

Light Up This Holiday Season



Santa Claus Is Coming To Town...
Thursday, November 17th • 5:00 p.m.
at Madhatters, 1223 J St • Auburn

**AUBURN STORES OPEN
9:00 a.m.- 8:00 p.m.**

Free Horse & Buggy Rides
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Auburn's Christmas Lighting Ceremony

The lighting ceremony takes place when Santa arrives in Auburn by fire truck at 5:00 p.m. Children gather around him as he leads a countdown and then he will magically make the Auburn Christmas Lights come on when he touches the light pole by *Madhatters*, officially welcoming the holiday season to Auburn. Afterwards, children may go into Madhatters, talk with Santa, and receive a candy cane. This year, parents are encouraged to bring their cameras to photograph their child on Santa's lap.

The **Auburn Chamber of Commerce Ambassadors** serve as official greeters to welcome shoppers and children in to see Santa.

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Whisler's Hunting & Fishing Report

by Josh Whisler
Photos Provided by Author



Fishing:

The Missouri River has been cooling off and dropping almost at the same time. The water is now around 65 degrees and, with the level down where it is right now, there really isn't anywhere to fish except the holes. Why is it so low you say? Barge navigation on the river has a season and that season is over for the year. It seems crazy to have a season for when a boat can go up and down the river, but sure enough, that's the way it is. It also seems silly to stop barge traffic at the height of the harvest season on a bumper corn crop year. But that is also the way the river is run by the Corp of Engineers who control the flow through the Missouri River Dam System. As far as the fishing, when the river fluctuates so does the fish success. There has been several big ones pulled in along with some good pan size channels in the last month. What are they hitting on? This month's baits are goldfish & chubs for the big Blues & Flatheads and crawlers and dough baits for the smaller Channels.

Hunting:

Seasons are opening faster than a guy wants, and reminds us that winter is well on its way. Fall Turkey opened October 15th and there are plenty of birds around. Now getting close enough to bag one is another thing. Bow

and shotgun are open now which puts a little pressure on them. That makes them a little spooky. But Fall Turkey hunting is not as promising as the spring season when the Toms will come in to a call and decoy. It's quite a different ball game in the Fall. The turkeys don't really respond to a call – most of the time run away from it. Then there are other times that the young ones are curious to come see what's going on. Either way it's fun to get out in the autumn woods. Fall hunting is a whole different game where they are not breeding but just feeding. Ambush is about the only way to hunt them in the Fall. Ambush is finding them on foot, breaking them up, and then ambushing them when they try to group back up. This takes a lot of hiking around but seems to pay off the best. Limit per Turkey permit this year is one turkey, male or female.



This month's fish picture is of Jackie Whisler with a 6-pound Flathead.



This month's hunting picture is of some turkeys, the old and the young, sunning themselves, but staying their distance.

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Quail	Oct. 29 - Jan. 31
Grouse - East Zone	Sept. 17 - Dec. 31
Grouse - West Zone	Sept. 17 - Dec. 31
Partridge	Oct. 29 - Jan. 31
Rail	Sept. 1 - Nov. 9
Snipe	Sept. 1 - Dec. 16
Woodcock	Sept. 24 - Nov. 7
Dove	Sept. 1 - Oct. 30 expired
Squirrel	Aug. 1 - Jan. 31
Cottontail	Sept. 1 - Feb. 28
Jackrabbit	Sept. 1 - Feb. 28
Archery Deer (Statewide)	Sept. 15 - Nov. 11 & Nov. 21 - Dec. 31
Firearm Deer (Blue Southeast)	Nov. 12 - Nov. 20
Fall Turkey (Archery & Shotgun)	Oct. 15 - Nov. 11 & Nov. 21 - Nov. 30
Duck (Low Plains Late)	Oct. 22 - Jan. 1
Duck - Teal Season (Statewide)	Sept. 10 - 18 expired
Dark Goose (East Unit)	Oct. 22 - Jan. 22
White Front Goose (Statewide)	Oct. 1 - Dec. 11
Light Goose (Statewide)	Oct. 1 - Jan. 13

Hunting is in full swing if it's your thing. You can almost pick your season right now. Soon enough there will be Deer Seasons to choose from too. Fishing is winding down and hunting seems to be on everyone's mind. If you want some it's there for the taking. It's your move. Remember I'm not an expert but I have my share of luck. I wonder if the experts are having any luck today? So until next time "Happy Hunting & Fishing."

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Recipe of the Month

Turkey Noodle Soup

by Ann Yates

This is my family's favorite part of holiday dinners, and the main ingredient is the turkey carcass.

After dinner, while your tummy is recovering, just stay sitting and clean all the good meat off the turkey carcass. Package according to the uses you wish to put it to, whether it be sliced for sandwiches or chopped for soup and salads. Some of the chopping meat you will want to use for your turkey noodle soup since no meat will be yielded from the following instructions, just great broth.

Now place the carcass, and the reserved neck, into a large kettle. Cover generously with water. Add an onion, whatever celery your dinner left behind, and a few carrots. Now simmer about 4 to 6 hours, even 8 hours won't hurt anything.

Meanwhile make your noodles. A three-egg recipe will feed about 4 people.

3 eggs
2 T Milk
½ t salt

Regular all-purpose flour

Mix the eggs, milk and salt. Add flour a little at a time and stir until a stiff dough ball forms. Now knead in additional flour much like you would knead bread (Push, turn, fold, repeat). If your dough is too soft your noodles will be mushy and break apart. If it is too stiff your noodles will be a little tough and take longer to cook. I prefer tough over mushy, but try to get a nice in-between texture. Invert the bowl over the dough and let rest 10 or 15 minutes. Now roll the dough out onto a floured surface. Here is where personal preference takes over. Make the noodles as thick or thin as you like. When it is your desired thickness, flour the top surface generously and roll up like a jellyroll. Now you can cut the noodles the desired width, unroll and place in a single layer to dry while the broth finishes cooking (no more than 4 hours unless refrigerated).

The longer you cook the turkey carcass, the more good stuff is extracted. When finished simply strain off the broth. If you like to feed leftovers to your dog or cat, further cleaning of the carcass can be done when cool enough to handle. You will find any meat left on it is a bit tasteless (it all went into the broth), that is why it is not added to the soup. If you are not going to make the soup until the next day be sure to cool the broth quickly by placing the pot of broth into a bigger pot of cold water and stir till cool. Place in refrigerator in a shallow container to further speed cooling.

Now place the broth back in the pot and bring to a boil. I like to add chopped carrots at this point. It makes the soup pretty, tasty and healthy. If you have a good vegetable broth powder add it now. It provides additional flavor and nutrition. Add the noodles and some chopped turkey meat when the broth starts to boil. Stir immediately and every so often as needed to keep the noodles from sticking to the bottom. Salt to taste. If necessary you can add more water or broth. Cook until noodles are tender.

As always, have fun and enjoy with loved ones.

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Diary of an Unemployed Housewife

by Merri Johnson

As I sit on my patio writing this, we're enjoying a nearly perfect October Indian Summer, those unseasonably warm days that return after the first frost. The afternoon warmth of the sun defies the calendar's arbitrary pronouncement that we have passed from summer into fall. But come twilight, the chill in the air will prove the calendar correct. I'm reminded of a late fall evening last year when I sat on my patio watching a lone robin splash in my bird bath. After he flew away I didn't see another one for several months.

I searched Wikipedia on-line for the official definition and origin of the term "Indian Summer." Technically speaking, Indian Summer occurs only after the first *killing* frost. So, even though my thermometer read 30 degrees one morning a week ago, I have yet to see any evidence of killing frost. Oh well, it's still Indian Summer to me. Speculations on the origin of the term run the gamut from the season when Native Americans harvested their fall crops to a shipping term referring to the fair weather season in India (as in Asia). I guess we can thank Christopher Columbus for our confusing use of "Indian" terms.

According to Wikipedia, this time of year is called "Old Wives Summer" in Britain. Not sure what that means. Maybe it's related to the metaphorical use of Indian Summer "to refer to anything that blooms late or unexpectedly or after it has been assumed to be no longer interesting or relevant." Perhaps the "old wives" were spinsters who finally snagged a man and had children late in life. I have a soft spot in my heart for spinsters in literature, who always seem to be unfairly portrayed as pathetic, or worse, useless to society. I recommend that the British start referring to them as "Indian Summer Wives" instead. It has a much more flattering sound, don't you think?

I imagine those brides decked out, not in white, but in all the colors of the leaves on my maple tree. For even though they may be virginal, having lived longer and experienced more, their personalities would be so much more colorful and interesting.

The leaves of our maple tree are so beautiful that I'm compelled to preserve them. I collect them in bouquets on my kitchen window sill and press and glue them to a grapevine wreath hung by my front door. I even send them to my daughter in Florida so she won't forget what autumn is *supposed* to look like!

They carpet the backyard in every hue of yellow, orange and scarlet, so much more appealing than the dormant, brown grass they cover. I can barely bring myself to run the mulching mower over them. But my husband, ever practical, reminds me that I "have to keep up with it or the leaves will get out of control." I hate to tell him, but they're already out of control. I can no more stop them from changing color or dropping from the tree than I can stop the days from getting shorter.

Indian Summer is fleeting. All we can do is enjoy it while it lasts.

Poetry, etc.

AURORA DANCING

by Devon Adams

Moon Girl was watching from her sphere
that rose round and full over the hills of evening.
She saw the leaves of autumn turning dry and
changing into golden jewelry dangling in the wind.
Scarves of fog were thrown along the river
by the Arctic fingers that were stealing summer.

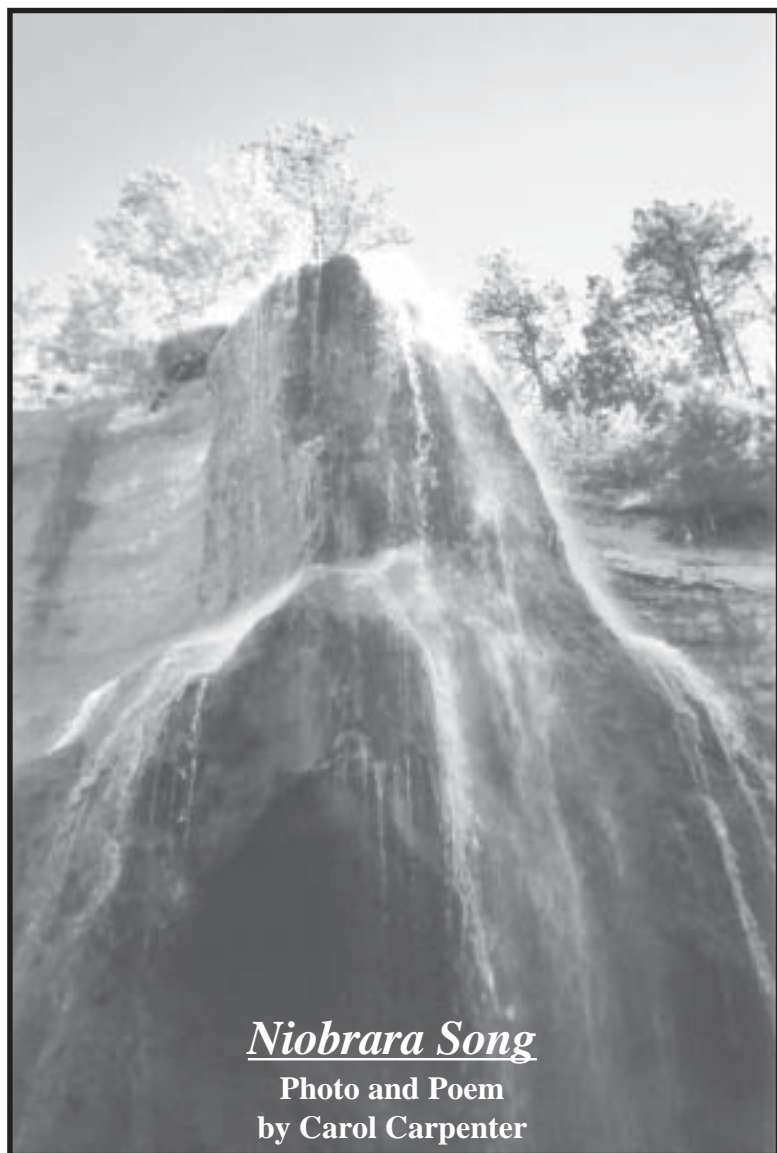
Soon she threw her light across the midnight earth
and saw that it was beautiful and strange.
Colors lost their hues and became metallic grays
that hardened into welded sculptures.
Moon Girl ruled the night
with the steel blue light of her authority.

Then jealousy exploded like a silent curse
when she saw her pewter light eclipsed
by the woman of the North.
Aurora seldom came to visit, but that night
the dress she wore outshone the silver silks
which wrapped around the moon.

Her skirts were filmy ripples from the spectrum,
blown in swirls by the solar windstorms
that threw electric charges down around the earth.
Aurora swayed in seductive undulations
along the northern sky, like a Spanish dancer
flirting with the men who walked below the stars.

She whirled in constant motion,
flashing mauves and blues and reds.
Russet oranges changed to the pallor
of an icy green that glowed beside black wine.
For hours and hours Aurora danced,
until Moon Girl hid her face behind the morning.

On nights to come, the women from the sky
will play their games again. They'll tease
the mortals watching from below and seduce
them into dreams of mythic gods who speak like men
and rule the universe from constellations
hanging in the endless space of time.



Niobrara Song

Photo and Poem
by Carol Carpenter

She sings in me
that seam of blue
slashing the humpback grassland
rushing cold from the earth
arterial blood of plant and flower
bird and mammal,
fish and insect.

She cries with me gently
spilling through steep valleys
wind rustles softly between
aspen, lodgepole, basswood, cedar
volcanic ash layers the limestone
cuddled cliffs from sparkling white
to dusky pink rippled
with smoky streaks of gray
yellowthroats and wrens dapple her banks
vireos, warblers, orioles decorate hedges
while eagles, vultures, and hawks bookend the sky.

From the high plains of Wyoming
she bursts vibrantly
bubbling through the rock
of sandstone, siltstone, and shale
remnants of ancient glaciers
carve her path with quiet cascades
or tempestuous falls roaring
her currents whispering

Her sweet chorus
carries me to greet
each new and
golden dawn.

Carol J. Carpenter

DAY MOON

by Devon Adams

**Day moon floating
in a pool of blue
waits for dark
to dry her body
in black velvet
towels of night.**

Autumn Walk

by Kay Marks

November vegetation
In myriad shades of brown,
Withers dry.

Death rattles
Tatter
Across papery fields
Of corn.

Milo,
Old and rusted,
Hunches troll-like
Abandoned near Beal Slough.

Tendriled arms
Clutch
And plead,

“If you cannot save us,
Give our children life.”

And a dozen prickly seeds
Invade my socks.

THANKSGIVING

by Lila Meyerkorth

We thank You, Father, for Your tender care
When storms of life have come to try us
The burden we did not have to bear
And the troubles that passed by us.

For unwanted tasks You helped us do
For hurts we did not cherish
For friends who have proven true
For joy that did not perish.

Confidence often spurned by beauty, and
Knowing overcoming obstacles is true success
We thank You for grace in thought and deed
Family, and a world to bless.

For plenty from Your bounteous hand
For peace among our fellow men
For love to serve those in need
For strength to work with heart and pen.

Poetry, etc.

Night Houses

by Kay Marks

In the calming before sleep,
when hipbone and mattress like
in quiet opposition—
neither one wanting to give in,
I build for you a house.

Sometimes the design is yours,
sometimes mine.

The cabin squats somewhere
in Oregon—or somewhere else.
Rough walls,
mortised and tenoned,
weave in and out of plumb.
Quilts lay mounded
in soft congregations of blue.
Near a basin,
handmade soap fashioned from tallow and lye.

For sentry,
a bat folded gently on a rafter
in the loft.

My hands carve this space for you.

A farmhouse in Nebraska
between cadences of river songs,
fifty miles from the Missouri
or twenty from the Platte.

There may be work—
on a farm there always is.
Building fences from osage orange,
gathering eggs from saucy hens,
throwing hay bales in the cathedral of the barn.

And out the window fat cattle graze.

My memories breathe this house for you.

A Victorian
In turret, tower, and attic,
we come together,
small ghosts escaping to our childhoods,
playing in the night.

My father climbs the windmill
while the rest of us
play in faded make-believe.

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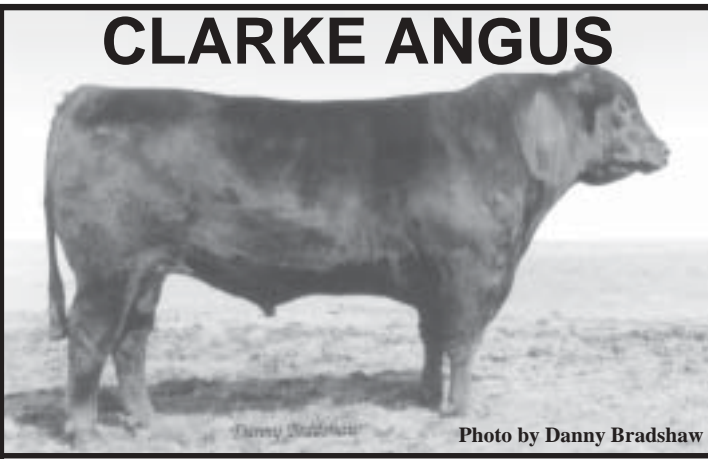


Photo by Danny Bradshaw

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A Nebraska Farm Report from the Western Plains *The Face of Drought*

by Karen Ott

Wednesday night Jack Frost rode the wind down into the valley. It was a bucking bronco of a wind, wild and untamed, with a mean streak a mile wide. It almost knocked me over a couple of times, but I dug in my spurs and managed to ride it out until it died of sheer exhaustion. After the wind calmed, the thermometer dropped into the teens. It was a killing frost.

But Indian summer is on its way. Today, when the dogs lay down for their morning naps, they left their noses uncovered...a sure sign of rising temperatures. If they didn't stay up all night carousing and howling at the moon they might have the energy to get through the day without twenty winks, but I suppose their nighttime serenades serve some sort of primeval purpose we humans will never be able to fully appreciate; especially at two in the morning.

At present, corn is testing about twenty one percent, but a good freeze, followed by warm days, always brings the moisture down, so we can expect beet and corn harvest to run simultaneously this year. Tire shop paper work and double harvest duties ...wow...I can hardly wait.

Today December cash corn was sitting at \$1.67, local basis, forty two cents, LDP, forty one cents. Everyone is expecting another big price drop once harvest begins and I can't say we are looking forward to a cash price rivaling the \$1.50 of 1919.

Yeah, I've heard all the reasons for low prices, but to tell you the truth I just don't have the energy to sort out the half-truths from the lies anymore. As a farmer said this week, "I've been bleeding for a long time and I'm just about dry."

With harvest tire needs in full swing I have visited with more farmers this week than I can count. Wearing soiled work clothes, and two day stubble, these weary and weathered men all have crazy, or maybe not so crazy, ideas of how to go under gracefully. Today they ranged from running off to Mexico and buying a fishing boat to investing in Corrections America, a 'prison for profit' venture which looks better than farming, at least to one particularly hard-pressed farmer.

These guys are true farmers. They carry around their 'if onlys' and 'I should haves' like pocket change.

The frost unwrapped my pumpkins and squash so I'll be spending this weekend picking and piling. This year I grew a bumper crop of red-orange, heavily lobed 'Cinderella' pumpkins....which I doubt are good for anything other than looks. But that's Okay. I own a few pair of shoes with the same shaky credentials.

The dogs and coyotes just started their nightly howling duet. That's our yard....the metropolitan opera of the plains.

It's time to be in bed.

Karen

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Notice of Land Sale

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by virtue of an Order Directing Sale issued by the District Court of Nemaha County, Nebraska in an action pending in said court, Case No. C105-55, directing me as Referee to sell the following described tracts of real estate, to wit:

Tract one: Southwest quarter (SW 1/4) of the Southwest quarter (SW 1/4), Section Twenty-four (24), township Five (5) North, Range Fifteen (15) East of the 6th PM, Nemaha County, Nebraska, EXCEPT a tract of ground more particularly described as follows: Commencing at the Southwest Corner of said Section 24, running thence East approximately 290 feet to the center line of the creek: then Northwest-erly in direction along the said section 24 at a point approximately 990 feet North of the Southwest corner of said section: Thence South on the West section line of said Section to the place of beginning, all in Nemaha County, Nebraska. Total acres: 33.50.

Tract Two: Lot Six (6), otherwise described as commencing at the Northwest corner of the Southeast Quarter (SW 1/4) of Section Twenty-five (25), running thence South 92 rods; thence East 69 1/2 rods; thence North 92 rods; thence West 69 1/2 rods to the place of beginning, all in Section Twenty-five (25), Township Five (5), North, Range Fifteen (15) East of the 6th PM, Nemaha County, Nebraska. Total Acres: 40. Abandoned house, outbuildings, and dairy barn; potential building site.

Tract Three: The Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4), Section Twenty-six (26), Township Five (5) North, Range Fifteen (15) East of the 6th PM, Nemaha County, Nebraska. Total Acres: 160. 24x24x20 Grain Bin.

233.5 acres of total farmland, 180.4 Acres of total Cropland. Cropland is one-half corn and one-half soybeans.

I will sell each tract of real estate separately at public auction at 10:00 o'clock a.m. on the 18th day of November, 2005, at the Nemaha County Courthouse, 1824 "N" Street, Auburn, Nebraska 68305.

Terms of Sale: 15% cash down payment on date of sale and balance upon confirmation. Additional terms of sale will be announced at the time of sale.

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Time

by Joe Smith

The word TIME could mean anything, TIME for dinner, TIME for a break, you could go on for an hour and still not have TIME for everything to be listed. What does TIME mean to you? Do you have TIME for your kids and grandkids? When I was much younger I didn't think I had TIME to spend with my kids, too busy, too much to do. Now I wish I had taken a little more TIME with all my kids.

There is a TIME in everybody's life when they need to take Time and take a look at where they are going in life. I heard a long TIME ago that you need to be headed in the direction that you want to end up at when you get there. As we get older, we make plans for our retirement years. Two weeks ago I would never have said that. I felt that when you retire it is just a short while before they put you 6 feet under. I have been farming for over 50 years and loved every minute of it. It seems you are closer to God out there on a tractor or combine. That's when I visit with the Lord. But the other day a neighbor came by and asked me if I would lease my farm to his son, I really hadn't thought about it. The more I thought about it the more I liked the idea. That would give us TIME to travel even more than we do now, if that is possible. For one thing, we want to go to England and see our great-grandkids. That knocks a big hole in a summer for sure. We have been getting requests to speak all over the country. Canada, Boston, two in Colorado, Arkansas, St. Louis, Mo. We may not have TIME to farm. I never thought I would hear myself say that. I always figured they would have to pry my dead fingers off the steering wheel so they could bury me. TIME for a change, TIME to slow down, TIME to do all those things I never had TIME for before. But I guess when you're 73, it is TIME to reevaluate your life, what you have left. My wife and I both are getting along in years and when you go to enough of your friend's funerals, you begin to think about what TIME you have left. I felt guilty for taking the TIME to go to church when I was younger. Thought of all the work I needed to get done on the farm.

There are good TIMES and bad TIMES, we all have had our share of each. TIME is a very important part of our everyday lives. You have to be on TIME for that appointment. Remember the phrase, "Can you make TIME for this or that?" I always wondered how you did that. TIME doesn't stop for anyone, it just keeps ticking along. I have heard that it seemed TIME stood still at a certain TIME in our life. I kinda doubt that.

I always wondered if we had the chance, how many of us would want to go back and do it all again. We all have made some lulu mistakes in our life, but who is to say we would get it right the next TIME. This story on TIME is meant to get you all to take a look at your life and where it is headed. We're never too old to change. I hope for the better. This was about some decisions that my wife and I are about to make one way or the other. We haven't made up our mind yet but I still ain't ready to retire. We have enough irons in the fire to keep us busy clear into the next lifetime. Maybe I will come back as a politician, or maybe just a bush. Joe Smith

November 2005



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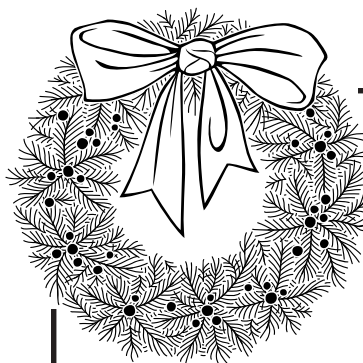


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