

Selective Service
 Local Board, LaMoore County
 LaMoore, N. Dak.
 Official Business
 (STAMP OF LOCAL BOARD)

**NOTICE TO REGISTRANT
 TO APPEAR FOR
 PHYSICAL EXAMINATION**

DEC 27 '41

(Date)

You are hereby directed to report to
 at Edgeley, N. Dak. for physical examination at 9:00 a. m.
 on Wed. Dec. 31, 1941
 Failure to do so is an act punishable by imprisonment and fine, and may also result in your losing valuable rights and in your immediate induction into military service.

Dr. V. D. Fergusson
 (Name of examining physician)

Dermis Banton Clerk
 Member of Local Board.

D. S. S. Form No. 201

16-18835 GPO

From the Mayville (ND) Teachers
 College Paper, Winter, 1942

**Laverne Reichart and
 George Busch Join
 U. S. Naval Reserve**

George Busch and Laverne Reichart have enlisted in the V-7 division of the naval reserve. They are on inactive duty until completion of their degrees and



Most likely clipped
 from the LaMoore Chronicle
 January, 1943

From the Mayville (ND) Teachers
 College Newspaper, most likely
 January, 1943

**George Busch, Berlin,
 Commissioned Ensign**

George W. Busch, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Busch of Berlin, N. D., received his commission of ensign in the U. S. navy upon graduation from the midshipmen's school at Northwestern university.



Ensign Busch is a graduate of the Mayville State Teachers college and enlisted in the naval reserve in March, 1942. He now stationed with the fleet control school, destroyer base, Diego, Calif.

**Former S. T. C. Grad.
 Commissioned Ensign**

George Busch, B. A. '42, was home for a short time after graduating as Ensign, U. S. N. R., Dec. 24. The graduation exercises took place in Abbot Hall, Northwestern University. Pres. Snyder of Northwestern, was the principal speaker.

George has left for San Diego to report to the Pacific fleet on January 11.

Previously he had spent a month at Notre Dame University for naval indoctrination and was transferred to Northwestern to enter midshipman training. He will be stationed aboard a U. S. destroyer.

will then receive deck office training at Notre Dame and either Northwestern or Columbia University. The first month of introductory training will be at Notre Dame and that is followed by three months at Northwestern or Columbia.

After satisfactory completion of the training they will receive an Ensignship in the United States Naval Reserve and will be on duty for the duration.

George is a senior and will graduate at the close of the spring quarter. He has been a member of the College Band and the College Choir for four years, president of the Newman Club for two years and a member of the Exponent staff for four years.

Laverne is a junior and will receive his degree next year. He is a three-year member of the College Band and has been active in Intra-Mural sports.



Clockwise from top: Jean Tannahill and George Busch probably at the Tannahill farm in the summer of 1942; George Busch as a brand new Navy ensign ready to go to war in January, 1943; George and Jean's wedding in Thompson ND May 20, 1944.



LETTERS FROM THE BERLIN N.D. FARM:

The Summer of 1942

The following letters were written from George Busch to Jean Tannahill in the summer of 1942. They are marvelously descriptive of life of the time in rural North Dakota.

At the time of the letters George and Jean were dating, and perhaps already had plans to marry (they wed May 20, 1944). They had been students together at Mayville State Teachers College.

In May, 1942, George received his degree from MSTC. He had been very active there. And the summer of 1942 would normally have been a time between life as a student and his next career.

But events had happened in his last year of college that no one reasonably could have anticipated earlier. On December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, initiating America's entry into WWII.

One of the first American casualties at Pearl Harbor was Frank Bernard, killed on board the USS Arizona December 7. Frank had been a seaman on the Arizona for the previous six years. He had at one point or another likely met George since his brother, Henry Bernard, was George's brother-in-law. There was another connection as well: Jean Tannahill, from Merrifield ND, had been Henry's student for several years of elementary school just south of Grand Forks.

There is no reference to Pearl Harbor or Frank Bernard in any of George's letters of the time. In fact, Franks brother Henry did not know for sure that Frank had been killed until a week or two after the disaster at Pearl. At the same time, on December 27, 1941, George was ordered to report to Edgeley for the his draft physical.

In early 1942 George returned to Mayville for his last few months in school. He enrolled in the Navy's V-7 program for officer candidates. After a normal summer on the farm, in late August he went on to training school at Notre Dame University and Great Lakes Naval Training Center in Chicago. By early 1943 he was at Mare Island, California, for final training. Then he spent almost three years - the duration of the war - as an officer on the USS Woodworth in the south Pacific.

Enjoy the letters. If you grew up on the Busch or Berning farms they will bring back many memories. If you did not, they will vividly describe life on a North Dakota farm in 1942.

Berlin ND May 31, 1942 (Sunday)

Home again for me and back at MSTC [Mayville State Teachers College] for you. Train riding was allright for a change even though it took until 1:30 to get to Berlin. The trainmen ate dinner in LaMoure. That took about an hour. I stayed in Berlin for several hours waiting for one of the neighbors to drive home. Roads are terrible around here so I walked home from Schober's. They live a half mile north and one half mile west.

We went to Mass in LaMoure this morning. High Mass began at 10:30 and it was nearly 1:00 when we got home. Mother had dinner ready by that time and it really tasted good.

Art, Vince and Dad went fishing this afternoon. They caught quite a few bullheads and some perch. Art cleaned them while we did the milking.

Mary visited Freeses this afternoon and I slept. Went to bed right after dinner and woke up quite a while later. Didn't know whether it was Sunday or Monday until I got down stairs and saw the clock hands pointing to 6:30. Time to eat again so we did that then went out to finish the chores.

Mary goes to Valley City early tomorrow morning. Dad is going to bring her up.

Berlin, June 2, 1942 (Tuesday)

A farmers day leaves me anxious to crawl into bed and sleep as only good outdoor air and sunshine can make you sleep. Vince and I cultivated corn this morning. Art helped this afternoon and Vince hauled a load of oats to Berlin. Mosquitoes are numerous and very hungry. Oil of Citronella helped keep them away from vulnerable spots (around the ears and ankles). I'm afraid there isn't going to be much of a chance to acquire a good tan this summer.

Yesterday forenoon I sharpened and polished the shovels on both single row and double row cultivator. In the afternoon was a session of flax seeding.

Dad got back from Valley City at 8:00. Art went along for company. He brought back a bunch of fishing lines, corks, hooks and sinkers so he is all set to fish. Sundays will find him down by the James River angling for the fishes.

... This letter should reach you when you are all settled and adjusted to routine classes and college go round. Won't you chase a few moths and butterflies in Mayville? Gosh they'll miss Lewie and me. We bother them so much, especially after dormitory hours.

A good radio program is playing now. Cugat's music is especially invigorating and refreshing. Vince is playing the sax in the parlor. That makes the radio more appreciative.

Dad is in Berlin working on the telephone. Otherwise everyone is home. Edith is chasing and putting the chicks to roost and mother is washing dishes. She hasn't asked me to pick up a towel yet, but there is still hope.

... Mother insists that I get to bed by 9:00 and I must admit it isn't hard to comply with her wishes. ...

Berlin N.D. June 7, 1942 (Sunday)

Just back from a hike over to Bernings. A break in the weather has for once given us a beautiful day. We went to Mass in Berlin this morning and were just able to get there. Roads are very muddy and nearly impassable even with the Model A and chains. A day of sunshine helped them a lot. Rain and more rain this week. Ponds are getting well-filled now.

Vince, Art and I went fishing this afternoon. I brought a book along in case things got dull. However it wasn't one bit dull. The fish really went for the bait and in an hour and a half we had all we cared to take home. We ate fish until we couldn't look at them anymore. They certainly tasted good fresh from the river into a pan within two hours time. The catch consisted chiefly of perch, and a few bullheads, with one 1 1/2 lb carp. The largest perch was 11 inches long which is a good size for that game fish. We stopped

in Memorial Park on the way home, watched the fish at the dam, bought some ice cream bars and then home.

Fishing is quite popular around this neighborhood now. There are a lot in the river and also in the ditches and ponds that drain into the river.

Work this week has been chiefly puttering around with small jobs. We washed the mudroom from top to bottom, cleaned out the indoor water tank and cream cooler, fixed fence and cultivated some corn. It is up nicely now, at least enough so you can see the rows lengthwise and crosswise. They aren't too crooked in spite of being out of practice.

... Art is bringing two rolls of film to the post office tomorrow so I will soon find out the results of an amateur photographer. Six more rolls of film are on their way now so we will have a good supply on hand. Can get them wholesale so that will cut the price 50% on standard films.

... We have a couple of new calves and did have a new pig. One 350 lb hog had just one teenie little one and then she annihilated it in short order.

Milking cows is quite a change from pecking keys and correcting papers. The bossies give a goodly supply of milk. We sold nearly \$20 worth of cream last week from the nine milk cows. Cream is a good price now and really counts up. Oh, yes, I planted a carragana hedge around the front lawn and green ash trees around the back of the house. they are growing nicely with all the moisture.

Art goes to catechism every day from 8:30 until 3:00 the next two weeks. Father wanted me to teach but there is too much to do around this place. We have the sand now to put a new cement floor in the milk room and a stand around the pump. Most of the fences need repairing and so on down the line. More fun.

Berlin ND June 9, 1942 (Tuesday)

Cool breeze is whistling through the screens and here on the porch. We have just finished supper and Dad and Art have gone out to find a "short" in the telephone line. The lightning storm last Saturday grounded the line and they cannot find where.

Vincent and I cultivated corn today. A number of ponds have filled on the field making it rather a muddy job. The weeks like the moisture though and growing as only they know how. Weather was very agreeable today and I have a start at getting a tan again. A few spots are slightly touchy and a beautiful pink but that will disappear overnight.

Mother and Dad went to LaMoure today for a number of things we needed. they got cement for the milk room floor, lumber for several gates, signed up for canning sugar, and Dad attended the sale of some elevator sheds. He also got a tire vulcanized.

... The trees we planted are sure growing fast. By the end of the summer we should have a miniature hedge around the lawn. Some of the strawberry plants are blooming already. These blossoms get picked off in order to give the plant a chance to get a firmer root system. They are really anxious to bear fruit. Everything is growing so fast, now that the sun shines again.

Florence and Ole were coming down last Sunday but the rain put a stop to that. It is a good thing they didn't try. Mary will come with them when they come, and that will

probably be this week-end. Lu and Duane plan on being here some time this week unless Duane finds a good job near there.

... A pheasant is squawking away in the trees now, the sun is just getting ready to set and everything is so calm and peaceful here.

Berlin ND June 11, 1942 (Thursday)

Thursday of the 3rd week of vacation. These three weeks have passed quickly and we have accomplished a great deal. Mostly clean up and straightening up around the farm. We have had too much rain to do much else. Another heavy shower this morning soaked the ground over again.

Last night after supper we butchered a 450 pound hog. Talk about hefty work handling the animal. Dad took the hams, shoulders and bacons to LaMoure this morning to have them cured. Mother and Edithe have been frying down sausage and rendering lard all day. Vince and I ground 100 lbs of sausage meat this forenoon. You can see from that that they will have a few days more of that kind of work.

Mowed the lawn this afternoon and cultivated the garden. We have had lettuce and radishes for two weeks now and asparagus tips whenever we like them. Eating so many delicious things will probably put on a few pounds.

A Farmers Union dance in Berlin tomorrow night will be fun for a little leisure and recreation. Will have to get acquainted in the community again. The Four-Spots will furnish music and it will be in the Hall where we heard the Concert. I'll never forget the concert. Art was pretty disgusted with it but felt a little more satisfied after the quartet sang for graduation and the crowd waiting until they finished their song. Mother said it was very good.

... We start mowing on a large scale tomorrow (haying time is here and will it ever be haying time. Grass a couple feet tall and very thick. Somebody will have to turn off the faucet up there or the hay is very likely to be washed several times.

Louis Armstrong plays in Fargo tomorrow night. Wouldn't mind being there instead of at the big little city of Berlin dancing to the 4-Spots.

Getting sleepy and will I sleep with a juicy hamburger and a glass of milk under the belt.

Riverbank, North Dakota
2 miles south of Grand Rapids
Sunday afternoon (June 14, 1942)

On a worm that fishes destiny hangs. This worm has steel "innards" with a sharpened lower end. I was snuggled in bed after dinner with a stack of magazines at my elbow and set for an afternoon of reading. The boys came and convinced me that fishing would be more exciting. It took a little arguing but down I came and not one bit sorry that I did.

We have a nice, warm, sunny place with very little wind. Raymond and Mr. Frieze are here too. Already a nice string of fish are tied to a stake at the bank. Fish aren't nearly so hungry today but a few like to taste those luscious angling worms.

Gulls are floating around in the blue sky interspersed with fluffy white clouds. A lone crow "caws" to his mate in the woods across the brink. Warblers are singing merrily

all around us in the deep green shrubs and trees. Maybe these are the things that make fishing so enjoyable.

Florence and Ole did not come today but some cousins from Wisconsin arrived last night at 11:00. One of the Berning girls and her husband and three children. They are at Bernings now and we will meet them at Memorial Park after we tire of fishing.

Dad took the car over to mechanic Friday night to have the valves ground so no dance. Made up for it last night by going to Berlin and thence to Dickey where a wedding dance was in full swing. Orchestra was a banjo, bass fiddle, accordion and piano. Attired in sombreros and bandanas and humming western tunes, they set the pace for a lively dance. It lasted until 12. After that a gang of about fifteen fellows made merry until 2:00 when everyone was ready for home. Quite a time, lot of fun and no headaches.

We have several dances next week. The Alumni dance in Berlin Wednesday night and one in Edgeley and one in Grand Rapids Friday night. Will probably get to two of them anyway. Wish you were closer to Berlin than 150 miles.

Duane has a job measuring land in two townships near Munich and Alsen. They won't be home now until he finishes that work. That will probably be a month or more.

Esther and Hank are leaving Grafton tomorrow and will be here sometime tomorrow or Tuesday. They plan on driving to Pettibone on the way home.

We have 10 acres of hay mowed. Tomorrow or Tuesday we will spend hauling it into the barn. Wouldn't you like to handle that extra fork?

I have given my fish line to Dad now so no more interruptions. Vince just pulled in a nice 10 inch perch. A tiny ant just scurried across the paper in search of friend or foe. Maybe I've settled over his home and he can't find a way in. The blanket is large and impenetrable.

We went to 9:00 Mass in Dickey this morning. Just got out of bed and dressed in time to go along. On the way home we stopped and picked several large bouquets of bright red roses. They are certainly pretty and have a delightfully pleasing odor.

Am going to nap a little now. It is so nice and soft on the grass that it is almost impossible to keep from stretching out and dozing into sandman's paradise.

Four hours later, at home.

Slept for three-quarters of an hour and then all of us went to the Park. Here we walked, talked and watched the kids fish on the lower side of the dam. Buck Langkamp is quite heavy-set and works in a tool factory at Rockford Illinois. He is a machinist and is now making machines that are used in boring and lathing guns and cannons. Gets good pay and has been at his job for six years. They left Rockford Saturday morning at 4:30 and arrived at Bernings at 10:30 that night. The drive is 640 miles so it was a steady ride.

The pictures we took on my new camera should come one of these days. Wonder how they'll turn out with so much experimenting on the camera. We'll see quite soon. I'll send you the best ones when they come.

Berlin ND June 15, 1942 (Monday)

Company has just left after a big evening of talking and card playing. Langkamps and some of Bernings were here for supper. A little later Longs came so we really had a crowd.

The boys had three horses out with saddle and bridle for riding. Melvin Berning brought his over so that made four. There are three Langkamp boys and the oldest is eleven. They are just crazy about horses and had a lot of fun. It is their first horseback riding and they did tumble off a couple of times but the grass was soft and the horses fairly gentle. Tumbling didn't bother them one bit. Made them more anxious to get on again. They were raised in a city of 300,000 so farms are a great source of interest.

Bill helped Vince and I haul a couple of loads of hay. Dark rain clouds gathered in the west during supper hour, warning us that rain is on the way. We unloaded two big loads of hay after supper. That was more entertainment. Watching the hay leave the rack and sail up into the barn was most fascinating.

Mother, Vince, Art and I went to 8:30 Mass in Berlin this morning. Moisture made the hay too damp to work with so we spent the morning in that manner quite a few people were there.

Esther, Henry and Richard haven't arrived yet but we are expecting them any minute.

Tomorrow night is the Alumni dance in Berlin. Edith, Vince and I are going. We are dancing and then have lunch. I hope a number come. There are 120 graduates from Berlin High School.

... Pictures today. Maybe you would like to have these. All turned out good but these are the ones I thought you would be most interested in. The time exposure could have used 5 seconds more light, but it is fairly good. Can read the class motto and see the stage decorated.

Ordered six rolls of 620 film and they came Saturday so have plenty film. Got them wholesale for 18 cents each including shipping expenses. If you need film leave me know. Take a week to get them.

Twelve o'clock and time to hit the hay. And will I hit it!

Berlin ND June 18, 1942 (Thursday)

Enroute to the hay field, I met the mail carrier who gave me your letter. Talked with him nearly an hour on various phases of nature study. He is very interested in trees, lawns, birds etc. He gave me money with which to buy one of Reed's Handbook of Birds. Will get it from Dr. Burdick sometime this summer, I hope. Hank Blake has a very nice home in Berlin, with many new shrubs and trees planted every year.

... My eye lids are pretty heavy right now. Don't know why 'cepting that it was 3:00 when they went shut last night.

The Alumni dance was fun. We had it in the Oasis. There were around 40 people present. Just enough to make a good party. A delicious lunch was eaten at 12:00. Pickles, sandwiches, cake and orange punch. All we could eat, and more. It was most interesting to visit with the graduates of various classes. All except 4 classes were represented since 1927 which was the first class. Two of that class were there. My class

is well distributed over the globe. There were four boys in the class - - - no girls. Nelson is a sergeant in the Army, and is now in New Caledonia; Fradett, always aviation minded, is supervising all parachute packers in three Florida air fields, and Van Ornum is a plumber and welder at Wahpeton. Here I am, but not for long.

The people all had a grand time. We laughed until our cheeks and sides hurt. Just about as much as at the concert.

Bernards came last night. Richard is buzzing top around on the floor. He had a new red wagon that his Grandpa bought him while in Grafton. "Bee Liner" is painted on the sides. It is 18 inches long and just right for him. He keeps it in the house and now has it instead of the top.

Most of the folks went to the river for a picnic and fishing. Langkamps, Bernings, and Esther were in the group. Vince and I were mowing. We have a lot of hay down now. Will stack it Saturday.

We put a new cement floor in the milk room yesterday. It is fixed with a drain and really looks nice. That is one thing that was needed very much. We will move the separator back in tomorrow.

... Richard is sitting on the table now with a big cup of milk in his hands. He doesn't have much on 'cause Esther has just given him his bath. Oh! Oh! he spilled the milk all over the table and Hank who is reading the paper. Why should he spill it? I just pulled his toe a little. Ouch! Hank just came from behind with a nice cup of cold water. He (Richard) is now in bed.

Berlin ND June 21, 1942 (Sunday)

1942s first day of summer is just about gone. The clock says ten but Hank's car is plainly visible at the front gate. Longest day of the year but it has passed quickly. We have just filled up on popcorn well buttered or carmelled whichever we cared for. We have two grain sacks of pop corn so everyone had all they could eat. Richard helped me eat a couple of bowls.

Richard helped us do chores and then we went up in the hay mow and chased squabs, crawled in the ventilator and had hay fights. Skippy and Fausto were there also. They didn't get along so well the first day. Now after a good scrap they can at least get along. A little jealous of each other yet but everything is fine if we don't pay too much attention to one. After tiring of the hay, Vince, Art, Richard and I drove to the north pasture where we got a calf home. It will be shipped tomorrow morning.

Mary was home this week. She came home with some people in Valley last night and went back with them tonight. Henry took her to Grand Rapids at 6(?). All of us except the fishermen (Art, Vince & Dad) went along. Morrills weren't home yet so we drove to the Park for a while. We had a swing ride and then an ice cream bar. We went back to Morrills and left Mary there to return to Valley.

Mass was at 11 today. First communion day and a large crowd filled the church. I have been singing in the choir every Sunday. Two boys received first communion.

The Grand Rapids dance was fun even though I danced only several dances. Played "freeze-out" the rest of the time. Morrill's pride "Hamms" flowed freely around the table (but not too freely. Get it?) I won \$2 in brass, but that was gone when leaving

so wasn't any richer. It was fun being with the fellows once again. Some new faces in the bunch. One face sorely missed was that of Jimmie Shockman. The lad we mentioned, who was in the Philippines. An excellent time was had by those who went to Edgeley. Wanted to go but had not partner. . . so went to Grand Rapids instead.

We are going to a wedding in Edgeley next Tuesday. A cousin is getting married and we are going to the wedding dinner. Hope the weather stays nice.

Hay making is keeping us busy. We have eleven loads in the barn and a lot more ready to be hauled. Hank helped Friday and Saturday afternoons. Takes a long while for the hay to dry and it only dries up in the late afternoon. That means that only four or six loads can be hauled in a day. The balance of the day is spent either mowing or cultivating corn.

Seems different but very natural to speak of all these farming activities after the years that were so filled with school activities. Rather miss them but still it is enjoyable working a good long day and living on such delightful food. All the vegetables, meat, eggs, butter, cream and milk that we can eat. No wonder farm kids are so fussy about dormitory meals.

Cool weather is keeping everybody out of the swimming pool. The lifeguard is there but is in full dress most of the time. That water is really chilly.

Dad and the boys caught a good sized mess of fish this afternoon. four perch were 11 inches long and they had a good pan full after they were cleaned. We will eat those tomorrow.

Florence and Ole couldn't get away from the farm to come home. Said they were having a shower on a good friend of theirs this Sunday and that next Sunday a number of chicks would be hatching. Boy! do I get a bang out of what she writes about those little family cares. Still can't quite realize she is married and the mistress of a home. Hank and Esther stopped there for a short time on their way home.

Berlin ND June 23, 1942 (Tuesday)

. . . Clarence Heim and Fay Tomlin's wedding was grand. Mother, Dad, Vince and I went up this morning for the 9:30 wedding and then went to Heims for the dinner. There were 70 guests and all had a good appetite. Who wouldn't with fried chicken, ham, chicken gravy, and on and on. Cigars, beer, cigarettes, or soft drinks of all kinds were served all through the day.

Fay is a convert and joined the church this spring. Father Long said a solemn high Mass for them. This was one wedding that was a little different. The groom had a fainting spell in the middle of Mass and had to leave for a short time. He was tired from the week's activities and had only an hour or so of sleep the night before. A little fresh air revived him enough to carry him through the rest of the Mass.

I took a whole roll of pictures but it fell out of the car somewhere between here and Edgeley so don't suppose they will be found. Still have another half roll so it isn't so bad after all. the ring bearer and flower girl were six years old. She was dressed in a blue formal and carried a large bouquet of carnations. They did their part perfectly.

It was 6:00 when we got home tonight. After chores a couple cycles [sickles?] had to be sharpened and then I hoed the strawberry patch. Vince picked the first ripe

strawberry's last week. He watches the patch a little too close. . . that is for strawberries, but isn't much interested in the weeds.

A picnic in LaMoure tomorrow afternoon may give us another half day vacation. We have a lot of haystack before we can go.

Hank and Esther left Monday morning for Rutland. We miss them a lot - especially Richard.

Berlin ND June 28, 1942 (Sunday)

Only 2 more days of June left. Where have they gone so quickly? The sun ventured out today for the first time in four days. We have had oceans of rain around here this week. Two inches, at least, must have fallen yesterday. There was a heavy rain in the morning, intermittent showers all day and another heavy rain at 5:00. We stayed close to the buildings in order to be able to duck in when a shower came.

Dad and Vince picked corn from the stack most of Saturday and Art and I mowed the sheep pasture. All of this was carried out between showers.

Your call was a real surprise. Vince answered the phone and I was in the front room playing the piano. . . . Your voice was familiar but quite far away. Your trip must have been enjoyable. No sand blowing this year and not near as hot as last. . . .

Florence and Ole drove into the yard this morning at nine thirty. They had quite a time coming down the last mile and a half which is all clay. Mary was with them. We were really surprised to see them. For weeks they have been planning on coming but something always changed their plans until we just didn't look for them anymore. they had gone to 6:30 Mass in Valley City and came right on from there. We, the heathens, didn't get to Mass today. The roads are almost impassable to LaMoure where we would have gone. From now on there is Mass in Berlin every Sunday.

This afternoon we drove to the river and played with the fish. Caught enough for a nice meal. Mary landed the largest one. Of course the biggest one got away. On the way home we stopped at Grand Rapids and purchased two quarts of ice cream. That went very good with cookies when we got home. They left again at seven thirty and then we did chores. Florence brought a framed wedding picture for each of us.

Ole said I should be sure and come for kid brother Hugo's wedding on Wednesday. He is having a wedding dance the same evening and there is a shower in the afternoon. they do have a big celebration for their weddings so it would be a lot of fun to be there. Maybe if it rains enough I'll go and stay for a day or so. The weather looks pretty well settled now so haying will be in full swing by that time.

Just took a few minutes off to join in a family rosary. Art led the rosary this evening. We have been saying it quite regularly lately.

Your contracts sound interesting Jean. Maybe you'll even get \$100 before September. Mary has a vacancy near Hope for that amount. rural school and fourteen pupils. She doesn't plan on taking it I don't believe. She still has her school at Reiders and isn't sure whether a change would be any better. Ninety is good wages and certainly nothing to be cast aside lightly.

... Just an egg sandwich in my left hand with pop corn banging away in the kitchen. Doesn't that w[h]et your appetite. They say a man can't work on an empty stomach. We certainly should be good, fast, tireless workers because our's is always full. Skippy is eyeing me with sort of an appealing gaze. Oh! Oh! Broke down and gave him that last crust. He had to be a dead dog, roll over and sit up before he got it though.

Raining again, and it was supposed to be cleared up. A heavy shower materialized from a wee cloud in the southwest. Beat all how it can rain this year.

... Popcorn is ready. Won't you have some. Nicely buttered and salted to taste. Doesn't take much coaxing to take a big soup bowl full. Skippy is fond of it.

Rain is just pouring down. Water covers the yard and the roads look like small rivers. Maybe I will go to Ole's Wednesday.

Berlin-ND July 1, 1942 (Wednesday)

A new month beginning again. they come and go very rapidly. Almost too fast. After the many days of rain we finally started haying again. We boys stacked hay today. Started at 9:30 and worked until 8:00 p.m. Put up two large stacks and hauled two loads in the loft. Twenty-five acres are ready to be stacked so we have another full day ahead.

... Pinkneys, Bernards and Mary all wrote letters this week. Hank is haying now and then between showers. Duane is still busy with measuring land. Mary & Florence and Ole went to the show "They Died With Their Boots On" when they got to Valley City Sunday night. Said they enjoyed it also. Mother sent a turkey hen and a few poult along with Florence. It was in a sack with it's head sticking through a little hole made for that purpose. Bet she didn't enjoy the long wait.

Don't have much to write about tonight. Guess the bed is beckoning too strongly. I have a nice pink sun-burned-tan tonight. Sun got pretty hot for a change. Put a nice coat of cold cream on it. Isn't a bit sore so will be ready for more sun tomorrow.

Friday, July 3, or Saturday, July 4, George went to Tannahills to visit Jean.

Jamestown ND July 8, 1942 (Wednesday)
Grandpa Busch wrote a post card to Jean Tannahill

If George is up there yet tell him to come home there is some important mail here for him. We are fine and hoping the same of you.

Valley City ND July 9, 1942 (Thursday)

I left Mayville at 10:00 and got here at 1:45. Hitchhiking was good. Two rides from Mayville to West Fargo and one ride from there to Valley City. Upon walking through Valley I saw Ole and Florence's car parked on the street. Found Ole a few minutes later. He took me to Wielands where Florence was visiting. We visited for an hour and then I found Mary at the College. We had a dish of ice cream and I am now ready to continue my journey (4:30).

Berlin ND July 9, 1942 (Thursday)

Just a note to inform you that the trip home was grand. Left Mayville at 10 in a Model T '16 model driven by grandpa whiskers. He only brought me two miles down the

highway before he turned off. It was a novel experience to ride in this two doored old timer. My first glimpse of that model in which you get into the back seat and walk to the front seats through a space left between them.

My next ride was to Hillsboro and from there to West Fargo with a trucker from Cummings. We had a lively conversation and that made the trip very short. Left West Fargo at 12:15 with a couple bound for Yellowstone and points west. Must of been a newly wedded couple as they talked a lot about how "spoiled" their kyds would be.

Arrived in Valley City at 2:00 and while walking to the College I spotted Wielands car parked along the curb. Ole soon came and we had lunch and then went to Wellers where Florence was visiting. We visited for quite a while and then they left and I went in search of Mary. Mrs. Herman (woman who rooms in the same house) went with me to the training school where we found her writing lesson plans. Mary treated me to some ice cream and we talked for a while and then she went back to her work which had to be done by 5:00 and I continued my journey home.

I received two rides to Verona and from there took the bus to Berlin where the folks came to get me. Met Wava (?) Crawford on the bus. She is the beauty operator in Portland who had just come back from visiting her husband who is in the Army Air Corps at St. Louis. She had a lot to say about Army life.

Jean will you give the enclosed request to Miss Fosse or Mr. Mehuse and tell them to send the transcript to the "Commandant Ninth Naval District, Great Lakes, Illinois" Leave me know when they received as it is important to have it sent in soon. I am writing a short note with it so you won't have to do any explaining.

From the letter I gather it will at least be a few weeks before my assignment comes.

We are going out to mow hay. Some is ready to be stacked. After the grand vacation with you it will be fun to pitch in with more strength and energy. Of course the steak fry supplied me with enough surplus energy for several days. My apologies to Dr. and Mrs. Burdick for a ravenous appetite but the meal was so good and such fun. Also, as Dr. Burdick says, "such good company."

Berlin ND July 13, 1942 (Monday)

Have you been wondering what has happened to me since the last letter which was written almost a week ago? Well, its the same old story. . . hay and more hay. We should finish up this week providing the weather holds fair.

We haven't done much of anything in the line of entertainment around this last week.

Sunday we went to 10:30 Mass in Berlin. In the afternoon Mother, Dad & Edithe went to Marion for the installation of the new Priest. They stayed for supper after the services. Vince, Art and I stayed in Memorial Park and went swimming. Felt good to be in the water once again. There were a lot of people there. Luther League Convention brought a crowd of young people.

After the swim a ball game gave us some entertainment. Grand Rapids vs Lisbon. Grand Rapids lost but that didn't spoil the fun.

Have you heard anymore about Rube's enlistment? Quite a number of fellows around her who have enlisted in the Air Corps are still waiting to be called. They are receiving Army pay while waiting. Talked with two of the fellows yesterday. They said there were quite a number ahead of them yet.

Did you get home for the party? I was wishing that I were there instead of here Saturday night. I mowed the lawn after 9:30 that night. Used horses and mower to do the work. Weeds and grass really grew the few days over the fourth.

Esther and Henry were here Friday. Hank went to Pingree to see about a position up there. Esther & Richard stayed here while he drove up. Richard visited us in the hay field. He wanted to go "way up" where I was on top of the stack. He wouldn't think it so exciting if he'd get buried several times a day.

Hank came back at 2:30 Saturday morning and I was out in the field when they left so didn't get a chance to talk with him but Mother says he took the position. Better pay than Pettibone and they have a resident priest there so they won't have to use a car next winter to get to Mass.

Dad, Art, Edithe and I saw "Captain of the Clouds" in LaMoure last night. The picture was good. We couldn't get into the theatre for the first show. All the seats were filled in the second show also. James Cagney played the leading part.

Don't believe I'll have to leave now for three months. Classes in the V-7 division generally run on 3 month schedules and the last one started in the first week of July. There is plenty to do around here. Ernest Zickur(?) asked me to do carpenter work with him for 45 cents an hour and up. He is building and repairing a lot of granaries around here. He went to Forman today to work for a week. Next week he'll be working in the neighborhood so maybe I'll work there if we have most of the work done around here and harvest isn't started.

Berlin ND July 17, 1942 (Friday)

Whew! Old man sunshine is sure in his glory again this morning. We almost suffocated in the hay field yesterday and I don't know what will happen today when he has a much warmer start.

We have just finished breakfast here and are ready to start another day of stacking. . . . you must come and see that everything is done in a proper manner. . . I warn you the stacks don't look so fancy but after stacking twenty-two of them I didn't worry much about the frills. Just to get them up in as waterproof way as possible was the main objective. We are putting up the last ones today but still have the barn to finish filling.

Crops are marvelous around here. Better than I have ever seen. Granaries will really be overflowing this fall if nothing happens to the crop in the next two weeks. We should be harvesting next week. Mother and Edithe have been canning peas for quite a while now. Our new potatoes are grand and have been on the table for nearly two weeks now. They are the size of goose eggs and smooth as can be.

I went to a party in Berlin last night on Bill Kasse who is home on furlough from the Navy. Quite a party. You should have been there. It lasted until 4:00 and plenty lively. He was bartender in the Oasis when he left. The proprietor sponsored the party. Nuff said. These lines weren't too hard to follow this morning so it wasn't terribly bad. Bill is looking swell. Had his white uniform and is a little more fleshy than when he left.

He went to our Country school and was in my grade until the 7th when he dropped out a year. Gosh it is so long ago I can hardly remember just how he got behind. He leaves again Monday for an unknown destiny.

... Bernings had Aid yesterday. I found an excuse to go after water at about 6:00 so had some of the lunch and lemonade. Did it ever hit the spot after a boiling afternoon on top of a stack. The sun is really giving me a real tan. Haven't worn a shirt or hat lately and am beginning to look like a Malaysian or worse as mother says. Will be in shape for any kind of climate the Navy can offer.

Duane and Lu have moved to Alsen now. Duane is still measuring land and has several more weeks. Bernards are moving to Pingree in the near future so you can see that there is a general shift in the "in-laws" addresses.

Berlin ND July 19, 1942 (Sunday)

While the pop corn is poppin' I'll begin a letter which will be finished this evening. There won't be time now because as soon as the corn is popped and eaten we are going to the park for the afternoon.

We went to Mass in Berlin this morning at 9:00. Most of the congregation went to Confession and Communion. Father started Mass promptly and we were out by 10:00.

After a combination breakfast and dinner a long nap was most refreshing. It was 2:00 when I woke up. Played the piano for a short time and now just about ready for the park and a good swim. . . .

Rain fell in fair quantities yesterday. We cut weeds and took a 2 1/2 h.p. engine apart for a thorough overhauling. We use it, and evidently will use it a lot for elevating grain this fall. Some people have started harvesting already. Ours will be ready towards the latter part of the week depending on weather condition. Art brought in some wheat which is 5 feet tall and filling well. Oats is better than last year and that was plenty good. Long heat & moisture to carry it on.

Berlin has just put up 8 2500 bu bins and are putting up that many more in anticipation of the big harvest.

10:00 Sunday evening

Swimming was fine. There were a lot of people to visit with after a good refreshing swim. Ate lunch with Sullivans and Longs and then came home again for chores.

This evening I spent quite a little time out of doors. Went to the strawberry patch and picked out a few weeds here and there. Then a few weeds fell before a scythe. Most weeds are like trees now. Tall and very tough.

Mother, Dad and Edith went to LaMoure yesterday for groceries and engine repairs. We have our canning sugar on hand now.

A lively time in Berlin again last night. There was a large crowd and plenty noise. Dancing was crowded and upstairs it was just about as bad. A fight added some real excitement for awhile.

... We plan on going to Valley City Friday for Mary's graduation. Graduation exercises are in the forenoon so we will have a lot of time to visit and get home again. No banquet will hold us there as long as at Mayville.

Berlin ND July 22, 1942 (Wednesday)

We are going to LaMoure in a few minutes so I'll send you the snaps that just came in the mail today. I hope they reach you before you leave Mayville. ... Mary wrote today and said her critic entertained the girls. Got a steak dinner. They are getting the final arrangements made for graduation.

Mother and Edie have been busy canning peas, beans and carrots. Garden is wonderful and we certainly make use of it.

Well, Jean, Dad has his whiskers off now so must go.

I am a [?] today. Twisted a knee this morning. Suppose it will be OK tomorrow.

LaMoure

Doc Young wasn't in so he couldn't clean my teeth. Tough luck, eh! Well there is no hurry about that.

We sold two hogs, a cow and two calves yesterday. The hogs brought \$120. A good sum as compared to a few years ago.

It is 4:30 now and we will be going home again quite soon.

This is a poor excuse for a letter but it will probably serve to fill that blank space in the mail box.

Berlin ND July 27, 1942 (Sunday)

Sunday evening and the house is quiet. Mary, Vince, Art and Edithe went down to pick some ergot out of the rye and Mother and Dad are somewhere outdoors. Ergot is a diseased kernel of rye which is much in demand now. It sold for \$3.50 per pound last winter. There is an unusually large amount of it this year so the kyds want to get some of it for spending money.

Heims from Edgeley were here for dinner today. The new bride that I told you about came along but her husband had to stay and help some men who were putting up a new silo on their place today.

We spent a merry afternoon singing and playing various instruments. Bernings were here for part of the afternoon and have just gone home now (8:30). Heims left at 5:00 to take care of their 30 milk cows. They have a large farm and have quite a time finding men. He farms 11 quarters.

Crops are certainly wonderful this year. Another nice rain fell yesterday and also one on Friday so that they have plenty moisture to ripen in a normal way. The sky is overcast tonight, indicating more showers.

Mother has canned nearly 56 quarts of peas now and the garden is still full of them. She and Mrs Heim picked a milk bucket full for them to take along.

Our Valley City trip was fun and graduation exercises were nice. The standard graduates wore dark blue caps and gown while the BA group wore black. Florence and Ole ate dinner with us in the park. Ole wasn't dressed for graduation exercises. He had a lot of things to get in Valley City and was in a hurry to get back to the farm. His help problem is also serious. Can't find anyone to work on bins for grain.

A lot of granaries are being built in this neighborhood. I was going to help with some of them but there is more than enough to do here at home. We have two binders and a header by the garage now which are being made ready for harvest. It is a good thing that the grain is ripening so slowly giving everyone more time to get ready to handle it.

... Time has passed quickly here on the farm. The corn ... is now shoulder high and tasseling out. Has been a tussle with weeds this year but it is fairly clean. ...

Berlin ND July 28, 1942 (9:30 p.m.) Monday

Sunset is beautiful through the trees as I look through the west window. Have just had a thorough washing from head to foot and feel like doing another days work.

We didn't work especially hard today. Mud was everywhere from the rains we have been having. Rain fell all of yesterday afternoon which on top of the previous showers made plenty of mud. Mother and Dad drove to LaMoure this afternoon and were stuck several times. Art asked if they had to be pulled out. Mother said "Oh no, I just got out and pushed."

Repair work on binders and header kept us busy most of the time. I worked on the lawn for a while this evening. Cleaning and mulching the hedge which is growing so beautifully in all the rain.

Got your letter this evening just before supper. Walked up after the mail and from there on over to watch them work on the new granary at Schobers.

... Old man sunshine has retired for the day. Guess I'll follow suit. It won't be much trouble as the pj's are already on.

Berlin ND August 3, 1942 (Sunday)

July has gone into the past already. Last week went by so quickly. We have a good start at harvesting this bumper crop. Started heading rye Thursday and we cut oats with two binders yesterday. Vince and I shocked all that we cut but kept us very busy doing it.

Lu and Duane drove in yesterday afternoon at 5:00. Duane finished his measuring and is now taking a vacation. He drove to Berlin last night and visited with the neighbors.

There was early Mass in Berlin this morning. All of us went to Communion so we had a 10:30 breakfast when we came home.

Right after eating we left for Bernards in two cars. Dad stayed home to do the chores so we didn't have to hurry back. Esther and Henry were surprised to see us.

Ronnie is quite a man now. Remember how quiet he was when you last held him in Devils Lake? He has changed a lot since then. Toddles all over, gets into everything

and makes a lot of noise. He and Richard got along fine only Richard was a wee bit jealous when we held Ronnie. He pulled Ronnie in the wagon though and had a good time. They had one upset when Richard was going to kiss Ronnie but Ronnie objected with a big shove. Both rolled down a step giving them bumps that caused a few tears. Some fun.

Dinner was served at 4:00. We visited for awhile and then left at 6:30 or 7:00. We stopped at Oakes for cones. The evening was perfect for driving so we didn't get home until 9:00.

Mother, Vince, Edithe and I came back in the Model A. The other carload is still visiting or else enjoying a show.

Bernards are moving to Pingree in about two weeks. Esther plans on staying with us while Hank moves the household goods and straightens up the new home.

Mother received a telegram at 4:30 this afternoon stating that her sister died this morning. She lives in Dubuque Iowa. Mother has decided not to go because she will not get there until late Tuesday morning, which will be late for the funeral. Dad received the telegram this afternoon.

... Rainfall is plentiful around here. Another heavy shower fell Friday evening. Scattered hailstorms damaged crops in various parts of the country Wednesday. Some crop around Bernards received damage up to 75% and quite a few crops were ruined near Ellendale. Lucky enough we didn't have a trace of it around here.

... News tonight states that the allies have reached an agreement as to a second front. We hope it is successful and brings a quick end to the war. A critical situation now almost make the second front imperious.

I was glad to hear that Bruce Robart got into the V-7 division. We talked about it a lot after our band instrument session. I am sure he feels much more satisfied now after having this opportunity to do what he wants. He was sorry that he hadn't enough math to meet requirements. Now I suppose he will get that at the U.

Berlin ND August 6, 1942 (Wednesday) (misstated date)

Thursday has come and gone already. This has been a busy week. Harvesting is going fine between showers. We have had a lot of rain this week, with heavy showers yesterday and Tuesday.

Wind came with the last shower and blew some of the grain down but it still can be cut without too much trouble. Duane and Dad were caught in the rain. They had gone to LaMoure and didn't get back before the wind and rain arrived.

Morning dew makes the grain far too wet for heading so we cut with binders until noon and head in the afternoon. We use two header boxes so that goes quite fast. Gives Vince and I plenty of exercise stacking the stuff but that is supposed to be good for people.

Pinkneys and Mary and I visited at Schobers last evening. John Schober was cutting until 9:00 and then he had some cows to milk so we didn't see much of him.

Ronnie's first birthday was Tuesday. We had planned a supper in the Park but the rain had something to say about that. At any rate we ate birthday cake and ice cream with much enjoyment here at home.

Anniversaries were celebrated on Tuesday & Wednesday. Wed was the Pinkneys wedding anniversary. They will be here until Sunday when they leave for Fargo. It would be fun to ride along and head due north from there via the thumb. . .

Mary received her contract back, all signed today. She is teaching the same school, has 8 pupils and is getting \$90 for nine months. It will be good to be near home again this year.

Just listening to one of the Flying Tigers relate some of his experiences over the radio. Those fellows really had some exciting times with the Japs.

The women of the house went to Ladies Aid this afternoon. Duane brought them over and then went on to Berlin for the duration. Evidently they received their moneys worth in eats and neighborly gossip.

Flowers are certainly beautiful now. A large bouquet of gladioli stand before me on the table. Rain is making them bloom profusely this summer.

Berlin ND August 10, 1942 (Sunday)

Home again exactly 36 hours after leaving [Mayville, it appears] yesterday morning. The four hundred miles seemed to take a small fraction of the 36 hours. Everything worked like a clock. Mr. Hahoutek was the fellow who stopped and gave me the ride to Fargo. He formerly ran the Red Owl store in LaMoure and knew the folks. Asked about them. I knew who he was but it took a little time to place him. He left LaMoure in 1934.

We had a most interesting ride to Fargo. He told me all about the two summers that he spent hitch-hiking and bumming his way around the U.S. He and another fellow hitch-hiked, rode freights and even bummed their meals. Of course they always offered to work for their eats. It must have been very interesting and fun. Said that every young fellow should spend at least a summer traveling and paying his way as they did.

In Fargo I went directly to the recruiting office to apply for transportation to Notre Dame. The papers had to be sent to Minneapolis as the recruiting office there was not prepared for handling this type of transportation. Evidently my papers were the first of the kind to be handled in the new office. I hope the papers clear OK as I'll be tempted to hitch the way to the University of ND if they do not get back in time.

A pair of tennis shoes was purchased at Penneys. Then a good visit with a friend working in Sears Roebuck store. One of the grade schoolmates and sister to Bill Kasse. She works in the men's clothing department. Looked quite neat in navy blue slacks, white shirt and dark neck tie. It is interesting to see the girls take over the men's clothing departments. Penneys have nearly all girls now. They lost 8 of their male clerks in the last month.

Doc Lysne and a pal from Esmond were in Fargo. Doc came down to enlist in the Army. They hitch hiked to Mayville leaving about 4:00.

Bus riding was darned monotonous. A good 4 1/2 mile hike after the ride sort of limbered me up and developed an appetite. Had an egg sandwich, cabbage salad,

cucumber slices, milk and a dish of strawberries for supper. Fresh strawberries from our new patch. Did they ever taste good! It took two days to fill the dish but that wasn't bad. The kyds had a couple of dishes yesterday. The walk was really a pleasant one. Sun was just setting and the air was cool. Had the new tennis shoes on so that made it that much easier.

Hank stopped in today on his way back from Pingree. He found a house and they will move up this Friday. Esther is coming to stay here for awhile.

"Night" now. . . Rain here Sunday night laid up harvesting until 3: this afternoon so I didn't miss out on any work - boo hoo!

Berlin ND August 15, 1942 (Friday)

Just mailed the shirt which Edith laundered. It will probably need repressing but otherwise I hope it is OK. Thanks a lot for the use of it.

We were at 8:30 Mass this morning. No work today as it is a Holy Day of Obligation.

Henry came back from Pingree this morning and is riding home with us. Esther, Mary & Richard drove up last night and are now at home.

Berlin ND August 17, 1942 (Sunday)

Ten more days until the journey begins. Those few days will pass very quickly I am sure. My ticket to Minneapolis came Friday. There they will furnish me with the rest of the transportation. Am supposed to be there not later than 10 a.m. August 29 so will leave the 27th in order to have plenty of time to make the trip.

A two day vacation allowed a little time for straightening up those file boxes. They really need it don't they? Your work last week must have given me a little inspiration to do it. Spent Sunday afternoon at it and a little on Saturday.

Esther and Hank are here now. Mary and Esther drove the V-8 home, while Hank went to Pingree with the trucker and the household goods. Hank came to Mass in Berlin Saturday morning on his way back from Pingree. He was dressed in old overall and looked very much like the "morning after". He rode home with us.

Today he and I shocked wheat while the rest cut wheat and rye. This evening Dad and I went to look at a threshing machine which we might buy. He will be ready for threshing sometime this week so are anxious to get a different machine. Our old one is "all in" and I do mean just that. It has threshed a lot of grain and has done its duty.

Richard has a grand time around here. He rode horseback last night and helped milk cows. It isn't so much fun for him when a cow looks at him rather hard. Most of the cows were scared of him and would run when he came near. Very fascinating to him are eight baby pigs which arrived Sunday.

Saturday afternoon, Hank, Mother, Dad and I went to LaMoure. Several hours were spent just looking around in the stores. Yesterday Mary, Edith and Art went along to see "Song of the Island". The technicolor was beautiful and added much to the picture.

Quite a bit of bumming around but we still do work now and then. Last week put a good part of harvest out of the way. We still have 35 acres of wheat and about the same of flax to cut.

Roasting ears and tomatoes are plentiful now. Really hits the spot for a change in vegetables.

We plan on going to Dazey Sunday for a visit with Florence and Ole. Better come down and go along. We need a good supervisor for threshing. Well come whenever and as soon as you can.

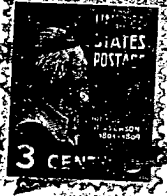
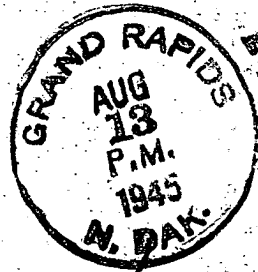
AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

F.W. Busch
Berlin N Dak



Lieutenant Jr George W Busch
U.S.S. Woodworth
F.P.O. San Francisco California

From
Mrs. F.W. Busch
Berlin W. Dakota



Lt. Jg. George W. Busch
U.S.S. Woodworth (DD 460)
F.P.O. San Francisco
California

255 Woodworth

July 3, 1943

Dearest,

The day before the 4th of July and here I am halfway across the world. Quite different from last year when at this same time I was on my way to see you riding on no 10 in fact with a friend from So. Mass.

We are having a big celebration out here as you no doubt gather from the press. Which time is had by all. Outside of the lack of sleep everything is fine with us.

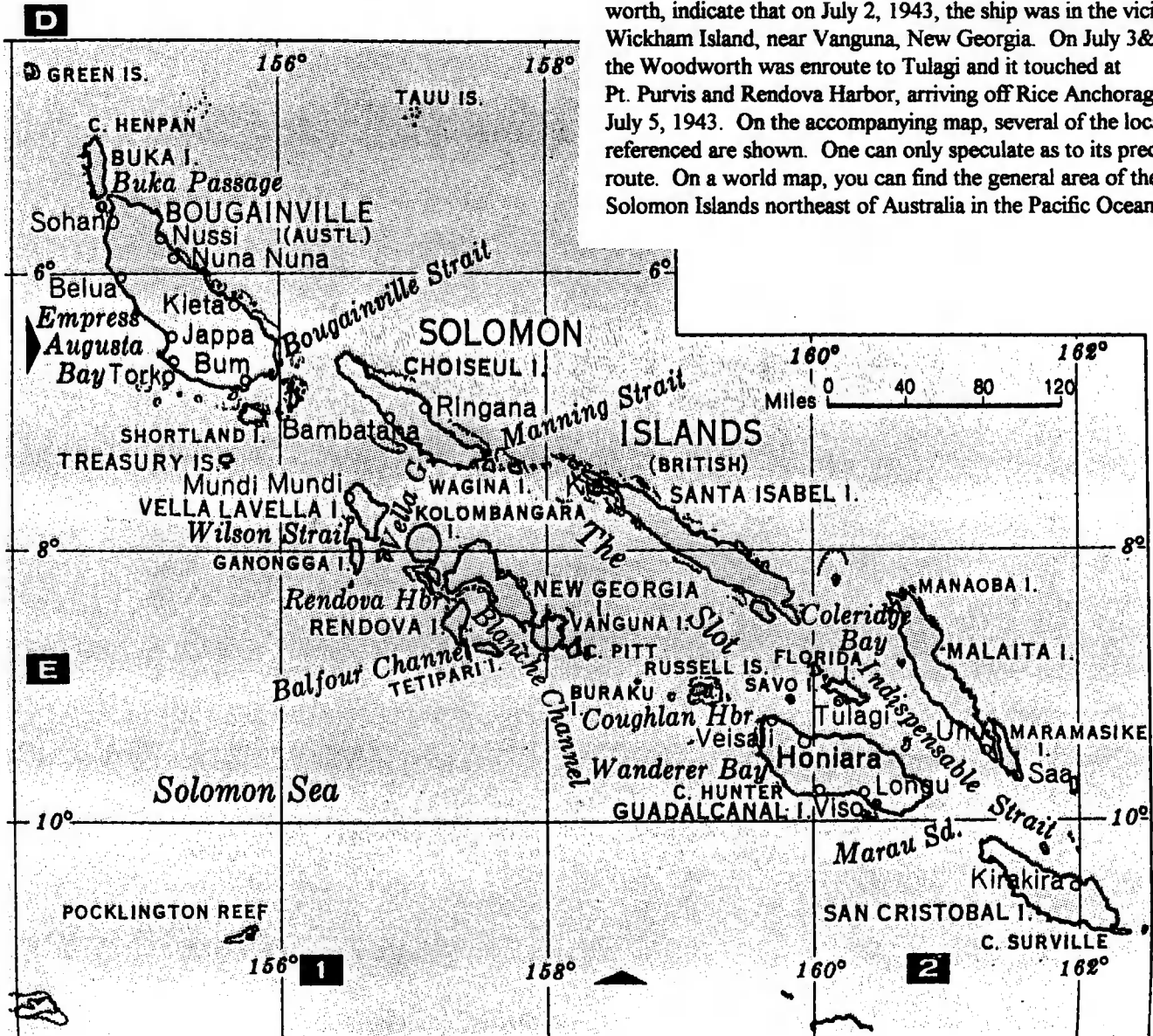
Are you going to Thompson this 4th? By the ice cream. Dindie or a good cold Coco-Colo for me. We do have ice cream once in a while but never any Coc.

Time is limited here so don't be disappointed with this short letter.

Sending you all my love and devotion

Yours
George

When George Busch wrote home on July 3, 1943, he had only been at sea a few months, and apparently was already in heavy action. Naval records for his ship, the USS Woodworth, indicate that on July 2, 1943, the ship was in the vicinity of Wickham Island, near Vanguna, New Georgia. On July 3&4 the Woodworth was enroute to Tulagi and it touched at Pt. Purvis and Rendova Harbor, arriving off Rice Anchorage July 5, 1943. On the accompanying map, several of the locations referenced are shown. One can only speculate as to its precise route. On a world map, you can find the general area of the Solomon Islands northeast of Australia in the Pacific Ocean.



Loading Ammunition U.S.S. WOODWORTH
at Espiritu Santo
New Hebrides.

December 25, 1943.

TO ALL HANDS

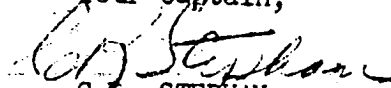
In our present surroundings and the requirements of constant work and duty, a wish for a "Merry Christmas" may at first seem out of place and a bit ironical. Repair work, loading of needed ammunition, and the preparation of our ship for its coming duties are hard to reconcile to the spirit of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men" in which this day should be spent.

But my wish for you is sincere and when I offer my wish of a "Merry Christmas" to the finest group of officers and men it is possible to have the pleasure and honor to command I mean it in a spirit in which we can all be merry and thankful. Our homes and loved ones are safe; all of you have made and kept them so. They are merry and through them we can and should be too. The road to victory, peace, and future Merry Christmases at home, with all that makes them merry, is clearer now than it has ever been in this war against all the powers and forces opposed to the real spirit of Christ's teachings. Be merry in that and take the full satisfaction of the part you are playing in bringing that day closer.

The words are small, the circumstances not very appropriate, but the meaning and sincerity of my wish is the greatest possible for this and all future ones:

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

Your Captain,



C.R. STEPHAN,
Lieut-Comdr., U.S. Navy.

**LETTERS TO GEORGE BUSCH FROM THE BUSCHES AND BERNINGS
BERLIN ND, AUGUST, 1944, THROUGH SEPTEMBER, 1945**

These letters were sent from the Bernings and Busches to George Busch on the USS Woodworth during the last year of World War II. The letters are reprinted exactly as they were written to preserve not only the thoughts but the conversational way the correspondents wrote to George, their son, brother, nephew and cousin in the South Seas. For this reason there has been no effort whatever to add punctuation, capital letters, etc., even when it is obviously missing.

Most of the letters come from the Busch farm from Fred and Rosa, Edithe, Vincent and Art. Mary had not yet married and was still at the farm part of the time.

A mile east at the Berning farm most of the kids had gone on to other lives. Living at home were August and Christina (Tina) and Melvin.

It is possible that there were other letters than those reprinted below. At the same time these letters give a vivid picture of how life was on the farm and in LaMoure County ND during the Great War.

From Vincent Busch
August 20, 1944

I received the wedding picture. Thank you for that and also the clothes you sent. I am making good of it.

We are threshing grain now it is all in shocks except the millet and late flax. The oats south of the house was pretty badly hailed about the fourteenth (14th) of July it ran about twenty-two bushel (22 bushel) to the acre. It weighs (36) thirty-six lbs to the bushel. The total of all the oats threshed so far is about 2500 bushel. The crops are good around here. The wheat and oats are best. The corn looks good.

To-day we went fishing west of the park caught about a dozen fish mostly bullheads. Last Tuesday I caught a carp weighing about two pounds.

The pigs and sheep are doing fine. My sheep had one lamb. Its leg was broken so it quite thin now. The hybrid corn planted on the 12 acre strip on top of hill on the south quarter some of it is pretty tall about as high as my head setting on old nigger [horse]. We put up the alfalfa and all of the hay on the south quarter.

The ducks are numerous this year with all the water and feed. The pheasants are hard to see yet because they are small and have plenty of cover.

Your brother

From Rosa Busch
August 20, 1944

Vince is writing so I'll include a few lines. The weather was fine today its cool. We are at threshing got in only 2 days last week it rained so hope for better luck next week. the oats are done except a few loads of bundles yet Mary hauled it to GR [Grand Rapids] with the truck. We have one man here and Mr. Ray(?) will help tomorrow. Hope to get done soon its hard on everyone we will tresh for Gus [Berning] too. The wheat is running good. Lu [Lucina Pinkney] is here yet but next week they go to Munich if the home is ready Fri we had a Memorial Mass for Francis Long killed July 2 on Saipan

Berlin N. Cab

Sept 7, 1944

Dear Son George

just a line we are well wishing
some of you, we are threshing at Uncle
Guss's will finish there tomorrow,
and then we are going to help Shobers
John is renting our threshing machine
for 1.25 per hour and is going to use
his tractor he wanted to use ours
but I don't like to use the tractor for
threshing out, we have a good crop and
prices are good but are going down fast
we got our threshing all done before the rain
one afternoon we had 3 1/2 in of rain then
we had a shower it rained 1/2 in the ground
was so wet that broke over by the roots and is
leaving quite badly hard to cut we it hasn't
frozen yet and corn is coming along nicely
I got a good price for the grain I sold it just as
I hauled it from the threshing machine to a
loan on the wheat, the threshing machine
shurly runs nice and does good work
we are threshing with 4 bundle teams and 1 field
pitcher so much for now love from
Dad, to all

in action Sister Victorine was here to come to visit us on Fri afternoon is done with school now has one test to take then she has her Masters Degree in Science she did very well looks so good too but all felt so badly Did you get to the Holy Mass today. I hope you did we had high mass we canned some sweet corn Had letters from Esther [Bernard] & Flo [Wieland] all are fine little Mary Ann [Bernard] had stepped in a nail was better again. We lost a lot of our little chicks but are well now again. were so nice and then to have to bury them like that.

All for tonite and do be faithful in saying your prayers so you'll have the grace to carry on lots of love from all.
Mother

From Mary Busch
August 31, 1944

Just a few lines in answer to your most welcome letter. It's been raining most of the week. No one has been doing any work to speak of. Art plowed a little, Dad worked on the cornbinder and the rest of the family planted strawberries between showers. They're going to put woven wire around that little piece of ground mother used to have for a garden and plant it full of strawberries. I don't know who is going to do all the hoeing, but somebody will. The way it feels today there won't be much hoeing to do anymore this year.

I made a little wool dress for Mary Anne and a crib blanket for Ann Marie Baumgartners stork shower Friday. Marcella and I are sponsoring it. We're having a few games and angel food cake with whipped cream and coffee for lunch. How about stopping in for lunch. Theresa is making all the cake. It should be good.

Edith is making a little flannel dress and she's having trouble with every part of it.

Art and Vince were catching up on their 4H Club book work this morning and had quite a time figuring out the exact date they did everything.

Dinner is ready. Don't work too hard and write when you find time.
Love Mary

From Fred Busch
September 7, 1944

Just a line we are well wishing same of you. We are treshing at Uncle Gusses [Bernings] will finish there tomorrow. and then we are going to help Shobers John is renting our treshing maching for \$1.25 per hour and is going to use his tractor he wanted to use ours but I don't like to use the tractor for treshing out. we have a good crop and prices are good but are going down fast we got our treshing all done before the rain one afternoon we had 3 1/2 in of rain then we had a shower it rained 1/2 in the grain was so wet that broke over by the roots and is leaning quite badly hard to cut it hasnt frozen yet and corn is coming along nicely I got a good price for the grain I sold it just as I halled it from the treshing machin shurly runs nice and dose good work we are treshing with 4 bundle teams and 1 field pitcher so much for now Love from Dad

From Fred Busch
September 17, 1944

Just a line we are fine Hank & Esther [Bernard] and family were here today had a swell visit the weather was fine. left for home 5 pm we still have lots of rain we got our treshing out of the way without any rain and surly it was lucky. we are having so much rain the that is left to tresh is growing out around Fargo there is much grain to be cut yet can't on the land being it is to wet some of the grain wont be cut at all. we finished U

Gusses [Berning] treshing with out much rain Gus is surly glad that he is done. we are treshing for John Schober. have been there for some time I surly didn't like to take the job but he couldnt get any else so we couldn't refuse him still have 4 day left at Johns. Ma and I took Mary [Busch] to fargo Fri her school starts Monday took a load of young stock to Fargo brought home a load of posts stayed in Fargo over night. Mary didnt like to leave home she is going to teach around here next year Mary surly is a good kid. had a good crop and fair price for our grain. Good night Love from Dad.

From Rosa Busch
September 17, 1944

The letter written to Vince & Art came Sat. glad you are still well yes we'll all be so happy when this is over. Its hard to be patient.

We had a busy Sunday went to Mass in Dickey as was early there for Henry [Bernard] & family came for a visit today were glad to see them as they were only home once this summer all were well except for colds. The baby [Florence] is sure getting grown up and Mary Ann has the cutest pigtails is so fat & chubby. Richard sure did justice to the water and muskmelons in the garden he couldn't wait till we cut one are small this year but taste so good. Esther took home some tomatoes for canning & some cucumbers it has not frosted yet. We canned about 40 qts tomatoes already and will do more.

Vincent cut corn yesterday as it rained some so couldn't tresh are at Shobers was so wet all last week. there is a lot of grain to be treshed yet We sold 2 calves one was a big one since winter got \$72.00 for them Dad took them to Fargo and took Mary took the train there for Wales. Esther said Lu had written Jimmy [Pinkney] had a bad cold and they took him to see a Dr. they plan on coming down here to hunt it opens next Wed. Art has his license and shells too this year.

Dad went to bed and Vince is reading Edi & Art went to show.

We have some potatoes dug but not all will have a sure supply for the winter.

We got a parcel here for Mr. & Mrs. George Busch from your cousin Sister Georgine I'm going to write to Jean [Busch] and ask her if I shall send it to her or keep it here. We also got a letter from the Navy wanting Jeans correct address as some mail for her had been returned to them so we sent it in to them I'm afraid she'll have some trouble as she moves around and her address changes seems it was addressed to (Thompson N. Carolina) but I'm sure theyll get it straitened out now.

Well thats about all the news so hope you got to Mass today if not say some extra prayers as Sun is the Day where ever we may be say your rosary often and the Blessed Mother will keep you in her care.

Lots of love from us all.
Mother

From Art Busch
September 22, 1944

I took a long time to work up enough ambition to write you a letter but I think I have succeeded. I and Vince got the letter you sent us a couple of weeks ago. Dad received the letter you wrote him today. It is a very damp and chilly evening. As yet we haven't had any frost but we are expecting some most anytime. We had another shower of rain this afternoon and the weather still isn't settled. It was just getting good and dry for the threshing for once. We still have about a day & a half of threshing to do for John

Schober. We only got one full day of threshing in last week. The rest of the time we usually had a heavy fog or a little rain just enough moisture so we couldn't thrash all day. A lot of the wheat is sprouting in the shock. I am sure glad we got our crop out of the way before the rainy spell.

We have been running four bundle teams & a field pitcher and we get along pretty nicely when the weather permits. The machine has been running very good this year. We only stopped once, all day yesterday, and that was because the elevator belt came off. When its dry it keeps the four teams stepping right along.

Hunting season opened last Wednesday. As yet I have gotten one pheasant. That one was about half grown but I only walked through our trees so I couldn't expect much. I plan on doing a lot of hunting Sunday. There aren't many ducks around yet but I read in the paper that the most ducks in 30 years were coming down from Alaska & Canada. I hope they get here pretty soon. I think we will have plenty of shells this year.

Oct. 6 is 4-h Achievement Day at LaMoure. I plan on bringing a couple of my pigs down for showing. They are doing quite well I think. Boy! can those darn pigs eat alot of feed. I am beginning to think I can't make much money by raising pigs.

School started a week ago Monday. I have gone four or five days. I only need one & one half credits yet to graduate. I am taking three subjects this semester, so I can come home at 1:40 in the afternoon. That leaves quite a little time in the afternoon for farm work. I am taking U.S. History, English IV, and Geometry. I have the same teachers as I had last year. The seniors, Melvin, Elmer, & I, got our class rings the first day of school. Including about a dozen different taxes they just about twelve dollars.

Well so much for now as the clock says its time to go to bed.
Your brother Art

From Rosa Busch
September 22, 1944

Dad received your letter tonite. Wish you could tell us where you are at. We had a letter from Aunt Cecilia Lange says Harold Hoppman is in France Lorin is in Australia Donald is in Idaho. We sent August a snap of your wedding and he said he had not even heard you were married. Says you have a charming wife Dad and I were to LaMoure this p.m. it gets about good & dry then it rains again so its slow going with threshing got in only 1 whole day this week 3 half days.

We canned vegetables today mixed for soup have canned 56 qt tomatoes it has not froze yet. We expect Florence & Ole [Wieland] home as he plans on going hunting but are not done treshing yet. we will dig spuds tomorrow I hate the job but it must be done.

Ann Marie Swietzer (Mrs. Baumgartner(?)) has a new baby girl. We are having some straberries now but need to set out a new bed. The cosmos are so pretty yet here in front of the house yesterday I picked a huge bouquet of glads & carnations. I must stop now as Art is writing too so you should get all the news. I must give Francis Long a spiritual bouquet yet in a Mass they feel so badly.

Hope you are well. God Bless and keep you dear.
Love Mother

From Vincent Busch
September 22, 1944

It has rained again today which is not unusual weather. We stopped threshing at noon. This afternoon Art and I fixed fence. We put chicken netting around the patch of land back of the smoke house to keep the chickens out of the strawberries which we planted there this fall. The strawberry is patch 66' by 15' I am beginning to wonder how to get them covered.

Threshing is coming along fine we still have four teams hauling bundles and one field pitcher, a ex-marine from Guadacanal. The machine keeps us going with Henry Hoffman's Ellis Chalmer's tractor pulling it. There is 90 acres left to thresh.

The Farmall broke down when we had about 3 loads of wheat left on Bernings. Dad ordered a new head from Jarve's Bros in LaMoure.

Your brother
Vincent Busch

From Edithe
October 22, 1944

Your letter was very welcome as are all of your letters around here. You mention receiving several of my V-Mail letters that sort of stood me up, because I haven't been doing so much writing. I'll try doing better in the future.

Nothing much of interest has happened around here the last week. Dad came home yesterday afternoon from his trip to Iowa. He couldn't find a car so we will have to depend on the Modle A awhile longer. He was planning on putting in his bid for buying his home place. They are planning on selling it. Nothing that I know of has happened so far so it will probably just pass. I really don't know much about that business. He didn't have much news from the folks down there. I don't think he saw much of them. The Jhole (sp) brothers were down to Pack City Iowa for gas, and he rode along, but I suppose mother told you about that in her letter. He enjoyed his trip a lot.

The boys were out hunting pheasants, and came home with a fox - imagine! They also shot three pheasants, and are out after ducks now. They have had so many pheasants this year they are getting a little tiresome, but that meat is surely handy now that we haven't any other meat.

The Heims arrived just a short time ago for a visit. They couldn't get up to Bernings because of the slew in the pasture.

It didn't take Jean [Busch] very long to get a job after she came home.

The men are building a fence around the section just behind the house. they have it almost finished now, but havn't been working on it because of the corn picking and plowing (mainly). Mother and I are picking corn. Art has been cutting hay. It's a piece the Muskies didn't want. It was cut last year so it is rather bedded. They quit cutting on it.

By the way I wonder if my wishing you a Merry Christmas would be much premature. I hope you'll be home, but I'm afraid we can't plan on that for awhile.

Art went to a show with Berning's. "Desert Song" was showing.

Florence [Wieland] wrote they were afraid they were loosing their hired man to the Army. He got his 1-A classification.

The pigs are really looking nice. This year they lost a couple from cholera after they were vaccinated. One was a runt anyway, and a couple of them had swollen necks, but there are almost 40 of them.

Art was disgusted with Dr. Clare. Two of his pigs had big lumps where they were vaccinated. He is convinced he left the needle in the one. that one is better now though.

I can't think of any more news right now. Maybe you know that the Baumgartners have a baby girl. Well, that is about all for this time.

Good Bye and Love Edith

From Rosa Busch
October 22, 1944

I think Edi has written most of the news we had company so were busy it was a very nice Oct. day. We attended 2 holy masses today when F. Schuh was done in came Father Geonard and said another mass so we stayed for it. Were over to Bernings with Heims Tina & Agnes are going out to Whyoming (I guess thats the way to spell it) to Rose as Pinkey has to go across now too she expects a baby in Nov. so its to bad he has to go at this time.

Mrs Heim says Elmer is in Holland now was in England & Belgium driving a tank so is in the front too at times Delores is in Italy. James is home and Marcella is in a hospital in Milwaukee had apendicitis operation lately. And Alvin is in school yet at Milwaukee going to a dentist school yet.

Clarence & Faye expect a baby too. they had to ship 38 cows had bangs desease so it a big loss to them alrite had lost lots of calves already. Now they bought some holstiens.

Well all for now lots of love from all. Mother

From Rosa Busch
October 30, 1944

Hope you are well as all are here.

Its stay so very nice sunny & brite every day the boys would like some rain for plowing. Vincent was hauling in corn fodder its so nice & dry & green yet its hard work too. he got a card from the draft board saying he was in class II-C till Feb. these I bet it will be changed How I wish it were all over. The Japs sure lost a lot of ships. We have early Mass on "All Saints" Days Nov 1st. I do hope you get to Mass too some times and can recieve Holy Communion too. Governor Moses is speaking on the radio now the radio is hot with speeches now before election.

The Aid is serving a lunch for election day I am to make 2 pies (more fun).

We had a meeting in the parlor below the pool hall last week. I guess that just is just cousin of ? there they bought Elmers house to now. Chancy Ray is going out west too now had a sale of their house hold goods. Mr. & Mrs August Shockman are away visiting. Oscar Peterson moved on the south farm too now he bought it.

Dad intends to take some hogs to Fargo some of these days. We got a letter from Mary tonite I'll send it along. We had a letter from Jean saying she recieved 3 letters from you. it didnt take her long to get work after she got back here. Lucille & Tommy are moving to Fargo for the winter he will get work there.

Did I tell you aunt Tina & Agnes went to see Rose. Whyoming. her man has to go across to now with his troop.

Uncle Gus is always so busy is plowing then he has all his corn to pick yet. its good this year the boys are getting ready to trap skunks there seems to be lots of dens around they got the fence all around the north quarter now.

Well all for now dear and be sure to remember your prayers where ever you are the Lord is and he will hear you if you love and serve him well. God Bless & keep you love from all.

love from all Mother

From Fred Busch
November 4, 1944

Just a line to let you know we are all well and wishing the same of you we have our corn mostly picked. Vincent has that strip to pick on the S 1/4 the we just bought. he has hibread corn on that strip corn is fairly good for as cool as the season was and so wet. South of Berlin where there wasent so much rain corn is very good while hunting south we went trough lots of real good corn that field of white will easly make 60 bu per acre wish I could send you a ear of corn out of that field. our pigs are almost ready to sell. Art sold three of his pigs yesterday. The 4h Club had an Auction on thirl bread stock. Art sold two boars for \$40.00 each and one sow for \$35.00 we have 40 head of cattle they surly all look good. Vincent bought on registered lamb at the sale they are very much interested in the 4h stough which surly is good they also learn a lot about farming. I got a letter from the warboard seams as though there is help needed in the defense plants. I can get a job for at least 4 months out west. I am going down to see them one of the first days it surly would be a vacation to get off of this for a while and the boys can easly do the work and they do the work swell. I always have been wishing and wanting to go west for a while and surly have a swell chance every body around here tell me I should have a vacation I was down to Chicag I tought mabe I could buy a car plenty cars but no rubber. I stoped in Dubuque one day on buisness then I came home was gone one week. Had a ride with Johls to Rock Rapids Iowa on the gass truck I enjoyed the trip very much. I am still at the telephone work seams I have good success in the telephone business been at that work now for a long time have the phones all in fairly good working order boys had lots of fun hunting this fall now they are busy catching skunks Art is going to write to you he will tell you all about the efort. the weather is frosty and a bit crimp theres only a trace of snow so it isnt bad. they have lots of snow at Dickinson NDak.

I surly was glad to here from you write often.

Love from Dad

From Rosa Busch
November 5, 1944

Dad & Art are writing so I'll enclose a few lines too.

Its a dark and dreary day misting a little freezes as it falls. Its bleak Nov so can expect it. In Oct. we had all sunshine 25 days that were clear it sure was nice plowing ect.

We had a letter from Florence [Wieland] I don't know weather or not she wrote to you she is not very well and is to go to the hospital for an operation it seems she has a tumor. I don't like to write this but its just as well you should know say a prayer for her I

guess that tumor accounts for her not having a child well lets hope for the best its not very large yet Dr said I don't know when she'll go just yet. Guess Edith will go up there to help when she gets back. Is going to Fargo.

Father Schuh was ill too so no Mass in Berlin we drove to LaMoure.

we sold some roosters Fri 16 got \$21.54 they were so nice the pullets are all in the chicken house now we sell some turkeys and old hens tomorrow will dispose of all the old ones. We have about 80 pullets. We lost so many this summer when they were sick.

Well hope you are not to hot these days there is plenty of heat on all fronts now by the papers God grant its successful soon

Tuesday is election its a hot campaine too some are slinging the mud around.

We will serve a lunch on election day.

Tommy & Lucille are going to Fargo for the winter given he's sort of tired of the farm work.

The Bernings are well Aug[ust] is still at camp LaJeune NoCar. Agnes & Tina went to see Rose in Why[oming] as Pinke had to go across to. Aneta is at home. Ruby is in cadet nurse training in New Rockford IL Rufina is in training at Iowa City.

Well all for now I know Dad & Art have all the news down by now.

I must write to all the girls yet and Jean. She likes her school but is so busy.

Father McDonald is pastor of Oakes now he married Esther.

Lots of love darling
from mother

From Art Busch
November 5, 1944

Vince & I received the letter you wrote us yesterday. It has been rather cold in this part of the country the last few days. We had some snow too. But I guess we could expect some cold weather now because we had some of the nicest weather before it got cold. We had about 3 or 4 weeks of dry & clear days we came in pretty handy even though we were through threshing. We got the fence finished around the north quarter & a pretty good amount of plowing done. Vincent has about a day of corn hauling to do yet and we have the barn about full of hay so we are pretty well prepared for winter.

The trapping season started last Wednesday. We have gotten 7 skunks and a fox so far. There seem to be a lot of skunks around again this year. I plan on going over on Schober's land this afternoon & hunt. Last Wednesday I found 4 dens over there but only got one skunk out of the last one so I think I am getting closer to them.

I want to hunt some ducks too this afternoon. A big bunch of them have kept a hole in the ice on Schober's slew and seem to be waiting for some more god weather. there were some of the biggest ducks around this fall and there was a lot of them to. I didn't have as good a luck though hunting them as I did last year. I have only gotten seven yet. The pheasants are plentiful too. I have gotten 19 pheasants already this fall. the field across the road in back of our trees is just lousy with pheasants. I made a luck shot Wednesday I got two pheasants with one shot I guess they were flying just in the

right place. We have gotten plenty of shells so pheasant is about the only kind of meat we have had since hunting season started. I bet you have a lot of two-legged things to hunt down there.

I am taking three subjects in school this year and can come home at 1:40 o'clock in the afternoon. We had a school carnival Friday night and made around \$100. Well so long for now. I sold three of my purebred pigs for \$115 yesterday.

Your brother Art

From Mary Busch
December 25, 1944

Merry Christmas! Hope you've had a very nice one. My correspondence has been sadly neglected these past few weeks. Forgive me please. Sure wish you could be here. None of the married members of the family were home so this has been a quiet day a very enjoyable one also. Vincent and I went along to midnight mass with Bernings. The crib and altar were beautiful. The choir sang Christmas Carols from 11:30 until 12. Father gave a very nice sermon. Bill Kosse and Betty Switzers husband were both in church. Bill gets furloughs quite often it seems.

Was Santa good to you? He certainly was to me. I sent you and Jean something together so she'll write and tell you about it. Hope you'll be able to use them sometime. Jean must have been kept quite busy shopping for all of us. she got and sent such nice things. Mother and Dad surely like the end table. She sent me the cutest little makeup mirror. Both your names were on it. Thanks a lot. Esther and Henry sent a very cute family picture. The Pinkneys sent me a pair of silk stockings, mother & dad each gave me a pair, the boys gave me stationery, a white silk scarf from Stella, a lovely picture of the Immaculate Conception from Father Sommon, one of St. Theresa from Aunt Cecelia, a facinator (pink wool) from Wielands, a sewing kit from Edith besides all those things I got 6 handkerchiefs, a bully wooly powder puff, cold cream, perfume, hand lotion, 5 boxes of lovely stationery, two pin cushions, pair of wool mittens and a pretty flowered rayon night gown from Mrs. Klein which is entirely too nice to wear to bed.

It sure the bunk traveling these days. The trains are all late it seems. It took me from 2 Friday afternoon until 3 Saturday afternoon to get home [from Wales ND to Berlin]. I'm quite sure I could have walked faster. It was sure nice to get home anyway. Vacation lasts for two weeks. We're saving our Christmas turkey until Jean comes. She only has one week so may not have time to come. We'll be disappointed if she doesn't.

Seeing how I got to midnight mass I stayed home and cooked dinner. I had everything ready to eat when they got home at 10:30. Beef roast, riced potatoes, buttered corn, perfection salad, pear sauce, filled date cookies, grape fruit, milk and dill pickles was the menu. It's 5:30 now and no one has eaten a bit all day so you see it was a very substantial meal especially when I got through cooking it.

Art got two airplanes to build and he's been more than busy all day. Every time he attached a new piece he buzzes it around my head. My wits are pretty well scattered right now.

Write when you find time and don't work too hard. Thanks again for the gift.

Happy New Year.

Lovingly Mary

From Rosa Busch
January 1, 1945

Its New Year Day so a good day to do writing as its very cold out it was 20 below this morning it is clear and no snow. Yesterday we went up to see Esther[Bernard] and family [at Eldridge]. All are fine there she had a cold we had a waffle breakfast and a big dinner enjoyed visit a lot.

It was cold as the dickens in Mass today as the grate had fallen out of the furnace so Father really stepped it up we were home a little after 9:15.

Jean came to see us too we enjoyed her visit a lot too but she didn't stay very long she has only one week vacation ? & Dan came Wed and left Sat noon they went past Flo place as they wanted to see her they are fine Lu is ? Ronald & Jimmy sure cut the ? now. Richard got tinker toys for Xmas and he sure had fun making things he is so interested. I sent him a book and he learned it all by heart We butchered in this past week if I'd been sure of company we'd of put it off but all enjoyed the steaks & sausage.

Now this week we'll can and fry some down. Art had an airplane and he put it all together he sure likes planes. Elmer Kosse a Kinletz boy and Tony Swietzer are leaving for the service soon. The Swietzer family have moved on the Ben Kolmans place you know where Lu used to teach by Riggs in that community. A man by the name of Fisher has moved on the place where they lived before.

John Long & Marcella were here during vacation we had a turkey dinner that day Leonard is in Class A 1 now too. Our Xmas cactus is so pretty now.

The kyds all went to a card party in Dickey 17 tables uncle Gus said they are going to butcher this week.

The boys are so busy the cows will all be milking soon have 38 head of cattle so it makes lots of chores beside the little calves are keeping 8 sows this year have 7 sheep sold the old ones. I wonder where you spent your Xmas hope you got to Mass if you don't just say some prayers it would be nice if all the Catholic men on shift will recite the rosary together on Sundays where there is no Mass by prayer alone will this war ever be settled.

Jean is the same as always & always so nice I think she is a bit more fat if anything thanks for the Xmas gifts I hope you got yours

Happy New Year, Happy Birthday, lots of love
Mother

From Tina Berning
June 11, 1945

Today is a gala day in Wis Uncle Herman Placke & Aunt Kate are celebrating their gold wedding. Your Mom & Pop and Uncle Gus went down to help. So that leaves me a grass widdler, so Im writing all my Boy Friends. Now you are first on my list. The letter Melvin recieved of you arived on time and the two green backs, is he pleased says he, Mom, you hide these for I want to keep them, that I'd mention this for its hard telling how long you may have to wait for a letter from that live wire.

Well Geo, everything looks grand now had a very nice rain the other day and hung on near a week with a dizzy fog and a sprinkle here and there but finely it let loose in torrents sure was a soaker. Yesterday and today were very nice sunny days and a bit warmed. Corn is coming up nice, wheat stooled out a lot too. It has been rather a cool spring, but I hope it makes up to that from now on.

Ruby was up on a visit and has gone on to Montana to cheer up Rose a bit as her hubby is missing now for a month or so. I hope for her sake that he turns up liveing.

Geo Ive a feeling Aug. is in the line of getting those fox holes filled and ready for reinhabitation, get me.

Well we are milking 6 out of 8 cows, and have 26 little piglets from 3 mother pigs and have in the 60 chicks, cream and eggs are a very good price now, but everything you want to buy you hear this story: sorry mam, but we haven't got any. and the few things you can get are sky high, a ten dont bring you what 5 use to.

All are well here, Ive been getting quite a bit heavier than I were a year ago. Will clos now thanking you for Mel.

Yours as ever Aunt Tina

From Mel Berning
June 18, 1945

Well I received your letter the other day and was I ever tickled at what dropped out. Thanks a lot. First Hawaiian money Ive ever possessed. And believe me that will be the last of my graduation collection to be used.

On June 1st I graduated only to the realization that I was more ignorant, or so it seems, than when I started. We had quite a graduation exercise. Ray Holland was the speaker and in my estimation he was a mighty good speaker. In fact its the first time I really stayed awake to hear the end of a commencement address. Art and I gave speeches and if he was as nervous as I was he must have been really scared.

Can you imagine dad took a vacation this summer, he's still on it, and left me to take care of the farm. I don't think I've done too bad a job. Although the car has traveled a bit more than average. I spose this letter or scratching is getting boring so I'll conk out.

Your cousin, "Mel"

From Rosa Busch
June 20, 1945

Art is writing to you so I'll send along a few lines. We got home from the [Kate & Herman Placke] golden wedding Mon went on the bus and it took a little longer that way it was a nice trip and we had grand old time there plenty of refreshments too. The lawns look wonderful there. saw lots of my 1st cousins that I had not seen for 15 or 20 years anymore. there were many people at Mass and at the reception in the evening got lots of money and some swell gifts arm chairs so that they can sit in comfort if they wish. Sister Georgine was there too and the nuns from the St Clara's too at the Mass. we saw uncle Art [Parker] in Dubuque he is getting older. Donald Hoppman was married to on Sat. he goes to Nebraska camp now again. Leonard came back from Ft Snelling doesn't need to go since had some spinal trouble. Wed had a sore arm so we went to see a Dr but no Dr in town so came home its sort of rheumatism I think. The boys are plowing corn & potatoes will cut hay soon. Lu is home for a visit and Duane is going to look for work in Fargo. We saw Heims today. they all seem fine with the house put on a big porch heat & batt & all.

La Moure N.W. June 11 1945

This is a letter written by Christina Berning to George Busch on June 11, 1945, while he was at sea during World War II. This is another good example of her fine sense of humor. It is sad that her health condition made it difficult to enjoy life more than she doubtless would have liked.

Today is a gala day in Wis
Uncle Herman Placke & Aunt Kate are celebrating
their Gold Wedding. Your Mom & Pop. and Uncle
Gus, went down to help. So that leaves me
a grass wicker, so I'm writing all my Boy
Friends. Now you are first on my list,
The letter Melvin received of you arrived on
time and the two green backs is he pleased
says he, Mom, you hide these for I want to
keep these, that I'd mention this for it's
hard telling how long you may have to
wait for a letter from that live wire

Well Geo, every thing looks grand now
had a very nice rain the other day and
hang on near a week with a dizzy fog
and a sprinkle here and there but finally
it let loose in torrents sure was a soaker.
Yesterday and today were very nice sunny

All for tonite I'm enclosing a few snaps of the family and the graduate [Art] he reminds me of you. love from mother do keep up your prayers dear.

From Art Busch
June 20, 1945

It took me a long time to get started to write this letter. I kept putting it off like I put off the writing the thank you letters for my graduation presents. I received about \$12 in money and I think I will buy a wrist watch with it. You wrote and said you are sending a billfold as yet I haven't received it. I don't know if it got lost or is still on the way. It has probably covered a lot of territory already.

We are planning to go up to Jamestown tomorrow to bring up our stock hog and two sucking calves. The hog ought to weigh around 450 lbs. He is certainly a big brute. We are milking 14 cows now and we have 6 other cows with automatic milk machines (better known as sucking calves). The cream checks amount to about \$35 a week now.

We also started weening our little pigs today. They are doing pretty well but are certainly hard to keep in a fence. We have about 56 of the little rascals.

The trees are certainly growing this year and the foliage on them is thicker than I have ever seen. The green ash around the yard are shooting right up. I dug up some lilac shoots from the old "north place" and planted a lilac between each green ash tree on the west & north sides of the yard. The green ash might kill them out in the future but I figured they would help keep the weeds down. The trees down below are just full of boxelder and chokecherry seedlings. I hope they keep growing. I did some painting around the last few days. I painted the garage and some of the other smaller building. We want to pain the barn if we can ever find time to do it.

The weather has certainly been cool this spring, in fact up around Edgeley there was a pretty good frost about a week ago. The cool weather has kept the flies and mosquitoes away.

Am sending some pictures we took a couple of weeks ago [at my high school graduation]. You will probably recognize the suit it was the one you graduated from college in.

The pictures were taken in front of the chokecherry tree north of the house.

I received two scholarships at graduation one from the Fargo Business College and one from the Jamestown College.

Your brother Art

From Rosa Busch
July 25, 1945

I'm just about ready for bed but better write first as I keep putting it off. This was washing day for us. It was such a sunny and drying day wish it would rain as everything needs it. The men got done haying today except some odd places where they went out to yet [weren't out to yet?]. We have 17 staks intend to fill the barn to yet and harvest is almost here the oats are getting ripe fast.

Oh yes this will interest you Jean her ma and June were here for a visit stayed only overnite from here they went to see Henry & Esther stayed over nite in Jamestown and

were going to visit Flo Mon then home. Jean wanted to stay longer but ma thought she ought to be home Jean looks swell has lots of pretty clothes. June got tall.

Esther had a letter from August is on Okinawa he had a bad battle there got shot through his jacket (?) this is his address

Capt A.W. Berning USMCR
Hico 1-8 2d Mar Div
%FPO
San Francisco
California

The boys were to a show last night in LaMoure "30 seconds over Tokyo." We intend to go to see Esther tomorrow she has a birthday the 27th. And Richard had his tonsils out on an getting along good then we are taking 4 old sows to market up there. in a week or 2 we will sell 6 old steers are so fat.

We canned 23 quarts peas [illegible word - perhaps another vegetable]...will can some beets and beans too now and I'm getting some apricots too to cook. Sat is Leonard Longs wedding. John is in the infantry. Jean went to Confession with us Sat. Art is making a watch chain out of horse hair looks nice and should be strong. Our old Skippy (the dog) is having a bad time has such a stiff leg these days.

Well all for tonite we go to Janestown at 5 in the morning else its to hot for the hogs.

With love and lots of prayers for you dear son.

Sincerely, Mother

From Rosa Busch
August 8, 1945

Not much news but will say we are at harvest oats is short but heavy and all heads. Its wet this morning not much rain but to wet to cut and its dead ripe too. We have the south quarter cut and will be at the back soon.

We canned beans yesterday. Mary will be home soon to now so she can truck the grain when we trash there won't be much help available except Mexicans.

I got a letter from Clara Budden said one of the twin boys had been bit by a dog had to have stitches taken one by the eye that a mess dogs can be bad. she sent the negatives of the golden wedding may send you some when I get some made but it takes so long now.

Did I write that Anita Berning is taking nurse training now. Aunt Tina is going to S.Dak to some quack. We'd call him sort of a ? Dr for treatments next week. I of course think its so silly but she sure believes it will cure her she is looking & feeling real good at present.

We look for Esther & family. sure hope they can come. they intend to move [to Sykeston] early in Aug.

Lorin Hoppman is at home now again they say he is nervous and has some shrapnel in his body but I bet he is glad to be home and will soon mend. aunt Kate says Bill won't have enought points yet to get out.

Our corn is very slow this summer it needs rain.

I'll enclose a clipping for you to read. Jean June & her Ma were here to visit she looks swell but didn't stay long enough. Next Sun is the ?

Song of Bernadette [movie] at LaMoure its 3 nites so all can see it. aunt Kate says their oats is not good.

Dad must haul oats yet before we trash. all for now much love and prayers for you dear write Mother

From Rosa Busch
August 9, 1945

We did not here from you for a few weeks you must be on the move anyway I hope and pray all is well with you. We are at harvest. Went till 9 last nite now its raining. The wheat is very ripe we have oats & barley cut. Dad drives the tractor and I the binder and the boys shock up.

Yesterday we were to John Ness funeral at the Lutheran church in Berlin he died suddenly. Ruth & Ann came from California for the funeral.

We should pick the beans today for canning now its to wet. We still have our 4 steers Otto was to take them but has not come yet the boys are feeding them grain and they are nice & fat.

Agnes said she had a letter from Anja(?) yesterday.

Robert Quinlan was to get home last nite he was in Germany. We heard last nite that Russia is going to war against Japan to now so should help to shorten this war a lot.

Sunday Henry & family were here we enjoyed it a lot the kidlets do have the best time Art gave them rides on "nigger" they stayed till Mon morning went to see the show "The Song of Bernadette" Sun eve. I kept the children. Dad & I went Mon nite I never forget it the humility & obedience of her are so stirking makes one feel I'm a long way off from being a St. I get so hot when people talk about me.

Its about dinner time and I ? I'm getting fat. We are having prune pie and pork new carrots and beans an potatoes are none to big yet its been to dry.

Art wants to see the circus but its to wet now.

Much love and write if its possible.

I sent some snaps did you get them?
much love and write if its possible Mother

From Rosa Busch
August 12, 1945

We got your letter last nite Art got one too telling about the billfold he was glad it was not lost he has been watching the mail steadily ever since you wrote it had been sent. I got a letter written by you on July 11 just a (?) old was glad to get it as we had no mail from you for over 3 weeks I have written you about crops you must not of received it yet.

Rosa Busch celebrates the end of WWII in a letter to her son after VJ Day. The War had outlasted everyone's expectations and its end was a real time to celebrate.

Berlin W. Va.
Aug. 26th

Dear Son:

Hurray! the old war is over
I can't say what that means to me. I do
hope it can all be settled very soon now
We got the news on Aug. 14th at 5 p.m.
I went into our place and lit a
candle and prayed.

We got your letter of the 14th yesterday
always a big day for this family to get your letter
We are at trucking here about 2 days yet
all went well so far with but a few inter-
ruptions one after noon the elevator belt kept
coming off got that fixed. Then we truck at
Gus and then at Shobers. Mary is hauling
grain we sold 1063 bu. oats its nice & heavy
too then we got the rest in the bins.

Today Henry & family and Bern and Florence
surprised us I had just laid me down to sleep
when the car bumped here they were.

we had such a nice visit together Henry will
be moving soon Edie is to help her. Richard says
he is coming here every Sunday he does have the
first time. We are having sweet corn & tomatoes
from the garden now. Florence will be at trucking
Tomorrow have a bumper crop up there

We are cutting wheat and should be done in about 3 days if the binder works it gives us plenty of grief at times. The crop is good. Not very long straw but good grain in it. it was to dry in June & July for it We had a big rain last nite the first big shower for some time the corn needs it yet its slow and will have to hurry to get ripe at all before frost.

Mary is not home yet we expect her soon. The war news made us all so glad. I hope the peace offer will be settled now we are keeping tuned in to hear what Japan will reply.

On Wed is the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin we have Mass at 8.

It was a very hot day yesterday today is cool but sunny so should be able to start harvest again in the morning.

Mr & Mrs Pete Reader and Colett and Paul & wife are here at Fennos in Berlin visiting. Paul is in the Navy and has a furlough. Robert Quinlan surprised his folks Wed and came home he looks good only not so fat as he was he was in Germany.

Mary Katherine Sullivan was home today and John was expected tonite he was at summer school has one year left it wonderful to think he'll be a priest of god then. Our church was full today and the babies were all bawling it seemed to me.

I wonder do you know that Henry Hoffman (sold? lost?) the place where Art Mishe(?) lives on for ? & so Art has to move.

Art has to cut his grain and then shock it all has a nice crop in. there are some southerners came in to work some are no good You (cut?) hay at \$6.00 a day and board so its a lot to hay. The radio said they would make tires now for tractors and service men will be given 1st chance to get farm machines when available. All for now hope you get to Mass on Sun and that you get to see August lots of love and prayers for you Mother.

From Rosa Busch

August 26, 1945

Hurrah! the old war is over I can't say what that means to me. I do hope it can all be settled very soon now We got the news on Aug 14th at 5 p.m. I went rite to our statue and lit a candle and prayed.

We got your letter of the 14th yesterday always a big day for the family to get your letters We are at treshing have about 2 days yet all went well so far with but a few interruptions one after noon the elevator belt kept coming off got that fixed. Then we trash at Gus and then at Shobers. Mary is hauling grain we sold 1063 bu oats its nice & heavy too then we got the rest in the bins.

Today Henry & family and Bernard & Florence surprised us I had just laid me down to sleep when the car honked here they were. We had such a nice visit together Henry will be moving soon [to Sykeston] Edi is to help her [Esther was expecting Frank in November]. Richard says he is coming here every Sunday he does have the best time. We are having sweet corn & tomatoes from the garden now. Florence will be at treshing tomorrow have a bumper crop up there.

Lucina & Duane were here a week went to Fargo Friday she was going to get a new winter coat Ronald & Jimmy sure enjoyed treshing Stella & Raymond and Freese are here this evening visiting Mary.

We must can more corn yet & tomatoes.

Well all for now and Congratulations on your promotion good luck & best wishes
God love you dear lovingly Mother.

From Rosa Busch
August 29, 1945

Well how are you tonite all are busy here at treshing are at Uncle Gus now we are
done here except about 40 acres on the Crist place then at Shobers yet corn crop was good
and a good quality to such heavy oats.

Last Sun Bernard & Florence and Henry & family came to see us it was a big
surprise we all had a good visit. Henry school starts the 10th so they will move soon Edi
will go up to help them if she don't get to homesick. Esther wants to keep her till after
her baby comes its next to impossible to get any help nowadays. Ole wanted the boys to
help them tresh too.

Mary helped Agnes today. We canned corn & tomoatoes here the tomatoes are so
nice its dry & hot so ripens fast I want to can a lot of them.

Mary starts school on the 4th unless they change it as up they they are just at
harvest its later up there.

did I tell you we sold 4 steers got over \$120 a piece for them.

I must write to Jean yet I bet she is glad the war is over as she was looking (?) and
to that so (?)

I was wondering if you were in the fleet of ships that are heading for Japan hope
all goes well I for one don't trust those people yet There is a lot to tresh yet around here
Art Muske has a big crop too and it isn't all shocked up either yet. The boys here have
millet hay to haul too. The corn is plow hope the frost stays away.

The gladiolas & flowers in the garden are so pretty yet I hate to see them freeze.
Sun even Stella & Raymond Freese were here.

Richard had to have a horseback ride again. Mary Ann calls it a cow little
Florence is the best baby.

Well hope we get a letter from you soon as we are always looking for letters from
you. We got the box of shells too. I'll save them for you. Art likes his billfold a lot. he
got a watch now he broke the crystal on it. he runs the separator & tractor all the time.

With love & lots of prayers I'll close.

I'm going to talk to Agnes tomorrow.

Father Schuh was here last night.

Mary just had a letter from Aug he is so thrilled the war is over.

it rained last nite Gus is nearly done treshing he tore the nail off his toe yesterday
the wheel went over it.

Lovingly Mother

From Mary Busch
August 30, 1945
Three cheers!!!

The wars over. There aren't or couldn't possibly be any more happier people in the world than right here at home. Don't work too hard at the reconstructing business!!!
Love Mary

From Rosa Busch
September 9th, 1945

I'm wondering why you don't write. I bet you way off somewhere. All here are fine.

We are busy canning tomatoes are so nice now sold 1/2 bu today.

The men are at Shobers treshing about 3 hrs left it rained Thursday nite so were not at it since. Wed & Thursday of this week were so very hot now its cool today and frost is forecast. I wish it won't freeze to hard the corn needs more warm weather there is such a lot of nice corn but some is a little soft yet. We eat sweet corn almost every day! Canned a lot of it to

Edith is at Esthers now have no house to live in [in Sykeston] till Oct 1st so she is staying in Eldridge till then Henry will stay at Sykeston I hope Edithe don't get homesick

Our crop was good get the tin bin full of wheat & sold a lot to sold \$288 worth of flax and sold 1600 bu oats now the elevator is full and no cars to get so it makes it bad for them that ain't done yet. Uncle Gus has some of his oats on the ground The boys went to see the show "National Velvet" its running four days so must be a good show. We intend to sell some roosters tomorrow. We have so many this year had good luck. but no luck with turkeys something took them all one nite have 13 left had 60 the foxes are getting to bad around here.

We had early Mass today so many communions.

Alfred Thompson is home for good now has been discharged. Quinlan(?) has to go back yet. Donald Hoppman has to go to Japan to now in the Army of occupation.

We were glad to get a nice rain for the fall plowing They want to get at it at once. we must make some hay to yet in the sloughs that are mostly dry this fall. hunting seasons opens on 20 of September for ducks a week later for pheasants so many people want to come here for hunting I'd better open a hotel I could make money.

Anita Berning is in Rockford she wanted to enter Cadet Nurse training but now I dont know if she can get in anymore.

Betty Swietzer is in the Berlin Central now her man is in the service yet.

I hope she can manage it but I'm afraid we want to sell some cows yet before winter as we have 24 and I know the price will go down soon even if people can't get any meat.

Well hoping and praying you are well I'll stop write please I hope you get to Mass
or else say your rosary don't get careless about your prayers Lovingly Mother.

REMEMBERING THE BUSCH FARM



**A bunch of Busch grandkids
ride 'the horsey's' at the farm
most likely the mid-1940s.**

-----Original Message-----

From: Mary Busch [mailto:mkb46@tcq.net]

Sent: Wednesday, June 29, 2005 1:02 PM

To: Dick Bernard

Subject:

Visiting the farm: The anticipation of a farm visit often had me excitedly missing a bit of sleep. We visited during my dad's school vacations and often went both to Grand forks and Berlin to see both sets of parents. In our grey plymouth station wagon, packed with 7 and one suitcase for all of us, dad would sing all the oldies and point out the names of spotted critters and plants and cloud patterns. The windows were open in the hot summers and we debated how the vents should be twisted to give natural air to the back seat. We were fed always white bread sandwiches with pimento cheese. If there was any connected home to stop by for coffee on the way we would "drop in". My parents visited their Fahey friends parents too in Lakota. (no wonder I have made my livelihood for 20 years with elements of home visiting). We would detour to visit the Garrison Dam, The Jamestown school for disabled children and any educational spot. I reflect that it was my desire for novel experience that led to my excitement about the trips.

On arriving, the warmth and joy of the reception was immense. (I often tried to recall the spirit of those smiles and inject them into my work with children). You were never alone at the farm-the chatter of grown-ups intriguing me to linger at the table or evesdrop down furnace grates. The breathing moving-gazing chewing, eliminating animals-work horses(Blackie, George who was born on my dad's birthday,) pigs-geese turkeys-chickens-cows.....and the natural life-birds, fox, rabbits, snakes, turtles and insects.....Then the arrivals of cousins-expected but not really scheduled-just there all of a sudden ,known by the car streaming up the gravel road in dust.

Meals were magical in the quantity and variety. Edithe Busch was known for her angel food cakes, briskly hand mixing to have the whites frothy. Fruit and real farm whipped cream was glorious. I was awestruck by Grandma's cole slaw method of holding her cabbage to her tummy and slicing the cabbage by drawing the knife towards her. She made really thin nice slaw. Grandpa Ferd put the eggs on the table-while Vince and Edithe milked and did chores, He'd go down to the cellar and bring a bunch up and fry them crispy on the edges and sometimes with home-cured bacon or ham. Pancakes often appeared-the sour milk ones were especially tasty...cereal-hot or cold-and bread,

home canned fruit made the rounds too. A Sunday dinner could have 25 folks there-and the flurry of mashing potatoes-gathering garden produce and setting up the table culminated in the ring of the dinner bell and I'm salivating as I write. Watermelon pickles-dills-relishes-jello molds-home made bread-real cream in everything-so tasty. I remember when dishes were done in a little enamel pan with water from a little pump in the kitchen before plumbing in the fifties.. Farm work needs calories and the sandwiches and desserts midafternoon were amazing too.

Freedoms were abundant-the parents were distracted by visiting-the environment was open to initiations like driving in the dirt road.-Hunting gophers--digging around for eggs in the chicken coop-peering in this shed and that and trekking through the tree wind barrier-eating carrots and peas from the pod right in the garden. slithering on hay in the barn hay loft. letting animals lick salt off you. chasing kittens...having a break from all the chores at home.

Relaxing at the farm was playing cards, singing while Grandpa played his violin, saying the rosary kneeling on the linoleum, uncle vince drifting to sleep in his chair after a meal. and mostly just talking. Picnics to grand Rapids were fun-ball and fishing...

Grooming at both my ancestral farms included master of the sponge bath. In Berlin you were given the whole round tin tub to bathe yourself. In summer the rain barrel offered an outdoor option. The beauty of these outdoor baths is only replicated in my adult life by the canoe trips in the boundary waters. I was fascinated by Edith plaiting Grandma Rosa's hair which had colors back 15 years or perhaps more blending up to white near the scalp. She'd wrap braids around her head and blow upward from her mouth to move a strand away.

Visiting in Grandpa Ferd's shop he would give you wintergreen pink mints which he kept up in the rafters, I vaguely remember some other libations in his space.. He also liked those orange circus peanuts..Chocolate covered cherries were given with the Christmas presents.

Memories of the Busch Homestead

Jim Pinkney

It was a hot, hot summer day. It was also still and calm, odd for North Dakota in August. I guess in 1946, at four years old, I didn't know how odd it was... But Grandpa was raking hay with the old horse drawn "dump" rake where he watched the mown hay collect and then pulled the handle to dump the hay when it filled the curved teeth of the rake. It dumped with a loud and satisfying clang as the rake fell back into position to gather the next load of hay.

I was riding along in his lap and soon grew bored with the process of raking hay so it could be gathered into haystacks. I asked Grandpa if I could ride on the horses. He agreed but told me to hang on tight. Once aboard I put my hands on the harness and enjoyed a much more satisfying way to go back and forth through the field as we clanged along.

Satisfying until ... it was probably a horse fly. All of a sudden the other horse whinnied, snorted and off we went with two horses running madly out of control! In a flash I was dumped off and landed on the tongue between the hitch of horses. Clinging for dear life to the tongue, I screamed for Grandpa to make them stop. He soon did, and I scampered back to his lap. After I quit crying we continued to rake hay and headed back to the farm when the field was done. As we approached the barn Grandpa suggested that maybe Grandma didn't need to know about my "horse ride." He went on to explain that it would actually be best if I didn't tell anyone about it. I agreed and never told anyone about my "horse ride" with the dump rake behind and I scared to death by a fly-bitten runaway team of horses.

Was Grandma Busch Tough?

It was a sunny hot day at the farm as I served my turn as the "harvest helper" for Uncle Vincent. It was an instant tradition that the oldest male grandchild who had not served would come to the farm and stay for the harvest. I followed Cousin Dick and Brother Ron as the third in line for the opportunity. The main function of the helper was to keep the grain moving from the fields to the granary.

At the tender age of 14, the only real perk to the job was the chance to drive the truck from the field to the granary. This was a genuine thrill for a kid who would not have a driving license for at least another year. Against this thrill was the fact that it was darned hard work to shovel the grain out of the truck and into the granary. It didn't help that there was no inside bathroom at the farm in 1956—bathing happened on the weekend.

Anyway, here I was standing in the back of the truck shoveling oats and thankful it wasn't wheat (which is heavier). Suddenly, with the sun beating down, here comes Grandma over the side of the truck. Grabbing the shovel, she pushed me out of the way, told me to get in the shade, and started shoveling. She didn't stop until the truck was empty and she didn't stop berating Grandpa for letting a kid try to do a man's work.

I was absolutely mortified that a little old lady (I had no idea of how old she was) had taken over my appointed task. Did I mention that it was a sunny hot day? Didn't matter, she just kept shoveling and berating, shoveling and berating. She finished shoveling, but I wonder when she finished berating Grandpa?

Does it get Cold in North Dakota?

We were at the farm for Christmas in 1950, and a family tradition was played out to my great satisfaction. We always opened presents Christmas Eve, and then during the night a "special" gift would be left from Santa. This was a real incentive to go to bed and go to sleep wondering what blessing would be there in the morning.

That Christmas my special gift was a BB gun, a pump action BB gun with a spring loaded, 50 BB magazine that was magnificent to an eight-year-old (ever since I've had a special spot for "The Christmas Story" about Ralphie getting a Daisy Red Ryder BB gun). Nothing could stop me from loading it and going outside to shoot at the tin can Uncle Art put on a fence post in the yard.

What a thrill it was to hit the can again and again. Everyone had to take a turn and make the can go ping. When I got the BB gun back, I couldn't hit the can. In fact, the gun was sounding sick compared to how it had sounded when we first started shooting at the can. Bitterly disappointed, we all went back inside for breakfast. I was moping after my initial excitement and feeling angry at how cruelly I had been cheated by my dysfunctional present.

Later that Christmas day Uncle Art suggested we go out and try the BB gun again. It worked perfectly! I was back to hitting the can and feeling like a cowboy. Uncle Art then explained that the morning temperature had been around -20 degrees. He suspected that the leather washer in the BB gun had frozen and wasn't allowing the gun to compress the air needed to fire effectively. My special gift was again so very special!

Dick Bernard

From: mary Maher [maryamaher@yahoo.com]
Sent: Tuesday, May 24, 2005 8:00 PM
To: Dick Bernard
Subject: Re: Special note to Busch/Berning family COUSINS (my generation)

Hi Dick...what a nice idea.

The farm - course the storm cellar the night the
tornado took down the barn

the outhouse with the everyday (sear roesbuck) toilet
paper and the sunday (softer tissue paper from fruit
or something) toilet paper

helping with those bales of hay...i preferred the
square ones and was disappointed when we got to help
with the huge ones

driving the truck to the grain elevator in Berlin

slopping the hogs

breakfasts that were real hear stoppers

whist and popcorn with sugar on it

snow on the coverlets in the upstairs babedroom but
not noticing cause of the feather bedding

milking the cows

diving into the soft barley seeds in the storage shed

jumping into the hay in the barn and somehow never
impaling ourselves on the pitchforks

combing granmas hair

that absolutely huge christmas cactus by the piano in
the living room

mosquitoes and flies

bringing the cows home for milking

old machinery

garden grown vegetables and delicious cookies

grandpas fiddle

grandmas braids

esthers efficiency in getting all five kids rounded up
for church in berlin

seeing the discrimination between mens work (field)
and womens work (food) and thinking this isn't quite
right

fishing at the dam in Lamorne

picnics at the park in grand rapids

snapping turtle soup

the awesome antique sideboard in the dining room with
the little mirror.

the sing a longs

how crowded it got at holiday time

the cats everywhere

the summer rain storms

the summer heat and humidity

killing those chickens as I was learning to drive over
a hill not far from the farm - I have ducked for birds
ever since!!

Anyway, bits and pieces - I am off to London and Paris
until next Tuesday . Will see a play and visit
friends and just generally rest. I have had a
grueling month with the course and it is not over yet!

Anyway. Hi to Cathy.

Mary

Dick Bernard

From: Flo Hedeem [hedeencf@wcta.net]
Sent: Saturday, May 28, 2005 7:49 AM
To: Dick Bernard
Subject: Re: Special note to Busch/Berning family COUSINS (my generation)

Farm memories:

Visits to the farm during the 1950's were always special. Most of the time other cousins would also be there. It was a special treat to ring the dinner bell to call everyone for meals. We'd sometimes sit separately, as just the kids, for fabulous meals of goose, pork, beef, chicken and all of the fixings from farm pastures, fields, gardens, and coops. After mealtime we'd play in the hay mow, on the old machinery, or play endless games of cards, sometimes with the adults. Not infrequently someone would play the fiddle and the piano and we'd sing the old songs! I know that there was also a drum, but I don't remember it being used in the house for these jam sessions!

Over-night at the farm meant sharing Aunt Edith's bedroom upstairs. We used the out-house or a chamber pot. Bathing was usually saved for when we went home, but we could clean-up just fine in the kitchen sink using hand pumped water, warmed on the wood stove. In the winter we'd often wake up with frost around our faces, or snow drifted in over the feather beds that kept us cozy. We'd run downstairs to dress by the wood stove in the dining room.

We'd help make butter in the butter churn or do the laundry hand agitating the clothes in the old washer and turning the crank to wring out the clothes. On special occasions we would make ice cream by hand.

When the telephone would ring, it would be a series of longs and shorts. Sometimes we'd rubber-neck on calls! The big radio on the dining room buffet would often be tuned in to a station for news or weather reports. Before electricity came, energy was supplied from battery cells in the basement. Bedtimes were very much dictated by the length of daylight!

It seemed like the farm was modernized as quickly as the Rural Electric Association made it possible. Still the windmill pumped water for the cattle and the batteries were charged for emergency use for a long time.

I still yearn for the farm days of yore!

Richard Bernard (born May 4, 1940, son of Esther Busch and Henry Bernard).

I am writing these memories before reading any of the other memories submitted. Most of the following memories end with 1958, when I graduated from high school.

It seemed we made many trips to the farm – perhaps one reason was that Dad's parents lived in Long Beach CA in the winters, and his sole surviving sister, Josie, had lived in Los Angeles since the mid-1930s. Thus, our trips to his hometown of Grafton, were less frequent than to Berlin, and they were always in summer. Grafton was also a longer trip. In those years, from 1940-58, travel was not quite as simple as today, so the trips were more memorable, perhaps.

A bit of context: Grandpa Busch turned 65 on December 4, 1945, just at the end of WWII. His son George had arrived home from the war just weeks before. I had turned five just a few short months earlier. Grandma turned 65 Nov 29, 1949.

It is at about five when kids begin to permanently remember lots of things. Grandma and Grandpa were really, really old. I turned 65 on May 4, 2005....

Getting to the farm, and surrounding area: For five of my years, we lived in southeastern North Dakota, including 1954-57. These were my first three years of high school at Antelope Consolidated. The remaining years we lived at various places to the northwest, traveling always through Jamestown (Jimtown) enroute to the farm. Every trip included quite a number of miles over gravel roads as we neared the farm. I think our trips were in a '37 Ford until 'the folks' bought a new Plymouth Suburban in 1951, and that car was replaced by a brand new Chevrolet in about 1958.

Coming to the farm from the south could be an adventure, literally. First of all, we crossed the railroad line which was higher than the normal road bed. Rather than a gentle approach to the rails, this approach was quite steep, and one was well advised to approach the crossing slowly. Failing to do so very nearly launched one into orbit. But the real adventure from the south was often the last 2 1/2 miles to the farm which was, during entire time I remember it, only an unimproved path which could be risky after heavy rains.

I personally experienced the adventure of the south approach as a driver, since I got my drivers license in 1956 when we lived at Antelope, and any self-respecting 16 year old would want to drive whenever possible!

Today, heavy grain trucks occasionally drive at near highway speed over this present day gravel throughfare, and I think back to how it was, then.

We would always go to the Grand Rapids Park at some point in every visit, and I recall the serpentine road which wound down to the James River valley. I also remember that the bridge over the James River was built straight across the river, which meant a sharp turn in the road at the bridge. It was at an angle to the main road, and it was necessary to slow down to go across it without risking going into the river.

One time, and only once I can remember, we went to a drive-in movie in 'Jimtown' enroute to the farm. This must have been a planned stop, since it was at night, and we almost never went to movie, or drive after dark for that matter. The film that was playing this particular night was Showboat, which was brand new at the time. I googled Showboat on the internet. The movie was released in 1951, so that must've been the year we saw it in Jamestown...in a driving rain. Still, to this 11 year old, it was a memorable event.

Arriving at the farm: Most often we were not the only visitors on the days we came to the farm. In the summer time, those earliest on the scene parked alongside the hedge the bordered the yard on the south side of the house. There was an opening in the hedge on the south side.

Probably there was a quick trip to the outhouse, and then the rushing here and there routine known to kids immemorial began. The farm was an exciting place.

Mostly, the inhabitants of the farm were Grandma, Grandpa, Vince or Edithe. The youngest, Art, went off to the Army in about 1945, and then on to college, so I seldom saw him. The other 'kids' were gone and often among the visitors when we were also visiting. I recall only one visit to the Berning place and there being allowed to shoot a 12-gauge shotgun for the first time.

How the farm looked to a kid: of course, the place had lots of animals. There were milk cows, horses, pigs, chickens, dog, cats, and at varying times in my memories an occasional gaggle of geese, which could be really, really mean. I don't recall sheep, though these were raised at some point, I think, probably before I was around. Gophers – flickertails – were omnipresent, and a source of bounty money back then: perhaps a nickel for a tail. I don't recall any squirrels. Of course, foxes and raccoons and skunks and badgers and deer and such were wild animals in the area. Occasionally we would see one.

The chicken house was an exciting place, which my memory places northeast of the house, about where the front of the big metal storage garage now sits. It was not a palatial place, in my memory. I watched grandma or Edithe gather eggs, and it looked rather dangerous...the hens did not seem pleased! My recollection is that there was a fenced area to the east of the hen house where the chickens of the day could get their 'free range' credential. It was in that yard where one or two or three hapless chickens would meet their maker as fresh meat for dinner. It has occurred to me since that the chicken was the ideal meat supply for the farm, since it was small enough so that it was all consumed in one sitting, thus no need for refrigeration, and numerous enough to provide for lots of meals through the year.

There was a huge garden to the east of the house, and to this day, Vincent and Edithe plant most of it. It is a family tradition.

In my earliest memories, perhaps 15 cows were milked by hand, and the cream separated in a hand-turned separator (which Flo and Carter still have). I doubt any present day department of health would look kindly on the sanitary conditions of the time. We all tried our hand at hand-milking, and it was hard work. You could try to sit on the stool, but the cow always seemed to move, and if you got switched it could hurt, since the tail was encrusted with 'leftovers' – manure that hadn't quite reached the ground. It was fun, on occasion, to help bring the cows in from the pasture, though usually they made the trip unassisted, being creatures of habit.

Just outside Vincent's upstairs window was the wind charger, where the immense evergreen now stands. There was no governor for the speed of the propeller. In a high wind it turned extremely fast. Its generator fed some glass storage batteries in a bank on the east wall of the basement, I remember.

In the house: To a kid, the house appeared to be bigger than it was. Even in a kids eyes, it was pretty crowded when lots of relatives were there.

In my earliest memories, there was one of those old party-line telephones on the wall (the phone 'numbers' were rings like "two longs and a short"). There was no such thing as a 'private call' then. There may be 20 parties that would hear (and know) everyone's 'ring'. I don't recall ever actually talking or listening to anyone on that old phone, but I suspect the quality was less than crystal clear even on the best of day. Vincent recalled the headache of the telephone: Grandpa ran the phone line for the area, and if there was a lightning strike, for example, every phone went dead, and they had to potentially go the entire length of the line to find the problem, regardless of the weather.)

We never went hungry in that house! And the meals I would suspect would be off the cholesterol charts these days: lots of grease. I can remember an occasional delicacy: thick cream on bread. Karo syrup was consumed by the gallon, and was one of the few store-bought provisions. Bread and the like were home-made; vegetables were canned or stored. Butter was not store-bought, usually. There were two hand-operated butter churns, and we all had our chance to churn. I remember that impatience reigned – the butter appeared out of the buttermilk when it pleased, which was a lot longer than a little kid wanted to spend churning.

The family seemed musical: the piano was oft-used, and Grandpa might play his fiddle.

The radio was the primary way of getting the news; television didn't come for me, or for the Busch's, until at least 1956 when the first ND television channels went on the air.

The first years of my life, probably till the late 1940s, electricity was provided by storage batteries, which were charged by the wind charger just to the north of the house.

There was always stuff to read in the house: farmer magazines, and other kinds of literature. One I especially remember was Flash Gordon, a science fiction fantasy of the 1940s and perhaps earlier, where a Star Wars kind of society existed, and weapons like Lasers ('ray guns') were being used long before lasers were officially invented.

No visit to the farm was complete without the obligatory rounds of Whist or Canasta...and board games like Chinese Checkers.

My most memorable time in that house was probably on an August night in 1949 when I was nine. That was the night the barn blew down in either a twister, or severe straight line winds. We were sleeping in the upstairs bedroom, and for some reason I can remember the rain water forcing its way under the window and into the room. None of us were old enough to really comprehend the danger of this, and it was late at night in my recollection. Someone later said that Grandma prayed lots of rosaries! After the storm, Dad is credited with giving a lot of help as they rebuilt the barn. It was in August, and I suppose he had the time to do it. 56 years later that barn roof still stands, a memory of that storm, and Dad's hard work, and Grandpa's designing the form, based on a barn roof he'd seen east of LaMoure – I'm told..

"Working": I put the word in quotes, since we were probably not terribly productive workers at the farm, though I did spend significant amounts of time out there in a few summers.

I'm old enough so that I can remember mowing and raking hay with horses – Sally and Friskie are two names that come to mind. It was not a high-stress job. The horses knew their job and did it. I do recall that when the horses determined it was

quitting time, they didn't need a bell or a whistle...and they sure didn't need a kid for a boss...they just headed for the barn and that was that.

I watched Grandpa work the forge in his shop quite often, and without knowing I was watching it, watched him as he created his second invention on which he actually got a patent – the sickle sharpener, patented in 1956. He was a trained smithie, and an inveterate tinkerer.

I've already mentioned 'milking' the cows, such as we tried to do it. We might help with feeding the pigs, or horses, or cows, or chickens....

Recreation: These were simpler times, and more emphasis on simple kinds of games and activities, and organized activities particularly at Grand Rapids Memorial Park. Sometime during the time at the farm one could count on a visit to the Dam at LaMoure, or the Grand Rapids park, to go fishing. The usual catch was bullheads, very bony, and more than once somebody gagged on a bone in the throat; once I recall someone catching a snapping turtle, which was taken home for turtle soup...the head was cut off, but seemed to continue snapping for hours afterwards.

Sunday afternoon at the park was always a bustling place. Grandpa liked to play horseshoes, and men of his age would gather at the horseshoe pits in the park. Oftentimes there was a baseball game, featuring the town team against some other town. It was always a fun place.

I don't recall ever going to an event in the auditorium/pavilion on the grounds, though that building certainly existed in my time.

It was not uncommon for us to make a trip to the Dairy Bar in the creamery in LaMoure for an ice-cream cone. One time I can remember seeing the butter churning operation when there was still a creamery there. It was very impressive.

Memorable Events: By far the most memorable event I can recall at the farm – other than the windstorm in 1949, of course – was watching Sputnik on the farm lawn probably about Thanksgiving, 1957.

Sputnik was the first space satellite ever launched, in October, 1957, and because it had been launched by the Soviet Union, it became big and very threatening news. In those year, its trajectory across the heavens was identified in the Fargo Forum and other papers, so that you knew when it was coming, from what direction, and what to look for (simply a quite rapidly moving blinking white light as it tumbled and reflected sunlight to the ground.)

We watched the Sputnik tumble – my memories are that its trajectory was from the south southeast across the brilliant night sky which was so typical of rural areas less subject to light pollution.

A few months earlier, in the summer of 1957, when I worked for a little longer period than usual at the farm, I remember going to Berlin and playing baseball with some town kids at the ball diamond across the street from the church.

I was never good as a hitter – too intimidated by fast pitches, worried that I'd be hit – but for some reason I really walloped one pitch, and it ended up in a residents garden in deep center field, across the road. Never before, or since, did I hit a baseball harder than that one, thrown by John Rausch.

I think I was working on the farm the summer when Grandpa purchased the old depot in Berlin, and moved it to its present location – in two parts on the farmstead

grounds. That depot is now 100 years old as well. I marvel that especially the north portion is still standing. All it would take is one wind, or one heavy snow to collapse it.

After my first wife Barbara's funeral in Valley City, July 29, 1965, the entire group came back to the farm, and to the Grand Rapids park for 'a little lunch'. I was in an emotional fog then, of course, but I can remember that a substantial part of the family was together on that particular day, including my grandparents and all the uncles and aunts. A traditional group photo on the lawn of the house on that day helps bring the group more into focus.

Church: Of course, if you went to the farm, and you were there on a Sunday or a feast day of any kind, you went to Church at St. John's in Berlin.

My memories of the church have it as much larger than it really was. It was really just a small country parish. It had a resident priest, who lived in a 'priest house' a block or two away. None of them are of particular note, memory wise, though the name Father Drapela comes to mind, and I recall going to some event at the house one evening when I was at the farm.

Going Home: As I mentioned earlier, it was most common for more than one of the Busch families to show up for the same events at the farm. In the winter we just left, but in the summer time, there was always the gathering on the south lawn of the farm house – where the newer farmhouse is now – and always the group photograph taken by, oftentimes, more than one camera. I recall Grandpa Busch's old box camera, a primitive creature that really took, I suppose, many of the photos that chronicled life on the farm. I think those group photos are what caused me to similarly document much of my own life, later.

I'll Stop For Now: Doubtless the other memories, which I will now type, will beget other memories to be added below.

Dick Bernard
June 5, 2005

**Requiem for a home:
De-constructing Rosa and Fred Busch's
North Dakota farm home
June 19-29, 2000**



**Edithe, Vince and Art in their old bedrooms
of the farmhouse during de-construction late June, 2000.**

TAKING DOWN THE FARMHOUSE

Dick Bernard

From: Bernfp@aol.com
Sent: Wednesday, June 28, 2000 6:21 PM
To: dick@chez-nous.net; mmaher42@hotmail.com; cfhedeem@wcta.net;
HomeRepair@aol.com
Cc: agewentz@rrv.net; ehedeem@paulbunyan.net; geo@ilhawaii.net;
pinkneyj@mail.ecu.edu; hagebock@frontiernet.net;
jhagebock@farmington.k12.mn.us; berniebc@isd.net; marybusch@juno.com;
rebeccamaher23@hotmail.com; sean.maher@msdw.com;
COBERNARDS@aol.com; wflatle1@fairview.org; mfjewett@ties.k12.mn.us;
cvmenier1@mmm.com; Lindz4Dac1@aol.com
Subject: Deconstruction in June,2000

JUNE 19-29, 2000

Hi Guys,

Just a few of my contemporaneous notes on the old farmhouse coming down. It did not just lie down and give up but pretty much fought us all the way - but when I left it was down to nothing but the floor over the cellar and a huge pile of stuff at the burn pit in the pasture.

Monday - Wake up at 6 AM as Vince chugs off on one of the tractors to do a little field work. Promptly start to haul stuff out of the old house. Carter Hedeem, Dick Bernard, Art and Vince Busch and Mary Kay Busch (later nominated and elected as chief archivist) are involved. Mary Brehmer and Edith Busch tell us stories about the old house and feed the crew almost too well. Find an old concertina at the south end of the attic. Remove the S window upstairs so we can haul out the armoire from Vince's room as well as the beds. Slide them down a ladder we have propped up onto the S porch. Move piano from the living room, through the porch onto the yard. Later Vince lifts it with the farmhand and takes it to a shed where we stow it with the armoire on top.

Duane (aunt Mary's son) shows up with daughter Natalie and we move TV antenna mast by lowering it to the ground. Next move is off the old heating oil tank - still with 100 gallons of fuel after 8 years. That is loaded onto the farmhand and taken to the old corn crib foundation. We remove all the windows. All (well, almost all) potentially useable stuff/memorabilia is removed to either the basement of the new house or the old shed. Carter works hard to take apart the old china cabinet and we pull off and save much of the old trim and doors. There is an access panel to the attic of the porch and I find boxes full of canceled checks from the '20's.

We take down the lean to shed on N side of kitchen. Walls are pulled down and roof lifted off with farmhand. Kitchen is pulled down using chains through the wall and a tractor to pull it away from main building. The chaining process involves figuring out what critical mass we can move with the 1940's Case tractor, sawing through enough of the parts of the building that we wish to move, wrapping a chain around that part of it, hooking it up to the tractor, and slowly pulling it away. Many times it takes two or three attempts as chains break, hooks fail etc. A mass of electrical wiring resists the chain (it breaks once or twice) and we get a bolt cutter to cut the wiring cables. The walls and ceiling then come down and are hauled away (via the farmhand). The floor is dragged off and the original entrance to the basement (to the east) is exposed. Many of the bricks from the kitchen chimney are tossed into this hole.

Around 5 we knock off as there is a big rain storm, thunder and lightning - and I had taken down the old lightning rods off the roof earlier. As it's fairly damp, Vince gets a gallon of gas and we head to the pasture to burn the day's 'take'. A spectacular fire is set that was still burning after dark 4 hours later. Not a bad day's work. Duane and Natalie Brehmer

goes back to Fargo and work. Natalie had helped Vince by riding with him on the farmhand for almost every load.

Carter and I discuss setting up a house wrecking business - our first purchase will be a front loader and a dump truck. Next we'll hire some not-to-smart young guys for the physical labor.

Tuesday, June 19, 2000, - Deconstruction continues. We decide to pull the roof off the main house by sawing it into quarters and cutting through the studs in the walls. Carter is the chainsaw man -critical items is opening the walls enough to miss most of the nails. Initial attempt to pull it off with a cable fails as it breaks twice. Vince tries to lift it off with the farmhand but is working beyond the limits of the machine and it breaks -quite spectacularly. (He's tied up getting parts and fixing it 'till late in the day). About this time Art heads to Jamestown and Mary Kay departs.

Dick, Carter and I piece together enough chain to get through the part of the roof we have sawed mostly through and manage to drag it off - a part of the n. wall goes with it (down to ground level) and we now have a new entrance into the building. Dick spots an old wooden churn in the attic where we had pulled the roof off. We continued with the 3 remaining parts of the roof of main building and by quitting time have all the main roof off. Vince has the farmhand repaired and hauls several sections of the roof to the burn pit. We guess the amount of load that will not exceed the capacity of the farmhand, put the load up on cement blocks so the tines of the farmhand can get underneath and then push, pry, shove, hit and otherwise persuade the load onto the farmhand in a way that will get it out of the yard. Vince has a good technique for balancing heavy loads but every now and then will drop it as he's proceeding to the pasture. Seems like each load is about the max for the tractor - many nails around so filling tires with air is a continual process.

Wednesday, June 21 -- We're now working on the living room addition roof. Much of the wood is rotten and stepping through is a real concern. We saw it in thirds and with a little persuasion, and some excellent chain saw work by Carter, get it off. To saw it, we first have to peel back the shingles (3 layers) and expose the 3/4 inch sheathing. Some saw work on studs in the attic is done in the prone position - good photos were taken of a tough job. Carter's chain saw was taken to Jamestown by Art to get a new cutting chain so we were using a smaller one that Vince had. We couldn't get it tuned quite right so the smoke was quite impressive. The saws did good work but a lot was also done using big, old fashioned wrecking bars. We all got plenty of physical exercise so the plentiful food at the coffee breaks, lunch and dinner were highly appreciated.

Carter finishes up about 4 and heads for his son's wedding in MN. He leaves us his chain saw, Kevlar chaps and helmet with screen face guard, as well as his large towing chain. By the end of the day the only roof left was a small section over the S end of the living room addition. The project is starting to look like we can do it.

Thursday, June 22, 2000. Work crew now down to Dick, Frank, Art and Vince. With our usual, normal, Herculean and extraordinary effort we have all the walls down by lunch time. The N wall of the living room addition fell to the North (unplanned) but it works well as Vince can get in with the farmhand to pick up those pieces without having to drag them over the floor to the east yard. We cut out a large copper plumbing pipe (I was surprised to see very expensive copper DWV piping in this building), drag the bathtub out with a tractor (it's destined to be a water tank for wildlife out in the trees) and move a lot of debris. Tire has blown on the farmhand and Art goes to Berlin and Lamoure to get a new one.

Very happy to have everything on the ground as it dramatically reduces

the chances for injury from a fall. Biggest hazards are large nails sticking up everywhere, chains breaking under the load, strained backs and muscles from having to move heavy loads, and strained relations from more interest in getting the building down than in saving useable pieces of it. When there is nothing on the main floor but trash I see a small, flat box laying in the stuff. Open it up and lo and behold, the first photo I see is of me at age 3. There was a stack of pictures from the 50's on back and the last picture in the stack was one of Art. I go into the basement and find an old steam iron in the floor joists - but not one single lousy miserable can or jar full of money, or even a lonely coin or two! Damn - all we get is the satisfaction of having the building down.

Dick quits at 4 to go to Ellendale for dinner so Art and I stop as well. Everyone is tired - this has been a big project. I check out the golf course in Grand Rapids in a desultory fashion - let one guy on a cart play through and the miserable bugger plays my ball - that's the last Dakotan I'll let play through.

I leave on Friday morning so remaining work is all hearsay. I'm not to stiff and sore, feel grateful that we didn't have to patch anybody up and enjoy the light that now streams into the dining area in the new house and the expansive view across the backyard to the trees.

Best,

Frank Bernard

Actual letter from Fred Busch to his son, George, on the USS Woodworth in the South Pacific in WWII.

Dick Bernard

From: Dick Bernard [dick@chez-nous.net]
Sent: Thursday, June 29, 2000 11:19 PM
To: busch, jason and amy; Lindsay Bernard; wentz, ellen and gary; pinkney, jim and kathy; menier, cathy; maher, mary; jewett, mary and bill; jason&amy busch; hedeem, carter&flo; hagebock, john, joni, spencer; flatley, lauri; flatley, bill; busch, mary; busch, georgine; bernard, tom, jennifer and lindsay; bernard, john&sherry; bernard, frank; bernard, dick; flatley, lauri
Subject: the house at the farm

I just arrived home, and have heard that Frank did an update on our project at the farm. I haven't accessed any e-mails yet, so haven't seen his account, but thought you'd like to know that... I left the farm at 2 p.m. today, Thursday, and by the time I left every board on the structure had either been taken down and taken to the burn pile or prepared for storage, and most of the foundation is now below ground level, and most of the assorted debris surrounding the site has gone into the basement. In short, the yard has potential of looking like a yard again. Uncle Vince was working at rescuing the two furnaces in the cellar, one for scrap iron, the other for possible re-use. Flo, Carter and Carter's sister Carla spent Wednesday afternoon with us and were very helpful. I think Uncle Vince & Aunt Edithe are glad to see the project at this stage, and glad it was undertaken, and extremely thankful for everyone's help and support, but doing a bit of quiet grieving at the passing of this very significant part of their Busch family history.

Landslide for Coolidge

APPENDIX A

President Carries North Dakota, Iowa, California and other "Doubtful" States.--LaFollette Runs Behind Davis Poor Third

CLOSE ON GOVERNOR.--MAY BE SORLIE

At 5 O'clock Wednesday Evening Halvorson Had Lead of 8,000, but Later Returns

LaMoure Chronicle
November 6, 1924
May Have Wiped That Out

CLOSE CONTESTS IN LAMOURE COUNTY

Miss Laura Sanderson and J. C. Arduser Will Represent 24th District in Lower House.--Melicher Third in Race With Kinzer Fourth and Stewart Fifth.--Cruden for Sheriff, Struble for Auditor, Boyd for Clerk of Court, Davis for County Judge Win by Handsome Majorities.--Result on Supt. of Schools in Doubt.--Mail Wins

New York, Nov. 5.—At 2 a. m., today President Coolidge was maintaining his advantage in the east and mid-west and had established leads in the country beyond the Mississippi which, if maintained, would give him an overwhelming majority in the electoral college, with a total running over 300 votes.

John W. Davis had to his credit only the states of the ultra-Democratic south, but was leading, also in Oklahoma, Missouri, and Tennessee, all carried by Harding in the 1920 Republican landslide. He also had a slight margin in New Mexico, but had surrendered the lead to Coolidge in Kentucky in a nip and tuck race.

Senator LaFollette was leading only in his home state of Wisconsin, although his managers insisted that his full strength would be developed only after the still missing vote of the rural districts of the west had been counted.

Iowa for Coolidge

Iowa, which LaFollette had hoped to win, had been conceded to Coolidge by LaFollette headquarters in Des Moines.

In Minnesota, with only a small proportion of the state reported, Coolidge was leading the Wisconsin senator by 10,000. The president also had a lead of more than 100,000 over both Davis and LaFollette in California, with about one-fourth of the state reported.

The Republican managers were claiming a landslide that might eclipse the Harding victory of 1920, but the Democrats were conceding nothing. They recalled that in 1916 the country had gone to bed on election night believing Hughes had been elected only to find that the west had overturned all their expectations.

G. O. P. Gains Two Seats in House

Returns from the congressional elections came in very slowly. At 2 a. m. elections had been reported in only 200 districts. In that number only three

seats in the house had changed political complexion, the Republicans gaining two in Pennsylvania and one in New Hampshire.

No definite returns had been reported in the senate, although Senator Walsh, Democrat, in Massachusetts, and J. C. Walton, Democratic candidate for the seat now held by Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, were trailing far behind their Republican opponents.

In New York, Governor Alfred E. Smith, apparently had won a reelection over Theodore Roosevelt, whose defeat had been conceded by the Republican state chairman. Governor Donahay, of Ohio, also a Democrat, was in the lead in his fight for reelection, despite an indicated heavy Coolidge majority in that state. In Illinois, Governor Small, Republican, kept a comfortable margin over his Democratic adversary.

In two states, Texas and Wyoming, women candidates for governor, were ahead on the face of returns up to 2 o'clock; both of them are Democrats and are the wives of former governors of their states.

North Dakota

Beyond the fact that Mr. Sorlie has been elected governor, Tom Hall member of congress from the Second district, and that Coolidge had emerged winner in North Dakota by a substantial plurality, The Chronicle was unable last night to secure any information as to results in this state. Burtness was reelected congressman from the First district by an overwhelming majority. At 10:30 o'clock last night Coolidge was leading LaFollette in North Dakota by 14,000. It was anticipated, however, that this lead would be somewhat reduced.

LaMoure County

Results in LaMoure county, practically complete, are given in detail in the table published on the fourth page. These show a 50 per cent legislative gain for the independents through the

election of Miss Sanderson as representative, while the league retains Mr. Arduser. Adherents of the league will continue to hold a majority of the county offices, including those of auditor, treasurer, register of deeds, county judge, and possibly that of superintendent of schools—not to mention official county paper. Totals, practically complete, are as follows:

Representatives: Arduser, 1643; Kinzer, 941; Sanderson, 1411; Stewart, 697; Melicher, 1153.

County Superintendent: Waldie, 1766; Olmsted, 1747.

Sheriff: Johnson, 1751; Cruden, 2183.

Auditor: Struble 2339; Busch, 1484.

Treasurer: Sandness, 1889; Gunthorp, 1872.

Clerk of Court: Boyd, 2207; Jackson, 1655.

Register of Deeds: Wallrich, 1960; Engel, 1878.

State's Attorney: Coyne, 1798; Whitten, 1640.

County Judge: Sherman 1681; Davis, 1856.

Official Paper: Mail, 1914; Chronicle, 1432.

Inflated Measure: Yes, 1296; No, 1527.

DISTRICT COURT

Regular Term Convened in LaMoure Wednesday.—30 Civil Cases on Calendar

A regular November term of district court convened in LaMoure Wednesday afternoon, Judge Chas. E. Wolfe presiding. Jurors were instructed to report at 10 o'clock this morning.

The calendar is made up of 30 civil and six criminal cases. Of the latter the first case on the calendar is that of I. M. Stullien, formerly of Jud, who is charged with embezzlement.

Several cases which have been "hanging fire" for some time appear on the civil calendar, and whether or not they will actually be tried at this term is a matter of doubt. The chances are that the term will not extend over the week. But you never can tell.

250

W. J. Kirst Co.

New fancy flannels to arrive this week. All latest patterns.

Wool French serge, 40 inches wide, navy and seal \$2.00
Velvet, 56 inch, heavy quality, suitable for childrens' coats and trimming, black only.

Just received another assortment of Suntub Renfrew, guaranteed fast colors. 40c

Ladies' wide belts, grey and tan. 85c

Also a nice assortment of ladies suede cloth gloves \$1.75 to \$2.00

Ladies and Misses knit gauntlet gloves and mittens. 50c to \$1.75

Ladies and Misses leather gloves and mittens.
Knit gauntlet mittens. \$1.50
Gloves \$1.75

Saturday Specials

6 bars Petroleum soap, 1 can Petroleum Scouring Powder. 56c

Groceries

Richelieu pineapple, sliced, No. 3 can	50c
Monsoon pineapple, sliced, No. 3 can	40c
Richelieu pineapple, grated, No. 2 can	40c
Monsoon pineapple, grated, No. 2 can	32c
Assorted fruits for salad	35c and 70c
Richelieu white Royal Anne cherries	50c
Richelieu asparagus tips	30c and 55c
Richelieu golden wax beans	35c
Richelieu pork and beans	15c and 25c
Richelieu quick cook, large flake oatmeal	30c
Richelieu coffee, per lb.	55c
Richelieu vulcan coffee, per lb.	45c
Seal Brand coffee, 1 lb. can	55c
Seal Brand coffee, 2 lb. can	\$1.05
Pure country sorgum, 1-2 gallon	75c

Unofficial Returns, LaMoure County

	Coalidge	Davis	Labalette	Hall	Nyc	Halterson	Sorlie	Sanderson	Melcher	Stewart	Arhusser	Kinzer	Cadden	Johnson	Struble	Busch	Sanders	Guntorp	Boyd	Jackson	Waltch	Engel	Coyne	Warren	Waldie	Olmsted	Davis	Steman	Ma
Ovid	10																												
Kyah	20	58	12	56	14	54	19	9	15	50	30	36	39	39	65	9	58	17	38	37	53	64	12	16	57	43	26	30	
Dean	40	49	20	47	22	54	22	11	9	53	48	39	39	58	17	52	25	47	24	29	41	43	27	43	28	32	38	11	
Badger	43	4	20	46	16	40	27	42	28	27	24	10	37	32	38	31	30	40	47	24	29	41	43	27	43	28	32	38	
Willowbank	27	1	50	21	55	19	61	38	5	4	59	31	33	60	62	27	59	32	45	14	52	37	38	59	40	48	61	29	
Golden Glen	42	3	28	40	15	31	26	41	23	13	21	6	46	21	35	28	15	52	45	21	39	27	30	28	41	26	40	26	
Pomona View	14		45	21	29	6	49	19	13	2	37	30	8	55	50	11	42	22	8	54	56	9	49	17	20	40	53	10	
Nordia	20	2	58	24	45		13	21	11	44	33	23	50	55	18	52	24	23	62	58	17	34	25	21	45	30	33	46	
Greenville	19	6	64	20	61	13	75	27	10	22	64	33	47	51	81	16	76	19	71	23	40	55	62	29	28	67	54	40	
Pearl Lake	10	2	48	12	43	11	50	7	5	31	40	25	32	30	50	11	50	13	38	25	32	32	32	31	10	45	41	19	
Grand Rapids	58	10	45	64	45	64	45	56	47	44	41	16	67	55	63	57	41	77	93	27	40	91	59	61	65	54	41	71	
Henrietta	43	0	71	65	52		71	40	11	58	28	57	76	66	66	67	61	73	61	72	59	56	73	68	61	69	61	58	
Wano	13	3	66	17	57	12	67	20	12	3	57	47	28	50	69	13	63	20	35	45	70	13	35	52	24	59	60	17	
Nora	32	3	30	39	24	33	34	38	24	8	33	14	44	28	42	27	24	46	42	28	40	30	34	38	34	38	30	50	
Ray	16	2	42	19	31	3	45	16	14	3	26	10	36	23	46	13	9	49	31	19	39	20	34	22	17	41	31	25	
Swede	4	1	107	3	105	2	105	3				108	104	5	104	105	2	99	11	4	104	106	2	22	78		34	8	
Black Loam	33	1	70	38	62	31	81	27	17	38	69	30	64	47	79	27	73	38	71	39	69	40	57	33	20	96	63	34	
Gladstone	38		72	46	00	37	76	36	22	36	59	41	60	61	83	35	07	50	58	61	64	54	58	62	75	40	20	30	
Grand View	23	1	56	30		29	58	20		28	55	27	43	46	60	28	51	32	42	41	45	44	40	40	35	63	68	36	
Roscoe	60	4	63	71	53			70	58	33	66	18	82	61	63	72	59	70	132	26	50	80	89	92	103	51	83	51	
Russell	14	5	50	18	47	11	57	14	4	2	56	46	18	53	55	11	49	20	23	47	55	14		26	43			164	
Glenmore	16	4	21	23	14			4	21	15	10	25	7	25	21	18	11	35	30	16	21	20	10	27	23	20	26	17	
Bluebird	74	3	47	71	64	57	66	57	10	52	3	99	26	64	69	57	69	73	62	65	58	76	54	57	52	39	70	66	
Raney	24	2	60	24	62	22	62	21	23	1	62	64	43	46	65	23	60	38	33	55	60	21	18	67	24	63	55	32	
Litchville	27	2	62	78	10			26	7	10	63	50	21	67	61	25	72	19	26	65	63	28	40	35	10	85	60	27	
Prairie A	9		83	13	83	5	92	13	3	7	79	72	27	69	88	7	87	11	11	37	70	18	31	54	42	50	80	0	
Sheridan	118	0	69	122	84	77	118	94	72	28	127	74	125	88	135	79	23	85	119	91	109	102	103	89	3	124	00	87	
Saratoga	27	2	43	27	39	15	58	23	10	12	58	33	23	57	58	21	61	15	34	41	54	24	25	39	32	48	57	15	
Adrian	20	12	54	27	48	27	60	20	17	12	60	33	41	47	51	32	50	30	33	40	40	34	53	24	34	52	60	20	
Kennison	45	12	42	48	35	44	47	49	32	9	51	15																	
Glen																													
LaMoure 1st	166	24	30	170	37	185	43	154	122	88	44	18	191	52	99	155	59	180	195	43	45	189	131	111	182	50	60	173	
LaMoure 2nd and 3rd	137	25	46	173	40	171	45	124	116	76	55	22	165	59	50	142	69	153	181	44	60	163	125	97	144	73	67	150	
Edgely	123	20	47	48	26	63	53	246	254	77	92	48	235	74	133	161	88	221	229	73	87	221	116	178	180	39	93	190	
Kuhn	45	15	76	70	56	71	46	42	109	27	29	9	155	43	88	102	60	132	130	54	63	119	86	95	108	75	40	104	
Verona	57	6	35	65	28	60	32	55	35	22	28	5	80	18	55	37	47	44	89	9	30	66	77	31	45	51	36	38	



Fred Busch possessed an endlessly inquisitive mind. He liked to tinker and repair things, and he was frequently seen in his workshop in the old granary at the farm.

In 1954 he applied for, and in 1956 received, a United States Patent for a "Sickle Holder and Sharpener". He is pictured above, with the device. The photo was apparently a promotional photo Fred sent to persons who might be interested in the device.

The actual patent on file with the United States Patent Office is reprinted on the following pages. It is amazing, to this writer, to see how difficult it is to legally explain what is essentially a very simple utilitarian device. Those of us who saw this device at work will be amused by the legal description!

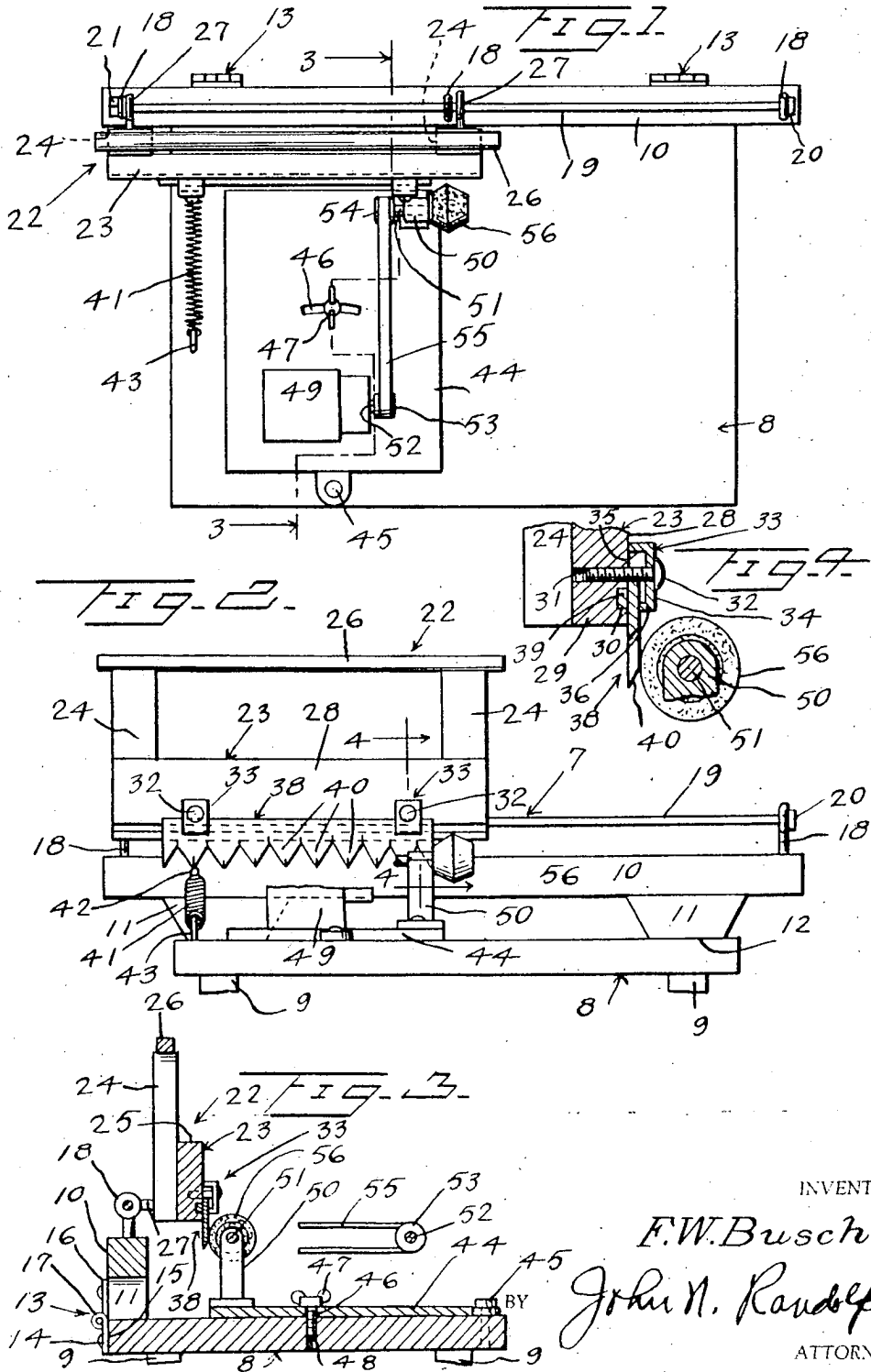
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F. W. BUSCH

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SICKLE HOLDER AND SHARPENER

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SICKLE HOLDER AND SHARPENER

Ferdinand W. Busch, Berlin, N. Dak.

Application November 1, 1954, Serial No. 465,789

4 Claims. (Cl. 51-96)

This invention relates to a novel holder and sharpener for a sickle blade and more particularly to a holder and sharpener which is detachably supported on a workbench or table and which may be readily removed therefrom when not in use.

Another object of the invention is to provide a holder and sharpener by means of which the teeth of a sickle blade may be accurately sharpened.

A further object of the invention is to provide a holder and sharpener having means whereby the periphery of a sharpening wheel may be angularly adjusted relative to the plane of a sickle blade for varying the angle at which the teeth are sharpened.

A further object of the invention is to provide a holder and sharpener by means of which the sickle blade is supported in a position to enable the operator to most readily view the portion of the sickle blade which is being presented to and sharpened by the sharpening wheel.

Still a further object of the invention is to provide a holder and sharpener of extremely simple construction which may be very economically manufactured and sold, yet which will be extremely efficient and durable for accomplishing its intended purpose.

Various other objects and advantages of the invention will hereinafter become more fully apparent from the following description of the drawing, illustrating a presently preferred embodiment thereof, and wherein:

Figure 1 is a top plan view of the holder and sharpener shown mounted on a workbench or table;

Figure 2 is a front elevational view thereof;

Figure 3 is a vertical sectional view taken substantially along a plane as indicated by the line 3-3 of Figure 1, and

Figure 4 is an enlarged fragmentary vertical sectional view, taken substantially along a plane as indicated by the line 4-4 of Figure 2.

Referring more specifically to the drawing, the sickle holder and sharpener in its entirety and comprising the invention is designated generally 7. For the purpose of illustrating a preferred mounting of the tool holder and sharpener 7, a table or workbench top 8 is illustrated which may be supported in an elevated position by suitable supporting legs which depend from the underside thereof, portions of which are shown in Figures 2 and 3 and designated 9.

The holder 7 includes an elongated supporting bar 10 which may be of a length greater than the length of the table or bench top 8 and which is provided with a pair of depending foot members 11 each of which is of considerable length in a direction longitudinally of the bar 10. The foot members 11 have relatively long coplanar bottom surfaces 12 which are adapted to rest upon the upper side of the table top 8 near one longitudinal edge thereof, and said foot members are preferably of a width corresponding to the width of the supporting bar 10, as seen in Figure 3. The supporting bar 10 and its foot members 11 are detachably and swingably connected

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to the table top 8 by a pair of hinges 13 including lower leaves 14 which are secured to the longitudinal edge 15 of the table top 8. The other upper hinge leaves 16 are connected to the outer sides of the foot members 11. The hinge pins 17 connecting the leaves 14 and 16 of the hinges 13 may be removed so that the supporting bar 10 can be thus detached from the table top 8.

The supporting bar 10 supports three eyebolts 18 which are anchored therein and extend upwardly therefrom and the eyes of which are located in alignment. The eyebolts 18 are located adjacent the ends and intermediate of the ends of the supporting bar 10. A rod 19 extends slidably through the eyes of the bolts 18 and is supported thereby substantially above and substantially parallel to the supporting bar 10. The rod 19 has a head 20 at one end thereof bearing against the outer side of one of the end eyebolts 18 and has a nut or collar 21 detachably retained on the opposite end thereof and bearing against the outer side of the other end eyebolt 18 for retaining the rod in engagement with the eyebolts.

A blade support, designated generally 22, includes an elongated bar 23 which is preferably of a length somewhat in excess of one-half of the length of the bar 10. A pair of rigid arms 24 is secured to the rear side of the bar 23 adjacent the ends thereof, and said arms 24 extend laterally from an upper or back edge 25 of the bar 23. A handle 26 extends between and is secured to the outer free ends of the arms 24 and is supported thereby in spaced substantially parallel relation to the bar 23. The blade holder 22 is provided with a pair of eyebolts 27 which preferably are secured to and project from the arms 24, near their opposite ends, and in a direction away from the bar 23. The eyebolts 27 are preferably spaced apart a distance substantially corresponding to the spacing between adjacent eye screws 18 and slidably engage the rod 19 on opposite sides of the intermediate eye screw 18.

The blade supporting bar 23 includes a front face 28 and a bottom edge 29. Said front face 28, adjacent the bottom edge 29, is provided with a groove 30 which extends from end to end thereof. The bar 23 is provided with threaded bores 31 which open outwardly of its front face 28 above the groove 30 for receiving the threaded shanks of headed screws 32 which extend through intermediate portions of clamping members 33. Each clamping member 33 has an upper leg 35 and a lower leg 36 which are disposed substantially parallel to one another and at substantially right angles to the intermediate portion 34 of the clamp. The upper legs 35 of the clamps 33 are longer than the lower legs 36 and the free ends thereof bear against the front face 28 of the bar 23. The shorter lower legs 36 bear against a top side of a sickle blade 38 near a back edge thereof which is disposed in an uppermost position and beneath and adjacent the screws 32. The sickle blade 38 is of conventional construction and is provided on its back or underside with a longitudinally extending cleat 39 which is disposed adjacent its upper or back edge and which seats in the groove 30. By tightening the screws 32, the clamps 33 are caused to rock about their legs 35 which fulcrum against the face 28 to cause the shorter legs 36 to be brought into tight engagement with the blade 38 for clamping said blade between the legs 36 and the lower portion of the bar face 28 and for maintaining the cleat 39 fully seated in the groove 30, to thus mount the blade 38 immovably but detachably on the blade holding bar 23. With the blade 38 thus supported, its toothed edge, defined by a row of teeth 40, depends from and is disposed below the bottom edge 29 of the bar 23, as best seen in Figure 2.

A contractile coiled spring 41 is connected at one end by an eyebolt or similar fastening 42 to the inner side

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of the bar 10 and extends transversely from said bar and is connected at its opposite end to an eyebolt or fastening 43 which is anchored in and extends upwardly from the table top 8, as best seen in Figure 1. The pull spring 41 urges the parts 10 and 11 to swing about the hinges 13 in a clockwise direction as seen in Figure 3 to cause the bottom portions 12 of the foot members 11 to assume positions flush on the table top 8.

An elongated plate 44 rests on the upper side of the table top 8 and has a headed fastening 45 extending downwardly through one end thereof and secured in the table top 8 remote from said bar 10. The longitudinal axis of the plate 44 is disposed substantially crosswise of the table top 8, as seen in Figure 1. The plate 44 substantially midway of its ends and side edges is provided with an elongated slot 46 which extends generally crosswise thereof, which is of arcuate shape and concentrically disposed relatively to the plate pivot 45. A thumbscrew 47 extends loosely through the slot 46 and engages a threaded bore 48 of the table top 8. Thus, by tightening the thumbscrew 47 the plate 44 can be adjustably clamped to the table top 8. A small motor 49, such as an electric motor, is secured on the plate 44 crosswise thereof and near the end of the plate which is disposed remote from the bar 10. A bearing 50 is secured to and rises from the plate 44 near its opposite end and provides a journal for the intermediate portion of a shaft 51 which is likewise disposed crosswise of the plate 44. The shaft 52 of the motor 49 is provided with a belt pulley 53 and a belt pulley 54 is fixed to one end of the shaft 51. An endless belt 55 is trained over the belt pulleys 53 and 54 for driving the shaft 51 from the motor shaft 52. A rotary grinding wheel or member 56 of circular cross section is fixed to the other end of the shaft 51. The periphery of the grinding wheel 56 tapers from intermediate of its ends toward each end thereof.

Assuming that the plate 44 is clamped to the table top 8 by the fastening 47 being tightened to position the grinding wheel 56 in a desired location, and further assuming that the sickle blade 38 is clamped to the blade supporting bar 23, as illustrated in the drawing and as previously described, the operator stands to the left of the table top 8, as seen in Figure 3 and grasps the handle 26. The handle 26 is held so that the blade 38 extends downwardly from the member 23, between the grinding wheel 56 and the bar 10. The blade holder 22 may be slid longitudinally of the table top and the supporting bar 10 by the slidable mounting of its eye fastenings 27 on the rod 19, to position an edge of a tooth 40 to be sharpened for presentation to one of the tapered ends of the periphery of the grinding wheel 56 by swinging the handle 26 rearwardly to cause the blade 38 to be rocked counterclockwise as seen in Figure 3 to thus move the tooth to be sharpened upwardly and toward the grinding wheel 56. During the grinding operation of each tooth edge, the handle is manipulated to rock the blade upwardly and to displace the blade longitudinally relative to the grinding wheel 56. It is understood that the grinding wheel 56 is driven by operation of the motor 49 during the sharpening operation. As the sides of the teeth which are presented to the grinding wheel 56 are the sides thereof which face outwardly and upwardly, the operator is more readily able to observe the grinding of the teeth edges than where a tooth is presented to the top of a grinding wheel, so that a more accurate and uniform grinding of the teeth may be accomplished. Depending upon the spacing of the teeth 40 and the taper of the periphery of the grinding wheel 56, in some instances adjacent edges of two adjacent teeth may be simultaneously sharpened throughout at least a portion of the length of said edges.

In order to most efficiently and accurately grind a desired bevel on each tooth, the axis of the grinding wheel 56 may be adjusted angularly relative to the longitudinal axis of the blade 38 by loosening the fastening 47 and

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swinging the plate 44 in either direction about its pivot 45 and thereafter clamping the plate to the table 8 by tightening the fastening 47. In this manner, the angle of the tapered ends of the grinding wheel 56 may be varied relative to the plane of the tooth 40 being sharpened for sharpening the edges of the individual teeth 40 to any desired bevel. It will be understood that after thus adjusting the angle of the grinding wheel 56, corresponding edges of each of a group of teeth 40 would be sharpened by one of the beveled ends of the wheel 56, after which the angle of the grinding wheel would be readjusted, as previously described, for utilizing the other beveled end thereof for similarly grinding the other edges of the teeth.

The spring 41 functions to normally hold the parts 10, 11 and 19 in their positions as illustrated in the drawing during the grinding operation. However, the spring 41 is of a proper tension to prevent an excessive grinding of the teeth in that if too great a pressure is exerted by the handle 26 on the holder 22 for forcing the edges of the teeth against the grinding wheel 56, the spring 41 will permit the parts 10, 11 and 19 to swing counterclockwise, as seen in Figure 3, away from the grinding wheel to thus prevent an excessive grinding of the teeth 40. It will also be understood that different portions of each edge of each tooth will be ground by different portions of a beveled end of the grinding wheel 56.

Normally, the sickle blade will be substantially longer than as illustrated in Figure 2 and only the teeth of the portion thereof which is disposed against the bar 23 will be sharpened, after which the clamp fastenings 32 are loosened and the sickle blade 38 is readjusted to position another part thereof to be sharpened against the bar 23. A longitudinal portion of the sickle blade substantially corresponding in length to the spacing between adjacent eye members 18 may be sharpened without repositioning the blade relative to the holder.

By removing the hinge pins 17 and disconnecting the spring 41 from the fastening 43, the supporting unit 10, 11, 19 and the blade holder 22 can be removed from the table top 8 and may be readily hung up for storage. The sharpening unit including the plate 44 and parts supported thereby may be utilized for other sharpening operations and said unit may likewise be removed from the table top, when not in use, by removing the fastenings 45 and 47.

Various modifications and changes are contemplated and may obviously be resorted to, without departing from the spirit or scope of the invention as hereinafter defined by the appended claims.

I claim as my invention:

1. A sickle blade sharpener of the character described comprising a substantially flat horizontally disposed base member, an elongated support member resting on said base member adjacent an edge thereof, hinge means connecting said support member to the base member for swinging movement of the support member outwardly and downwardly with respect to the base member, an elongated rod, means supporting said rod above said support member and longitudinally thereof, an elongated blade holder, means secured to said blade holder and slidably engaging said rod for mounting said blade holder for movement in a direction longitudinally thereof and lengthwise of the support member, said blade holder being normally disposed in substantially a vertical plane in an operative position thereof and having a bottom portion provided with downwardly opening clamping means adapted to detachably engage the back edge portion of a sickle blade to support the blade with the blade teeth depending from said clamping means and bottom portion and with said blade disposed longitudinally of the holder, said holder having an upper portion defining a handle extending longitudinally thereof, a plate mounted on said base member, a bearing supported by said plate, a shaft journaled in said bearing, a rotary grinding member fixed to said shaft, said grinding member having a periphery taper-

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ing from intermediate of its ends toward each end thereof, said bottom portion of the blade holder being disposed between the rod and grinding member for supporting the blade between the holder and the grinding member, and a motor supported by said plate and connected to said shaft for revolving the shaft and the grinding member, said blade holder being manually swingable relative to the supporting member for swinging the blade teeth upwardly and into engagement with the grinding member to be sharpened thereby and being slidably movable relative to the supporting member for positioning the different blade teeth in positions to be engaged by the grinding wheel.

2. A sickle blade sharpener as in claim 1, and spring means connected to the base member and said support member and urging said support member to swing toward the grinding member and toward a position in a plane perpendicular to the base member, said spring means permitting a yielding swinging movement of the support member and blade holder away from the grinding member.

3. A sickle blade sharpener of the character described comprising a substantially flat horizontally disposed base member, an elongated support member resting on said base member adjacent an edge thereof, hinge means connecting said support member to the base member for swinging movement of the support member outwardly and downwardly with respect to the base member, an elongated rod, means supporting said rod above said support member and longitudinally thereof, an elongated blade holder, means secured to said blade holder and slidably engaging said rod for mounting said blade holder for movement in a direction longitudinally thereof and lengthwise of the support member, said blade holder having a bottom portion provided with clamping means adapted to detachably support a sickle blade with the blade teeth depending from said bottom portion and with said blade disposed longitudinally of the holder, said holder having an upper portion defining a handle extending longitudinally thereof, a plate mounted on said base member, a bearing supported by said plate, a shaft journaled in said bearing, a rotary grinding member fixed to said shaft, said grinding member having a periphery tapering from intermediate of its ends toward each end thereof, the sickle blade being supported by said holder between said supporting member and the grinding member, a motor supported by said plate and connected to the shaft for revolving said shaft and the grinding member, said blade holder being manually swingable relative to the supporting member for swinging the blade teeth upwardly and into engagement with the grinding member to be sharpened thereby and being slidably movable relative to the supporting member for positioning the different blade teeth in positions to be engaged by the grinding wheel, said plate being swingably mounted on said base member, and means for adjustably clamping the plate to the base member in different angularly adjusted positions of the axis of said shaft and grinding member relative to the longitudinal axis of the blade support and sickle blade.

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4. A sickle blade sharpener of the character described comprising a substantially flat horizontally disposed base member, an elongated support member resting on said base member adjacent an edge thereof, hinge means connecting said support member to the base member for swinging movement of the support member outwardly and downwardly with respect to the base member, an elongated rod, means supporting said rod above said support member and longitudinally thereof, an elongated blade holder, means secured to said blade holder and slidably engaging said rod for mounting said blade holder for movement in a direction longitudinally thereof and lengthwise of the support member, said blade holder having a bottom portion provided with clamping means adapted to detachably support a sickle blade with the blade teeth depending from said bottom portion and with said blade disposed longitudinally of the holder, said holder having an upper portion defining a handle extending longitudinally thereof, a plate mounted on said base member, a bearing supported by said plate, a shaft journaled in said bearing, a rotary grinding member fixed to said shaft, said grinding member having a periphery tapering from intermediate of its ends toward each end thereof, the sickle blade being supported by said holder between said supporting member and the grinding member, a motor supported by said plate and connected to the shaft for revolving said shaft and the grinding member, said blade holder being manually swingable relative to the supporting member for swinging the blade teeth upwardly and into engagement with the grinding member to be sharpened thereby and being slidably movable relative to the supporting member for positioning the different blade teeth in positions to be engaged by the grinding wheel, said plate being swingably mounted on said base member, means for adjustably clamping the plate to the base member in different angularly adjusted positions of the axis of said shaft and grinding member relative to the longitudinal axis of the blade support and sickle blade, and spring means connected to the base member and said support member and urging said support member to swing toward the grinding wheel and toward a position in a plane perpendicular to the base member, said spring means permitting a yielding swinging movement of the support member and blade holder away from the grinding member.

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