



# The Colony Penn

Issue No. 73  
December 2023

A Publication of the Pennsylvania Colony Historical Society of Nebraska

## Penn Colony continues tradition

Descendants of the fourteen pioneer families who settled at Dawson in the latter part of the 19th century met for the 102nd time, Sunday, August 6, at the colony/community museum near Dawson.

Festivities began Saturday evening with a traditional watermelon feed on the lawn of the adjacent Henry Heim home, and a worship service the next morning in the restored chapel in the museum preceded the catered picnic dinner. Cut wildflowers from the fledgling prairie project nearby graced the tables.

In the afternoon, a roundtable discussion helped to fill in gaps in

family history, and others enjoyed renewing acquaintances, viewing museum displays, and touring the restored Heim house.

Thirty-eight members from six states were in attendance. June Hayward was the oldest attendee at 94 years, and the youngest was Natalie Novak, 20. Doug Brown of Minneapolis came the farthest, and the Hayward family had the most generations present.

Make plans to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the first settler at next year's event, August 4, 2024. See page 8 for more information. —kmh

### The Picture (above)

In a search for a Wintertime photo for this December issue, we found this little girl all dressed up for cold weather. Miss Elma Heim, born in 1903, poses near the woodpile in her "Brown coat, brown and pale blue velvet bonnet and pale blue plumes, white fur collar and muff." Elma's parents were Jacob S. and Rebecca Heim, both of whom came with their parents in the migration from Pennsylvania to Dawson in the late 1800s.

Elma grew up to be responsible for much of Penn Colony's printed history. In 1942 Elma Larimore compiled and edited the *Heim Family History and Record of Descent 1736-1940*, and in 1955, *Folklore of a Pennsylvania Colony in Nebraska*. In 1976, now Elma Griffith, she produced *Dawson's History for the Bicentennial*.

### Picnic attendees from Nebraska:

**Dawson:** Dwight Elliott, Joe & Michelle Heim, Leo & Betty Manley, Lorrie, Mark, & Natalie Novak, Dick & Marilyn Ogle, Dennis & Robin Thacker. **Douglas:** Dan Dallmann. **Humboldt:** June Hayward. **Kearney:** Rick Brown. **Lincoln:** Charles R. Heim, Keith M. Heim, Terry & LuAnn Thacker. **Omaha:** Doug Heim, Daniel T. Pleiss. **Pawnee City:** Gary Leatherman. **Raymond:** Dennis & Kathy Hayward.

### Attendees from out-of-state:

**Arkansas:** Don Heim, Atkins. **Iowa:** John & Dea Epley Birtwistle, Tiffin. **Kansas:** Barrett, Dee, and Wayne Young, Paola. **Minnesota:** Doug Brown, Minneapolis, Glendna Hedlund, St. James. **Missouri:** Ann Heim Tobin, King City.

## St. Mary's celebrates its 150th anniversary

St Mary's parish is as old as Dawson itself, having been formally established by early settlers in 1873, 150 years ago!

Several events were held at Dawson in early November to celebrate the anniversary, and a "Holiday tour of homes" in the area is scheduled for December 3.

One of those sites is the colony's Henry Heim house and museum, whose festive decorations will be worth a visit anytime during the season. Included in the tour is the church itself (above), which is celebrating its 125th anniversary as well.



St. Mary's Church, 1899, the third building to occupy this site.

Henry Heim House Living Room (right) and Nursery (below), decorated and ready for the Holiday Tour



*Wishing all a very Merry Christmas*

## The Colony Penn

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### MEMBERSHIP CATEGORIES

Life \$1000; Patron \$50; Sustaining \$35;  
Family \$25; Individual \$15

### To join or renew, send check to:

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## President's Letter



Dan Pleiss

Another year is fast coming to a close – where has it gone?

### Penn Colony progress report:

**Museum Artifacts**—Barrett Young and his parents Wayne and Dee have photographed and cataloged a major portion of the artifacts in the Henry Heim House and in the museum/community buildings. Quite a job—Thank You for your work on this project.

**Henry Heim House**—Michelle Heim and Marilyn Ogle with their helpers have completed the restoration of the second floor of this house. You can go on the Penn Colony web site to view their handiwork on this project. An amazing transformation.

The Penn Colony is looking to the future by setting up an Endowment Fund. By now, you may have received a mailing on this effort. We ask you to seriously consider this fund and your generosity is appreciated.

**2024**—Next year will be the 150th anniversary of the founding of the Pennsylvania Colony of Nebraska. The annual reunion of the Penn Colony will be held on August 4, 2024 at the Penn Colony Museum/Community Building, Dawson, Nebraska. Mark your calendars and do plan to attend.

Membership renewals have been mailed. If you have not yet renewed yours, please do so as soon as possible. Your membership helps to pay for the costs associated with this newsletter and the Penn Colony web site as well as the operating costs associated with the museum properties.

Wishing you and your family a Happy Holiday Season.

—Dan Pleiss

*Income tax laws remain favorable allowing many tax filers to utilize the "Standard Deduction" in lieu of itemizing deductions. Without itemizing, you can deduct a Charitable Contribution of up to \$300 as an "Adjustments to Income" on page one of your Form 1040 tax return. Married couples can deduct up to \$600.*

*In addition, an individual age 70½ or older can donate money up to \$100,000 directly from their 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.)*

## DONATIONS

The following funds have been received since the last issue of the newsletter was published. Donations received after November 20, 2023, 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.

### General Fund:

Bank of America Grant (volunteer work of  
Shirley Pierce), \$1,000  
Robert & Mary R. Bohlken, \$100  
Debra A. Bryant, \$10  
Charles R. Heim, in memory of Lowell & Violet  
Heim wedding August 29, 1949, \$1,000  
Charles R. Heim, in memory of Lowell & Violet  
Heim, \$500  
Dixie Minary, \$5  
David Wuster, in memory of Joseph Wuster, \$25

### Endowment Fund:

Ronald Blevins, \$50  
Charles R. Heim, in memory of Lowell &  
Violet Heim, \$500  
Keith Heim, \$15,073.48  
Shirley Pierce, in memory of parents  
Emerson and Viola Heim, \$1,000  
Mark Roller, \$30,000

**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. Contact Dan Pleiss, 14721 Laurel Plaza, Omaha, NE 68116; or danieltpleiss@gmail.com.

# Good hedges made good fences, and good neighbors

by Keith M. Heim



Early settlers in southeastern Nebraska tamed the prairies—wide expanses without boundaries. Fences were needed not only to keep cows and other animals in; they were needed as well to keep them out of gardens and newly planted orchards. Arriving in the 1870s, Jacob G. Heim found that earlier settlers were erecting fences, or barriers, by planting rows of Osage Orange (aka hedge), which quickly

crowded together, forming thorny, effective barriers.

Osage Orange is a hardwood tree native to Missouri and Arkansas. Seedlings were brought in, and several settlers in the area established nurseries and offered them for sale. When it was learned that slices of the hedge balls (hedge apples) would sprout, producing seedlings, most farmers probably planted their own seedlings.

The settlers from Pennsylvania, taking a cue from their neighbors, established rectangular fields, lining them with miles of hedge rows.

**Melvin J. Heim and Mary Heim Bilsing, *Westward Bound*, 2010, pp 43-44.**

**See issues #26 and #40 of this newsletter for two articles published about hedges previously.**

In his book, Melvin J. Heim describes in detail the planting process: “This is how Sam (my father) told me later that they planted hedge. The surveyors earlier had placed a limestone rock about a foot in diameter on each corner of each quarter section . . . About three people went together to measure and

lay out the hedgerows. They first located the corner stone, then measured 33 feet from the center of the stone and placed a pole about ten feet long with a white rag tied on top in the ground. Another man went to the next corner stone and did the same. The third man took several poles in between and placed them so they were in a straight line.

Then two men took a breaking plow, and one driving and one handling the plow, plowed two furrows so that the last one was in line with the poles. Then the hedge plants were planted in line with the furrow and dirt was packed around each plant. The weeds had to be pulled by hand from these hedge rows and when the plants got big enough, were cultivated with a horse cultivator much as one would a row of corn. When the hedge became too tall to cultivate, the weeds were mowed with a scythe (by hand) along the hedge rows. When you see a hedge row again, think of what a lot of work the old timers put into getting these hedges started!”

[**Ed Note:** Some of the original hedges on our farm had been grubbed out before I came along, but at one time, the hedges completely surrounded the perimeter of our quarter section and, including hedge rows surrounding interior fields, totaled approximately 3¼ miles. I do not know how far apart the plants were set, but I’m going to guess about six feet, close enough to form an effective barrier. (In later years, woven wire fencing was often added to keep smaller animals such as hogs in.) My arithmetic skills (?) compute the number of trees they planted—by hand—at almost three thousand!]

## Solve the Mystery!

In surveying the hedgerows in the above article, the first measurement was 33 feet, which seems rather curious.

Does anyone know why this measurement was used instead of maybe 25 feet or 30 feet? Please email me with your answer (or guess) at [rvnk4@gmail.com](mailto:rvnk4@gmail.com). The winner gets special mention in a subsequent issue!—kmh



## MEMBERS OF PENN COLONY

The following are members of the Pennsylvania Colony Historical Society as of November 20th. (The membership fiscal year is September 1 to August 31.) Thanks to all our members for your support.

### Life Members:

Marjorie Fithian, Gary L. Georgi, John Heim, Joyce Heim, Keith M. Heim, Evie Heim-Grubb, Richard & Marilyn Ogle, Shirley Pierce, Dan Pleiss, Mark Roller, Ben & Ann Heim Tobin, Frances Whited, Charles & Debra Young, Wayne, Dee, & Barrett Young.

### Patron Members:

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### Sustaining Members:

Stephen Feitshans, Kent Fiala, Gordon & Peggy Kurtz, Shirley Morris, Lorrie & Mark Novak, David Wuster.

### Family Members:

Cindy & Scott Callaway, Doug & Jenny Edwards, David C. & Amanda Heim, Joe & Michelle Heim, John & Susie Latusek, Gary & Becky Leatherman, Leo & Elizabeth Manley, Jr., David & Nedra Merck, Scott & Kristene Ogle, Luke & Megan Shethen, Dennis & Robin Thacker, Steve & Norma Ulmer, Rose & Dale Wood.

### Individual Members:

Kip T. Bunyea, Dr. Glen Dappen, Kerry Ellen Dowdell, Elissa Gaskins, Alan Heim, Charles R. Heim, Don Heim, Richard & Carol Heim, Jay Hickey, John A. Hickey, Steve McGuire, Dixie Minary, Kathy Riggs, Phyllis Williamson.

Photo Credits not otherwise noted: Page 1: Internet (church). Page 2: Dan Pleiss. Page 6: Donna Heim Epley (Dr. Heim); Shirley Pierce (Heim group). Page 7: Shirley Pierce (Epleys).

# Ghosts . . . or Ghostly? —kmh

Recently, a reader asked me if I knew of any local or family ghost stories that could go in the newsletter. I replied that we had published two such stories in *The Colony Penn* some time ago. As I thought about it, I remembered an eerie experience I had in the Dawson area that harkened back to my early childhood. Perhaps it will at least evoke a glance back over the shoulder or an involuntary shiver. So, lock your doors and turn off the lights. Here goes!

See *The Colony Penn*, issues 20 and 23.

Sometimes when we attended an oyster supper or a watermelon feed, a group of us kids would find a dark, spooky corner where we could tell ghost stories. Most of them were pretty tame and contrived, but one involved a man, his wife, and a baby who had moved into the community in the early days and built a cabin at the foot of a high hill somewhere west of Dawson. One night, the husband came home drunk, chased his wife up to the top of the hill, tied her braids to the singletree of a horse, and dragged her down the hill to her death. At midnight, she was supposed to run screaming down the hill. The storyteller insisted that the story was true.

Over the years, I had forgotten the story. I spent the summer after my freshman year at college at home and got a job with the Department of Agriculture measuring crop acreage. Toward the end of the summer, I was sent to measure a farm located on the bottom land by the Nemaha River west of town. Using an aerial photo, I was supposed to make a sketch showing the dimensions of fields planted to various crops. 1950 was an extremely wet year, and the weeds grew to nearly ten feet high. I could not get my bearings. Finally, I decided to climb up on a high river bluff nearby where I could look down on the farm and sketch the layout.

It was a sunny, breezy summer day, and I climbed the hill and began to make a sketch of the farm below. As I worked, I had a strong feeling that someone was watching me, and I turned around several times only to find no one there. After a few minutes, I had a very definite feeling of hostility. I heard no voices and saw no one, but I sensed that something was telling me to get off the hill! The feeling was so strong that I returned quickly to the foot of the hill without finishing my sketch! My cousin, Robert Williamson, told me that he once had a similar experience on the hill.

My dad was always interested in where I was working, and when I told him where I had been that afternoon, he proceeded to tell me the very same ghost story I had heard as a boy. He said that the woman and the baby are buried on the top of that hill. Chills ran up my back! Some research in the newspapers of the 1880s later confirmed the details of the murder and the man's sentence to the state prison in Lincoln.

Some years later, my uncle, Merle Draper, mentioned that he had lived in that area as a small child. I asked him if he had ever heard of the woman running screaming down the hill at midnight. He seemed puzzled. He hadn't heard about any ghost, but he said the details of the story were true. He said that when he was a small boy there was a knock on the door late one evening. When his father opened it, a man asked if he could spend the night there, expecting to leave the country the next day. It was the husband in the story, who had just returned to the community after spending a number of years in prison. My uncle said that the man and his wife and child are all buried on top of the hill. More chills up my spine!

I had always wanted to return to the hill to see if I would have a similar experience again. However, going back up there by myself

was out of the question! A few years ago, my friend, Joe Smith, and I decided to visit the hill. I had climbed the steep west face of the hill earlier, but this time we climbed an easier ascent from the north. We passed a dilapidated old house there, but I do not know if it was the building mentioned in the story. A man who lived across the road from the house went with us.



As it was when I first climbed the hill over fifty years earlier, it was a bright, sunny day with a slight breeze blowing, and we reached the top of the hill without trouble. We found the mother and child's grave, marked by a tombstone that had been broken in half. The date on the stone was about 1880. The area was covered with high grass, and we did not find the husband's grave although we did not spend much time looking for it. This time, I did not have a sensation of being watched or a strong feeling of hostility. The fact that I was not alone might have had something to do with it. I took several pictures of the gravesite, but when they were developed, they revealed nothing unusual.

Sources do not mention when or how the baby died. Presumably, it died in its mother's arms.

Incidentally, the neighbor who accompanied us to the top told us that his son and a friend lived in the old house we had passed at the foot of the hill and were planning to move out because of strange happenings such as doors opening and closing, strange noises, and shadowy figures.

To be clear, I do not believe in ghosts, and I do not disbelieve in them. I simply do not know. I did not actually see a ghost either time. What I do know is that the feelings were very strong, and I would not go up on that hill alone, night or day!

## Dancing blooms—a floral show!

A number of visitors to the museum in the spring and early summer commented on the beautiful wild flowers blooming in the Samuel and Elizabeth Heim Prairie along the way in. By picnic time in early August, however, the blooms had diminished, although bouquets of them graced the tables at the noon dinner.

Noting the need for later blooming plants, one of our members has donated nine packets of seeds of flowers that will sustain the show through late summer and into early fall. Ann Tobin and Michelle Heim planted them in May, and they should be ready to bloom by picnic time next year. A couple of packets showing the future flowers appear at the right.

Wait'll next year!



Drummond Phlox



Indian Blanket  
(Gaillardia)

# August = Summertime = Penn Colony Reunion!



Left: President Dan Pleiss rings the dinner bell to start the 2023 Penn Colony Reunion Picnic! (Photo by Michelle Heim)



Right: A family sweep on the day's prizes! June Hayward is oldest attendee at 94; her granddaughter Natalie Novak the youngest at 20. Lorrie Novak joined with Natalie and June to take the prize for most generations present. (Photo by Lorrie Novak)

Wish we had more space to show you the newly remodeled and furnished second floor of the Henry Heim House, a huge task begun and completed this year. The top photo is the east bedroom; below, the landing at the top of the stairs. The middle room (not shown) is the sewing room, and you can see Kansas from the south bedroom windows! (Photos by Michelle Heim)



Michelle Heim's photo portrays the "Bee Theme" she used in her creative decorations at the Picnic.

Thanks to Dea Epley Birtwistle for these Picnic "action shots"!



Memorial Table. (Photo by Dan Pleiss)



Left: Dea stands in a thriving stand of corn. Right: Leo Manley and Charles Heim. Note the Dawson School display in the background.



A flurry of tasks were accomplished by local folks pre-picnic. The left photo shows the newly painted front porch—floor, posts, swing, and lattice frames. Right: new landscaping by the summer kitchen with rocks from the farm. The ramp is newly stained, as are the outside tables and benches on the patio. (Photos by Michelle Heim)



From left: Barrett Young, Joe Heim, Don Heim, Douglas Heim, Dan Pleiss, and Keith Heim in a friendly chat.

## Remembering a healing hand and spirit —K. M. Heim



Next March 9th will mark the 50th anniversary of the death of Dr. Harlan S. Heim, a man of many talents and a force for good in his native Dawson, nearby Humboldt, and the far away mountains of Kentucky.

He was a many-talented man—a graduate of the prestigious Cornell Medical School, an ordained minister, a talented speaker, and a gifted singer. Who could forget his annual appearances at our church in Dawson at Easter to sing “The Palms,” and “The Holy City!”

In the 1920s, he took those talents to the mountains of eastern Kentucky to work at the Red Bird mission, a boarding school operated by the Evangelical Church, where he practiced medicine and preached the gospel to impoverished children who came to the mission. The rugged mountains, blazing summers, and freezing winters were no deterrent to his attending to distant medical emergencies often reached astride a trusty mule. He returned briefly to Nebraska in 1927 to marry Golda Mountain, who had graduated with him at Dawson. Their daughters Betty and Donna were born in Kentucky, and their son, Robert, was born in Nebraska.

After six and a half years in Kentucky, they returned to Nebraska in August of 1933, establishing practice in Humboldt. In 1940, he was instrumental in founding a hospital, followed ten years later by the Holman Maternity Hospital in association with Dr. A.P. Stappenbeck. Later, the Humboldt Community Memorial Hospital and Colonial Acres Nursing Home were built. In more than fifty years of practicing medicine in Kentucky and Nebraska, he delivered more than 3,000 babies.

In early 1961, the doctor found himself a patient at the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota for about three months. By the time he returned home, he had received 675 cards and letters wishing him a speedy recovery.

For several years now, I have lived in a retirement home in Lincoln, and every now and then a new resident, noting my last name, will ask if I am related to Dr.

Heim. Without exception, the inquirer will express high praise for his service as a doctor and a leader in his community. Of course, I am proud to mention that he was my dad’s classmate at Dawson High and his second cousin!



Harlan & Golda (center) in younger days, with cousins Emerson and Viola Heim

## A fruit by any other name . . .

*An adventure in a strange language* —kmh

When I was assigned to the American Consulate General in Düsseldorf, Germany in the early 60s, I hired an elderly German woman, Frau Julianna Koch, as my housekeeper and cook. While she had worked for Canadians and Americans for about fifteen years, she knew almost no English at all. Although I could carry on a conversation in German, I was by no means fluent.

In my work, I dealt with the German trade unions, and I decided to host a dinner for several of the union leaders. In discussing the menu in German with Frau Koch, I mentioned that I planned to serve ham topped with pineapple rings. I was able to come up with the German word for ham, *Schinken*, fairly easily, but for the life of me I could not remember the word for pineapple, which is *Ananas*, actually a French word.

Most Germans are not very good at guessing games, and, indeed, they make little effort to figure them out. Frau Koch was no exception, responding to each of my attempts in fractured German to describe what I wanted with *Keine Ahnung*—i.e., no idea. I patiently explained that it was yellow—*Keine Ahnung*. It was grown in Hawaii—*Keine Ahnung*. It came in rings—*Keine Ahnung*! I even drew a crude, colored picture of a pineapple for her. *Keine Ahnung*! After nearly ten minutes, I had made no progress. It was a standoff!



Since the consulate frequently sent a limousine down to the commissary at the embassy at Bonn for groceries for the American personnel, it dawned on me that there just might be a can of it in the cupboard. Sure enough, I found one and held it up for her to see. She brightened and said, “*Ach, pineapple!*” The only word I had not used.

## We get mail

Bill Hensler of Colorado, a frequent contributor to our newsletter, sent this email & photo a year ago. We’re sorry to report his passing earlier this year.

“Thought you might like this about my Gr, Gr, Grandfather, **Joseph Gross, 1808-1898**. He died of appendicitis, the oldest man in the area at the time. He lived and died at the same place in Blooming Grove, Penn. He was the father-in-law of C.D. (Christian David) Heim.”

♦♦♦

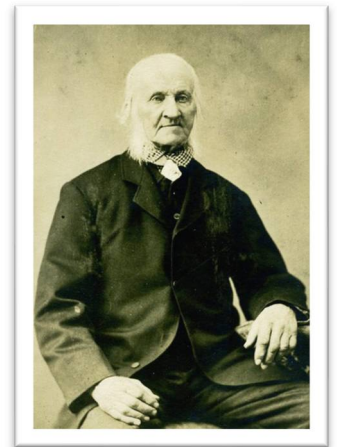
Dan Pleiss received the following email from John Kurtz, reader of our newsletters living in Bucyrus, Ohio.

Hello Dan,

. . . my wife, Donna, and I visited Dawson and your museum a few years ago and you and a few other folks there gave us “the cook’s tour” of your museum. Knowing that I had some distant cousins in your community’s past, that meant a lot to me then—and still does as I keep tabs on there through your society’s excellent newsletters.

. . . I noticed that your Society’s website does not have our historical society here in Bucyrus listed as one of your “linked organizations.” In view of the significant historical connections between the Bucyrus area and the folks in the Penn Colony in Nebraska, you might want to add it. [[www.bucyrushistoricalociety.org](http://www.bucyrushistoricalociety.org)]

Sincerely, John Kiess Kurtz, MD  
Bucyrus, Ohio (Whetstone Twp., Crawford County)



## Sadly Noted



Lloyd & Donna Epley

**Lloyd Arthur Epley**, age 97, passed away September 21, 2023, at Coralville, Iowa. He was born September 30, 1925, to Arthur C. and Lydia A. (Raecker) Epley at Waverly, Iowa. He graduated from Westmar College in 1951, marrying his college sweetheart, Donna Heim, the following year at

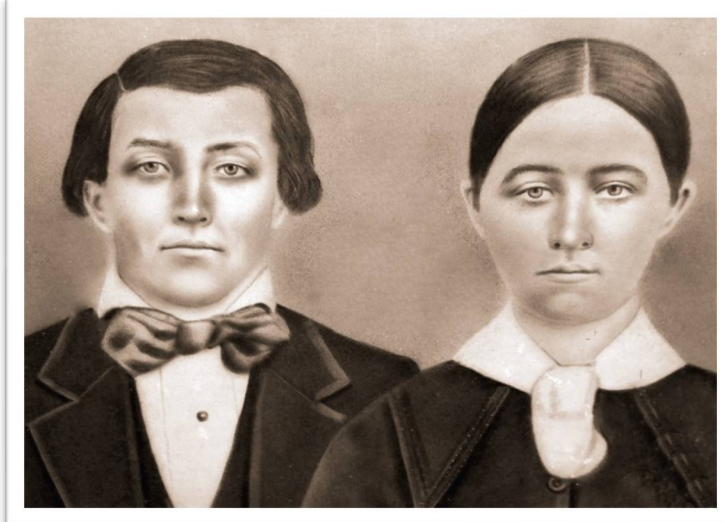
Humboldt. They were married for 67 years. He practiced law for sixty years at Iowa City and Kalona and was active in professional, community, and church affairs. He was an active supporter of the Pennsylvania Colony.

Donna passed away October 22, 2019. He is survived by his children, Dea Epley (John) Birtwistle, Jean Epley Carleton, and David (Barb) Epley, as well as seven grandchildren.



**Joan M. Reist**, 88, passed away in Lincoln November 4, 2023. The daughter of Walter and Lucy (Heim) Marshall, she was born in Lincoln October 5, 1935. While studying music at the University of Nebraska, she met and married Wesley Reist, a member of the music faculty. She taught music privately, in the public schools, and at the university for many years. She is survived by her daughter, Margaret (Andrew) Ozaki,

grandsons Marshall, Grant, and Will, and sisters Margaret (Patterson) Prah, and Jenny (Mark) Radulovich, and three great grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her parents and husband, Wes. [John J. Heim family]



In the museum's archives is this hand-drawn portrait of Gottlieb and Margaret (Staiger) Heim. The couple were the parents of seven children including Jacob G. Heim, Isaac Heim, and Abraham Heim. Only Jacob G. migrated to Nebraska, although Abraham's son, Henry, came west later.



## The small town

*The following article which appeared in the Dawson newspaper in December of 192(?) is perhaps a high school essay. Bursting with civic pride, its rosy forecast for the future, typical as the country emerged from World War I, is a prelude to the hard times of the Great Depression and the steady decline that has marked the history of Dawson and similar small towns in the Midwest to this day. Our article in last June's issue of the Colony Penn found Dawson, newly connected to the railroad, on the brink of unbridled optimism and continued progress into the 20th Century. The fruition—or failure—of the dream will be the subject of a follow-up article in our next issue.*

—Ed

“No longer will they poke fun at the small town, for it is coming into its own. Small towns can rejoice at every increase in population of the big town, because with such increase comes a pushing out of its population into the smaller communities, and especially is the lesson driven home that the small town is ideal for free breathing and for clean, happy, and joyous living. The reason is plain. Congested cities are not as desirable for homes as suburban localities, unless one is able to own a home along millionaire row. Smoke-stacks and tall buildings make for efficiency but not necessarily virtue.

“The day will come—is coming, has come—when the smaller community can provide for the needs of citizenship as well or better than the great city. Its great open spaces it has, while the city has not. Its libraries, school, churches, are more accessible, just as efficient, and are without the distractions common to more populous areas. Greatest of all, the small town provides an opportunity for friendship, for knowing and meeting and greeting the other fellow, that always will remain an unchallenged asset over that of the city. It is the eternal struggle of quality over quantity. Let's make Dawson grow, but there is consolation if it doesn't.”



## The 'Little House'

The photo above is the “Little House,” home of Johnnie and Margaret Heim (seated, center). Their son Henry and wife Regina (left) purchased the farm and built their home across the driveway, now the museum's Henry Heim House. Others in the photo are Joseph G. and Rosa Heim (right) and standing, Lotta and Bertha, daughters of Henry and Joseph. The two girls in front may be Lotta's daughter Dorothy Enid, and Bertha's daughter Mildred. Dorothy was born in 1912 and Mildred in 1906. If these are the girls, we estimate the year of the photo to be about 1917.

Photo from the Barbara Fullmer collection in the Penn Colony Community Museum.



penncolonynebraska.org

## Notes to members

- Thanks to all who have renewed their Penn Colony membership. If you received a reminder in the mail recently, we hope you will join with us again! If you know others who are interested in joining, let us know!
- If you use QR codes (left), you recognize this one—it goes to the Penn Colony website, now being updated!
- Enclosed with this newsletter is a Genealogy Data Report form that can be used to submit one event. For additional forms, contact us, or you can make copies of this form.
- If you happen to look at Facebook (along with billions of other people), you may have found a “Pennsylvania Colony Historical Society of Nebraska” page. It’s not “officially” connected, but many cousins visit there!

**PENNSYLVANIA COLONY**  
 c/o DAN PLEISS  
 14721 LAUREL PLZ  
 OMAHA NE 68116

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**150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration**  
**of the founding of**  
**The Pennsylvania Colony of Nebraska**  
**AUGUST 4, 2024**

The Annual Reunion of the Penn Colony will be held August 4, 2024, at the Penn Colony/Community Museum, Dawson, Nebraska. 2024 marks 150 years since the first of the original families emigrated to Nebraska from Pennsylvania in 1874.

To you who are part of the Penn Colony, we welcome your ideas to plan this event. Volunteers are needed to make this a great celebration for Colony members and for members of the Dawson Community. Please contact us to learn how you can assist us in planning this event.

Past celebrations have included the Annual (catered) Picnic, a Memorial Service, Museum Tours, Watermelon Feed, and the Old Homes Auto Tour. *What are your ideas?*

To VOLUNTEER (you are needed!), please contact:

**MICHELLE HEIM**  
**785-643-2544**

**MARILYN OGLE**  
**402-862-5809**

### Places to Lodge at the 150th

Listed below are motels, a hotel and camping spots in Richardson County. Auburn, about 18 miles north of Dawson, is also a favorite with many of our attendees.

#### MOTELS

VISION INN	CHECK-IN MOTEL
N. Harlan Street	N. Hwy 73
Falls City, NE	Falls City, NE
(402) 245-2459	(402)245-2433

#### HOTEL

GRAND WEAVER HOTEL  
 1800 Stone St.  
 Falls City, NE 68355  
 (402)245-2448

#### CAMPING

STANTON LAKE	HUMBOLDT CITY
West 25 <sup>th</sup> Street	LAKE PARK
Falls City, NE	Humboldt, NE
(402)245-2851	(402)862-2171
KIRKMAN COVE	INDIAN CAVE STATE
(Nemaha NRD park permit required)	PARK/VERDON LAKE
Humboldt, NE	65296 720 Rd
(402) 335-3325	Shubert, NE 68437
	(402)883-2575