby clothes during that long pregnancy. The next day Ray brought down a beautiful little casket and they had the baby dressed in some of the clothes I had made, and she looked so pretty. They took her back to Ogema - Many of the relatives came and held her. Then she was buried. We have a beautiful tombstone for her.

Now - to go back - The reason she couldn't be born was because she was a breech birth, and the cord was around her neck, and she

strangled. If it would been nowadays they would have performed a caesarian, and all would have been well.

Then I developed a childbirth infection or puerperal sepsis, and nearly died. I had a special nurse for 20 hours a day, and my mother stayed with me most of the 16 days I was in the hospital. Ray came down every night and sometimes stayed overnight in a hotel. After about 10 days I started to get better and thought maybe I could go home soon. The next morning my fever came back, and I was so sick. I gave up. I didn't fight to live anymore.

The head nurse came in. She said, "You're just no good. You have a husband, a father and mother, and you can have many more babies". She made me so angry I showed her I would fight to live.

After I was home, I went to a specialist in Fargo, and he told me I would never have any more children. He said he was doctoring 40 women who wanted to get pregnant, and I was the worst of the bunch. He said my fallopian tubes were completely solid. I doctored with him and in six months I became pregnant. I sure fooled him. I've had six pregnancies since.

I'm very proud and happy with my five living children. In case you think I figured wrong I did have one miscarriage between Jim and Paul.

Do hope you'll be able to come up to my cottage this summer. Some of the others won't be coming because they're going to Colorado for Nicole's Wedding this summer.

Love and prayers,
Grandma

Raising 5 Kids

Raising 5 Kids, Stories of Ray, Catherine, Marie and the White Earth Lake Ice Incident

(Editor's note: I, Joe, encouraged Mom for perhaps 10 years to tell her stories. Her stories, with pictures, were published as "I Was Born in a Granary" in 2003. The following was either written after the Granary document or got left out. Mom and Marilyn edited this document, and my daughter Becky Lorenz did the final editing).

There aren't many people that have four children when the oldest child is four years old. Eight years later our last child, Paul was born. Our first baby was a full term baby, that died on the delivery table. Also, I had a miscarriage between Jim and Paul. Raising children was not an easy task, but with determination and a strong will, it was accomplished, and I had a lot of fun, too. There were many amusing incidents along the way. I remember when Paul was born, I was bathing Paul on the kitchen table, and Jim stood there watching and said, "I don't see that he does us any good."

We lived behind the bank for the first four years of our marriage. There was no hot water, so I had a big copper boiler and would go in the bank basement, light a fire and boil the water for washing clothes. When we lived at our second house in Ogema (the Fleisher house), I had 150 diapers a week when there were 3 kids in diapers. In the winter Ray would hang the diapers in the front porch, and they would partially freeze dry. Then we would hang the diapers by the furnace vent in the living room. I had to boil the diapers as Bill and Marilyn were getting sore seats from the diapers. The kids had one bath a week and the three boys had to use the same water. Marilyn got fresh water. The water heater only heated once a day, so sometimes the water was cold.

Joe, Bill, and Marilyn were very close together and some of the time Marilyn and her girl friends wanted to play with the boys. The boys were playing soldiers and running around and shooting each other. Marilyn and her friends would pick up the wounded in the wagon and make them well. Joe and Bill built a treehouse in the box elder tree in the backyard and had friends come up. Sometimes they let the girls come up, but not very often. Most of the time they did not let Jim come up, because he was too little.

Ray was the main disciplinarian. Most of the time the children minded me. One time the three older ones were playing down in the basement and doing something naughty. I spanked them all with my hand and my hand hurt. By the time I got to the top of the stairs, they started to laugh. There was a leather thong in the basement way, and I went back down and they were crying after that (editor's note: we laughed after that, but very quietly).

Joe ran away all the time to play with Donny Tungesvick. Ray fenced in the whole back yard. I always had ginger snaps and the kids always ate them after school. There were lots of water gun fights, popper fights and sandbox fights. After much fighting, each kid got a sandbox. They could play in the others sand box only if they were invited.

Joe started cleaning fish at the Edgewater Beach Resort (that was owned by Fred and Marie Wright) in Detroit Lakes. He got 10 cents for each fish he cleaned. Jim and Marilyn would dig angleworms. They got 5 cents a dozen and sold them to Joe, and Joe sold them to customers. One day they dug 60 dozen worms. It was hot, sweaty work and there were lots of mosquitoes.

I made the children's snowsuits out of Ray's old overcoats, and they were hung on hooks behind the door. Mittens were put on top of the furnace grate to dry out (this was at our first house). I made most of Marilyn's clothes, even when she went to St. Catherine's. Marilyn indicated that Grandma Krier made some of her clothes.

All summer they swam in Ogema Lake without any supervision. When they were much older, Bill and Paul were playing submarine at White Earth Lake. They would duck and someone would throw a rock and duck under the water and the stone would gently go down through the water. Bill popped his head out while the rock was in the air. This resulted in a trip to White Earth emergency ward. Much more serious was the time that Joe flipped Bill's popsicle by Wiebolt's house. Bill chased Joe all the way home. Joe slammed the screen door, the back porch door, and the house door in his face. The last door had a glass window, and Bill got a very deep cut in his shoulder.

Joe broke a bottle by the dump near the ball field, and Marilyn got a bad cut on her leg. I was upset because Marilyn might become a model, and the cut may have left a scar.

The kids all helped in the garden. They picked potato bugs, weeded, hoed, watered and picked vegetables. Ray loved to work in the garden. 4H was a major part of the kid's summer lives. One year Marilyn had 5 projects, Joe had 4, Jim had 3 and Bill had 1 or 2. The reports were a lot of work and they had to be done on time. Several projects went to the Minnesota State Fair and some blue ribbons were won.

We picked wild raspberries east of Ogema for several years. We used empty metal syrup pails to pick the berries. The earliest I remember with the kids was when Joe was 5, Bill was 4 and Marilyn was 3. Joe and Marilyn picked steadily, but Bill sat down and had to be moved. He ate most of his berries. Ray got the day off and we gave half of the berries to Ray's parents, Joe and Frances. I made lots of raspberry jam with clear juice.

We lived off our garden. Ray loved to garden, and he had the kids all organized to help with the gardening (except for Marilyn who worked in the house). One year we canned 700 quarts of vegetables which included 60 quarts of peas. Nobody liked canned peas, and it took forever to pick and shell that many peas. So we stopped canning peas and only had raw peas. We made a lot of sauerkraut in big Red Wing crocks. We cut the cabbage outside into large wash basins with a special cabbage cutter. The crocks were stored in the basement. We also stored potatoes and carrots in the basement.

I made all our laundry and dish soap. We saved animal fat, and I mixed in lye and borax and made soap. This was cut into squares and some of it was grated for washing clothes. I also made soap from bacon grease, lye and glycerin.

I baked every Saturday and made 7 loaves of bread and two pans of rolls, one caramel and the other frosted. Everything was eaten by the next week.

One summer, Jerry Tembrock "Junior" lived at our house for 6 weeks. I had a hand wringer at that time, and he helped wring out the clothes. I remember when Junior rolled his car by the Old Trading Post on the way to White Earth Lake. At one point Al Hoodecheck suggested that Junior staying at our house was extra work when I had so much work. Ray didn't appreciate the comment as he always liked his uncle, Jerry Tembrock and wanted to help his son Junior as his parents had moved to California.

We went to the farm almost every Sunday to visit Grandma and Grandpa Krier. There wasn't any other place to take 4 kids. On Mother's Day and Father's Day we would stop at the Bank and visit Ray's parents. We would only stay for 15 minutes as the kids made them nervous.

Church was very important for our family. We went to daily Mass during Lent and to all the devotions. We prayed the rosary every day for the "Family that Prays Together, Stays Together". The prayers worked as we are a very close family. We prayed for a religious vocation in our family and several of our boys were priesthood students for many years.

We had one week at the Tembrock Cottage on White Earth Lake each year. The high point was getting a case of fresh peaches and a case of pop. Ray worked during the day at the bank and came out evenings. We went on several long trips (long in those days for Ogema). We traveled to Kansas City to visit Ray's sister Marcella, to Worthington to visit Ray's sister Alvina, and several trips to Duluth. We went to the zoo in Duluth.

Our family played lots of games (TV didn't come until Joe was 12 in 1952). Some of the games we played were Monopoly, Pit (we would shout so loud we got horse trying to trade commodities), chess (Joe and Jim played lots of chess and Jim usually won), skat, volleyball, croquet and softball (Marilyn got a broken nose when Jimmy Johnston swung a bat). Ray and I played skat almost every week with Ray's parents, Joe and Frances. Joe loved to play cards and would get the kids to hold their thumbs so he would have good luck.

One year when the kids were away in college, I decided not to have a live Christmas tree. The kids didn't think that was right. So Joe and Bill were spear fishing in the Narrows of White Earth Lake, and they flipped a coin to see who would get a tree. Bill lost and he had to go all the way across the lake, top a tree and walk all the way back (Joe didn't get any fish while he was gone).

Paul:

I got pregnant with Paul June 12th after Ray's parent's wedding anniversary party. I was surprised as I hadn't been pregnant for almost 8 years. The other kids were somewhat grown up, and I wasn't at all sorry about being pregnant again. Towards evening on March 9th I started getting labor pains. I told Ray that it was time to go to the hospital. We got to the hospital in Detroit Lakes about 11:00 in the evening and waited until midnight so we wouldn't have to pay for another day. Our doctor was Dr. Ellingson. My labor lasted about 4 hours and there was not a breech birth. I didn't have a complete

anesthetic as I only had a complete anesthetic with Joe. I was told I might have twins. I was almost 38 and because of my age, I stayed in the hospital for 7 days.

Marilyn stayed up until Ray got home about 4 AM. Then she cried as she wanted a sister. Seven days later she fell in love with Paul. She wouldn't let anyone else take care of him because she loved him so much. Paul got spoiled as all were willing to take care of him. He was a very cute and precocious baby. He was a very happy child and did not need a lot of attention.

Ray sometimes took Paul to the bank on Sundays. There were loaded pistols at the bank under the teller windows. Paul was about 3 years old. He took one of the guns, pointed it at Ray and said, "Stick Em up". Paul pulled the trigger and the gun fired and put a hole in the wall. The hole is still there. Ray brought Paul home and he was white as a sheet. Bill said he went back to the bank and found the bullet.

Bill remembers Paul getting his first hair cut. We older kids got haircuts from Grandma Krier at the farm. In the spring all the older boys would get a "heine" or a "butch". Anyway, Bill took Paul to Amor Casper's barbershop. Paul got in the chair and started to cry. Amor entertained Paul and soon he was enjoying himself with a new haircut.

When Paul started school, all his siblings were away at school. He didn't want to go to school. I walked him to school and said goodbye. He came back crying, and I stood there and said he had to go to school. That lasted a couple weeks. Every day his teacher, Mrs. Wirtz took out a white folded handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his eyes. Paul did well in school. He had Ms. Oswald in the 3rd and 4th grades. He was her little helper. She gave him a beautiful rosary with his name engraved on it for helping her. Paul, Bugger McArthur and Larry Morrison had excellent voices and they sang at all the school events.

Paul came home from school one day and said, "Gee, I've got an old mother". All the other mothers were 25 to 30 years old. I started dying my hair. The first time I did it, it looked purple in the sun. I was president of the PTA in Ogema and a band mother in Waubun. Paul belonged to 4H. He did a demo on how to plant a geranium. He won a trip to the state fair. He was 12 years old at the time and when he got on the bus, he was crying as he had never left his mother. He had a good time and gave the demo. The plant was almost dead when he got there, and he felt bad about that.

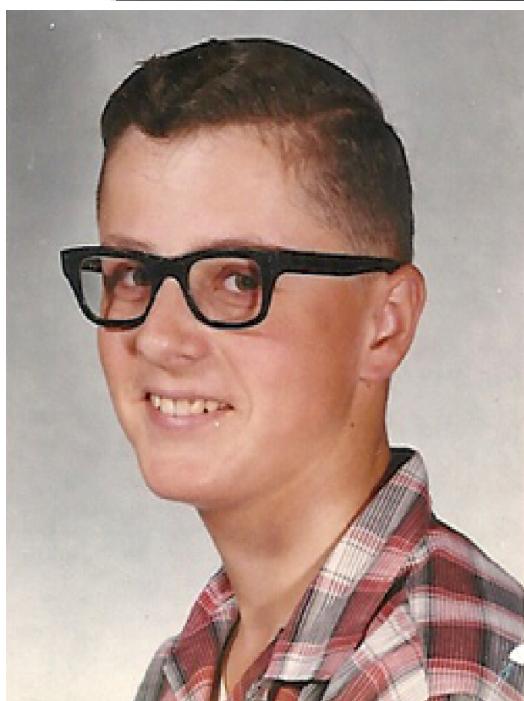
Paul was always getting hurt. He was sliding down the hill by Jake Lorsung's and had his head up and he hit a barbed wire fence. Dad had to take him to the hospital. Next year he was skating, and he broke his collarbone. At 12 he was sliding down a steep bank and broke his leg. We had to use a toboggan to get him to the car.

He played band in Waubun in the 7th and 8th grade. Paul played football at St. John's Prep School. He hurt his knee. His worst accident was a displaced neck that required a trip to the hospital in an ambulance and a stay in the hospital for 8 to 9 days. He stopped playing football after that.

Paul never wanted to go to bed. He always wanted to stay up with his older brothers and sister. When the boys would come home from fishing, he would come down from his bed in his pajamas and see the fish cleaned. Paul was always dad's companion. Dad would take Paul along in the country to count cattle and other bank business. Ray would have Paul walk downtown about 4 pm, and they would get a piece of pie together at the restaurant across the street from the bank. When I was in the hospital (probably from my broken ankle), they would visit me. They stopped at Hawley, and Paul would have a chicken dinner, and Ray would have a hamburger.

After grade school Paul went to St. John's Prep School. Paul's brother Jim was at St. John's, and they went on lots of hikes in the woods and had a good time. After he graduated from high school, he went to St. John's University. He also worked in the post office for Martin Rath OSB. After that he spent 2 years in Chicago getting a degree in physical therapy. He lived in a basement apartment in a bad part of Chicago. After he returned from Christmas vacation, he found his apartment ransacked and his guns stolen.





Paul (2 years old) in front of our Ogema back porch 8th grade picture in 1965

Jim:

Jim was born in the Detroit Lakes hospital. I had a normal time carrying him. I had 3 very active children. He didn't want to be born, and Doctor Ellingson had to use high forceps and pulled him out by the head. He was not a breech birth baby. I stayed in the hospital for 7 to 10 days. He was a very good baby.

When he was about six weeks old, I noticed that his head drooped over his shoulder. Grandma Tembrock came over to visit me almost every morning, and she said that something was wrong with the baby and that I should tell Ray. I didn't want to bother Ray as he was very busy at the bank doing income taxes. Grandma told Ray that there was something wrong with the baby. We immediately went to a doctor in Fargo. He was diagnosed with a "wry neck". They put on a cast from the top of his head to where I changed his diapers. He had the cast on for 6 weeks. Then they put on a soft cast. I had to exercise his neck every morning for almost a year. His neck was a little weak until he was two. By the time he was six years old he was ok.

I had help when Jim was born. Norma helped for 6 weeks. She was going with Des Kunz, and they planned to get married in June. We paid her \$10 a week. She was not a Catholic and was studying the Catholic religion. Her parents didn't approve of her marrying a Catholic and wouldn't let her live at home. After 6 weeks, we let her continue to stay at our house but reduced her pay to \$7.50 a week and before her wedding to \$5 a week. By then she was working part time.

Jim was a very good child – "Thank Heavens." He was very precocious. He had books; he drew maps – while the other kids were screaming and hollering. I always said nursery rhythms to the kids. Jim knew the entire "Night before Christmas" before he was four. He recited the entire poem on stage at the Ogema School Christmas pageant. Jim was the littlest child in his school class except for Millard Bruebaker. He was 4 foot 11 inches tall and weighed 87 pounds when he left for high school. He didn't do much with the bigger kids.

He did well in school until the 4th or 5th grade when he was getting C's. I think his teacher was Mrs. Brooks. I went to school, and she showed me his workbooks. Half of the work was not done. After that he couldn't read library books until his school work was done. She didn't get Jim under control. In the 7th and 8th grades Jim had Mr. Alstead. He did marvelous things. Jim helped construct the universe with all the planets and the moons hanging from the ceiling. James had all A's.

As children growing up, Jim and Bill decided to become priests. Joe built an altar. Bill was the priest, and Jim was the server. They used an egg cup for the chalice. He decided to be a priest, and Ray made the arrangements for Jim to go to St. John's. Joe was a freshman in college, Bill was a senior as a priesthood student, and Jim started as a freshman priesthood student. He got good marks, but never took care of his clothes. He brought home clothes to wash and hadn't changed his PJs for over a month.

He had wonderful marks at St. John's prep school. We didn't pay much for his first two years of college. He decided to continue as a priesthood student his third year and we didn't have to pay for his schooling after that as he became a monk. He never wavered and his marks were good. There were no problems. He went on for two more years of college, and he took his first vows. Jim took a national test and got within a half of a percent from getting a national merit scholarship.

He became a friend of Fr. Paul Marx. He was a difficult person. Jim took Fr. Paul to meetings. Jim was a slave to him. Jim was not mentioned when Fr. Paul wrote about his life.

Jim met Gloria through pro life. They became attracted to each other and visited each other frequently. She was not a Catholic. He took his first vows and later took his final vows. A lot of people attended his final vows. Then he took a sabbatical for a year. He bought a car and went to California. He brought Gloria to visit in California. She went back and they broke up. He spent a year in California. He spent some time with Joe and Judy. There was a bit of a challenge with Judy as Joe and Jim would drink brandy and play chess. Jim worked in Sand City by Monterey at a parish. He taught religion. He got paid.

Jim went back to St. John's as a brother. He met Donna while he was in the monastery. Donna was at St. Ben's. Jim was a nice guy. He helped her with her studies. She was good at arts and crafts. He and Donna got together frequently at Sue and Paul's place. Jim decided to leave St. John's and went to Rochester for two years to become a registered nurse. Jim stayed with a family that had a handicapped son. He helped them and got room and board. Joe remembers visiting Rochester when Dad was in the hospital, and Jim was a nursing student. He remembers asking Jim why he wasn't seeing any of the "honeys" in the nursing program. After getting his RN, he returned to St. Cloud and got a job at the Veterans Hospital. He frequently stayed at Sue and Paul's with Donna. They were very "lovey-dovey." Donna would pat Jim's stomach. Marie disapproved of their marriage and told Jim. Jim had already asked Donna. Jim and Donna had a lovely wedding at Lucan that was celebrated with many relatives and friends.

Following are some general comments from Mom and Joe after the interview:

Joe remembers looking at early family pictures and always seeing Jim in front of Dad, and Dad having his hand over Jim. Jim used to look at the big bank books that Dad brought home and copy the maps. I think the books were called "Cooks." There was a famous skat game in the back porch when Jim was quite young. Jim played a "Grand", and he gloated before the game. Joe and Bill had 3 Ace/10s and Jim lost. The boys laughed and Jim cried. Jim tended to be

forgetful. Dad would get mad when Jim left the woodshed door open or lost clothes. Jim wasn't given opportunities to do things when he was young. "He was too little" and probably the other kids were more aggressive.

Joe, Bill and Jim went on a trip to the East Coast when Joe entered the army after college. Jim wrote a many page diary of the trip and Bill and Joe still have the diary. Joe let Jim drive his car on the way back and he crunched a hub cap at a gas station. He replaced it. Jim might have been a bit of an enabler with his younger brother Paul when Paul was attending St. John's Prep School. He and Paul would drink in the woods. Jim got called in before the abbot. Paul was expelled from Prep school for a week and spent the time at Maries. Paul didn't want mom and dad to know. Jim and Joe were the best of friends in college. They hiked very frequently in the woods and made a very detailed map of all the trails.



School picture 57-58



Marilyn:

In the beginning I was unhappy being pregnant with Marilyn. Bill was three months old when I found out I was pregnant again. Joe was two and a very frisky guy. Bill and Marilyn are only 12 months apart. I went to the doctor to find

out if I was pregnant. He said "yes." I screamed, "I can't be." He said to not talk as loudly as people can hear. It was the first time we had had intercourse in 3 months. My pregnancy went well.

We got to Detroit Lakes before 12 PM so we went to a café and had coffee. We waited until after 12 to go to the hospital because we didn't want to pay for an extra day. The contractions continued but not at great length. The delivery went well. Marilyn was a breech birth. She had dark skin and hair on her shoulders and arms and it didn't look very good. It would soon disappear. I was in the hospital for 7 to 10 days (I think Gemma Meyers helped for about 3 months, and a Teiken girl helped). When school started in the fall, I had no help and I had a 2 year old, a 1 year old and a new baby. My mom and dad helped a lot. Marilyn was a pretty good baby.

It was very cold upstairs. We were living in the Fleisher house. During the winter months, Ray and the boys slept upstairs, and I slept downstairs by the furnace grate with the bassinet by me. I was not able to nurse as I got a very bad infection when I tried to nurse Joe. We had a bottle warmer. We fed Marilyn at 10 PM and Ray heated the bottle at 2 AM. I did not have to get out of bed for the night feeding. Marilyn developed very rapidly. She was not hard to take care of.

We had Beverly Tembrock (she lived across the street and was just 12 years old) to help. She was very efficient. Bev would work in the kitchen while holding Marilyn. Marilyn had a mind of her own. She walked at one year and was trained at a year and a half. When I wanted to help her she would say, "I do it myself." I heard that many times. She started helping from then on. She loved to talk. She may have talked more than me, but I doubt it. She wanted to do everything herself, maybe more than she could do. She was the most wonderful daughter.

Sometimes she had problems with her brothers, especially Joe. He was not very particular. Then there were arguments. The blue rug had to be vacuumed even if it was off limits to us, but the company would use it and leave a few tracks. Marilyn insisted that it be vacuumed every week. Joe left his open books lying around. She closed his books and put them away. Joe was unhappy. Bill was tidy and particular about his things. Jim wasn't tidy about anything. She helped every Saturday. We got all the bedding washing done on Saturday. We hung it outside and later in the day made up all 4 beds. Marilyn and I did all the laundry.

She took 5 subjects in 4H. Joe took 4, Jim took 3 and Bill took the least. It was very challenging with 4 kids in 4H to get all the year end reports done. Marilyn decided when she was 10 years old to make a dress. I tried to help her. When she made a mistake, she took it out and did it over again.

She was good in all subjects and got straight A's. She was very good at spelling. Joe got no ribbons in spelling. Jim won some spelling contests. Marilyn won in Mahnomen over 8 counties. She studied spelling for months and at one point she said, "I can't stand it." She went to Detroit Lakes and finished second and didn't get to go to the State contest. She used the past tense of a word and the judges argued and decided that she lost.

We wanted to send all our children to private Catholic schools. Joe went to Waubun High School. Bill was studying for the priesthood at St. John's. We sent Marilyn to Mount St. Benedict in Crookston for her first year of high school. She seemed to fit in, but she didn't like it. She wanted to be home with our family. She was not allowed home very often. She was in plays and her marks were excellent. She went to Waubun in her second year.

There was a big argument over the summer about where she would attend the third year of high school. That fall Joe was in college at St. Johns; Bill and Jim were priesthood students at St. John's; and Marilyn was going to go to St. Ben's near St. Johns. I sewed name tags for 4 kids that summer. We pulled the boat behind the car to get all the kids' stuff to St. John's and St. Ben's. Something blew out of the boat and we went back and picked it up. After 3 days we got a call from Marilyn to come and get her. Ray sent Joe and me to convince her to stay. She couldn't be convinced and went to Waubun her sophomore, junior and senior years.

She was in a play at Waubun. She wasn't feeling well during the whole play that lasted an hour. She was a statue of the Virgin Mary and couldn't move. Many people talked about how impressive Marilyn was in the play. Marilyn graduated as valedictorian from Waubun High School. Marilyn wanted to go to St. Catherine's in St. Paul to become a nurse. She more or less always got her way.

When Marilyn was young, Joe broke a glass bottle and the glass cut Marilyn by the knee. It bled a lot and I was upset because there might be a scar and Marilyn might become a model. Marilyn, Annette Johnston, Jeanie Wiebolt, Diane Fleisher, Jimmy Niehaus, Donny Tungeswick, Joe and Bill played together a lot. Once in a while the boys let the girls play in their tree house. The boys would play cowboys and Indians. After they got shot, the girls would pick them up in the wagon and bring them to the hospital that was under our neighbor's porch (Sue Paul's house). The girls had a play house. I would sometimes come by and listen. I heard them talking about having a baby. That didn't sound so good. After that Ray tore down the playhouse. There were lots of water fights with water guns. Everyone wanted to be soldiers.

In her senior year Marilyn was asked by three boys to the senior prom. She wanted to go with Cory Haadeland who was Lutheran. Dad said she couldn't go with a Lutheran and so she didn't go to the prom. She dated Bob Thelen some in high school. When Marilyn got married, Annette Johnston said she would marry one of the Tembrock boys. Little Paul, who was 12 years old, said, "not me."

Bill remembers three days before the wedding Dad got upset because he was spending so much money. Marilyn cried. After that Dad didn't say anything. Dad bought the bridesmaids' dresses. I made Juanita's dress. The reception was

at Erie in Detroit Lakes. Marilyn invited friends from St. Kate's. Marie and Fred Wright were very generous and paid for the girls to stay at the Edgewater.

Growing up, Marilyn wanted lots of things, especially lots of shoes. I made lots of her clothes. I asked her what she wanted for Christmas one year when she was going to college. She said clothes, and I made 3 dresses for her. Marilyn had lots of stuffed toys. Another Christmas, she wanted a Teddy Bear. She found out that we hadn't bought one, and she said that was the most important thing she wanted. So Dad drove to Detroit Lakes Christmas Eve on a stormy, icy road and got a big Teddy Bear. Dad had a special spot for Marilyn.

Marilyn taught Joe how to polka at the cottage when they were in high school. There were wonderful parties with the Thelens. Everything had to be perfect with Marilyn. She is/was very beautiful. Bob was very persistent, he wanted her to quit college after three years and get married. Ray wanted her to continue college. She decided to wait and finish her college and got both an RN and a bachelor's degree in four years.

She wished she had worked at least a year before getting pregnant. Marilyn was sick many times, especially when having children. I went to help in Midland 5 or 7 times. Tommy Hennessey visited Marilyn and Bob when they were in Midland. He had a crush on her, and Bob wasn't very pleased. She took care of me in Texas for eleven months after I broke my neck. I visited them in Argentina for 4 or 5 weeks. I also spent a month in their new house in Texas. (Editor's note: Mom is now spending a couple months with Marilyn & Bob getting radiation treatment for a very rare cancer. Mom indicated that Marilyn does so much for her, and she really appreciates it.)



Above top: Marilyn 8 months, Bill 1 1/2; left: Joe, Marilyn & Bill about 1943; right: 5th grade

(Editors note: Joe is taking Mom to Fargo so she can go to Marilyn's for cancer radiation treatment. This was dictated in the airport while waiting for the airplane.)

Bill:

Bill was born June 14, 1941 in Detroit Lakes. We were living in our new house as the bank was too small, and we needed more room. My water broke about 10:30 at night and I told Ray, "We have got to go to the hospital." We left Joe off in Callaway. The clock on the bank in Detroit Lakes showed 11:00 PM. I couldn't walk as the birth was imminent. The hospital was small so I went directly to the operating room as there was someone in the delivery room. Doctor Ellingson didn't think I was dilated very much and didn't think the baby would come for a while so he started to leave the room. The nurse said there was a foot and all of a sudden Bill popped out. The doctor said if he had been standing across the room he could have caught him. There was extreme pain as I didn't have any anesthetic.

After the first day, Bill had a large bump on the back of his head. The doctor said it could either be a water head baby or just a bruise. Bill was baptized in the hospital on the 6th day by a priest with a French name because they thought he might not live. On the 10th day they inserted a needle in his head to drain the fluid. If it was bloody, then it was caused by a bruise. If it was clear, then that was very serious as it might have indicated a water head baby. Fortunately it was bloody. Bill was a breech birth, and he looked like a man from Mars. They hadn't circumcised him. He had to stay in the hospital four days after I went home without him. They circumcised him and told me to put a bandage on his penis. The bandage kept coming off when he wet his diaper. We took him home and his head was sore and his penis was sore. I felt sorry for him.

Joe did not have much of an opinion about Bill as a new brother. Bill was a very good baby. He seldom cried and took his bottle very well. When he crept, he sat on his seat. He wasn't interested in walking. He walked at 14 months. Bill was strong willed. He had his likes and dislikes. He didn't like tomato juice. Ray said he had to drink it, and it went all over the table. He continued to be a good boy.

Joe dominated Bill. Joe demanded things; Joe was the leader at all times. Bill was very docile. When Bill went to school, he was not very interested in school. In the third grade he had to learn a long part in a play. It was about a rabbit, and Bill had to memorize three pages. I worked with him every night for many days. He finally learned most of it. When Bill started serving Mass, the prayers were in Latin. He had to learn the "Confider." He spent many hours learning it.

In grade school Joe and Bill had a paper route. Joe lead; Bill followed. Later on Bill took over the paper route. Bill wanted to be on time. He took care of his stuff. He was the leader. Joe would be sitting around reading. Joe was late, not Bill. He served Mass through the 8th grade.

Bill wanted to be a priest. He used egg cups for a chalice. Jim was the priest, and Bill the altar boy. Bill would find a shawl for a cassock. Bill went to St. John's prep school.

Our kids were friends with the Johnston's next door. Bill and Annette had a mock wedding by Hattie's barn. Bill had a nick name, "His Royal Highness." He was called "Highness" for short. Joe was called "Toe Joe", Paul "T Bird", and Marilyn "Can Opener" or "Can" for short. Jim didn't have a nickname.

Bill had a bad accident. Joe and Bill had gone uptown to set up tables for a church dinner. On the way home, Joe flipped Bill's Popsicle by Wieboldt's house. Bill ran after Joe, and Joe slammed the screen door, the porch door, and the house door in his face. The glass from the house door cut Bill's shoulder very badly. Ray, Joe and I took Bill to the hospital. Joe put a tourniquet on Bill's arm below the cut where it didn't do any good. We were scared to death. It took a long time to heal as the doctor had to sew several layers. Bill did not complain. Joe was sorrowful. (Editor's note: No details are supplied for this event, but Bill was egged on by a group of boys including the editor to do something by Jake Lorsung's barn).

In prep school it was hard for Bill to learn. He did not have the easy learning ability of the others. He had to work hard to get mostly C's and occasionally a B. He got A's in religion. He couldn't learn Latin. His Latin teacher told us and Bill that Latin was too hard for him and that he would have to spend too much time studying. He suggested trying another order or becoming a brother. Bill decided to become a brother at St. John's. He took the name of Maurus because it was the name of a good friend. He worked in the carpenter shop and helped build the first cross on the new Abbey Church.

After about a year, he decided brotherhood was not his vocation. Ray bought him a car. He worked in Yellowstone for the summer and met a girl. He became very interested for a while. In the fall he started school at St. Cloud State, and he lived in Shoemaker Hall. He joined the US Navy Reserve in his junior year. He studied business. His marks were average, and he worked very hard. Bill was very active in the Newman Club.



Above: 3 months; left: 2nd grade 1948-49; right: 1959

Joe:

(Editor's note: this was dictated very early the morning of March 7th at Marilyn and Bob's house in The Woodlands, Texas. Bob was golfing with his brothers in Nevada. Joe was on his way back to California after spending a week with Marilyn & Mom.)

After we lost a full term baby on the delivery table, everyone in Ogema was very excited about our new baby. We went to a specialist in Fargo. Labor pain started out, and we picked up my mother

in Callaway. All were very worried. Halfway to Fargo, we got out of the car and walked around. It was late afternoon in March, and it was still winter. When we got there, I was frantic. They took me to a room, and I grabbed the nurse. They had to pry my hands off her. I don't remember anything after that as they put me under. The next thing I remember is they handed me this baby. I said, "No, that was not my baby." His face was wrinkled, he had no hair, and he was homely. They assured me that it was mine. I immediately fell in love with him. I went home after 10 days. Everyone in Ogema had to come to see the new baby.

I was nursing him. As time went on, my breasts got very sore. I started getting a fever. I nursed with tears in my eyes. One day I was so sick we got his father and mother, and they took my temperature. It was 104.8. Grandpa Tembrock said to take me to the doctor immediately. He made me wear his sheepskin coat. When I got to the hospital, they packed me in ice and feed me large doses of sulfa. My whole body turned blue, including my finger nails. Grandpa and Grandma Krier kept Joe when Ray visited me in the hospital every day. One of the young nurses asked if the young man that visited me was my son. I looked so terrible. I asked for a mirror. I looked ghastly. That's when we hired Mrs. Liezert (Old Lady) to help. After 8 days I came home and got Joe, and we fed Joe formula.

I remember giving Joe a bath, and he started screaming. Mrs. Liezert came over, and she wrapped Joe up as tight as possible. I later found out he had an ear infection. We went to Fargo, and they had to pierce his ear drums. When Joe was about 5 months old, I noticed that he was having a bowel movement at regular times. I put him on a potty, and I told my sister Marie that Joe was potty trained. Actually it didn't work, and he was trained at the regular time.

Joe turned out to be the cutest baby there ever was. We had his picture taken by a photographer that came around. Joe could sit up by himself and had a cute little curl. He got honorable mention in a baby picture contest. He was loved and watched over by everybody in Ogema. He got lots of attention. He walked at about a year. He was a little stinker. He was very active and got into everything.

When Joe was a year and 3 months old, Bill was born. When Bill was one year old, Marilyn was born. I was very busy. As time went on, Joe and Marilyn were very demanding. Bill didn't demand much attention, and he didn't get mad. Bill was weaned at 9 months and he weighed 27 pounds. This is what Dr. Spock recommended. He was very stubborn and lost 3 pounds. When Marilyn was about 2 1/2, Jim was born. 4 kids, under 5 years old. My folks in Callaway helped a lot. Every Sunday, we went to the farm for chicken dinner. They wanted us to visit as they didn't have any other grandchildren.

Joe from little on up was always taking things apart and trying to put them back together again. He and Marilyn were always busy. As he got older, we gave him tools. At 9 years old, dad bought him a hand jig saw. He walked around with a screwdriver and a hammer. At 11 or 12 we bought him a Craftsman jig saw, a big one. He joined 4H when he was young. We had 4 in 4H. I was a 4H leader and helped many years after that. I went to all the meetings. Jenny Mody was paid staff. I was very busy. Joe made many things. He made a sewing box that won a red ribbon at the state fair, and I am still using it. Ray had a beautiful garden and our vegetables won blue ribbons at the state fair. He made a rocking horse that is still being used. One year we had 15 4H reports, and I had to stand herd over the kids to get them done. Joe made a cutting board from an old desk from the Ogema School. The tail broke off, but I still use it.

Joe served Mass and had a paper route every morning, evening and Sunday. He served Mass through high school. He went to Waubun all 4 years. He played football for 2 years and got hurt. After that he played in the band (bass sax). He was on the baseball, basketball and track teams but was not very good in any sport. He sat on the bench most of the time. He was an honor student, but studied very little in high school.

Reflecting back.... He had a little gun (all the kids played with guns, but no one turned out to be war like). My brother John took him out hunting and when they came back Joe said "John shot a kunk" (he was about 2 years old). One day, John and Ray were going on a fishing trip, and Joe wanted to go. He cried loudly, so we set him up to go fishing with a string on the little creek by Beckers. He went hunting with dad when he was about 8 years old. He saw a pheasant south on highway 59. Dad got the pheasant.

I remember the famous Armistice Day blizzard November 11th 1940. Joe was about 8 months old. John and Dad had been hunting, and I was staying at the farm with Joe. Joe remembers they were hunting on Rat Lake and Fred Wright remembers Mission Lake. They left their hunting gear by the lake. The inside of the motor filled up with snow and they had to put cardboard to cover the vents as the motor kept stopping. John and Dad took turns walking in front of the car as the visibility was near zero to get to the farm. (Joe talked to John Krier several years to get this detail). We thought that they were going to die. After that Dad tried to go to Ogema. He got stuck by Lou Gallagher's. Clyde Farley came along with his gas truck, and he rode with him to Ogema and he got fires going in the Bank and at Tembrock's house as there was no electricity. He didn't get back to the farm until Tuesday or Wednesday and the car was completely covered with snow. Next spring there was another major storm. The electricity was off again. Dad got a fire going at his Mom and Dad's, and Joe and I spent the night at Sundet's Café where they had a wood burning stove.

Joe went to Marilyn's wedding in June from Alaska. He brought Judy to the wedding. They got engaged in the fall. We went down to St. Cloud to meet her parents. Sadie was knitting. I told EJ (Judy's father) that I had quit smoking. He smoked half a cigarette and put the other half away and said that half would be his next smoke. He never smoked again.



Left: 5 weeks; right: 2nd grade 1947-48



Senior picture, 1958

Ray:

(Editor's note: Written at White Earth Lake on the deck looking at the lake around 6 PM before going walleye fishing (Joe, Judy and Paul). We have just finished a wonderful meal of Mom's corn beef and cabbage. Joe caught a 10 pound northern pike in the morning.)

I remember my first meeting Ray when I was waiting tables in Detroit Lakes. Sadie Tembrock was working in a bank, and she belonged to the Alice White Fan Club. I had joined the Alice White Fan Club. She was blond like Marilyn Monroe. I met Sadie at the club. I went to a dance and Ray took Sadie to the dance. Sadie wanted Ray to meet me. I was 18 and teaching school and working at the Edgewater in the summer. Ray called later and wanted a date. He asked if he could come down to the Edgewater and visit. I had other men in my life at that time. With Ray, it was love at first sight. I was too young and kept going with other guys. I was going with a guy that played in the Jack Mills Band. I would meet him at the 6 AM mass. This was kind of crazy. Ray kept on. I was teaching in Callaway and he helped move a piano.

Ray went away to College at St. John's. Ray had bought a Ford coupe with a rumble seat. He sold it and lost \$100 when he went to college. Grandma Tembrock didn't want Ray to go to college. After Ray had attended college one year he stopped. Grandma was calling him an "unfaithful son."

Ray visited me at the farm. He asked me to marry him, and I said I wasn't ready. Later, I went to a dance with Ray in Ogema. He asked me to go over to the bank. He took a ring out of the vault and asked if I would become engaged. I said, "Yes". This was at Christmas time. We went to Callaway, and I woke up my dad at 3am and said Ray wanted to talk to them. My mom and dad liked Ray a lot. Ray asked for his daughter in marriage. Dad got out a bottle of whiskey. My dad was happy. I didn't go out with anyone else after that. I had quit teaching a year before I got married. I temporarily went to Ponsford to teach. The second week I got sick with scarlet fever. I was in bed for 5 weeks. Ray was not allowed in the room. My dad kept putting his finger down my throat so I

wouldn't choke. Our house was quarantined. In January I taught for one week in Richwood. My feet froze. That was the end of teaching.

I crocheted and embodied things for our wedding and planned for our wedding. We got married on June 21st. The wedding dance was in the Knights of Columbus Hall in Mahnomen. We stayed the first night at the farm and then went to Minneapolis and stayed at the Hilton for \$6 a night. We went to the Tembrock Bros. and Kolb wholesale store in the Cities (Farwell, Ozman & Kirk) and bought a davenport, a kitchen table, some silverware and dishes. Later I bought a fur coat for \$160 that was made of Hudson seal.

We went to Glacier Park and Yellowstone on our honeymoon. We brought along a thermos of mixed drinks with whiskey as we left the Cities. The cork blew out and we didn't want to waste it so we drank it all and got a little high. Ray asked if I wanted an exciting trip home from Yellowstone. We took a back road out of Yellowstone from Red Lodge to Cook City. I was scared stiff of the curves. Sometimes we had to back up to get around a corner. We got back the day before the 4th of July.

We didn't like the sleeping porch at Grandpa Tembrock's so we went to live in the back of the bank. There was no kitchen, running water, and no hot water heater. Joe asked me what turned me on about Ray. He was Catholic, very conservative and kind of romantic at first. (Editor's Note: two of Dad's love letters are at the end of the story. Mom has kept all of Dad's letters, and she read them to us kids.) He was very romantic and persistent. Every year after income taxes were done, we would take off a week or two and travel. Ray was a very stable man. He liked his drinks. He was very happy when he was drinking. Later on he got very involved in his job. He wanted all his children to get a college education and he wanted me to have a good life.

Editor's notes: Dad especially was very affected by the great depression. He saw his dad, Joe Tembrock, lose dozens of farms and only saved the bank because they were very conservative. When we were young, very little money was spent and there was a lot of home production. Mom and Dad were very generous. They paid all our college expenses (I kept a notebook and periodically got reimbursed for all school related expenses). They helped us children buy our first homes and helped Bill and Kathy buy their orchard. They gave each family a very generous Christmas gift. Over the years while dad was still alive and right after he died, they gave each of us children a generous sum of money. Much of that was forgiving loans that they had made to us. Dad never said no when we asked for help. He maybe wasn't excited to help if the request was a surprise, but he was very generous.

Some other observations about dad: Dad loved the Catholic Church. He (and Mom) gave very generously to the church in Ogema and many church related organizations. The week before he died he gave \$15,000 to St. John's. Dad helped the poor. I remember going with him to deliver Christmas baskets of food. He was on the school board for years and always supported the teachers.

Dad prayed a lot. After his accident when he was 57, he gradually became very handicapped. He spent many hours each day praying. His prayer book was almost worn out, and he had many funeral cards that reminded him of friends and relatives that he prayed for.

My fondest memories of Dad was his very warm handshake and his being able to pray openly from the heart in his later years. Dad had two sides to his personality, the very bigoted side (he ranted about the farmers, Jews, democrats, etc) and his very caring, supportive side. I marveled that a couple of his nieces (good looking, high energy divorcees loved to visit Dad, and I presume talk about life ...Monica Bergen & Mary Krier). Many people never got to know his caring side.

Dad worked way too hard at his bank, and it gradually consumed much of his life. He loved the bank and really wanted to pass it on to his boys. But none of the boys wanted to work that hard at work. Dad was an epileptic. He had occasional grand mall seizures and they scared Mom, especially

when he was driving. I think some of Dad's extreme mood swings were related to chemical imbalances and not helped by the medication he took and sometimes partying.

The following are some stories as told by Dad's 95 year old sister Martha Bergen at White Earth Lake around the 4th of July, 2011. When Ray was about 6 he cut two of his finger very badly with a saw while making a swing board. He was taken to the doctor at White Earth. When Ray was very young he either milked Jake Lorsung's cows or got milk from Jake. He caught frogs with the help of Martha and his sister Monica. He sold the frogs to restaurants and saved a lot of money (I recollect something like a thousand dollars). I remember Dad saying that he and Monica were the best of friends. She died of a ruptured appendix when she was 11 or 12. It was a slow death as her heart was very strong and there were no antibiotics. Grandpa and Grandma Tembrock visited her everyday by train at the Detroit Lakes hospital. She is buried next to my older sister that died at birth in the Ogema Cemetery.



Left: about 1 year (probably taken in Canada); right: Easter 1937, Mom made the outfit (before married)

Catherine:

Catherine (Mom's oldest sister) was a special aunt to the Tembrock Children. We all have happy memories of our almost weekly visits to the Krier farm after Sunday Mass. Catherine played with us kids as if we were real people. Jim remembers playing Canasta and Widow Whist. Bills comments: There was a player piano in the Krier house and every time I crawled underneath the piano while she was playing and I stepped on a peddle she would say "Don't do that Billy. You are screwing with my music." Joe remembers Catherine drawing pictures of little houses and little pigs with curly tails. Catherine loved music and dancing. Jim remembers her playing "Dear Hearts and Gentle People" on the 45 record player. At Mom's 90th birthday she led a whole string of people around the dance floor in her wheelchair to the live music of Cathy Erickson. Joe remembers bringing a boom box to her room at Emanuel Lutheran Assisted Living; playing Elvis'; "Jail House Rock"; holding her to the music beat in her wheelchair a few months before she died in her late 90's. Catherine had a talent for remembering names, relationships and birthdays. She was almost always positive except after Grandpa died, she didn't get

along with a live in helper. Some of Catherine's sayings were: "Foolishment (and then she would laugh) and "Enough is too much" (editor's note: this may not be true, but I quote it frequently). A bit of history: Mom indicated that a doctor said that she was not retarded, but probably had brain damage at birth. Jim's comment "Yes, I came to believe that Catherine had cerebral palsy, like I believe Donna's brother, Willy. It disturbs input and outputs, but not natural intelligence. Her birthday was December 25th and Marilyn, who truly loved Catherine, was always very generous with very thoughtful and beautiful birthday and Christmas gifts. Dad was always very patient with Catherine (although he did tease her about marrying Ray Peters, the town bachelor. Dad was her guardian for many years. Cousin Fred Wright (Marie's son) was very generous in being her guardian for her final years. Joe is storing all her beautiful scrapbooks that contain a lot of family history.



Left: Margaret & Catherine; right: Catherine 1984 "Spring Fling"

Marie:

Marie was 3 years old when I was born on the farm by Callaway. What I can remember as I grew old enough to remember things was that Marie was very busy taking care of Catherine and me. My mother was very busy with house work and farm work so it seems that Marie took over much of this responsibility. I remember Marie as being bossy to me. She was very good to us and meant well, but she thought it was her responsibility. I didn't hang up my clothes and my room was sloppy and Marie liked to tell me what I was supposed to do. She wasn't crabby. As I grew older and could help, I wasn't very anxious to do house work. I enjoyed playing with the cats and chickens. I helped my mother in the garden. After my brother John was born, I had to take care of him.

She left home when I was 9 years old. She was 12 and went to high school in Detroit Lakes. She stayed at a teacher's house (Mrs. McEllis) and worked some for her room and board. She completed high school in 3 years as I did later. After high school graduation, she went to Moorhead State Teacher College for 2 years and got a standard teachers certificate. Marie was very talented in all math courses (I wasn't). Marie's IQ was 133 and mine was 113 (I took the test at an early age).

Marie was always buying things that Dad didn't think were necessary. She bought a white collar and cuff. Dad made grandma wash it, and he made Marie take it back to the store. She was very embarrassed.

Teaching jobs were very hard to get during the Great Depression. Her first job was in Goodridge, Minnesota. It was a very small town and she taught for 2 years. She wanted more education. She got a loan from Dad and got a degree from St. Cloud State. Dad kept track of the money Marie owed. She never got it all paid back. After her husband Fred

died, I told Dad he should forgive the loan. He did and gave Marie \$1,000 (I had paid back my loan, and he gave me all the money I had paid him). She got excellent grades in math and calculus. She taught at Morton High School for \$125 a month. The next year she taught at Olivia and made more money (maybe \$150 a month).

During the summer she first waited tables at Shoram (by Detroit Lakes). Then she waited tables at the Edgewater Beach Hotel on Detroit Lakes for 4 years. She met Frederick Wright. Frederick was very good to all the waitresses. He would take out the whole bunch of waitresses to nightclubs. He kind of liked the Krier sisters and singled us out. One time he remarked that he was going to marry one of us. Marie was more attracted to Fred than I was. He went to see her a few times at Olivia. She was coming home for Christmas vacation. He met her at the depot in Detroit Lakes and said he wanted to marry her. He talked her into going to Moorhead to get married by a justice of the peace. She was about 25 years old. Fred was much older and had been married before. They called my folks. Dad wouldn't allow them to come home.

I got married in June of 1937, and she was not allowed to go to the wedding. She was still upset about that. I told them I couldn't ask them as my folks put on the wedding. Grandma convinced Dad that Marie and Fred could come back after my first baby died. They had sent gifts, a bassinet, flowers and a lot of stuff. We were living in the back room of the bank, and she would bring friends to see our new baby (Joe). Ray never condemned them. Fred and Marie reconciled with Grandpa and Grandma Krier. Grandpa wrote a letter to Marie about how she had broken Grandma's heart. (Grandpa quit going to church for sometime and that hurt Grandma. He later went back to church).

Bill came next, and we moved to the Fleisher house. Marie wanted to take me out as I was tied down with housework and kids. Norma said she would take care of the kids. Marie picked me up, and we went out for drinks...I had plenty. When we got back home, I remember getting down on my knees and picking Tinker Toys as I wanted the house to look good. Fred and Marie came up often and occasionally visited the folks.

Marie got pregnant while I was pregnant with Marilyn. She had an earlier miscarriage. When Fritz (Fred) was born, she wanted her husband Fred to quit taking drugs. She said she would not bring Fritz home until he quit taking drugs.

In later years Marie was my special companion. She went back to Church after 27 years. Fred had died, and she came to Ogema to go to confession to Father Benno. She asked for a special appointment, but he told her to come back for the regular scheduled confessions. She became very active in the Church. Marilyn, Marie and I went on a wonderful trip to Europe. Marie started teaching again after Fred died. She taught in Pelican Rapids. She would come up almost every weekend or we would go to Detroit Lakes occasionally. After Ray died, we would talk a couple times a week on the phone. Later on, I would drive to Detroit Lakes and Marie would take me around town. I held her hand for 4 hours the day before she died.

(Editor's note: Marie and Fred were very generous people for our family. The summer I graduated from the eighth grade, I started working at the Edgewater Beach Hotel cleaning fish. I stayed the first year at Marie and Fred's house. I remember a positive talking to when I didn't treat a guest properly. Because of the kindness of Marie and Fred, I made a loan to their son Fred that helped him not lose some valuable resort property. The loan worked out very well for Fred).



Above right: Marie & Fred taken Christmas day 1938 in Ft. Myers, Florida

Bottom: Tom Krier & Judy Rowe wedding at the Krier Farm, May 9, 1981

Catherine, Marie, Ray and Margaret

The Krier siblings were very long lived and were in generally good health. Catherine died at 98, Mom at 94 and Marie and John at 92.

White Earth Lake Ice Incident

(Editor's note: This story was recounted at the White Earth Lake cabin July, 2011 by: Bill, Joe, Paul Tembrock and Bob Thelen. It is to the best of our fading recollections. This is probably the most dangerous incident of our lives, except possibly for Paul, who had many exciting challenges. Our Guardian Angels were certainly alert this day).

We were home for Christmas vacation in 1964. Bill was driving his 1963 and a half brand new Ford Falcon Sprint. It was his first new car. Marilyn and Bob were newly married and living in Midland, Michigan, Joe and Judy were newly engaged. Joe was studying at the University of Chicago and Judy was teaching in Mound, Minnesota. Bill was studying at St. Cloud State College and Paul was 12 years old. We decided to go ice fishing at White Earth Lake by the "Sunken Island" where Joe speared his giant 18 pound Northern Pike a few years ago. We had along a collapsible tent that Paul owned. We were past Schermerhorn's cabin and heading into the Narrows of the Big Island when.....the front wheels of the car broke through the ice. Bill was driving and Paul was in the passenger's seat. Bill's car was a two door car. Joe was the first out as he smashed Paul against the dashboard. Bob pushed Bill against the steering wheel and got out. Bill was the last out of the car (he was in the Navy Reserves and the captain goes down with his ship). Bill took an ice chisel and went to the front of the car and the chisel went through the thin ice with no resistance. Some of us may have had something in our pants at this point, but I think it happened so fast that we didn't realize how dangerous it was as frequently the ice has water on top of thick ice. We got boughs from some trees and pushed the car back on thick ice. We set out for the fish house, but didn't see any fish. Bill solemnly stated that this could have been the end of 4 families. The water probably was between 20 and 30 feet deep.



Brothers of the "brush" taken at Marie's house on Summit Avenue in Detroit Lakes
1978



1956 -1957 (picture says "Mount St. Benedict"

Paul, Ray, Bill, Joe, Jim and Margaret Tembrock in front of the 1956 Ford with a "Thunderbird Engine"

Following are two of Ray Tembrock's love letters to Margaret Krier. The first was way before they were engaged and the second four months before their wedding.

The last 3 pages are the editor's recollection of Ogema when the Tembrock kids were growing up. Joe, Bill and Jim had a paper route and these houses are very familiar. Joe and Judy used this map to show their young children the town of Ogema. The time frame is probably the late 1970's.

J. H. TEMBROCK

G. A. TEMBROCK

L. C. KOLB

TEM BROCK BROS. & KOLB
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, SHOES, HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS

OGEMA, MINN.,

Oct. 6, 1934

Dearest Margaret,

Did you have a good time at the dance and at Waubun? There were five boys that went with me and did we have some fun. It was a regular circus. There surely was a large crowd at the dance and being the Waubun didn't have any helped us out a let.

There was something that I wanted to ask you or find out and I said that I would tell you in this letter. I just don't know just how to put it or whether I should grant myself the permission or not. When it comes to writing letters of this sort I just can't seem to find a way to express myself.

I would like to have a heart to heart talk with you, the one that I have loved but am afraid to adventure futher less you may just well toss me over board. I haven't seen you for some time nor have I written. I loved you so much but I didn't want because I was afraid. I love you so much. Will you give me this chance?

With Love,

Ray

OGEMA STATE BANK

J. H. TEMBROCK, PRESIDENT
ADAM KOLB, VICE PRESIDENT
R. H. TEMBROCK, CASHIER
W. S. TEMBROCK, ASST. CASHIER

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$14,000.00
OGEMA, MINNESOTA

February 23, 1937

Dearest,

Gee honey what do you think of this fine weather we are having ? I t surely seems as though it wants to keep the roads closed. Well I finally got rid of my headache . How has the world been treating you ?

Gee with the roads in such a condition I don't know just when we will get out of our yard again. Marcella is still here. I had planned to go yesterday but I figured it was to stormy and I turned around. Were the girls ever happy. I imagine I will drive them to Crookston tomorrow .

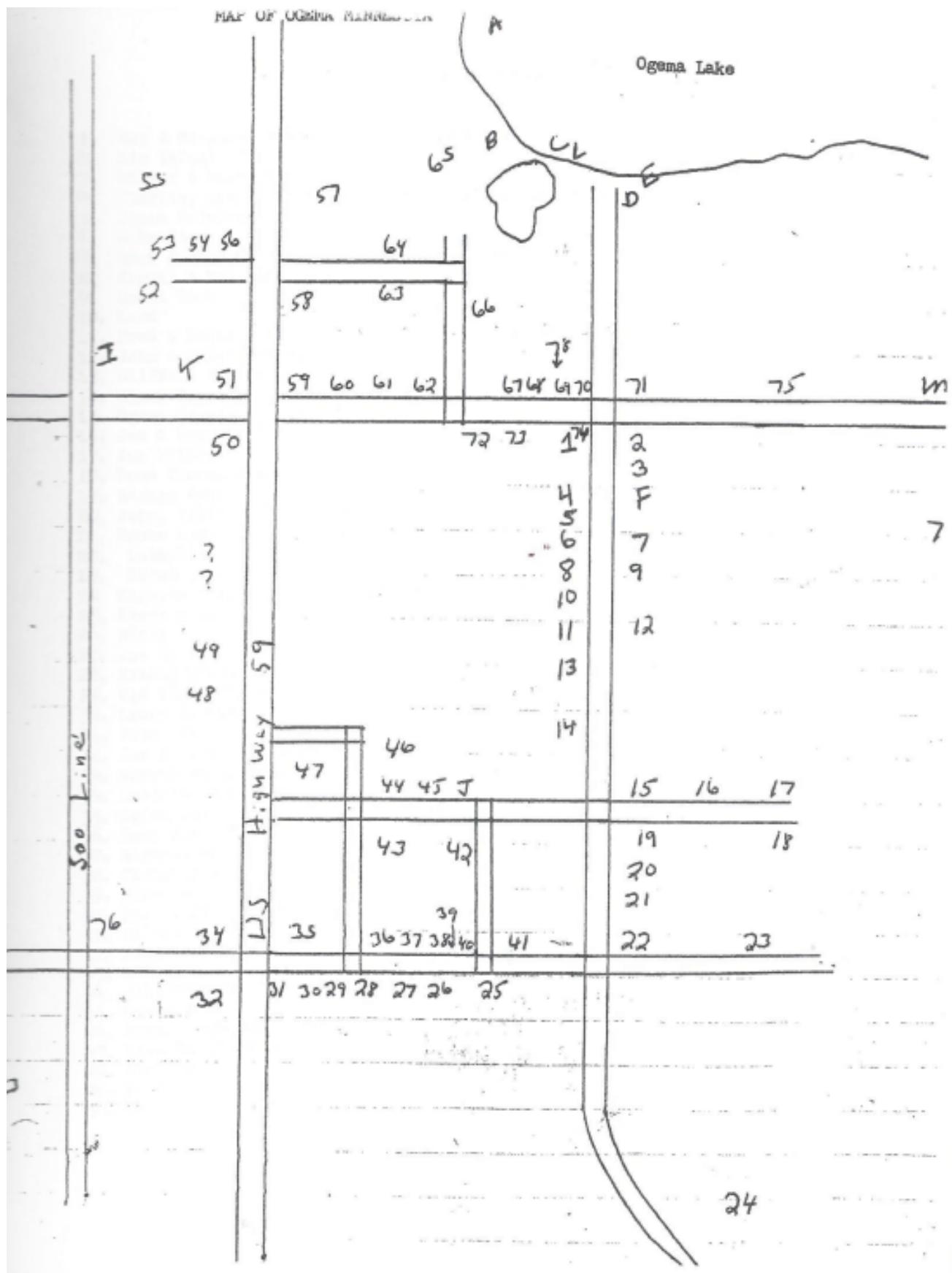
The flyer just came through so we may be getting some mail and I hope that I receive a letter from you. Gee it has been so long since I have heard from you . Sunday we were together , but not alone. I will be down some night this week if the weather permits.

Sadie is home and is getting her clothes ready. I think she will be leaving the end of this week. I surely hope she makes out fine, don't you ? I think she will be cause she has her mind set for it and will do all she can.

Gee honey I surely am glad that I will not have to put in another winter like this again. I have been thinking ~~much~~ about that because I will have you , to be with me all the time . This way it seems that something comes between us all the time. Well after a few weeks it should be nicer and the roads should be in good condition. Gee I had to have your father and John keep me again, well and it happen in such a foolish way. Well honey write soon and I will see you this week if I can get through.

With all my love,

Ray



TEMEROCK WALK OF OCEMA
1940 to 1970

1. Ray & Margaret Tembrock; Joe, Bill, Marilyn, Jim, Paul
2. Lic TeVogt
3. Wilbur & Mary DeGroat; Sandy
4. Charlie, Ann & Hattie Johnston; Annette, Jim, Craig, Barbara, Wayne
5. Frank Woźniak
6. John Steck
7. Amor & Jean Caspers; Steve, Ronnie, Eloise, "Doc"
8. Virgil & Rosemary Jasken; Denis, Glenn, Dewey
9. Cecil Cook
10. Lund
11. Fred & Leona Wiebolt; Irvin, Kenneth, Delroy, Jeanie
12. John & Carol Kraker
13. Clifford & Olga Liezert
14. Clark Bisson; Clayton
15. Ogema Creamery
16. Joe & Mary Stalberger
17. Ann Teiken
18. Rose Thoeness & Dorothy Voss
19. George Mann
20. John, Tillie & Rosalie Kraker
21. Roman Homer, Alban Fruth & Benno Watrin OSB
22. Catholic Church
23. Skeeb Cook
24. Kenneth Bray; Germaine, Don, Kenneth, Carol, Kathy, Merlin, Michael
25. Evert & Alice Henderson
26. Hintz
27. Joe Gaynor Store
28. Kraker Store
29. Old Post Office (Conrad & Anna Diekman)
30. Grace Lorsung Cafe (Fern Knuth)
31. Beer Hall
32. Joe & Loretta Teiken; Bob, Ruth
33. Warren Baker; Janet, Judy, Don
34. Groth's Garage
35. Ogema State Bank; Joe & Frances Tembrock; Henry & Delrine Pudwill; Wayne, Gary, Randy
36. Beer Hall (Carls Place)
37. Niehaus Hardware
38. Fleisher & Jasken Store
39. Fire Hall
40. Liquor Store/Town Hall
41. Wilcox Lumber
42. Edwin Metelak
43. Clarence & Lillian Mischke; Glenn, Don
44. Mike Schmit
45. Ogema Jail
46. Mose Tibodeau; "Squeaky"
47. Nels Mortenson; Clyde (dog)
48. Mrs. Berg
49. Ed & Adelkaide Krebsback; Bob, Rosemary
50. Joe Gaynor; JoAnn, Carol

51. Ogena School
52. Joe & Jim Korinta
53. Leo Humbert
54. Vern Goble
55. Fern Knuth
56. George & Gemma Meyer; Paul, Tim, Doris, Don, Roberta
57. Leo Doty; Doris, Don
58. John Pawlak
59. O.K. Pederson
60. Lew Kent/Dorothy & Leonard Kolb
61. Millard Brubaker; Millard, Bryan
62. Old Lady Lieszert/Gerry & Lu Tembrock; John, Gerry, Beverley, Barbara
63. Chris "Stuffy" Humbert; Helen, Kenneth, Lawrence
64. Mary Haverkamp; "Dopey", Willy, "Pumpkin"
65. Jake & Mary Lorsung; John
66. Skelly Angstman; Arlu, Roderick
67. Ray Groth
68. Palmer & Florence Tungeswick; Don
69. Bert & Mary Ann Niehaus; Jim
70. Lawrence & Irma Kraker; David, Mike
71. Andy & Laura Dassinger; Phillip
72. Ray & Vivian Fleisher; John, Barbara, Diane
73. Herman Peters & Ray
74. Lutheran Minister
75. Chester Angstman
76. Soo Depot (Harold Hanson)
77. Nanny Voss
78. Val & Mitzie Caspers

SPECIAL INTEREST PLACES

- A. Swimming Hole
- B. Bill's Educational Spot
- C. Culvert
- D. Warming House Spot
- E. Willow Tree
- F. Bill Tembrock/Annette Johnston Wedding (barn)
- G. Gravel Pit
- H. Nanny Voss Tree
- I. Rail Road Bridge (frogs)
- J. Jail
- K. School Window Joe Broke with Judy Baker's Head
- L. Raft Launch (it didn't work)
- M. Catholic Cemetery (planted trees, watered & mowed) (sister & grand parents buried)

Final editors notes: Mom lived alone for many years after Dad died. She loved her house, garden and yard. She was able to enjoy her extended family in a special place called "home". Her staying at home was only possible because her special friend, Sue Baker, was her helper. In her last couple of years, Sue did her shopping, house cleaning, driving, gardening, medicine organizing and bill paying. She helped Mom lead a wonderful life at home until a couple months before her death.

The last couple of months before Mom died she was in a care place by the Detroit Lakes Hospital. My siblings, a few grandchildren and at least one great grandchild visited her. Bev Wander was her prayer partner in her last days. Mom really appreciated Bev coming by almost every day and praying together.