

JOE BAYER - Born - August 22, 1910  
Died - November 15, 1985

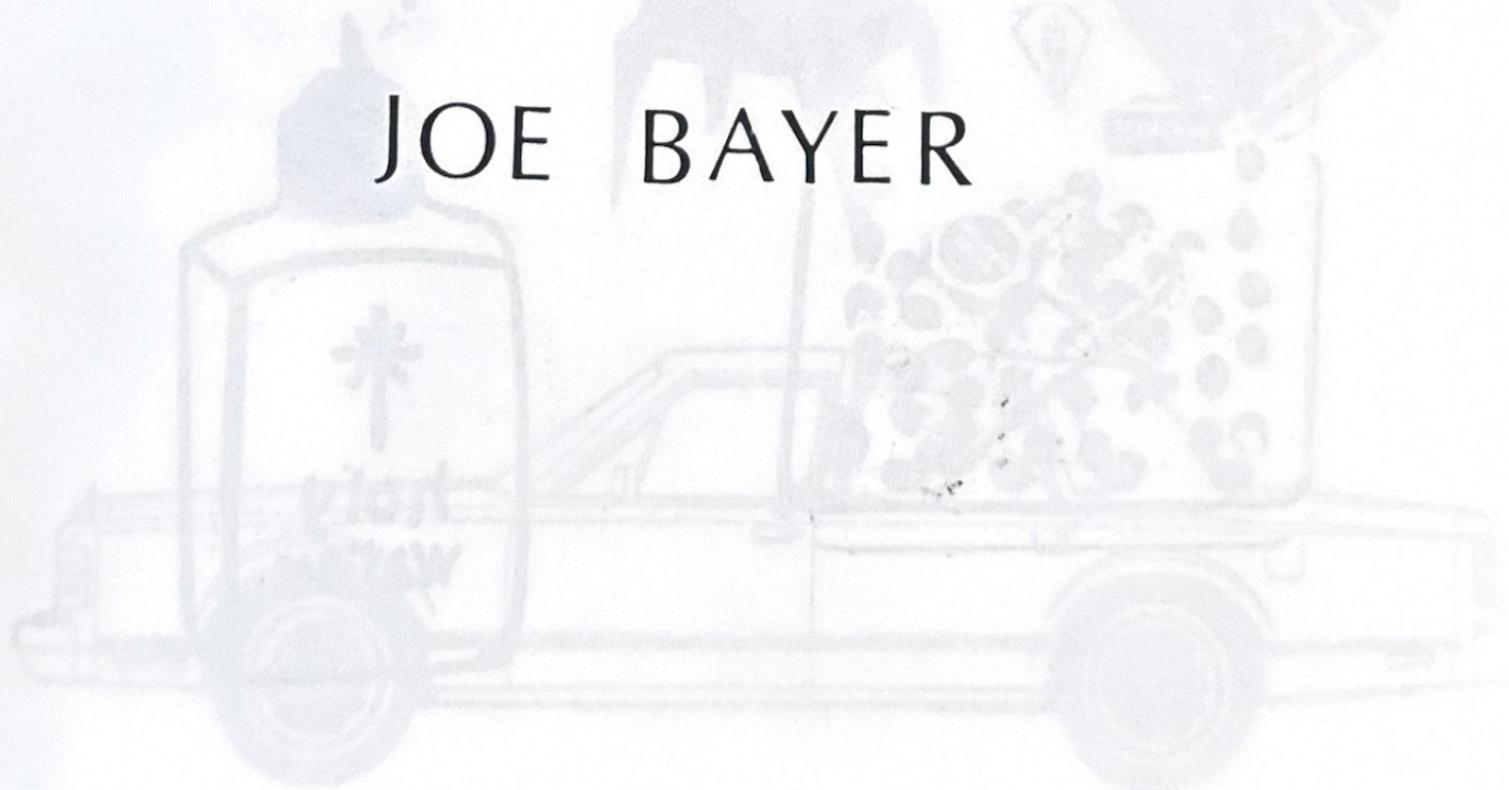


IN LOVING

MEMORY

OF

JOE BAYER



REMEMBRANCES OF JOE

Grandpa would always give me money like silver dollars and two dollar bills almost everytime I went to Wichita. I have saved most of them.

Grandpa would always bet on baseball (World Series) games with my dad. Most of the time he won the bet.

Whenever he would travel with us, he would always make a big joke about the girls not being able to get out of Wichita without stopping to eat. Most of the time this was when we were getting out of the car at a restaurant still in Wichita.

All my love, grandpa!

Aaron Bayer - Grandson

When ever we would go to visit grandma and grandpa, grandpa would give me a 50¢ piece and sometimes even \$2.00 and \$5.00 which was very special to me. I saved all my 50¢ pieces and \$2.00 bills.

I also remember playing the card game pig with grandma and grandpa and it was lots of fun.

Love

Joy - grand-daughter

He always gave me QUARTERS. He always played with me. I loved him very much.

Debbie

Grandpa Bayer was a very special grandpa. He collected aluminum cans and when we visited him, grandma and I helped too! We walked around the block together looking for cans and then crushing them at once we found them.

When ever grandpa and grandma visited us I used my mother's recipe to make a meatloaf which grandpa liked very much. One day while visiting him in the care home I told him that as soon as he got better and came down to my house I would make him a meatloaf. His eyes opened real wide and I could tell that he liked that.

Also every year on my birthday grandpa and grandma have sent me a \$2.00 bill inside my birthday card. I have saved just about all of them that he gave me. They have also given me fifty cent pieces and a silver dollar. I don't ever plan on spending, trading, or giving them away because they are very special to me.

Angela - granddaughter

Grandpa was very special. One thing I'll always remember is that every time we would see him, whether he came to our house or we went to his house, he would give us each a quarter. Those quarters he gave us were very special. I will never forget him nor the quarters.

Rhonda Bayer - grand-daughter

While washing grandpa's car he decided to tell me a story. The story was about hubcaps. He turned me all around with his dates; but he knew exactly what he was talking about. He also told stories when he roofed his old shed, and while working on his car.

Chad - grandson

My fondest memories of Joe were all times when grandma, grandpa, Rose and he played cards, either at Joe and Rose's house or at my grandparents. He was always talking about sports (especially baseball). Joe and my grandpa would make bets on who was going to win the game on TV that day.

Terri Treichel

Uncle Joe was my godfather. Whenever I would need someone to talk to it would be him and Aunt Rosie. They were always there to listen. I would stay at their house every summer with Carolyn. They even left us sleep in a tent in the front yard one year.

In later years we would get together and play cards. Joe and Rose even came to Illinois for a week and played with Al and I. He will be missed by my husband and I.

Frances Metzen Treichel

Joe and I would squeeze each others hand to make each other yell. He gave us quarters almost every time we were at his house.

Clay J. Bayer

Whenever we happened to meet at Uncle Jack's at Andale we would find the Metzzen and the Bayers there. The game would be disrupted only long enough to set chairs at the table for the Wohlitz's to join in the wild pitch game. - Eugene and Joan. The many times Joe and Jack and their wives came to see us we went out together and bought fish together and ate pizza together. Joe was his lovely self as we played cards together. We enjoyed him.

Joan Wohlitz

I am thankful for the time that Uncle Joe came to Eudora, Kansas to visit and spend the night at our house. We had a good card game with Uncle Joe, Aunt Rosie and Uncle Leo and Aunt Agnes.

Francis & Bernice (Gehlen)Born  
202 W. 14th Street  
Eudora, KS 66025

When I think of Joe, two things instantly come to mind. First, I think of his "home-brew" the awful smell and the funny things floating in the bottles and also Dennis and Ron being the taste testers. Second I remember his "wood burner" and the boys working in his garage with him. Joe and Rose were always so nice to us that we felt their house was our second home.

Rosemary & Dennis Niedens

Uncle Joe was a generous man. He would come out to the farm to go pheasant hunting and would never forget to bring a bag or two of M and M's for all of us to enjoy.

Also after taking mom and dad's money by winning five point pitch he would share his dimes with us. Go for it!

The Danler's

Bill	Marie
Judy	Carol
Terry	Alphonsus
Bob	Ginger
LeRoy	Susie
Shirley	Gerald
Diane	Connie

On March 26, 1976 our daughter Stephanie was born. Uncle Joe and Aunt Rosie came out to visit mom and Dad (Lucy and Leonard) at the farm for a couple of days. Bill was unable to get off work to bring Stephanie and I home from the hospital. So Dad and Uncle Joe came to meet us at the hospital and take us home.

On uncle Joe's birthday this year, we came to visit him at the care home. Although he couldn't speak to us, when we ask him if he remembered the day he brought us home from the hospital, he smiled and his eyes sparkled, yes he remembered that day.

Ginger, Bill, Jeff, Stephanie  
and Craig Baier

I was happy to have been a part of your anniversary celebration. I remember when we were choosing the songs for Mass you told me that Uncle Joe's favorite was "Holy God We Praise Thy Name." If I remember correctly we used that song as the closing hymn of your anniversary Mass.

Lots of love!

Marilyn Danler

I sure remember my brother-in-law Joe. We had a lot of good times playing horse shoe. He was # 1 on the team.

Love

Andy Gegen

I have many good memories of Uncle Joe. One especially when he installed an alarm clock bell in his car and when I would go by he would scare me. We will miss him.

Coletta Gegen

One time my family went to grandpa and grandma's (Leonard and Lucy) house for harvest. I went in the truck with my dad when we ran out of gas. So we walked to the neighbors to call my grandma and grandpa's to have them to pick us up. Then great great uncle Joe and grandpa drove by we waved to stop them, great great uncle Joe waved back but grandpa saw us and gave us a ride. Great, great uncle Joe didn't recognize us, but after wards we all had a good laugh.

Jeff Baier  
Parents - Bill and Ginger  
Grandparents - Leonard & Lucy  
Danler

Uncle Joe was the best. Besides Uncle, Godfather, and Father to me, Joe was super good. He was always there when I needed him. He and aunt Rose came out to the farm many times. He enjoyed our family very much. He never complained when the children got too loud or on his nerves. We played cards alot. He and I would walk around the block while Leonard and Rose would do the dishes. By the time we got back the dishes were done. We knew how to time it right. He loved to tell stories, some about his younger days and his parents and many others. One story that stuck in my mind was about a dog he played with a lot. He would toss things up in the air and the dog would always catch it and bring it back. Once he tossed a five dollar gold piece up and the dog swallowed it. He did not know what to do. He took the dog to the vet. The vet gave the dog castoroil and told Joe to take the dog home but watch him for a few days to see if he could pass it. Uncle Joe said no more. Finally I asked him , what happened to the dog and the gold piece. He smiled and said,"it was counterfeit!". WE ALL enjoyed his jokes and had a good laugh. I treasured our times together.

His godchild,  
Lucy Danler

Uncle Joe was one of my best friends. One of my enjoyable times was playing cards. Rose, Lucy, Joe and I. Anyway he bid two and I bid three. When I led out trump, he got a big smile on his face, I bid in the same trump as he. He had a full hand of trumps. I had only five and a off suit. So he caught my JOKER. Then he really got a big laugh. He made three and I didn't make anything. Lucy had high and Rose had low. He did not let me forget that for a long time.

The most sentimental time was when he was in the hospital. I was feeding him some grape juice and I spilled a spoonful on him. I said, "I'm not a good nurse, am I?" He shook his head, NO. I said do you want to fire me? He smiled and shook his head again, NO. That really made me feel good.

Nephew-in-law

Leonard Danler

The Weber's were always glad to go to Uncle Adam Bayer's. Joe would always say we play ball. Here we were, ten kids out in the pasture playing ball. What fun we had!

The boys were on one side and the girls the other. Ha! Ha! what fun and a great day we had.

Agnes Pohl

I can not remember of ever seeing Uncle Joe playing cards without money. The few times that I had visited his home we too played cards. Usually Lucy and Leonard were there also. Uncle Joe knowing that nuns don't have much money would say, "Sister, I'll do your dimes." I was glad because I was a good loser. Thanks, Uncle Joe for your generous spirit.

Your neice

Sister Carolyn Ann Bayer

Joe being my brother and growing up together are my best memories of Joe going to school together, Joe meeting Rose and I meeting Bernadine and the good times we had running around together even after they were married. They came to Iowa every year to see us bringing the family along. We had good times together. I will never forget if I live to be a hundred or more that we never kept secrets from each other. We acted as if we were twins. He is in my prayers every day and I miss him very much and always will. We played many card games and horse shoe together.

Our trips from Iowa to Kansas were always very short. Joe was always our first stop when we got to Kansas. Many times we talked about the good times we had.

Your brother,

John Bayer

#### JOE STARTS TO SCHOOL

When it came time for little Joseph Bayer to start to school, he was quite timid and hesitant. His father told Tony to help him along. On the first day of school that year Tony took Joe by the hand and told him, "Come on, Joe, let's go to school. I'll show you where to go." Off they went. When they arrived at school, Tony took his little brother to the end of the school where his classroom would be and started showing him where to put his lunch bucket. There was a shelf above for lunches and space below for the coats. As they were in this process of putting up Joe's lunch, a Sister came by. Joe was so afraid that he backed into the space under the shelf and huddled up under there. Tony told him, "that's your teacher, your Sister who will teach you." Little Joe didn't know about the whole experience, but with Tony's reassurance was able to go along to a seat in the classroom. Tony told him there was a room at the other end of the school for the other children.

Julie and I remember Uncle Joe best when he and Aunt Rosie were visiting us one summer. Our youngest son, Jeff, was about one year old. Julie was pregnant with Brenda. I was working and a tour was planned for the U. S. mint. Jeff was a heavy baby. Uncle Joe had to carry Jeff all through the mint. As heavy as he must have been Uncle Joe made the tour in fine shape. From that time on, every time we saw Uncle Joe, he would ask how Jeff was doing. Each time I would tell him that I didn't think he would want to carry Jeff anymore. We had a most enjoyable visit with Uncle Joe and Aunt Rosie at that time and that's how we think of him often.

Leo and Julie Bayer  
2437 So. Dahlia Lane  
Denver, CO. 80222

There are a lot of things I can remember about Grampa . He and I used to sit and talk about his jobs and ways to make money, and what would be good for me to invest in and good ways for me to make money I think. Grampa would of liked for me to be a machanist and followed in his foot steps. We all miss you, Grampa.

Robbie Bayer

We have many happy memories of Joe. I guess most of all getting together on Saturday nights and playing cards. Taking vacation trips together was al- a lot of fun. Not only was Joe a nice brother-in-law, he was also a good friend.

Charley and Lenora Cheney

I remember the Saturday night card games, when aunts and uncles were over and I was always a fill in whenever some one else was up from the game . I remember dad always bidding blindly, or if he was the last bidder, he would most generally over bid everyone else.

I will never forget the time Dad went to Hawaii and we were all on the beach. Dad thought he was back from the water far enough not to get his shoes and socks wet. Guess what? Here came a big wave, and the next thing we all knew that dad was ankle deep in water or more. Thank God we have a picture of the incident, a very memorable time.

See ya Dad, I love you!

Alan

Joe had the patience of a saint. It took 10 of the last fifteen years for him to teach me how to play pitch. Not only that, he would even stake me, as if to say he really believed in my ability to play pitch or poker, the later of which I knew nothing. Boy! was that ever encouraging. At any rate I finally learned, I think, and we got to be a pretty good team.

One of the things that impressed me the most about Joe was how very valuable and precious Rose was to him and how very very much he loved her. It showed when he just looked at her as well as in the things he did for and with her. This unique quality is emulated by his children to their spouses of which I have the priviledge of being a recipient.

Last but not least I was able to spend some really quality time with Joe this past year. That really meant alot to me. There was not a lot of verbal communication but there certainly was a lot of love communicated. That time was a very special time of my life. A time I will never ever forget. Joe I love you always have and always will!

Your daughter-in-law

Connie

## My Friend Joe Bayer

I grew up with Joe. We went to school together. Instead of going to High School we helped on the farm, as well as working with other farmers.

Joe and I built us each a strip down racer model T Ford. We raced on Joe's place and then on ours. We had a lot of fun. Once I overhauled my T Ford and Joe came over to race. I told him I better not race because the motor is too tight, then we could not stand it any longer and I said to Joe, "what the heck, let's race and away we went again. My two brothers, Wilfred and Arnold got my racer when I wasn't home and wrecked it." That was the end of Joe and I racing.

Later when we were older we went to Iowa to pick up potatoes. We rode the box cars, covered up with newspapers to keep warm. The papers were left by some other people. The following year we went to Fargo, North Dakota where we homesteaded wheat. Joe worked on a farm about ten miles from where we worked. We got together on Saturday nights to dance. We also went to St. Paul, Minnesota to a circus once to see Tom Mix. It cost us 50¢. We went to Shelton Iowa to pick corn, we got 3¢ a bushel. At weekends we always managed to get together. Once when we were at a dance we caught a man watering down whiskey.

When we got through picking corn we missed the train. We were walking down the track, we both had whiskers of course Joe's was black and much longer than mine. We found a rope and Joe put it around my neck and he walked ahead of me. People stopped to look at us. We just went on to the next town and worked there awhile. Then Joe bought a Chevy so we came on home. By this time it was getting colder. We were glad we were home. Gas was cheap in those days, only 10¢ a gallon. In the forties Joe and I had a Plymouth alike. Joe and I worked on cars for Frank Schneller for awhile. We got 25¢ an hour.

Joe and Rose got married in February and we got married in October. We started our families but still kept in touch. The war began. Joe and I worked for Boeing then Joe went to work at Cessena.

We moved to Glenda Springs in 1946 but we kept in touch. Later years we started getting together for the week ends. In February for Rose and my birthdays and in May for Ethel's birthday and in August for Joe's birthday. We would go out to dinner and play cards. We took turns at homes meeting. In 1971 in February Joe and Rose came down for Rose and my birthdays. We didn't listen to radio or TV for news so didn't hear about the snow storm coming in. Sunday morning we had the worst snow storm, didn't even get to go to church, couldn't even get out of our driveway. The snow was so deep that we didn't even get out on Monday. On Tuesday afternoon Joe borrowed a shovel as he thought their drive would be closed too. They took the turnpike but it was slick and took quite a while to get home. Kenneth had shoveled the snow in the driveway.

In October 1978 Joe and Rose, Ethel and I went to Iowa to see John and Bernie. We stopped at Minden Nebraska and stayed there over night and watched the World Series. The next day we went to the museum, saw a lot of machinery, just like the ones we used to have on the farm. We saw many old cars, one like Joe and Rose's car when they got married. But we could not find a fast Ford Dodge Car like the one I had. The next day we went to John and Bernie's in Iowa. We had a good visit, stayed several days and came home.

In 1979 Joe and Rose, Ethel and myself went to Medicine Lodge to the Indian PowWow. It was very interesting. We still got together for birthdays.

I started flogging for Skyline mobile homes in 1970 after I retired from Boeings. Joe was still working

so the one trip to Colorado line Rose went with us and after Joe retired he and Rose went with us to Texas line.

In 1984 I had a stroke and so haven't been able to drive very far, only around Glenda Springs. So we had not gotten together very much in the year of 1985 when Joe was in the hospital. Our son, John took us up to see Joe. In July 1985 our daughter, Wanda and Bill took up to Wichita to the hospital to see Joe. That was the last time I saw him, and I was unable to attend his funeral. But we did think of him and all the good times we had. Joe we do miss you.

West(Buck) and Ethel Henning

#### Things We Remember about Joe J. Bayer

First of all, I clearly remember when Joe and Rose were walking hand in hand together when they'd go visiting. That was always so special to me. You really knew they loved each other. I saw this even before I married their son, Ron.

Another special thing to me was how Joe would tease back and forth when we would see each other or by phone. He would say, "This is your 'father-in-law'". I don't remember how this originated but it always was a nice laugh.

He is a very special "father-in-law" to me. I always appreciated his kind spirit and joy that he always shared with everyone he was around. He never seemed to know a stranger.

There is a lot more I could say, but sometimes it is hard to put it into words. He touched many lives. I am so thankful that he touched mine. Thank you, my "Father-in-law"!

I love you! - Your daughter-in-law

Sue

Joe was always the life of the party no matter where he was.

I'll never forget the time Rose, Joe, Alan and myself, Ron & Carolyn and their families all ate Pizza in Euless, TX before Ron was to take Rose and Joe back to Houston for a visit. Joe put on a wig and stuck his head out the car window. I thought we'd never stop laughing.

Then there was the time when Rose, Joe and I went to visit Alan and Connie and they took us out to show us where Grapevine Lake went over the side and washed out a road. There was a deep ravine left from the force of the water and Joe went right up to it to look over and scared me half to death.

Not to mention the countless times they took me with them to visit the kids and many other places and the good conversations we had while on the road.

I certainly have and do appreciate all that was done for me by them and will miss Joe very much.

Thanks Joe for being you!

Marguerite Brecheisen

I remember when Grandpa would always plant one type of tomato and Grandma would plant another. Grandpa would always say how his tomatoes were bigger than Grandma's. They would get into a play argument about whose tomato was the best. We always thought that when Grandpa watered them he gave his a lot more water and Grandma's not much at all. No one ever knew who's really was the biggest.

I love you Grandpa!

Your grandson,

Clint Bayer

## Things I Remember About Joe

I remember when I first dated Norman and his parents would be out of town over the weekend his dad always made sure he had an offering envelope filled out and that Norman would take to church on Sunday. That always stuck with me cause my father was a real giver and so I was excited to see his faithfulness in giving.

I appreciated that almost every birthday of our six children and Norm and myself plus Joe and Rose would gather together with us for a birthday meal and cake and ice cream. When I would do the cooking I would always try to make different kinds of things cause Joe would always like and comment on the tasty food I made, particularly jello's and chocolate pie.

I also appreciated all the times Joe let Rose come down and spend all day and/or all night, if necessary when I would be at the hospital having a baby or one of the boys was in the hospital. He would just stay by himself and cook and take care of himself.

I remember one weekend Norm and I went to Kansas City for a big Amway rally and when we got back after left the six children with Joe and Rose, Rose's only comment was "the kids were fine. Joe was the problem. He played HORSEY with the kids all weekend and made a racket".

I remember one day when Joe and I did such a good job repairing our blue rambler station wagon that we almost thought about going into a mechanic's business together. It was after his eyesight failed and thus I was his eyes and he would tell me what to do. We took a car door entirely apart and while we were at it, worked on the latch of the door and did some body work with a hammer. It was a fond memory to me.

Lastly I guess I was impressed that he never complained about feeling badly before he was in the hospital and even through all his sufferings. He accepted all which came his way.

Gloria Bayer

When I was a little Girl and my Dad came home from work he would pick me up and toss me in the air and catch me. Dad always took us on fun vacations in the summer. We also visited the Dairy Queen often when the weather was hot. I remember he would always get a pineapple sundae. He was a wonderful person, Father and fun to be around.

Carolyn (Bayer) Miller

Grandpa was always in a good mood and fun to be around. He would always give Vicki and me money when he came down to see us. He liked to go walking a lot.

Mark Miller

Joe and I have played more horseshoe than anyone could imagine. Playing as partners we were almost unbeatable. He was a darn good horseshoe player. We watched a lot of ball games on TV together; always betting each other a dollar or two. We had a lot of good times together.

Charley Miller

I will always remember how Grandpa enjoyed walking in the afternoon, how content he seemed to be; and later in the evening when we were ready for bed I would always find Grandpa asleep in the chair.

Vicki (Miller) Thompson

## MY DAD

There are many things about dad that I can recall. I remember that wooden kiddie-kar that he made. Carolyn and I rode in it in the house on Fairview when we were preschoolers. It was one of my very favorite playthings. One year I received some wooden tops either for Christmas or my birthday. They were the kind you wind the string around and then tossed on the floor to spin. Dad would play with those tops as much as I did. We would try to spike each others top to make it stop spinning. I also remember he used to sing several songs. They were cowboy songs one being "Strawberry Roan," another was "Big Rock Candy Mountain." There was one song he sang that made me cry. I was quite young and couldn't make out all the words but from the way he sang the melody you knew it was sad. I would secretly wipe tears from my eyes as he sang it. Years later I heard him sing a song entitled "The Death of Floyd Collins" which was a true account about coal miner trapped by a cave-in. I believe to this day that it was the song that made me weep.

Oh, yes, there were those bucking horse back rides he would give us on his back. We could never get enough of those. I think mom would get a little concerned that we might get hurt but we never did that I can remember.

Dad really liked cars. He could fix about anything that went wrong with them. Even if nothing was wrong I think he would take them apart just to see how they worked. I can remember the cars he bought beginning with the '36 Plymouth, '37 olds, '42 Nash, '49 Nash, '51 Nash, '54 Nash, etc. I believe the '37 Oldsmobile was one of his favorites. I'm grateful for what he taught me about cars. It was proved quite valuable in future years.

Dad liked many things: cars, pitch games, hunting, horseshoe, horses and etc. He was excellent horse shoe player. I think the first time I was able to beat him playing a game he was 65, then he was only counting the ringers he threw and not the points.

Of course when you become a teenager you always get smarter than your dad but that only lasts for a while. You reach a point soon after where you seek his wisdom, counsel and guidance.

I once heard on the radio a prose poem that went something like this.

It doesn't matter, how gray your father's hair has become.

That doesn't make him "Your Old Man", he's still your dad.

It doesn't matter how wrinkled and gnarled his hands have become, he hasn't become "Your Old Man", he's still your dad.

It doesn't matter how slow his step is, he hasn't become "Your Old Man," he's still your dad.

There were other verses but, it caused me to vow never to call my father "The Old Man" or "My Old Man." I would always call him "My Dad." (Now there was a man.)

Norman Bayer

### Baseball Teams - Henning versus Bayer

Sunday afternoon baseball teams met to play at each others place. Who got worried? only Uncle Joe! These ball games were very exciting. Sitting along the fence and watching was Uncle Joe. "Girls, you better beat it into the house" said Uncle Joe. Suddenly there was lots of noises like thunder, snort of some large animal. Dressed in red plaid skirts we ran toward the house as fast as our little feet could go, screaming loudly. Daddy and Uncle Joe used pitch forks to prevent danger coming to us. The enemy was warded off. Believe me, it was the last time we wore red skirts to a ball game when there was a bull around. These games were played in the pasture where the cattle were grazing.

Regina Bayer

"My Dad"  
"It is wonderful heritage to have an honest father"  
Proverbs 20:7

As I began to remember special times with Dad, I realized that he was not only an honest Dad, but he was quite a teacher!

I could never forget the times usually on a Friday night that Dad would take Alan and I fishing. He showed us how to set bank lines; and the thrill it was to "run" the lines expecting a big catch! It seems we always caught some with dad.

As the fall of the year would come around we'd be sure to head for western Kansas to hunt pheasants. Dad would teach us how to use our gun, how to shoot, and when the hunting was over if Dad had a shot, he usually hit the mark.

What about the times we worked on cars! Both his and mine! Dad knew and understood mechanical things so well that he taught us too. How thankful I am for the things he taught me!

On the day I graduated from High School, I'll never forget, it was after the ceremonies that Dad shook my hand. It was a special hand shake. It spoke to me many things without a word: I'm proud of you, "You made it," Congratulations!

Dad was always there to help in times of trouble too. He loaned me his car for my honeymoon trip when my car had just broken down days before. He was always there to lend a helping hand.

Just can't forget Dad's Ambassador! Do you know that each of us sons at one time or another drove AMC cars. I think Dad liked that!

As a responsible husband and Dad, he worked to provide for his family. The many mornings I recall how he'd drive past the kitchen window going to work, and waved good-bye.

Dad taught by "example" not just in "word", even in taking us to church each Sunday. He lived what he believed. It really is a wonderful heritage to have an honest father like my Dad.

Ronald J. Bayer



WRITTEN BY Names in booklet

TYPED AND ASSEMBLED BY Sister Carolyn Ann  
Bayer

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