

This album belonged to
Genevieve Crater Denning
1882 - 1957

Original copy in possession of

Lois Smith Rhoton
311 Church Hill Dr.
Findlay, OH 45840
419 423-4631



Written by Annie W. (Cunnard)
Crater, grandmother of
Genevieve

R

When the brook and river meet,
You are standing fair and sweet.
May the lines of all good
Crown with perfect womanhood:
Your young life. And with his worth
Decorate the page of youth.
This small Christmas gift receive
From Grand Ma to Genevieve.

Annie W Crater

Dec 25 1897

Gentian:

I cannot say, if it was not so, that she is dead - she is just as well with a cherry smile. If a wave of the hand she has wandered into an unknown land. And left us dreaming how very fair it needs must be quiet she (finger the) And you - oh you, who the wildest yearn For the old-time, ripe of the glad return. I think of her far more - as dear. The love of there as the love of there. I think of her still as the same, & say, she is not dead, she is just away. These lines is sacred memory of young Saviled mother & my beloved friend Gessie Shaw.

Oct. 22 1899

Remember me when years have fled
And I am numbered with the dead:
Let these few lines remain to tell
Of one you loved so well.

A trusting friend

Mother.

Written by Rachel Miskimen Crater
a week before she died, to
her daughter, Genevieve,
R

Jessie Shaw was the sister of
Asa Isaiah Crater, grandfather of
Genevieve. I believe she wrote
this about Rachel Miskimen Crater
(1861-1899)
R

slenderness be like the old woman Coffee
"Without Grounds."
New York



Jewsey, Sixth, New York
Round went his boot,
And here it came;
In it for me to write my name;
I would writ better if I could,
But nature said I never should.
H.C.H.

May 14, 1903

Your true friend.

Harriet Langhead.

May 14th 1903.

Miss Vera,

On this page in memory ^{rest.}

Let my name forever _{rest.}

Your friend

G. H. H.

Dear Vera,

Ever remember your
true friend,

Maie Medley.

May 9, 1902.

N.C. Town, O.

Nov. 3, '01.

Dear Uncle,

Be good and God will get

you. As ever

Edna Morgan.

Don't take in any bad money
and quit eating dogmeat.

Dear Vera:

When the golden sun is ^{setting}
And when your heart from care is free
When are a thousand things your thinking
Will you sometimes think of me

Your true friend
Carrie Mills

August 18 - 1901.

Newcomerstown
Ohio

Friend Vera

Long may you live
Happy may you be get a good
husband ^{and} do as you please

Your friend

Jessie Sells.

Remember the dance Jan 24 after the show.

Skating Sunday Jan 29.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those
that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare,
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

Your Friend,
Daisy.

Nov. 21, 1901.

Dear Genovise

July 8, 1901.

When years and months have
ided by
And on this page you cast
your eye,
I still think of me kindly and
do not forget.

That notice ever and I
remember you yet.

Your old friend
Mannie Stuart

Dear Child-

May life be to thee

As a summer's day,

Long bright and beautiful,

True various flowers ever be with you,

Watered by the silvery dews.

of Prosperity,

And only bloom the sweet,

As time steals on.

July 12th Sincerely true.

1901.

Ed. Liebman

Cincinnati Ohio.

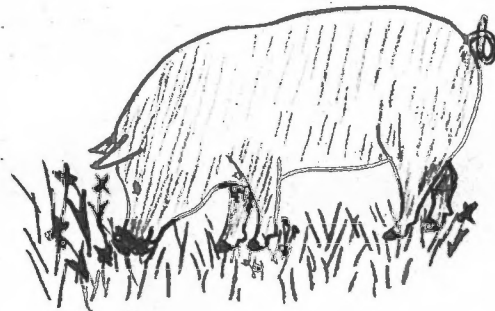
July 13th 1901

Dear Eva

May eternal joys exclude your
Sorrows

And MAY your virtues ever
Shine like Blossoms on a
Pumpkin Vine

Ella. L. Libman



BY TRO DENNING

1921

Oct. 30, 1901.

My Dear Susie:-

May your life be all joy
and may you live to
read many pieces of

Proby. Yours,

Mayme S. Parker.
New Comertown Q.



She Has Lost Her Way.



By

ALMA DE LINDA

Date Jan 25, 1925
Age - 11 years old.





Jan. 23 1878.

When lovely women stoop to folly,
And find too late that men betray,
What charms can smooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away.

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give reputation to her vice,
And ring his bell upon his door,

King of Terror, dark and grim!
On life's very outer rim
Face to Face we stand, no doubt.
We are met to have a bout.
Do I fear thy boasted sting?
No! Through Christ's suffering
I shall do the challenging.
Written a week before her death.

Eye drained the cup
The bitterness is over,
Most surely death's hemlock has been
brewed for me,
I wait the incoming tide that is to
bear me over.

over



One of the most beautiful creatures
in the World, her and her dead
baby, are numbered with God's
beautiful angels.

over

I believe that this was
written by Genevieve about
her mother, Rachel Miskimen Crater.

R

Written by Annie W. Crater

R

Contentment.

A king, who, tired of life and kingly pleasure,
Besought a sage to find him some
new treasure;
Was told that on the side of a great mountain
He'd find a priceless gem beside a fountain.
The king sought far and near on every mountain,
And never did he come across a fountain,
Till he spied a spring beside a tiny home
Almost within the shadow of his palace dome.
He stopped to beg a drink from out the fountain,
And said he'd searched for it over many
a mountain.
He asked what sweetest joy its waters lent.
The woman smiled and answered "Sweet Content."
Original.

This little story sweet and true
May have a lesson, dear friends;
What e'er your lot have a sweet content
And joy will be from Heaven sent.
Sincerely, Lovingly, Prayerfully,
Frances Crater Erwin.

Aunt of Genevieve.

Bedtime Thoughts.

When you retire to slumber,
Ere you kneel to pray
Think if you have helped to cheer,
A single heart that day;
If you have received harsh words
Or an insult vile,
Think if you have answered
With a gentle smile;
Then think that you are worthy
Of a Father's care;
Kneeling softly by your couch,
Voices that thought in prayer,
Fanny

Original.

Dear Friend:

Heaven is not reached by a single bound
We build the ladder by which we rise.
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
And we mount its summit one by one.

Very Truly,
Nellie E. Rutledge,
With Nellie Long Stock Co.

Newcomerstown, Pa.

Oct 18th 1900.

Friend Vera -

On the last page of thy life's
history.

May the angel of heaven write
"peace"

July 12, '02.

Yours Sincerely

Jessie Walters.

Dear Vera:

The discord is within which jars,
So roughly in life's song,

'Tis not ourselves who are at fault
At hen others seem so wrong.

Yours Truly

Edna Neighbor.

July 23, '01.

1878.

Warrenton
Cann.



Long parting from the
Hearts we love
Will shadow or the bright
And happy they who part
See how I change not
With place

George H. Gilbert

Dear Vera

One's life is music if
we touch the notes rightly and in time

your cousin
Lucie English

July 18, 1901

Mr. G. Harrow
W. H. C. Harrow

Logans Port Ind.

Feb 27. 1897.

Little Tenewa

When the wide sea
lies between us

Do not let my memory
die

I
and sometimes when alone
Will you think of me
and old times in Cleveland.
in forget the Sunday
Lake shore Park.
Your (Sempiternus
Friend)
Henry
Sheld

Dear Veva -

"I think joy and joy will hear you
For thoughts are always heard,
And it will nestle near you
Like a sweet, contented bird.

Yours sincerely,
Estella H. Neighbor.

July 23, 1901.

Newcomerstown Aug 23-01

Veva,

Remember me in friendship
Remember me in love.
Remember me dear Veva
Until we meet above.

Don't forget the truth



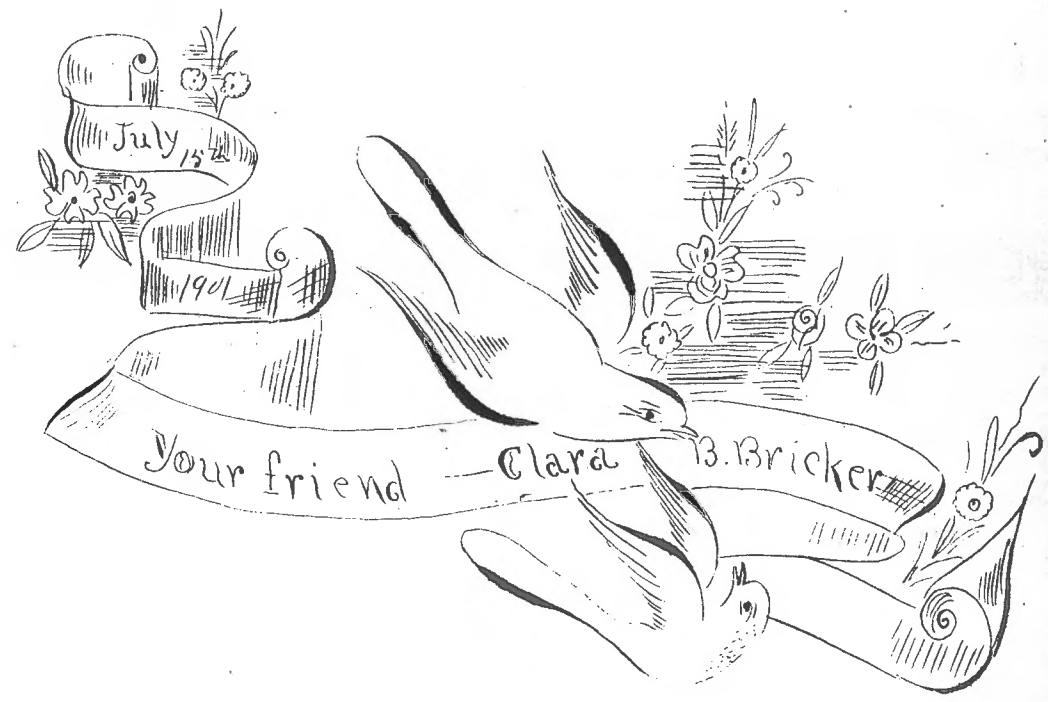
Remember the ice cream soda

Remember the candy kitchen
& last but not least - remember
Your true friend
Lillian Harding

Aug 6th - 1901

May your life have just
enough clouds to make a glorious
sunset, is the sincere wish of
Your friend and Aunt

Frances



the journey

Dear Vera:-

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each
other in passing.

Only a signal shown, and a distant voice
in the darkness;

So on the ocean of life we pass, and
speak one another,

Only a look, and a voice, then darkness
again, and a silence.

Your friend,

Caroline F. West.

Sept. 1, 1902.

Aug. 16, 1901.

Dear Genevieve.

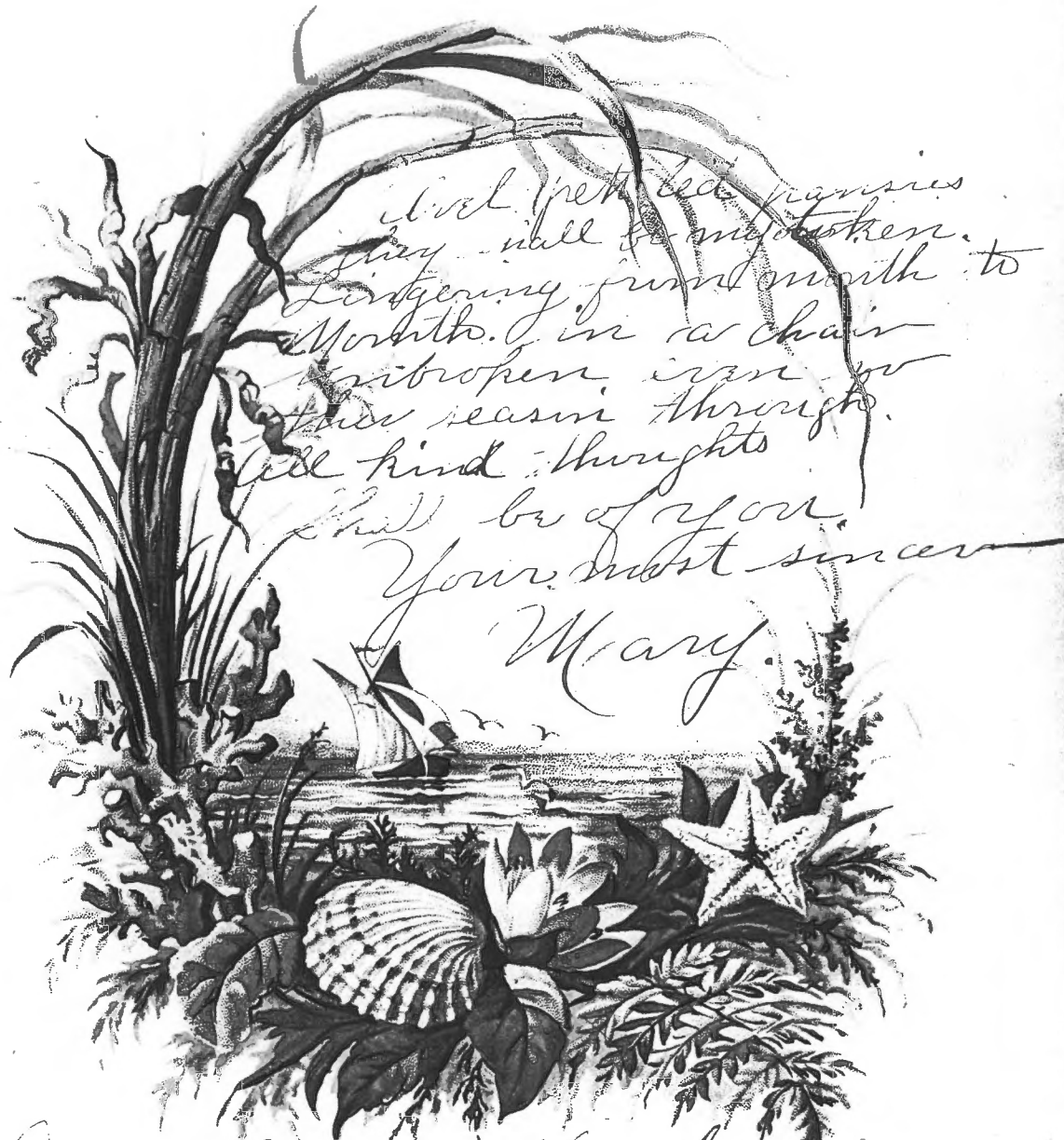
Here is a blue flower twins round the
hephord cot.

5 whispers all I have to say.
It is For-get-me-not.

Your sincere Friend

Olive McCune.

May 4, 1901.



And yet, best wishes
they will be forgotten.
Lingering from month to
month. In a chair
broken, can you
pass season through
all kind thoughts
shall be of you.
Your most sincere
Mary.

Don't forget the day
we had our pictures.

Caldwell, Ohio

Jan 2nd, '04.

My Dear Genevieve:—

Over all the road
behind us,

Through life's cherished way
God, our God, hath gently led us
We with praise, carols say;
Let us then, with joy overflowing
Forward go, the next world knowing
Ever your friend,

Ora Rose Astell.

I wish you health,
I wish you wealth,
I wish you "love in store"
I wish you Heaven after death,
What could I wish you more?
O.R.A.



When you notice this handwriting,
These mere scratches of a pen;
Think of good times spent together,
I think about me once again.

Wm. J. Astell
Jan 26, 1904.

Caldwell, Ohio

July 15th 1901.

Friend Vera.

Kind words, ^{and} sweet smiles,
Are the roses of life.

Clara B. Bicker.

5th / 100 (100)
6th / 100 (100)
— 1 — x

Dear Beva,

"As summer showers and
evening dew

"Fall on the sweet, unconscious
flowers,"

May heaven's blessings
fall on you.

In the sincere wish
of a true & loving friend
Mrs. Grace Danner,

Acronington, Or.

June 9, 1963

Dear Beva,

"Our friendship has budded
on earth, May it blossom in heaven."

Your little friend -
Fairy Danner

Cambridge Ohio
July-28-1904

May your life-always be
pure and noble, and gain
your reward in heaven.

Your Friend,
Helena C. Carson.

REMEMBER ME TO
Newcomerstown, O.
Oct. 18-1903.

There was a time I knew you not.
And now you shall not be forgot.
And while we know each other well,
Let love & friendship ever dwell.

Your Friend

Mary Hosfelt
Kimballton
Ohio.

May your cross,

Be adorned with roses.

My love for you shall
ever flow,
Like water running
down a "tader" row.

Friend Vera: -

What shall I wish the dear Vera,
shall it be, that your happiness
will never end,

No; I will wish the something better still.
To be submissive to your maker, will
The rose may fade from your cheek and
The luster fade from your brilliant eye.
But the love of your true heart given
to Him will keep you from trouble
and from all ill.

With love & best wishes of your friend

Hattie Sells

May 30, 1902.

Newcomerstown, O.

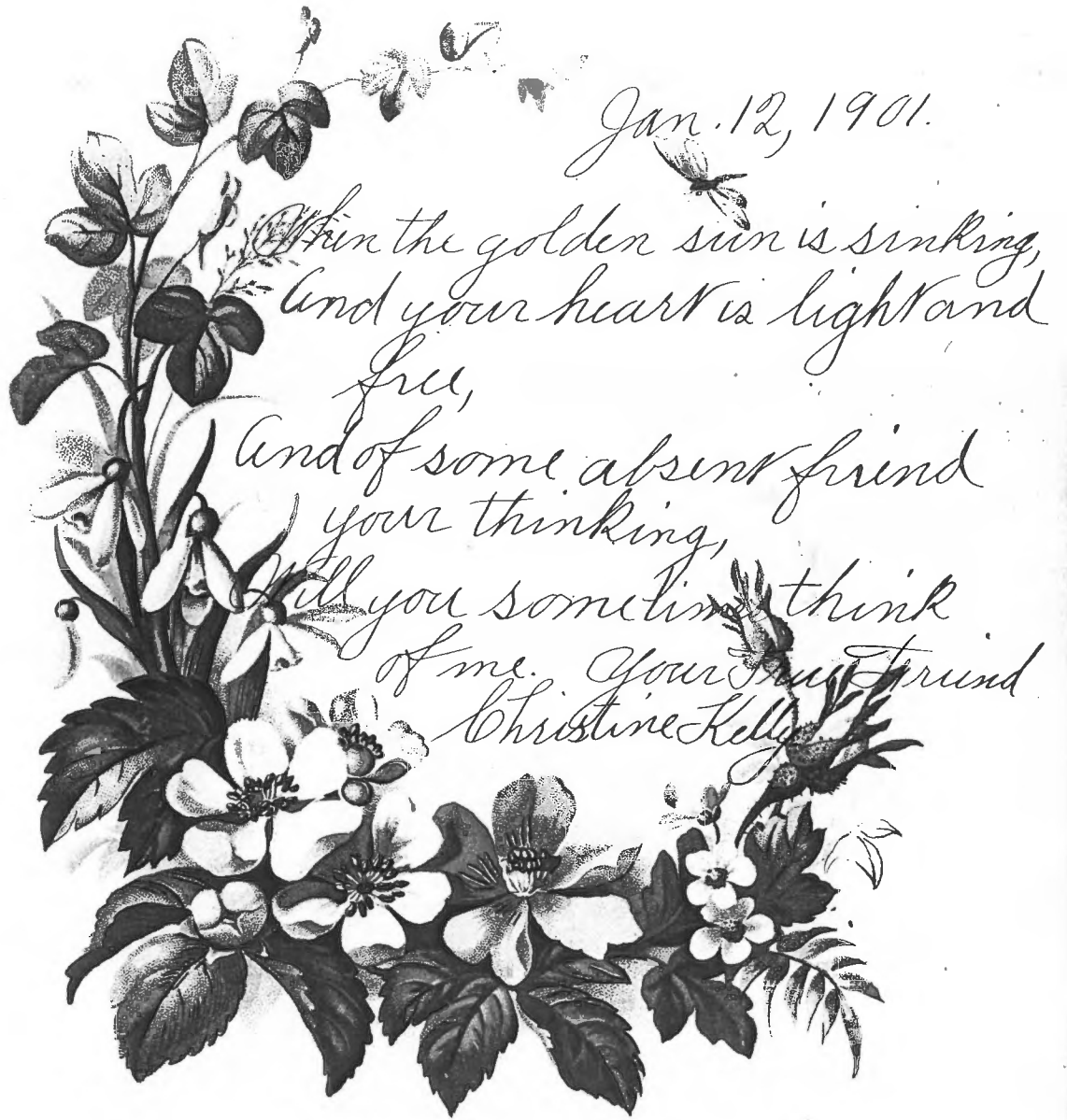
Decoration day

Jan. 12, 1901.

When the golden sun is sinking,
And your heart is light and
Free,

And of some absent friend
your thinking,

Will you sometimes think
of me. Your true friend
Christine Kelly



Dec. 27-1901.

Hear Wira,
Like the ripples which follow a
ship at sea;
So may life's happiness follow thee.
Very Truly
H.B. Kistler

July 18, '91.

Friend Wira

The very flowers
that bud and meet,
In sweetening others,
Grow more sweet.

Yours
Dora Crawford.

August 19, 1914.

Dear Gene:

"What though thy way be dark, and earth
With ceaseless care do cark, till mirth

To thee no strain singeth;

Still hide thy life above, and still

Believe that God is love; fulfil

Whatever lot He bringeth."

Lovingly, your cousin

Lois B. Williams

Sept. 27-1914.

after Vera -

My love for you shall
never fade as long as grass is
a tail

Your friend
Helen Graham

Mason on 6

Albert E. Evans

Dear Vera:—

True friends are like diamonds
Precious but rare,

False one like autumn leaves
Found everywhere.

Newcomertown Your Sincere Friend
Ohio Martha Brandt.

March, 17, 1902

In numerous casket reserve one
Gem for me.

May. 15, 1903.

Dear Vera:-

Our remembrance
your friend.

Roma Long has

and do. not forget

your true friend

Jessie Hamner.

Aug. 9, 1901.

Dear cousin,

Truth crushed to earth shall
rise again!
The eternal years of God are here.
But O how wounded, wither with
And dies among his worshippers.

Ever your friend & cousin
J. B.

