

November 27, 1941

F. F. ESKE RITES HELD ON TUESDAY

HOST OF FRIENDS PAY TRIBUTE
TO PIONEER CITIZEN WHO
DIED FRIDAY

A large group of friends and neighbors gathered at the St. John's Lutheran church Tuesday afternoon to pay tribute to the memory of Frank Frederick Eske for 55 years a resident of the Verdon and Groton neighborhoods. The Rev. Frank E. Wilke, pastor of the church officiated and burial was in the family lot in the Verdon cemetery near the homestead which was the first home of the deceased in Dakota territory.

Frank Frederick Eske was born at Lebanon, Wis., on December 25, 1863 and would thus have been 78 years of age had he lived until next Christmas day. He spent his childhood and early manhood in his native state, coming to South Dakota or what was then Dakota territory in 1886 as the big migration to the community was beginning to wane somewhat.

Settling on a farm in the Verdon vicinity, he married Miss Anna Krueger on August 14, 1892 and the two courageous young people braved the vicissitudes of the pioneer settlers winning their way to comparative affluence by thrift and industry in a few years. Three children were born to the union, two of whom, Dr. L. H. Eske and Miss Katherine Eske, both of Groton survive; one daughter, Meta, dying in infancy.

In order to afford his children a better educational opportunity than a rural community offered, the family removed to Groton in 1904 and this has been their home since that time, although the deceased never ceased to take great interest in his farm, for many years spending most of his time in directing the work on it.

Survivors, in addition to his children, include his widow, Mrs. Anna Eske; two grandchildren, Gloria Jean Eske and Louis H. Eske, Jr.; two brothers, Carl, of Lebanon, Wis., and Robert of Verdon, and two sisters, Mrs. Frank Hopfner and Mrs. Wm. Hopfner, both of Groton.

In the death of Frank Eske the community loses one of its most colorful citizens. He was an independent and original thinker and spoke his convictions with courage and honesty. He once told this writer that it was a reflection upon a man's integrity not to champion the ideas he believed were right. He was also endowed with a whimsical humor that was often the delight of his family and friends.

We shall miss Frank Eske's shambling gait along the street, his quaint brogue and the many original ideas