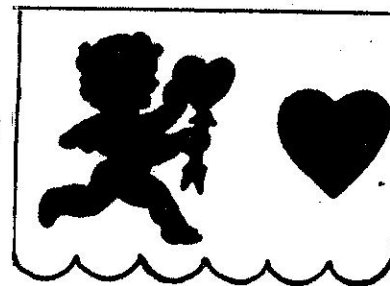


Eastern Nebraska Genealogical Society Newsletter

FEBRUARY 2015

P O BOX 541
Fremont NE 68026-0541



9 February 2015
ENGS MEETING ROOM – 7 p.m.
1722 East 19-Fremont NE

PROGRAM
Gravestone Symbolism -
Genealogy you can find in the cemetery

BROWSE NIGHT
23 February 2015 – 7 p.m.

Each guest was presented with a tissue cap of gay colors as he entered and was obliged to wear this during the evening. Among the very laughable stunts were, a blindfolded eating contest, a hammer-throwing contest, a wide grin contest and a cracker-eating and whistling contest. The latter sounds easy unless you have tried to whistle with your mouth full of crackers. A floral contest and music were other means of entertainment. Mrs Howard, assisted by her daughters and Miss Grace Keeton, served a three course luncheon which the men pronounced excellent, but since most of them confessed that they did not know what they were eating, we publish the menu: Minced chicken in patty-shells, shrimp salad, pimento cheese sandwiches, pickles, coffee, two kinds of cake, toasted marshmallows, fudge and pop-corn. The class presented Dr Howard with a handsome mahogany mantel clock.

To end the social affairs , this item was printed.

We have a wonderful program for our February meeting. It will be given to us by the Saunders County Gen Society, Am very sure everyone will enjoy this program. I always read the Saunders Co Newsletters, so I have a clue as to what it is all about – The cold weather has kept many members at home, so we have not had a large membership in attendance; hope you will make an effort to be at the February meeting.

The other morning when, bright and early, Joseph Roubal went out to attend to his chores, he heard a sound of scrambling and squawking coming from the interior of a wagon box. Climbing in and investigating, he found a sack filled with chickens from his own hen roost. His first theory was that Mrs Roubal or some member of the family had sacked them and had forgotten to mention it, but when this theory was disproved, the only remaining solution to the mystery is that chicken thieves had been busy about the place the night before. One of the daughters recalled that while she was up in the night to get medicine for a younger sister, she had heard a shot fired from no great distance away. Mr Roubal thinks it probably that one of the marauders saw the light in the house and fired the shot to warn his companions who fled leaving the chickens.

I have been informed by Nona Wiese that John Bentz who has been a welcome person within our library and meetings, if in the area. He passed away on December 24th, funeral on Jan 17th at Mira Mesa, Ca. His wife, Edna, gave our group, in the past years, some interesting items on German research.

The Social Affairs items were found in the North Bend Eagle newspaper dated January 4, 1917.

Social Affairs of the Holidays in 1917

New Year's Day was enjoyed as a holiday in North Bend and was made the occasion for a number of parties among the young people who were home from school for the holidays, as well as several dinners and pleasure gatherings among the grown ups.

The back side of this letter for February you will note a special item from the Hooper Sentinel newspaper.

The members of the Married Folks Club were entertained New Year's night at the home of Mr & Mrs R E Weaverling, as has been the custom since the organization of the club three years ago. The most important event of the evening was the supper, which was provided, cooked and served by the men. It was excellent.

We hope you will enjoy Mr O Himebaugh's poem he wrote and turned in to the Hooper Sentinel and was printed in a January 1890 newspaper.

Dr P R Howard entertained the Men's Bible Class of the United Presbyterian church, at a "Stunt" party at his home Monday night. Thirty men were present.

Claire and Renee are working on the SPRING Issue of Roots & Leaves which will be ready in mid March.



This was located in an old Hooper Sentinel newspaper while I was seeking births, marriages and deaths for our huge index file. In a January 1890 newspaper.

FONTENELLE

The following was written by one of Dodge County's oldest settlers, Mr O. Himebaugh, in the early 1860's when the now almost deserted village of Fontenelle was a thriving city.

In passing over the beautiful West,
To find the country that pleased the best,
I chanced upon a company fell
That was going straight to Fontenelle.

The country there is beautified
With timber and water side, by side;
And who could help but feel the spell
Around the city of Fontenelle.

The people there are from the East,
They worship God instead of the beast;
And an empty church with a sounding bell,
Is never Sabbath in Fontenelle.

Four ministers now are settled in town
To teach the people up and down;
From Omaha, or hill and dell,
And in the city of Fontenelle.

The Congregationalists have thirty or more,
The Methodists, perhaps, near three score;
The number of Baptists, I cannot tell
In the vicinity of Fontenelle.

Society is good as ever I met,
And much refined in etiquette;
And many I think, who will never sell
Or leave the city of Fontenelle.

Game is plenty for all who choose—
Fine deer, and fish none would refuse;
Wild fruit for sauce for every hotel
That is kept in the city of Fontenelle.

There is plenty of land for many a day
You can go and claim in Nebraska;
And when Uncle Sam gets ready to sell
There will be much strife for Fontenelle.

But the laws will hold the claim 'scure,
And all the same for rich and poor;
Yet a thousand dollars would never teB
For many a claim near Fontenelle.

If property is higher than you desire,
And you wish to join a ditty
Go five miles west, where the land is the best,
To a place called Jalapa City.

The city is new— the citizens few —
Yet in morals they stand the test;
The city plot is a lovely spot—
The charm of the beautiful West.

Near the center of the county and the richest bounty,
The county will not be bound
To give a share to every pair,
That will improve and settle in town.

If your eyes don't tire, you can but admire
The beautiful scenery round
Such fragrant flowers and beautiful bowers,
In the West are always found,

The Maple river will flow forever,
Whilst the flowers breathe perfume;
And is not absurd that the singing bird
Will charm away feeling of gloom.

The beautiful songs of the feathered throngs
Are without a parallel,
Yet if all won't do, because the country is new,
Then settle in Fontenelle.

And now, young men, a few words to you—
Young ladies in the West are rather few;
Some two young men to every belle,
In Jalapa City and Fontenelle.

If boats and cars, that run of late,
Would bring you ladies instead of freight,
I think it would pay them just as well
And add to the prospects of Fontenelle.

Now I don't write this for speculation
Nor do I write for publication;
Yet it's near the truth as I can tell,
Of Jalappa City and Fontenelle.
