

Windemuth Newsletter

Volume 6 Issue 1

November 2000

Remember

The Windemuth Heritage is on sale for \$65 dollars for a two book set.

This would make a nice Christmas present for a relative interested in Genealogy

How to Speak Like a True Ozarker

By Ruby Hopper

Since The Windemuth Family is planning their reunion in Branson, Missouri in the Ozarks, there are several things you'll want to know before coming. Among them are real Ozark expressions to help you communicate better. According to Hoyle, these wise old sayings will endure you to all the native Ozarkers. No one knows for sure who Hoyle was, but he wanted these old sayings made as clear as mud. I'd be going back on my raising if I didn't tell you about these things.

Only a generation or two ago, money was scarce as hen's teeth around these Ozark Mountains. Income was generated the best way possible, and many farmers had a truck patch. They'd plant watermelons, tomatoes or strawberries, harvest them, and truck them to city markets. It wasn't that these people felt they were

something on a stick, they just had to make a living. Education was sometimes lacking, as it was too far and snaky to get to school. But that doesn't mean these people didn't know gee from haw. It does mean that they were handy as a shirt pocket, and invented ways to cope with life's problems. And they were always a happy bunch, just as if they had good sense. However, over use of any idea will kill it dead as a door nail. So, anything in use since Hector was a pup had to be examined for possible improvement. If ways were found to improve an idea, the native Ozarker made it work better. That way, no one could run that idea to a hole in the ground.

Some native Ozarkers could be rough as a corn cob, and would argue with a stop sign. But once you got to know them you had a

friend for life. But shoot a monkey! Communicating with that friend could be a real challenge, unless you knew the language. If you didn't know how to converse with him, you wouldn't last till you were all gone. A word of caution, however. Your conversations should not be slow as the seven year itch. If that's the case, it would take you a month of Sundays just to say hello. Talking with any native Ozarker should always be well informed and fast paced, with the tongue loose at both ends. That way, both of you can talk a dog's hind leg off.

If you're planning a trip to the Ozarks, keep these wise proverbs handy. None of these sayings will stir up a hornet's nest, and it will prevent you from having a fit with a hole in it.
(This was from Internet)

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Old Matt's Cabin at Shepherd of the Hills

A few miles east of Silver Dollar City, Dr. Bruce Trimble and his wife Mary began staging an outdoor pageant based on the world famous novel "The Shepherd of the Hills." The amphitheater was purposely located on the site where the models for author Harold Bell Wright's characters lived. Under Mary and her son Mark's direction, the pageant grew into one of the nation's most popular ongoing outdoor historical dramas.



Windemuth Reunion

Our slogan for the Windemuth Family Reunion in Branson, Missouri, is "Join in the fellowship and fun at the Windemuth Reunion in two thousand and one." It is to be held August 22, 23,



Early Baldknobbers show

& 24th. Jesse and Joann Wintermute are the owners of the Colonnade Hotel and The Dinner Belle Restaurant, and this is where the event will be held.

Early in the year 2001 a newsletter will be sent out with registration information and the contact for the room reservations. It will be each person's responsibility to make his

own reservation. A block of rooms have been set aside for those of you who wish to be in the area of the reunion. There is lots of camping available for those staying in this

type of accommodations. Those computer people who wish information on Branson can go on line at www.bransonchamber.com and request an attractive booklet with information on accommodations, shows, history of Branson, camping, shopping and etc.

The first of the year we will be making the final arrangements and

hopefully we can come up with something that will interest you. Of course we have to have a business meeting which will be one event.

The officers are very helpful with all the arrangements and have some suggestions. Those of you who want to make suggestions, please write me at Janice Snyder, 431 W. North St, Ajo, Arizona 85321 or e-mail at www.tabletoptelephone.com. The thing most interesting to me is getting to know the attendees better and hopefully you will let us know what you want most from these meetings. See you there!!!

Sussex County Museum Update

Those of you who have visited this museum or received newsletters in the past several years know of the donation of the Windemuth Ancestral Artifacts by Susan Meier to this museum (See newsletter of June 1998) The following article is from The Old Sussex Almanack:

" As we mentioned in our last issue, the society has moved forward with a major renovation of the museum building. A great deal of work has already been accomplished. Most recently, the wooden front doors were removed (and temporarily replaced with a steel door) so they could be

refinished to their original splendor. In the library, framing for the new bookshelves is already in place and repairs to the main staircase are planned. New lighting fixtures were installed in the Sussex Room to match the large antique fixture hanging in the entrance hall. We also hope to receive a mini-grant to purchase and place sun blocking film on the windows to protect our collection.

I, Janice Snyder, can attest to the need of bookshelves, the Library was overflowing when I visited in 1999.

The refurbishing has taken longer than expected, and we certainly appreciate everyone's patience while our normal operating schedule is interrupted. Our reward will be a first class museum! Anyone who is planning to visit is advised to first call (973) 383-6010, and listen to the recorded message. Also, please remember to address all correspondence to SCHS, P.O. Box 913, Newton, New Jersey 07860.

Help needed finding a lost relative.

Obituary sent by Lois: Mrs Charles Kimmick
Her Death at Alexander in the 65th year of her age.
Alexander, April 23, 1924— Mrs. Charles Kimmick died at the family home on Railroad avenue, yesterday afternoon of Bright's disease, following an illness of three months. Her maiden name was Martha Jane Wintemute and she was the daughter of William Wintemute. She was born August 1, 1859 at Calendon, Ont. Her first husband, Joseph Barrett died in 1889. In 1899 she married Charles Kimmick. Mrs. Kimmick had been a resident of Alexander for two years. She was a member of the

Methodist Episcopal church.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Kimmick is survived by six children, Mrs. Clara Rick of LaSalle, Mrs. Myrtle Hysert, of Stony Creek, Ont., Mrs. Loretta Hysert of Graffice, Ont., J.E. Barrett of Cleveland, O. and William Barrett of Caledonia, Ont.; five stepchildren, Mrs. Lillian Rogers of Wilson, Mrs. Mary Cary of Lackawanna, Peter and Clark Kimmick of Buffalo and Edward Kimmick of Atlanta, Ga.; three sisters, Katherine and Clara Wintemute of Hamilton, Ont., and Mrs. Bessie Clements of Indian River, Mich. And a brother Jacob Wintemute (unable to read). Funeral services will be held at 2 o'clock Friday

requested by Lois Hassall
P.O. Box 482
Gasport, N.Y 14067

afternoon from the Kimmick Home. Rev. D.C. Irwin will officiate. Interment will be at Alexander. (She asks what cemetery?)

To whom it may concern:
I have a lost relative. I cannot find where she is buried at Alexander, N.Y. The church that she & Charles attended burned down. E. J. Marley home was involved and the Dr.'s name I have. Her mother was Clarissa (Clara) Oliver.

Please send any information to the above address.

Windemuth Spellings

Richard Windemuth, Denmark
via Mary Wintermute Kent

A bit of news for a newsletter. My husband & I spent last Aug. 17-20 in Denmark where we visited Hannele, & Richard Windemuth. They attended the reunion in Denver with their granddaughter. We were given a great tour of Copenhagen & the area where they live-Horsholm. Richard has a framed print on his wall with all the various spellings of Windemuth he has received. I can't

find a copy of it. I sent one to Neil Wintermute. Perhaps he can find his. Whenever I find mine I'll send it along. We also had contact & talked on the phone with Sabine Windemuth of Lebenau, Germany. I believe Kurt was the one who told Richard about the Denver Reunion. We're looking forward to next year's reunion. My brother, John, & several of his children live in Tennessee as does my sister

Ella Wintermute Seidel. Perhaps they can make the reunion. John has attended several reunions.
Your Cousin

Mary Wintermute Kent

*List of addressed letters
Richard Windemuth in
Denmark received.
How many of ours!*



*Cousins here have
received similar
spellings of their
name?*

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| Wenter Mode | Windemud |
| Vindemuth | Wiendemuth |
| Vindermundt | Winthin mudt |
| Winderuth | Wente mudt |
| Wintther Wood | Winitthemut |
| Widemann | Ventemod |
| Wandemuth | Windemugh |
| Dinemuth | Vente modt |
| Wendemith | Winderuth |
| Winderthe | Windemuyh |

*These are some of the
ones he has neatly
framed & hanging in
his home*
Mary Wintermute
Kent

Foley equipment employee's career stretches from Depression days to '90s

Contributed by Virginia Wintamute Shira and Paula Wintamute

Howard Wintamute went to work for Roberts Tractor Company, the local Caterpillar distributor, during a time when the nation was in the grips of the Great Depression, a loaf of bread could be bought for 25 cents and Franklin Delano Roosevelt was in the White house.

These days, a quarter won't buy much in the way of groceries, and America's hardships during the Depression and the administration of FDR are detailed in history books.

But one thing hasn't changed. Howard Wintamute still works for the Local Caterpillar distributor there. The Dodge City man said it was simple economics that put him in a job that he would be found working at 63 years later.

Wintamute, then 24, had been raised on a farm east of Dodge City and had come to town. He worked for a time at a produce shop south of the tracks, but lost the job when it closed down.

He was married by then, and looking for a way to earn a paycheck when he found work at Roberts Tractor company as a mechanic's helper for \$85 a month.

"That was good money in those days," Wintamute said. "I was out looking for a job and back in the Depression, you were just happy to find a job." "It was great news."

Wintamute worked then as a mechanic, and later as field mechanic who would fix equipment on-site.

His role at Roberts changed during World War II, when the contractor who was building the Army Air Bases in Dodge City and Garden City took over the Roberts shop for his use.

"I went on the contractor's payroll and worked for them" Wintamute said.

When the bases were completed and the contractor left, Wintamute became the shop's service manager for a few years before starting work as equipment salesman.

"I would make delivery of the equipment and taught the buyer how to operate it," he said. "In 1937, when I started, there wasn't a lot of equipment. But after the war, it boomed, but no one really knew how to run the equipment, so it was my job to deliver it and to teach them how to run it."

A Ford County native who was born on his grandfather's homestead in 1913, Wintamute left the area in 1950 to run a branch store for Roberts in Guymon, Okla. He returned to the Dodge City shop in 1952 and joined the sales department.

In 1958, Roberts Tractor Company was sold and became Foley Tractor Company, later changing to Foley Equipment Company.

It was in 1965 that Wintamute began working in engine sales, a position he kept until his



Howard Wintamute sits behind his desk at Foley Tractor Company. Wintamute retired, but came back to his sales position and has worked within the sales department for more than 60 years.

retirement—yes retirement—in 1980.

Don't get him wrong—Wintamute enjoyed retirement and spent a lot of time on the golf course.

But when the call came in 1987 asking Wintamute to return to selling Caterpillar engines, he couldn't refuse.

"I hadn't been looking for a job, but I was feeling real good and didn't have any hobbies tying me down," he said. "The only thing I hated is that it messed up my golf game—that's really the only thing it disrupted."

Initially, Wintamute worked four days a week when he returned, but he began working a 40 hour week again in 1995 after his wife died.

Wintamute said he mainly sells irrigation engines and does most of his work on the phone because of his age, although he once traveled through 19 counties in southwest Kansas selling CAT engines.

He likes his job, and it gives him a chance to do what he most enjoys—a good conversation with others.

"I just like talking to people, I like to 'horse trade' with them," he said with a smile. Some of Wintamute's customers are in families he's helped throughout his career.

"I'm on the third generation in some families," he said. "There's one customer I have that I've sold around 60 engines to."

The sales approach Wintamute takes has also remained the same over the years. "The first thing you have to have is a product to sell, then you have to have a company to back it up," he said.

"You also have to remember you're representing your company and build up a reputation. You've got to be acquainted with people so they can understand how you deal."

"Most importantly," Wintamute said "customers need to be treated fairly. If you don't, everyone will hear about it tomorrow at the coffee shop," he said.

Ken Davis, service manager at Foley Equipment, said "Wintamute is invaluable. I don't know what we'll do when he leaves. He has more knowledge and experience than five people put together."

Rodney Nichols, who is in parts distribution at Foley Equipment, said Wintamute's knowledge of the products is impressive.

"At his age, he still knows what the farmers need, what size of engine they'll need so they can produce," Nichols said. "The years of experience he has is mind-boggling. He is a real cool guy."

Wintamute enjoys relatively good health and will turn 87 in October. He stays active by helping out with bingo at the Moose Lodge, where he is a member.

For now, Wintamute plans to continue working, even though his emergence from retirement in 1987 was supposed to be for just a short time.

"I just kept staying, and they kept giving me a paycheck," he said. "I'm hanging around for now until they find a replacement. I can't stay here forever."

And as his lifetime career with Caterpillar, Wintamute has a simple explanation. "I just never found any reason to go anywhere else," he said, "I have always been satisfied with the company I work for and the kind of work I do."

From the Dodge City Daily Globe of August 22, 2000

Alaska Saga

We have just returned home on August 1, 2000 from a 70-day road trip to Alaska covering 11,288 miles in a 34 foot motor home with our miniature pincher, Abbie.

We left Dryden, NY on May 24th stopping in Iowa to visit my sister; toured the Corn Palace in Mitchell, SD.; the Badlands National Park and Mount Rushmore seeing many antelope along the roads. In Montana we stopped at Little Big Horn and then on to Billings, Montana to visit my cousin where we saw a large herd of elk. From there we stopped at Glacier National Park and entered Canada at Waterton, Alberta June 6, onward to Calgary and Edmonton, AB picking up the Alaska Highway at Dawson Creek in BC. The view of the rugged Canadian Rockies was spectacular and we began to see caribou, blackbears, moose, and stone sheep. The road was very narrow; rough in places; very little shoulders; no guard rails and snow along the roadside. We camped overnight near Whitehorse, UK and ran into a couple that had been our neighbors 31 years ago. Between Haines Junction and the Alaskan border we experienced the worst roads and suffered some damage to the front of our motor home. On June 12 we arrived in Alaska and stayed at the home of a cousin who is a state trooper in Northway, Alaska where there is a large contingent of Athabasca natives. We spent 5 days with them and enjoyed caribou steaks, fresh halibut, grilled salmon, moose, wild rhubarb sauce and sauteed salmon eggs. Extensive grocery shopping is about 8 hours away 10 times each year. The family has a large garden, canning the surplus and eats mostly wild game either frozen or canned.

On June 18 heading for Fairbanks to take the Discovery Cruise on the Chena and Tanana Rivers. The next day we visited the University of Alaska Fairbanks Museum that displays cultural and natural history exhibits from all regions of the State. We also went to the Great Alaskan Bowl Co. and watched birch bowls being made from logs. From here we drove the Parks Highway to Denali Nat'l Park to take a six hour bus ride to view Mt. McKinley (also called Denali which is the Athabasca Indian name for "The High One") This was a beautiful trip in that we saw the mountain and many animals. We drove on to Anchorage sometimes camping along the road in rest stops or U.S. Forest Campgrounds.

We camped on Resurrection Bay in Seward

and visited the Alaska Sea Life Center where research facilities are combined with wildlife rehabilitation and public education. This was funded by the Exxon Valdez Oil Spill Restoration Fund and private donations and is well worth visiting. At the Seward Museum we learned about the 1964 earthquake that hit on Good Friday. Then it was on to Exit Glacier in Kenai Fjords Nat'l Park.

We then headed back toward Anchorage and on down to Kenai on the Cook Inlet arriving at Deep Creek State Recreation Area where we had the opportunity to go clamming for razor clams with some folks from Anchorage. Here we saw many bald eagles and beautiful sunsets. Then it was on to Homer "where the land ends and the sea begins". We visited the Pratt Museum where we learned the history of native people thousands of years ago and more recently the homesteaders of the 1930-40's. Here they transmit live images from wildlife refuges at Gull Island and we could see puffins diving and baby gulls being born. We next stopped at the Kenai-Russian River Access Ferry where we camped overnight watching fishermen catching sockeye salmon.

We arrived back in Anchorage which we found difficult to navigate because of many one-way streets and few places to park a motor home. We drove through the Mat-Su Valley area which is known for its agriculture and then drove over the Thompson Pass enroute to Valdez. This area is often called "Little Switzerland" with the Chugach Mtns. Rising behind the city. We camped right on the beach where we could view fishing boats coming and going all night long, cruise ships arriving and across the bay was the Trans-Alaska Pipeline Terminal which we toured by bus. Here we visited a fish cannery, the Alaska Cultural Museum and the Valdez Museum where we learned about the impact of the gold rush, the 1964 earthquake, the pipe line and the 1989 Exxon Valdez oil spill cleanup (which did not actually affect the Port of Valdez.) In this area we experienced black bears close up in our campsite at the Valdez Glacier Campground.

Leaving Valdez we headed back to our original destination at Northway where we spent 4 days at my cousin's where we took a jet boat up Desperate Creek to view a bald eagle nest, a native fish camp and a native burial site. The next day we drove 110 miles (one way) to see a fish wheel that furnishes

Submitted by Mr. & Mrs Horace E. Shackelton, Jr.

salmon for five families. This is called "subsistence fishing" and the level of water covering caught fish determines how often a wheel must be checked. This was a wild ride in a four wheel drive vehicle about one mile off the road.

You might notice that I have not mentioned the mosquitoes. Well! Alaska does have mosquitoes and at times they are overwhelming. Therefore at most campground we were not able to eat outside. We were not bothered by the daylight hours as usually we were so tired by the time we went to bed that we had no problem sleeping.

We left Alaska on July 14 heading for Whitehorse, YK and then drove down the Cassier Hwy, west of the Canadian Rockies and we saw some of the most beautiful scenery. We visited Stewart, BC and Hyder, Alaska to see the bears catching spawning Chum salmon coming upstream. Then it was on to Kitwano, BC to view old and restored native totem poles. We camped in Provincial Parks which we found to be very clean and inexpensive. While in Prince George, BC we had our motor home serviced and some repair work done. We drove down through Jasper and Banff Nat'l Park areas where we were unable to find campsites so we headed east towards Calgary, AB and on to Medicine Hat, AB entering the U.S.A. on July 23. That night we camped in a small county park in the town of Malta, Montana and the next day we drove through the Badlands of North Dakota and eastward into Minnesota staying near Faribault experiencing some wild weather along the way. We arrived back in Iowa to celebrate our 43rd wedding anniversary with my sister's family. We headed home on July 30 arriving back in Dryden, NY on August 1 using a total of 1245 gallons of gas and averaged approximately 9 mpg.

For the most part we enjoyed the beautiful weather and found Alaska to be warmer than we had expected. The roads were rough and at times we thought we would be shook to death or the motor home would fall apart. The thing we missed most was the lack of hearing the latest news or finding newspapers or being able to tune in to a radio station to obtain the local weather forecast. We also had difficulty finding fresh bread and usually what we did find had been frozen and the date old before we purchased it. We met many wonderful people that we plan to maintain contact with via e-mail. This was a trip of a lifetime and we had a wonderful time.

Using Genealogy in School

Early last spring, my great nephew, Tim Quandt called and said "Aunt Janice, I need some information about my ancestors and you were the one who knows the most, (Makes you feel good to think someone feels you know a little something!) so I am asking you. I am writing a report on my ancestors for school. Could you help me?"

Of course, I asked what he needed and got the information together and sent it snail mail. (was too large a packet for e-mail.)

Later he sent me a copy of the report. This young man is 14 years of age and I think he did a grand job.

He had a table of contents, a time line and map with 5 family dates, American history dates, Personal ethnobiography with cultural heritage and family heritage. I would like to copy his Historical Overview.

In the 1730's my Great, Great, Great, Great, Great, Great, Great, Great Grandfather Georg Philip Windemoed came to America before the revolutionary war. Philip came to America when 12 colonies were formed. In 1732, the leader of America was the King of England, George II. England controlled the colonies until the revolutionary war started in 1776. Also in 1732 Ben-

jamin Franklin published Poor Richard's Almanack. In the southern colonies plantations used slaves to harvest their fields in the 1730's. Another event was that Georgia was formed as a colony. The major industries in the 1730's were shipbuilding, fishing, small New England businesses, mining and small-scale manufacturing. Southern industries were, slave, tobacco and rice trading.

Tim received an A on his report. Here is a quick thinking young man who used his ancestors for a study and got a good grade. Good work, Tim.

Tim received an A on his report. Here is a quick thinking young man who used his ancestors for a study and got a good grade. Good work, Tim.

Branson

I was very excited to read in the recent newsletter that the 2001 family reunion will be in Branson. When I was a young girl my dad would take my mom and all of us kids to Branson on his summer vacation for 2 weeks of camping I remember going to the Shepherd of the Hills, seeing the giant statue, going to Dog Patch, as well as camping in Noel, and camping on top of a very tall mountain called Mt. Nebo, which I think was in the Ozarks. In any event I am looking forward to attending the family reunion there and am going to try very hard to get all five of my sisters, and my mother

Gladys Wintermute, (who is now in her 80's) to attend as well.

My dad, Clarence Lee Wintermute passed away on Father's day, June 20, 1999. His heart just finally gave out. Mother and all six of us girls, as well as several of his grandchildren were by his side when he peacefully left us to join his only son, Larry Wayne Wintermute, who died many years ago. My brother's son Azchariah Abraham Wintermute, who is now the only Wintermute namesake in our immediate family, is now 20 years old and in the U.

Deborah Gayle Wintermute

S. Air Force, stationed in Wichita Falls, Texas. Oddly enough he joined the exact same division that my dad did. Zach's mother, step-dad and half brother live in Orange, CA, which is where Zach will probably eventually try to be stationed after his basic training. He wants to be involved in working on airplanes.

Donation

The organization received a nice donation from Neal and Linda Wintermute.

He stated: My mother Alice Mae Wintermute passed away July 2, 2000 after she had a heart attack, then her kidneys shut down, so she only lasted about three days after her heart attack. She didn't want any life support, so she went very quickly.

Thanks Neal

Attitude Determines Attitude

I woke up early today, excited over all I get to do before the clock strikes midnight. I have responsibilities to fulfill today. I am important.

My job is to choose what kind of day I am going to have.

Today I can complain because the weather is rainy or I can be thankful that the grass is getting watered for free.

Today I can feel sad that I don't have more money or I can be glad that my finances encourage me to plan my purchases wisely and guide me away from waste.

Today I can grumble about my health or I can rejoice that I am alive.

Today stretches ahead of me, waiting to be shaped. And here I am, the sculptor who gets to do the shaping.

Things I wish I had learned Earlier

Sent by Millie Wintermute Wiese

I've learned the best classroom in the world is at the feet of an elderly person.

I've learned that when you're in love, it shows.

I've learned that just one person saying to me, "You've made my day!" makes my day.

I've learned that having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world.

I've learned that being kind is more important than being right.

I've learned that you should never say no to a gift from a child.

I've learned that I can always pray for someone when I don't have the strength to help him in some other way.

I've learned that no matter how serious your life requires you to be, everyone needs a friend to act goofy with.

I've learned that sometimes all a person needs is a hand to hold and a heart to understand.

I've learned that simple walks with my father around the block on summer nights when I was a child did wonders for me as an adult.

I've learned that life is like a roll of toilet paper. The closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.

I've learned that money doesn't buy class.

I've learned that it's those small daily happenings that make life so spectacular.

I've learned that under everyone's hard shell is someone who wants to be appreciated and loved.

I've learned that when you plan to get even with someone, you are only letting that person continue to hurt you.

I've learned that everyone you meet deserves to be greeted with a smile.

More Whipped Cream, Please

I have a new delightful friend,
I'm almost in awe of her;
When we first met I was impressed,
By her bizarre behavior.

That day I had a date with friends,
We met to have some lunch;
Mae had come along with them,
All in all...a pleasant bunch.

When the menus were presented,
We ordered salads, sandwiches, and soups;
Except for Mae who circumvented,
And said, "Ice-cream, please. "Two scoops."

I was not sure my ears heard right,
And the others were aghast;
"Along with heated apple pie,"
Mae smiled, completely unabashed.

We tried to act quite nonchalant,
As if people did this all the time;
But when our orders were brought out,
I did not enjoy mine.

I could not take my eyes off Mae,
As her pie ala-mode went down.
The other ladies showed dismay,
They ate their lunches, and they frowned.

Well, the next time I went out to eat,

I called and invited Mae:
My lunch contained white tuna meat,
She ordered a parfait.

I smiled when her dish I viewed,
She asked if she amused me;
I answered, "Yes, you do,
And you also do confuse me."

"How come you order rich desserts
When I feel I must be sensible?"
She laughed and said, with wanton mirth,
"I am tasting all that's possible."

"I try to eat the food I need,
And do the things I should;
But life's so short, my friend, indeed,
I hate missing out on something good."

"This year I realized I was old,"
She grinned, "I've not been this old before;
So, before I die, I've got to try
Those things for years I have ignored.

"I've not smelled all the flowers yet,
And too many books I have not read;
There's more fudge sundaes to wolf down,
And kites to be flown overhead.

"There's many malls I have not shopped
I've not laughed at all the jokes;
I've missed a lot of Broadway Hits,

Dedicated to My Aunt Mildred contributed by Rebecca Lewis

And potato chips and cokes.

"I want to wade again in water,
And feel ocean spray upon my face;
Sit in a country church once more,
And thank God for his grace.

"I want peanut butter every day,
Spread on my morning toast;
I want un-timed long distance calls,
To the folks I love the most.

"I've not cried at all the movies yet,
Not walked in the morning rain,
I need to feel wind in my hair,
I want to fall in love again.

"So, if I choose to have dessert,
Instead of having dinner;
If I should die before nightfall,
You'd have to say I died a winner.

"That I missed out on nothing,
That I had my heart's desire;
That I had that final chocolate mousse
Before my life expired."

With that, I called the waitress over,
"I've changed my mind, it seems;
I said, "I want what she is having.
Add some more whipped-cream!"

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?

Gene Winfield Dennis
9095 S. Saginaw #12
Grand Blanc, Michigan 48439

Phone: (810) 694-7735
Email: Gdennis@universalsys.com

*“Join in the Fellowship and
Fun at the Windemuth
Reunion in two thousand
and one*

*www.kern.com/
maykoskil-wintermute.
htm*

*www.Jefnet.com/
wintermute.htm*

A POEM FOR COMPUTER USERS OVER 30

A computer was something on TV
From a science fiction show of note.
A window was something you hated to
clean
And ram was the cousin of a goat.

Meg was the name of my girlfriend
And gig was a job for the nights
Now they all mean different things
And that really mega bytes.

An application was for employment
A program was a TV show
A cursor used profanity
A keyboard was a piano.

Memory was something that you lost
with age
A CD was a bank account
And if you had a 3-inch floppy
You hoped nobody found out.

contributed by Norman Wintermute

Compress was something you did to the
garbage
Not something you did to a file
And if you unzipped anything in public
You'd be in jail for a while.

Log on was adding wood to the fire
Hard drive was a long trip on the road
A mouse pad was where a mouse lived
And a backup happened to your commode.

Cut you did with a pocket knife
Paste you did with glue
A web was a spider's home
And a virus was the flu.

I guess I'll stick to my pad an paper
And the memory in my head
I hear nobody's been killed in a computer
crash
But when it happens they wish they were
dead.

After Thoughts

Thank you everyone for you contribu-
tions to the newsletter. I try to use eve-
ryone's that I get and enjoy reading
your thoughts on the newsletters. I do
enjoy writing them, even though I find
myself putting it off too long between
times.

From Janice Snyder, Editor

Seasons Greetings

Happy Thanksgiving

Merry Christmas

Happy New Year

From the officers of the Windemuth
Family Organization.