



Rolling Hills Community News

Exira
Elk Horn
Kimballton
Brayton

April 27, 2023

There are three

Volume 3 - No. 7

**The mystery of:
"The Hiding Elk Horns"**
In the April 13 paper

These Elk horns are hiding somewhere in this publication. It may be small, large, a different color ...



The first two people to show Diane at the Norse Horse where the horns are hidden get a drink token...

pg 2
bottom left
ladies brunch

Pg 5
fire advert
lower right

Page 17
Duane's
bus card



Pick up your FREE copy of Rolling Hills Community News at your Post Office, library, bank and local stores. And PLEASE thank the merchants for their advertisements. They make this paper possible.

We publish on the 2nd and 4th Thursday (sometimes Friday) of the month. Deadline for content is the SUNDAY BEFORE.

We REALLY APPRECIATE the content you have been sending. We would ask that you try your best to get it to us by the deadline - Earlier is MUCH appreciated.

Please send your content in digital form to our email:

content@rollinghillsnews.net. We would appreciate:

- Content pictures sent as an attachment
- Text can either be in the body of the email or as an attachment.
- Text in Microsoft Word or similar format.
- Include contact information to resolve any issues

Questions? Contact: Steve or Dusty Turner:
(712)764-3441(home) (510)205-8840
(Steve's cell)
(510) 566-3063 (Dusty's cell)

The beliefs and opinions of submitted content should not be construed as reflecting the beliefs or positions of Rolling Hills News.

We have a few new sections:

For some time, we have been honoring our Military Veterans. It's time we recognize the love-ones left behind - praying everyday for their safe return. The first article is from Nancy Krogsted- her thoughts as Jack was serving in Vietnam, Thank you Nancy for sharing these intimate thoughts. We encourage others to share their story.

John Jensen was a regular contributor to Linda's paper. He has decided to return to our paper. We never know what is on John's mind. Keep us guessing, John.

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We would love to list your home, acreage, or farm! Give us a call today!

2023 Tivoli King and Queen / Prince and Princess

Wayne and Janell Hansen
 Prince Theo King & Princess Laila Niklasen



Words of Wisdom from Troy:

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"It's not the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the dog." – Mark Twain





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2022 Best Restaurant in Elk Horn (Restaurant Guru)
2021 Outstanding Dining Business (Travel Iowa)
2020 Rural Operator of the Year (Iowa Restaurant Association)
2020 New Business of the Year (Shelby Chamber of Commerce & Industry)

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WED	11:00 AM - 2:00 PM 5:00 PM - 8:00 PM
THUR	5:00 PM - 8:00 PM
FRI	11:00 AM - 2:00 PM 5:00 PM - 8:00 PM
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Scratches From The Rusty Quill By Wava Petersen



Spring is here, the wind keeps blowing; In spite of the drought the grass is growing. If you see people down on their hands and knees digging up the earth, they are probably the eternal optimists, planting early gardens and flowers.

With a back as rusty as my quill, my gardening days are over. About the only gardening this wannabe horticulturist does now is a little weeding of the straggly petunias along the top of the retaining wall. (I can reach those without bending.) My daughter and son-in-law do the rest of the work that keeps my yard presentable. We lived on the outskirts of the thriving village of Jacksonville the first thirteen years of our marriage and kept a huge garden on our acreage. I canned or froze nearly everything we ate. Then I started working away from home and the garden shrunk. When we started farming it not only shrunk further, but over the ensuing years shriveled as well.

Canning eventually suffered with the shrinking garden plot as the weeds, raccoons and deer destroyed most everything we planted. Oh, I still did a lot of gardening. It was just done in a different way. There was an abundance of fresh vegetables and fruits to be plucked from the "green" section of the local supermarkets. The shelves of the grocery store provided every canned thing imaginable from peas to peaches. And the freezers were stocked to the brim. So convenient! But nothing has the flavor of fresh from the garden produce.

My garden never was a thing of beauty. In fact, it was usually a thing of weeds. Years ago, I clipped a poem from a magazine that aptly describes it much better than I can:

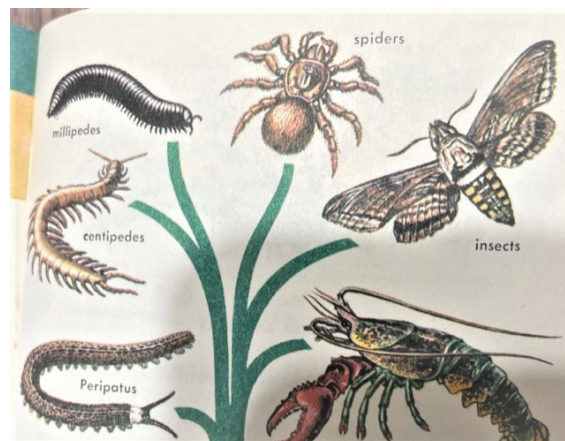
My garden is a gruesome thing; It grew some in the early spring.
It grew some *Amaranthus* (weeds), some centipidae (centipedes),
Some beetles, caterpillars, grubs and scads of three-inch Maple shrubs,
A great metropolis of ants, some chiggers, two petunia plants,
Plus tulip bulbs (Spring Spectacle) which squirrels found delectable.

It grew a slew of sturdy stubbles: Non-vegetating vege-tubbles.

Non-bearing ever-bearing peaches, non-ever-blooming Dutchman's breeches,

While I grew hangnails, freckles, calluses. And therefore, in the last analysis,

My garden is a loathsome spot. I loathe the sum of what I got.



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YES, THERE IS GOOD NEWS!



We spent some time in the previous article considering King David's outpouring of admiration and love for Almighty God.

We found his Psalm written for us in

1 Chronicles 16:8 - 31. I am struck by how he and other servants of God will mention the mighty deeds and awesome works He had done! And not only do they mention them but they encourage us to mention them also!

"Oh give thanks to the Lord; call upon His name; make known His deeds among the peoples! Sing to Him; sing praises to Him; tell of all His wondrous works!" David wants us to join with him in celebrating God's worth. And to celebrate by letting others know what we know.

Perhaps it is a poor comparison, but sometimes we may have seen a great movie or read a splendid book; what is it we will readily do? Tell someone close to us about it and encourage them to read the book or see the movie. We desire to share!

Isaiah is no different. In his book, chapter 12 verses 3-6, he says it this way, "With joy you will draw water from the wells of salvation. And you will say in that day: 'Give thanks to the Lord, call upon His name, make known His deeds among the peoples, and proclaim that His name is exalted.' Sing praises to the Lord, for He has done gloriously; let this be made known in all the earth. Shout, and sing for joy." These words written by David and Isaiah are similar; David tells us to sing and Isaiah has us shout and sing.

I have heard it said by some claiming to be Christians that the God of the Old Testament was harsh and mean – I believe both David and Isaiah disagree, as would all of God's great servants of the past. Moses puts it this way 'O Lord God, you have only begun to show your servant your greatness and your mighty hand. For what god is there in heaven or on earth who can do such works and mighty acts as yours?' (Deut. 3:24)

This business of worshipping God is important stuff. It is not to be sniffed at nor scorned and we do not spend enough time honoring our God, praising Him and telling others about His wonders, His love and His kindness.

So what about the New Testament? In the gospel of John chapter 4 we find Jesus encountering the Samaritan woman at a well. My point is not to discuss the encounter but to understand what Jesus had to say concerning worship. Verse 19, "The woman said to him, 'Sir, I perceive that you are a prophet. Our fathers worshiped on this mountain, but you say that in Jerusalem is the place where people ought to worship.' Jesus said to her, 'Woman, believe me, the hour is coming when neither on this mountain nor in Jerusalem will you worship the Father. But the hour is coming, and is now here, when the true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and truth, for the Father is seeking such people to worship Him. God is spirit, and those who worship Him must worship in spirit and truth.'" SPIRIT AND TRUTH – more to come concerning this.

Bill Rollins 4-21-23

IT'S ONLY SCIENCE

There has been much wringing of hands about going with electric vehicles. There are those who say this will never work. Then you have the group that says "what we do won't make a difference" until China does something. Another group says, "we don't have the capacity to charge all the EVs." Let us examine whether or not these positions are correct.

"Electric vehicles will never work". Actually this is the technology that is available right now. EVs will require us to make some changes to the way we use our vehicles. We will need to plan ahead when we are taking longer trips. We must know where we can recharge in route and that may require us to change our route preferences. There has been many saying "we can't even recycle the batteries when they have reached the end of their useful life. This is a problem that we will need to solve, but the industry is already working on different constructions for the batteries that will solve this issue. While there are other possibilities like hydrogen fuel cells instead of batteries to provide the energy for our vehicles, they aren't ready for prime time. Hydrogen is the element that has the smallest molecule. This means it is the most difficult to contain without this highly flammable gas escaping and causing problems. And we do not have a distribution system already in place for hydrogen.

"What we do won't make a difference." The United States population is only about 4% of the World's population. But we contribute 12% of the atmospheric carbon. If we cut our carbon pollution in half, that will be a 6% reduction in the world's carbon pollution. And with the US being one of the most industrialized nations, if we can do it, other nations should have no problem doing it. "We don't have the capacity to charge all the EVs." Actually, we have a considerable amount of untapped electric generation. Wind turbines often have their operations curtailed. This is because their energy is not needed at that point in time. If we construct energy storage facilities, they could be running at full capacity charging the storage facilities. The same would be true for solar panels storing their peak energy production for later use. And those storage facilities do not have to be lithium based batteries. Those should be reserved for applications requiring the lightest weight batteries.

Changing our vehicles is not the only thing we can do to reduce our carbon pollution, but it is one of the major sources of that pollution. We also need to have programs developed to reduce the carbon footprint of our buildings. While there are some inexpensive things the building owner can do as a temporary measure to reduce energy usage, long term fixes aren't cheap. While we are "picking the low hanging fruit" we need to be looking at what the next steps will require. Some of the potential solutions might change the way we think about future economic development or even how we zone our cities and towns.

Bob Mortenson 3-31-2023.

"Kindness is a language which the deaf can hear and the blind can see."
— Mark Twain

Exira-Elk Horn Kimballton High School 2023 Graduation Information



Graduation Ceremonies:

Awards Night: **Tuesday May 9th 6:00p.m.** – Exira-EHK Multi-Purpose Room

Baccalaureate: **Wednesday May 10th**–Exira Lutheran Church, Exira

Commencement: **Sunday May 14th 2:00p.m.** – Exira-EHK West Gymnasium



Senior Class Flower: White rose **Senior Class Colors:** Sage green and white **Senior Class Motto/Quote:** Only 45 more years until we're seniors again

Roster of Graduating Class

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| Katie Andersen | Zander Nielsen |
| Gavin Bengard | Trisha Nichols |
| Shay Burmeister | Oskar Olsen |
| Jaici Carlile | Braeden Parker |
| Madelyn Christensen | Donovan Partridge |
| Joshua Despenas | Ella Petersen |
| Cole Fahn | Trey Petersen |
| Quinn Grubbs | Abigail Poldberg |
| Treaven Hill-Borger | Kylie Renstrom |
| Derrek Kommes | Makenzie Riley |
| McKenna Larsen | Molly Schneider |
| Jessi Marshall | Logan Schnitker |
| Braxton Marxen | Colby Smith |
| Madison Miller | Shayle Young |
| Easton Nelson | |



Congratulations to our March Students of the Month.

This month was sponsored by Wayne Hansen Real Estate

Elementary-RJ



Middle-Piper



High-Irelynd



The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show



George: Gracie, let me ask you something. Did the nurse ever happen to drop you on your head when you were a baby?

Gracie: Oh, No.. we couldn't afford a nurse. My mother had to do it.

George: Gracie, what day is it?

Gracie: Well, I don't know

George: You can find out if you look at the paper on your desk.

Gracie: Oh, George.. That doesn't help. It is yesterday's paper.

Gracie: They laughed at Joan of Arc, but she went ahead and built it !

George: This letter feels kind of heavy. I'd better put another three-cent stamp on it.

Gracie: What for? That will only make it heavier.

Gracie: The baby my father brought home was a little French baby. So my mother took up French.

George: Why?

Gracie: So she would be able to understand the baby.

Gracie: On my way here, a man stopped me at the stage door and said, "Hiya, cutie, how about a bite tonight after the show?"

George: And you said..?

Gracie: I said, "I'll be busy after the show but I'm not doing anything now", so I bit him.

Harry Von Zell: Gracie, isn't that boiling water you are putting in the refrigerator?

Gracie: Yes, I am freezing it.

Harry: You're freezing it !?

Gracie: Mmm-hmm.. And then whenever I want boiling water, all I have to do is defrost it.

Gracie: This recipe is certainly silly. It says to separate the eggs, but it doesn't say how far to separate them.

Gracie: Don't give up Blanche. Women don't do that. Look at Betsy Ross, Martha Washinton... they didn't give up. Look at Nina Jones.

Blanche Morton: Nina Jones ?

Gracie: I've never heard of her either, because she gave up.

Yesterday, I was cooking dinner, and my son came up to me and said, "One day I will work and help you with the bills and groceries and house expenses." My eyes started to tear up... My baby will be 32 next month.



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Betty, the town gossip and self-appointed supervisor of the town's morals, kept sticking her nose into other people's business. Most locals were unappreciative of her activities, but feared her enough to maintain their silence. However, she made a mistake when she recently accused Ted, a local man, of being an alcoholic after she saw his pickup truck parked outside the town's only bar one afternoon. Ted, a man of few words, stared at her for a moment, and walked away. Later that evening, he parked his pickup truck in front of her house and left it there all night.

An absent-minded husband thought he had conquered his problem of trying to remember his wife's birthday and their anniversary. He opened an account with a local florist, provided the florist the dates and instructions to send flowers to his wife on these dates along with an appropriate note signed "Your loving husband." His wife was thrilled by this new display of attention. All went well, until one day, he came home, kissed his wife, saw the flowers, and offhandedly said, "Nice flowers, honey. Where'd you get them?"

A spiritualist who had recently been widowed met a colleague and reported excitedly that she had just received a message from her dead husband – asking her to send him a pack of cigarettes. "The only this is", she mused, "That I don't know where to send them." "Why not", asked her friend. "Well, he didn't actually say that he was in Heaven – but I can't imagine he would be in Hell." "Hmm", her friend responded, "maybe I shouldn't bring this up, but... he didn't mention anything about including matches in the package, did he?"



SPARK!

CULTURAL PROGRAMMING
for PEOPLE WITH MEMORY LOSS

The Museum of Danish America is excited to announce the implementation of a free monthly cultural program for those with early- to mid-stage memory loss and their care partners called SPARK!

Thank you so much!

Alissa LaCanne

Youth and Community Educator

MUSEUM OF DANISH AMERICA'S GENEALOGY & EDUCATION CENTER

E: ALISSA.LACANNE@DANISHMUSEUM.ORG | P: 712.764.7010
4210 MAIN STREET, PO BOX 249, ELK HORN, IA 51531

The Museum of Danish America represents the first museum to host SPARK! in Iowa. SPARK! is free cultural programming partners designed to keep the participants actively engaged in their communities.

Modeled on the successful "Meet Me at MoMA" program at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, SPARK! has continued to grow and foster experiences in a welcoming environment with trained museum staff who engage participants in lively discussions, object-handling and other multi-sensory activities.

Research conducted in New York City and at the original partner organizations of the SPARK! Alliance has shown the benefits of SPARK! participation for people with memory loss and their care partners. Earlier this year, the Museum of Danish America staff completed trainings to learn more about those with memory loss and how to provide programming for them.

SPARK! programs begin at the museum on May 2 from 10-11:30 am with the theme "Lights, Camera, Action!" SPARK! will be held on the first Tuesday of each month. Each monthly program is unique and will include a variety of topics.

Registration for the SPARK! programs can be made by calling the museum at 712-764-7001.

This program is sponsored by the Shelby County Health Foundation and the Shelby County Community Chest.

**JERRY SCHRADER**

Times are achangin'. What used to be is simply not the same now. Just ask that little guy born in a "midwife house" if he has seen changes from yesteryear. Jerry Schrader can tell you first-hand what it is like to carry a little lunch pail, walk across the field to the 8-grade school near Little Field (Audubon Township #2), then back across the field after school hurrying home to help with evening chores.

In the spring of 1957 when Jerry was in the 5th grade, his father quit farming and the family moved to Audubon. Jerry attended Audubon schools except for three months when the family moved to Johnston in the middle of his junior year. They moved back to the Audubon area in March 1963 and he graduated from high school in 1964.

Jerry contemplated becoming a carpenter. Although he thought about and wished for college, there wasn't money to pursue an educational route. As some of his friends headed off to junior college in Clarinda, the desire was still swirling

in his mind. Two weeks after the beginning of the semester, with \$87 in his checking account, he headed to Clarinda with the idea that he would stay as long as he was able. The least expensive housing he was able to find was in the basement of the funeral home. When his money ran out, he returned home. Shortly after coming back to Audubon, he received a call from the college telling him a job was available at the Mental Health Hospital. He was happy to accept the job offer. It worked out well for him. He was able to finish the year in school. During the summer he worked at the Conoco station in Audubon. He worked the night shift 8 p.m. – 8 a.m., 7 days a week, except Saturday night when he worked midnight – 8 a.m.

No place is quite as romantic as Iowa's county fairs. If a young fellow is looking to find a great date, what better place than the fair? One of Jerry's friends suggested a blind date with a girl who was showing her 4-H calf. That's how he found Judy Hansen from Elk Horn. His friend was right. Not only did Audubon County Fair have great animals, they also had a lovely lady tending with love and care to her four-legged calf friend. The romance for Jerry and Judy was on. They have a friend's blind date suggestion and a 4-H calf to thank for their years of marriage. For a young man who went on to become a veterinarian, what better place to begin their love story?

Jerry's older brother shared stories of positive experiences during the time he spent in the Air Force. Jerry decided to follow in his footsteps and also join the Air Force. In October of 1965 he headed to San Antonio for training at Lackland Air Force Base. After going through a long battery of tests to find what areas Jerry would qualify for, he ended up being assigned to Intelligence, specifically for training in linguistics. He would spend many months learning Chinese (the Mandarin dialect). In fact, of his entire time in the Air Force, 18 months were spent in training and learning Mandarin.

Peshawar, Pakistan—where on earth is that? Check a map and you will find the city up in the northern part of the country, not too far from Islamabad. This was to become Jerry's new home. During the months Jerry was stationed in Pakistan, Judy was unable to be with him and their only communication was by letter. She stayed in Iowa and studied nursing in Council Bluffs. By the time he returned home, she had completed her nurse's training.

In the summertime, the temperatures in Peshawar were similar to Phoenix—115-120 degrees during the daytime. A person didn't want to stay out for long. The military base located there was small and quite securely protected. Although he went into the downtown area occasionally, for the most part he stayed within the base.

Shortly after Jerry's arrival the Israeli 6-day War began. Tension was high. Airmen stayed close to the base. Americans were not looked upon favorably. The buses carrying supplies into the base dealt with rocks being thrown at them. MPs guarded the gates. There was fear that the base would be overrun. That did not happen, and things quieted down fairly soon.

For a young man from the Midwest, Peshawar appeared to be a city of chaos. The streets were filled with camels, bikes, old cars and trucks and people going every which way. One day Jerry stopped at a bazaar to look at what was offered. A young lady dressed in a hijab, her face covered with a heavy veil, carrying a baby under one arm, walked up to him, and held out her hand for money. To Jerry's dismay, he saw that she had no fingers or thumb. His heart was instantly touched. He reached into his uniform pocket and was ready to give her money. The shop keeper quickly said, "no, no. Don't give her anything. She is from a tribe north of here that does this to the girls when they are little. That crippled hand makes people feel sorry for them and they have better luck begging."

July 4 – Independence Day -- holds special meaning for Jerry. It was the day he left Pakistan to come home. After returning he was transferred to San Antonio for the remaining 15 months of his service. During this period of time, Judy was able to join him. He worked in a small intelligence compound near Lackland and Kelly Air Force Base. In February, 1969, he elected to accept the offer of a 6-month early discharge so he could return to Iowa and attend Iowa State University in the fall of 1969. He had served his country. He had proudly worn the uniform.

submitted by Nancy Krogstad





All State Speech Presentations:
Thank you Emily and Irelynd for performing your All State Speech presentations tonight and to their coach, Cody Parmley!



Bowling Night

Always Ayzlee Memorial sponsored our April bowling trip! The bowling alley was a busy place with 19 kids bowling, enjoying pizza and drinks! The bus ride was loud with song requests and kids singing at the top of their lungs. It was a great time!!! Thank you to the McCarthy family for making this trip possible!



JOKE BOOK SECTION IN MEMORY OF TOM POTTS

The library received memorials for Tom Potts and wanted to create a special section to spread his joy of joke telling at the library and everywhere else he went to bring a smile. We sure miss his visits!



We miss Tom's visits to the library as we all knew he would share a joke with whoever was willing to listen. Check out one of these books and learn a new joke to brighten someone's day and carry on Tom's tradition!

Afterschool Adventures

Our farm animal of the week with LaJissa's Afterschool Adventure kids was hens and chicks! Kids got to hold and pet them, see what kind of feed they eat and learn facts about eggs. Did you know eggs are very strong? The kids tested how strong eggs are by standing on them. With their dome shape, they could distribute their weight over the egg without breaking them! So cool!



LEGO BUILDING CONTEST

The Elk Horn Public Library invites LEGO builders to enter our 2023 Tivoli Fest LEGO contest. The Tivoli theme this year is "Skol to Tivoli Fest"

*Entries can be made using LEGO bricks at the library or brought from home in 2 categories- freestyle or kit.

*A person can have 1 entry in each class.

*Teams of no more than 2 can enter.

*The contest is open to all ages

*Prizes will be awarded to winners in a variety of areas.

Entries may be brought into the library from Wed, May 17th until Thurs, May 25th. They will be on display at the Library from 12-3 on Sat, May 27th during Tivoli Fest, where the Library will also be hosting other children's programming, including many giant outdoor games!

ELK HORN PUBLIC LIBRARY
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Sunday, May 7, 2023

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Will deliver in Exira area—Call Connie Esbeck (712-250-0385) or Pat Mullenger (712-304-4450)



For Tivoli Fest 2023

We are trying something new. Some area businesses are hosting a hunt of some fun, a little obscure and Scandinavian themed items. Have fun as individuals, groups or families, local or visitors. The clues will lead you to the numbered items on the list all at the businesses on the list. Have fun visiting some of the things that our community has to offer. Most importantly, have fun with it. Take some selfies, share the experience with others. Turn in your completed list after completed. To wrap this up we will draw for winners at Saturday nights dance.

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ELK HORN PUBLIC LIBRARY

BREAKFAST
BOOK CLUB

“THE INHERITANCE GAMES”
 BY JENNIFER LYNN BARNES

7th-12th graders are invited for breakfast and a book discussion at the EH-K School in the conference room.

Avery Grambs has a plan for a better future: survive High school, win a scholarship, and get out. But her Fortunes change in an instant when billionaire Tobias Hawthorne dies and leaves Avery Virtually his entire fortune. The catch? Avery has no idea why—or even who Tobias Hawthorne is.

May 5th, 2023 at 7:30am

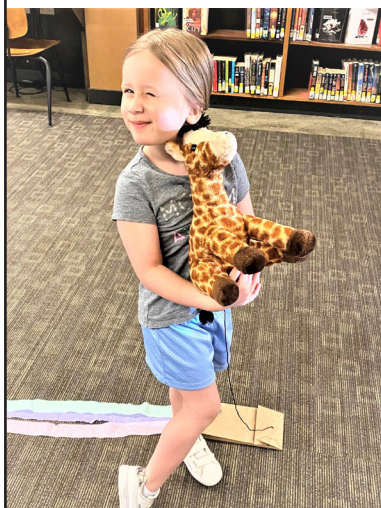
The Exira Public Library received a grant from the Audubon County Grant Foundation this spring ! We were able to purchase two AWE learning computers! These computers require no Internet, and are fully loaded with tons of fun and educational games for kids of all ages! We can't wait for all the kiddos to check these out!



Thursday in story time we listened to a book about kites, and then made our own out of paper bags and streamers



Little Miss Lanie got to take Booker home last week! He did school work with her, read some great stories, went to see her grampy and even snuck in a dance competition! Thank you so much for taking good care of him Lanie



Wife: 'Do you want dinner?'
Husband: 'Sure! What are my choices?'
Wife: 'Yes or no.'

EXIRA CITY COUNCIL REGULAR MEETING

108 E WASHINGTON ST. – CITY HALL
MONDAY, APRIL 10, 2023 7:30 PM

The Exira City Council met for their regular meeting in city hall on Monday, April 10, 2023. Present were Mayor Mike Huegerich, City Clerk Meg Andersen, City Attorney Clint Fichter and Council Members: Dwight Jessen, Clark Borkowski, Nathan Wahlert, and Mark Paulsen. Also in attendance were Sheriff Johnson, and public works employees: Mike Lauritsen and Tim Wahlert. Matt Mills was also present for a part of the meeting.

Mayor Huegerich called the meeting to order at 7:30 PM.

Mayor Huegerich opened the Fiscal Year 2024 budget hearing at 7:31 PM.

A motion made by Paulsen, seconded by Borkowski, to approve the agenda. All voted aye, motion passed.

A motion made by Borkowski, seconded by Jessen, to approve the consent agenda. All voted aye, motion passed.

No one was present for public input.

City Clerk, Meg Andersen, presented the library report.

Sheriff Johnson presented the sheriff's report for the month of March.

Mayor Huegerich closed the Fiscal Year 2024 budget hearing at 7:45 PM.

A motion made by Jessen, seconded by Wahlert, to approve TJ's Pourhouse Retail Alcohol License. All voted aye, motion passed.

A motion made by Paulsen, seconded by Wahlert to approve N Jefferson Street closures on May 6, 2023, and June 30 – July 5, 2023. All voted aye, motion passed.

A motion made by Borkowski, seconded by Wahlert, to award MK Mills Tree Service the contract to remove dead and emerald ash borer infected trees from the city park. All voted aye, motion passed.

A motion made by Borkowski, seconded by Jessen, to approve Resolution 23-05 Approving The Fiscal Year 2024 Budget. Roll call vote: Jessen-aye, Borkowski-aye, Wahlert-aye, Paulsen-aye. Schrader was absent. Resolution passed.

A motion made by Borkowski, seconded by Jessen, to approve Region XII GAX Payment #19 totaling \$3,987.00. All voted aye, motion passed.

A motion made by Jessen, seconded by Wahlert, to approve the Amended Angle Parking Regulations Ordinance Number 243 04-10-23 in the City of Exira Code of Ordinances. Roll call vote: Jessen-aye, Borkowski-aye, Wahlert-aye, Paulsen-aye, Schrader-absent. First reading of Ordinance 243 passed. A motion by Borkowski, seconded by Paulsen, to waive the second and third reading of Ordinance 243. All voted aye, motion passed.

A motion made by Paulsen, seconded by Borkowski, to add ADA compliant parking spaces to N Carthage St, W Washington St, E Washington St, and the Exira Event Center. All voted aye, motion passed.

Discussion was held on replacing the public works tractor. More information will be gathered and presented at the regular May council meeting.

A motion made by Jessen, seconded by Wahlert, to approve the amended Water Utility Rates, Payment Due Date and Late Penalty Ordinance Number 242 03-13-23 in the City of Exira Code of Ordinances. Roll call vote: Jessen-aye, Borkowski-aye, Wahlert-aye, Paulsen-aye, Schrader-absent. Second reading of Ordinance 242 passed. A motion made by Paulsen, seconded by Jessen, to waive the third reading of Ordinance 242. All voted aye, motion passed.

City Clerk, Meg Andersen presented an update on utility billing practices.

Reminder the City Clerk's office will be closed April 20 & 21, 2023, for the Spring IMFOA Conference. 🌸

A motion made by Wahlert, seconded by Borkowski, to adjourn at 8:46 PM.

Mike Huegerich, Mayor Meg Andersen, City Clerk

A few laughs compliments of Shirley Ross

The other day, Peggy and I got into some petty argument. (I say it was petty, She would have said it was Armageddon.)

As is our nature, neither of us would admit the possibility that we might be in error.

To her credit, Peggy finally said, "Look, I'll tell you what. I'll admit I'm wrong if you admit I was right. After some thought, I said "Fine".

She took a deep breath, looked me in the eye and said "I'm wrong".

I grinned and replied, "You're right"

A pastor goes into a nursing home for the first time to visit an elderly parishioner.

As he is sitting there, he notices a bowl of peanuts beside her bed and takes one. As they continue their conversation, he can't help himself and eats one after another.

By the time they are through visiting, the bowl is empty. He says, "Mrs Jones, I am sorry, but I seem to have eaten all of your peanuts."

"That's OK", she says. "They would have just sat there anyway. Without my teeth, all I can do is suck the chocolate off and put them back in the bowl."

A man named Donald bought a horse from a farmer for \$250.

The farmer agreed to deliver the horse the next day. The next day, the farmer drove up to Donald's house and said, "Sorry son, but I have some bad news. The horse died."

Donald replied, "Well then, just give me back my money."

"Can't do that, I went and spent it already", replied the farmer.

Donald said, "OK, then bring me the dead horse!"

The farmer asked, "What ya gonna do with a dead horse?"

Donald said, "I'm going to raffle him off."

"You can't raffle off a dead horse!", replied the farmer.

Donald said, "Sure can, watch me."

A month later, the farmer met up with Donald and asked, "What happened with that dead horse?"

Donald replied, "I raffled him off. I sold 500 tickets at five dollars apiece and made a profit of \$2,495."

The farmer said, "Didn't anyone complain?!"

Donald replied, "Just the guy who won. So I gave him back his five dollars."

Heeerrre's Johnny

Johnny Jensen used to write for Linda's paper. He has decided to start writing again.. So, here is his first article:

Wallpaper

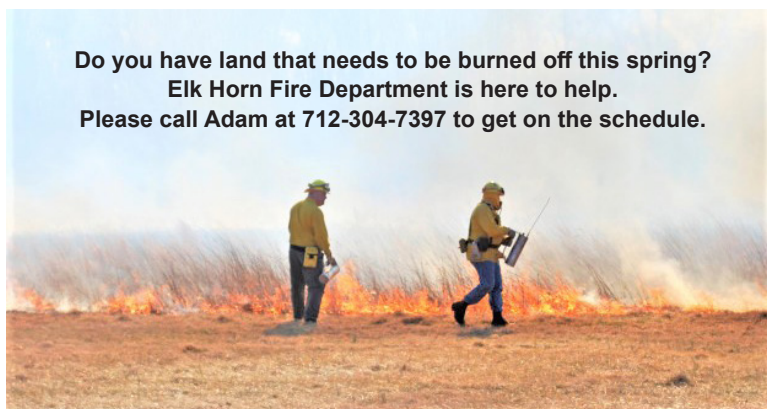
I now live in the Armed Forces Retirement Home in Gulfport, Mississippi and love it. It is a beautiful place but the other night I got to thinking about my room. It is good but the walls are painted beige. I remembered when I was young, and we had wallpaper. Every three or four years my parents would order new wallpaper and repaper the walls. It would come in single or double rolls to match up. It was a big job to do. My dad would set up a table so he could put homemade paste on it then take it to the walls or ceiling and brush it on. He could match paper so you could not see the seams.

One year when I was about 10, my parents said I could choose wallpaper for my room. There was a children's wallpaper book and I started looking through it. The first was of cowboys and Indians, cattle and buffalos and teepees and ranch houses. NO. The next was sports. There were people playing baseball, basketball and another group playing hockey. NO. The next was with cars, boats and trains. NO. The next page made my heart stop. It was blue with stars, planets, rocket ships and astronauts. YES. YES. YES. They got it for me and put it in my room. How wonderful. I was sooo happy.

Putting on wallpaper was not always a simple job. After many years the old paper had to be taken off. I had learned to use a wallpaper steamer in a big house in Audubon a friend had purchased. I made the mistake of saying that I knew how to use a steamer when they were refurbishing Bedstemor's house. I steamed off all the wallpaper in all the rooms. It was about eight or ten layers thick. Ardis Petersen wallpapered it and there is something special about the paper in the west room. It makes it very period and shows how houses were then.

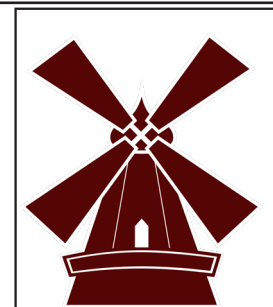
When I was in Ukraine with the Peace Corps in 2008, the people I was staying with for training thought that they should put new wallpaper in the foyer for their American guest. It was beautiful. In researching this article, I found out that wallpaper is coming back. All décor goes in cycles and plain walls are starting to be considered "so out of fashion." The new designs are fantastic. The next few years should be exciting for interior decorators.

**Do you have land that needs to be burned off this spring?
Elk Horn Fire Department is here to help.
Please call Adam at 712-304-7397 to get on the schedule.**



News From The Mill

We are gearing up for Tivoli at the windmill and have orders and continue to work on restocking the gift shop for the upcoming travel season. We have mugs, flags, pins, puzzles, candy, beverages, and more all ready to go and more on the way.



Our new quarterly newsletter, The Breeze, has made its debut. All members of the windmill received a physical copy with electronic copies going out to those we have current email addresses for. This is an exclusive benefit we offer to our members and you can get on our subscription list by becoming a member at any time for only \$10.00 a year. In addition to The Breeze, we introduced our new membership website (still under construction) which will have all issues of The Breeze ready to download at any time, in addition to other historical materials available for view at a future date. Finally, we started our "Honorary Millwright" program! Creators and the windmills (or watermills) they design will have the chance of being featured in future issues of The Breeze. See the back page of the newsletter for more details. Our next issue will go out in July. Don't miss it, become a member today!

On Friday, April 21, the windmill hosted Des Moines's Heartland Youth Choir as a pitstop on their way to an Omaha performance. Our new picnic tables were put to good use as the kids braved the windy weather to enjoy lunch outside before coming in to tour the windmill. They asked great questions and we had a wonderful time.

On Saturday, April 22, Shaun and Sarah McDonald of the Shelby County Historical Museum ran a booth at the annual Danish Brotherhood and Sisterhood Heartland District Convention in Des Moines. A comprehensive sample of the gift shop was made available for attendees to purchase, and many were reminded they hadn't been to the windmill in a while. We always appreciate the opportunities to work with other Danish-American organizations and are grateful for the support of the Des Moines lodges for hosting us.

Finally, we have a new look in the store! Nisser having been moving things around through the night and we are excited to see how some changes to our layout might make for an even more successful tourist season. Our staff is hard at work getting everything ready and we could not be more thankful. We also want to thank Jan Snyder of Elk Horn for generously volunteering her time at the windmill. She will be with us every Saturday. Stop in and say hello!

**Shaun Sayres
Manager, Danish Windmill**



Scott Goos
April 7 1964 - April 15 2023

Scott Goos, age 59, of Kansas City and formerly of Treynor, passed away unexpectedly in Elk Horn, Iowa, on Saturday, April 15, 2023.

Funeral services were held April 24, 2023, at Elk Horn Lutheran Church in Elk Horn.

Scott Randall, son of Donald Dean and Barbara Jean (Grimm) Goos, was born April 7, 1964, in Omaha, Nebraska. Scott grew

up near Treynor, Iowa where he was baptized and confirmed at Zion Congregational Church. He graduated from Treynor High School in 1982. He then attended Creighton University and studied Psychology and then at Kansas State University where he completed a degree in Interior Design. He was a member of the American Society of Interior Designers.

Scott first worked with Richman-Gordman in Council Bluffs and then at Olsen-Blackburn in Wichita, Kansas. He then took a position with Apria in Kansas City where he managed staff in Kansas City, the Philippines and India, regarding sleep studies and its supplies.

Scott enjoyed home and garden design as he always had an eye for layout and such. He was one of three brothers raised on the farm southwest of Treynor. He loved showing cattle and hogs, winning Reserve Grand Champion Hog at Aksarben. Scott also won many art awards both locally and at the Iowa State Fair. Scott was featured in multiple magazines for his interior design work and highly regarded in the industry. He enjoyed going on trips with his nieces and nephews and lavishing them with gifts on holidays and birthdays.

He is preceded in death by his grandparents Irvin and Olga Goos of Treynor, Iowa and Ralph and Elsie Grimm of Millard, Nebraska.

Scott is survived by his father Donald Goos of Elk Horn; mother Barbara Goos of Elk Horn; two nieces Reagan (Asa) McKinney of Elk Horn and Faren Goos of Marne; and two nephews Tucker Goos of Marne and Kadin Goos (Nikki Truong and great nephew Kaisyn Goos) of Omaha; two brothers John (Linda) Goos of Marne, Glen Goos of Elk Horn and special addition to the family Jaynie Rasmussen of Elk Horn; other relatives and friends.

Beverly Hartranft
October 10, 1932 - April 7, 2023



Beverly Ann, daughter of Ramond E. and Leona Thieman (Cowles) Stull, was born October 10, 1932, in Omaha, Nebraska. She grew up in Omaha and graduated from Omaha Tech High School in 1949.

In 1968, Bev moved to San Diego, California where she worked for the VA. It was here that she met William Hartranft, Jr. and the couple was united in marriage on April 20, 1974, in San Diego. Bev continued to work for the VA for the next 30 years. After Bill retired in 2000, the couple moved to Elk Horn, Iowa, to be closer to family and experience four seasons each year. Bill passed away in 2019.

Bev was a member of Elk Horn Lutheran Church where she enjoyed quilting and participating with the Altar Guild. She was also a member of Rebecca Lodge 404. Bev loved passing the time sewing, quilting, embroidering, crocheting, knitting, bowling, camping, caring for her two dogs and spending time with all of her grandchildren.

On Friday, April 7, 2023, Bev passed away at Astoria Senior Living in Omaha, Nebraska, at the age of 90 years.

Bev is preceded in death by her parents; husband Bill Hartranft; two children: Deborah Boettger and Louis Smith, Jr; two sisters Leona Lucy Thieman and Dorothy Johnson.

She is survived by her children: Steven Logelin and wife Bonnie of Omaha, NE; Christine and husband Ralph Beavers of Omaha, NE; daughter-in-law Phyllis Smith of El Paso, TX; sisters-in-law: Ann Judge, NY; Janet Hargrave, CT; Mary Kinnaman, VA; and Beth Kline (James), TX; 13 grandchildren; 25 great-grandchildren; 3 great-great-grandchildren; numerous nieces, nephews; other relatives and friends.

Funeral Service was April 12, 2023 at Elk Horn Lutheran Church, Elk Horn, Iowa. Pastor Laura Webb, Officiating Congregational Hymns "Nearer My God To Thee", "Just A Closer Walk With Thee", "Amazing Grace", Nancy Watson, Organist Casketbearers Brian Derboven, Jason "JJ" West, Joseph Logelin, Pat Logelin, Dylan Gill and Brayden Gill.

Interment at Elk Horn Lutheran Cemetery, Elk Horn, Iowa



Everyone you meet is fighting a battle you know nothing about.
Be kind always
-Robin Williams

Jack Krogstad, a Vietnam veteran, regularly attended the Nebraska Vietnam Veterans Reunion. Each year there were several main speakers and numerous breakaway sessions covering topics that were of special interest to the veterans. One such breakaway session was conducted by a college professor who taught English, had served in Vietnam, and believed that writing about the war was an excellent form of therapy and healing. With his assistance the veterans wrote about their experiences and then shared their essays with the group.

Nancy Krogstad attended the writing group. She noticed that no one had written from the perspective of the wife left at home. The following essay is what she wrote and then shared with the veterans' group.

THOUGHTS FROM A VIETNAM VETERAN'S WIFE

By Nancy Krogstad

June 18, 1968 – Our 1st anniversary. How do you celebrate when you are living on nothing but love? Jack was working part-time at a small accounting firm and going to graduate school part-time. I was going to college and working part-time in the college education department. Money was tight but love abounded. A picnic and a relaxing swim at Woods Pool and Park were a lovely way to spend our special day. Life was great! As we ate our sandwiches and watched the setting sun, we talked about our future. What would we be doing when we both finished our education and moved on into the world of work? Options seemed endless.

June 19, 1968 – (only one day after our anniversary) the letter was waiting in our mailbox. Uncle Sam had called. Although we had expected the letter, it still came as a shock. Jack was grateful that he had been given deferments for college. His draft board was sending many young men to the military. His time had come.

We said our goodbyes to the little trailer house in the country and to the wonderful elderly couple we rented from. Where to now? Jack was heading to Fort Sam Houston for Basic and Advanced Individual Training where he would be trained as a medic. I vowed to move to San Antonio while he was in training. I rented a little apartment close to the base, found a job with a temp company and waited to discover what would come next. It seemed the majority of the soldiers were heading to Vietnam. However, some were sent to Germany, Japan, or remained stateside. Good assignments – where families stayed together. Maybe Lady Luck would smile on us.

The day Jack finished training I was waiting to pick him up. I knew immediately by watching the soldiers walking from the building what their orders had been. Vietnam!

More decisions. What would I do now? I certainly couldn't accompany him to Vietnam! We were facing separation any way we looked. My parents invited me to come home so I would have family support and not be alone. I accepted their invitation and began preparations to transfer to the University of Missouri-Columbia. At least I would be busy and moving

forward with future plans while Jack was gone. Hopefully I could finish my college education during the "Vietnam year." An unspoken but very real thought was that if Jack didn't come home from Vietnam, I certainly needed to get my education finished so I could support myself.

We wanted to make the best possible use of leave time before Jack shipped out. Many of our friends and family came to bid him farewell. Jack's mother strongly encouraged that we have a family picture taken. Left unsaid was the real reason she was so anxious for the picture. What if it was the last one taken?

The morning Jack left was a snowy, cold December day. Jack and I wanted to be alone at the airport for that goodbye. At his parents' home they bid him a brave, but sad farewell. It was the only time in Jack's entire life he saw his World War II veteran father cry.

As we walked down the corridor in the Omaha airport, we noticed that people were aware of us - another soldier shipping out. They tried to show respect and give us extra space so as not to intrude into the sadness of the moment. One last kiss, one long embrace and Jack walked away into 365 days of loneliness. He did not look back.

My Christmas present from Jack arrived on December 24 – his first letter. He was stationed at the 36th Evacuation Hospital in Vung Tau. Looking at the map of Vietnam I kept handy, I could see he was near the South China Sea down in the Mekong Delta area. He explained that he would be working six days a week, twelve hours a day in the "Cage" with papers and valuables. Although at first I thought that meant he would be an account clerk or something along that order, I came to realize the "Cage" was where the valuables were stored when the casualties arrived. The cage was at the emergency room entrance near the helipad. Jack and Chuck (also assigned to the cage) were the first point of contact for the injured. They administered any necessary immediate medical aid (i.e. tourniquets, etc.), took all valuables, all identification, and whatever the soldier had when he arrived at the 36th Evac. If he died, they sent everything home to next of kin. When medevacs arrived with injured soldiers, Jack and Chuck met the choppers with gurneys. The wounded were usually dazed, confused, in shock, and suffering great pain. Talk was at a minimum as they got the soldiers' identification, collected their valuables, and worked to stabilize them medically and prepare them for the doctors.

The 36th Evac was the hospital in Vietnam which contained the burn center. In addition to treating every imaginable type of injury, all burn victims were sent there. In Jack's letters and tapes, he talked and wrote about how different it was to work with those suffering from burns than other injuries. Helicopter crashes resulted in horrific burns. The smell of burned flesh was extremely nauseating—a smell he would never forget. However, the burn victims were almost always conscious and alert, usually suffering from 3rd degree burns which killed the nerve endings, so they were not in pain. Because they were not feeling pain, they often talked hopefully of successful treatment. Jack, however, knew the survival rate for burn victims was very low. They wanted to talk. They wanted to explain about the pictures they were carrying. They wanted to talk about their families back home—parents, wives, sweethearts, children, and babies—some so young they had never seen them. They eagerly talked about meeting these babies who had been born after they were deployed. As he prepared the last effects to be sent

continued on pg 17

Krogstad continued from pg 16

home, he thought of the irony that somewhere half-way around the world a family had no idea they had lost their beloved family member. They still had dream and hopes of their soldier returning, of life going on, of being together again. It was incredibly tough emotional work. Jack seldom wrote or talked about stuff like this. When he did, he would follow up with “That’s enough of that.” Then he’d go on to a less depressing topic.

I didn’t waste any time getting enrolled and starting classes at the university. Staying busy was a blessing. A few weeks into the semester someone mentioned that a group of Vietnam wives met at the student center. I decided to join the group. All the wives were nice. As so often happens I found one friend named Joyce with whom I really clicked. Sometimes just the two of us would meet and chat before we left school for the day. Joyce lived in a small trailer park that I drove past as I went to and from the university. She invited me to stop by and visit her at home. I intended to do so.

When Joyce did not attend the next Vietnam wives gathering, someone told us that her husband (a helicopter pilot) had been killed in a crash. I was stunned. It was hard to imagine what it would be like to have a military officer knock on the door with the devastating news that your spouse had been killed. I wanted to go to her home and offer comfort. As I left the university and headed home, I kept thinking about what I could possibly say to her. When I got to the trailer park, I saw her car. She was home. I slowed down, then like a coward I drove on. Tomorrow, I’ll stop tomorrow. In the morning I drove past her trailer. Her old car was gone. My words of comfort were stuck in my throat, never to be shared with her. Because her husband had died in a helicopter crash, which almost always involved fire I was quite positive he would have been evacuated to the 36th and very likely Jack would have been the one who collected his valuables and mailed them home to her. It was my first close-up of Vietnam casualties. It was more than sobering.

School, family, and church went a long way toward filling an empty and lonely void. Many people went out of the way to be inclusive. After attending the Vietnam wives’ group for about three or four months the tone seemed to be changing. I was surprised to hear some of them begin talking about not being sure if they were still in love with their husbands. Some were beginning to see old boyfriends and were talking about divorce. Those were not my thoughts or feelings in any way! I decided to stop meeting with them. What I missed most was a friend who was going through the same experience and also was deeply committed to marriage. I found that friend in Lincoln, Nebraska. Jan’s husband had gone to Vietnam a few weeks ahead of Jack. Jan and I began to share encouragement through letters, phone calls and an occasional visit. She was devastated when her pregnancy ended, and their little twins did not survive. To be alone, with her husband eight thousand miles away, was heartbreaking.

The only types of communication were by letter or reel-to-reel tapes. The tapes brought Jack’s voice across the miles – a far cry from being together but treasured still. Jack usually made tapes at night after he was back in the hootch. On every tape I could hear a continual and rhythmic pattern of gun fire. It came from the navy ships firing into the peninsula to prevent the Viet Cong from sneaking in and attacking during the night. Although I became accustomed to the gun sounds, it always reminded me that war was real and present.

Jack and I wrote daily. It took five or six days for a letter to arrive

and equally long for the reply to get to Vietnam. It was not an easy time to make decisions or to share news. Each letter represented one day closer to the year’s end. In one of Jack’s more hopeful letters he wrote “Roses are red, violets are blue. In 300 days I’ll be together with you.

Living with my parents and siblings brought a great deal of comfort to me. I always looked forward to coming home from the university after classes were over. One day when I pulled into the driveway, my heart stopped in horror. Sitting in the driveway was a gray car with the words “U. S. Government” on the side. I knew only too well what that meant! I sat frozen in the car unwilling to walk into the house. When I finally gathered enough courage to go inside, I saw a lady sitting in the living room visiting with my mother and the two little foster children my parents were preparing to adopt. That social worker looked like an angel! She had no idea the terror her car had caused me.

Jack’s cousin, Byron Calkins, was stationed at a field hospital near Pleiku in the Central Highlands. He and Jack had been writing to each other trying to work out a visit while they were both in-country. They never got to see each other. Byron was killed, ironically, on Memorial Day. His death was confusing to everyone. Very little information was given to the family. As far as we knew, Byron was working as a medic in a hospital, yet he died on the battlefield. His grieving parents went to their graves without answers. Years later (thanks to help from Allen Stone—a college friend and a Vietnam buddy who went through training with Jack and who is now the president of VFW for the state of Colorado) we learned that Byron had been sent to replace a platoon medic who had been killed. As he was getting off the helicopter, he was hit by a grenade and was killed instantly.

Byron’s death was a crushing blow to the family. For the first time, I began to fear that Jack might get “reassigned” like Byron had. Everything connected with Vietnam caused fear, uneasiness, and doubt. Once again, I was grateful for wonderful family support and for a busy schedule. Would this year ever come to an end?

When Jack had been in-country for eight months he applied for and was granted R & R in Hawaii. I was so excited and yet so nervous. I feared I would not discover the same Jack I had kissed goodbye that cold, snowy day months before. I knew war changes people. Thankfully, my fears were for naught. He was the same sweet, caring person he had been before. The one very noticeable change was the color of his skin. The malaria pills he was required to take made his skin very yellow. I could certainly handle strange colored skin! Our goodbye in Hawaii was not as sad as the one in Omaha. We had eight months behind us and only four to go.

Our letters were becoming less lonely and more forward-looking. Before long we would have Vietnam behind us! Jack had the option of extending a short time in Vietnam and mustering out of the Army completely or coming home at the end of his one-year Vietnam service and serving an additional six months stateside. He never gave it a second thought – he opted for coming home as soon as possible. He was promised he would be given his first choice of stateside assignments because he had served in Vietnam. He chose Fort

continued on pg 18

Krogstad continued from pg 17

Riley, Kansas or Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri – the two Army bases closest to home. When his orders came, they were for Fort Gordon, Georgia. It didn't matter – any base on U. S. soil was perfectly acceptable.

December, one year later, the Omaha airport was a joyous gathering place. I was not the only one eager to see that plane touch the ground. Jack's parents, grandparents, siblings, aunts, uncles, and cousins also were there to welcome him home. 365 days were behind us. Life was ahead.

June 18, 2017 – Our Golden Wedding Anniversary. Fifty years of sharing life's joys and sorrows. Fifty years of learning together that life has both sad disappointments and wonderful rewards. What a privilege to have shared my life with Jack – Vietnam included.

In Loving Memory



Dale Peterson
June 15, 1931 - April 13, 2023

Dale R. Peterson, 91, of Lincoln, died on April 13, 2023. Mr. Peterson was born June 15, 1931 to Bennie & Josie (Johnson) Peterson in Elk Horn, IA.

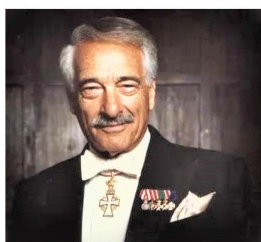
Preceded in death by two infant siblings; parents; wife, Lila; brother-in-law, Lyle Petersen.

Survived by his children, Shere Peterson, Rocky (Darla) Peterson, Shelly (Ric) Wickham; sister, Wava Petersen; grandchildren, Lindsay (Hans) Widicker, Laura (Brad) Carlson, Roxi Peterson, Kim (Jon) Daniel, Victoria (Devin) Dey, Beth Wickham; great-grandchildren, Wyatt, Jillian & Cooper Widicker, Rose & Calvin Carlson; many nieces, nephews & cousins; his five beloved cats.

Funeral Service was held April 21, 2023 at the College View Seventh Day Adventist Church. Interment in the Clay Township Cemetery-rural Elk Horn, IA. Memorials are suggested to the Holbrook SDA Indian School. Online condolences may be left at www.bmlfh.com.

VICTOR BORGE LEGACY AWARDS

MAY 7th | AT 2 PM



 museum of
danish america

Join the Museum of Danish America on Sunday, May 7th at 2 pm for a free afternoon of music! The annual Victor Borge Legacy Awards piano recital began in 2011 to encourage young musicians and to honor the accomplishments of Victor Borge, a world-renowned Danish pianist who immigrated to America. High school students, who were selected through piano competitions in Omaha, Des Moines, and Southwest Iowa, will perform on Victor Borge's piano, which is a part of the museum's collection. A reception with light refreshments will follow the recital.

The Victor Borge Legacy Award is made possible with the support of R. James and Janet Borge Crowle of Saint Michaels, Maryland, as well as the Eric & Joan Norgaard Charitable Trust and the Charles W. and Norma J. Wilson Foundation.

More information can be found on the Museum of Danish America's website at <https://www.danishmuseum.org/visit/events/victor-borge-legacy-award>

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**LOVING YOUR CHILDREN REQUIRES WISDOM, CAREFUL THOUGHT,
and PRAYER**

Pastor Tim White

By the time you read this, Mother’s Day will be almost upon you, and just one month later, Father’s Day. Every spring we set aside these two occasions to honor our parents for the vital role God has given them in rearing us from infancy to become healthy and well-adjusted adults, capable of making societal contributions of our own. However, it’s fair to say that not all parents do this as well as others. In 2014, the following appeared in an article at Time.com:

“This year’s annual Easter egg hunt in Colorado Springs, Colorado was canceled because of misbehaving parents last year. Many of the parents entered the roped-off area reserved for the children and helped them collect the eggs. This ended the hunt in a matter of seconds and left many children with no eggs.

“Some of the observers last year said the egg hunt was an example of parents who refuse to let their children grow up. The offending parents were afraid to let their children learn that they will not always get everything they want, so they intervened to make sure their children did not fail at the Easter egg hunt.”

I know how it can pull on a parent’s heartstrings when their child (especially a small child) comes up short in an event like this and is painfully disappointed. I can understand the temptation that comes upon parents to do anything necessary to ensure their little one comes away happy. But what they probably don’t realize is how they could well be increasing the likelihood that their children will be disturbingly unhappy later in life. If the parents’ rule-breaking at an Easter egg hunt is representative of a larger pattern in their parenting style (always covering for them, making excuses for them, criticizing other authority figures in their lives, demonstrating a disregard for rules and fairness), there is a good chance their kids won’t be prepared for the realities of the adult world.

Much has been written in recent years about the many young adults who seem almost incapable of handling a typical work-day environment. Examples abound of Millennial or Gen-Z workers (allegedly coddled their entire life) who think they can come and go at their leisure, who bristle (or sulk) when told what to do, who can’t handle differing opinions . . . so on, and so forth.

I want to be careful to say that this description is not indicative of everyone in these generational categories, just as in my generation not everyone “tuned in, turned on, and dropped out.” Everything I’ve said above is only to point out that parenting is monumentally difficult, and it can be tricky. Therefore, it is vitally important that parents give a great deal of thought to how they go about raising their kids from one day to the next. Parents’ emotions need to be checked by wisdom and through prayer. Nurturing must be in balance with boundaries and caring discipline, and Christian parents need to be seen by their children as living their faith with authenticity.




Immanuel/Bethany Worship	
May 7	Immanuel - communion
May 14	Bethany – communion
May 21	Immanuel
May 28	Bethany
June 4	Immanuel – communion
June 11	Bethany – communion
June 18	Immanuel
June 25	Bethany

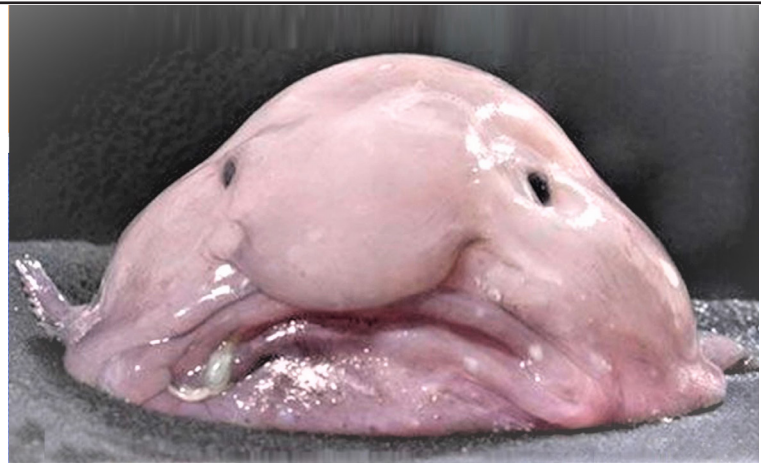
Catholic Dog
 Muldoon lived alone in the Irish countryside with only a pet dog for company. One day the dog died, and Muldoon went to the parish priest and asked, 'Father, my dog is dead. Could ya' be saying a mass for the poor creature?'

Father Patrick replied, 'I'm afraid not. We cannot have services for an animal in the church. But there are some Baptists down the lane, and there's no tellin' what they believe. Maybe they'll do something for the creature.'

Muldoon said, 'I'll go right away Father. Do ya' think \$5,000 is enough to donate to them for the service?'

Father Patrick exclaimed, 'Sweet Mary, Mother of Jesus! Why didn't ya tell me the dog was Catholic?'

ONLY A MOTHER COULD LOVE THIS FACE



Sorry, Jerry...
Just couldn't resist

