

# FUN News

for

## People, Recognition, Enthusiasm, Communication

### Panhandle District Monthly News

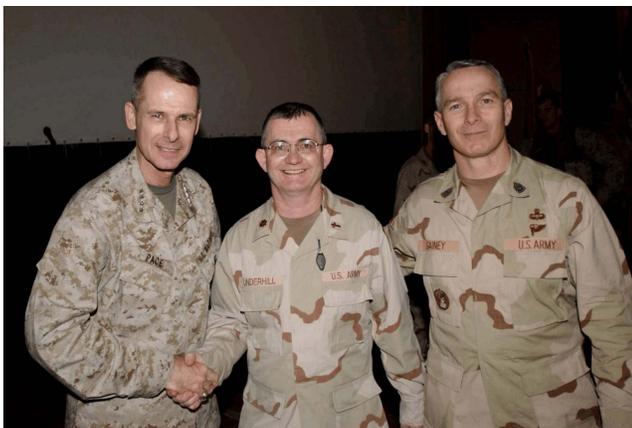
Volume 2 Number 2

February, 2006

#### Welcome Home

He's Home! Yes, you heard correct! After 15 months on active duty, 12 of them overseas in Kuwait or Iraq, Charles is home. Charles was activated with the 29<sup>th</sup> Combat Brigade Team, headquartered in Hawaii, on November 2, 2004. He ended up assigned to the 29<sup>th</sup> Support Battalion as chaplain. They were based at LSA Anaconda, (inside Balad Air Force Base) Balad, Iraq. He chose to do his redeployment (read demobilization) with the unit in Honolulu, Hawaii. Elizabeth Joy and I flew to Honolulu the last full week of January to meet him. We were able to participate in the 'Welcome Home' luau and meet many of the soldiers with whom Charles served. We had a few days together as a family in Hawaii. Liz and I had to come home before he was released but he arrived in Scottsbluff a few days later. Now comes the adjustment and reintroduction to civilian life but, it is VERY GOOD to have him home safe and sound. This picture, taken around Christmas time, is General Peter Pace (Marine), Chairman Joint Chiefs of Staff and Sargent Major Gainey (Army), with Charles in the center.

Debra Underhill



#### Positively Inspiring

Remember that reality can look slightly different to each of us depending on our point of view. Change your point of view and you can change your reality. Here are some positive inspirations by some names you might recognize.

To different minds, the same world is a hell and a heaven.  
Ralph Waldo Emerson

An optimist sees an opportunity in every calamity; a pessimist sees a calamity in every opportunity.  
Sir Winston Churchill

You can complain because roses have thorns, or you can rejoice because thorns have roses.  
Ziggy

Whether you think you can or you think you can't, you're right.  
Henry Ford

The way I see it, if you want the rainbow, you gotta put up with the rain.  
Dolly Parton

Life is like embroidery, one stitch at a time taken patiently, and the pattern will come out okay.  
Unknown

Become aware of your feelings and choose positive. Remind yourself that there is always balance. Be grateful for all experiences because we grow through the negative more than the positive. Take a walk -- the fitter you become the less negative elements impact you.

Great Results, Vol. 7, No. 1



## Congratulations

Linda Boeckner was honored in December as a recipient of the Omtvedt Innovation Award.

Dick Gatch has received the Kudo Award from the UN Board of Regents. He will receive this award in Lincoln at the Regents' meeting in March.

Ivan Rush was awarded the Extension Award of Merit from the Gamma Sigma Delta Honor Society of Agriculture in October.

Retirement can also be considered an award. After serving the University over 18 years, Elnora Harimon is retiring from the Panhandle Learning Center.

On August 3, 1987, I began working as Secretary II at the Panhandle Veterinary Diagnostic Laboratory. My plan was to only work until our children were through college; however, God knew I would need a job and He provided one at just the right time—you see, that very evening a severe hailstorm came through our area and completely destroyed our crops. Even though nothing was left, we were so thankful He had provided a job for me. Well, my few years turned into 19 years (15 at the Diagnostic Lab until it closed and nearly 4 years at the Panhandle Learning Center).

My husband, Harold (Corky), retired six years ago from farming and I continued working, leaving him in charge of the vacuuming and some cooking. He now informs me it's time to reverse the roles so it looks like I'll have to take over the housework and cooking again. We are looking forward to spending time with our children, Craig and Christi, and their families. Our six grandchildren are anxiously waiting for us to move to eastern Nebraska. I also have a lot of unfinished sewing projects, scrapbooking, etc., to finish so there's plenty to keep me busy.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my years here at the University and would like to thank everyone for their support and friendship. My last day will be February 23. We will, of course, miss our friends and family here in this area but we will occasionally be back—God bless!

Elnora Harimon

## Tech Tip

Here are some quick Keyboard shortcuts you can learn to save you time.

CTRL+c to Copy

CTRL+v to Paste

CTRL+x to Cut

CTRL+z to Undo

Provided by Carol Laurent



## Panhandle Trivia

In 1883, if you rode the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railroad across Nebraska where would you end up?

Who was the first settler to file a homestead claim in Township 32 of Sheridan County?



## Remember When!?

Sorry to say we did not receive any special Valentine's Day stories to share with you. However, just as a reminder, if you have a special Valentine --- you might want to remember February 14th.



February Soup Luncheon

Monday, February 13

Noon

Sponsored by the PHREC Social Committee

## Employee in the Know



**John Burbach**  
Facilities and Maintenance

I was born in Minatare, NE. I am the third oldest of six children. I have 3 sisters & 2 brothers. We were all raised on a farm north east of Minatare.

I attended Minatare High School in the 50's, graduating in 1953. I attended Western Community College for one semester. At that time it was located on 5th Ave.

While living on the farm my sisters, my brothers & I worked for Dad on the farm. That is back when we hoed & thinned beets by hand. There were 3 hoers & 3 thinners. At that time they planted beets as thick as lettuce. We even piled & topped them by hand & forked them onto the truck.

In 1956 I joined the Marines & took my training at Camp Pendleton, CA. After my training I was shipped to Hawaii with the 7th Engineers, where I spent 2 years. That is where I met & married my wife Mildred in 1958. In late '58 we were shipped back to CA where I spent 2 more years. We lived in Oceanside & that is where our daughter Debbie was born.

I was discharged in late 1960 & came home to Scottsbluff where I worked for my brother-in-law on the farm. I started farming on my own in 1971 & farmed until 1986. After I gave up farming I managed the Standard Filling Station located on the corner of West 27th & Ave. I. It is now a Used Car Lot.

I started working with the University 9 years ago doing janitorial work in the Harris Building part time. When it was closed I was moved down to the Panhandle Station where I now work full time as janitor.

I lost my wife in October of 2004 after a long illness. It was so hard to get over the loss, but am doing better now. It helps to have family close by. I have 6 grandchildren & 11 great grandchildren, & a great lady friend, Leona.

\* \* \* \* \*



**Gordon Moeller**  
Facilities and Maintenance

This is my second "go-round" with the Panhandle Station. I started with Charlie Fenster and retired him. I then worked for Pat Reece for years and decided a change would be good. (No offense Pat) In the interim, I became skilled as a machinist and in building and grounds maintenance. Someone asked me if this was my retirement job? We will see!

I was raised in Illinois. I also lived in California, Arkansas and Colorado before moving to this area. My wife, Joyce, and I live in Gering. We have 2 adult children and 1 grandchild.

Some of you might have noticed my 50s cars occasionally parked in the lot. I like to tell people I work here to support my hobbies.

\* \* \* \* \*



**Bob O'Neill, Manager**  
Facilities and Maintenance

I was born in the good Samaritan Hospital in Kearney NE, March 25, 19\_\_ to Dorothy and Robert O'Neill. My father being a Foreman for The Diamond Engineering Company of Grand Island, NE. I started my life on the move as different projects that he worked on in the surrounding states of Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota, and Nebraska. From pictures that mother took my first home was a trailer house that mom and dad moved when he was sent to another job or project.

In 1944 my father joined the Navy Seabee's and he was sent to San Diego, CA for his basic training. After that was complete my mother, sister, and I took a train trip and went to be with him until he was to be shipped out to the south pacific. While at San Diego we lived in quonset type buildings that housed two families. It was long and the entry was from the ends of the structure. We would go to the movies on the installation and we would walk every where as it was with in foot traffic distance. I remember walking back to the quarters on the base my sister made the statement that her legs were getting short and asked dad to carry her home. Mom took many, many pictures of every where we went

as that was medium that was available to record the memories of our travel and places that we visited.

After dad was released from the Naval commitment he came back and returned to the construction trade. Then after about three years he decided to take advantage of his G.I. Bill and went to school to further his education. Then in 1948 he decided to give the farm life a try. We rented a farm north and west of Wood River, NE. This place did not have any electricity in the house and the heat was of a pot bellied cast iron stove in the middle of the living room and the kitchen had a wood burning cook stove. This I must say was a shock to this city boy because I had to carry water to wash with carry wood into the wood box to heat and cook with on a daily basis. About a year later we had the electricity installed in the house or I should say the landlord had it installed. Also we installed a storage tank in the attic of the house and then we had running water after we pumped it up to the tank from the hand pump just outside the house. (That was hard.) So if you were on the business end of the pump handle you learned the art of water conservation very early in life. I had a Shetland pony which we had to ride bare back as we didn't have a saddle. Had many mini rodeo's in the corral of the farm in which we would try to ride calves or cows and sometimes larger pigs. I would never have made a rodeo rider I am sure because it seemed I was on the ground more than on the back of the animal I was trying to ride. I remember the old stationary thrashing machine that was used to separate the grain from the wheat, oats, and barley heads and stalks. It all had to be cut and bundled into what was called shocks and stacked in such a manner that if it would rain the heads would shed the rain until they were picked up and taken to the thrasher in the middle of the field. I remember that I was scolded many times because I thought I had to be listening to the radio instead of doing my chores. That was great entertainment but you had to use your imagination through out the whole program to visualize what they were doing. Our landlord had another farm north and east of Gibbon, NE so we moved to the new farm, new to us. It came to be the home and acreage that my mother's father had homesteaded during the Homestead Act. Chores were not any easier they seemed to be increased at the new place. As I grew a little taller we had to get a larger horse and sell the Shetland pony. The new one came with a saddle and it was a quarter horse which she left me in the thin air when she was cutting cattle the first couple of times I rode her. That was a big surprise. This quarter horse allowed me to be the cowboy with the

saddle and everything, as with the Shetland pony I was the Indian as they always rode bare back. This farm is where I started high school and I wanted to play football. So I applied for a school permit, received it and I got my first car which was a 1942 Chevrolet two door Fleetwood as I had come to the age of high school and football practice. I thought that being on the farm and doing a lot of manual labor I was in fair shape. But below and behold that was not the case. As after the first couple of practices I found muscles I didn't know I had, I was seriously pondering the idea of quitting but I didn't. Then it took two more weeks of conditioning to get them in shape so they would not hurt every time I moved. Then we started to get into the hitting someone else and running plays to get that ball to the other end.

In 1955 we got hailed out again so the decision was made to sell our farm equipment and Dad was reluctantly thinking about going back to the construction life. He went to work for a earth moving company that prepared road beds for concrete and asphalt road surfaces. I landed a summer job with the same outfit and tried to keep in shape for the next football season. The next summer I got a job with Diamond Engineering Co. this was preparing street bed for concrete which included setting steel forms daily in the heat of the summer and the humidity of Grand Island, NE. I spent the next two summers working on the bridge building crew which helped in keeping in shape. After I graduated from high school I continued to work for Diamond building bridges, plowing telephone cable, installing storm sewer, installing six and eight duct clay tile for telephone company. I have many construction memories such as moving a 150 foot overhead truss bridge upstream to use as the detour bridge so a new and improved one could be erected in its place. Driving 60 to 80 foot "H" and 12 inch round steel, and concrete, piling into the ground for bridge piers to support bridge decks across the spans of rivers and creeks. At times these pilings were driven and set 15 to 20 feet below the river and or creek bed while the water was running down stream. To keep you dry to an extent there was the cofferdam that was put in place and well points sunk all around it to keep the water from rising up from under the sheet piling that created the cofferdam. After 20 or so piling were driven deep into the earth then a 4 foot cap of concrete was poured encasing the piling so a pier could be erected on this cap and support the bridge deck. Depending on the width of the river or the highest water level that the river had been in the last 100 years

dictated how many piers were required to support the new roadway. The building of an under slung truss bridge which was assembled with hot rivets. The use of dynamite to demolish a bridge so a new one could be built. The experience of being a heavy equipment operator to get on a D-8 cat and push large trees down and roll them into a pit, or plow a telephone cable 4 feet below the surface of the earth. To operate a crane and drag line crane to dig large holes into the earth.

I married my wife Jean on October 8, 1961 which was a good move on my part. She has been by my side this coming October for 45 years now. We lived in Grand Island, NE. Then in December 1961 Uncle Sam delivered to my residence that notice that I need you. I didn't want to really carry the nine pound rifle he was going to issue me and go on extended outings when he thought that we should. So I became a draft dodger and went to the Air Force Recruiter to see if I could join their ranks as an Airman. We filled out the required paperwork and January 2, 1962 I was on my way to San Antonio, Texas for eight weeks of basic training.

After the eight weeks at Lackland AFB I was sent to Amarillo AFB Texas where I spent 16 weeks of Jet Engine Over Two Technical School on the B-47 aircraft. I achieved some high scores in different block tests, I aced two block tests on different systems of the aircraft. After I graduated for the Tech School I was assigned to Dyess AFB, Texas in Abilene. I was assigned to a B-47 96<sup>th</sup> Bombardment wing. During the Cuban crisis the OPS plan that was in place was to deploy the aircraft to civilian air port around the U.S. loaded with munitions and be on alert for deployment at any time to the designated target. After that crisis was over the aircraft were sent back to their home bases and resumed regular OPS. Later that year we were selected to phase out the B-47 and get the B-52 Bomber aircraft. But first the Runway at the base had to be extended and made wider. This meant that here could not be any take-off and landings. So we were assigned to the Missile Squadron for that period of time. We were dispatched on a daily basis to perform preventive maintenance on the structure of the missile silo and quarters which everyone called the mole hole which it was a good sized mole hole. After we attended the B-52 FAM course then we had to go to Roswell, N.M. for over the shoulder training on the B-52 aircraft that would be station at our home base Dyess AFB. This was a six month tour driving back and forth which made it a little more bearable for the men that homes established at Abilene. In August 1963 our daughter Stacy Jean was born. I

spent many hours in Alert and flew with the B-52 also. During training missions I have flown over the panhandle many times on low level bomb runs on small towns in NE and SD as a flying crew chief. We traveled to Mexico on different occasions during my off duty time.

Then in 1966 we were assigned to McChord AFB, Tacoma, WA as the Military Airlift Command was going to the Jet age aircraft and I was assigned to crew a C-141A Starlifter. I was fortunate enough to visit many countries in this world. As a flying crew chief I was able to fly to Australia 7 or 8 times, Christ Church, New Zealand also. I have been stationed in Rheine Main, Germany, Madrid, Spain, Athens, Greece, London, England, As a flying crew chief I was assigned as special weapons assistant to augment the regular crew in the transport of special weapon airlift. Was sent to Korea to a small base that was being trained in the new aircraft the F-5 during the Pueblo seizure in 1968. This little base of Suwuan Korea only had about 60 advisors on the base as trainers and advisors one day and the next they had some 6,000 American troops on the base to support what ever action that may be required. I did not realize it until after we got back to Okinawa just how close to the 38<sup>th</sup> parallel we were. Some times it is best not to know. In December 1966 our son Brian Patrick was born. We traveled around the area and enjoyed the great Northwest. Traveled to Canada, visited the Victoria island, the San Juan islands. Enjoyed the great seafood that the northwest has to offer.

In December 1970 we were assigned to Norton AFB, CA where we spent eleven months. We went to Disneyland, Universal Studios I think three or four times. Went to San Diego, CA to visit the home of the Seabees where my father took his basic training for World War II. Made the trip to the Mexico boarder town of Tijuana. In November 1971 I was alerted that I would be assigned to Vietnam for 12 months after I attended the C-5A Galaxy FAM school at Travis AFB CA. So I brought Jean and the kids back to Morrill, NE to stay while I was in Vietnam. Two weeks before I was to graduate from the C-5A school the cease fire was signed and the Air Force sent a personnel placement team to Travis to reassign the personnel that were in school and were en route to Vietnam. They said being you were going to the south pacific how about stopping off at Yokota, Japan. I said that would be as good a place as any. So I called Jean with a list of things she had to take over to F.E. Warren AFB WY to get

processed so she and the kids could go with me after I graduated from the C-5A school.

So we were on our way to Japan. As she had not traveled in the air to the west she was amazed that we ate three dinners before we got to Japan. And one thing she did not think was too much of a thrill was the landing on Wake Island in the middle of the Pacific. But we got to Japan. We spent four great years in Japan. I was a football coach with an Air Police Sergeant from Alabama which we had four very successful seasons as we were the Kanto Plain Champions all four season of the little league which was of all the branches of services in Japan. We also coached the little league baseball team the same four years but were not quite as lucky to achieve the top ranking as we did in the football program. We were very fortunate to have the association with two young Japanese College students that visited our home every two or three weekends a month the entire time we were stationed in Japan. Their mother and father kind of adopted our two children Stacy and Brian as their grand children as they would spend some weekends at their home so they could attend their village celebrations at different times of the years. Mr. and Mrs. Watanabe were very gracious people, she was an English teacher in a grade school and he was a professor of the ancient Japanese architecture. He was commissioned to design and build a five story pagoda while we were there. We were very fortunate to see the scale model that he built before the actual construction started. It had to be designed to withstand an earthquake if one should strike the area that it was to be erected. This is where I was issued my motorcycle operators licence and purchased a Hond 450 cc street bike. I had that bike torn down and placed into boxes 65 lbs that I could mail home. We were very sad to leave the country of Japan.

We left Japan July 1, 1976 and landed in San Francisco, CA, 4 hours before we had departed Japan. We were reassigned to 28<sup>th</sup> Heavy Bombardment Wing B-52Gs and the Minute man Missel Ellsworth AFB SD Rapid City. We got to celebrate the 200 year anniversary of the United States on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July 1976. I put the 450 together in the basement of our quarters at Ellsworth and rode it for six years every day to work which was about a mile and half to my Squadron. The coldest day that I rode it was -65 degrees. We spent the last six years at Ellsworth, saw a lot of old west history up there, went to the faces many time, watched the start of the monument of Chief Crazy Horse up in the Black

Hills. Have been up a couple times to see its progress. I retired from the Air Force after 20 years and 28 days.

We moved back to Morrill, NE as Brian had completed the 8<sup>th</sup> grade and was ready to start high school. And Stacy had graduated for Douglas High school at Ellsworth and was ready to go to college. She had a scholarship to Kearney State College, where she was enrolled into pre-med courses. While she was there she was a cheerleader for the Lopers for two years. She decided that she wanted to go to Pharmacy school so we were in the hunt for a college. After visiting three or four colleges she settled at the University of Wyoming at Laramie, WY. I spent two years at WNNC and this job of Facilities Manager became available I applied for and was accepted on the 4<sup>th</sup> December 1984. I have been working here for going on 22 years this December. I have seen many changes in this facility that I have done or that have been done by contractors. I have enjoyed the challenges that have been put upon me on a daily basis and non routinely. I have been very fortunate to have my daughter to live in the same town that we do so we can spoil the grandchildren and go home. My son and his wife reside in Powell, WY with two granddaughters that we get spoiled not quite as often and go. And we have the great pleasure of having the opportunity to have Anna and Abby Harveson two days a week I get to spoil them and then send them home. Anna and Abby are like two of the sweetest little ladies Jean and I have kinda of adopted them as grandchildren.

Jean and I are planning a trip to Ireland this fall to visit where my great grandfather and grandmother came from in northern Ireland Co. Antrim. From the travels of some of our relatives previously they say the church that they attended is still there and my wife Jean thinks it might be neat to renew our wedding vows in the same church So that is about all I can think of as of today.

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Shirley Strong  
Facilities and Maintenance

I was born in Torrington, Wyoming at home. I have 4 sisters and 2 brothers. I'm in the middle there somewhere. Torrington is where I received my education in the public schools.

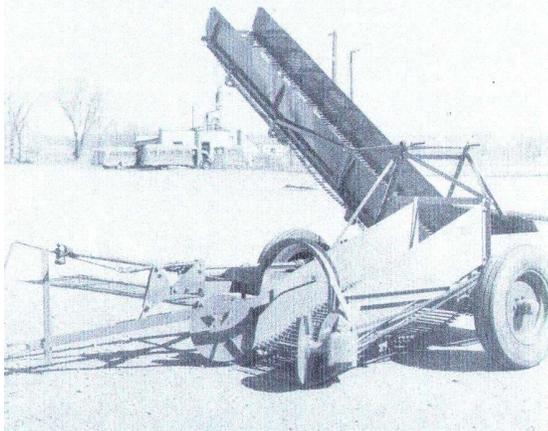
Some of my fondest memories growing up were when we would visit grandpa and grandma on a farm in Huntley, Wyoming. They had horses and we got to ride them. Fun came at a price though, it meant you had to help grandmother do chores. We would churn butter which would take forever it seemed whipping it the old fashioned way. And stir her big cast iron pot of lard she had on a fire in the yard which would become lye soap that was used for everything including washing clothes on an old fashion scrub board before the convenience of washing machines. The older children had the job of washing clothes. Thankfully I wasn't one of them.

In 1929 my father helped design and build one of the first sugar beet loaders at Sishc Mfg., in Torrington. He and my grandfather were killed by a train when I was five. My mother remarried and so I was fortunate to have a wonderful stepfather.

I married a Nebraskan and he was a farm boy whose parents homesteaded north of Lyman. We lived on a couple of different farms in Gering and Morrill. We moved to Oregon and was there for 10 years. We lived on a dairy farm that had its own processing plant. My husband did the milking and I worked in the processing making ice cream.

Then the call of the open plains and family beckoned and we moved back to Nebraska where I was employed at restaurants as cook and waitress. Wanting to do something different I tried my hand at cleaning at WNCC where my duties were pretty much the same as I do here at the Panhandle Center.

I have 3 sons, 8 grandchildren, 4 great grandchildren and my companions are 2 dogs. My hobbies are doing crafts, working word puzzles, collecting Angels and Santas. I enjoy working at the Panhandle Center because the faculty and staff are a nice bunch of people.



Sugar Beet Loader - Built 1929 to 1948  
Sishc Mfg. Company, Torrington, WY

National Custodial Day is in October, but this is a good time to give a special thanks to this workgroup for all the work they do to keep the building and grounds in such good condition. We may not thank you often enough for emptying the trash, shoveling snow, locking the building, changing light bulbs, delivering the afternoon mail and the many things you do for all of us -- but you are greatly appreciated! The county offices have people who do these same tasks and they need to know we appreciate them as well.



Happy Valentine's Day!

### Trivia Answer

You would end up in Valentine! Surveys were being completed and in the spring of 1884 a few hardy settlers, interested in homesteading free land, headed west. Abel J. Love was one such pioneer. He walked the 100 miles from Valentine and was the first to file a claim in Township 32 of Sheridan County. He returned to the east but came back that fall and built a combination dugout/sodhouse on the present site of Clinton. Before long there were many other settlers in the area, so a post office was necessary. Love was appointed post master, but since there was no town, it had no name. After much discussion, the name "Clinton" was approved, probably for the hometown of people migrating from a town by that name. After the railroad came through in 1885, Love's duties included meeting the daily train, for which he was paid 15 cents per day. With the arrival of families, a school, church and meeting place were needed. A log schoolhouse was built and Abel Love donated the land for the Methodist Episcopal Church to be built in 1890. The church is still active today.

Source: Nebraska Our Towns: Panhandle