

TALES AND TRAILS Newsletter from . . .

Denton, NE, and surrounding areas. Sponsored by the Denton Community Historical Society Vol. 9, No. 1 January, 2007

BITS AND PIECES FROM THE PAST

by Teresa Sullivan

In addition to the business part of every monthly meeting, there is usually a speaker or some form of entertainment. Some of the speakers are people from outside the area that have interesting lives and they are willing to share their hobbies and history. But the really great speakers have been local people that have memories of their early days in the area and are willing to share. DCHS is allowed to tape these oral histories. We are including some excerpts from three of these taped speeches and wish to share them in this newsletter. The text marked in parentheses () simply are notes added by the editors to clarify the meaning of the speech. We have attempted to write this simply as it was spoken.



Ray Giles, photo courtesy of DCHS.

Oral History Number One

(One of the first speakers was Raymond Giles. Raymond was born August 12, 1910. His parents were Fred Giles, Sr. and Lottie Abbott. Ray passed away on November 2, 2004. Ray told us that he was born on the home place, section 22, southwest corner. He lived there for six years and then moved into the big house in Denton. This was the big home built by Martin Gilbert across from the Methodist church. Fred Giles had purchased it from Timothy F. Sullivan. Fred Sr. died in 1918 and Mrs. Giles, Fred, Jr. and Raymond moved back to the farm. Ray was a gentle man, and we are indebted to him for the following story, taped on May 25, 1999.)

My mother was married twice. She married Charles LeMay, and they lived out on West Van Dorn and they had two children, Josephine and Myrtle. That was back in the 1890's and one year he decided he would follow the wheat harvest and make some money. So he took a team of mules and a wagon and started following the harvest. He would send his money home and my mother would write to him. He got clear up into South Dakota and then suddenly my mother didn't hear from him anymore. After awhile there was a piece in the paper from the sheriff in Lincoln and he said he had a notice from a sheriff in South Dakota that they had found a dead man under a bridge. Some children found him. They went home, told their folks and, of course, they called the sheriff. They found a letter on the body that my mother had written to him and she said, "Yesterday I took the girls to the circus". The name and address was torn off but the date was still there. So this fellow, the sheriff up there, he wrote to the circus and wanted to know where they had showed that day and they wrote back and said they had showed in Lincoln, Nebraska. So the sheriff up there, he wrote to the sheriff in Lincoln about it and he said, "We have reason to believe that someone in Lincoln area might know something about it." And the sheriff in Lincoln put it in the paper and my grandfather he read it; and he said that is right where Charles LeMay was at and about the time. So to find out for sure he went to the sheriff in Lincoln and got some more information and he said, "Yes, that sure sounds like it could be your son-in-law." So he gets on the train and he goes up there and he talked to the sheriff up there and, of course, he had some personal items that they found and he was identified. He had had a team of mules and a wagon, so they got to scouting around in the country up there and they found the mules on a farm. "Where'd you get em?" "Well, I bought them from a guy". He gave him a good description of the guy and they looked some more and found the wagon in another place. He had bought the wagon from some fella and they had a good description And they eventually found the fella---down in Missouri. They brought him back to South Dakota for trial and mother took the two girls and went up there and the guy said he admitted he had killed him for the money. He thought he was a long way from home and nobody would know it. But it was just that date, that one little clue that he found out where the circus was on that date. One thing led to another and he spent time up there in South Dakota. And, of course, in those days a young woman, a young widow with any small children---well there were two things you could do. You could be somebody's housekeeper or you could get married again. Well she met my father. It was about 1897 or 1898. . . .

The next spring we moved into Denton and lived in the big house. We used to have boarders. People

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would come out on the train, salesmen, and stay there overnight and the next day they would go around to businesses in the area and then catch another train to go on to Crete.

When we lived in Denton, there was a big barn there. We used to play in the barn and the hayloft door was up there on the north side. We used to get up there with our coaster wagons when there was no hay up there and go around on this hayloft floor. One time it had rained up there and we were there with our coaster wagons, and we took turns going around, one sitting in the wagon and the other one pushing. When we got to the wet spot we'd cramp the wheels and spin around and have fun. Ross Jennings and I were up there, but about the time we were having fun, Ross's mother would come. "Ross, Ross" she'd always have something for Ross to do. One time she came for Ross, "Ross, Ross" "Yeah, I'll be down in a minute." He was in the wagon, and we went around and I gave him a push. Course, I went down on my hand and knees and when I got up, Ross, the wagon and all were gone. He had gone out the hayloft door. Ross was sitting down by the wagon right beside his mother. We were 10 or 12, I suppose.

When we started out we didn't have (horses). I was still in high school, farming with my brother and my mother was going to keep house for us. There was a sales barn at College View and we bought 4 head of horses there and then we bought a team of Frank Ketterer's when he was living there, and we got started with 6 horses. Well we farmed for a couple of years and my brother, he didn't like farming too good, and he got a job on the railroad. We would plant several acres of oats every year. That was horse feed. Instead of buying gasoline we raised our own horse feed. That one team we bought from Ketterer was \$250. There was a fellow in Omaha that used to sell harness. His name was Harness Bill and he would advertise on the radio. So when I was still in school my mother and brother went to Omaha in the Model T car and bought 2 sets of harness from Harness Bill. He was quite a guy.

I had \$550 in the Denton Bank when it went broke. After they settled up, we got 25 cents on the dollar and then later we got another 5 cents and we thought that was it and several years later, harvest time was coming up and I needed to buy some twine, and I didn't have but a few dollars. I didn't have enough to buy all the twine I needed and you couldn't buy it on credit, they wouldn't sell to you and I was getting pretty worried. I didn't know what I as going to do and about 10 days before harvest I got a letter from the State Banking Examiner. They had got some more money for the bank----1%, 1 cent on the dollar. Well that was \$5.50 and with the few dollars I had it was enough to buy the twine. It was that close. . . .

I married Ethel (Ethel Hocking) in 1934. Lived on the farm there year after year. Times were kinda hard. The depression years and the dry years—very, very hard times. I know the year after we were

married in September, Grace Wilson asked Ethel if she could come to ladies aide that day and Ethel hadn't joined, but she just asked her to come. So that morning, I asked her if she was going to aide that day and she said "No, I don't have the 10 cents to buy the lunch". And I said, "Gee Whiz", and I felt pretty bad about it, and so I went down to the granary and looked around. I saw a little wheat scattered around in the corners and thought maybe I could get a bushel of wheat so I got a broom and a bushel basket and I swept up a bushel of wheat. I took it to the elevator and Frank Daniels was manager then, and I sold that bushel of wheat for 40 cents. I took the money to Gerbig's store and got 2 gallons of gas for a quarter, it was 12/1/2 cents per gallon, and I took the 15 cents home to Ethel and said. "You can go to ladies aide". That's the way things were. We lived years and years that way.

Fortunately, we had a cow or two for milk and had chickens and we served eggs. About every week I'd have 12 dozen eggs. They were 12 cents per dozen, \$1.44 and that's what we lived on. . . .

In my family, my mother's first husband was murdered and my oldest sister, Vera, when she was 4 years old her clothing caught fire on the stove, and she burned to death. That was in 1905. Then 1918 my father died. He was helping John Hocking with some carpentry work. He got a sliver and some infection. Couldn't stop it, and he died, and then my youngest half-sister, Myrtle, (Mrs. Charley Miller) she died in 1923 from appendicitis; because there was a blizzard, and they couldn't get her to the doctor. So my mother had a real bad time. I say that is more than one person should have (to bear).

(Sunnyside Cemetery Burials, Denton, Nebraska)

Frederick J. Giles—2/4/1863 — 5/31/1918

Charlotte M. (Lottie) Giles—1875—12/21/1952

Vera Giles—4 years, 9 months 10 days — 11/6/1905

Myrtle Miller—26 years 3 months and 21 days
3/20/1923

Oral History Number Two

(Mark Steinhausen was our featured speaker at our January, 2000, meeting. Mark is the son of Roy and Jessie Burgess Steinhausen. Mark and his wife Voline Templeton Steinhausen are still Rokeby residents.)

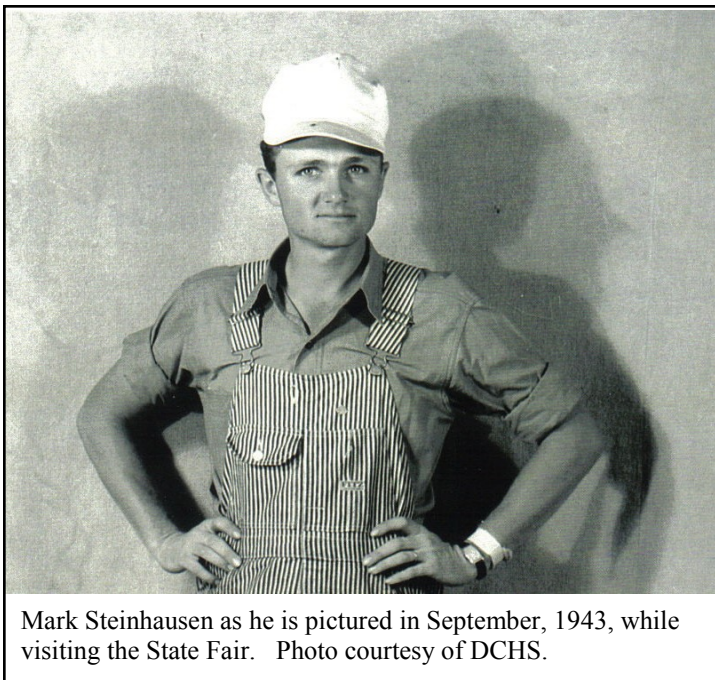
Rokeby is an unincorporated village in Lancaster County. It was named for and by a surveyor who surveyed the route for the Rock Island railroad. That is what my grandmother told me. Rokeby was to have been a division point for the Rock Island but by the time the tracks were down, the engines had become so improved, that the division point was made at Fairbury. The railroad was built the year my father was born, in 1892. By 1900 there were two

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grain elevators, (one of which was owned by my grandfather), blacksmith shop, grocery store (with living quarters in the rear), five houses, post office, a depot, (with living quarters), and two or more bunk houses for the section crews.

By 1910 my grandfather had moved the south



Mark Steinhausen as he is pictured in September, 1943, while visiting the State Fair. Photo courtesy of DCHS.

elevator to his farm one mile west. It seems that every evening a couple of the section crews and others from town would come down to the elevator. "Felix, let's have a game of pitch before you go home." Well you know how pitch games go, one game calls for another and so on. Well, my dad said by the time grandpa got home it might be 9 o'clock or so and grandma was a little bit warm under the collar. He was getting a little static.

The Rock Island had a good stock yards, scale and water for the livestock and the steam engines. My grandfather and father bought cattle and hogs and when they accumulated enough for a carload, they shipped them to Omaha. The railroad usually kept an empty car spotted by the chutes. Tuesday was hog buying day and neighbors brought their hogs to the stock yards and my father would spend most of the day weighing and buying hogs. He sent 52 car loads of cattle, hogs and sheep in 1928. That was the best year he ever had.

I don't recall when the church or the community hall was built. My grandfather was a big booster for the hall. I'm pretty sure it was prior to 1922 as I remember going with my father and grandfather to the hall for the annual soup and sandwich supper in connection with a turkey raffle which was held before Thanksgiving and Christmas. This was when I had my first taste of oyster stew. Granddad would get a wash boiler full of milk and put it on the stove down there and when it got good and hot, he had a couple of gallons of oysters and would dump them in and stir it up. I couldn't stand the oysters but I could sure eat the soup. The stage in the hall was set on saw horses for plays then taken down for the ball games and whatever. In about 27-28, the addition was built on the north making a permanent stage and dressing rooms.

Below the stage, Glenn Peterson had his insurance office. Then in 33-34, the school leased the hall so workers could qualify for the WPA program. That is when the walls and ceiling were lined with plywood and a maple floor was laid over the old fir tongue and groove floor that was starting to splinter. In those days they were oiled every day or two or once a week. We'd put on sweeping compound and sweep that. Then after they got in the maple floor, they'd have a dance and put down corn meal so they could slide along. Next Monday when we went down there we'd have to sweep off the corn meal and then we'd have to shake resin oil over it so we could stand up.

In 1932 the first through sixth grades were moved under the stage. This alleviated the crowd at the high school. The seventh and eighth grades were moved to the music room of the high school building. I was a member of the 1938 graduation class which was the largest class, (16), to graduate from Rokeby High. East of the school was the boy's toilet and west was the girl's toilet and just south was the long, low horse barn. And there were lots of horses because kids would tie them up out of the weather especially if it was muddy they rode the horse. They called the seventh and eighth grades, the junior high, and we got recesses. We were messing around in the barn and somebody brought a roll of cigarette papers and we decided to fix up the high school boys. They would slip out every once in awhile and get a few puffs from a cigarette and get back into the school room. So we got one of those butts and loaded a little tobacco in both ends and loaded the center with nice dry horse manure. We lit the end just enough to char it. They would come out to get their "snipes", that was what they call them and about the second puff. Yuck. . . .

I think Joe Kaar was one the boys that took the lumber wagon of George Burgess and took it up there (on top of the grade school) and took the box off and took the reach out from under it and put it through the hand rail by the scraper on Halloween.

Some things I remember: Carrie Williams and her readings at the hall. The son-in-law of Charles Olmsted made trips to Africa with Francis Flood and he and Francis toured the country giving lectures on their trips. It was very interesting. They had still photos. The school board (when the high school was built) was Frank Rundle, Obed Loos, and Charles Olmsted. I don't know where the earlier school was, but my grandmother said that she and her brother would walk down the draw to what is now about 1/2 mile north of SW 12 and Rokeby Road. My great grandfather, Henry Grimm worked for the Burlington Railroad in Havelock. He was a carpenter for the Pullman Company in Albany, New York.

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Then my grandmother was born in Martinsville, West Virginia. They saw brochures that said "Go West Young Man to the Land of Milk and Honey". But it was quite a few years before they saw either one.

My grandfather went to school in District #103. That is where he learned to speak English. Maybe we kids were feeling kinda smart one day and he says, "You guys take into consideration that I had only what I call reading, writing and arithmetic in German, but I had more knowledge than the kids now graduating from high school."

Some things I remember—Fels Napatha laundry soap and soap made at home from sheep tallow and lye was a darn good soap. Cook stoves with the ash pan, warming oven, reservoir on the side and the box of cobs for getting the fire started in the morning. Kerosene lamps and lanterns that you had to cut the wicks ever now and then. Ten party lines that you could get all the info and never have to repeat it. Penny post cards, mud roads, doctors that made house calls, Kids had whooping cough, scarlet fever, mumps and measles. Milk from the barn and good thick cream to put on your Grape-Nuts.

NOTE from editors: The Nebraska Legislature recently passed a law that dissolved any Kindergarten through eighth grade schools. So after many years the Rokeby High school has ceased to be a learning facility. The answer as to what will happen to the building is unknown, but it is assumed that it will be for sale sometime in the future.

Oral History Number Three

On October 28, 2000, we were fortunate to have three speakers from the Emerald area for a question and answer session. The speakers were Beverly Becker Melichar, Alvina Deinert Shaw and Gerald (Jerry) Lewis. Mr. Lewis has since passed away on July 4, 2005.



Service station on the Southwest corner of the Emerald intersection, Route 6 and SW 84th Street. Built by Walter Becker. Photo courtesy of Jeri Fraas.

Beverly—I married Elmer in 1948. His family is the Joe Melichar family and in that family were Joe, Emil, Tony, Milly and Henry and they all pretty much stayed around this area except Milly and she married Albert Petsch and they moved to Kimball.

Alvina—I grew up on a farm 1 1/2 miles north of Emerald, Nebraska. My grandfather, Louis Deinert, came from Germany and homesteaded near Friend, Nebraska. They lived there five years, and he married Emma Becker. They later moved to the farm 1 1/2 miles north of Emerald. I went to school in Emerald for the first year, but we really didn't belong in that district; so then the teacher wouldn't give the superintendent permission for me to transfer to Emerald; so we were in District #118. My husband is from Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and he was still in the service when I met him. We were married November 15, 1945.

Jerry—I was raised east of Emerald one-half way between Lincoln, Nebraska, and Emerald. My mother was a Cox. (Grace) She was raised in the original house right across the road from the PlaMor. When I was in my teens I went to work for Walt Becker, Beverly's dad. I went into service in 1941.

Question on the Lone Oak

Alvina—I worked for three years for Tom and Nola Bailey. Tom came into Lincoln and picked up the help at the post office and then at night Tom and Nola took each one of us to our own door. They were very good people to work for. The Lone Oak had individual high booths and a party room.

Jerry—When I was in service the Lone Oak was built, and they used baled hay for insulation in the walls.

Beverly—The first Lone Oak is where Gene and Julie Melichar live and the Lone Oak is still in the yard to the east of the house. (on the SE corner of Highway 6 and the Denton spur road)

Alvina—My dad said that where the Lone Oak is now, it used to be an Indian camp with teepees and all. So his grandmother would always tell the children not to go down there.

Beverly—Then after that the gypsies came down there with their big cars. There is something I will never forget. There was a pump out there and in the morning the little kids would come out and take a bath. One would pump the pump handle and the other would stand naked underneath.

Question about the Sunset Ballroom

Beverly—Lots of the bands that played at Sunset were polka bands from Crete, Nebraska, and that area. Ernie Kucera played there.

Comment from **Jeri Lewis Fraas** (Jerry's daughter)--I was born and raised in Emerald, and we used to live in a house right next to Sunset. Emerald was very safe, and we could go out and play night or day. But on Saturday nights when the dance was going on they wouldn't let us outside. And I remember that in the summer time my bedroom with no air conditioning was very hot, and I would pop the window open and my mother would sneak up and shut the window so I couldn't hear. When mother went down I would pop the window open again. The next morning she would wake up several hours early, and she and Dad would run out and pick up nylons, shoes, underpants and everything else so we kids wouldn't see this.

Emerald

Alvina—There was a West Emerald and Emerald and that's how they were divided. The lumber yard went with the train fire (1930) and they had just built a new depot and it had just opened the day before the fire, and it went down.

Beverly—The church was on the NW corner. (Intersection Highway 6 and Denton spur road). Dad wanted to build a building there, and so he bought the church and moved it on the road north.

Alvina—I remember my Dad saying that if Grandfather wanted supplies he went to Nebraska City. It took them a



Family picture of Gerald (Jerry) Lewis and wife Mildred with children Larry and Geraldine (Jeri K.) about 1946. Photo courtesy of Jeri Fraas.

day to get down, a day to load and a day to come back. One time when grandma was there (at home) with two boys, there was an Indian raid. But the sod house was built into the bank and the boys had let the dog in which grandma didn't like. But that was one time she was glad they did because she

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could hear the Indians outside ranting and raving and the dog just had a fit.

COWS

by Violet Peterson

I do not ever remember not being around cows until I moved to Milford. They were a part of my life.

I guess one could say cows were in my genes. My parents were associated with them before my time. I do not know much about Dad's involvement with the animals but I do have a picture of my mother milking a cow.

Now she was not too happy with that picture as she had a bit of pride and she thought this was not a very dignified photo of her. The picture shows her milking a cow in the cow lot. Now I never had to milk a cow in a cow lot and think that would be

stable.

My one worrisome problem was the cats. When you milked, the cats were always around as they were fed milk then. My concern was that the cats would get under the cows feet and get crushed. This did happen a few times.

Before milking time one had to go to the pasture and bring in the cows. Once in awhile they would come home by themselves. In the winter time the cows were kept near the barn. In the summer we had to go get the cows. That usually was the children's job. Usually my sister, Verna, and I went to get the cows. This was a good time to use our imaginations thinking up make believe stories. We built barns with fancy equipment and other imaginary fantasies.

So often the cows were at the far end of the pasture and that meant a walk of about a mile. The walk was miserable in the summertime as the cows would find larger patches of weeds and go in there to get rid of the flies. There was one weed that grew quite tall and had narrow leaves. Again going in after the cows was miserable, being very scratchy. Nowadays we call this weed marijuana. Never at that time did we think of this weed as we know it today.

Mature cows usually had one calf a year. About a month before the calf was to be born the cow was dried or we quit milking her. There was no artificial insemination,



Violet Peterson's mother, Anna Keszler Faig (on the left) and John Phieffer (on the right). Photo courtesy of Violet Peterson.

quite an experience. What would keep the cow from deciding to walk off, and if it did what would happen to the milk pail and the milk in it. Also the milk maid would be sitting surprised on the ground and no cow to milk. This picture of my Mom was taken by a male cousin of hers. I should add that my mother was a fast milker.

My first experience of milking was watching my parents and older brother and sister doing this chore. I was probably only about 7- or 8-years old. Oh! I was so anxious to learn to milk a cow. Later I was so sorry I had had this desire.

First, I should probably explain a little about the procedure of milking. We always put the cows in a stanchion, or let them in the barn; and they would put their heads in a place where we closed the wood around their necks. It is a little hard to describe a stanchion. There was hay and grain placed in front of the stanchion, so the cow would want to enter the stall. They loved their feed.

When you milked you sat on a stool by the cows back legs on the right side. (You always sat on this side) Now there were stools that were made like a "T". I did not like them as they seemed so unsteady. One had to balance oneself and did not want to have to think of any extra tasks as there were enough things to think about while milking a cow. There were also 3-legged stools, and I always tried to use one of them. Much more

but a male animal was kept to breed the cow. Usually male animals were kept with the herd. One always had to be alert of these critters as they could take after you. You watched for the nearest fence, so if "Mr." looked at you wrong you could seek the safety of getting on the other side of the fence. I do not recall having to do this very often.

Cows always thought the grass on the other side of the pasture fence was better. I chased and herded many a cow from these forbidden areas back to where they were supposed to be.

My milking days let up when I was a teenager, in high school and teaching school.

Then I decided to get married. Now at that time Melvin, my husband, milked two to four cows. We would walk about one-fourth of a mile, and he would do the milking. Then we carried the milk back up to the house. We slowly added more cows.

World War II started, and we were concerned Melvin would be drafted. One way to keep from being drafted was for a farmer to milk so many cows. So we went around the country and bought milk cows. I think we increased our herd to about 15 milk cows. With that many cows Melvin needed help milking. So I was again a milk maid.

Those first years we milked on the north side of the

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barn. In the wintertime that was really a cold place. Those warm teats helped to keep one's fingers warm.

At that time we would strain the milk into 10 gallon milk cans. These were picked up daily by a fellow who had a milk route and who picked up a number of other farmers' milk in these cans. If the yards were muddy one had to have the cans out by the road. We lived so close to the road that getting the cans to the road did not cause any problem.

In 1960 we decided to modernize the milking situation and sell the milk on what was called a Grade A plan. We changed the milking area to the south side of the barn. Also put a room on the southwest corner of the barn for a bulk tank and a place to wash equipment. We cemented the milking area, put in new stanchions, a watering system for each cow and a pipe line for the milk to flow through. We bought milking machines and also a bulk tank. These devices saved a lot of lifting and the milk stayed cleaner. Then the milk hauler could hook a hose directly to the bulk tank and empty it. This method meant cleaning the machines and the tank. But it was a good change.

I helped by doing the milking in this arrangement for a number of years.

One instance I remember and felt rather guilty about. Finishing milking a cow one always wanted them to end with them being dry or no milk in the utter. Melvin went with his brother and sister-in-law to Kansas to a funeral. Ann and I were left to do the chores and milking. We had one cow that was mean. Most of the time one could manage milking nervous or mean cows by putting hobbles on them. Hobbles were a bent piece of metal that fitted over the back of a cow's leg above the knee area. A chain ran between the hobbles and tightened. This kept the cow from kicking. But, at the time Melvin was gone we had this one beast that made it difficult for us to hobble. First place it was hard to get the hobbles on her and then for some reason she was able to get them off. After a number of difficult tries I gave up and did not get her completely milked dry.

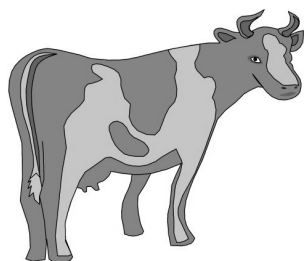
In 1969 we decided to build a milking parlor. This was a building strictly used for milking the cows, the bulk tank and washing facilities. One could milk 6 cows at one time. Again the milk went directly from the cow to the bulk tank. This was a good way to milk cows, but I never felt comfortable with it. I did wash the equipment many times, but I never could do it to Melvin's satisfaction.

In 1982 Melvin's arthritis became very painful and he had to quit milking. He did appreciate his cows, although, we heard many a strong word he would say to them.

Our grandson, Kevin, took over the milking operation, although it is a small dairy operation. Kevin likes working with the cattle even if it is a financially-losing operation. The dry years have not helped.

Before I left the farm I still worried about cows getting out of where they were supposed to be. I was relieved to get away from this concern.

I guess I could say, "Bless cows, but?"



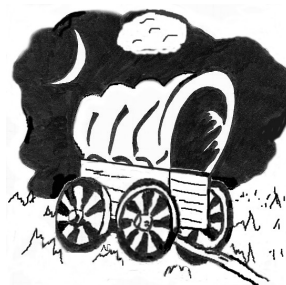
A Summary of the DCHS Year—2006

by Teresa Sullivan

The year 2007 is here and as we review the year 2006, we are reminded of the great programs that were part of our meetings.

The year started with a program by **Don Ficke** who recounted his involvement in the auctioneering business in the area, and ended up with a program by **Joanie Wittstruck** on the Martell/Sprague area. The rest of the programs were talks by **Walter Case** and the Denton connection with the Hoosic Tunnel in Massachusetts, **John Stohmann** with his intriguing display of barbed wire, and **Kathleen Cain** with her fascinating story on cottonwood trees. We also toured the **Yankee Hill Brickyard** and heard the history of the brickyard. **Rachel Hamilton**, a descendant of J.R.C. Miller, told us about the early history of Denton and the Miller family. **Annette Wiechert** and **Sandy Yost** talked about disaster preparedness as both are involved with this project. In September, **Jim McKee** who is a noted historian for all of Nebraska, delighted us with a slide show and information on Epworth Park which was an early part of the Yankee Hill area and which is now a part of Wilderness Park. Attending that meeting were Al Blacketer and his wife Margaret. Al told us that he was born in a house which was a part of Epworth Park and when the park was abandoned his parents moved the house to Burnham street in Yankee Hill, and he now lives in one of the houses moved.

We urge all members to attend these interesting programs. Meetings are at 2 pm in January, February and March; and at 7 pm during the other months. Meetings are always on the fourth (4th) Tuesday of the month. Hope to see you there.



Have you checked out the Lancaster Co web sites for information? Our own DCHS website is:

<http://www.rootsweb.com/~nedchs/index.htm>

The webmaster is Kathie Harrison who also is the webmaster for the Lancaster County genweb site, <http://www.rootsweb.com/~nelancas/>. There is a ton of good information on both of these sites. After you have checked them out, then add them to your favorites and go back often.

Obituaries

Correction: A sincere apology to the Maus and Steinhausen families for an error in the September, 2006, issue of the *Tales and Trails*. The widow of Floyd Maus was incorrectly reported as Elsie Steinhausen. Mr. Maus is survived by his widow the former Marie Steinhausen.

Marcia Diane Bice age 52 passed away on October 13. She was the daughter of Alvin and Pat Keller Kraus and the wife of Marvin Bice. Family home is in Roca, Nebraska. Marvin and Marcia are DCHS members as are Marvin's parents, Gladys and Jim Meyer

Iris Evelyn Shea age 86 passed away on November 18. She was born in Bristol, England, and married Bartholomew (Bob) Shea on April 28, 1945, when he was serving overseas during WW2. She is survived by Bob and a daughter and son and their families. Bob is the son of Jerry and Minnie Buelow Shea and a Denton High School graduate.

Ruth Fuss, widow of Reuben Fuss died on November 22. They had lived in the Emerald, Nebraska, area for many years during which time they operated the Rueben Fuss Refuse Service. She was 86 years old and had married Rueben on February 18, 1951. She is survived by three daughters and their families.

Guy Hollomon age 80, died on November 27. A resident of Martell, Nebraska, he had served in the Navy Seebies beginning in 1943. He is survived by his wife, Phyllis, and two sons and their families.

Ronald E. Wagner died at Syracuse, Nebraska, hospital on December 1 at age 79. On August 14, 1954, he married Marlene Sullivan, daughter of Frank and Ella Mae McDonald Sullivan from Denton, Nebraska. Ron played ball on the Denton ball team in the early 50's. He was a teacher and coach and had other pursuits in the Syracuse area.

Camille Elizabeth Sittler age 84 passed away on December 7. Her husband Leland (Lee) survives as does a son and his family. Lee and Camille operated the off-sale store on Van Dorn Street just east of Folsom Street in the Yankee Hill area for many years.

Isabelle "Bel" Soucie of Denton passed away on Dec 8 at age 97. She was born March 11, 1909, the daughter of Jerry and Katherine Enright Sullivan. She was a lifetime member of DCHS and a strong advocate for the village of Denton. She is survived by two daughters, Rita and Catherine, and four sons, Eugene, Richard, Clement, and Bill. She was the widow of Oreall Soucie who preceded her in death in April, 1971.

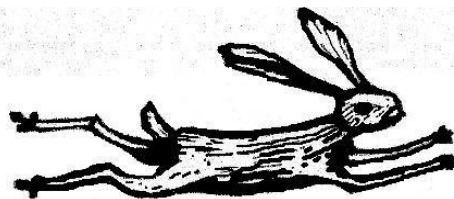
Lloyd Clarence Buhrmann was a resident of Martell for many years before moving to Lincoln, Nebraska. He was age 90 and passed away on December 10. His parents were Charles Arthur and Alvina Knollenberg Buhrmann. His wife, Louise, preceded him in death on February 1, 1999. He is survived by one daughter and one son and their families.

Roy A. Walin age 82 passed away on December 17, a cancer victim. He was born in Malcolm, Nebraska, to Arthur and Ruth Stromburg Walin. He is survived by his wife, the former Ruby Melichar, and sisters, Virginia Nohavec and Marge Baade, and brother, Don, all of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Dean Taylor, age 80 passed away January 10. He was a resident of Dunbar, Nebraska. Survivors, besides his wife, Marion, and five children and their families are brothers, Robert E. and Richard R., and sister, Phyllis A. Cummins. Dean was the son of Robert Emmett Taylor and Camylle Prewitt Taylor. Grandparents were George Taylor and Bertha Baughman Taylor, early residents of Denton.

June H. Elrod passed away January 11, age 82. She was the widow of Joe Elrod who died in September 1982. Included in her survivors are Bernard and Maxine Mickle Elrod, Sadie Juricek, Herbert and George Elrod, all siblings of Joe. Joe and June lived for many years southwest of Denton.

Tales and Trails Newsletter presents the following ad in grateful appreciation to Jim McKee for the oral history of Epworth Park. Jim presented his stories to DCHS at one of our monthly meetings.



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Younkers Community Day Fund Raiser

by Cathy Sullivan

This year, the Younkers Community Day was held November 11, 2006. It was a very successful day for the Denton Community Historical Society. We made \$839.54 this time.

Thank you to all of you who bought and sold tickets. Irene Patak was our top seller. She sold 25 tickets. The spring Younkers Community is March 3, 2007.

We started working the Younkers Community Day Sales in the year 2000. We have worked it every year, both spring and fall. As of November, 2006, the Younkers Community Day Sales has made **\$7173.58** for the Denton Community Society. It is one of our main money makers, and takes the least work. I encourage more of our members to become involved in the sale of tickets. Thanks to all who have helped me with this project.

Items with the DCHS Logo are Still Available

As a new member or one of long-standing, don't you have someone that would enjoy a good beverage mug, a T shirt, sweatshirt, or book bag with the DCHS logo. These items make great birthday or holiday gifts or just a hometown remembrance for someone special. Available for sale at all DCHS meetings.

Newsletter Staff

Lee Gray
Teresa Sullivan
Sue Williams

Long-Time Denton Advocate and Resident Has Passed Away

Isabel (Bell) Soucie passed away on December 8, 2006, at the age of 97 in Lincoln, Nebraska. Bell was born March 11, 1909 at home in rural Denton, Nebraska. She married Oreal Soucie on January 25, 1934, at St. Mary's at Denton, Nebraska. Bell was a reporter for the *Crete News* for many years and was one of the editors of *Town Talk*, a Denton newsletter. She was the town clerk for 12 years, and she manned the Nurse's Station when it was in Denton. She worked at the Denton Post Office and for the Lincoln Action Program, and she hosted Stonecroft Bible Study for many years. Bell was a lifetime member of the Denton Community Historical Society and a member of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Denton. She taught CCD classes for 20 years.

Bell toured Ireland and Rome and enjoyed it immensely. In her retirement years she learned to oil paint. She was quite good at it, and she loved to play cards. There was nothing she wouldn't have tried to do for her family and fellow men or women. She was a very active member of the Denton community. Her funeral was held on December 11 at St. Mary's in Denton. Burial was at Calvary Cemetery in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Bell is survived by her children, Rita and Richard Spellman, Cathy and Leland Sullivan, and Clement (Kim) Soucie all of Denton. Gene and Anna Mae Soucie of Seward, Nebraska, Richard Soucie of Lincoln, Nebraska, and William (Bill) Soucie of California; 24 grandchildren, and 48 great-grandchildren; her sister, Rita Overton of Lincoln, and brother, Bernard (Bud) and Jean Sullivan of Pennsylvania; She was preceded in death by her parents Jerry and Kate Sullivan; sister, Verna Vaverka, Elizabeth Sherman, and Eleanor Sullivan, and brother, Andy, Jerry E (Butch), and Frank Sullivan; and her husband Oreal Soucie.

DCHS membership

If you have not already joined the Denton Community Historical Society, now is the time. Annual dues are \$10 per individual and \$11 per family. Lifetime memberships are also available. Please inquire. The membership year extends from January 1 to December 31. Send checks to: DCHS, Box 405, Denton, NE 68339. Please notify us of any change of address, also.

New members will be listed in each quarterly newsletter. Please add these names, phone numbers, and addresses to your directory. The directory will be updated annually to include all current members.

DCHS is Online

Our DCHS webmaster, Kathy Harrison, is working very hard to add interesting features to our website. Please send an Email or note to five people who have ties to this area. They may not know about all the articles and pictures Kathy is putting on the site.

Our web address is:

[http://www.rootsweb.com/](http://www.rootsweb.com/~nedchs/index.htm)

~nedchs/index.htm

Then bookmark the site to your "favorites" and check back often.

Denton Community Historical Society
P. O. Box 405
Denton, NE 68339