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# Buffalo Tales

July/August 2015

***Life of a Cowboy* Poetry by William Potter and Artwork by Bob Kerby**

**“RIDIN’ IN TO CAMP”**

As twilights’ beauty settles down upon the western plains  
 It makes a man forget about his troubles and his pains.  
 And the soft pastels of sunset with its shades of pink and blue  
 Just seem to put an end to all the things that bother you.  
 And that old moon arisin’ in the East, takin’ over for the night  
 Just seems to say “Relax boy, everything’s gonna be all right.  
 The evening shadows reachin’ long across the dim lit trail  
 And in the distance I can hear that old coyote wail.  
 Just me and my old pony here, the day’s been long and hot  
 We’ll soon be ridin’ in to camp.  
 I’m thinkin’ like as not,  
 There’ll be a campfire burnin’.  
 There’ll be coffee! There’ll be stew!  
 Old Hank will have fresh biscuits  
 baked like only he can do.  
 Yes, evening is so special, it’s  
 almost a reward  
 For all the effort of the day and the  
 labor long and hard.  
 My pony’s sweat is dryin’ and so is  
 mine I guess



*Hobbled at the Hacienda*

And the coolness at the end of day  
 has come our hearts to bless.  
 There’s a lot of satisfaction just to know  
 you’ve done your best  
 And if you’re tired at bedtime, well it really helps you rest.  
 A belly full, a warm bedroll, a body rich in health  
 I have a blessing so much more than any rich man’s wealth.  
 I lie there gazing at the stars and my mind begins to wander.  
 I think about the day I ride into that great camp up yonder.  
 I’ll see some aunts and uncles that I’ve missed for quite some time  
 And my Grandmas and my Grandpas too, yes that will be sublime.  
 I’ll go fishin’ with the guy who was the father of my wife.  
 He’ll probably catch the biggest one just like here in this life.  
 My ponies they won’t stumble like here on earth they do,  
 They’ll never kick or colic and they’ll never throw a shoe.  
 There’ll never be a flood or drought, grasshoppers won’t be there.  
 The grass is always lush and green. The skies are always fair.  
 But first I must see Jesus, fall humbly at his feet.  
 For He’s the one who made the trail from here to there complete.  
 You see the straight and narrow trail I do not always go  
 And that presents a problem. The Bible tells us so.  
 So Jesus came and gave His life. He died there in my place.  
 He blazed the trail so I can see the Father face to face.  
 So saddle up yer ponies boys and light the Master’s lamp  
 Don’t get off the trail boys; we’re ridin in to camp.

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**A Huge Thanks to our Silver and Gold Engineers for their support of the BCBS/Trails & Rails Museum**

(Contact Trails & Rails Museum for more information on becoming an Engineer)

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**Trails & Rails Museum**  
**Buffalo County Historical Society**  
**710 West 11th St. P.O. Box 523**  
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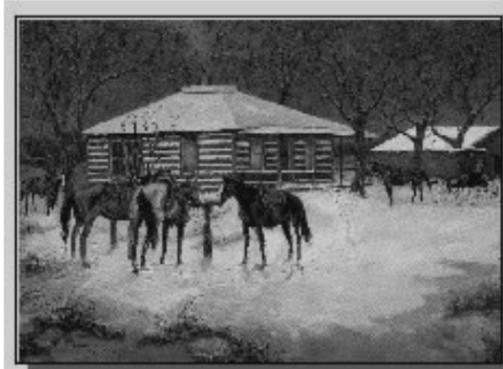


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**“PARD”**

I've been a cowboy all my life and tried a lot of things  
 Ropin', ridin', shoein', heck I've even tried to sing.  
 I've tried some cowboy poetry that addressed some different stuff  
 About the cowboy life, about things good, about things tough.  
 I think the time has come that I need to direct attention  
 And say some things about my pard who up to now I haven't mentioned.  
 My pard ain't never roped a calf and tied him with a piggin' string  
 Or climbed aboard a buckin' horse and tried to ride the snarly thing.  
 But she can drive a 5 speed. She can pull a trailer, too.  
 But don't ask her to back the thing. That might be more than she can do.  
 I have seen her grab an ear or shake a mane to calm the fear  
 Or take a hold of a cranky hoss and show him who is really boss.  
 She's the one who cleans and cooks and keeps a tidy set of books.  
 She does the things that I don't do, the dishes and the laundry, too.  
 She brought two daughters to our home, I was Dad and she was Mom.  
 She's still Mom and I'm still Dad, the kids are grown, it's kinda sad.  
 But I have her and she has me and we have our new found liberty.  
 She's still the one that lights my life and I'm so glad that she's my wife.  
 She is my Liz Taylor, she's my Marilyn Monroe, my Ali McGraw, my Sally  
 Field,  
 My very own personal Bridgett Bardeaux.  
 She's my yellow rose of Texas to whom my heart belongs.  
 She's the pretty girl in all those sad old lonesome cowboy songs.  
 She's my beautiful, beautiful brown eyes and I guess I'll never see  
 Just what those pretty brown eyes ever really saw in me.  
 She could have gone to college and with her mathematic mind  
 She could have been a CPA and left the housework far behind.  
 But she surrounds me with her tenderness and does she really care?  
 Why else would pretty brown eyes wash old Don Juan's dirty underwear?  
 The time she's spent alone when I've been out a workin' late

*The Homecoming***“COW COUNTRY”**

I've been on that Pacific beach and on Atlantic shores;  
 Seen them Colorado Rockies; been to Canada and more.  
 I've been to Southeast Asia in that Oriental land;  
 Spent time down in El Paso in that burning desert sand.  
 I've been down in Old Mexico across the Rio Grande.  
 I was even in an airplane when it landed in Japan.  
 I love to see the mountains and that big old ocean blue.  
 What a sight to see Old Faithful and to view Mount Rushmore too.

I always like to travel, there's so much to do and see,  
 But out here in cow country is my favorite place to be.  
 I stand and look at them old hills, they just roll on and on,  
 And now and then a buffalo waller from a time now come and gone.  
 There'll be a windmill pumpin' clear cool water for the stock,  
 And in that big blue sky above there flies a chicken hawk.  
 Out here a horse is used for work and not too much for show,  
 But he might get to show his stuff at the local rodeo.

*Punching Cows at Crow Creek*

In early spring we're calvin' and we're workin' day and night  
 To help them little boogers not give up without a fight.  
 Sortin' pairs and brandin', and draggin' to the fire;  
 It take a lot of savvy, then at night when we retire,  
 We'll probly drop right off to sleep 'cause mornin's comin' soon.  
 We get recharged and vitalized by that old prairie moon.  
 Grama grass and Bluestem a' wavin' in the air,  
 And now and then a soap weed or a patch of prickly pear.  
 The folks out here are common and they ain't afraid of dirt.  
 They ain't afraid of workin' hard or laughin' when it hurts.  
 Your neighbor's always there to help you pull your heavy load,  
 And "the finger" just means "Howdy" when you meet him on the road.  
 He's there when you are brandin', fixin' fence and calvin' too.  
 You're always there to jump and run if he should call on you.  
 Whether you're a huntin' bulls or if there's hay to stack;  
 You always help each other out and no one's keepin' track.  
 The weather tries to get you down; sometimes the markets too.  
 Like a lost calf in a blizzard you don't know what to do.  
 But you don't just sit there mopin' cause you know that ain't your style.  
 You was just collectin' guts and just a restin' for awhile.  
 You get back in the saddle and you pull your hat down tight.  
 You grin and grit your teeth; you know that everything's alright.  
 You're out here in cow country; what else would you want to do?  
 Just take good care of them old cows; they'll take good care of you.

The Artists

William "Bill" Potter was born in Holdrege, NE and grew up on a farm southwest of Bloomington, NE with 3 younger sisters. He moved to the Kearney area in 1977 and worked at feedlots for 28 years and has been a fulltime farrier for 10 years. Bill is a Vietnam veteran. He enjoys reading the classics, working with AWANA program at church, country and gospel music, writing poetry, playing horseshoes, and traveling to Charleston, SC to visit his grandson. Bill is available to do poetry programs.

Bob Kerby was born and raised in Colorado but left home at 17 years old to become a cowboy. He now lives on a ranch outside of Kearney, NE where he also has the Longhorn Studio. Bob's passions include horses and team roping and can often be found working in the arena on his ranch. "Bob paints exclusively in oils and is committed to preserving the life and times of the contemporary cowboy." (www.experiencethewest.com/about.htm)  
 To view or order his artwork, visit his website [www.experiencethewest.com](http://www.experiencethewest.com).

**2015 Calendar of Events**

**Friday, July 10 at 7 pm and Saturday, July 11 at 2 pm:** "Wash your Troubles Away" melodrama by the Academy of Children's Theatre Alumni group. This event is at the Trails & Rails Museum and is free and open to the public. Free will donations are appreciated.

**All of November:** Christmas Decorating (during regular business hours)  
**First two weekends in Dec. (Dec.5/6 and Dec. 12/13) from 1-5 pm:** Open to the public: 28th Annual Christmas Tree Walk \*\*\* **Saturday, December 5 from 12-1pm: Members Only Preview of the 28th Annual Christmas Tree Walk\*\*\*** check out dozens of trees decorated by area not-for-profits that tie their mission into this year's theme, **Santa's Workshop.**

**Education notes:**

Trails & Rails Museum **closed** April 28 through May 9 for Kearney Public Schools.

**Listen to Mardi Anderson on KGFW 1340 AM** at 9 am on the last Friday of each month for a fabulous story about Buffalo County!

**Fabulous Fridays** are held on the 2nd Friday monthly at 2 pm. Locations vary, so check the web site.

**January:** Place Names in Buffalo County

**February:** The Dust Bowl Days

**March:** The Art of Weaving

**April:** National Sod House Society

**May:** On the Road to \_\_\_\_\_

**June:** Chautauqua

**July:** Teas from Native Plants

**August:** Tea Party

**September:** 100 Years of 4-H

**October:** History of Canning Jars

**November:** History of WWI Poppies

**December:** Sing along with Jim Cudaback

Volunteers, chairpersons, and sponsors are still needed. Please contact the office for more information on supporting your Buffalo County Historical Society!

PO Box 523, 710 W. 11th St., Kearney, NE 68848  
 (308) 234-3041 [www.bchs.us](http://www.bchs.us) [bchs.us@hotmail.com](mailto:bchs.us@hotmail.com)

We hope you enjoy these stories about Buffalo County. We would love to have a stock pile of Buffalo Tales ready so they can go out in a more timely manner. Please submit your memories and stories to us by e-mailing them to [bchs.buffalotales@hotmail.com](mailto:bchs.buffalotales@hotmail.com) or sending them to the post office box: BCHS, PO Box 523, Kearney, NE 68848.

**We appreciate your support!****Director's Report**

-We hosted a melodrama here last weekend and it went ok. The Kearney Community Theatre's Children's Alumni group put it on. They did ask if they could make this an annual event and possibly tie it in with our Wagons West. I think it is an awesome idea!

-The Stauffer family came out here and worked on a Saturday for quite some time on labeling the saddles their family donated. They are working on stories and descriptions for each one. Matt dropped off additional saddle display pieces and the fixed Mormon Handcart handle on July 15.

-Jan Rodehorst sponsored, prepared, and planned for a concession booth at the Pleasanton Fireworks on Saturday, June 27. She brought in the \$120 profit from the day.

-The director of the Nebraska Environmental Trust responded to our July 13 news release about our campaign and asked us to consider applying to them for our Phase 2. He said, "... Your native vegetation and low water use and signage describing those items are eligible. Any energy efficiency items are eligible. " I am meeting with Mark on Saturday to look into this more.

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