Country Neighbor Free! Your March 2024

Your Window With a View of Rural America



Five Trumpeter Swans of 2000+ at the Loess Bluffs Wildlife Refuge, February 2, 2024

Watch for Eagles Building Nests this Month.

Inside, Sweeten your Coffee Break with Voices and Views from the Nemaha River Valleys.



The Fantastic Flyers from Glenwood, Iowa performed at half-time. Peru State College Basketball, February 17, 2024.

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"Your Country Neighbor" is delivered to the following communities in Southeast Nebraska & NW Missouri. Auburn • Brownville • Cook • Falls City • Johnson • Nebraska City

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Your Country Neighbor

Voices and Views from the Valleys of the Nemaha Publisher & Photographer, Stephen Hassler

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This Month's Writers & Contributors

Devon Adams 23 Angela Allgood, Peru City News 9,10,11 *The Late* Frieda Burston 14 Stephen Hassler 2,21 Merri Johnson 4 KHN Center for the Arts 18 DiAnna Loy 10 Bruce Madsen 17,18 Nebraska City's Morton-James Public Library 16 Dorothy Rieke 21 Sheila Tinkham 22 Thank You!

"Do not go where the path may lead, go instead where there is no path and leave a trail." Ralph Waldo Emerson

"People will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel." Maya Angelou

Marvelous March!

A Message from your Publisher, Stephen Hassler, Peru

I had daffodil buds in late February! If this El Nino weather keeps up, I'll have yellow blooms in a week or two. And speaking of color, migrating songbirds will bring plenty of color through this area from now until the "peak" in late April and May. Hang a feeder from a high branch on a long wire to keep out of reach of squirrels, and keep filled with "black oil sunflower seed." I save by buying 40 pound bags from "Tractor Supply" to last half the season. Their store in Nebraska City makes "Your Country Neighbor" available to its customers.

If you missed the waterfowl so far, there are photos of snow geese and swans throughout these pages. Next to come through will be the Pelicans, Egrets, and Herons. The Pelicans and Egrets are best seen at the Loess Bluffs National Wildlife Refuge. There you might see the almost rare Cormorants also.

Most Bald Eagles have left the Refuge and have begun building their nests, but there are two or three pairs that nest at the Refuge. The nests are on the west side of the oval drive. Watch for stopped traffic. See page 4.

So pour a second cup of coffee or treat yourself to tea from Diana's Tea Shop in Papillion, Nebraska, and peruse "Your Country Neighbor" with it's magazine articles and poetry, small town news and festivals, and regional photos of wildlife and landscapes. **Omaha area residents can find "Your Country Neighbor" at Bureikou Tea & More, formerly Diana's Tea Shop, in Papillion.** Peruse YCN while sipping some of their fantastic teas. Their web address is; **https://www.bureikouteaandmore.com/dianas-tea** If you go online to yourcountryneighbor.com you can 'click on it' from this page.

Have a wonderful Spring-like March and don't forget to clip the **Valentino's coupon** on the back page. **Carry it with you!**

Stephen





Fantastic Flyers performed at half-time, February 17, 2024



trumpeter Swans



David Wingett Jr., 42 points v William Penn Univ.



Snow Geese



Natasha Deal, 16 points v William Penn Univ.



Snow Goose

Diary of a Part-time Housewife Merri Johnson, Auburn

My baby brother will turn 60 on March 1, which means my four sisters and I are planning a party. We started celebrating significant birthday milestones when my eldest sister turned 50 in 2000 and have kept up the tradition for all five sisters every fifth birthday, except for one year when scheduling required combining two birthdays into one party. So far that means we've had 22 sister birthday bashes. I'm talking fairly elaborate productions here: skits, costumes, scrapbooks, poetry, overnight trips. When it comes to birthday parties, we go big. And sentimental. And corny. It's possible we have never really grown up, and are just using birthdays as an excuse to relive our childhood. But I digress.

None of those sister parties have included our brother. But, when he turned 50 we invaded his home and held a ceremony in which we made him an "honorary sister." We didn't make him dress up like a girl, as we used to do when he was little, but he got the message.

We left him alone when he turned 55, but now that he's entering a new decade, we decided it's time to remind him that WE are the big sisters and HE is the little brother. Being six years younger than my youngest sister, he was the recipient of a lot of extra "mothering" growing up, and an observer of a lot of "girl stuff" over the years. Unfortunately, my father passed away when my brother was only ten years old, so with no older brother, either, he missed out on a fair amount of male influence in the household.

In discussing what sort of theme to employ for this party, one sister suggested we dress up like old ladies of the '60s and give him the doting-maiden-aunt treatment. But I think we should model ourselves on boys of the '60s. Think Ricky Nelson or the Fonz, or maybe someone a tad edgier, like Elvis, and give him the older-brother advice and treatment he never got. Maybe even hold him down and tickle him until he cries!! Hubby always insists that he got his revenge that way on his older sisters once he outgrew them. We probably don't have to worry about my brother turning the tables on us like that since he will still be recovering from hip replacement surgery when we throw this party.

Hev. that gives me another idea: in light of the hip replacement, we could go with an aches-and-pains theme and come hobbling in with walkers and crutches, dressed in hospital gowns. That would really cheer him up. Not.

Regardless of the theme, we aim to make this a birthday party to remember. The only question is whether it will be a fun memory or a day he will wish he could forget!



American Bald Eagle in its nest at the Refuge, February 18, 2024.



It's mate, perched nearby, February 18, 2024.



Juvenile Bald Eagle



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Trumpeter Swans



Snow Goose



Snow Goose, 'blue' form

PSC v William Penn University -- Feb 17, 2024 -- PSC Women 84 to 54 -- PSC Men 105 to 87



Maddy Duncan, 8 points v William Penn Univ.



Carlos Hines, 8 points v William Penn Univ.



Ingram Hailey, 18 points v William Penn Univ.



Ajantae Hogan, 24 points v William Penn Univ.





March Wine-Tasting: Thurs through Sun 1:00 pm to 5:00 pm (Closed Monday through Wednesday)

Our NEW Petite Pearl Wine has been aged for nine months in a freshly dumped bourbon barrel.

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The Loess Bluffs Wildlife Refuge is about half an hour from Brownville, South on I-29, just a couple miles west of the Rulo exit.

Your Country Neighbor Your "2-cups-of-coffee" companion including local photos and articles with the flavor of rural America.



Ronn

Flatwater Folk Art Museum

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An art collection of vernacular expressions and creations reflecting the human spirit and the passion of common folk celebrating the diverse and universal traditions of life's experiences, ceremony and rituals...









Next to the Bank, the Wemhoff's hope to open their shop in March or April.

GRAND OPENING

PERU BARK PARK

Saturday, March 23rd @ 10:00AM Just north of the city ball field located on 3rd Street

Please join the Nemaha County Leadership Class #7 for the Grand Opening of the Peru Bark Park where we will be honoring our donors and volunteers who helped make this project possible!

The first 25 guests will recieve a free dog treat!

COME, SIT, STAY & PLAY!

For questions contact: Stephanie Holmes @ 402-850-9449 or Emily Finnell @ 402-209-5955



The new building by the men's and women's ball fields, looks closer to completion than the football dome.

PERU CITY NEWS Communication · Information · Pride In Community

Glitz and Glam

Time for girls to dress up! At one time, prom used to be high society balls but have become the more popular end-of-the-year dance held at school gyms. Schools used to only have senior proms because it was thought that was their "send off" for working hard and graduating. Schools then allowed juniors and seniors and some schools today allow freshman through seniors to go.

This is an exciting time for juniors and seniors. The girls shop for the latest fashion in fancy dresses and if you are lucky, your guy has hired a limo to pick you guys up and bring you to the high school in style. Having the latest style and a limo is not cheap. Even if you try and go less expensive, prom has become a billion-dollar industry encompassing limousines, flowers, photography and special attire. This, however, has not stopped the desire to go to Prom.

I went to prom both my junior and senior year. My friend talked me into going my junior year. We both went stag. I went in a long, mint green, flowey dress, and of course the puffy shoulders! I remember wanting white lace gloves. I would settle for almost anything but not the gloves. My mom and I finally found some, and I was set for junior prom! The music was great (it was the 80's), and the Prom itself was okay. Since we went stag and everyone else had dates, we didn't dance much, but that was fine. I looked good when I dressed up!

My senior year was a different story. I did not want to go. It wasn't mind blowing my junior year so why go my senior year? Instead, a friend (and a couple of her friends), decided to go to Lincoln and stay in a motel and visit friends up there. They wanted to at least get senor prom pictures, so we dressed up and left quickly after pictures. My prom gown that year was lot more simple. My mom offered up her wedding dress (that was the only time she is ever going to see me in a wedding dress). It was a snug dress, full length lace. We dyed it pink and it turned out great. My school had the pre-prom dinner, which I never went to as well as the post-prom activities. The only activity I remember is watching a movie in the hallway. I could be wrong, this was years ago.

I had a lot of help writing this article. I asked Peruvians about their proms, and they were happy to share their memories.

Angie Bowers stated that she was from a small school and went all four years. Freshman and sophomore year she went with a guy friend. One year her dress was sage green and the next year it was black and white.

Josie Lynn Coatney went her junior and senior year. Junior year was with girlfriends and she wore an orange dress and senior year she went with her first love (no, they are not still together), and had on a red dress.

Katy Novak attended her junior prom in Falls City with her boyfriend who was

Prom *Continued on page 11 >>>>*



Make new friends and keep the old, one is silver and the others gold. That song is forever in my mind. I was a Girl Scout. I started out as a Brownie then quit and started again as a Cadette.

If you want to start and end being a member of Girl Scounts, you start as a Daisey from grade K-1, then a Brownie as 2nd and 3rd grades, Juniors are grades 4-5, Cadettes are from 6-8th grade, Seniors are 9-10th grade and the final is an Ambassador as an 11th and 12th grader.

You learn to be an entrepreneur by selling the cookies, you learn to help your community with projects, and it teaches you to solve problems in a positive manner. You learn to trust others by doing projects with other girls and leaders, you learn what you are good at. Your strengths are rewarded in Girl Scounts because you earn awards and badges with each project.

Juliette Gordon Low had a dream. When she brought that first group of girls together in Savannah, Georgia, in early March 1912, she wanted them to explore new possibilities and the wonders of the world around themand she wanted them to do it together. Along with Juliette Gordon Low-also known as "Daisy," these first Girl Scouts blazed trails and redefined what was possible for themselves-and for girls everywhere. They played basketball. They hiked, swam, and they camped. They learned to tell time by the stars. But most importantly, they shared a sense of adventure and a belief that they could do anything. And just like Girl Scouts do across the country and around the world today, they offered a helping hand to those in need and worked together to make their corner of the world a better place.

Over the past century, Daisy's small circle of girls has grown to include more than 59 million Girl Scout alums."

"Girl Scouts flourished throughout the "Scouts" Continued on page 10 >>>>

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Keeping with our theme of foreign settings or authors, Cecelia Marnell chose to review A Furnace Full of God: A Holy Year on the Camino de Santiago by Rebekah Scott. Scott is an American living in the north of Spain and the subject of the book, the Camino de Santiago, is in the north of Spain so the topic fits perfectly with theme for the year and gave an interesting take on the foreign setting.

Scott first discovered the Camino in 1993 as a freelance travel journalist who was a guest of the travel office of Spain. She travelled the Camino in a luxury van and slept in fancy hotels, walking only the most scenic bits of the trail. Spain gave them the "star-spangled" tour. In return Spain was hoping she would write wonderful articles about the area to promote tourism for northern Spain. Scott did just that, selling her articles from Canada to Florida and falling in love with the Camino de Santiago at the same time. Finally in 2001 she was able to return to Camino to walk the entire trail. She was hooked.

Her next endeavor was to go to Toronto to train to become a hospitalerta, one who lives along the Camino to provide services to the pilgrims who walk the trail. In the beginning she and her partner Patrick would stay at an established location to fill in while the regular people left for around two weeks for a variety of reasons. This proved to be all they had hoped for but convinced them they wanted more. After some years of planning they sold everything they had in the United States bought a home in northern Spain near the town of Moratinos, close to the halfway point on the Camino; they named their home Peaceable Kingdom.

Much work was needed to bring their new home to a condition for them to live in and welcome pilgrims who were walking the Camino. They had room for themselves and five pilgrims. They didn't turn anyone away. They fed them, washed their clothes, gave them a place to clean up, and sleep. They didn't charge for their services but they did hang up a box for donations although donations were few. Often the pilgrims would volunteer their time and talents in exchange for their food and shelter. Some would stay a few days repairing things around the house.

They also took in stray dogs and cared for them. Some of them slept in the barn and some in the house. They brought peace to the household as well as the pilgrims. There were various kinds including two greyhounds. They liked to let the dogs run and did so often until one of them killed a laying hen. The hen was replaced and peace remained but the dogs had to be leashed after that. Hens are valuable.

2010 was a Holy Year and Scott decided to walk the Camino again. She took the train to the beginning of the trail and started walking. She stopped at home to replenish herself before continuing. She took a new detour on the trail that was tougher along the mountains and drank out of a cattle trough. She ended up very sick and had to go to a hospital. Patrick came to care for her and take her to a hotel to fully recover before she continued her journey. She would walk the last half of the Camino one more time in honor of friend who was killed. The completion of the trail is not for the faint of heart.

I would like to say I enjoyed reading this book and thoroughly enjoyed Cecilia's review. As a bilingual person she was able to pronounce all of the Spanish words correctly and with the flourish they deserve. It added a special touch to her review. Thank you, Cecilia.

Happy reading!



nation, establishing itself in Nebraska in 1926 with the formation of troops in Omaha. From there, Girl Scout Councils sprang up westward across the state with troops in Fairbury (1932) and Lincoln (1941). Guiding Star was created in Ogallala (1953), and then the Prairie Hills Council in northeast Nebraska (1956) was formed. The Goldenrod Council in Kearney (1976) was created by a later merger."

"In 2005, Girl Scouts across the country adopted a new mission statement, which remains the same today: "Girl Scouting builds girls of courage, confidence, and character, who make the world a better place."

"In 2008, the five thriving Girl Scout Councils in Nebraska merged to become one. This was part of an organizational restructuring by Girl Scouts of the USA, designed to create Councils that could more effectively serve girls in our ever-changing world. The Spirit of Nebraska Council spans 92 Nebraska counties and includes the community of Carter Lake, Iowa".

If you would like to join the Girl Scouts, visit https://mygs.girlscouts.org/ to get started.

Many troops are formed in the fall but you can join at any time. Memberships are valid from October 1 to September 30 each year. Each Girl Scout member pays \$25 in national dues. You are not required to have a uniform, but sashes and vests will display the recognitions earned. Financial aid is available for uniforms for those who qualify.

If you are an adult and would like to start a troop in your area, you can also visit https:// mygs.girlscouts.org/ and get more information on how to sign up your troop. Make sure you can dedicate time to this project. You can decide how often your troop meets and in how many programs/events/activities your troop participates.

If you do not want to start your own troop, but would like volunteering with the Girl Scouts, they do need individuals who have talents or skills and the desire to encourage and empower girls.

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<<<< Prom: Continued from page 9

from there. That year, she wore a baby blue dress. Her senior year, she went with her friend Todd to Auburn's (which was actually held in Peru!!), and wore a gold dress. She also is not currently with either guy she went to prom with. She did say her favorite memory of post-prom was that it was at the AWAC (Al Wheeler Activity Center) in peru. "It was a casino theme and there was a hypnotist. It was such a great time. I loved going with a friend more than going with a date!"

Jill Hardy wrote that her sophomore year she went with a guy friend and wore a coral dress. Her Jenior year was also with a guy friend in a teal dress and senior year was with her "best guy friend" and her dress was black and white.

Hope Kieler went all four years of high school. Her junior year theme was masquerade ball so she wore a black and white dress. For her senior year, she wore a salmon gown because the theme was Island Bliss. She shared that her favorite memory, "I love to dance, still do. So dancing the entire night was most defiantly my favorite memory."

Toni Closner went to both junior and senior prom with one of her friends (they never dated). Fun side-story is that he was actually the DJ at her wedding! Senior year she wore a purple dress. Her favorite memory was, "winning prom queen because I was shocked and did not expect to win or even be on court. I also had a lot of fun riding in a limo to prom because it was the first and only time I've ever got to do that!" For pre-prom dinner, a big group of friends went to biaggis! They did not have post prom at the school, "but did have a 'post gradution' which was super fun!"

Kim Allgood stated that their class went to Wheeler Inn to eat. If I had to guess, I am sure that is where my class went also.

Thank you all for sharing your memories with us! I am sure that everyone is enjoying Prom years after all of us! Prom may be expensive, but as my mother said, "It is a memory you should never pass up."



- 1. We are connected to Auburn water.
- 2. The longest discussion had to do with truck routes through town.
- 3. Grand Opening of Peru Bark Park is March 23 at 10:00 AM.
- 4. Approval of a Recreation Commission.

Peru City News is a monthly news section in Your Country Neighbor

Peru City News is a volunteer project promoting **Communication, Information,** & Pride in our Peru Community

Peru City News

is supported by Peru Community Members. To everyone who participates, Thank You!!



St. Clara's Catholic Church 604 6th Street Pastor Fr. Timothy Danek Mass - Sunday 8:30 am Confessions - Sunday 8:00-8:20 am



Northridge Church 808 5th Street Pastor Daniel Hutchison Services - Sunday 10:00 am



Peru Community Church 520 Nebraska Street Pastors Raymond & Rebecca Girard Services - Sunday 10:45 am March 2024 Your Country Neighbor 11





12 March 2024 Your Country Neighbor

Snow Geese Migration, Loess Bluffs Wildlife Refuge, February 18, 2024





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Lulu's Dragon

Frieda Burston, October 2005

Lulu's baby doctor was a man of great common sense. The only letters after his name were "M.D." He was not a Fellow of some learned society, he was not Board Certified for anything. But he gave us a piece of good advice that we passed on to everyone we knew, because it worked. And it isn't every doctor who can pass on good advice that really works in real life.

He said, "If the baby cries, and you check it out and its bottom is dry and its top has been fed and it's too soon for colic, pick it up and walk it around. It's just bored with lying there and staring up at the ceiling. Or rolling over and staring at the sheet. Babies want to know what's going on, too."

Lulu was a baby during WWII, when young couples moved around the country until the husband was sent out. A crying baby meant no one would rent to them. Picking her up day and night when she cried, wasn't easy, but it meant we could all stay together under a roof, instead of cramped up in a car. And sometimes, like in Altus, Oklahoma, a silent baby watching everything could impress a sympathetic stranger into offering a haven.

Abe went to check in at the Air Base in Altus as soon as we got into town. Lulu and I were in a grocery store, where I was asking around if anyone knew of a place we could stay. No one did. Lulu was about 14 or 15 months old, walking around and talking some, but still inclined to be bored with life at knee-level. It usually took only a few minutes for her to jerk at my skirt, which was the signal for "Pick me up! I want to see what's up there—-"

So I was going around talking to people and picking out small packages of this and that, and Lulu was sitting on my hip looking around at every noise or every movement in the store. There was another child her age who was screaming to get his mother's attention, but I didn't listen until his mother screamed back, "You shut your big mouth or I'll smack it shut for you!" Lulu looked away. This didn't entertain her. It didn't entertain all the other customers, either. A dignified man standing near me turned and commented on how quiet Lulu was. I told him about our doctor in Waco. It amused him. He scribbled an address on an old piece of envelope, and said, "I don't know if this will help, but you might go and look it over before you ask my wife about it. She was thinking of renting it out, but hasn't done anything with it yet."

We went later that day to see the mystery place. It turned out to be a garage apartment, extremely small, in back of a stately older house. Abe carried Lulu when we knocked on the door— Lulu preferred the view from his shoulders better— and the door was answered by a stately older woman. She said that she hadn't given it much thought yet, and wasn't ready to show it. When I told her that her husband had thought maybe.... She bright-ened up and said, "Oh, you're that people. Well, come on in, and I'll let you see what you think——"

The place smelled like automobile grease from the two stately older cars below. It was clean, but looked like an empty attic with a sink overlooking the back yard. Still, it DID have a roof and a toilet..... we asked if we could have it. We got it. Abe made a rolling screen to give Lulu the idea of a bedroom, and then he put up shelves all around the sink. I did the usual war-wife's thing with red checked gingham ruffles on the shelves and a table cloth on boards across two saw-horses. The stately lady lent us a mattress on the floor, and we were at home.

What we hadn't realized was that the landlady came with the territory. That was all right, we liked landladies. Some of our best friends were landladies. This landlady adopted us completely, and she was particular. It meant that most of our friends weren't welcome, and most of our habits had to be changed.

We called her "Lulu's Dragon," and she had very definite ideas on what noise and commotion did to a child's nervous system, so consequently we were discouraged from having guests except for lunch on Sundays. She had very definite ideas on what cookies and candy did to a child's nervous system, so gradually Lulu's little visitors from the neighborhood got used to pieces of apple instead of store-boughten goodies when their mothers dropped by... or their mothers stopped coming.

Little by little we found ourselves living by the Dragon's pattern. When it bothered us briefly, we reminded each other that we were all living together under one roof, thanks to Lulu's Dragon, and we thanked God for her.

Then came Thanksgiving. The mail brought us a dry fruitcake from Cousin Eva in Kansas City, with a note: "This will keep indefinitely without refrigeration. Three weeks before you are ready to use, fill the design in the top with wine or fruit juice. Do this every day, and you will find it soft and delicious."

Wine, in Altus? I didn't think the PX at the airbase even carried it. And I knew for sure that we didn't have the nerve to carry a bottle of wine in under the Dragon's eyes. Fruit juice? And where could I find fruit juice in war time? I put the fruit cake on a lower shelf under a gingham ruffle.

After Thanksgiving, here came dashing Captain Harry for a quick visit before leaving to help bomb the oil fields of Romania. Captain Harry was Abe's younger brother, but where Abe had chosen to live among books, Captain Harry had chosen to live among people. Everyone he met was his best friend. All his friends had one thing in common— they liked noisy fun. We worried about what would happen when the Dragon met him, and packed up to be ready when she threw us out.

But Lulu's Dragon was charmed by Captain Harry. She brought up a sleeping bag for him. She brought up a special salad dressing she wanted him to try. She wept at the thought of the danger he was going into. She acted like his mother, and he acted like a substitute son. They were best friends. Since he was there only two days, living quietly was no strain on him. He found it very restful, after all the farewell parties he had been to in the past week.

Just before he left, he unzipped his suitcase and gave us his Christmas gift— a big bottle of Jack Daniels whiskey.

We stared at him. "What on earth are we supposed to do with that?" I asked. "You know that we live under the Dragon's eye. And you know how

<<<< Lulu: Continued from page 14

serious she is about not having loud parties, or entertaining when Lulu should be asleep, and all that kind of stuff. Whiskey? In Altus? Come on! Give it to someone who can use it— we sure can't!"

"Too late," he said. "I can't take it back, and I can't take it on with me— if you can't use it, give it to someone who can. It's a collector's item you just can't get this stuff anymore. It was for the Colonel, but a friend of mine snagged it first—-" And he left.

We looked around for a place to hide it, and finally put it under the gingham ruffles around the sink, with the bottle of bleach in front of it and a big box of laundry soap flakes at the side. We couldn't think of anyone to give it to, without news of it getting back to the Dragon. We were stuck with it. Come January, the fruitcake still lay forgotten on the lower shelf, the whiskey still stood under the sink.

One dreary day an interesting thought came to me on how to get rid of the whiskey. When I saw the Dragon go shopping, I took out the fruitcake and filled its center with Jack Daniels. Lulu watched with interest. I was happy that she couldn't talk clearly yet. I waited until her head was turned, then quickly put the whiskey back under the sink. Then I put the fruit cake away.

When the 3 weeks were over, there was still some whiskey left. I filled the center for a few more days until the bottle was empty, then soaked off the label while Lulu slept. I filled it with water, added cake coloring, and put in a piece of ivy broken off a pot of ivy I kept over the sink. It made a nice vase, and the Dragon noticed it when next she came.

"What's that?" she asked, and Lulu waved her hands around and said, "Yike f'ower."

The Dragon wanted to know what Lulu said. I told her, "'Like flower'— she means that the ivy looks like a flower." Maybe she did, but more likely Lulu meant that we poured the whiskey on the cake just like we poured water from a glass onto the ivy. I had no intention of explaining that— But Lulu pointed toward the cake, and the Dragon looked at it. "Oh, yes!" she said. "I see what she means. The fruit is in a design. It looks just like a flower. How pretty. You don't mind if I take it to show the ladies at the meeting today, do you? Some of them make fruitcake too. There's something different about this cake, I think they'd be very interested in it." What could I say? She promised not to let any of the ladies cut into the cake, and off she went with it.

The meeting was at her house, and after about an hour I began to notice a difference in the noise output. The voices were becoming louder, there was a lot more laughing, and a lot of moving around. It sounded more like a party of Captain Harry's than like the sedate meetings of the stately older ladies who usually came.

The Dragon dropped by with an empty plate just before supper, to apologize. Her face was red and she lurched a little, coming up the steps. "I'm terribly sorry," she said, "I told the ladies it was just for looking at, that you had made it, and I had wanted to show them the pretty flower design in the center. I don't know who starting taking just a crumb, but before I could get it away from them, it was half gone, and then, you know, there was no point in trying to keep the rest..... it was delicious, I must say. I do so want that recipe—-"

Was that the end of the story? Well, no. I didn't see the Dragon for some days. When I did see her, she didn't come upstairs, she talked to me from the back yard. She didn't want to come up and take a chance on giving Lulu the bug she had.

Seems like someone at the meeting must have had an infection and come anyhow, because that night all the ladies were dreadfully sick— headaches, nausea, really awful symptoms. The next day or two, some of them were still feeling bad. She didn't feel so good herself, still. How irresponsible some people could be! It never failed to astonish her, that people would go out even knowing they might spread infection..

Abe's transfer came through before she had recovered enough to come up and cry over Lulu's leaving. I let Lulu hug her goodbye anyhow, I was sure Lulu wouldn't get what the Dragon had suffered from....

We left the gingham ruffles and the rolling screen for someone else to enjoy, and painted the walls white to freshen it up for the next people with a quiet baby. And me, I gave the Dragon the new ivy plant in the Jack Daniels bottle, to remember us by...

Who Was Frieda Burston? Stephen Hassler, Peru

For those of you who have not been reading this publication for 15 or more years, Frieda Burston was a frequent writer who was introduced to me by my late friend, Joe Smith, of Johnson, Nebraska. Frieda lived in Israel at the time. I don't remember how Joe knew her, perhaps Marta does. As I recall, Frieda's family lost their Kansas farm during the Great Depression, and moved to St. Joseph, Missouri, the location of her "depression years" stories. Years later, after WWII, Frieda and her husband moved to Israel.

After her husband passed, Frieda moved from Israel to California to be near her daughter. Frieda spent her last years in a condominium on the edge of a greenbelt where she spotted a deer now and then, and where she continued to write for "Your Country Neighbor" without fear of rocket attacks, until her last days. Frieda was a remarkable and unforgettable person. I wish I could read more of her stories of growing up in St. Joseph, Missouri. I'm still scrounging old papers for her past articles. When I find one, I will add it to these pages. Until then, you might enjoy "Lulu's Dragon," on page 14.

ARBOR CITY NEWS From Nebraska City's Morton-James Public Library

All activities held at Morton-James Public Library (unless otherwise noted)923 1st Corso, Nebraska City, NE 68410		
Scrapbook Club-Ages 15 & up	Youth St. Patrick's Day Party	
Saturday, March 2	Saturday, March 9	
9:00 AM- Noon	10:00-11:00 AM	
New members will receive a scrapbook to fill. Bring your own pictures!	Card Club New group forming!	
Paper, stickers, tape, markers and scissors provided.	Second Thursday of each month 1:00-3:00 PM	
Story Time- Rainy Days		
Wednesday, March 6	Writers' Workshop	
10:00 AM	Saturday, March 16 10:00-11:00 AM	
Yarn Crafters Club Ages 15 & up		
Wednesday, March 6 (First Wednesdays)	Book Club-Facing the Mountain by Daniel James Brown	
2:00-3:30 PM	Tuesday, March 19 2:00 PM	
Join us to work on your crocheting or knitting skills or projects. Club is		
for all levels. Bring your own hooks, yarn or needles. Members will be	Bicycle Themed Story Time	
here to help beginners.	Wednesday, March 20	
	10:00 AM	
Youth Art Show		
March 4-27	Evening Book Club-Someone Else's Bucket List by Amy T. Matthews	
	Wednesday, March 20	
Area students' creations showcased on the walls of Kimmel Gallery	5:30 PM	
during regular Library hours.		
	Psychic Readings by Cheryl Ann	
Sand Art Class Ages 8 & up	Saturday, March 23	
Thursday, March 7	2:00 PM	
3:30-4:30 PM	Call for a 15 minute appointment starting March 1. 402-873-5609	
Chess Club		
Every Thursday	This is your time to find out how Cheryl Ann can help you now and in	
4:30-6:00 PM	future endeavors.	
Humanities Nebraska-	Pressed Flower Frame Adult Craft Class	
Heroism on the Plains: Story Songs of Courage and Determination	Ages 15 & up	
from Improbable People and Places, with Dan Holtz and Gary Zalud	Wednesday, March 27	
Thursday, March 7	6:00 PM	
7:00 PM	Call for reservations 402-873-5609	
	All supplies provided.	
Holtz and Zalud will celebrate the people and places of Nebraska's early		
history. Songs range from an African-American, born a slave, who came	MIDI Hours Monday Thursday 0 6	
to have the largest landholding in early-day Nebraska to a legendary sod	MJPL Hours: Monday-Thursday 9-6	
house photographer. The first native American to become a medical doc- tor and a Japanese American flying bombing missions in World War 11	Fridays 9-5 Saturdays 9-1	
are also part of the program.	Satur uays 7-1	
are also part of the program.	Donna S. Kruse, Director	

dkruse@nebraskacity.com

www.morton-jamespubliclibrary.com

ARBOR CITY NEWS News from Nebraska City



Morton-James Public Library

Calves

Bruce Madsen

Spring's arrived, it's calving time, the best part of the year Of all the things there are to do, I like this the most With birth there is a freshness as life begins anew And I'm the who gets to be the true and thankful host

Faith and prayer and a miracle is this process they call birth And each little calf that does appear, deserves a kind of Christening They are so very helpless when at first they do arrive And when they breathe that very first breath, you thank the Lord for listening

A gentle nudge from Mom helps get them on their feet Wobbly legs and unsure steps makes it hard for them at first They seem a little frightened as they explore their surroundings But another prayer is answered when they begin to nurse

The mamas are reluctant to give you any trust Some are so protective you can't get close enough to snag 'em So give them room and lots of space, don't get them all excited Cause later on you'll get your chance to sneak around and tag 'em

Fun and frolic is all that seems to be upon their minds Scamper here and scamper there, just to much to ignore Run full bore and then stop short. "Where's Mama? Oh, there I see" Then it's off again, full speed ahead, there's just so much to explore

So I'm a little disappointed when the calving season ends No more little gifts from God to look forward to each morn But when I look across the hillside and count the cow/calf pairs I'm just as thankful as I was the day each one was born.



I like the building and I like the tree.

Arbor City News

is a monthly news section in Your Country Neighbor A Southeast Nebraska

Regional Magazine (w/News)

ARBOR CITY NEWS News from Nebraska City



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KHN GALLERY

Gallery Hours are M-F 10:00am - 5:00pm or by Appointment (call 402-874-9600)



March 21st, 5 - 7 pm, KHN Center for the Arts 801 Third Corso, Nebraska City Grandkids Bruce Madsen

Grandkids are really quite the thing I've found this to be true I find I often think of them No reason, I just do

They are a little bright spot Each one a ray of light That shines whenever they're around And makes the day seem right

It's going to be so wonderful To watch them as they grow And help them learn about the world And other things that they don't know

And may they always realize As they grow and find their way That we'll always have them in our hearts And love them everyday



American Bald Eagle

ARBOR CITY NEWS News from Nebraska City





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Trumpeter Swans, Loess Bluffs Wildlife Refuge, 02/18/2024.



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20 March 2024 Your Country Neighbor



Window On Fifth Street

Stephen Hassler, Peru This month I am reminded of "surprises."

I was surprised by sub-zero temps in January coupled with a few days of snow accumulating to a foot and more here in southeastern Nebraska. When growing up in northeastern Nebraska, 20 below was a frequent occurrence every Winter. But as gardeners know, southeastern Nebraska belongs to a more temperate zone. Plus, recent years' Winters have not been that cold around here. So I was surprised at the not too familiar view through my window on fifth street.

When at middle school age, I was pleasantly surprised one morning waking from a dream of having to get dressed for school, but in reality it was the first day of Summer vacation. I've never forgotten that surprising feeling of relief.

I am reminded of other times in my life when I was especially surprised. Like when as a freshman in college I discovered that only one semester of Math is required for college graduation (except for math majors and science-related majors). Actually, "surprised" is too tame a word. It was somewhat shocking to me, since from Kindergarten through High School, I was required to study Math every semester.

When I was teaching High School I was surprised and disturbed that a fellow teacher encouraged me to "pass" a particular student due to the need to "get him out into the work force." An interesting rephrasing of "pass him on," a process which I resisted.

I was surprised decades ago during a tornado warning in my neighborhood to be facing the leading edge of a 'blocks wide' funnel cloud. Up close it didn't look like the dark funnel photos I had seen. It was opaque to gray, and barely distinguishable from the surrounding foggy appearing storm clouds. It was simply debris moving from left to right. I was too close to see its entire image shape.

I am frequently surprised by nature; its beauty and color as well as its mystery, including the fact that the farther our newer telescopes look out into space, the more mysterious our observations. And the more deeply we try to explore the atom, the more particles we find. And even more mysterious is that in the quantum world, matter and energy seem to behave alike. Indeed, if we could "look" at one of these sub-atomic particles, the beam of light that would be reflected back to our "eye" causes the particle to move, like bumping a billiard ball on a pool table. And so what we think we are seeing is no longer "there," having been moved by the actual reflecting beam of light. (For you nerds out there, this phenomenon is called the "Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle." It's nothing new. It was discovered by its namesake in 1927. The label "uncertainty" is not to mean that measurements are imprecise, but rather we can calculate a particle's speed or its location, just not both at the same time, because of the nature of reality.)

Nature and the world are full of surprises. And who doesn't like surprises as long as they're good ones? But when I'm stopped 'on the street' by people who tell me of their affection and appreciation for "Your Country Neighbor," well, I'm very pleased, but not surprised.

Beware Of Myths Dorothy Rieke, Julian

Walking up the hill to the school house, I remember the shouts, "Step on a crack and break your back." Of course, even then, I understood this was not the case. In other words, now or then, I pay no attention to any advice that comes in the form of a myth.

Daily, we encounter myths. Some seem to be true. There are others that are rather far-fetched. George Washington was a popular figure in our studies. We youngsters were all amazed and surprised to learn that George Washington had teeth made of wood. However, today, we know that his teeth were not made of wood but other substances such as gold, iron, human teeth, and even teeth from cows. It seemed reasonable to assume that the reason for his having broken teeth was that he cracked black walnuts with his teeth.

There are other myths concerning our Presidents. It has been said that Abraham Lincoln spent weeks writing the Gettysburg address. Truthfully, he wrote that speech while riding on the train to Gettysburg.

Other myths have been popular and believed. Most cooks have heard that salty water boils more quickly than plain water. With salt added, water boils more slowly.

For some years, it was said that swimmers should not swim with full stomachs. This has been proved wrong. Alcohol is the biggest risk for swimmers.

Most of us believe that there were three wise men who visited the baby Jesus. This was probably assumed as there were three gifts mentioned. Actually, there is no mention of the number of wise men visiting the Baby Jesus in the Bible.

Some warned us not to touch baby birds in the nest. This, according to them, caused the mother bird to abandon her young. This statement is incorrect as birds have no sense of smell.

We all have heard that alcohol kills brain cells. This is not true. However, it does damage those cells.

Bulls react to the color red. The matadors wave red capes to make bulls charge at them. But bulls are red-green color blind. What angers the bulls are the moving capes.

All have heard the witches were burned at the stake at the witch trials in the late seventeenth century. This is not true. Many died in prisons; others were hanged.

Myths are all around us. We must be perceptive in what we believe and act upon. Myths can cause us to make mistakes in judgement. Maybe the person from Missouri was right. "You have to see it to believe it!" Beware of myths!



Trumpeter Swans and Snow Geese at the "Loess Bluffs Wildlife Refuge." February 2, 2024 Want to see the Snow Geese? Best time is February on a day the marsh is not frozen over.

March by Sheila Tinkham, Lincoln

The wary war against winter has been won Its foot soldiers Jake the mailman trudging Across ice and snowy streets The garbage man hauling garbage The garbage men Mitch and Jason Risking life and limb and sore backs So we can all enjoy the amenities of modern life The truckers like Steve our neighbor hauling Dr. Pepper and pop and all the other truckers delivering the groceries, so we can shop And have the comforts of food at hand. This year the war was won. Next year another battle begins. March by Sheila Tinkham, Lincoln

Mars was the God of War in Roman times I often wonder why he got a month named after him No longer The weather warms The sky clears A thousand longings in a man's heart Our natures must learn to control and reign In the fiery emotions that erupt Learn to be calm this March To tame that inner war and find wholeness, peace,shalom.. And smile as longer days and shorter nights hint at a spring soon to arrive.

GARDEN FANTASIES

A sharp wind cuts like a frozen knife, and sprinkles are almost snow. But today is St. Patrick's Day and it's time to plant potatoes if you follow tradition. If you don't, you are excused to go back to the house and toast your toes in front of the crackling wood fire, or the gas wood fire which comes without smoke and ashes. You can dream of yummy creamed peas and new potatoes and almost taste them.

SUPER BLUE

Because of the blue I bought two cups for coffee or for tea, just for me. And for more I got four. They are dark, deep greenish-blue and bluish-green, the prettiest that I have ever seen. I'll set them on my shelf for all to see, and just for thee and me, we'll be set for yet another week or three.

by Devon Adams, Peru

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Caught in the twist and swirl of a nightmare blizzard that forms strange shapes where familiar places used to be, we can see when the wind dies down. But where are we? Nothing is the same in the half light of a clouded sun. It may be sand drifts on Mars, or ancient plains on the moon. But it isn't earth. and it for sure can't be our home place acres. Because the road is gone and so are the fences.

THRIFTING

Into the thrift and out again, with treasures big and small, and all at a fraction of new. They have value beyond today and when I pass them on they'll go along their way to stay awhile with other owners for a week, a month, or on and on, and anywhere they go we know that love will follow them.

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MAKE YOUR OWN PEACE

You can break someone else's rules, and make your own instead. Your head can handle thoughts that scare you into screams when you know the facts behind the fear. Facts are weapons that will win a war before a drip of blood is dropped. And when you win you will be free to be at peace inside your heart.

BASEBALL

BENEDICTINE COLLEGE MARCH 2 | 12:00PM/2:00PM

BENEDICTINE COLLEGE MARCH 3 | 12:00PM/2:00PM

BAKER UNIVERSITY MARCH 23 | 1:00PM/3:00PM

BAKER UNIVERSITY MARCH 24 | 1:00PM/3:00PM

BELLEVUE UNIVERSITY APRIL 6 | 1:00PM

GRAND VIEW UNIVERSITY APRIL 13 | 1:00PM/3:00PM

GRAND VIEW UNIVERSITY APRIL 14 | 1:00PM/3:00PM

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE APRIL 20 | 1:00PM/3:00PM

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE APRIL 21 | 1:00PM/3:00PM



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