

OBITUARIES

Robert A. Kendall March 13, 1940 - June 8, 2009

Robert A. Kendall, Sr. died on Wednesday at the Phillips County Retirement Center in Phillipsburg at the age of 69.

He was born in Phillipsburg on March 13, 1940 to Alden Floyd and Joy Jean Kendall. On Nov. 9, 1957 he married Lydia Marie Herman in Norton. Four children were born to this union.

In 1962, Bob graduated from Fort Hays State University. Over the course of his life, he worked in various retail positions and helped his parents manage Ken's Superette. He also pursued his interest in accounting by opening Bob's Tax Service. He proudly served the community through his work with the Odd Fellows, city council, county commission and school board. He also launched a campaign for state senator in an effort to further serve the public.

Despite his involvement with community projects, he always found time to play bridge, in which he achieved the highest honor when he was recognized as Life Master of the Duplicate Bridge Players Association.

Although he enjoyed the game of bridge, he loved his family and friends and the time he spent with them. Often he could be found

with his line in the water at his favorite fishing spot or in a turkey blind waiting for a big Tom. He was proud to be a member of the National Wild Turkey Federation and thoroughly enjoyed attending the annual Wild Turkey banquets with his sons.

Recently he was happy to share in two significant events by celebrating his 50th wedding anniversary and his 50th year class reunion.

Robert was preceded in death by his parents, his sister Marilyn and his brother Dan.

He is survived by his wife Lydia; his four children Robert A. Kendall, Jr., Marlana Shellito, Jacqueline Merklein and Edmond Kendall; his grandchildren Jessica Sprecker, Jared Kendall, Natasha Merklein, Ashli Merklein, Sarah Cook, Michael Wheaton, Sydney Shellito, Cora Kendall and Grady Kendall; seven great-grandchildren Ethan Sprecker, Dylan Sprecker Madison Kendall, Katherine Kendall, Xavier McThume, A'Lydia Flemons and D'Asia Flemons; and his sister Joni Webster.

Services were held Saturday at Phillip and James Catholic Church in Phillipsburg.

'Ostrich Egg Series' now at Hansen Museum

By SHIRLEY HENRICKSON
Special to The Telegram

The Dane G. Hansen Memorial Museum is proud to present "Ostrich Eggs Series by Lenne Nicklaus-Ball." This exhibit will be on display beginning July 10 and run through August 2. Nicklaus-Ball has intuitively subscribed to the surrealist's dictum of combining personal memory and found objects to create concrete dreams rich with meaning and feeling.

She has assembled antique jewelry, real ostrich eggs and found objects to create memory pieces that pay tribute to her late grandmother.

The jewelry, primarily strands of pearls, is real and was given to her by her late grandmother.

A fashion maven and socialite on the St. Petersburg, Fla. scene, she left a trove of jewelry, some of it expendable.

To honor (or appease) the scrutiny of her grandmother's keen fashion sense, she decided to use the jewelry as raw material in assemblages.

While traveling in South Africa, she saw that some flea market artwork for the tourists also entailed carving on ostrich eggs.

These eggs have sufficient size, heft and fullness to metaphorically embody a concept of maternal influence.

The drummer boys



Don Mordecai instructed Gavin Lively during their last band lesson. Last week was makeup week for students, who have taken band lessons for six weeks this summer. Mr. Mordecai said he had 60 students in lessons this summer.

— Telegram photo by Erica Bradley

Rain on the Parade

Mama turned from the telephone with a disappointed sigh. Florence says they're muddled in at the farm and they just can't come for our picnic tonight. My father turned a page in Capper's Weekly and said, Just as well. I don't like to eat with bugs and flies anyway. Man labored through the ages to find a way to vent smoke from cooking fires out of the cave and just as soon as he figured it out his wife wanted to go eat outside on the patio. He pronounced it potty-o to further express his dislike for dining al fresco.

Mama and I looked at each other and rolled our eyes. She loved picnics, Dad hated them. We'd had this discussion many times before. It was the Fourth of July and it was pouring outside and now no picnic, no ball-game because the field was afloat, and probably no fireworks either.

I went out to sit on the porch steps and sulk while Mama did her sulking in the kitchen, clattering pots and pans. Dad knew he was in the doghouse so stomped off to the garage to sort nuts and bolts and screws in solitude. It was not a happy day.

I'd been sitting on the porch for awhile tearing apart morning glories from the trellis when Mama came out and sat down beside me. A woman of simple pleasures, she carried her usual afternoon snack half a cup of lukewarm coffee left from breakfast and a saltine cracker. We can still have hot dogs and potato salad and beans to-night, she told me. Why don't we go in and bake sugar cookies and decorate them for dessert? Won't

be as good as the angel food cake Florence was bringing but we can

Child of the 40's Liza Deines



use food coloring and make them red, white and blue. And I think there's some silver sprinkles for stars. Somehow Mama always came up with something to cheer us up, even when she was gloomy herself.

We spent late afternoon baking and frosting star-shaped cookies. The lovely smell drifted out to the garage and lured Dad in for a sample.

Patriotic music on the radio, we sat down to picnic fare in the dining room even though Roger wasn't home from his job at the Red Horse Service Station. Probably a lot of holiday travelers, Mama said.

Dad shook his head. Darn fools to drive in this weather. True, it was so overcast it was almost dark at six o'clock, unlike our customary sunlit summer evenings. We'd no sooner begun when we heard a car door slam and here came Roger and his buddy Jerry dashing between raindrops, laden down with four big brown grocery sacks. Mama put six more hot dogs in the skillet.

Look what they gave us free at the fireworks stand, Roger hollered as he spilled out bags running over with Roman candles,

sparklers, huge red firecrackers, cherry bombs, rockets, fountains and one entire bag of Black Cat firecracker packages.

Nobody was buying because of the rain and they aren't allowed to store this stuff, so they gave us all we could carry! Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy . . . He and Jerry lit momentarily to gobble down dogs 'n beans but were soon outdoors under the shelter of the elm trees, each holding a smoking punk and setting off fireworks as fast as they could before the rain doused them.

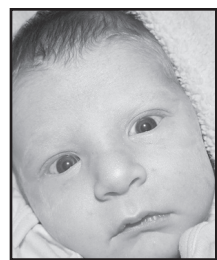
What a spectacular show we had right outside the dining room bay window, rain or no rain. The first Roman candle brought kids from all around the neighborhood, splashing barefoot down the block. Dad mumbled something about burning money but he was out on the porch lighting sparkler wands for the unexpected guests while long-tailed rockets shot high in the air and multicolored fountains spattered stars across the premature darkness.

Cherry bombs went BLAM against the concrete house foundation amidst the staccato explosions of firecracker strings. Mama fretted, said it was a wonder no one got a thumb blown off or lost an eye. Nevertheless, she gathered up our still-warm cookies and we passed them around until we ran out.

No other celebration has ever quite measured up to that totally unplanned extravaganza on a rainy Fourth of July in 1946. In case I never told you, Roger, thanks!

BIRTH

Tucker Joseph Hardy was born to Jason and Heather Hardy, Hays on May 10 at Hays Medical Center at 2:05 a.m.



Tucker Hardy

Tucker has a big brother, Austin. Grandparents are Don and Cheryl Kaus of Norton, Lee and Kathy Hardy of Norton and George and Cheri Griffith of Almena.

Great-grandparents are Noreen Crabill and Bernie and JoAnn Bowen, all of Norton, Carol Hrabe of Almena and Lloyd and JoAnn Fruhling of Franklin, Neb.

877-3361

ANNUAL
Christmas In July
Whispering Pines
A/L and Retirement
Free Will Donation
Homemade Ice Cream and Cookies
Saturday, July 18
From 2:00-3:45 p.m.
Whispering Pines Retirement
1001 W. Highway 36, Norton, Kansas
Kansas Dept. of Aging-Partnership Loan Program-
Medicaid Approved- NCBS Approved

Kids day at the library revealed

10:30 a.m. Sandy Benoit will be joining us for some fun.
2:00 p.m. Sarah White and Jamie Applegate from Whites' Vet Clinic will be coming to fill our afternoon with excitement!
7:00 p.m. Teens get your groove - retro night is here.

There will be hula - hoop races, ice cream floats, tie-dye, and a showing of the John Hughes movie "The Breakfast Club"
Come to the library; it's a fun place to be.

THE NORTON TELEGRAM

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