

The Colony Penn!

~~98th~~
100th

Issue No. 68
July 2021
A Publication of the Pennsylvania Colony
Historical Society of Nebraska



Smiles will be worn, not masks

by Keith M. Heim

Last summer's annual colony picnic was slated to be our 99th *consecutive* event, which dated back to 1922, but the streak fell victim to COVID 19. With the resumption of the traditional event this summer, we are on track to celebrate the **100th** annual event, if we factor in the very first picnic that was held in 1914! We are planning now for the two-day event, Saturday, July 31, and Sunday, August 1. (*See circle*)

We hope many of you will make a special effort to attend. All of us, having had a trying year of anxiety and separation, will find the picnic a needed and refreshing time of reconnecting with friends and family and reviving family history and traditions—perhaps it represents a testimony to the triumph of the human spirit over adversity!

Saturday will essentially be a work/preparation day (helpers welcome!) beginning at ten (lunch available), with the annual watermelon feed scheduled for the lawn in front of the Henry Heim House at 6 p.m.

Rolls and coffee will be available for breakfast

It seems unlikely an upsurge of Covid-19 could result in a cancellation of the picnic. If it does, it will be impossible for us to notify everyone, so we suggest you contact us, around July 25, to be sure the event is still on. Phone or email one of the following: Charol Pleiss, Shirley Pierce, or Keith Heim. See panel on page 2 for contact information.

in the museum Sunday morning at ten, followed at eleven by Sunday services and a memorial moment in the newly renovated chapel there.

The traditional Colony picnic dinner (catered) will begin at 12:15. A business meeting will follow at approximately 1:30. The afternoon can be spent renewing old friendships, making new ones, and touring the museum and Henry Heim House. (See insert for the meal reservation form, new and renewal memberships, and donations.)

It promises to be a meaningful and memorable event! We hope many of you will make a special effort to attend.

REMEMBERING BOB



It is with sorrow and a sense of loss that we note the recent passing of Robert Williamson. We shall miss his enthusiasm and untiring dedication to the Pennsylvania Colony and the preservation of its heritage. Whenever help and leadership were needed, he was always ready to step in and see things through. His enthusiasm and outgoing

personality were vital to maintaining family ties and staging the annual reunions. Indeed, without them, the Colony, itself, might well have withered away.

The preservation of the Henry Heim House and the establishment of the museum were his lifelong dream, and they stand as a monument to Bob and the accomplishment of that dream. We shall miss Bob's boisterous laugh and unflinching enthusiasm. To remember him is to smile.

The Photo in the Banner: Mother and daughter. Mildred Cecelia Ulmer, 15 months, and Sophia Heim Ulmer. From the Barbara Ely Fullmer collection, Penn Colony Community Museum.

The Colony Penn

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MEMBERSHIP CATEGORIES

Life \$1000; Patron \$50; Sustaining \$25;

Family \$15; Individual \$10

To join or renew, send check to:

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Charol and Dan Pleiss

President's Letter

Welcome 2021. Plans are moving forward for the annual reunion/picnic. We have enough inside space to socially distance. If inside and you wish, masks may be worn. With 2020 a year of "shut down," there are still some loose ends to wrap-up on the Phase 2 of the museum/community building construction.

The past year has been hard on the Penn Colony. We have lost several members who were instrumental in the formation of the Penn Colony or were very supportive members. At this year's picnic we plan to have a table set up as a memorial to these members.

We are still working on the debt retirement project. For the "senior" readers of this newsletter, an individual age 70½ or older can donate money up to \$100,000 directly from an IRA account to a qualified charity. The Penn Colony is a qualified charity. If both the donor and spouse have IRA accounts, this charitable option is available to both of those over 70½. Such donations can help meet the annual required minimum distribution and result in income tax savings by not increasing adjusted gross income and its impact on the taxing of social security benefits. (See your income tax advisor for more details on this topic.)

Be sure to let us know if you are planning to attend the picnic by sending us the reservation form, an email or calling us.

—Dan Pleiss

DONATIONS & MEMBERSHIPS

The following funds have been received since the last issue of the newsletter was published. Donations received after June 12, 2021, will be reported in the next newsletter. If you would prefer your donation to be listed anonymously or be unpublished, please indicate your preference.

Thanks to all who contribute in any way to support the Pennsylvania Colony.

DONATIONS

In Memory of Bob Williamson:

Dwight Elliott, \$50
Lloyd Epley, \$100
Joe & Michelle Heim, \$25
Keith Heim, \$500
Violet Heim, \$25
Dick & Marilyn Ogle, \$100
Neal & Shirley Pierce, \$100
Claudia Robertson, John Heim, Paul Heim, \$100
Neil & Margaret Thacker, \$100
Phyllis Williamson, Susie Latusek & family,
Cindy Callaway & family, \$600
Doris Wuster, \$25

Debt retirement fund:

Ron Blevins, \$300, in memory of Paul Shivley.
Debra Bryant, \$100, in memory of her mother,
Nona (Ludwig) Walker.
Marjorie Fithian, \$100
Charles Heim, \$100
Keith Heim, \$1,000
Paul & Suzi Heim, \$200
Myron Klein, \$50
Dr. Randy & Jana Weber, \$200
Frances Whited, \$50
Wayne & Dee Young, \$1,000

Building fund:

Neal & Shirley Pierce, \$400
Anonymous, \$2,000

General fund:

Gwen Belden, \$50
Doug Brown & Gail Korell, \$2,500, in honor
of Ruth Brown's 98th birthday.
Joe and Michelle Heim, \$50
J. J. Hickey, Jr., \$50, in honor of Shirley
Pierce and Ruth Brown.
John Hickey, \$100
Donna Sandoz, \$25
Anonymous, \$2,500
Anonymous, \$1,500

Bank of America Charitable Foundation: Grant
for volunteer time contributed to Penn Colony
by Shirley Pierce, \$500.

Note regarding donations: We strive for accuracy as we compile our list of donors. If you note an error or omission, please bring it to our attention. Send comments or corrections to Charol Pleiss, 14721 Laurel Plaza, Omaha, NE 68116; or: pleissc@gmail.com.

MEMBERSHIPS

These members of the Pennsylvania Colony Historical Society have joined or renewed since the last newsletter was published. Memberships received after June 12, 2021, will be published in the next newsletter.

Thanks to all our members for their support.

Patron Members: Gwen Belden, Claudia &
Brian Robertson

Sustaining Members: Sherry Tyler

Family Members: Jerry & Vernetta Coleman

Individual Members: Cheryl Bishop, Roger
Iiff, Dixie Minary, Neal Pierce

Wheat harvesting—A vintage view —kmh

Cousin Bill Hensler of Dolores, Colorado, has sent us a photo of his father, Harry Hensler, harvesting wheat by means of a horse-drawn binder, a common sight in Pennsylvania (and Nebraska) in the pre-combine days of the 1940s. Visible just above the horses are arms of a device that pushed the wheat stalks against the blades of a moving sickle. Visible on the steep slope in the background are rows of wheat shocks, shocked by hand. The binder did not always kick the tied bundles out at the same spot on succeeding rounds, hence the crooked rows.

Bill writes that his father was sometimes teased about farming on the steep hills. He replied that he had an advantage over them since he could farm on both sides of the ground. One of his favorite sayings was, “At a meal, always take the piece closest to you on the plate even if you have to turn the plate around.”

The name may not be familiar to some of us Pennsylvanians in Nebraska, but Bill is related to many of us through two lines. His mother, Florence Hensler, was a granddaughter of C.D. Heim, who

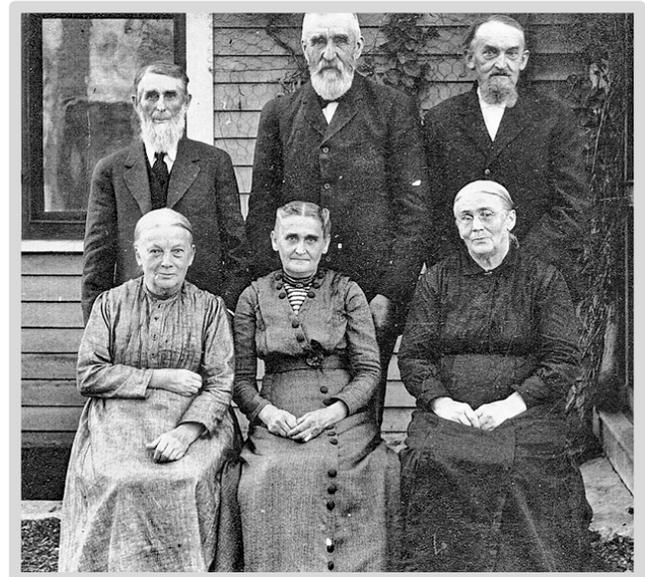
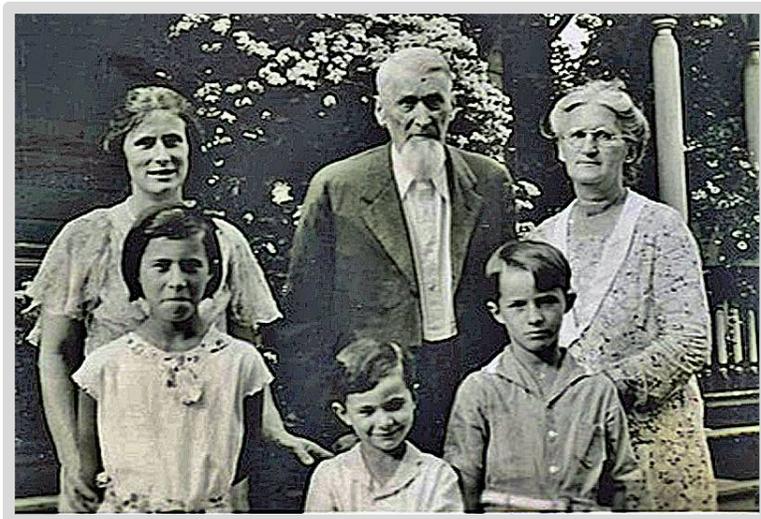
was a brother of John J. Heim and Mrs. Johnnie (Margaret) Heim. Florence’s grandmother was a daughter of Joseph Gross and a sister of Jacob G. (Regina) Heim. The two family photos (below) Bill has shared with us will help shed some light on the complicated relationships.

Longtime readers may remember this editor’s boasting in print about having bested Bill’s two brothers by shooting a lone crabapple out of the top of a tall tree in their backyard near Williamsport after Sunday dinner way back in 1955.

Bill writes that he is recovering from COVID 19, which found him even in southwest Colorado! He and his wife Sue hope he can attend a colony picnic one of these years. We hope so, too.



Front (l to r): Jane, Bill, and Charles Hensler, children of Florence Hensler (left in back row) with her grandfather, C.D. Heim, and his daughter, Hannah Fisher (Florence’s mother).



Children of Jacob Heim. Back row (l to r): Sons John J., C.D., and Johnnie Heim. Their wives, Rosina Heim, Elizabeth Gross Heim, and Margaret Heim are seated in front of them. C.D. and Elizabeth visited Dawson on at least one occasion.

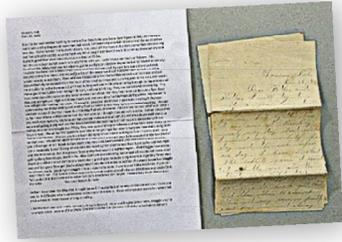
November 1883—Life in Dawson —shp

In November, 1883, my grandfather, Joseph (Joe) G. Heim is 26 years old, married, and father of a four-month-old baby girl. Joe was born and raised in Blooming Grove, Pennsylvania, and is now thirteen hundred miles away, living in the “Wild West”—and if you think it’s no longer wild, see below!

Below are excerpts from a letter Joe wrote to his parents who are in Pennsylvania visiting relatives. It’s a handwritten letter that has been “translated” via typewriter, by someone in the family of Bertha Heim Shively, the baby in the letter. It is in a collection of papers donated by Ron Blevins, grandson of Bertha.

Some background: In 1874, Joe and his parents, Jacob G. and Regina Gross Heim, moved to Nebraska. During the winter of

1880-81, Joe, 23, and his sister Sarah, 22, returned to Blooming Grove to visit relatives. While there he met Rosa, and the two soon knew they wanted to make a life together. The quandary: A girl did not blithely leave her loved ones and move hundreds of miles away. The solution? Rosa’s parents, Johnnie and Margaret Heim, decided to sell all and settle in Nebraska also, arriving in Dawson in May, 1881. A wedding followed!



Dawson, Neb
Nov. 26, 1883

Dear Father and Mother,

I will write a few lines to let you know how it goes in Neb. by this time.

I am now at husking nearly every day . . . I have husked 760 bushels of corn. I counted

off the rows in the thirty acres field this evening and found that I had 132 rows to husk yet. . . . My corn is pretty good, four rows most always give a load of 25 bushels.

The boys have fifty acres on the lower quarter just about done. They had three cattle out a few times. Ogal [Ogle?] lost three steers and one cow since he has them in the stalks. . . .

. . . So far I have not had any help. Mr. Hazelton, the fellow that was to help me, got into a fight on election day, so he had to leave the country. I suppose you have heard about that.

Harve and Tom Maloon and Tigs got into a gnarl and Frank Brown (of the firm Mead and Brown), Justice of the Peace, went out and told them to behave or he would have to arrest them. Then all three filched onto him. Harve Maloon took out his knife and cut

Brown fearfully. He stabbed him in the back of the head six times and cut a big gash in his neck, and one in his shoulder into the bone, two or three inches long, and one in his side entering through to the entrails. Harve got three bullets, two through his body and one in his leg. They are both slowly recovering.

The English preacher (Petit) had a quarterly meeting in Dawson commencing last Friday evening and ending Sunday evening.

We are well and so are all the rest. . . . Mother, we received all your letters so far. . . . Father, I hope you are better again . . . so you can make out your visit. . . . I tell you, it is lonesome without Father, Mother and Maggie. . . . How soon are you coming home? If you do not come soon you will not know Bertha, she is growing to be quite a big baby; I must close, write soon.

Our love and best respects to you all and to Grandfather and Mother and Uncle Christ. Tell Uncle Christ that I wrote this letter to him but received none as yet. I would very much like to hear from him.

Your son Joseph G. Heim

Father, I have been thinking that it might be well if you came back by way of Omaha and stop there and see Dr. A. G. Fiskbie, who is considered to be one of the best doctors there is for such diseases. He makes that his business to treat diseases of long standing.



From the ‘E’-Mail bag . . .

Dear Dan and Charol,

Read Keith’s story on Polio and remembered

how it was when my younger brother Darrel contracted the bug. I always wondered why I didn’t since we slept in the same room. I think it may have had long term effects on him later years as he passed away in 2013.

—Ron Blevins

Ed note: When my twin brother Ken and I were five, our older brother Lowell contracted scarlet fever. We snuck into his room and drank from his water glass. Neither of us got sick, but I came down with it two years later. Ken didn’t although we slept in the same bed! Hard to figure.

Another scarlet fever story . . .

I was visiting by phone recently with my sister, Margaret Ruth (Heim) Brown (98 last December). She recalled a past winter when the family was quarantined and could not attend the Christmas Eve service at the Evangelical Church in Dawson. Her brother Lloyd had scarlet fever, so the four children, parents Emerson and Viola, and grandmother DuFrane had to stay on the farm for a period of time.

(Of course the cows had to be fed and milked, and the horses, sheep, pigs and chickens had to be tended to!) Ruth remembers that “we would go to the end of the lane, out to the road, and neighbors would find us there, and bring food to us.” Ruth thinks she would have been about five years old, and brother Lloyd about ten. —shp

The ties that bind have loose ends—kmh

Each issue of *The Colony Penn* contains obituaries of members of the older generation. Recently, to my dismay, I realized I have lost contact with one of the branches of my father’s family. My first cousins have all passed away, and I have no connection with the following generations. It is important that we make every effort to keep in contact with their children, grandchildren . . .



Please make a concerted effort to send in vital statistics to Evie Heim Grubb, who is in charge of Penn Colony’s genealogical records and statistics. Send via email to ehgrubb@gmail.com. Send family trees to me for the museum files.

Family Quilts

by Genevieve Ulmer Young

Thanks to Barrett Young, Genevieve's grandson, for this story.

During the 1970s and '80s the making of quilts was revived, but in the 1920s and '30s, the depression years, it was customary to make do with what was available or do without.

Scraps of fabric were sewn together and sandwiched with a filler of straw, cotton, wool, newspapers, or a blanket that had passed usefulness on its own. It was then tied with yarn or heavy thread or stitched through all three layers to hold the filler in place.

My mother, Cecelia Ulmer, pieced several quilt tops and as the rooms in our house were not large enough to accommodate a quilt frame, she paid one dollar per large spool of thread to have them quilted by Sarah and Rebecca Ulmer, who lived across the street from the Dawson Bethel Evangelical Church. They did quilting and other sewing for their meager subsistence. For \$3.50 they quilted the first quilt that I pieced in 1938, a Friendship Ring made of scraps left from dresses and aprons and applied onto new yellow fabric squares.

During the winter, Aunt Mary Ulmer Wuster always had a quilt in the frame like most people used at that time. The frame was four one-by-two-inch boards covered with heavy fabric and tied onto four dining room chairs. Neighbors and relatives dropped by and quilted while visiting. Aunt Mary pieced and quilted more bed covers than anyone else that I knew and gave them all away. Her granddaughter, Joyce Williams Harvill, who lives in Johnson City, Tennessee, is a dedicated quilter and was qualified to take a test to become a certified quilt appraiser at the American Quilt Society meeting in 1991. Our family quilts were sometimes "tied" rather than quilted.

My grandmother Sarah Heim Ulmer and Aunt Edna made a full size quilt for each grandchild. I have not been able to find the name of the pattern for mine, so I call it Optical Illusion.

The oldest quilt in my possession was made by great grandmother Catherine Shafer Ulmer before she was married to Martin Ulmer in Blooming Grove, Pennsylvania, about 1850. Her initials C S are embroidered on the back.

The story of the most colorful quilt is most interesting. According to information handed down to me, bolts of eight different bright-colored fabrics were sent from Pennsylvania to the Heim and Ulmer families in Nebraska before 1900. Each family took enough of each fabric to make identical quilts. Between 1971 and 1975, I took pictures of five of these called Rainbow quilts. It is very possible that there are more of these quilts than the ones in my photograph collection.



Genevieve displayed one of her quilts at the Penn Colony annual reunion. She and other Nebraska Quilt Guild members created the quilt to be a contest prize, which Genevieve then won!

There are sad quilt stories, too. Aunt Edna Ulmer hand-stitched a pink, green, and white applique Wild Rose quilt with alternating pieced blocks of one-inch square white polished cotton pieces while sitting at her mother's bedside during her last year on earth. There are more than 250 tiny pieces in each block. Pink and white triangles of the same size pieces border this beautiful quilt. It was hand-quilted after Aunt Edna moved into her own home in the 1930s. Being a very special quilt, it was used only when company was coming as a bedspread and never washed. It was almost completely ruined by hungry silverfish while being stored in a dresser drawer and was given to me in 1971 with the hopes of repairing it.

Aunt True Stratton Ulmer permitted me to photograph a quilt made by her grandmother, Cynthia Haynes Stratton, in 1914 and given to True because she had the same birthday as her grandfather, Isaiah, November 11. It is made from fabric from Civil War Army shirts brought home by Isaiah, a soldier in the Union Army, a real treasure.

If you have quilts in your possession, find out as much information about them as possible, who pieced them, who did the quilting, when they were made, and for what purpose or occasion. Record this information with a picture of each quilt for future generations to enjoy.



From Richard & Carol Heim, Haddon Township, New Jersey

My Penn Colony newsletter came just 2 days ago. I always look forward to it . . . I'm sorry that the newsletter is down to two issues a year.

. . . my wife Carol and I were up to Williamsport in October. The main purpose of our trip was to do some long-needed weeding and maintenance of a small memorial garden we keep at the gravesite of my parents (Robert and Anna) who are buried in Muncy. I've attached a picture of the gravesite with garden in Muncy. . . it's a beautiful little town just about 15 miles away from Williamsport and where my mother Anna was born and raised. My father Robert was from Williamsport.

[We] definitely hope to get to the 2021 Penn Colony picnic.



Dawson has ‘famous’ visitors

Though Vern Heim never got around to writing his “life story,” his wife Jeannette wrote it for him, and this article is taken almost word-for-word from her document.

Arthur Vern Heim, son of Emerson and Viola Heim, grew up on a farm two miles north of Dawson. He was five years old in 1924 and would have entered Kindergarten that year or the following year.

His Kindergarten teacher used to ask him to count as far as he could because she loved to hear him say, “Hun, hoo, hee, hor, hi, hick, and being a smart boy, all the way up to “hickety-hick.” Later, a little surgery corrected his speaking problem, and that was always a happy story to tell. Vern was a good student, but one day he had to take a note home, telling his mother that he had used bad language. He had said “gosh.” When his mother read the note, she told him that she was so disappointed with him. It must have made a great impression on him, because he never used bad language or took the Lord’s name in vain all of his life.

When Vern was about six or seven years old, his father took him to town one day where they saw a young man with an airplane giving rides over the countryside. They went up for a ride, which Vern never forgot, especially when they learned that their pilot had become famous as the first person to fly solo across the Atlantic Ocean. Charles Lindbergh had gone barnstorming all around the Midwest to raise money for his historic flight, which he made in early 1927.

Vern’s first venture into the world of business (the adult Vern was with IBM for many years) was when he and his cousin, Carl James, opened a stand along the state highway that ran past their neighboring farms. They sold lemonade and ham sandwiches to passing motorists and were doing quite well until a man from the State Board of Health happened by and closed them down. Perhaps the bucket of ice they were using was not considered to be sufficient refrigeration.

One day a big black shiny car with two men in it drove into the farmyard. They asked for something to eat, and after Vern’s mother fixed sandwiches and glasses of milk for them, she said, “Vern, go to the apple shed and get some apples for them.” At the sound of the name Vern, one of the men started up, but settled down when he



Ready for the first day of school: Harold Lloyd, Arthur Vern, Ivan Dale, and Margaret Ruth Heim. [Joseph G. & Rosa Heim family]

realized that the boy heading for the shed was named Vern. On the way, Vern was attracted to the big car and stopped to look in. He saw a big tarp covering something bulky looking, probably their gun arsenal. One of the men hollered, “Get away from the car, kid!”

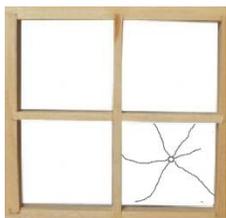
After they left, Vern’s mother called the sheriff who came out and took fingerprints off the glasses. It turned out they were Pretty Boy Floyd and Vern Nelson, two notorious and dangerous criminals from the Dillinger gang who were on the run from federal agents.

Life in the big town of Dawson!

—shp

Ed. I was only about five at the time that Vern and Carl had their stand on the highway. We lived about a hundred feet down the road! I remember the stand and grape pop in a glass bottle—*ice cold!* I can still taste it!

Buttoning up against the cold —kmh



Years ago, pioneer families learned to “make do” with what they had, using ordinary buttons to mend broken but not shattered window panes. At the point of impact where the cracks radiated out from a small hole, two large buttons were sewn together, one on the inside and one on the outside of the glass to cover the hole and hold the glass in place. I suppose it took two people to do the job. If the fit was not tight, the cold air sometimes found its way inside. The method, widely in use when I was a child, is almost unknown today.

I remember seeing it in use after my father bought a brand new 1930 Model A Ford. He parked it in our garage, and as he pulled the overhead door of the garage down, it would not go all the way down. He got a hammer to fix it. Standing behind the car facing the door, he brought the hammer back behind his ear, ready to deliver a blow to the door. However, the backswing struck the rear window of the

new car, breaking it! It was mended by the use of two large metal buttons, and I had about eight years to admire the art before we could afford a new car.

While we are on the subject of glass, I remember that my science teacher told us that window glass is actually a liquid, and as time goes by, some of it tends to flow toward the bottom of the panes, causing a distorted view through the window. This was true in my grandparents’ house, which was built in 1889. Displaying an artistic and creative bent even as a child, I used to amuse myself by looking out of the windows and moving my head up and down and side to side and in circles, creating squiggly, surreal images of the scene outside. Etch a Sketch came a bit later.

Photo credits: Page 1: Barbara Ely Fullmer (banner); Shirley Pierce (Williamson). Page 2: Linda Knudsen. Page 3: William Hensler. Page 5: Shirley Pierce (Genevieve); Richard Heim (gravesite). Page 6. Shirley Pierce. Page 7. Families (obituaries). Page 8: Internet.

Trading places . . . sort of

My great-grandfathers, Jacob G. Heim and John J. Heim, lived across Highway 73 from each other, JG on the south side and JJ on the north side. In death as in life, they are buried across the driveway from each other in the cemetery, but JG is on the north side and JJ is on the south! Since JG died first, thirteen years before his cousin, I assume that JG got first choice. —kmh



A note from a cousin

“I hope I am sending this to the right person for publication in the Penn Colony newsletter. I happened across it while looking up other information for my mother Phyllis . . . Mom is 94 years old. She is currently battling Covid at Bryan East hospital in Lincoln. She’s strong and we are praying for her recovery.”

—**Juanita Riggle**, North Platte, Nebraska

Sadly, Juanita’s mother Phyllis passed away in January.

Juanita enclosed a clipping from the *Falls City Journal*, October 3, 1953, about a very interesting competition! The clipping is shown in readable form below.

Juanita’s mother Phyllis [Luebs] is the daughter of John Stratton, son of Mary Louise Heim Stratton. Phyllis married Wilbur Constantine on December 9, 1945. Wilbur died at age 27 on September 1, 1948. Their children are Susanne, born November 21, 1946, Darrell, born September 20, 1947, and Juanita, born August 13, 1948, two weeks before Wilbur died.

Baby Record Eyed Locally

Mrs. Phyllis Constantine, 1912 Schoenheit, became an entry today in the nation-wide competition between mothers who have had their children at shorter than usual intervals.

First, Mrs. Faye Shaver of Cleveland attracted national attention by having three babies in 23 months and 10 days. But her record didn't stand for long.

Mrs. Loren Daifer of Beaver City, Neb., a former Richardson county resident, revealed that she had three children in 22 months and 21 days.

Then Mrs. Walter Ross of Deaver entered the picture with proof that she had borne three children in 22 months flat.

But Mrs. Constantine of Falls City beats Mrs. Ross' feat by quite a little, she believes. Her three children were born in slightly less than 21 months, she told *The Journal* today.

The children are:

Susanne, 7 years old, born Nov. 21.

Darrel, 6 years old born Sept. 20.

Juanita, 5 years old, born Aug. 13.

Sadly Noted



Connie Dallmann Johnson, 69, passed away in Lincoln December 27, 2020. Born February 19, 1951, she was the daughter of Leslie and Evelyn (Heim) Dallmann. She is survived by her daughters Angie (Garth) Borschleagl and Misty (Chad) Vandergriend, brothers Jerry (Christy), Dan (Cindy), and John (Gala) Dallmann, and nine grandchildren.

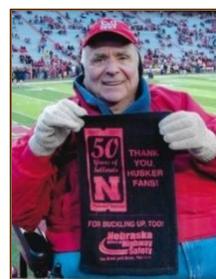
Margaret Louisa Kruesi passed away on March 19, 2021 at the age of 95 in Meridian, Idaho. She was born in Lafayette, Indiana, on December 23, 1925, to Howard and Gretchen Heim. She graduated from Purdue University earning a BS in chemistry and took a job as a chemist at the Hanford Nuclear Site in Richland Washington. In 1950 she married Frank Kruesi.



Margaret is survived by her four children, Carol (Paul) Kendall, Frederick (Charlotte) Kruesi, Douglas (Loma) Kruesi, Jane (Gary) Rushane; three grandchildren, Mark Kendall, Catherine (Joseph) Zanetti and Erin Kendall; great-grandchildren Luke and Joshua Zanetti; and her sister Jean Feitshans. She was preceded in death by two sisters, Lydia Heim and Joan Thomasson.

Phyllis Stratton Luebs, 94, passed away January 13, 2021. She was born October 8, 1926, at Brownville, Nebraska, the daughter of John E. and Edythe (Parker) Stratton. She graduated from Honey Creek High School and on December 9, 1944, she married Wilbur J. Constantine and moved to a farm near Falls City. They had three children. Wilbur passed away September 3, 1948. On September 19, 1971, she married Ernest Luebs, moving later to Arizona where her parents lived. After his death in 2005, she moved back to Nebraska to be near her son, Darrell, at Auburn.

She is survived by her children, Darrell (Judy) Constantine, Juanita (Jim) Riggle of North Platte, and Susanne Brazau of Wichita, Kansas, a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and a brother, David (Jo Ann) Stratton of Safford, Arizona. She was preceded in death by her parents, her husbands, three sisters, Elnora Mack, Arlene Johnson, and Ruth Brammer, and son-in-law Larry Brazau.



Robert W. Williamson, 84, passed away February 10, 2021, at Lincoln. The son of Berton and Erma (Ulmer) Williamson, he was born in Lincoln October 9, 1936. He married Phyllis Hogrefe on August 22, 1965, and they were the parents of two daughters, Susan (John) Latusek of Dike, Iowa, and Cindy (Scott) Callaway of Lincoln.

Bob taught vocal music at the Auburn, Dawson-Verdon, and Humboldt schools for over twenty-five years, farmed the home place, was active in numerous church and civic organizations, and was a mainspring in the founding of the Pennsylvania Colony Historical Society.

He is survived by his wife Phyllis, daughters Susan and Cindy, his grandchildren Armanda (Chris) Winters of Urbandale, Iowa, Ben Latusek of Ames, Iowa, Jacob Callaway of Waverly, Nebraska, Josh Callaway and Sophie Callaway of Lincoln, and sister, Shirley (Dave) Haner of Beatrice, Nebraska. Burial was in the Heim Cemetery at Dawson.



penncolonynebraska.org

World War II D-Day Landing Flag, June 6, 1944

Seventy-seven years ago, this 48-star historic and important American flag flew aboard the control vessel Landing Craft, Control 60 (LCC 60), leading the way at the Normandy beach amphibious assault on June 6, 1944. It is the most important privately-held relic from the D-Day landings. It now resides in the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History.



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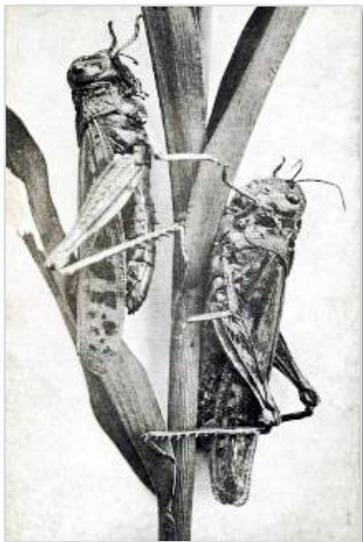
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The end of the world? —kmh

Excerpts from Melvin J. Heim, *Westward Bound*, 2010.

In the spring of 1875, things looked very promising for the Jacob G. Heim family. The corn the three boys, Joe, Sam, and Jonathan, and their sister Sarah, had so laboriously planted by hand had come up and was coming along nicely.



“One morning, Joe and Sam were cultivating corn in a field east of the house. It was a cool morning and Sam wore his vest. However, as the morning wore on, he hung it up on a bush at the end of the field. About ten o'clock, they began to hear a funny noise, and the sun was darkened.

“They wondered if a thunderstorm was coming from the southwest. Soon, grasshoppers began to come down in clouds to the ground and began to eat the tender corn. As it was almost noon, they unhitched the horses from the cultivators and went to the house. The

hoppers came down thicker and thicker. After dinner they walked over the fields and there was no corn left.”

Almost all of the other forms of vegetation were stripped bare as well before the horde moved on into Iowa. The hoppers even ate root vegetables out of the ground! One “expert” has estimated that twelve trillion (sic) grasshoppers came through southeast Nebraska that June.

The family faced the real prospect of famine! As a religious family, they must have thought back to the Biblical plagues of ancient Egypt or wondered if the devastation, like earthquakes and other natural disasters, might signal the end times and return of Jesus Christ! Perhaps Sam remembered the warning from Mark 13:16: “And let him that is in the field not turn back again for to take up his garment,” for when he returned to the field to retrieve his vest, it fell to pieces when he picked it up. The hoppers had completely ruined it!

‘A rose by any other name . . .’ —kmh

Recently, the *Omaha World Herald* published a list of Nebraska high school girls selected for the 2020 all-state volleyball first and second teams for the six classes. Looking it over, I was struck by the number of unfamiliar first names, and I wondered what had become of the feminine names popular during my distant boyhood! I decided to check the list to see how many names such as Phyllis, Betty Jane, Marjorie, Patricia and Ruth Ann of the 1940s had made the current list. (Being cooped up with Covid 19 will do strange things to you.)

In the list of names now in vogue I found a wide variety of first names such as Caitlin, Kaylee, Meghan, and Alyssa that were unknown years ago. Of the 84 names on the current list, only one vintage name appeared. It was Mary. She is a student at a Catholic high school!