

Open Season

Grandma’s Pancake Recipe

I was with my daughters in Arkansas and the conversation turned to food and then to crepes.

I recalled that my grandmother made what we all called big pancakes in her cast-iron skillet when I was little. They were very thin and crispy on the edges. Basically they were crepes, which isn’t surprising, since my grandmother was French.

My grandfather Desilet came from Quebec when he was 4 but my grandmother, Evelyn Grandpre, had been born in the U.S. Grandpa’s English was so-so, but Grandma was bilingual. I suspect someone from France might have had trouble understanding her – sort of like going to New Orleans and talking to a Creole.

My daughters were enthralled by the idea that their great-grandmother made her own crepes, and eldest asked for the recipe.

“Sure,” I said, “It’s got to be in one of my hundreds of cookbooks at home. I’ll look for it.”

A week later we were at eldest’s home in Georgia, and I noticed a very old, raggedy Better Homes and Gardens cookbook on her buffet. I took a look, thinking maybe it was grandma’s old copy.

It wasn’t likely hers, however; the last copyright date on it was 1946 and the handwritten notes on margins and numerous scraps of paper tucked in it were in my mother’s perfect penmanship.

But on the inside of the stained and raggedy cover was a recipe for big pancakes that I recognized. I knew immediately by the ingredient list that it was my grandmother’s crepe recipe, written there by my grandmother, not my mother, the school teacher.

Here it is:

Big Pancakes

1 cup flower
1 1/8 cup milk
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon salt
soda size of pea

That’s it. No mixing or cooking instructions, but I remember the batter was thin and grandma rolled the skillet around to distribute the grease to the edges.

I haven’t tried to make the recipe, mostly because I remember that she cooked both sides of the “pancake.” I’m not sure how she turned it, since it was not only thin, but it filled the skillet.

I’ll leave the testing to my daughter and I’ll just just keep my memories of Grandma’s big pancakes.

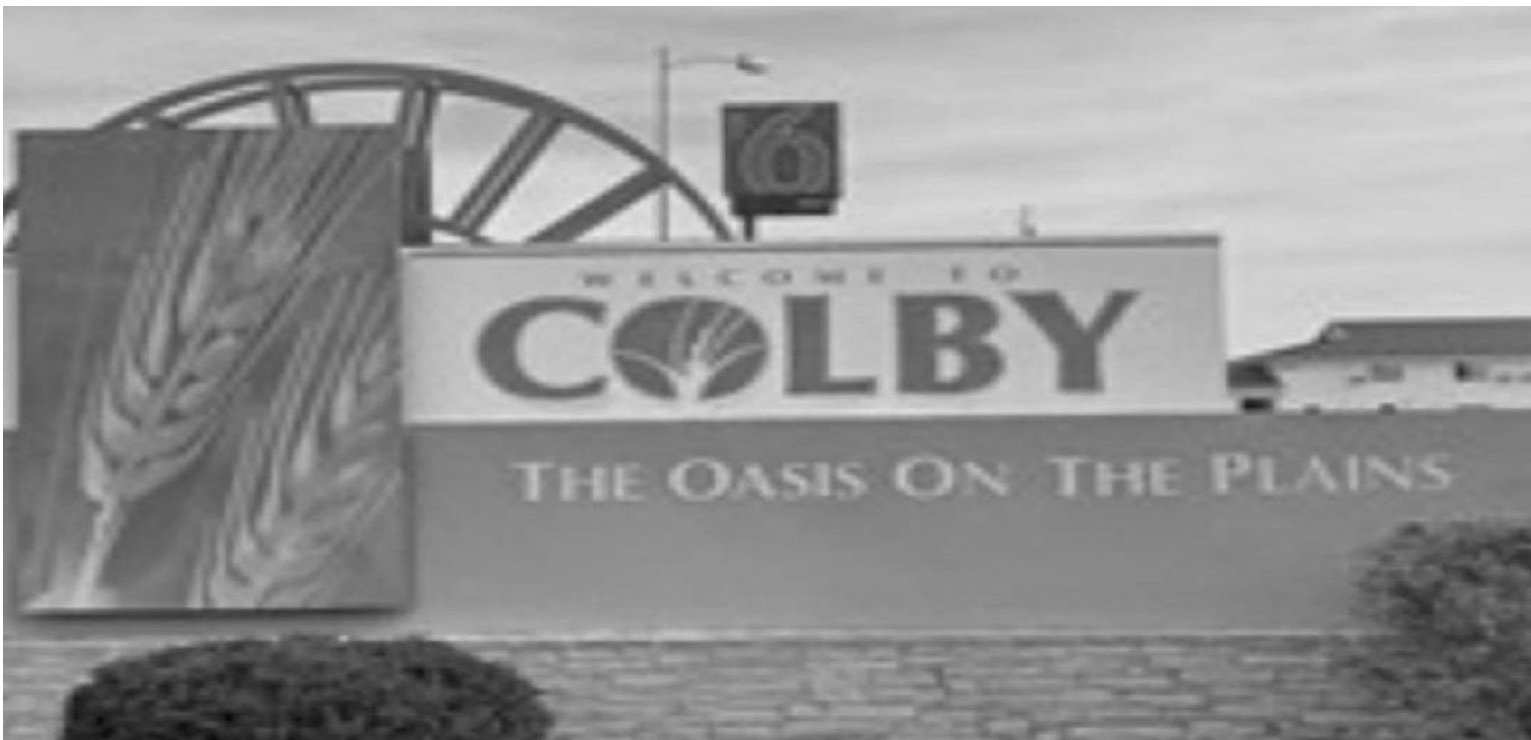
Inside among the handwritten recipes, magazine recipe clippings and labels from cans and boxes with more recipes on them were several of my early cooking columns, called “Open Range,” from *The Mineral County Miner and South Fork Times*, our first newspaper.

(And no, that is not a typo. The paper was started about 10 years earlier by a couple with a sense of drive and a sense of humor.)

In the column from Dec. 10, 1981, I offered recipes for making your own pizza and fried cheese Italian style, but if you want either of these, you’ll have to call my daughter in Augusta.

She’s got the cookbook and the clippings.

—Cynthia Haynes



The Grandkids, Whales, Eagles and Glaciers...Ah Alaska

As promised, it’s time to report on this year’s Alaska cruise.

Yes, the last day was long as expected. All went smooth but that still meant getting home at 2 a.m. Sunday morning. Praise the Lord, my eyes held up on the drive home.

In some ways, the trip went as expected...it was Alaska in May. That meant it was wet for most of the trip and those mountains still had a lot of snow on them. It was beautiful to behold.

We had an adventurous captain and when we went in to see the glaciers and fiords, he got right up close. One of them, I was surprised to see us going through what seemed to be a lake of ice.

This was a longer trip than normal because we went all the way up Seward, AK. We had never been to that port and we had a sunny day to walk around.

It was a great time with our two grandchildren who came along with us. We had not seen them in over two years. Natalie is now 17...hard to believe she will be entering her senior year of high school come this fall.

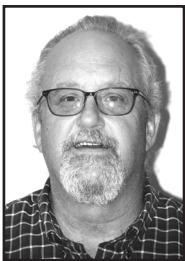
The biggest surprise was Ian, who is 13. He is taller than me and still growing.

We were blessed in the last week of the cruise and the best of the trip was held till the last.

Most people go to Alaska, either by plane or ship in the expectation of seeing the sights of glaciers and wildlife. Sometimes it’s just experiencing a little of what it is like to live in places that can only be accessed by sea or by plane.

People do live in places where there are no Wal-Marts or fast food joints. It’s a different kind of life. Many of those people rely on fishing, either commercially or for sustenance.

We did an excursion in Juneau, AK and visited a dog sled summer camp. We got pulled by a team of sled dogs and the kids



matt price

• thoughts from the homer

really enjoyed the ride and then getting to see and hold the puppies.

But...the best was yet to come.

After visiting Glacier Bay National Park, we headed to Sitka, AK where we were scheduled to visit a couple of places that we had been to before and one part that we hadn’t.

The excursion was called Birds, Bears and Otters.

The birds entailed a visit to the Raptor Center, where they take in injured birds from all over Alaska, get them healthy and then release them back into the wild. We had visited there in the past but Ian had never been and it was good.

The bears meant a visit to the Fortress of the Bear which is a bear rescue facility. Because they have to feed the bears, those that are brought to the facility can never be released back into the wild...they have learned to rely on man for their food.

Yet the first stop on that excursion was the “new” part.

Now, you have to understand that we don’t normally do “water” excursions because my wife Lenore doesn’t do well in smaller boats that rock and roll in the swells.

I thought...it’s otters. We will tool next to land...it will be short because we have those other places to go. She will be alright.

She takes something for sea sickness when we are underway and she does fine...no problem.

We had the kids and so she went. It was

a rainy, wet day and the wind was blowing a bit...but it wasn’t that wet.

We got on a boat that probably held 30 to 50 people and launched out. Sitka is not sheltered from the Pacific Ocean and I got the first shock...we were going to be in the ocean for some of the trip.

I am praying my wife doesn’t get sick and then so angry at me, she won’t talk to me for the rest of the trip.

She ended up being fine and did we get a treat. We did see some otters a ways off but we also got to see some grey whales up close and personal for about a half hour. The kids were thrilled but so was Lenore...she had skipped the whale watching boat trip that Natalie, my mom and myself had gone on seven years before.

The tour guide said that because the weather was rough...well, that’s when the viewing was best.

The next stop was Ketchikan, AK and I got to do a tour that I had been wanting to do for a while – The Bering Sea Crab Fishermen’s Tour on the Aleutian Ballad, a ship featured on the TV show, Deadliest Catch.

Just Ian and I went on that one. It was a cloudy day. Natalie wanted to go shopping and Lenore went with her.

Leaving the harbour, it was cold. Ian wanted to sit on the upper deck and so I just endured it.

Yes, we saw crabs and how they were caught, but the biggest highlight of that show was the eagles.

We went to this shore of a native people who claimed the island and surrounding waters as their reservation. It was legit.

The company had gotten permission from the tribe to bait the waters with small, live fish.

Picture in your mind 25 to 30 bald eagles flying 20 feet in front of you...Ah Alaska!

Bitcoin King – From Luxury Townhome to Jail

Would a million dollars make you happy? Would you be satisfied knowing you could eat good and do about whatever you wanted to do? A million dollars is not what it used to be, but it’s still a huge sum of money. You should pull in about \$40,000 a year in interest. But wait, what if you had \$100 million dollars? You would be one of the richest people in the world! Can your mind even comprehend having that much money? Would you be satisfied?

What about \$100 million dollars in bitcoin currency?

Apparently, it wasn’t enough for John Woeltz of Paducah, Kentucky, known as the Crypto King of Kentucky. He wanted \$30 million more in bitcoin currency, even if it meant robbing it from an acquaintance.

Woeltz and a business partner William Duplessie are accused of holding a man from Italy hostage for 17 days. They are accused of beating him, cutting him with a chainsaw, dangling him over a staircase and keeping him bound among other torturous acts.

The victim from Italy reportedly owns \$30 million in bitcoin while Woeltz is reported to own over \$100



from other pens

• Glenn Mollette

million in bitcoin currency.

The man from Italy was reportedly lured by Woeltz and Duplessie from Italy by some kind of bitcoin trading deal which ended up as an attempted robbery of the victim. Woeltz and his accomplice wanted the man’s bitcoin password.

Finally, the man reportedly gave Woeltz the information and Woeltz is said to have left the victim long enough to get his laptop which allowed the victim a moment to bolt out the door to seek help from a NYC traffic cop who happened to be walking down the street.

Woeltz and Duplessie may end up spending years in prison, spending millions on attorney fees and will likely be sued by the man from Italy who could end up with a sizable amount of the two accused men’s wealth.

The bottom line is be satisfied with what you have. Don’t covet what someone else has. Trying to steal or obtain someone else’s money or property illegally or immorally will only bring sad consequences...

Evil never stops at level one or two but is always pushing to another level of debasement and debauchery. A person who starts out stealing pennies will eventually end up staling dollars and even doing whatever it takes to fulfil his thirst for more

Serial killers started out with what seemed to be a low level of crime or theft but escalated to hurting people which soon evolved into a thirst for killing people.

Sow a thought. Reap an act. Sow an act reap a lifestyle. Sow a lifestyle, reap a destiny.

News sources reported that Woeltz owns a jet and a helicopter. He was renting a luxury six floor NYC townhome for \$30,000 a month where the kidnapping took place. Today, he and Duplessie are in a New York City jail.

Dr. Glenn Mollette is the author of *Uncommon Sense*. Available wherever books are sold.

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Matt Price-Editor, colby.editor@nwkansas.com

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