

**August Henry Hellbusch**  
**Born August 13, 1902 in Columbus, Nebraska**  
**Died June 6, 1969 in Loveland, Oklahoma**

***County Farmer  
Dies In Mishap***

(Friday June 6, 1969)

August Henry Hellbusch, 67, died Friday from injuries sustained when he fell from his tractor under the plow he was pulling.

Hellbusch, a lifetime resident of Loveland, was plowing on the Eastes farm near Loveland when the accident occurred around 5 p.m. Friday. He was dead on arrival at the Tillman County Memorial Hospital.

Sheriff Tom Boyd, who met the ambulance carrying Hellbusch at the hospital, said apparently the seat broke off the tractor causing

Hellbusch to topple into the plow.

Services will be held at 2 p.m. today in the First United Methodist Church of Grandfield with the Rev. Jerry Fast officiating.

Hellbusch was born in Columbus, Nebraska, on August 13, 1902 and is survived by his wife, Lady Jackson who he married February 6, 1955 in Grandfield; one step daughter, Mary Stulce, Lovland; two brothers, Oscar and Bill Hellbusch of Loveland and two sisters, Mrs. Alma Jentsch of Wichita Falls and Mrs. Lucy Watson of Jefferson, Missouri.

Internment under the direction of the Gray Funeral Home of Grandfield will be at the Grandfield Cemetery.

***The following was given at the funeral of August Hellbusch***

Sixty-six, almost 67 years ago, there was in Columbus, Nebraska, a happy young couple. It was August 13, 1902, William, who at 17 had been a stow-away on a ship from Germany, and Alvina Hellbusch were happy because that was the day another of their children was born - a son - and they named him after the month he was born in - August. Already there was Herman and Bertha, Alma, Alvina and Willie - all of these born in Nebraska. In 1904, when August was but two, the family moved to Gage and settled on a farm.

The young family grew larger as Oscar and Lucy became a part of the family; and then by covered wagon to Wichita Falls they all came. Here Theodore was born. Now there were 5 brothers and 4 sisters.

Families work together and have fun together and move together. In 1926, they bought and moved to what's now called the "home place" north of Loveland. All his life after that August lived on the home place - it was the place that would always be home.

On February 6, 1955, in this sanctuary, he and Lady Jackson Stulce exchanged vows and were married. To August that was a special day - one he celebrated over - and he bought cigars and handed them out to everybody. They depended heavily on one another and always worked together. And from the beginning Mary was a part of the family - a girl of 8, she, a step-daughter, was loved and treated and felt like his daughter.

August was always teasing Mary. He kidded her about a boyfriend - said he'd pick her one with a lot of money and a new car - - and she would retort: "Good deal - just what I want." He would come home and sit down at the table and say: "Mary, I saw your boyfriend today." - and she would say - "Big Deal - - they had each other going all of the time.

He was proud of her. If he went anywhere she went right along. August was good - good to Lady and Mary. He spoke good, kind words to them - never an ugly word around them. They all - the 3 - they all had their fun and were happy together. Together they made what Lady calls: "a sweet home to live in - everything went along fine."

As Lady said: "It's a dark world now." Without doubt, August was a source of much of the light and goodness in their daily lives. August was one who knew about the farm - the thing he had always known - the way he earned his family's food - it was what he liked to do. Tilling the soil - that's what he had always done; what he was doing as he breathed his last lying on the open field - on the dust from which the Good Maker created man - on a field just harvested of its bountiful grain and August was preparing it so that it would produce grain again and feed yet more of the people of the earth.

He was a man who would always rather be outdoors working than sitting in the house. Said Lay: "Just wonderful; he liked to get out and do things. Not lazy - he liked to work - to gas the tractor and check the oil and water - to grease the plow." He enjoyed hunting and fishing - that was his great time. They raised a garden and chickens and sheep. And he sheared - he and Lady sheared - they sheared the sheep in the spring and shipped the wool off.

By the standard of material wealth: they would say: "we never had a lot", but what they had they were happy with. They could say: this is what life has given us - and add - it's good.

And August was "sensitive about everything" said Lady and she said: "I couldn't ask for a better man than what I got." He was a sensitive man.

They tended to the graves of some of the family and August fixed some balling wire around the graves so the flowers could grow - he didn't want earth's beauty to be mowed down. He did that and then he and Lady walked over to the plot of earth which they had bought for themselves and stood together and looked at it and August said: "Well Mamma, we're here." And finally, upon telling me that story, Lady said: "There should be a high seat in heaven for him."