OBITUARIES

Dorothy Bertha Snyder Oct. 16, 1909 - June 28, 2012

and Amelia (Edgett) Glennemeier, was born on a farm near Logan on Oct. 16, 1909 and passed away June 28, 2012 at the Norton County Hos-

She grew up on her parents' farm located southwest of Logan. She attended West Union Grade School and Densmore High School. In 1930, she started working in the laundry area at the State Sanitarium east of Norton. On Oct. 27, 1930 she married Ernest (Slim) Snyder in Washington, Kan. They lived on a farm near Logan until they purchased a farm northeast of Norton in 1944 where they lived until moving into Norton in 1995.

iary Lodge #3288 in 1968 and in 2008 was honored for 40 years of service. Her favorite past time was playing Bingo at least three nights a week.

She was a charter member of the Eagles Auxil-

She is survived by her children, Don and wife,

Dorothy Bertha Snyder, the daughter of Anton Joan, of Oklahoma City, Okla., Barry and a special friend, Sandra Adams, of Morrison, Colo. and Rhonda and husband, Raymond, of Lenora; three granddaughters, Kendra Merchant of Norton, Lesley Snyder of Charlotte, N.C. and Helenka Snyder of Las Vegas, Nev.; three great-grandsons, Justin and Cameron Heikes and Treat Merchant, all of Norton.

She was preceded in death by her parents, her husband, one sister, Helen Parker, and one grandson, Todd Heikes.

A funeral service was held on July 2 at Enfield Funeral Home in Norton.

Interment was at Norton Cemetery.

Memorial contributions can be made to the Lenora Senior Center or the Norton Eagles Club.

Arrangements made by Enfield Funeral Home

Wilhelmina Ames Jan. 12, 1919 - June 23, 2012

Wilhelmina Ames of Phillipsburg passed away on June 23, 2012 at the Phillips County Hospital at the age of 93.

Wilhelmina was born in rural Harlan County Neb. to John William and Gretchen (Kampen) Wessels on Jan. 12, 1919. She was baptized May 23, 1919 in Evangelical Lutheran Church in Alma, Neb. She was confirmed on April 9, 1933 at the Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church in Stamford, Neb. She attended school at District 59, Harlan County and graduated from the 8th grade on May 27, 1932.

On Aug. 18, 1939 she was married to Richard Henry Ames at the Lutheran Church in Stamford, Neb. To this union three children were born: Dick, Grace and LeRoy.

The greatest joys of her life were when she and Richard were following and supporting their children and grandchildren in all their many activities, and they themselves being long time members of the Fort Bissell Saddle Club. She was always active in the family farming operation and also served as bookkeeper in the family implement business. Throughout the years she was involved in community organizations and served as a 4-H leader. During their later years, she and Richard became camping enthusiasts, spending several winters in south Texas. She continued to love camping until illness prevented her from

Those left to mourn her passing include her son, Richard (Dick) and wife Hazel of Long Island, and her daughter, Grace Grau and husband Melvin of Phillipsburg; grandchildren Rikann Webb, Rance Ames, Le-Roy and Debbie Hays, David and Janelle Grau, Sheila and Ricky Solida; nine great-grandchildren and two great-great granddaughters, two sisters-inlaw, Grace Wessels of Lordsburg, N.M. and Dorothy Tubbs of Norton, brother-in-law Marlin Ames and wife Velma of Salina, and nieces, nephews, and many other relatives and friends.

She was preceded in death by her parents, a 17-month-old son, LeRoy Hans on Nov. 17, 1945 and son-in-law, Victor Hays, on Feb. 19, 1970, seven brothers Wilhelm (Bill) and wife Mildred, Martin and wife Loretta, Hermann, Reinhardt (Rinnie), Enno, Hans and wife Barbara, Hinrich (Henry) and wife Twyla, and four sisters, Johanna Hansen and husband Gustav, Gretchen (Grace) Gishwiller and husband John, Christena (Tena) Rebman and husband Robert (Bob) and Elizabeth Smith and husband Francis, and infant baby sister, and brother-in-law Dale Tubbs.

A funeral service was held June 27 at Olliff-Boeve Memorial Chapel with the Pastor Lorna Paulus officiating.

Interment was at Long Island Cemetery.

Memorial contributions can be made to the Long Island Fire Department, Long Island E.M.S or the Long Island Cemetery.

Arrangements by Olliff-Boeve Memorial Chapel.

Walter K. Donaldson Feb. 16, 1931 - June 25, 2012

sleep June 25, 2012 at his home in Clifton, Colo. successful yard service until health issues forced He was born on Feb. 16, 1931 in Almena, to Walter B. and Gladys L. Donaldson.

He spent his childhood in Kansas and enlisted in the U.S. Navy in 1951. He served his country during the Korean War aboard the USS Menard.

Walt was a man of many talents and passions. Early in his career he moved to Gunnison, Colo. where he farmed, helped build Blue Mesa Reservoir, sold equipment and vehicles for Chapman Equipment, and sold insurance. During this time, he was able to pursue his other passions of fishing, hunting and horse training. He was always ready to help someone in need, whether it was plowing their driveway or assisting stranded motorists.

Walter K. Donaldson died peacefully in his Walt moved to Clifton, Colo. where he enjoyed a him to retire.

Walt's greatest passion was for his family.

He is survived by his loving wife, Kathy, of 57 years; his children, Dan (Diann) Donaldson, Denise Donaldson and Dianne (Jim) McHugh; 10 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by his infant son, his parents and two brothers.

A memorial service was held on June 28 at Callahan Edfast.

Interment was at Veterans Memorial Cemetery. Memorial contributions can be made to Hospice

and Palliative Care of Grand Junction, Colo.

Blood drive to be held in Jennings on July 6

The Jennings United Methodist Church is sponsoring a blood drive on Friday, July 6 from 8:30 a.m. to 2:45 p.m. in Jennings at the United Methodist Church, 202 S. Topeka.

The Red Cross blood supply has reached emergency levels with only half the readily available blood products on hand that were available at this time last year. All blood types are needed but especially O positive, O negative, B negative and A negative are necessary to meet patient demand.

Every day the Central Plains Blood Services Region which serves most of Kansas and Northern Oklahoma must collect 500 pints of blood to meet the demand. Each pint of whole

blood may help save more than one life. There is always the chance that a physician could postpone an elective surgery or forego a more serious procedure because of a shortage of blood.

The Jennings community has met or exceeded their quota at each blood drive they have held. The blood drives were begun as a tribute to friend and neighbor, Lawrence Jennings, who received many units of blood due to his illness of acute leukemia. The blood and blood products collected at this site are used for patients in the Northwest Kansas area.

Individuals who are 17 years of age (16 with parental permission), weigh at least 110 pounds and are in generally good health

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The Norton Teacher Association has selected Austine Dole as the recipient of the Norton Teacher's Association Scholarship. This \$250 scholarship is given to a junior or senior who is majoring in education and a graduate of Norton Community High School.

Austine was a 2010 graduate of Norton Community High School and will be a junior at the

University of Nebraska-Kearney this fall. Austine is working toward an elementary education degree.

> Call Mike with all your social news. 877-3361

may be eligible to donate blood. To make an appointment to donate blood, please contact Marge Hartzog, 785-678-3010. You must bring with you your donor card or a picture ID (i.e. driver's identification.

Jim Housh

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license) or two other forms of to come. Next I thin out the car-

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I Just Can't Understand Some Words

to benefit The Haven in Norton. Event organizer Carolyn Plotts reports that the dinner raised more than \$1,800, which was enough to pay for the roofing materials and with volunteer labor, the roof will be installed this summer. About 140 guests showed up for the dinner of pulled pork, baked beans, potato salad, cookies and drinks. The hog was donated by Barney and Karen Cox of Norton and the meat was processed at Kens-

ington Meat Locker, then

To help raise money to install a new metal roof on the building, a hog roast fund-

raiser was held Saturday evening at the 4-H building

prepared by C.W. Lyon of Norcatur. Carolyn Plots made the potato salad and the cookies were baked at the Aramark kitchen at the Norton Correctional Facility. Weekend guests of The Haven helped serve drinks and entertainment was provided by Volgamore, Jim and Carolyn Plotts, Jim Rowh and Mike Pollock. Pictured serving food to Ila Virgil are Patty Kleinschmidt, Carolyn Plotts and Lori Shields at the dinner.

Raising the roof for The Haven house

-Telegram photo by Carlleen Bell

We never know what lies ahead of us

New library books, a hammock under shady branches and my brother's battery powered radio tuned to KXXX in Colby. Could there be a better way to spend a summer afternoon? Of course I will have to pay the piper and hand over my allowance to buy new batteries when Roger catches me with his radio but that axe won't fall 'til later. Seventh grade is coming on, but that, too, can wait until later. For now I'm footloose and fancy

I'm deep in the latest Nancy Drew, humming along to "Swingin' Down the Lane" and lazily propelling the hammock with one bare toe. It is too good to last; all too soon I see Mama coming across the yard with her favorite picking bucket in hand. I sigh and turn off the radio. "String beans or peas?" I ask.

"Well," Mama says, "if we can find some little taters I thought we might make slumgullion for supper. Could you come help?"

Oh, how I love slumgullion! We only make it with the first picking from the garden and I'll even leave Nancy Drew behind for it. We walk slowly out back to the garden patch, enjoying velvety purple baby iris blooms along our path, dainty grape hyacinths playing among them and happy little viola faces smiling up at us as we stroll by. The sweet peas on the trellis fence are in full blossom and their fragrances floats around us. We pull a few weeds along the way and drop them over the fence for the chickens. No chemicals in our 1950's garden to distress our feathered friends or our food.

Mama starts poking around the potato plants with a dinner fork, searching for the first tiny potatoes forming on the outer runners. They must be at least as big as a shooter marble to cook properly in slumgullion. Meanwhile I gather a few skinny string beans. They're just setting on but the thriving leafy plants full of burgeoning blossoms promise many more

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Child of the '40s Liza Deines

rot row, pulling only every third or fourth one. The rest will grow bigger because we take a few out, but they are such babies I almost hate to pull them. Mama has apparently found enough potatoes because she now has her basket heaped with them and little, round onions that are too big for little green onions. I add my contributions and we head for the kitchen, rejoicing in our early crops.

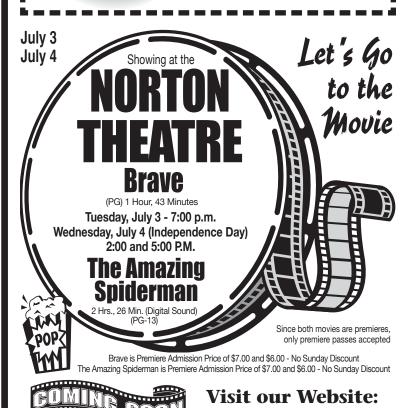
Mama browns chunks of hog jowl in a heavy kettle while I'm scrubbing veggies and peeling onions. Sometimes she uses ham or slab bacon but we all like hog jowl best. When it starts to sizzle she adds just enough boiling water to create broth, scratching up brown drippings accumulated in the bottom of the pan. I trim baby carrots, leaving barely a quarter inch of their greenery and toss all the garden goodies into that bubbling broth. Mama adds some corn kernels cut off a cob leftover from last night's supper along with a generous sprinkling of black pepper. Soon it's simmering away, filling our kitchen with an appetizing aroma and the cooks with eager anticipation.

"I think I'll make lemonade for supper," Mama says. Since we got an electric refrigerator last fall she delights in all the ice she can make and we've had lots of lemonade this year. She squeezes lemons on a green glass juicer, measures sugar and the scent of fresh citrus blends into the kitchen atmosphere. Could the kitchen smell any better? Could this day get any better?

In the cool of dusk we dabble homemade bread chunks in fresh vegetable stew and guzzle icy lemonade. Juicy, red watermelon wedges are saved for twilight enjoyment as we sit on the front porch and watch twinkling fireflies appear. Barefoot, I dash across the grass, pickle jar in hand, to capture some for a golden nightlight by my bed. Sweet, sweet summer time. Would that it could last forever!

NOTE: Little did we know that the following evening swirling dark clouds would descend, whipping themselves into a frenzy of tornadoes, one of which would destroy the northwest corner of WaKeeney including our home. I never felt truly secure again.





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