



McPherson County News

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Graphic Files

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TEN YEARS AGO
JUNE 2, 2011

Logan County Sheriff, Jon Hefflin, escorted the SMC state track qualifiers, Kadee Cutler, Ashley Bessmer, and Austin Starr, as they left for the state meet. SMC tracksters represented the Cyclones well and there were several area residents who made their way to Omaha to cheer them on.

Longtime Logan County resident, Terry L. Lovitt, died in a 4-wheeler accident May 23, while he was checking his cattle in a pasture near Arnold.

An Ag Valley Cooperative truck was laid on its side when the driver apparently lost control and the vehicle went into the ditch on a county road. The fertilizer had to be pumped from the truck.

TWENTY YEARS AGO
MAY 31, 2001

McPherson County High School Alumni met at the high school Saturday, May 26, for their annual reunion.

Thirty-three alumni and 21 guests were present for the potluck supper, and 86 alumni and 45 guests were present at the dance.

A 60th wedding anniversary celebration was being planned for Sunday, June 10 for Marion (Pink) and Betty Pinkerton with an open house at the First United Methodist Church in North Platte.

Eight members were present for the May 10th meeting of the Tryon U.M.W. They were Pastor Delbert and Carolee King, Carol Moore, Mary Lake, Nona Moore, Geneva Neal, Susie Bond and Helen Trumbull. Susie treated the group to pie, ice cream, coffee and tea at Aunt Bea's Café after the meeting.

THIRTY YEARS AGO
MAY 30, 1991

Good attendance was reported at the McPherson County High School Alumni reunion which included a potluck supper and dance at the high school gym May 25th. Officers elected for the coming year were Steve Waits, president; Layne Pyzer, vice-president; and LaRae (Daly) Thompson and Patty (Arensdorf) Dailey, co-secretaries.

Bob, Marie and Judy Stevenson and Allen and Jean Shimmin, Scott, Lori and Nicki Shimmin, attended the 50th wedding anniversary of Melvin and Micky Newton at North Platte. Mrs. Newton is a sister to Bob and Jean.

The Memorial Day program at Miller Cemetery was well attended with a

number of musical numbers and poems enjoyed, as well as the address, given by the Rev. John Lewis. Grace Miller gave the welcome and acted as MC for the program.

FORTY YEARS AGO
MAY 28, 1981

The MCHS Alumni reunion and dance was held at Tryon Saturday evening May 23, with a picnic supper in the early evening, followed by the business meeting and dance. Officers elected were Larry Cash, president; Von Hunn, vice president, and Berva Arensdorf, secretary-treasurer. The dance was attended by 154 members and 92 guests, for a total of 246.

Vacation Bible School started Monday at the Tryon United Methodist Church with Pauline Waits and Kathy Starr in charge of the school this year. Around 40 children and young people have been showing up for classes.

Pastor and Mrs. Truman Bauer and Sarah attended a family reunion at McCook Friday and Saturday. Twelve brothers and sisters gathered from Oregon, Colorado, Texas and Nebraska.

FIFTY YEARS AGO
JUNE 3, 1971

The MCHS Alumni held their annual meeting and dance at the high school auditorium at Tryon Saturday evening. The Class of 1921 was honored for their 50th anniversary. The entire class was in attendance including Aubrey Warren, Matilda Haney, Nettie Ripple, Leo Cash and Viola Calhoun.

Two 4-H Exchange Youths from Boone County, Iowa, arrived in McPherson County Saturday evening for a week's stay. They are Allen Evans, age 17, who is visiting in the Wayne Miller and Leland Rodewald homes, and Art Chingren, age 15, who is staying in the Jim Doyle and LeRoy Daly homes. Randy Fisher of Tryon, stayed in the

Chingren home last year while spending a week as an exchange student in Iowa.

Several close strikes of lightning damaged television sets at the Harold Neal and John Dahlin homes Wednesday morning, and damage was also reported to the sheriff's radio at the Gordon Bassett home. Plenty of rain, wind and hail also accompanied the storm, doing some damage to gardens, and flooding garages, basements and yards with a total of 1.71 inches of moisture in a short time.

SIXTY YEARS AGO
JUNE 1, 1961

Rev. and Mrs. Milton O'Connor and three of the Methodist boys, Bobbie Gregg, Chuckie Bellew and Kenneth Bassett, left Memorial Day evening on an auto trip to the Great Lakes and over the border into Canada. They expect to return home Sunday.

Those from Tryon attending Brian French's 5th birthday party in Stapleton Friday were Mr. and Mrs. LaVerne Neal and family, Mrs. Louelva Priest, Sherry, Wanda and Rita Priest, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bassett and Sandra. The party was also in honor of Denise Priest of North Platte. Her mother, Mrs. Kenneth Priest, was also present, as were Brian's parents, Art and Audrey French.

Rev. and Mrs. Ralph Chamberlain held Bible School at Gospel Ridge the past week with 24 pupils attending. The closing program was held Sunday with a good attendance.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO
MAY 31, 1951

Mr. and Mrs. Barey Bender are moving into the Lena Traphagan house in the south part of Tryon. He will be farming his father's place.

R.A. Shimmin and Bruce branded Friday with the help of Loren Kenneth and Robert Neal,

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Senior Lunch Menu At Prairie Hills Cafe, Tryon

Dining Room Open:
9:00 a.m. - 7:00 p.m.
Mon.-Fri. - Call 308-587-2201

Thursday, June 3 - BLT, chips, lettuce salad, peaches

Friday, June 4 - Swiss steak, mashed potatoes and gravy, carrots, pears, dinner roll

Monday, June 7 - Philly cheesesteak, potato chips, peaches, potato salad

Tuesday, June 8 - Ham burger, French fries, carrots and celery, fruit cocktail

Wednesday, June 9 - Hot beef sandwich, mashed potatoes and gravy, green beans, dinner roll, pears

Thursday, June 10 - Grilled ham and cheese, hashbrowns, broccoli, applesauce

Friday, June 11 - Chicken fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, corn, dinner roll, peaches

Monday, June 14 - BBQ ribs, baked beans, coleslaw, watermelon

Over The Hills

J.R. Trumbull



Quote: "Don't worry about the people God removed from your life. He heard conversations you didn't, saw things you couldn't, and made moves you wouldn't."

My maternal granddad's hands were bent and gnarled with arthritis from many years working as a carpenter, farmer, and many other jobs that involved the rugged use of his hands. The first thing I thought of when I read this story was about his hands. I so wish that I had a picture of his hands but he carefully hid them from view whenever pictures were taken.

This is good. I'll never look at my hands the same!

Grandpa, some ninety plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench. He didn't move, just sat with his head down staring at his hands. When I sat down beside him he didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat, I wondered if he was OK.

Finally, not really wanting to disturb him but wanting to check on him at the same time, I asked him if he was OK. He raised his head and looked at me and smiled. "Yes, I'm fine. Thank you for asking," he said in a clear strong voice.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, Grandpa, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were OK," I explained to him.

"Have you ever looked at your hands," he asked. "I mean really looked at

your hands?"

I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point he was making. Grandpa smiled and related this story:

"Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled, and weak have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots. They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my newborn son. Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special. They trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse and walked

my daughter down the aisle. They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day, when not much of anything else of me works real well, these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer. These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of my life. But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when he leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ."

I will never look at my hands the same again. But I remember God reached out and took my grandpa's hands and led him home. When my hands are hurt or sore I think of Grandpa. I know he has been stroked and caressed and held by the hands of God. I, too, want to touch the face of God and feel His hands upon my face.

THIS MOTHER'S HANDS

This mother's hands, so strong yet gentle
Doing service through the years,
Cooking meals and driving buses
Always there to brush away the tears.

This mother's hands were always busy
Cooking, crafting, gardening and such.
These hands now lay in silence.
We will miss her, oh so much!

This mother's hands were always on duty
Through the day and in the night.
Her selfless love and caring
Was quite precious in God's sight.

This mother's hands cared for her children
And two generations more.
How comforting that those of us in Jesus
Will meet her on God's golden shore.

J.R. Trumbull
30 August 2002

Between the Lines

Dean Thompson

This week's article will be a little different for me, but may fit right in with the current population. Any of you who know me will know that I'm not hung up much on what the old Christmas poem referred to as "folderol." Most of the modern day men or women for that matter, that spend all their time trying to figure out why someone acts the way they do will really jump on this. Perhaps my entire life has been adversely 'marked' by the fact, true as it was, that as soon as I was old enough to understand I heard my mother say (and any of you old enough to remember my mother, bless her memory, re-

member her as an honest and truthful individual) "Dean was a homely baby!" Yes, Ditto and most certainly enough of that.

As far back as my memory goes, and continuing until the present, there was, and is, a lot of emphasis put on looks. 'Back in the day' some of the 'gay young blades' tried to impress others with silver conchos on their driving or riding gear and there was a certain 'fastidious' (the word of the week) element that liked to vie for the largest rowells on their spurs. I never fit those categories, remember I was ugly, or

at least homely. (I'm sure you heard Black Beauty complaining in the children's book about being 'reined up' for looks at the cost of comfort) and the show ring illustrates that today.

I used all those words as an introduction to the last ten days for me, and as I describe this time try to remember that I was, and am, homely!

My youngest granddaughter, yes I'm that old, and ugly, decided to get married and sent me a 'hold the date' card (like my schedule was going to

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