

# Transitions, Always Transitions

## *Hagemeyer Generations - Chapter Five*

by Stanley Hagemeyer © 2019

Bauwina stood looking out the window watching for Siebe to return from an urgent visit to Clara City. She thought about the previous day's unsettling event, the arrival of an unhappy bill collector. "Oh, Lord," she said in a low whisper, "You've got to help us out here. We can't lose our new farm because that man who got cheated by Mr. Street is so angry. Please help us!"

She had been a person of faith ever since she could remember. And when her family traveled across the country she accepted each uncertainty without much fear. Her mother and dad knew what they were doing. But now, she wondered, did she and Siebe really know what *they* were doing?

Siebe had done the morning chores and made sure everything was taken care of before he hitched the horses to their wagon and left for town. That had been about ten o'clock. He had seemed not to hurry, she thought. Maybe he was afraid he would get bad news and wanted to put it off.

It was mid-afternoon when she finally heard the sound of horses' hooves clapping along as Siebe arrived back. Bauwina had busied herself most of the afternoon with keeping Carl occupied and happy. She enjoyed him so much. But at his toddler age, he could crawl around and easily get into trouble. So she kept her eye on him even when she was mending some clothes or preparing for supper.

Siebe had gone to the barn, unhooked the horses and led them to the well where they got a big drink from the little tub which served as a drinking fountain for the cows, too. What had happened? She wondered. Finally, he came in the kitchen door and sat down at the table, tired from the bumpy ride home.

"What did you find out? Who did you talk to? Are we going to lose the farm?" she blustered out from her frustration and fear.

Siebe looked up at her and smiled. He was eager to talk, and just as her passion delighted him, his smile in return helped to quell her fears. "I think we don't have to worry. I got to talk with Heinrich Holzman, the President of the German American State Bank. He listened to what I told him, and he had good news for us. He said that our contract with McLarty Thompson Land Company can't be broken by somebody like that machinery salesman. The deed for the property was still in the hand of that Company while the Street family was

buying it, and that company doesn't owe the salesman anything. We don't have the deed in our name yet, either, and there's nothing anybody can do to take it away from us as long as we keep making payments on time."

"So it's all over? Is it that simple? He seemed to be so sure he was going to squeeze money out of us, or take the farm!"

"Ya, well, he was mad, but that doesn't make him right, you know. I can't blame him for throwing around some crazy ideas like that, because the Streets really let him down. But I'll bet we never hear from him again."

"I sure hope you're right, Siebe. I'm glad you got to know that Mr. Holzman. He should know about these things, since he handles all those different loans and contracts for the bank."

Siebe was smiling again. He was very happy to be able to relieve her worries. "Is it too late for me to get a cup of tea and a cookie? It's too early to do chores, and it's too late for me to go out and plant corn. So I'm just going to sit here and drink tea for a while!"

Bauwina caught the feeling of celebration, too. "Ya, I've been waiting all day to have a cup of tea with you." Her smile had returned. They had time to relax. Siebe would get to the evening chores soon enough.

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That first summer's harvest had worked out just about the way Siebe had predicted for Bauwina's peace of mind. Yes, by the end of July, they had wheat to sell. The oats and the wheat had both dried up nicely and the weather held off any rain for two weeks. Siebe had gotten acquainted with the Friebergs who had the 320 acres just west of their farm. It was a big farm. Heiko Fieberg had one of the newer McCormick Reapers.

Siebe had visited with Heiko over the fence line last spring while he was planting. "You know, I'm going to need somebody to come over with a harvester around the end of July. And I'm a good corn husker. I always worked out in the fall when I was in Iowa, husking corn for farmers around us. Maybe we can help each other out."

Heiko had looked at Siebe and believed him because Siebe didn't seem to be one of those empty braggarts who wander around looking for work. Those guys often brag about anything that might impress a

farmer who needed help. “I think we can work something out when you need your grain cut and bundled this year,” he had said.

So he came over with his oldest son for about four days to cut and bind the Hagemeyers’ oats and wheat. It was all done on a promise. The promise was that when they needed help later in the fall husking corn that Siebe would spend at least four days with them, or maybe a few more if they needed it.

A big threshing machine and crew had toured the neighborhood in late July and Siebe had arranged for them to come when the bundles were standing up in “shocks” nice and dry. The oats had been ready a week earlier and Siebe was worried it might start to get moldy if the threshing crew couldn’t come soon. But this July the weather held off from any rain while the shocks stood waiting.

Most of the oats went into the storage bin, and it became a source of peace of mind for Bauwina. Now she could see the oats they needed for the animals. Siebe had fixed the hole in the oats bin sometime in June. When harvest was getting started, she had remembered that hole.

“Siebe, what’s going to happen? When the new oats gets in that bin, it’s going to start spilling out just like before!”

At that moment he was particularly pleased that she had not known he fixed it the month before. “Oh, ya, that hole. You know, it went away last month.” He smiled, and his little joke made her smile, too.

## **END OF CHAPTER FIVE**