

The American Historical Society of Germans From Russia

NEWSLETTER

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Historic "Bulldog Ring" Dedicated

by Cindy Lange-Kubick Lincoln Journal Star

In the old days, they called Eddie Loos's section of the North Bottoms neighborhood the "Bulldog Ring" because people there were poor and, to an outsider's judging eye, tough.

Those days are long gone, but decades later you still couldn't call Loos anything but bulldogged in his determination to have his childhood home recognized by the city.

It—a historical district designation by the city—came to pass in a glorious way recently with a dedication ceremony led by mayor Mike Johanns and attended by 100 or more past and present residents of this neighborhood.

They gathered in the cold with cameras and video recorders, these descendants of the original Germans from Russia, immigrants who settled this low-lying piece of land now covered by concrete overpasses and forgotten by fast-moving traffic.

And even though much of the city may never pass through this part of town, these people—even those like Loos and his wife, Lillian, who moved out of the old neighborhood in 1950—are drawn to remember.

[On Tuesday, November 4] At 4:30 p.m. Loos and Johanns uncovered a large marker flanked by wrought-iron railing and cast-iron posts salvaged from the old viaduct that once carried North 10th Street over the railroad tracks. Along with a brick sidewalk, two metal benches and the promise of spring flowers, the corner of 10th and Charleston streets is finally complete.

The mostly gray-haired crowd nodded their heads in agreement as Johanns read the plaque's text aloud, recounting how the Germans from Russia had lived in Russia for generations, retaining their



The bulldogged determination of Eddie Loos made the dream of historical district designation a reality for the North Bottoms area of Lincoln.

language and way of life until 1871 when the czar took away their political and religious freedoms.

How they were drawn to the Great Plains by jobs and land. How they took up residence on the bottom lands near Salt Creek and developed businesses, social clubs, churches, and schools.

Before he finished speaking, Johanns made reference to Loos's bulldogged determination. "Probably one of the most patient people in the city of Lincoln is right here," he said looking at Loos. "He would only call me every couple of hours ..."

Then the crowd filled the fellowship hall next door to hear Ed Zimmer, historic preservation planner for the city, read from a poem Loos had written.

"To Lincoln they came and gathered in the northwest Now is the time for me to say, I feel that a tribute should be paid. May history's voice be loud and clear, and tell who it was that settled here"

It was an afternoon to reminisce over long, vinyl-topped tables, eating cookies and cakes, sipping cups of coffee.

The bulldog ring was the best place to live in Lincoln, Loos said, between greeting well-wishers and calling out to friends. "We was close to the stadium, close to the fairgrounds, close the the planing mill... close to the junkyard, the lake."

"I was baptized across the street in 1922," said Al Schneider, the mason in charge of the brickwork outside. "I grew up right down here in the bottom; I'm proud of it."

Others nodded in agreement.

They have a heritage, a history, parents who worked hard and showed the way.

(continued)

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Board Members



Take Note!

Third Monday of the Month Board Meeting, 6:30 p.m., 631 D St.

Second Tuesday of the Month LLCGS-7:00 p.m.

Third Saturday of the Month PAF-LUG-7:00 p.m.

Lincoln Chapter American Historical Society of Germans from Russia 631 D Street Lincoln, NE 68502-1199

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

In Memory of Esther Stuertz "A Friend"



I will not think that I have failed,
Or lived my life in vain,
If to my credit I shall find
One friend to be my gain,
And tho' the Road of Life is rough,
With mountains hard to climb;
I find there's joy along the way,
And the journey, it is fine.

If there's a friend beside me; To cheer me with his song, To smile his understanding, When everything goes wrong; It gives me strength and courage, The mountains to ascend, And I find that Life's worth living, As long as there's a friend.

Then be not hasty when I'm gone, To say I lived in vain, Tho' ghosts of many failures, Like monuments remain, but when Life's sun is sinking, And I reach my journey's end; then count my early riches In the number of my friends.

"Bulldog Ring" (continued)

Loos remembered his father telling of the men who would sit at Immanuel Church-the church where Schneider was baptized, the church Loos still attends—their hands shaking from grueling work on the railroad.

"I always said we would do something for our old people." Loos said of his parents' and their peers.... "They weren't rich people, they were good people. It's the least we could do."

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