

OBITUARIES

Phyllis F. Volgamore

Dec. 4, 1935 - Jan. 4, 2010

Phyllis Faye Volgamore, daughter of Lyman and Vera (Havens) VanDerWege, was born December 4, 1935, in Norton and passed away at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Kearney on January 4, 2010, at the age of 74.

On April 5, 1954, Phyllis married Dale Volgamore in Beaver City, Neb. They made their home in Beaver City and Denver, Colo., before returning to Norton County, making their home in the Alma area. Dale passed away Feb. 19, 2005.

Following his death, Phyllis moved to Norton to live with family.

Survivors include: two sons,

Michael and wife, Jan Volgamore and Phillip Volgamore; and one daughter, Diana, and husband, Tom Montoia, all of Norton; one brother, Russell VanDerWege, Colorado Springs, Colorado; two sisters, Gloria Anderson of Oregon, and Gini VanDerWege of California; four grandchildren, Brian, Michelle, Derek, and Resa Volgamore; other relatives and friends.

She was preceded in death by her parents and her husband, Dale.

Mrs. Volgamore was cremated and there are no services. Arrangements were handled by Enfield Funeral Home, Norton.

Brian J. McLellan

Jan. 3, 1948 - Dec. 26, 2009

Brian J. McLellan died Dec. 26 at the Norton County Hospital at the age of 61.

He was born Jan. 3, 1948 to Lawrence and Agnes (Harr) McLellan in Concordia.

He was a former longtime Hill City resident where he was an insurance agent.

Brian was a Vietnam War Veteran and was the recipient of two Bronze Service Stars.

Survivors are one son, Mikel McLellan, Norton; one daughter, Megan McLellan, Pratt; sister Linda Riffe, Casper, Wyo. and

one grandchild.

He was preceded in death by his parents, and a brother Larry.

Graveside services were held Jan. 4, at Kansas Veteran's Cemetery in WaKeeney, with Phillip F. Stinemetz officiating. Interment was at Kansas Veteran's Cemetery in WaKeeney.

Memorials may be made to the American Cancer Society in care of Stinemetz Funeral Home, 522 N. Pomeroy, Hill City, Kan. 67642.

Arrangements were made by Stinemetz Funeral Home.

Hugh Orin Rodenbaugh

Aug. 12, 1934 - Dec. 27, 2009

Hugh Orin Rodenbaugh was born the seventh child of eight children to Hugh Cephas Rodenbaugh and Mary Abba (Hall) Rodenbaugh on Aug. 12, 1934, south of Naponee, Neb. in northern Phillips County. Orin was baptized at St. Joseph Catholic Church, in Alma, Neb. and prior to his death attended St. Joseph Catholic Church in Lincoln, Neb. He died Dec. 27, 2009 at his home, in Lincoln, Neb., at the age of 75.

Orin, as everyone came to know him, resided in the Inavale community in Phillips County, until he was four years old. The family moved to Long Island where he attended Long Island Consolidated Schools and was a graduate of the class of 1953. He went on to serve in the United States Army during the Korean War serving at Fort Riley; Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.; Fort Dix, N. J.; and Camp Drum, N.Y.

On Sept. 11, 1954, Hugh Orin Rodenbaugh was united in marriage to Crystal Genevieve Gaffney at the St. Joseph Catholic Church in Alma, Neb.. To this union five children were born, two sons and three daughters. Orin and Crystal resided in Alma where Orin was employed with Zulauf Furniture before moving the family to Lexington, Neb., where he continued his floor covering work with Graham Edwards and eventually owning and operating Orié's Floor Covering Service. In 2004, Orin and Crystal relocated

to Lincoln to enjoy retirement, kids and the interests and activities of their grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by his parents Hugh and Mary; in-laws Orville and Leoma Gaffney; infant sister Mary Ann; brother Raymond and wife Helen; sister Ella Williams; and four brothers-in-law; Orville Ferguson, Kenneth Molzahn, Dean Groshong, and Orville Gaffney.

Survivors include his wife of 55 years, Crystal. Children: Craig and wife Helen, Lincoln; daughter Brenda Walton, Columbus, Ga.; son Steve and wife Elaine, Seward; daughter Marcia Herring and husband Michael, Ashland; daughter Michelle Fullerton and husband Mark, Liberty, Mo.; brother Don and wife Verla, Hartsville, Mo.; sisters Edna Ferguson and Opal Molzahn, Naponee; sister Alta Mae Groshon, Cambridge, 12 grandchildren, 11 great grandchildren, other relatives and a host of friends.

Mass of the Christian Burial was held on Dec. 31 at St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Alma, Neb. Interment was at Mount Calvary Catholic Cemetery, Orleans, Neb.. Military honors were provided by Veterans Military Honors Team.

Memorials may be directed to Southeast Nebraska Cancer Foundation, 201 South St. Place, Lincoln, Neb. 68510.

Arrangements were by Banta-Torrey Funeral Home in Alma, Neb.

Weather brings back memories

Child of the '40s

Liza Deines



It is cold! I awake and find the window by my bed coated with beautiful frost crystals . . . inside the glass. Rolling over, snug in my quilt, I poke forth one finger and begin scratching lines in the icy surface with my fingernail. Then I remember how Roger showed me to use my fist to make a baby foot with tiny finger dots for toes. When Mama comes in to wake me up there are itsy baby footprints all over the window. "You children," she says with a fake sigh. "Now I'll have to wash those windows again. Quick, come out by the stove to dress and let's get some hot oats in that cold tummy." I grab the clothes she has laid out and scamper out to the dining room where the tall coal stove has created an oasis of warmth. The stove and the kitchen are the only warm places in the house.

On the hill outside I sight enough snow to go sledding. Oh, oh boy, oh boy! Mama and I struggle to stuff me into my snow pants, which are a sort of overall contraption made of heavy wool, held up with suspenders. Mama made them and a coat and hood that match from Grandpa's old overcoat. They keep me nice and warm. Now for the black rubber pull on boots, almost too small over a pair of Roger's heavy socks and I lumber out to the barn to fetch my sled.

Dad made my sled from scraps and a piece of rope. It isn't as fancy as sleds you buy down at Keraus Hardware but it really slides because he smoothed the runners and waxed them down. We live at the top of the only hill on the west edge of a flat Kansas town with no near neighbors. I seldom have playmates, but this cold and snowy morning there are kids everywhere, snowballing and sledding and building snowmen in the pasture. Onto the sled and down I go -- wheeee! Laboriously I pull it back to the top. My legs are short and it's quite a task but I start sliding down again.

Wham! Here come those mean boys from the corner on a big toboggan sled. They steer right

into me on purpose and knock me into the deep snow in the ditch. My little homemade sled can't steer out of their way and they know it. "You darned ol' boys, you leave me ALONE!" I yell, so mad I am crying. Tears and snot freeze on my cheeks and nose as I begin furiously digging out my sled. Just as I get it back on the street here they come again to kick snow all over me, wash my icy face with snowballs and their rough mittens. They run off laughing and jeering while I stand in the snow stomping my feet and yelling through hiccupping sobs. "You darned ol' boys!"

"Pretty big language for such a little girl," says a voice from behind me. I turn around, fists balled up, and see Russ, who lives at the bottom of the hill. He squats down and wipes my face with his bandanna and dusts snow off me. "I'd say something worse but I'm not allowed," I snuffle. "Those darned ol' boys." Russ grins. He's in the Navy and is home on leave for Christmas. I bet he knows worse, and he's probably allowed since he's in the Navy. He pulls my sled back up the hill and gives me a good big shove that sends me flying down at stupendous speed, and he runs along beside me to forestall further toboggan attacks. He and his sister Wanda stay around with me all morning until Mama calls me for lunch. No more toboggan troubles for me. I guess the Navy makes boys nicer.

It's quite an ordeal to peel me out of my snow soggy clothes, which we hang on chairs by the stove to dry out. Mama lets me eat lunch in my fuzzy rabbit slippers and the long flannel robe she made for me. Dad comes in, stamping snow from his five-buckle galoshes and mackinaw. "Fourteen inches downtown,"

he announces, "and no grocery shoppers so I closed up for lunch. Hope there's enough?"

"Homemade vegetable soup," Mama says, "if you can make do with that and crackers with cheese." With a big smile he says he sure can make do with that so we promptly sit down to steamy bowls brimming with carrots, turnips, potatoes and lots of home canned tomato chunks. Dad tells tales of he and his Chamber of Commerce buddies who have been down town digging folks out and shoveling driveways. "The bank is open," Dad says, "but we had to dig Jake Heckman out up by the watertower before he could get down Main Street. Don't know how he got that far. Chick Hendricks and the county boys are out on the highways with snowplows, but it'll be awhile before they get to town. He said there are two semis off the road out by Trego Center. I'm going back to open up in case anyone needs milk, providing the milk truck gets in." He heads back out into the cold, full of good hot soup and well bundled.

We clean up the kitchen and start a pot roast for supper. Mama says we have plenty of kerosene and coal and the oven will help warm the house. We have just curled up on the divan in a blanket to read and keep warm when Roger comes in.

"Wind's rising, snowing again and they barricaded the highways," he says, "so Ray sent me home. No more windshield washing today." He holds up raw, red hands. "And I am glad." He goes to investigate the refrigerator and comes back with a bologna

sandwich. "Some guy with Tennessee plates comes in and asks me if the wind blows this way all the time out here. I told him no, sometimes it comes from the other direction. He and a bunch of other travelers are holed up in Redhorse Café at the station," he continues, "and the Staatz is full up, even have folks renting the divans in the lobby."

I've never been inside the Staatz Hotel but I've looked in the big plate glass windows. Those dusty divans sure don't look like anyplace I'd want to sleep. "Dad said to tell you he's going out on the snowplow with Chick to take milk and bread to some folks around town before he comes for supper."

"I believe I'll make a pot of coffee," Mama says, "and some nice hot biscuits for supper." She bustles off to the kitchen, humming.

As she rises Roger comes and takes her warm spot on the divan to snuggle under the blanket with me. "Did you go out?" he asks, sighting my clothes hanging by the fire. "Sledding, huh?" He gives me a hug. "No body on the hill now except some freezing idiots on a toboggan."

"They should join the Navy," I say and I give him a hug back.

NOTE TO MY READERS: The KC metro area had a little old snowstorm over the Christmas weekend that shut the whole town down. Noteven six or eight inches of snow! I sat in my cozy apartment and laughed, remembering the Kansas blizzards of years past. This was one of them from the 1940's that stayed very clear in my mind. Stay warm out there!

Dec. 30 - Jan. 6

Showing at the

NORTON THEATRE

Alvin and the Chipmunks: The Squeakquel
1 Hour, 40 Minutes (PG)
Fri. and Sat.: 7:00 and 9:20 p.m.
Sunday: 5:00 and 7:20 p.m.
Mon., Tues., Wed. 7 p.m.

The Blind Side
2 Hrs., 18 Minutes (PG-13)

Only Premiere Passes Accepted for Chipmunks
All Passes Accepted for Blind Side

Alvin and the Chipmunks Premiere Price of \$7 and \$6; No Sunday Discount
Blind Side is the General Admission Price of \$6 and \$5; \$3/Ticket this Sunday

COMING SOON
•Sherlock Holmes •Avatar
Check the Theatre website
www.nortontheatre.com

This ad is brought to you by The Norton Telegram

Student News

Alex Riemann, 2004 Graduate of Lansing High School, received his Bachelor of Science degree from the University of Kansas School of Education in May, 2009. This fall he has been selected as the recipient of the Ruth E. Litchen Memorial Scholarship for 2009-2010 as he completes the student teaching at Baldwin City, Kan. and Lawrence Free State, Lawrence, Kan.

This scholarship is granted to

students who are outstanding in the field of education and academics.

Alex is the son of Kelly R i e m a n n, Lansing, and Kevin R i e m a n n, Topeka.



Alex Riemann

E-mail social news to Harriett at: hgill@nwkansas.com

COLORING CONTEST

NOTICE: To all the Participants in the Christmas Coloring Contest . . . Please stop by the Telegram Office and pick up your pictures and prizes as soon as possible

Thank You to all those that participated!

THE NORTON TELEGRAM



Riemann ~ Richeson

Come Celebrate with Kelly and Jim



at the Eagles in Norton on Fri., Jan. 8
6:00-8:00 p.m.