

## OBITUARIES

### Glen G. Walters

Aug. 30, 2009

Glen Gene Walters, 34, lifelong Densmore resident, died last Sunday in Norton County as the result of a automobile accident.

Glen Walters is survived by his mother Karen Walters, sister Renee Christo and husband Greg, nephews Alex and Conner Christo, all of Albion, Neb.; aunts, uncles and cousins.

Mass of Christian Burial will be held at 10:30 a.m. on Thursday in the St. John's Catholic Church in Logan with Father Benjamin Saw officiating. Burial will follow in the Mt. Calvary Cemetery

in Densmore.

A rosary will be recited at 6:30 p.m. Wednesday evening in the Logan Funeral Home. The family will receive friends from 7-8 p.m.

Mr. Walters will lie in state Tuesday from 5-9 p.m. and Wednesday from 9 a.m.-9 p.m. in the Logan Funeral Home.

The family requests memorial contributions be made to Mass Offerings or the Center for Basic Cancer Research.

Logan Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.

### Randy S. Towns

March 14, 1951 - Aug. 29, 2009

Funeral services for Randy S. Towns, 58, of rural Woodston, will be held at 11 a.m. Wednesday at the Smith-Moore-Overlease Funeral Home in Stockton.

Mr. Towns died last Saturday at his home. He was born to Harold and Mary (Lambert) Towns on March 14, 1951 in Hays. He graduated from Stockton High School and from Fort Hays State University with degrees in physical education, health, drivers education and general service.

Mr. Towns was a teacher and coached football, volleyball, track and girls basketball. Recently he was a farmer. He enjoyed the outdoors with his faithful companion Halli his dog. He also loved spending time with his grandchildren.

On May 28, 1971 he married Bonnie Yoxall in Stockton. They had three children; Mindy, Bran-

don and Tara. Randy and Bonnie later divorced.

Survivors include his daughter Mindy and husband Jason Jones, Norton; his daughter Tara and husband Steve Vance, Norton; son Brandon and wife Brandi Towns, Olathe; his father Harold and wife Sandy Towns, LaCrosse, his sister Judy and husband Terry Long of WaKeeney; four grandchildren Carter and Courtney Jones, Evelyn Vance and Alivia Towns.

He was preceded in death by his mother Mary Clark.

A private burial will be held at a later date. Memorials can be made to the Randy S. Towns Memorial Fund and may be sent in care of the Smith-Moore-Overlease Funeral Home, N 1st St, Stockton Kansas 67669. Condolences may be sent to the family at [www.mooreoverlease.com](http://www.mooreoverlease.com).



Donald and Norma Wegener

### Couple celebrates anniversary

Donald Wegener and Norma (Hestermann) Wegener will be celebrating their 65th Wedding Anniversary on a trip to Boulder, Colo. with their family. They were married on Aug. 27, 1944 at Immanuel Lutheran Church, Ludell, by Reverend Paul Strege.

A card shower is requested by their children, Barbara Stutz, Bruce Wegener, Glenda Wegener and Sandra Pakkebie and their families. Cards and letters of congratulations can be sent to Don and Norma at 8103 Rd W 6, Norton, Kan. 67654.

### A Tribute to Dr. George Atkinson

I would like to remind people who live in Norton County of the man named George. He came to Norton in 1947, having bought the veterinary business of Dr. Manley. He lived at 501 N. Norton. He operated his clinic from this house until 1952 when he built his new clinic on West Highway 36.

During his years in Norton he served on many committees and boards. He was instrumental in working on the school re-organizing, served on the hospital board when he encouraged them to hire a local man to be the administrator; an elder in the church and was a leader in the remodeling of the church. He was president of DVMA of the state of Kansas and also chairman of the Manhattan Bible College where he made many a trip to meetings in Manhattan, KS and had high regards for KSU.

George was a faithful member of the Norton Lions Club and at one time the Norton Rotary Club. He enjoyed singing with the Norton Barbershop Group. He was a staunch Republican and friends with many of our leaders.

His first wife Esther was trained as a nurse and three of their children, Bill, Edward and Martha are in the medical field and Janice married a minister. Family was important to him. George believed in people and never talked ill of anyone. He helped many either in encouraging them or financially. He was kind and compassionate. His father died when he was a baby so he grew up with one brother and was devoted to his mother in Hutchinson, KS.

He would not approve of this letter about his life but he does deserve a hand clap for his life.

I lived with him for 18 years and he taught me a lot and we truly enjoyed life together. I miss him.

Delores Atkinson

## Puttin' up peaches for the winter

The entire kitchen is filled with steam. Perspiration soaks my hair and rolls down my face as I stand at the sink washing Kerr and Ball canning jars in hot soapsuds, scalding them with boiling water from the teakettle, and setting them to drain on clean tea towel pads. We are putting up peaches for the winter.

At the range behind me Mama is blanching fuzzy golden globes in a turkey roaster full of more boiling water.

With expertise achieved through years of practice she slips the peels, halves the fruit, flips pits out and packs the scalded jars. Each jar holds twelve halves and one pit for flavor, a small squirt of lemon juice and boiling sugar syrup to the brim.

A quick wipe with a clean wet cloth, slap a canning flat on, snug down the jar ring and into the canning rack it goes.

Mama's pressure canner is a terrifying device. It will hold four quart jars in a rack that is lowered into yet another batch of boiling water.

There are clamps all around the edge and a pressure dial on top. Once filled and sealed it is set over a burner until the gauge reaches a certain pressure level.

The tricky part is to maintain

that level for the required time without an explosion. Mama handles all this like a pro but I am

### Rock 'n Roll Kid Liza Deines



scared spitless all the time, having heard family horror stories for years about tomatoes on the ceiling and apple sauce on the walls.

However, jars have been going in and coming out all day and so far no catastrophes. As we work, we listen for the happy little pings that indicate another jar has sealed properly.

Dad showed up yesterday with three bushels of Colorado peaches he purchased from a trucker that was stopped at the highway sealing project where he was working. He told us the highway crew bought every peach on the truck so the fellow turned and headed back to Montrose to reload. Peaches don't thrive in western Kansas and are a rare treat for us.

Dad said all the guys were so sticky with peach juice by quitting time he wasn't sure if any of their

purchases even made it to town.

"Edie, they were \$2.98 a bushel this year," he said. "I just don't know how much longer we can afford to eat peaches at prices like that." But for this year here we are again, peeling and boiling and sweating and canning for two days.

The wonderful aroma of peaches demands we eat some fresh for breakfast, some saved for pies, too.

Last night, as an early reward for the two tough days to come, Mama made peach cobbler from the bruised fruit. Tomorrow we will finish canning, then boil and strain pits and peels to make peach jelly.

At last jars of sunshine will go to our fruit room in the darkest corner of the basement, where they will wait to brighten winter meals.

Evening finally comes and, leaving the kitchen prepped for tomorrow, we throw together a makeshift supper of sliced tomato and bologna sandwiches, which we eat outside where it is cooler.

The kitchen is still steamy from all the boiling water and so are we. Peach canning always hits the hottest days of the summer.

Later my friend Gwen calls to talk about our junior year in high

school, which is coming up right after Labor Day. "I met the new home ec teacher," she tells me, "and she is really nice. And guess what? That home ec two-hour lab course we enrolled in? She says we're going to learn how to bake bread and how to can tomatoes." Having been an apprentice in Mama's kitchen since I was knee high to a grasshopper, I believe I'll enroll in typing instead.

EPILOGUE: The managers here at The Carlyle traveled to a peach orchard and brought back fresh peaches for all of the residents last week.

Since I no longer grocery shop, I asked what peaches cost these days. Just curious. Five lugs, \$140.00 -- a lug being about the equivalent of a rounded bushel. Better plant a peach tree; \$2.98 peaches are gone for good!

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This is a full time position, and compensation is based on one's ability to sell to an established, and expanding market. The commission allows for bonuses when sales have exceeded established goals.

*Some computer knowledge helpful but not necessary  
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