

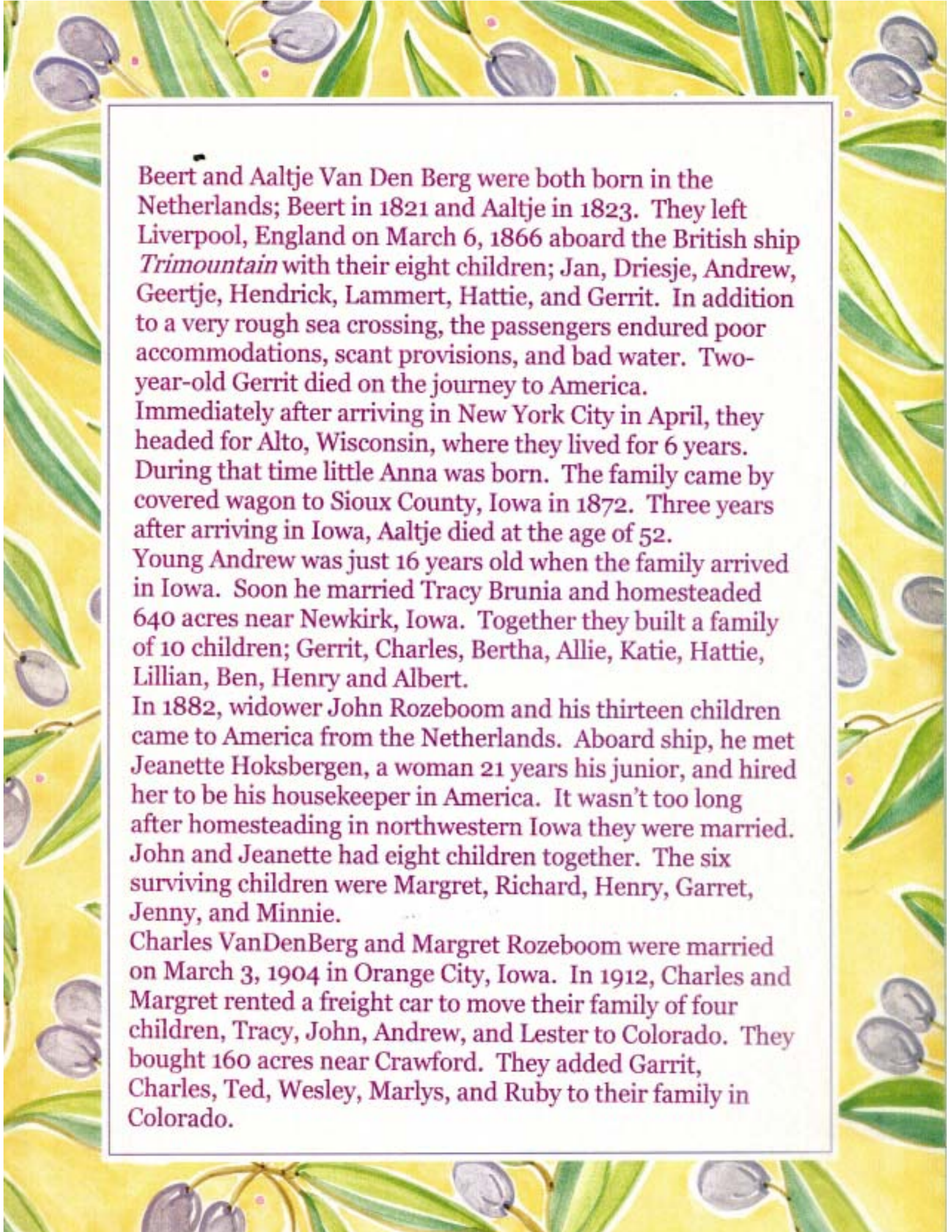
I made this scrapbook for my three beautiful daughters and my ten amazing Grandchildren in order to give them a bridge to my first family. In the faces of my grandchildren I see reflections of all the ones I loved before.

We say, look how they all have Grandma Maggie's smile, or I'll see them do something just the way my Mama did. The way Andrew loves to fish and can't be a Boy Scout is just the epitome of my Daddy. The way Shelby has Mama's face exactly. The way Erica's eyes are the exact shade of blue as her Grandma Ruby's.

That smile, the even teeth, and even the speech inflections. Grandpa VanDenBerg's chin.

But most of all, passed down through the generations: tenacity, joyfulness in all things, love and devotion to family. I'm proud of my heritage and feel so fortunate to be a part of my huge Dutch family, and you're a part of it, too

Mom & Nana



Beert and Aaltje Van Den Berg were both born in the Netherlands; Beert in 1821 and Aaltje in 1823. They left Liverpool, England on March 6, 1866 aboard the British ship *Trimountain* with their eight children; Jan, Driesje, Andrew, Geertje, Hendrick, Lammert, Hattie, and Gerrit. In addition to a very rough sea crossing, the passengers endured poor accommodations, scant provisions, and bad water. Two-year-old Gerrit died on the journey to America.

Immediately after arriving in New York City in April, they headed for Alto, Wisconsin, where they lived for 6 years. During that time little Anna was born. The family came by covered wagon to Sioux County, Iowa in 1872. Three years after arriving in Iowa, Aaltje died at the age of 52.

Young Andrew was just 16 years old when the family arrived in Iowa. Soon he married Tracy Brunia and homesteaded 640 acres near Newkirk, Iowa. Together they built a family of 10 children; Gerrit, Charles, Bertha, Allie, Katie, Hattie, Lillian, Ben, Henry and Albert.

In 1882, widower John Rozeboom and his thirteen children came to America from the Netherlands. Aboard ship, he met Jeanette Hoksbergen, a woman 21 years his junior, and hired her to be his housekeeper in America. It wasn't too long after homesteading in northwestern Iowa they were married. John and Jeanette had eight children together. The six surviving children were Margret, Richard, Henry, Garret, Jenny, and Minnie.

Charles VanDenBerg and Margret Rozeboom were married on March 3, 1904 in Orange City, Iowa. In 1912, Charles and Margret rented a freight car to move their family of four children, Tracy, John, Andrew, and Lester to Colorado. They bought 160 acres near Crawford. They added Garrit, Charles, Ted, Wesley, Marlys, and Ruby to their family in Colorado.



Above: Andrew & Tracy VanDenBerg
with their 5 daughters
Lillian, Allie, Hattie, Bertha, and Katie
Right: Charles & Margret VanDenBerg
Below: John & Jeanette Rozeboom with
their daughter, Jenny





John, Lester, Tracy, Charles, Andrew, Ted
Garret, Wesley, Maggie, Ruby, Charlie, Marlys

Marlys & Ruby

1930



Marlys & Ruby 1930



Maggie, Marlys, & Ruby 1929



Ruby 1937




Marlys & Ruby 1934





*Wesley, Charles, Ted, Lester, Papa, Andrew, John
Marlys, Tracy, Mama, Ruby
1959*





Our Family written by Ruby Faye VanDenBerg; November, 1944

I was born in Crawford, Colorado, November 29, 1928 on Thanksgiving Day. I was the youngest child in a family of ten. Seven boys and three girls:

Their names are Tracy, John, Andrew, Lester, Garrett, Charles, Ted, Wesley, Marlys, and I. Tracy, (Toots) or Andrew, John, Charles, and Marlys are married. The others are all single.

I lived on a ranch near Crawford my first four years then moved to Paonia until I was five. We moved to Eckert next where I started to school. We stayed here two years, and moved to Delta, Colorado. We stayed there until I was in the fourth grade and moved to Read. I was in the sixth grade when we moved to Olathe, Colorado, where I finished grade school at Frost and started High School in Olathe.

I have three brothers in the service. Charles is 27 (his wife is Vivian) in San Francisco in the Coast Guard. Ted is 25, in Australia, in the Army. Wesley is 21 in the Army, he is now on the ocean in China.

John lives near Olathe, with wife Ada and children Edward Monroe, Danny Arthur, and Gary Ray, also Nancy Lee.

Toots and his wife Kleo, live near Crawford on a farm with children Dolly Margaret, Buddy (Deward Lee), Teddy Wilfred, George Andrew, and Lester.

Tracy and Earl live near Crawford on a farm, with son Hugh. They also have a married daughter, Leila Joann Fisk and her husband Roy Fisk, who live in Rhode Island. Their baby is David.

Lester and Marlys are in Arizona. Lester is a preacher. Marlys is there visiting, but expects to leave soon.

Mama and Papa were born and raised in Iowa. They came here shortly after Lester was born.

(later) Marlys is now in California. She married Kenneth Hilton April 21. He is now in Missouri.



Excerpts from letters the kids sent Papa and Mama during June, 1945

From Wesley, in Burma... I suppose I will be the last one to get married yet. I hate that too because I am getting pretty old. Ha Ha.

From Lester, in New Mexico... It must be a busy time for you there, these days, canning, picking fruit, etc. Fruit is rather scarce in this part, therefore it is quite expensive.

From Marlys, in San Francisco... Yesterday Charles, Viv & I went down to the beach and had more fun than I have had for some time. We layed in the sand and ran away from the big breakers. We were all good and sun burned last night when we went to Oakland for mtg.

From Ted, in Australia... Dear Folks, I received your very welcome letter today. So beings I have time I will try answering it tonight. Have built a fire in the stove and am real comfortable. I even popped a little corn. Was the first I've had since leaving the States. Sure was good.

From Charles, in San Francisco... Now will soon have to put up your hay won't you? I hope that you have lots of it so you won't have to buy more. I suppose you will buy Toots part of it, won't you? Well I have to go now. I have to bake apple pie and lemon cookies tonite. Tell Ruby to write if she has time.



Ted with unknown buddy



Marlys & Ken



Ruby, Wesley Tracy



Charles



Lester

PARIS
27
AVRIL
64
07

PARIS
27
AVRIL
64
07
ETRANGER

PARIS
27
AVRIL
64
07
ETRANGER



Vivien & Charles



Ted



Will you have a part in Victory?



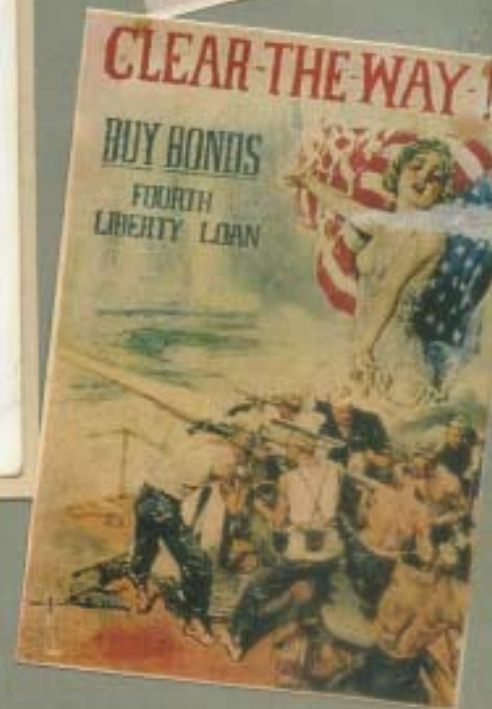
Every Garden a Munition Plant



Ruby, Papa, & Marlys



Wesley





Charles



Mama, Wesley, & Papa

Family Tradition

The VanDenBergs were a very close family, and whatever they did, they liked to do together. They loved to eat and they loved to laugh. Us kids would be out in the yard and we'd hear the roar of laughter come from the adults in the house.

Holidays were a big production, and we all had a great time. At Christmas, my aunts and girl cousins got together at Grandma's to wrap presents, decorate the tree, and bake cookies. Every level surface was covered with hundreds of cookies. So many of the family gathered for the 4th of July, we'd have to meet at the City Park, our feast spread on quilts on the ground. Every family looked forward to hunting season. Many came to the camp my Dad set up before the first snow. Those who bagged a deer or elk would share with those who didn't. We all loved to camp. Every summer our family would pack down into Curecanti. And Mama wrote about several trips to the lakes on Grand Mesa where they all loved to fish.

The VanDenBerg women and their friends loved to quilt, and had a quilt going every winter. One would put a quilt top together during the summer, and the ladies would meet every Tuesday to quilt. Next winter, it would be at someone else's house.

Every spring would find groups of VanDenBerg women picking asparagus together, and Grandma's kitchen would buzz with activity in the fall when they'd get together to "put up" the harvest. Sparkling glass jars gleamed on cellar shelves: cherries, peaches, pears, tomatoes, plums, jam, jelly, preserves, and pickles. Crocks of sauerkraut, bags of potatoes, and bushel boxes of apples lined the wall. Grandpa and Grandma loved their huge family and passed on the greatest tradition of all...love.





Charley Sr
last time he went
Elk hunting in the
mountains see the
Elk on the pack horse
taken 6 yrs ago
1936





Dolly and Ruby

© 1914 Laidley, for copyright in the fish



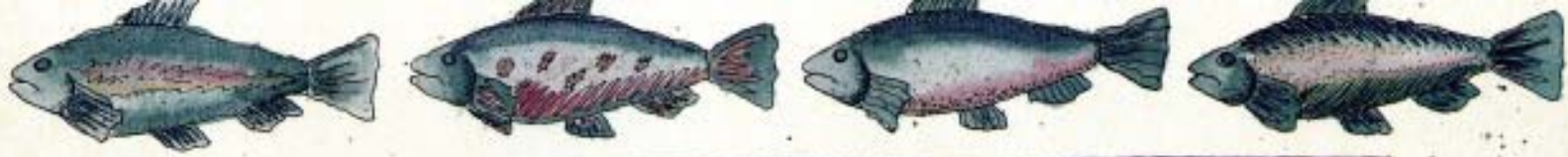


This summer Lester, Charles, Vivian, Papa, Toots, Dolly, Tracy, John, Ada, Edward, Danny, Mariys, and I went to Grand Mesa. Lester, Charles, Vivian, Papa, Dolly and Mariys rode up in Charles and Vivian's car. The rest of us coming from Olathe rode to Eckert in John's car. When we got to Eckert, Charles' carload went on up, and we waited for Toots and Tracy to come up to Eckert in Toots' pickup. We didn't wait very long for them, because they came soon after the other carload left. John left his car at Frank Hart's in Eckert and we started out in Toots' pickup. After we were up a ways we had a flat tire. Then, up came Charles and his carload. We were surprised because they had started out before we did. They said they had stopped in Cedaredge to do some shopping. They went on ahead of us again. It didn't take long to have the tire fixed and Tracy rode in the back with Edward, Danny, and I. We could look down for miles and miles from Mount Lamborn & Land's End to the San Juan Range to 25 Mesa. It was really a beautiful sight. Then we went by where Grand Mesa National Forest begins where the beautiful quaking aspens begin to grow. The columbines were all gone because it was getting near the last of August. We got up to Barron Lake and stopped to rent some cars. We started out again, and were on our way to Weir & Johnson Lake. When we got there, Charles and Vivian's load had just got there.

When we got there, we went over to Leon Lake. The men took the boats out and Papa and the rest of us sat on the bank and watched. There was an old raft there that Tracy, Ada, Vivian, Mariys, Dolly and I got on and went out a little ways, but Mariys wanted to go back to the bank, so we did.

It was a little hard to get back to the bank, but we did by some of us jumped off & pulled the raft on in safely. There wasn't much for us to do, since there weren't any boats for us to ride in so we went back to camp. When we got back to camp we made the beds and a few things like that. Papa chopped some wood, we built a fire, we looked at magazines and different things. John went and fly fished for awhile in Johnson lake, but he had no luck. The he and Edward went down to Sachett Reservoir, got them a raft and they caught eight fish. After awhile, towards evening, Dolly and I went down to Sachett Reservoir. We thought maybe we could ride with





Edward and John on the raft, but we didn't even ask, because we knew it would be too hard to bring the raft to shore. We sat on the bank for a long time, then went back to camp. We ate supper and started a real nice camp fire, then about 8 o'clock Toots, Les, and Charles came back with a real bunch of fish. John didn't come and didn't come, so Dolly and I took Charles' flashlight and went down after him. It was real dark and there were a lot of rocks, and Edward was barefooted. He got real far behind, so John carried him on in. When we got there, the camp fire was bigger than ever and lots prettier. They were glad to see John back with his eight fish even though they did catch a lot more.

We all sat around our camp fire & sang songs and Toots cleaned the fish.


We finally decided to go to bed so we could get up the next morning. We slept all in a row except Chas. and Vivian and Papa & Lester. I slept between Tracy and Dolly and I didn't sleep a wink all night. I couldn't turn over or anything, so I got up and sat at the top of the bed for awhile. Then I crawled back in, but still couldn't sleep.

Lester got up at 2 o'clock a.m. and got Toots and John up so that they could go to Leon and get the boats. They went over, but they couldn't fish or anything it was so dark.

Marlys and Tracy stayed up the rest of the night but Ada, Dolly and I went back to bed and we slept real good then. I was laying on a rock, but it wasn't so bad. When daylight came we heard Papa get up, then Ada got up, but Dolly and I stayed in bed. Charles got up, too, then Ada got in bed with Vivian for a little while. After they got up, Dolly and I got in Charles and Vivian's bed. There was a springs in it, so it felt much better than the ground. We stayed in bed for quite a while, then we got up.

Charles and Vivian and Papa went over to Leon Lake. Dolly and I ate breakfast, and after a while we went to Leon. Edward and Danny went with us. When we got there, Charles and Vivian and Papa and John were out on the raft. We watched them for a long time then decided to walk over to where Toots and Lester were fishing. There were really a lot of logs to climb over. Danny couldn't hardly "hacker" it. Dolly helped Danny along quite a lot, and I did at first.

When we got over to where Toots and Les were, they were just ready to come to dinner, so we let Danny in the boat to ride back, then Edward and Dolly and I walked back. When we got there, Toots said we could have the boat until they got back, if we wouldn't get too far out in the lake, and we wouldn't use the spinner. They left and Edward went with us and Danny went with them. Dolly rowed the boat first, then I did. We went quite a ways from the shore, so Dolly said, "If we let the spinner out just a little ways, I know we won't get a snag, and we might catch a fish." I told her I didn't think it would hurt, so she did. The we let it out a little farther and a little farther.





Then we got to thinking "What if we do catch a fish, then they'll know we used the spinner, and Les told us not to."

Then we laughed, but we still kept the spinner out. We went a long ways out on the lake, then we thought they might be coming, so we went around there to the shore, and Edward wanted out so we let him. Then just as we started out again, he wanted back in, so we let him in again. After quite a while he wanted out, so we let him out this time he went [to camp]. After he got out, we really went a long ways out, and we put the line out almost as far as it would go! We were really having lots of fun. We went way to the other side of the lake! The line got wrapped around the oar, boy we were really scared. Dolly got that loose, then the line got all tangled up and it took us a long time to get that loose. Just then the ball of line fell in the water, and Dolly grabbed it just in time. She was wearing Ada's hat and it sailed into the lake!! We turned around and it was just ready to sink when I caught it!! Oh! I left out the very best part Dolly caught a fish, and I'll bet that was the most thrilling fish caught up there out of all those they caught. We laughed and laughed.

While we were on the other side of the lake, Toots and John came!! We knew Toots wouldn't like it, but we rode back, straight across the lake. Toots didn't like it very well but he didn't say much about it to us.

They said that Charles, Vivian, Lester, Mariys and Papa went home a long time ago. I was planning oh riding home with them, but if I would've I would've missed out on my boat ride. We went back to camp then and we found Tracy and Ada and Danny and Edward coming over to Leon Lake but we were so tired, we didn't even think of going back with them.

When we got back we sat down in the car for awhile and all there was to eat was a can of condensed milk. I drank some and gave some to Dolly. Then after a while we got a quilt and laid it down under a spruce tree. I was almost asleep & Dolly & Danny came and tickled my nose with some of those spruce tree needles. That woke me up. Then we laughed and talked, but I was so tired I almost dropped. Pretty soon Ada and Tracy came back, and said that John and Toots hadn't even given them a boat ride, so they didn't get to ride in the boat at all. That evening we went home. When we got to where John left his car in Eckert, he had a flat tire, so that kept us there until about 9:00 o'clock. We got home at about ten o'clock and boy was I hungry, without anything to eat for dinner or supper, and a very little breakfast.

The next day, we all went to Ouray, and had a grand time, it would have been a lot nicer, if it didn't rain. We went into and above box canyon. In the afternoon we went swimming, and Papa and Mama went in too! What fun!!



clear back and it was clouding up!! Edward hollered "Here is a boat!" I thought that is what he said, but M & K thought he said "There isn't any boat!"

We hurried as fast as possible and we found that they had found a boat. I was so glad that I kissed Kenny!—ha. Our little journey started. Kenny and I rowed the boat and Marlys and John fished. We rowed over to where they said was the best fishing. We went round and round in that spot. Just then thunder clapped real loud and I hollered a little. Lightening struck at the place where the oar fastens to the boat. It seemed to me a pretty close call, but since the rest weren't afraid, I tried not to be. We then started catching fish! John and Marlys kept right up with each other until John got two ahead. We decided we better hit the trail again. Marlys and Kenny traded places. Kenny fished while Marlys and I rowed the boat. We went slowly and round about back to the trail. 3 miles yet to walk! Danny and I started before the rest. We got down to the open space and here came Edward as fast as he could come! He was tired so Danny and I while he and we rested. Then the older ones caught up with us. Danny, Edward, John and I got ahead of the newlyweds. We talked about the moon, how nice it was that it was a full moon when we had to walk in the dark. We talked about our fish, etc. (We caught 19 in Leon...Kenny 1, Marlys 8, and John 10). After awhile we reached the car and it was stuck in a mud-hole. After a few pushes here and there we got out and were homeward bound. After getting stuck three more times and getting out, had lights, going over slick roads, going by the lakes, turning in the oars, we were back in our cabin by the fire eating pepper-pot soup. Yum. Yum.

Danny was so tired we put him to bed without any supper. Edward decided to go to bed for awhile and then eat, but before he got in bed, he was asleep. When Ken and Marlys went "home" I went to bed and John cleaned the fish. It didn't take us long to get to sleep that night. It rained a little. The next morning John got up at 8 o'clock. I got up at 8:30. We ate and cleaned up the cabin, did the dishes, etc. Marlys and Kenny got up around 11 o'clock. Marlys fixed breakfast for them and we got ready and started out. On the way down we picked a bouquet of flowers for Art.





Grand Mesa Trip, July 22-24, 1945

John, Danny, Edward, Kenny, Marlys and I went up to the mesa Sunday afternoon about 1:30 p.m. It rained a little on the way up. We went to Alexander Lake Lodge and rented 2 cabins. A single-bed cabin to Marlys and Kenny and a double-bed cabin for John, the kids, and I. We had a nice stove in our cabin, but found it rather hard to start.

John rented a boat for an hour- 35cents and all but Marlys and Kenny went out in it. I rowed the boat while John fished. We were out quite awhile when Marlys and Kenny rented a boat and came out on the lake (Twin Lake). They really did go fast! Each had an oar and both rowed. We didn't have any luck except for the fish John caught from the shore, but we had a good boat ride. We went to our cabin then and had chili soup for supper. It was really good. After eating, Kenny and Marlys went to their cabin. We went to bed and talked a long time, then we went to sleep.

Monday morning, John, Edward, and I got up and went after some oars, but they weren't open, so we went and fly fished awhile in Twin Lake, but no luck. John went back to the lodge and waited until they opened up and got some oars. We went out on the lake a long time. We trolled for about 2 hours. I rowed the boat. John caught one fish. We saw a snag sticking up in the lake we went over to it and fished. John caught another fish.

Kenneth and Marlys came down to the lake then and I got out and went to our cabin. M. & K got in and rowed the boat for John. I cleaned up the cabin a little. Soon the "crew" came in and Marlys had caught two fish!! She was so glad that she wanted a new spinner just like John's. Kenny and Marlys went to Cedaredge and got one. While they were gone John, kids and I ate dinner. We ate pancakes. They tasted good.

A boy brought up some kerosene. We needed it. Kenny and Marlys came back and they had a spinner exactly like John's. About two or three hours from the time they came back we started for Leon Lake. The road got pretty slick above Tricke Park about two miles & we got stuck, so had to walk from there. It was quite a walk, but we got there. Clouds were gathering and it started to thunder. John and Edward were in

the lead. Oh, if there wasn't a boat then we'd have to walk





Jeanette, John VDB, Minnie, Maggie, Marlys, Jenny, Charlie VDB, Tracy, Henry.
Woman in hat, boy in front youngsters at the right unknown; Ruby is in front center.



Maggie, Tracy, and Kleo



Lucie, Maggie, Kleo, Goldie, Ruby Frostrom, Ada, Marlys, Tracy
Danny in front



Ruby



Maggie and her cat

*They are faces in photographs
Heads all held high,
Not afraid to look life in the eye.
They were women with backbone
Keepers of the flame;
With a spirit even hard times
couldn't tame.
And I know that this same blood is in me,
And I meet their gaze one by one.
Eyes strong and clear,
I still feel them near.
What did life bring them?
What pain did they know?
Stories the pictures didn't show.
They were lovers of babies
And lovers of God
With lessons and laughter in their songs.
Did they dream better dreams for
their children
As they prayed silent prayers in the night?
"Lord, make their way clear
and always be near."
Now I have my own child beside me
And we gaze at them all one by one.
Her eyes strong and clear,
I draw her near and say,
These are the women you come from.
The faith that sustained them
is bred in your bones.
You know what you're made of
And where you belong,
'Cause these are the women:
Survivors each one.
They weren't always easy,
but loving and strong.
God's life force inside them is still going on
"Cause these are the women we came from.*



Jeanette Rozeboom



Marlys, Tracy, & Ruby



Grandma

My Grandma was a Godly woman, full of patience and kindness. Everyone adored Grandma. I have many fond memories of going to Grandma's house. Grandma was never afraid to get on the floor to play with me, and taught me to read by the time I was 3. She sewed clothes for my dolls and me. We enjoyed coloring together and playing games. When I'd spend the night at Grandma's house she'd fix vanilla wafers and warm molasses milk before bedtime. I loved to help snap fresh green beans from her garden and pit cherries with a hairpin. I will always cherish the precious time we spent together.







MAY 57

Grandpa holding Mamma
c. 1938



Grandpa and Grandma in their garden
Onarga Avenue, Paonia, Colorado





Grandpa with Mama and Grandma

I don't remember much about my Grandpa...he died when I was about 2 years old. But Mama has told me some things about Grandpa. My favorite is when Mama knew she was expecting but only she and Grandma knew the secret. Mama washed out a pair of shoestrings and laid them over the back of the stove. She put a kitchen knife on top to keep them from falling. Grandpa came in and took the knife. Mama got real mad. Grandpa said, "Only a woman who's going to have a baby would get so mad about something so little!" I remember when they sat on their porch and Grandpa told me to show him the moon. I would look up until I could see the moon, then point and say, "Moon, moon!" He was very proud to have a large family. Grandpa loved to quote the Bible: "Children are a heritage of the Lord...Happy is the man who has his quiver full of them." He told people, "I have one-and-a-half-dozen sons (1 + 6)!" Grandpa raised vegetables and peddled them for a living. They certainly never made much money but they were rich in love and happiness. Mama told me her dad was very strong and could grab a hog by the ear and tail and hoist it in the back of a truck. Grandpa loved to hunt and fish, and Delta County was a perfect place for both. He loved to do anything where as many family members as possible could be together. I'm so proud to call this loving and Godly man my Grandpa.



Grandpa and Grandma

Miss Ruby



My Junior Year by Ruby Faye VanDenBerg

School Started August 31, 1945. I bought my books and registered to start another school year. I met several of my old pals but most were out working in the fruit harvest. When all the kids got back to school we had a much better time. Every day we go to town and buy candy, pop, or ice cream. The weather was always sunny until the snow started falling, then it kept getting colder.

The boys went to several other schools to play football and basketball and the ones who couldn't go always gave a pep rally for the boys.

We were let out for one week because of a flu epidemic and later for Thanksgiving vacation. Ted came home during the flu epidemic from Australia where he had been for several years. We were certainly thankful for this. Two weeks later Charles and Vivian and Lester came home on a visit.

During Christmas vacation Dolly came to stay with me a few days and then I stayed with her. We went sleigh riding a lot. I got a red sweater and yellow mittens for Xmas, a little sachet clown, an electric lamp and many other things.

I started back to school January 2, 1946. Wesley came home on February 14, 1946 after serving in Burma and India for three years. The same day Marbys and Leila left for California to join their husbands who were to come home from overseas. Wesley, Betty, Papa, Mama, and I went out to California two weeks before school was out.

... on the fork of life, is to call
these ideals, to heart

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Mama was a creative and talented woman and an ideal Mother. Her life was centered on her family and home. She enjoyed embroidering, quilting, sewing, and crocheting. Mama loved to cook and bake; Daddy used to say her bread was better than other women's cake. As a young girl she recorded her experiences in her scrapbooks. I love to read the stories of her growing-up years as well as the fictional stories and beautiful letters she wrote through the years. Mama made learning fun, whether it was racing to see who's jelly would "string" first, reading a "long" book together during summer break, or memorizing times tables while transplanting seedlings. She taught me to drive while picking asparagus. Mama loved the simple life, preferring a good book or the solitude of nature to any social situation. Daddy and Mama both loved to camp, hunt, fish; and hike; what a lucky child to be brought up in the mountains of Colorado! She gave me love as well as life; so whatever goodness I may bring to earth began with the gift of my Mother's heart.



Owray
Hot
Springs



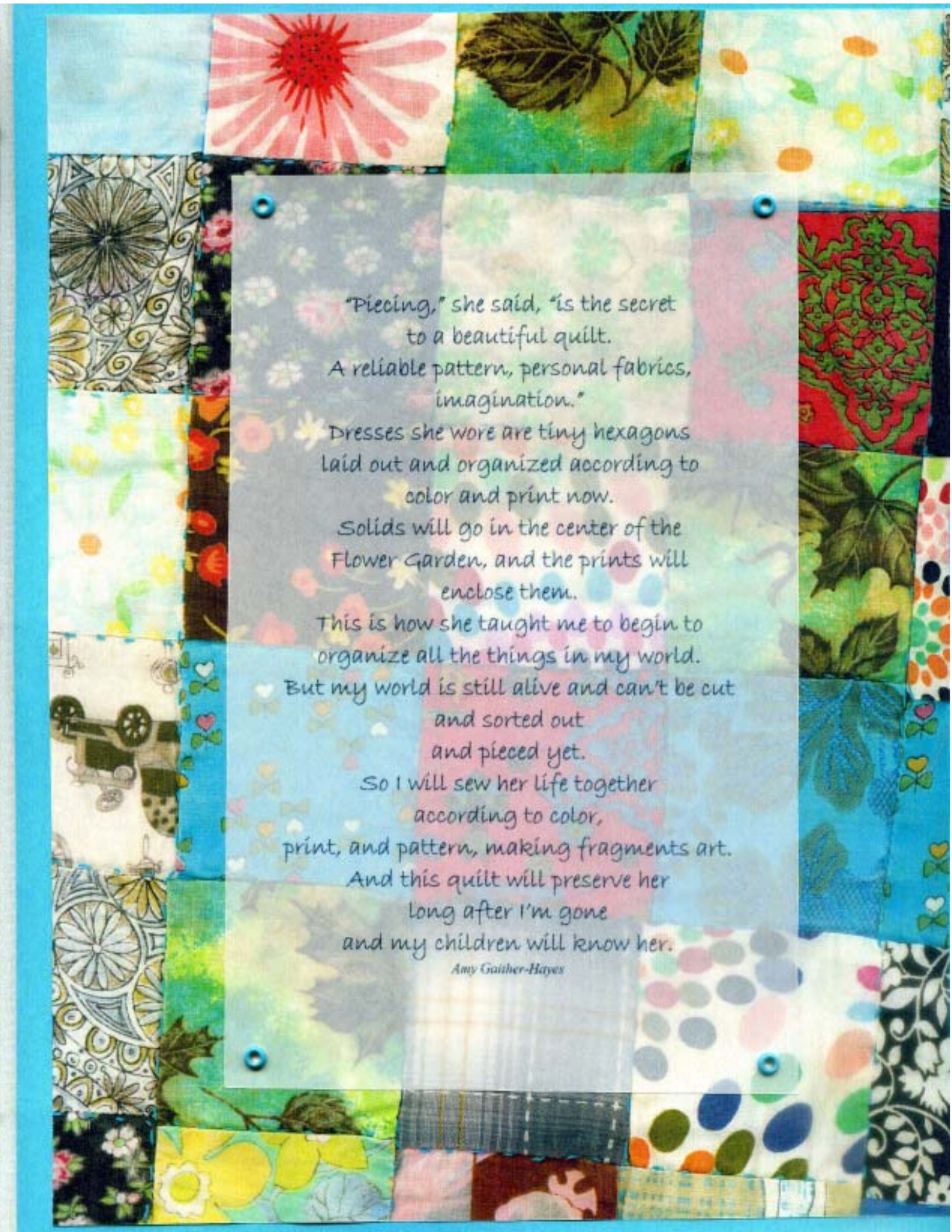


*Here's Mama and Dollie hangin'
out at the pool in Ouray,
Colorado...swimming and checking
out the boys. c.1945*



*Mama made the lap quilt
featured in the background in
1968.*





"Piecing," she said, "is the secret
to a beautiful quilt.

A reliable pattern, personal fabrics,
imagination."

Dresses she wore are tiny hexagons
laid out and organized according to
color and print now.

Solids will go in the center of the
Flower Garden, and the prints will
enclose them.

This is how she taught me to begin to
organize all the things in my world.

But my world is still alive and can't be cut
and sorted out
and pieced yet.

So I will sew her life together
according to color,
print, and pattern, making fragments art.

And this quilt will preserve her
long after I'm gone
and my children will know her.

Amy Gaither-Hayes

When I see violets, I think of
Aunt Tracy





Mama and my Aunt Tracy were very close, even though Tracy was oldest and Mama was youngest. In fact, Aunt Tracy helped Grandpa deliver Mama on Thanksgiving Day, 1928. I just loved my Aunt Tracy and thought she was the most like Grandma.

Legend has it that Grandpa hired young Earl Busby to help fix fence. He and Tracy had exchanged glances but never talked. One day he called her over and said, "Let's get married." He meant that day! She said, "I have to make a dress. We'll get married a week from today."

And so it was. They were married nearly 60 years.

She was well known in the area for her award-winning quilts and needlepoint. I loved her beautiful needlepoint, cross-stitch and crewel pictures she had framed and hanging on her walls. That is what inspired me to do cross-stitch.

I loved to visit and spend the night with my Aunt Tracy. As a child, I felt like a queen in her beautiful coral and black bathroom. I couldn't wait to take a fragrant bubble bath among the sparkling tile, embroidered guest towels, and shell-shaped soaps.

In her dining room, Aunt Tracy had a baker's rack, which held white ceramic pots of violets. On shelves above her kitchen sink, she kept her quaint collection of donkeys. Aunt Tracy loved to read, and often loaned me Reader's Digest books and recommended stories for me to read.

I was 5 or 6 when my family joined Uncle Earl and Aunt Tracy for Thanksgiving. They had bought a new color television. We had never seen color TV. I will never forget watching Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade in living color.

Uncle Earl was a real piece of work. I loved to be around him because he cussed all the time and that just fascinated me. He kept a slingshot and an assortment of stones on his front porch.

Neighborhood dogs were well acquainted with Uncle Earl's sting.

When I was a toddler, I was terrified of big hats. Back then, Aunt Tracy and Uncle Earl lived on their farm and Uncle Earl wore a big cowboy hat. One day I came with Aunt Tracy and on the way home we stopped to pick up Uncle Earl. He forgot to take his hat off and I screamed and cried. He had to ride in the back of the pickup all the way home.

I adored my Aunt Tracy and I am so glad we lived nearby so I could have time with her. She was a beautiful person.

Uncle John & Aunt Ada

I was very close to my Uncle John and Aunt Ada. They lived on a pretty little farm about a quarter-mile up the road from our place. I saw them almost every day. I admired John and Ada because they were such hard-working people and were so devoted to each other. You never saw one without the other. Together, they ran a nursing home, were jailers, painted houses, and farmed. In his early years, John had been a trapper. The things I remember most about them were their beautiful, bountiful garden, Uncle John's tacos (any resemblance to authentic Mexican tacos was purely coincidental, but oh! they were so good), and the simple, self-reliant way they lived. I have the fondest memories of growing up near my dear Uncle John and Aunt Ada and I'm proud of the influence they had in my life.





*Above, left John & Ada 1926
Far left Gary, John, Dan, Edward, Nancy, & Ada 1944
Left Johnny, Nancy, John, Ada, & Gary 1961
Above: Ada & John in Grandma's yard 1964*



Les & Helen 2001

I didn't know my Uncle Lester and Aunt Helen well; they lived in California and we didn't see them often. Uncle Les was a very popular worker in his younger years. I admire Aunt Helen for her marvelous talent as an artist. Her calendar (see at right) and sketches of other family members and me are treasures. Les and Aunt Helen love anything Dutch and are proud of their heritage.





Lester, Helen, David & John 1965



Helen, Lester, & David 1958



David, Helen, Lester, & John 1968



Andy and Kleo April, 1990



Andy, Kleo, and Mama c.1942



Dollie, Lester, Teddy, Bud, & George c. 1938

Teddy, George, Dollie, Lester, & Bud
c. 1945

Uncle Andrew and Aunt Kleo

While I was growing up, my Uncle Andy and Aunt Kleo had a dairy farm near Crawford, Colorado. When Uncle Andy (our family called him "Toots") retired, they moved to Delta. Their oldest daughter, Dollie, and my Mom were very close growing up. The things I remember best about Uncle Toots and Aunt Kleo was their loving and generous nature, their green pastures dotted with big Holstein, Charolais, and Brown Swiss cows, and the view of Needle Rock from their front yard.



Andy & Kleo with their children: Dollie, George, Teddy, Lester, & Bud 1937



Kleo, Andy and daughter JoAnn c. 1959
JoAnn died in 1961



Charles, Vivien & John 1959

Uncle Charles and Aunt Vivien

My Uncle Charles and Aunt Vivien lived in California when I was growing up, so I only saw them every year or so. When I was a little kid, I was crazy for Uncle Charles, who relished clowning for the kids. When I grew up, I found a real appreciation for Aunt Viv. She is a quiet, unassuming woman who is a wonderful homemaker and a fine example of a Christian. They are down-to-earth people who never have an unkind word for anyone.



Charles & Vivien with their children: Debbie, Chuck & John 1952



Charles & Mama 1985



Uncle Ted 1945



Ted, Lucie, and me July 1957



Ted and I doing yard work for Grandma 1958



Uncle Ted 1945



JUL 1957

Ted, Lucie, and me July 1957



Ted and I doing yard work for Grandma 1958

Wes and Lorraine 1966



Uncle Wes at Grandma's
(chatting me in the corner)
1957





Uncle Wes, Aunt Goldie,
and me 1957

Uncle Wesley and Aunt Goldie

My Uncle Wes and Aunt Goldie started one of the first AOW Boot Beer Drive-ins in the United States. They lived in Durango, Colorado. Uncle Wes was the yoker in the family. I heard my first dirty joke from Uncle Wes one Thanksgiving after he'd had a little too much of Uncle John's chokecherry wine (it wasn't all that dirty, but as a kid, I thought it was). In 1966, we were all impressed when Wes and Goldie bought a \$50,000 horse. That was big money in those days. Wes and Goldie loved to have a good time, had a beautiful home and drove a Cadillac. Uncle Wes had been married before to a woman named Betty Jo and had some kids, but I never knew them. Wes and Goldie didn't have kids, but loved their nieces and nephews, and we all adored them.



Uncle Wesley in the Army
c. 1945



Aunt Marlys and Uncle Ken

My Aunt Marlys lived in California, but she and Mama wrote each other letters every week. They were both homespun, talented and creative, and both were wonderful Mothers. They were both family-oriented. But Marlys was the fashion-conscious one and lived the Cali-lifestyle. Every year Uncle Ken and Aunt Marlys came to Colorado with their three beautiful daughters to visit.



Paul Brown, Cal.



Ken, Elaine & Rich Davis, Morrie & Jan Rupp, Jeanie, Marlys 1970



Ken, Jeanie, Mariys, Jan, and Elaine 1961



Mariys 1942



Mariys and Ken c.1946



Janet, Ken, Elaine, and Mariys 1968

Our Hometown
Paonia, Colorado



CHERRY DAY, 1965

KREX-TV out of Grand Junction, the only signal reaching the tiny town of Paonia, Colorado, brought us pictures of the outside world: the Vietnam War, the civil rights march on Montgomery, and the assassination of the President. But adversity seemed to stay outside our village. Fathers worked close to the earth, mining coal, cutting timber, growing fruit, and raising cattle. Mothers raised children and flowers on quiet, shady streets. Teens on summer break enjoyed hamburgers and milkshakes at the Dairy King, sneaked into the drive-in theatre, and skinny-dipped in the canal. Town meetings were held over coffee and pie at the Purple Cow. Paonia enacted the American ideal. It was no surprise, then, that the high point of the year was Cherry Day, held on the fourth of July.

Late June found Paonia astir with preparation. The prettiest and most popular girls signed up for the Cherry Day Queen Pageant. The gymnasium at the school opened for them to practice talents. Georgia Cholas sang a Leslie Gore hit, Linda Chapman recited the words to America, the Beautiful, and Linda Holt twirled her flaming baton, onlookers gasping and sighing when she flung it high in the air.

Teenagers glued and wired paper flowers to floats. Mrs. Chapman made homemade cakes for the judges. George Lane cleaned the City Park and mowed the grass. Bill Long and Paul LeMay hung red, white, and blue banners from street lamps. Joe Walker moved his wheelchair up and down Grand Avenue plucking dead petunia blooms from window boxes. Cars parked parallel in the center so the street sweeper could make two passes at the gutters. Firecracker-filled booths, set up at both ends of town, swarmed with bicycles.

On the third, the Happy Days Carnival set up a midway on the football field. Shorty Woods put finishing touches to the Rotary Club float. Ralph Wilson picked up his red-and-black band uniform from the cleaner. Rod Porteus and Chuck Chesnick scrubbed and waxed their convertibles. Horace Mott groomed his wife's horse and tung oiled the saddle. Elmer and Mary Wade, Vesta Baker, and Emerson Cox made last-minute changes to the parade list over cake and coffee in Mrs. Baker's kitchen. On Onarga Street, Mrs. Hutchinson whistled God Bless America while sweeping the steps of the Bross Hotel.

The morning of the fourth, all members of the parade lined up behind the United States flag, carried by the Boy Scouts. Behind the band, cars carrying last year's Cherry Day Queen, her attendants, and this year's candidates progressed down Grand Avenue. Eight floats, sporting banners and signs, maneuvered the turn onto Third Avenue. Ladies in colorful dresses, cowboys, and mountain men rode splendid horses and mules.

Paonians lined the entire parade route, and bore proper homage to the flag as it passed. They waved at Mayor Wade and his wife in their red 1949 Pontiac Chieftain. Ernie Teft, the town constable, sounded the siren in his patrol car. Spectators helped the Lion's Club prop up the head of their lion, which kept leaning. Harold Goding, mail carrier and owner of Elite Liquor Store, smothered the crowd with blue exhaust from his old Jeep, which kept stalling. At the end of the parade, kids from the sidelines piled onto Gilbert Wilson's flatbed trailer for a ride to the park.

The carnival came to life when the parade was over. Squeals and laughter from the tilt-a-whirl and roller coaster rose into the blue sky mingled with smoke from grilling hamburgers and hot dogs. Ladies from the churches laid out every picnic food known: potato salad, macaroni salad, potato chips, baked beans, chili, corn on the cob, soda pop, and bowls of cherries. Old timers and children took turns cranking ice cream freezers. From Gilbert Wilson's flatbed trailer, now a stage wrapped in patriotic bunting, church choirs sang about America. All songs ended in shouts, whistles, and raucous applause. Dogs gobbled up spilled popcorn. Children, sticky with cotton candy, ran barefoot, writing their names in the air with sparklers.

Night fell on the weary congregation and the carnival was shut down for the fireworks display. All citizens stood and covered their hearts for the Star Spangled Banner. The red, white, and blue fireworks flag didn't last the whole song, but no one cared. After the band quit playing, everyone sat on blankets, picnic tables, cars, and folding chairs to delight in the display. When the last sparks of the show trickled out of the starlit sky, tired parents carried sleeping children to cars.

The fifth of July revealed remnants of the previous day's festivities: limp banners hanging from street lamps, burned places on sidewalks from Black Snakes, and trash cans spilling over with paper plates and spent sparklers. People walked a little prouder, with smiles on their faces and sparkle in their eyes. They were Americans.

