

## **Lena Ingels Fenn---Nov. 23, 1951**

The general history of the Ingels family for my own collection for dates and past happenings. We can be proud of our ancestors because there has been no scandal of any kind.

All upright clean, decent, respectable folks that we can really talk about. Otherwise, we will be dropped immediately.

We don't claim to be ideals but we certainly had and appreciate the best of home training by our parents that anybody could have.

P.S. I'm signing for all the children of Mr. and Mrs. John Ingels.

### **The Story of My Life**

I am the second daughter of John and Etta Ingels. I was born June 7, 1884, 604 S. Union St.

Not many have the popularity and honor of coming into the world as I did but I had the company of a twin brother. Logan and Lena were the twin babies of John and Etta following six other children into the home.

We were told that different ones had offered names for twins that they thought suitable, but none would qualify until finally my father's younger brother George Ingels offered the names of Logan and Lena, and they were accepted. Uncle George had read a book named *Logan the Great*. Then to get a name for a girl, he thought of a young school mistress in the neighborhood that he liked very much. He went to see John and Etta and the twins and offered the names, which were accepted.

As soon as we were old enough to go to school and Sunday school we all started (Methodists) and all grew up with the best teachings we could get.

I remember my first Sunday School was held in empty room formerly used by Dr. Kern. He was our family doctor and brought me into this world.

Leila Todhunter was my first teacher and it was there I signed my Temperance Pledge. I promised I'd never use any fermented drinks nor indulge in the use of cigarettes or tobacco that would be a detriment to my health physically or spiritually. We all lived in the house where I was born on Union Street for several years and then father built a new house 646 S. Main Street the present time it is owned and occupied by P. H. Jones. It was there that I was one time starting to Sunday School first time alone when I ran a nail through my shoe sole. A man carried me back home and with mother's care, it was soon all right.

Father paid him for his kindness and I was very grateful to him.

Grandmother Ingels was living with us at that time. She was a very kind, lovable person. She helped mother with her housework and the big family and when we moved to the country, grandma moved with us. She was a great help and comfort to us all. She died while there and was buried in the Albright Cemetery S. C. of Kokomo, where all her family had been lain before. My father John Ingels was a teacher, lawyer, and Kokomo's first Court Reporter. He was a good father, educated and well-respected man (Republican). After we had lived in the big house on Main Street for some time, I was sitting in the room with my dolls, when father had company. I heard him say He thought

with his big family he would find a home in the country. He had a good wife to help him and he thought it would be better for all.

I didn't understand it all but it wasn't long until we moved 7 \_ miles W. of Kokomo on 80 acre farm. It was a big change for all of us, moving from the big 10 room house to the little country home. Some of us were very happy but others were not.

In those days, we had no electric lights, no paved streets or side walks, no automobiles, radios, TV, bathroom, washing machines, or running water, furnaces or sewing machines.

The lights in town were made by lamps, using kerosene and the homes in town and country were by lamps, one in each room. The only way we traveled was by walking and horse and buggy. Our fuel for heat was usually the wood and logs from the big trees on the farms for our stoves and the fireplace.

After we had moved 7 \_ miles of Kokomo my father and 5 brothers did the plowing on the 80 acre farm with plows and horses, then planted the corn by hand, caring for it until fall when it was shucked, gathered and put into the cribs for the winter's feeding.

In the meantime, mother would be busy every minute sewing carpet rags for new spring carpet, quilting, and serving with the children who could help. She gathered the fruit to can, made garden. In the fall, she made kraut, hominy, and gathered the dry beans. Then we had apples and popcorn.

She worked all the time, giving the children all the spiritual advice and instructions in sanitation and home life that she could and I think we all remembered it. We used a lot of home made bread and butter, meat and gravy, potatoes, and mush. We always sat 10 at the table and had such good times together. Chicken and dumplings was thought of as our Sunday dinner.

In those days we had no toys but played the games we had learned at school.

I can remember on one afternoon several of the boys and girls met to play in our barn lot. Logan, Hale, Elmer Stetler, Tom Henry, and the Hubbard boys were there. Ida Henry, Blanche Hubbard, Lonnie, Fred, and I. For a long time Elmer Stetler and I wrote notes to each other even after we had finished school. I had to tell him to stop because I was getting married. We all grew up in school making many friends and with many fond memories.

Later after grandmother Ingels' death, her children met to decide what would be done with her land and possessions. It was decided among them that my father could buy their shares and in that way he became the owner of his mother's homeland. Not long after we moved to the farm east of Center, Indiana, Taylor Township.

It was there that we all made new acquaintances. The four younger children went to school and church in Hemlock. Our parents were well respected and were soon invited to attend all the parents' meetings, and were soon considered the best of neighbors.

On the farm we had rail fences and when the snows came, the drifts would pile up as high as the fence and then it was so cold the snow would freeze and crust so hard on it we would walk home all the way from school. We made our own fun and while always looking after and helping each other, we could play games and jokes until there was never a dull moment. I wonder just what the children today would do in like circumstances. Those were the horse and buggy days. Fifth years before I've heard my mother tell of her days when the young folks would have square dances, corn husking,

and apple peeling parties. They had fun too. There has been such a change in my own life and my parents' days and I'd just like to live to see the changes in the next generation.

I will pass a few years now to write about my home life east of Center. I was very happy for father because he had happy memories of the times when his mother had lived there. It was not a modern home, but we had a good driven well near the back door, 9 large rooms, front and back porch.

We had a big fire in the fireplace each night where father, mother, and we children would gather until bedtime; pop corn, apples and nuts, were plentiful. Father enjoyed the newspapers and Bible and many times he would be reading at 2 o'clock in the night.

He could retain all that he read and converse with anybody on any subject. So many people came to him for advice about business matters before they would proceed with their work. He was a good lawyer and has helped many to get ahead in life.

We lived 1 \_ miles from Hemlock and each morning Hale, Logan, Lena, and Rosa would walk to school and then back home again in the evening to help with the evening work. The boys always carried in the wood and back logs for the fireplace and fill the box in the kitchen for the cooking for the next day. My duty each evening and morning was to milk two cows, carry two big buckets of milk to the house where mother would take care of it, and then I'd help finish supper. We would set 10 plates for each meal at table.

We were a very healthy happy family. We had two or three cases of malarial fever, mumps, measles, chicken pox, colds, sore throats, and stomach aches but all families were having the same.

Poor mother was troubled with hay fever for many years, and we could find nothing to help her. She made several trips to Michigan during hay fever season but one time after having had a bad attack of it there, she developed asthma and had light attacks of asthma the rest of her life. She lived to be 86 years of age.

Our home east of Center was only \_ miles from where father and mother had gone to house keeping and close to their dearest friends, Hannah and Jasper Burt.

It was not long until our family was growing smaller for Claude and Hale were working in Kokomo, Lulu was married in 1902 and then Fred and Lena had the same date for wedding in 1904. Soon there was just the youngest one Rose left at home with father and mother. But every Xmas we would all go back to the old farm home where we would have a big Xmas tree, turkey dinner with all the trimmings. What a wonderful time we all had.

After all we children were married and with homes of our own, except Rosa, Father decided to make a trip to California to visit his brother Sam Ingels and other relatives there. The three of them went and stayed three months. When they returned to Indiana, they made a sale and sold farm machinery and household goods and then went to Florida for their health, locating in Saint Andrews, Fla., where Uncle George Ingels and Aunt Rosa Gideon were living (father's brother and sister). They both loved fishing as much as father did and it was really the ideal place he had dreamed about. They lived there until father's death in June 22, 1924, in Florida.

Natural gas had been discovered now and South Kokomo was beginning to have a building boom. George Breedlove built a two story brick house near us. Street lights were all changed to gas. Many families put jets for gas in their homes.

Factories were being built and the outlook for the whole state of Indiana was different.

After I finished school in Hemlock, I met Lon Fenn. I was 19 years old then. We were married by Rev. Rachel Thomas in my parents' country home, east of Center, on Nov. 15, 1904. After the wedding ceremony we served turkey dinner to the 75 guests. I was 19 when I married.

The next morning father gave us two cows, feather bed and pillows, silverware, and a set of dishes for six and his mothers chest of drawers. Brother Hale hitched two horses to a farm wagon and moved our belongings to our new home \_ mile south of Long's mother. We had a new 6 room house, 4 rooms down, and 2 upstairs, small narrow porch on north side. A dug well was near the back door. An outside toilet in the back lot. Lon had two horses and we were soon living like other folks.

I will always have one regret and that is that I never knew what would be in my home until we went there to live. I didn't get to help pick the furniture I wanted or make any suggestions, but there are others I have heard. We used coal oil lamps, burned wood in the stoves. We've always had plenty to eat and like everybody else we've had our misunderstandings and disappointments. I guess that is according to nature. Lon had inherited 31 acres of land from his father and the house still stands that was first used 47 years ago. Our first baby boy was born in that house Feb. 23 1906. He is now partner in funeral work and is a great comfort to his parents.

When he was past 2 years old we moved to Hemlock where we bought an interest in the general store with Tom Lett (brother-in-law) A little later Lon began to tell Lena he had always been interested in being an undertaker. One day he came to Kokomo and talked to Mr. Keller. He then was the leading undertaker in Kokomo.

He then went to embalmers school in Indianapolis and after getting a license, he bought interest in office of Henry Fague—later became Fague and Fenn. I have always tried to do my part to help as wife and mother. For a long time I helped at funeral home as assistant at all funerals. I enjoyed meeting people and although I couldn't help the ones who had lost their families, I could assist them in other ways while they were in our home. Our second son was born on W. Sycamore St. Kokomo, Ind., and at present is in the Newman Drug Store. Their specialties are magazines, soda fountain, and Kodaks all sizes and kinds. Charlie Newman is owner but has bad health and has depended on Robert for many years. We hope in time soon Robert can take charge for himself. Robert married Roselyn Vandenbosch and has two darling little girls: Cheryl Ann and Patty Louise Fenn. I always wanted a baby girl of my own but the Lord knows best and it wasn't to be, but our boys have satisfied my longings by getting two boys and two girls (my grandchildren).

John Chancellor Fenn and Michael Robert. "They may soon have homes and children, and if they read this record of my past, I hope they will begin early to write of their early days for their future children.

I only wish I had started sooner because I am older and weaker in many ways. I have forgotten dates and names that I'd like to keep but it's never too late for anything if you have ambition for so doing.

Now as the years pass, I can see that we can count our blessings and be thankful in many ways for all the good things in life.

John Ingels and Henrietta Costlow Ingels are my parents and on their last visit back to Indiana they were asked by Sister Lula to write a little sketch of the history of their early lives.

On the next page you may read the story as John Ingels wrote it.

John Ingels....In his own words

I am the son of Thomas and Elizabeth Ingels. I was born in Waverly, Indiana. Here, I attended Abbingdon, Ill., College to study a course in law. After graduating, I married Henrietta Costlow of near Greentown, Indiana, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Costlow.

After my marriage, I taught school for many years. Two children were born, and then in 1873, my wife, children, and I went to Bloomington, Ill., where I attended college to study more law.

I was admitted as attorney at law in Kokomo Aug. 17, 1874 and formed a partnership with Mr. Garrigus, known as the Ingels, Garrigus Law Firm. After 6 years practice in Kokomo and Tipton, I accepted an offer as Court Reporter and served Howard Co., Court for 23 years.

My bride and I lived in a cottage in S. Kokomo and it was there that the 4 other children were born. Then the three other children were born on S. Main St. making a family of nine children for John and Etta Ingels.

The children are:

Offa M. Ingels born June 16, 1869

James B. Ingels April 9, 1871

Claude F. Ingels Nov. 8, 1875

Frederick Ingels Oct. 7, 1877

Lulu Minnie Ingels Feb. 3, 1880

Hale Pitman Ingels Sept. 19, 1882

Logan and Lena Ingels June 7, 1884

Rosa Florence Ingels Jan 18, 1888

P.S. Father didn't live to add any more to his letter. He was a good man and a member of Christian Church. He died in Florida and is laid in family lot in Albright Cemetery. His funeral was in Greentown.

*John Ingels and Henrietta Costlow Ingels were my parents.*

**The family life of the children:**

It is doubtful if anyone with the kindest intent would ever have said "we were a model family of children." And from what we have heard of so called models, I doubt if any of us would have welcomed such a title. There was not a sissy in our family and it would have been a fighting word if applied to any of us. We never fought nor quarreled among ourselves, but would have fought for each other if necessary. We were just a bunch of healthy, happy boys and girls with a very kind, indulgent mother and a kind father whose

profession kept him from home much of the time. The entire area of what is now south Kokomo with all adjacent territory was our range to play in and we certainly used it.

At that time which was in the year of 1879 there was only about a dozen houses south of the Wildcat River and only 2 bridges leading into Kokomo. Union and Washington Streets. The house on Union where we lived first 7 of we children were born. Was a pretty cottage on S. Union Street with large maple trees in the front yard.

Offa and Jim were born on the farm where father and mother went to house keeping. Offa on June 16, 1869 and James April 9, 1871.

When Jim was bout 2 years old father decided to finish his course in law which he had studied while in college at Abbington, Ill. So in 1873 he and mother and the two boys left their farm home and went to Bloomington, Ind., and they remained there until father finished his course.

During this time he was having the carpenters build the cottage on S. Union St. 1875. Our parents went directly there from Bloomington. Claude, the third son, was born Oct. 2, 1877.

In those days s. Kokomo was pasture fields, next to our house south, which is now covered with many homes, paved street and cement side walks. But at that time, cows and calves were pastured there, and my brothers Offa, Jim, and Claude tried to ride every one of them. The first girl in the family was born Feb. 3, 1880. They named her Lulu Minnie. Her four older brothers used to tell how they had to take turns to rock her cradle when they would rather be on the outside playing with the gang.

On Sept. 29, 1889 we five children were sent out to Grandma Costlows to spend the night. When we returned, we were told we had a new baby brother and his name was Hale Pitman. There never was a time in our family when there seemed to be too many and each one was welcome as if this was the first time it had occurred. Hale was named for the famous lawyer and Pitman after the man who established the short hand system.

After June 7, 1884 we all had to take a back seat, for on that date Logan and Lena, twins, arrived. A few days all the relatives came to have a look at the twins. They were in the old fashioned cradle. Logan at one end and Lena in the other end. Grandma Ingels used to say she hoped she could live to see them grown but the twins were just 11 years old when she died. But they did have the privilege of being with her and loving her during the last months of her life. She was one of the sweetest characters I ever knew. This story of the children was donated by Sister Lulu.

### **A Love Story By Lena**

Great Grandfather is very old  
Nearly a hundred years, I'm told.  
Once, when nobody else was there,  
I tiptoed up to the old man's chair.  
He was whispering sad and low.  
"Mary, dear Mary, I loved you so."  
I left as quietly as I came.  
Mary wasn't great grandmother's name.

## **Henrietta Costlow Ingels**

A few years before Mother's death, when she was visiting Lulu in Greentown, she was asked to write about her early days, as she could remember them. This is a copy of her letter in her own words.

My father and mother, Patrick and Malvina Costlow, lived in a small log cabin in the western part of Greentown. I was born March 4, and we lived there until I was 5 years old and then we moved to a farm 1 \_ miles east of Tampico, now known as Center, Indiana.

When I was 6 years old, I attended my first school. The school was taught by Miss Emma Timons and was held in an old cabin with no windows and the benches on which we sat were without backs. The floor was of dirt which, from years of treading of tiny feet, had been packed to the hardness of concrete. It was in this old cabin that I learned by a,b,c's. The next year my brother William Costlow, we called his Willie, was old enough to attend.

By this time, a small schoolhouse had been built in Center. The teacher who taught that summer was named Trip, and he was a very cross old fellow. We were all bare-footed.

I attended school for several years and then had to quit when mother became ill, and I had to help at home.

Then came my first beau. As I recall, his name was John Manuel. He walked home from church with me two or three times. Then I began going with John Ingels. He soon went away to Abbingdon College, Ill. He attended this college about 2 years, and then came home in the spring. There was a heavy snow on the ground, and John began cutting and hauling logs to take to the mill to make into lumber for our new home.

We had 80 acres of land 1 \_ miles east of Center and built a 3 room cottage on a hill on this land. We were married on Tuesday by Rev. Denton Simpson on August 25, 1868.

We were married and relatives came from both sides of our families. After the ceremony we served the guests with turkey dinner.

Some of my girl friends remained all night and during the night, they decided to serenade us. They marched upstairs and down with their night gowns on and all the pans and spoons they could find, and the fun they did have.

They had closed the door and when they went out, they made a rush for the door and tore it from the hinges. Jennie Banks, Anna Woods, Cynthia Allen, and Rachael Currens are the ones I remember.

The second day everybody was invited to the dinner and it was a clear find day. Then the next day was the big street celebration in Jerome.

Uncle Frank Meranda had a new wagon and two white horses. He drove to the celebration and came over early and took the bride and groom and Rosie Gideon (my new sister-in-law) with him for this big even. That really was our honey moon trip.

Our lives are getting shorter now, and since our children are all doing well in their own homes except our youngest daughter Rose, we had decided to make a trip to California to visit John's relatives. We were gone several weeks, and then came back to our little farm and soon decided to go to Florida and find a permanent home for our delcining years. Since John's sister Rosa Gideon and his brother George Ingels were there, and they both liked fishing as much. I know John felt very well-satisfied there, and

we settled in Saint Andrew, Florida, where we lived until John's death. He died June 22 and then Rose and I stayed in Indiana for a while but later decided to go back to Florida. Rose was clerk in the post office until she was married to a retired army officer, Colonel Erwin, on May 14, 1931. They were married in Greentown. They had their home waiting in Saint Andrew, Florida. They were very happy together until the colonel became very ill. Rosa certainly has proved to be a good Samaritan for the whole family and has always been so ready and willing to do for others at all times.

Mother had her last sickness. She died in Kokomo and was buried in Crown Point Cemetery. Our darling mother was kind and good with many friends and was ready to help so long as she was able.

P.S. My request is for this book to be given to my little sister Rose from her sister Lena Fenn. I have given copies to my children and my brothers. Lulu has her scrapbook with family dates, and perhaps little Rose would enjoy this one from Lena.

### **Leonious Fenn's Story**

Lon was born in the large Fenn homestead southwest of Hemlock on Dec. 23, 1879.

He was the 9<sup>th</sup> child of Jesse and Catherine Stevens Fenn. They were good, respectable farmers and neighbors of the community and devoted to the Baptist religion. They were of German birth but came to the states to make their home. Eleven children grew up in the home together. They had their misunderstandings and good times as all other families do.

Only two girls in the family, as the boys were soon all taught the work on the 365 acre farm.

Mother Fenn always looked after her children, and they always had plenty of food to make them healthy and strong. The two girls were Mary and Dora. Mary married Joshua Kelsay, and Dora married Tom Lett. The Fenn family all attended the Baptist Church in Hemlock. Lon's first school was in Hemlock. The girls he went with then were Grace Williams and Merle Thomas. Since that time, Lon is a very prominent undertaker in Kokomo. Ralph, our son, attended School for Embalmers and received his diploma. So he is working now in partnership. He has two sons.

Our younger son Robert Fenn is in business in Kokomo in the Newman Drug Store, and in the near future he expects to own the place and then he will be settled. He had a lovely home and two daughters. He married Roselyn Vandenbosch. The little girls are Cheryl Ann and Patricia Fenn.

### **Children in Ingels families**

Claude Francis Ingels, son of Claude and Eva.

Mary Mildred Ingels 1-25-1909

Frank Ingels May 15, 1905

John William

Ward Almon

Victor Creston Ingels 11-8-1910—children of Fred Oct 2, 1877 and Daily Aug 14, 1874

Richard Theodore Ingels 12-8-1922

Margaret Elizabeth Ingels 4-16-20

Rose Catherine Ingels adopted by Brokaw family after graduating from Ind. Univer.



Helen Lucille Ingels 11-1-1918  
Ruth Geraldine Ingels 10-30-1912  
Mary Caroline Ingels—children of Hale and Lois  
Paul Ingels  
John Thomas Hunt—son of Lulu and Al Hunt  
Henrietta Ingels—children of Logan and Maud  
Dallas  
Harold  
Carl  
Ralph Fenn—children of Lena and Lon  
Robert Fenn  
Helen's first marriage Helen Lee Cooper  
Logan's first marriage Maude Young Ingels

### **James B. Ingels**

After Sylvia died and Jim, brother James B. Ingels, was alone, he built the little bungalow and seemed well contented there with his brother-in-law. He had two bedrooms, a large living room, enclosed porch facing the Lake. Jim has always liked to fish and hunt, and as long as he able, that was the way to spend his leisure time. Coal in his heating stove made his house very comfortable. At the present time he has passed his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday and the rest of us would rather have him living nearer to us, but he is contented. He used to write to me and always added a few lines of poetry and signed his name. I tried to answer him with my few lines, but they never meant so much. I'll copy one of the poems that he wrote me as he made it.

### **The Family Tree by brother James B. Ingels**

Father was a wise man without a doubt  
And knew all the time what he was about.  
The stork, he hired on full pay.  
And he moved right in to stay.  
First, he brought us little Offa,  
And they started him on tea and coffee.  
Next, he brought one called Jim.  
The big girls thought a lot of him.  
He would laugh and coo and giggle  
And try to do the shimmy wiggle.  
Then the stork the clumsy thing  
While fooling around, he broke his wing.  
And for about 3 years, he would try,  
But for the life of him, he could not fly.  
Then, I saw him with his wings so broad  
And down he came with Little Claud.  
Then said he, "I know just what you need.  
So, I'll get busy and earn my feed."  
And I looked again and there was Fred.

One day while we played shoot the zulu  
Up popped storky with little Lulu.  
Now I want to tell you mister,  
We were all proud to have a sister.  
Father was a wise man without a doubt,  
And he knew what he was about.  
A stork he had hired on full pay.  
And he moved right in to stay.  
She was a nice baby, a little tow head.  
Then the story on his wings did sail  
And brought the baby boy named Hale.  
He was a little bit of a runt.  
And all he did was eat and grunt.  
Often storky made up his mind.  
He was getting a way behind.  
So to keep him from having trouble  
I'll start in and bring them double.  
So he comes like a laughing hyena  
And brought to us Logan and Lena.  
Mother fed them on the bottle.  
That's what made them grow so big.  
They would drink just like a little pig.  
So, while mother made chair tidies,  
Jim and Off were washing didies.  
Storky played for a while and was content.  
It seemed he was on pleasure bent  
And then up in the air he arose  
And brought back our baby Rose.  
She was our pride and joy.  
We were glad she wasn't a boy.  
At last he said, "Now I've done my best  
And this is the last, I'm moving West."  
The one and only James Riley Ingels from Jim to Lena  
P.S. so ,dear mother was busy, making clothes,  
Doctoring kids and wiping their noses.  
And pleasures like these, there are not other  
You'll never know till you've been a mother.

*From Jim to Lena*

### **The Blessings of Youth**

1

Jack and Jill ran up the hill  
And they were full of laughter.  
They may be up there still  
For they knew what they went after.

2

They played a game and Jill was it  
She would run the fleet little miss  
And through the trees she would flit  
And if Jack caught her he, he got a kiss.

3

Then it was twelve year old Jack's time to go,  
And he was clumsy and slow.  
Then he would jump, turn, and twist.  
It was always the 10 year old Jill who was kissed.

4

They finally went to a leafy bower  
Sat on a log and played with a flower.  
The one who ended, he loves me, got a kiss  
And Jill the sly little miss  
Always knew at the start, how to begin.  
If petals on flowers were even, He loves me know always wins  
Then Jill ran again and Jack tried to catch her.  
But she was like a little doe, and he couldn't match her.  
He ran and ran and was bout to quit in despair  
When Jill dropped the ribbon off her hair.  
She stopped, and he grabbed her waist so slim.  
And that was the time, she fell for him.  
Just two children playing at love  
And just as innocent as a turtle dove.

5

But when Jill grows a little older  
And meets the boys a little bolder  
She will be so shy and coy  
Til she meets her one and only boy.

6

Now in writing this it makes me sad  
And over my eyes comes a mist,  
I think back when I was a sad lad  
And of all the girls I have kissed.  
So, Lena, don't ever be blue or sad  
Be ever sweet, honest, and true blue.  
Remember all the fun you've had  
And that we all love you.

### **Honors**

When the Starred Service Flags of World War II start flying, the Ingels family will be well represented.

Frank Ingels enlisted in Navy in 1923 and is now in Australia

Marion Ingels enlisted in Navy in 1923 and now is somewhere in the Pacific

John Ingels enlisted in Navy in 1940

Ward enlisted in 1942. He is in parachute in Norfolk, VA.

Paul Ingels enlisted in army in 1941. He was Leut Officer and now in California.

Harold Ingels enlisted in 1942 and was in camp in Ohio.

Robert Fenn was drafted in 1942. For three years he was in South America, an airplane Mechanic.

Little sister Rose F. Ingels born Jan 13, 1882 married Col. Isaac Erwin from N. Carolina

### **The Family Plot**

1

As far back in childhood as memories go,  
Our household vessel greets us, that wasn't made for show.  
Beneath the bed it was anchored  
Where only few could see.  
But it served the entire family with equal privacy.

2

Some called the critter Peggy and some the Thundermug  
And others called it Mayor, and a few just called it mug  
To bring it in at evening was bad enough, no doubt.  
But, heaven help the person who had to take it out.

3

Our big one was enormous and would accommodate  
A watermelon party, composed of six or eight,  
When nights were dark and stormy, it was a useful one  
And icy winter mornings, the rim just seemed to burn.

4

At times when things were rushing and business extra good  
Each took his turn in waiting, or did the best he could  
Sometimes when in a hurry to our disgust and shame,  
We fumbled in the darkness and slightly missed our aim.

6

With a gasp of apprehension,  
I'd slowly raise my gown  
And there beneath my sitter  
Would be a blotch of brown.

7

And so, as operations go  
I'm a burly, big he-man,  
But gosh, it simply burns me up  
When I miss that damned pan.

### **God Bless Me Mudder**

1

When my prayers were early said  
Who tucked me in my widdle bed.

And spanked me widdle ass till it was red? Me mudder.

2

Who lifted me up from my cozy cot  
And put me on an ice-cold pot  
And made me pee if I could nor not? Me mudder.

3

And when the morning light had come.  
And in my crib I had dribbled some,  
Who spanked my butt till it was numb? Me mudder.

4

Who did my hair, so neatly part  
And press me gently to her heart  
And sometimes squeeze me till I'd fart? Me mudder.

### **My family**

John Ingels born Feb. 12, 1847

Henrietta Costlow born Mar. 4, 1851

Their children:

Offa M. Ingels born June 16, 1968

James Beech April 9, 1871

Claude F. Ingels Nov. 8, 1875

Frederick Ingels Oct 2, 1877

Lulu Minnie Feb. 3, 1880

Hale Pitman Sept. 29, 1882

Logan and Lena June 7, 1884

Rosa Florence Jan. 13, 1888

Ralph Fenn Feb. 23, 1906

Josephine Chancellor 1907

Children John C. Fenn, Michael R.

Robert Fenn, Nov. 12, 1910

Roselyn Vandenbosch Jan 17, 1916

Children Cheryl Ann Oct 6, 1945, Patricia Louise Nov. 11, 1948

Started making this book for myself in Nov. 1951 and will finish in Jan, 1952.

Sometimes I wish for dates but can't remember so this will help me to get what I wish.

An addition—1952. Today is Jan 29 and I've found other things to add to my book.

When I have finished, I dedicate this book to my little sister Rose. I'm not sure that she has made a scrapbook and this will probably furnish some of the family dates that she don't have.

*Love to Rosa from Lena.*