THE NORTON TELEGRAM Page 2

Tuesday, June 16, 2009

BITUARIES

Maxine M. Sulzman May 14, 1930 - June 21, 2009

Maxine Marie Sulzman died Friday, June 12 at Citizens Medical Center in Colby, at the age of 79. She was born May 14, 1930, in Fort Morgan, Colo., the daughter of Thomas Moore and Mayme Marie (Youngs) Murphy.

She and her five siblings grew up in Wiggins, Colo., and California before settling in Selden. She graduated from Selden Rural High School in 1948 and obtained a teaching certificate from Fort Hays State University.

On Jan. 16, 1952, Maxine was united in marriage to Norris Sulzman at Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Selden. They made their home in Goodland and Phillipsburg. Six children were born to their union. Norris retired from the railroad, and they moved to Selden in 1992.

Maxine enjoyed being a homemaker and providing a loving home for her husband and children. She was a member of Sacred Heart Catholic Church and Altar Society. She enjoyed sewing, crocheting, flowers, her children and grandchildren.

Survivors include her husband of fifty-seven years, Norris, Selden; two sons, Robert "Bob"

and partner Dean Dicus, Wichita; three daughters, Patty Lucke and husband Ron, Burlington, Colo., Peggy Weibel and husband Tim, Stratton, Colo., and Susan Pfannenstiel and husband Brian, Parker, Colo.; two brothers, Bill Murphy and wife Betty, Phillipsburg and Keith Murphy and wife Marie, Norton; and twelve grandchildren, Sarah, Mikal, Patrick, Tess, Taren, Scott, Todd, Nathan, Justus, Isaiah, Garet, Gavin, and six great grandchildren, Katie, Jaden, Mason, Emma, Brailey and Bo.

Sulzman and wife Karen, Rich-

ardson, Texas and David Sulzman

She was preceded in death by her parents, infant son Daniel, brothers Jim and Jerry Murphy and a sister Sandy Archer.

Mass of the Resurrection was held today at Sacred Heart Catholic Church, Selden, with Rev. Henry Saw Lone officiating.

Memorials are suggested to Citizens Medical Center Serenity Room, American Heart Association or American Lung Association

Burial was in the Selden Cemetery.

Arrangements were by Pauls Funeral Home, Oberlin-Selden.

Vergie J. Minshall-Moser Oct. 25, 1925 - June 10, 2009

Vergie Jene Minshall-Moser died June 10 in Denver, at the age of 83. She was born in Norton on Oct. 25, 1925 to Joseph and Lucy Grabast.

Survivors include Dennis and Rita Minshall of Norton; Charbeth, Colo.; Kenneth and Gail of Worland, Wyo,; Terry Minshall and Carla Collins of Norton; and Ronnie Minshall of Denver. Inurnment will be in Norton at

lotte and Bob Seeman of Eliza-

Buffalo wolf now extinct

Canis lupus nubilus the Great Plains or "buffalo" wolf; extinct by 1926, usually light in color.

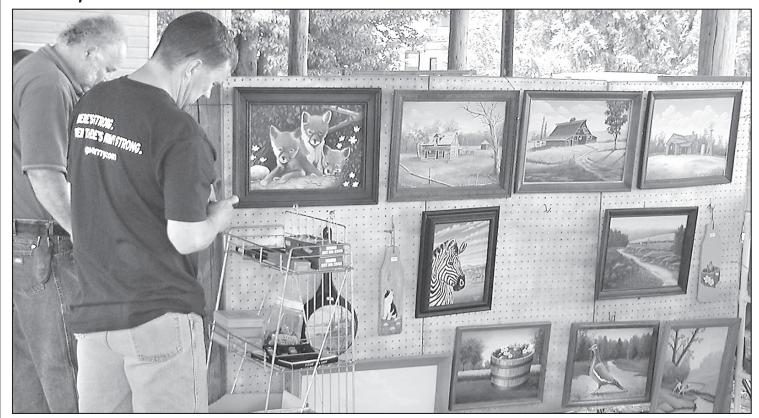
When the settlers first came to this part of the country an abundance of wild life was present on the plains. Among them the buffalo, wild horses, antelope, black-tail deer, prairie chickens, beyond words to express. Their jackrabbits, coyotes, bobcats, roars were as loud and fierce as a

a later date.

A Bit of History Kay Hawks

prairie dogs, wild turkeys, swift lion's roar and made us jump from

Sunflower Pioneer Power Art Show



A variety of booths displayed everything one can imagine, from modern to antiques, at the Sunflower Pioneer Power Show held over the weekend in Almena. Local artist Eldon Sprague had some of his paintings available for sale. More photos and a story are being prepared for Friday's Telegram. - Telegram photo by Vicki Henderson

Pot luck a time for celebration, competition

Pot Luck! In the entire English language are there two other words that bring such anticipation to the human heart? Well, now that I pause to consider, perhaps "I do" would qualify as a contender although not quite in the same category.

Whether it's referred to as carry in, covered dish, or cooperative, an old-fashioned "dinner on the ground" get together is a time to celebrate food and fellowship in almost any setting.

In the 1950's when I was a teenager serving coffee at church dinners it was almost a competition to see which housewife could bring the very best dish to share. Every lady had a specialty, each one better than the last. Mrs. M made a meatloaf fit for royalty and she always provided a very generous amount. Hermina's lemon meringue pies were a little taste of heaven and Hazel's Swedish meatballs were delightful. Mama always cautioned me not to be a pot luck pig, grabbing the best piece of chicken or filling the whole plate with dessert. And if you see something no one has tried, take some so the cook won't be humiliated. Life has rules, you



will always haunt you somewhat in the same way you wonder what life would have been like had you married someone else or taken a different job opportunitv.

Shall we try that strange new potato salad or stick to one of the old familiar standbys? Do we take off for parts unknown with no job and no prospects or do we tread a more prudent path closer to home and family? Choices once made can be irrevocable in life, unlike the peculiar Jell-O salad that can be surreptitiously scraped into the garbage,

Just as we knew we could always count on Mrs. M's meatloaf to be great, we learn certain friends we can count on in any

Of course some folks and some choices do stick to you whether you like it or not just like fudgy brownies and coconut cream pie.

Have you ever stumbled accidentally into something you never would have willingly tried? And found you liked it? A friend here at the Carlyle told me of a tantalizingly tender roast that appeared at one of their church dinners. Everyone loved it and the pan was slicked clean in no time. The lady who brought it was so pleased, saying afterward, "I wasn't sure anyone would like roast coon"! My dad got into cost accounting only after he retired and needed a part time job to keep him out of the house. He discovered not only was he good at it but he enjoyed it and wished he'd known earlier in his life of his talent in that field. So next time you see a new dish on the table, be it coon or a job you think isn't quite down your alley, give it a shot. How will you know



if you don't check it out?

In case you didn't attend Eisenhower Grade School in Norton, a "no thank you helping" at the cafeteria was one small spoonful that had to be eaten. A mother of my acquaintance enforced a three bite rule. If you didn't like it after three reasonable bites, you didn't have to eat it. Perhaps we could apply a similar rule to new experiences, new opportunities, new challenges that occasionally turn up unexpectedly in the covered dish dinner of life. And if it's a "no thank you", just eat your three bites and move on.

Correction

It was reported that Nan Smith was resigning in the school board article in Friday's Telegram. She is resigning as the tennis coach, but she will continue to teach. The mistake was a reporting error.



fox, badgers, beaver, hedge-hogs or porcupines, raccoons, polecats (weasels), pack-rats and a wolf which is now extinct, the buffalo wolf or lobo as some called it.

A description of the buffalo wolf, along with a photo, is found in the book "The Desert's Hidden Wealth" written by William Wells, who settled in northwest Kansas along with his mother and siblings as a child of 15 years of age in 1872.

The book describes his life as a settler and is a fascinating look at the history of the settlement of this part of Kansas.

"The lobo, or buffalo wolf, was the largest and most vivacious wolf of the plains, twice the size of the gray timber wolf of Mich. and Wis. in the early days, and four times as large as the little coyote.

They were as large or larger than the largest German police dogs and would kill buffalo, cattle horses at will by cutting their ham-strings first and then eating them.

In the winter of 1875 one of these wolves killed several head of cattle belonging to settlers on Bow Creek, until he was hunted down and killed. They were not so ready to attack people as the gray timber wolf but would hardly get out of one's way, and I was always glad to let them alone if they would me. When they howled, it sounded like a lion's roar," he said.

When the Wells family first came west they settled on a homestead in Phillips County near what later came to be named Speed.

"We were on the extreme western border of all civilization in Kansas, there being only one white woman west of us, on the Solomon River. They found themselves in a savage country inhabited by native tribes and wild animals.'

"The screech owls screeched at night in the cottonwood over our heads. The wildcats' cries could often be heard in the timber. The coyote wolves kept up their howling nearly every night, sounding like hundreds at times. The buffalo wolves made the night hideous

our beds as they began their chorus on the bluff near the camp."

There is a photo of such a wolf in the book that is described as weighing 175 pounds.

This animal was probably hunted and killed out of our fear of it. Undoubtedly, just the fact that people came to live on and make a living from this land brought many changes to the environment that caused these wolves' extinction.

We can't blame the pioneers for wanting to be safe, as we cannot experience ourselves the fear and isolation and survival instincts that played out in their lives. We are, however, grateful that someone who experienced life on the plains during the settlement years took the time to preserve their thoughts and experiences of that time.

E-mail obituaries or births to ebradley@nwkansas.com

Showing at the

(PG-13) 2 Hour, 5 Minutes

(Presented in Digital Sound)

Friday and Saturday: 7:00 and 9:15 p.m. Sunday: 5:00 and 7:00 p.m.;

Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday: 7 p.m

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know, even at church dinners.

Life itself is a sort of pot luck affair. There are so many enticing dishes on the table sometimes it is difficult to make wise choices. To mangle Robert Frost's famous poem "the casserole not taken"

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Duplicate Bridge – June 10 four tables met at the Norton Manor. First place went to Myron Veh and Jerry Moritz, second was won by Bob Jones and Carla Latimer and third was won by Norman Walter and Claudia Bridges.

Ethel Miller – Ethel Millers's entire family gathered on Saturday at the Andbe Home to surprise her for her 90th birthday. Her three children Nancy and Gary Schmidt, of Sharon Springs, Sherry and Greg Pope, of Arroyo Grande, Cal. and Mick and Colette Miller, of Norton, Ethel's eight grandchildren, 19 of her

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