

OBITUARIES

Leon Eveleigh April 18, 1931 - Aug. 25, 2011

Leon Eveleigh, 80, of WaKeeney, passed away Aug. 25, 2011 at the Trego County Lemke Memorial Hospital in WaKeeney.

Eveleigh was born April 18, 1931 to Lloyd and Ada Belle (Clark) Eveleigh. On Aug. 14, 1950, he married Lois Arlene Williams in Lakin, and she preceded him in death on Dec. 27, 2000.

Eveleigh is also preceded in death by his parents and

two brothers, Clyde and Floyd Eveleigh.

He is survived by his son, Curtis, and wife, Debra, of Norton; daughters, Arlena Lavon Parker and husband, John, of Ellis and Patricia Cupp of Newton, N.C.; sister Shirley Young and husband, Clarence, of Lakin; sister-in-law Maryetta McMinn; nine grandchildren; and 11 great-grandchildren.

Memorial services will be held Tuesday, Aug. 30 at 2 p.m.

at the Schmitt Funeral Home in WaKeeney. No interment will be held.

Memorials may be directed to the Cedar Bluff Lake Association in care of Schmitt Funeral Home, 336 North 12th, WaKeeney, KS 67672.

Condolences may be left at schmittfuneral.com

The Schmitt Funeral Home in WaKeeney is in charge of arrangements.

Suzan Ilene (Bishop) Long Dec. 13, 1950 - Aug. 26, 2011

Suzan Ilene (Bishop) Long, 60, of Beaver City, passed away on Aug. 26, 2011 at Good Samaritan Hospital in Kearney, Neb. Funeral services will be held at First Presbyterian Church in Beaver City on Wednesday, Aug. 31 at 11 a.m. Private burial will be held at a later date.

Suzan was born Dec. 13, 1950 in Norton. She was the second of five children born to Wesley and Maxine (Stalder) Bishop. She attended country school until 8th grade and graduated from Beaver City High School in 1969. She received her cosmetology license from Holdrege cosmetology school in 1970. On June 11, 1971, she married Alvah Eugene Long. They lived in Hastings, Neb., where she was employed by Regis while Alvah finished trade school. In 1972, they moved back to Beaver City where she was employed by the Hair Shaft. Suzan and Alvah had two daughters, Amy and Erika. She opened an in-home daycare to stay home with them and cared for many kids over 13 years. She worked at the Beaver City Manor and recently the Beaver City Senior Center.

Suzan was a life-long member of the First Presbyterian Church in Beaver City where she taught Sunday School for 30 years. She was active in the Homemakers Extension Club and was a leader in her local 4-H club. She enjoyed baking, reading, scrap booking, quilting, sewing and tending her flower garden. She took pride in her work, hobbies

and home. Suzan was a loving wife and mother, and especially enjoyed her five grandchildren.

On Nov. 2, 2004, she was diagnosed with ovarian cancer. Suzan never complained through her countless surgeries, hospitalizations, and numerous rounds of chemotherapy. She will be remembered for her positive attitude and belief in God.

Suzan was preceded in death by her parents. Survivors include her husband, Alvah Long of Beaver City, Neb.; her daughter Amy Holcomb and husband Craig, of Gibbon and their three children, Nathan, Kristen, and Madelyn; daughter Erika Hunt and husband, Ryan, of Beaver City, Neb. and their two children, Mackenna and Kolby; sister Kathleen Schemper and husband, Howard of Norton; brother Duane Bishop and wife Lois of Beaver City, Neb., brother Mark Bishop of Beaver City, Neb., sister Becky Talbott and husband Chuck of Morrison, Okla., brother-in-law Keith Long and wife Charlotte of Council Bluffs, Iowa; sister-in-law Judy Alley and husband Paige of Beaver City, Neb.; sister-in-law Sue Hardenbrook and husband Butch of Beaver City, Neb., brother-in-law Randy Long and wife Roxey of Beaver City, Neb., and many nieces, nephews and friends.

A memorial has been established in her memory and will be designated at a later date. Wenburg Funeral Home of Beaver City, Neb., is in charge of the arrangements.

Water wars



The Annual Jennings Firemen's Fun Day was held over the weekend. Two fire departments compete against each other here to move the barrel suspended on a wire, much like tug of war but with fire hoses. The child spectators enjoyed getting wet as the over spray hit the crowd. Many activities took place throughout the day, the health fair, city wide yard sales, children's games, tractor pull, train and pony rides, a cake walk, wobble shoot, the parade, the firemen's team barrel competition, a hog roast, an auction and the firemen's raffle.

— Telegram photo by Dana Paxton

A summer to remember

By Kay Melia
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It's extremely difficult for me to imagine a summer of almost 40 days with at least 100 degrees on the thermometer. And yet that's the story of the season in Southern Kansas, including Dodge City, Liberal, Hutchinson, and Wichita, to name a few. It was even hotter farther south in Oklahoma and Texas. Just the thought of 100 degrees or higher day after day after day is enough to make you ill. Pastures are completely burned down. Cattlemen are searching for some kind of hay to feed their remaining herds this coming winter. Road ditches show no sign of vegetation. Dry land wheat farmers have no idea how they're going to put out a crop of wheat this fall. One operator said his farm had received less than an inch of rain so far this year. But you've probably already heard of this summer to remember, or perhaps to forget.

Those who tried to maintain a decent garden in Southern Kansas and points south have been severely tested. Many, many early morning hours and lots and lots of water is the order of the day. Still, vegetable gardens and flower beds have taken a severe beating. Buffalo grass lawns have been allowed to go into dormancy rather than to pour on the water. A retired friend of mine in Dodge City says the only time they go out of the house is to take "short jaunts" to the store for the essentials.

And here in Northwest Kan-

sas, only 150 miles north of the extreme heat, fall crops look pretty good so far. Rainfall totals have been near or above normal, and in most areas, 100 degree days can be counted on one hand, and weeds are a big problem.

As a result of the timely rains and more reasonable high temperatures, vegetable gardens have been notably productive here in the higher elevations of the state. The exception might be the lateness of the tomato crop, or in many cases, unusually large amounts of the dreaded tomato blight. But have you ever noted a summer with such high humidity levels? As a result, most residents will agree that despite the lack of triple digit temperatures, it has indeed been an uncomfortable summer.

For those of us who have survived Mother Nature's little idiosyncrasies, the practice of food preservation is moving full speed ahead. Pickle jars are being filled with all flavors of spicy goodness. Maturing cantaloupe

are providing one of the sweetest treats the garden has to offer. And it looks like a bumper crop of winter squash of every size and color. I also know where there is a crock of freshly cut cabbage, slowly fermenting into a tasty helping of sauerkraut.

Hopefully, the potatoes at your house are mostly harvested and stored in a cool, dark place, wherever that could possibly be. The same goes for those big sweet onions, and while they may not be as big and sweet as in past years, they still need a cool dry place to spend the rest of their lives.

Always keep this in mind as the summer garden production begins to wind down. Make it a point to remember friends and neighbors who have no garden. If there is a bit of an excess of vegetables at your house, find someone at another house who would sincerely appreciate receiving them. Share the excess of your garden rather than allow it to go to waste!

Just going a' milking

I wake up to Uncle Jack tugging on my braids. "C'mon, sleepy head," he says "if you want to go milking." And I remember right away today is the day I am going a milking, just like the little girl in my Mother Goose book. When I come to stay at Uncle Jack and Aunt Mabel's house I sleep in the attic. The bed is high and has a deep, soft feather bed and it is hard to get up and out of it to dress in the dark but I don't want to miss milking time so I scurry right along.

This is Grandpa's old house and it still has lots of his stuff stored in the attic. No time for me to explore this morning, though. We are headed down to the dairy barn where the cows live. They are great big cows with black and white spots, not pretty and gentle like Aunt Florence's Brown Swiss cow, Brownie. Dad says they are Holsteins and they give lots more milk than Brownie who gives just a little but it is creamier. I wonder how they decide that?

Through the dark kitchen, across the washing porch, down the steep slope past the mulberry tree. Clear up here we can hear the cows mooing. We can smell them too! Cows and barns smell just awful but Uncle Jack says a milkmaid must just get used to it. Across the pasture the sun is just peeking up, making the bot-

Child of the '40s Liza Deines



tom creek water sparkle.

Barn cats swarm around our feet, meowing for petting and breakfast. Uncle Jack puts some feed in the mangers first thing so the cows will stand and eat while they are milked. Then he makes a bucket of warm soapy water and washes the big pink bags where the milk is, pulls up a funny one-legged stool and starts squirting milk into a shiny metal bucket. I have to stand back and watch; my hands are too small to work the faucets. Mama says maybe next year when I am six my hands will be bigger and stronger. So I keep the kitties away from the hooves and sing "Away in a Manger" to make the cows happy. Suddenly Uncle Jack squirts some warm milk in the cat's, faces. They sneeze with delight, lap and lick their whiskers, and crowd around, hoping for more.

Moving from cow to cow he goes, murmuring to them, calling them by name, dumping buckets of milk into tall cream cans. Just like the Bible story, he knows the cows and they all know him, except I think it was

sheep in Sunday School. He fills a covered milk bucket for me to carry up the hill to the house. I am very careful going up so I don't spill but I slide back down the grassy slope on the seat of my britches. The truck is backed up to the barn now, the cans are loaded. Later we'll take it to the creamery behind Grandpa's grocery store. We open the big gate and shoo the cows out to pasture. They play out there all day, eat grass, drink from the creek and take naps under the trees until milking time comes around again just before supper. I wonder if they like living here?

"Do you know," my uncle asks as we climb back up the hill to the house, "how black and white cows can eat green grass and give white milk that makes yellow butter?" He asks me this all the time and I can never think of an answer. And he says I can't be a dairy man until I figure it out. So I guess I'll have to be something else when I grow up even if I do like the cows.

Aunt Mable has breakfast all ready and puts it on the table while we go wash up. Oatmeal with butter and cream from the cows and mulberries we picked yesterday from the mulberry tree. I have fresh milk in one of Grandma's special blue glasses. How could a day start any better?

evening. Special music for the evening is "School Belles," presented by Denette Lickiss of Indianola, Iowa. Lickiss will also be the speaker for the evening, speaking on "ABC's for Living."

The Norton After-5 Club is non-denominational and represents clubs throughout the state and nation. All area women are invited to attend.

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CLUB NEWS

The Norton After-5 Club will host a dinner and meeting on Thursday, Sept. 8 for all women in the community. The meeting will be held at the Town and Country Kitchen at 6:30 p.m.

The cost is \$10 per person and reservations should be made by Sept. 6 by calling Claire Ann Eppinger at 785-877-2785.

"Back to the Classroom" is the theme for the

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