

Carlin Senior Center

City of Carlin

320 Chestnut Street 754-6465

May 2022

From the Director:

April has flown by. I was on vacation for the first couple days of it visiting family in Oregon among other things. Then I had a two-day training in Elko for managers. It was very worthwhile and I will have another two days to finish it up this month.

Our new cook Barb DeMars is now full time. She had to finish up her job elsewhere and was working both to begin with. Wow! She is excited to be here and we are excited to have her.

Notice on your menu, we are having Mexican food (a taco bar) each Tuesday starting in May. It will be tacos, burritos, enchiladas Quesadillas etc. Again, suggestions welcome! If you have comments or suggestions, you can always email me at jlinn@cityofcarlin.com. If you use the Senior page on the City of Carlin website, it has our menu/s, newsletter, board minutes and agendas etc. And a way to click on my email to contact me.

Also on the City of Carlin website: Elko County offers public assistance for rent, transportation, and utility payments if someone qualifies. There are online applications and a number to call for assistance. https://www.cityofcarlin.com/news_detail_T10_R90.php

Jeanne

Homebound Meals

Please let us know by 9:30 a.m. to make changes to your homebound deliveries (to cancel or add). We really need to know if you will not need a lunch so that our driver doesn't waste the time and a lunch, trying to deliver to you.

We encourage all who are able to join us at the center for lunch.

Note: I will be visiting all the homebound folks soon to certify/recertify them for homebound meals as the COVID allowance is nearly at an end.

Upcoming events

MAY 7

*Eureka Fiddler's Contest

MAY 7-8

Elko Home Show
Elko Convention Center

MAY

Adult Booze Walk
in Carlin- TBA

*WE ARE TAKING A VAN OR TWO TO THE EUREKA FIDDLER'S CONTEST ON MAY 7. LUNCH WILL BE PROVIDED BY OUR WONDERFUL BOARD OF DIRECTORS! LET US KNOW IF YOU ARE INTERESTED.
775 754-6465



A BIG thanks to Rae Horn and her niece Leila Taylor for the Easter goodies provided to us.

From “TALL TALES” FROM THE OLD TIMER- by Earl Trousdale

“When I was a boy, I lived on the ranch at the west end of town where the Joneses live now. That was the Linebarger ranch.

At about age fourteen, I owned three horses, two mares (mustangs) and a welch pony, named Jumbo. Jumbo was a strawberry roan and he was mean and ornery. I used to ride him to town and then, not wanting to bother with him, I'd ‘con’ some kid to ride him (all kids wanted to ride him), and of course, Jumbo would go home with that kid trying to rein him and turn him around. I was fair, I always told whoever rode him that if the pony took him to the ranch then he had to unsaddle him and turn him into the pasture. What a racket!

One of my two mares was a bald-faced black that my mother bought me for my birthday. She bought it from an old cowboy who made his living catching mustangs, breaking them to ride, then selling them to ranchers as he traveled through the country.

This mare, I named her Shanghi, was real spooky, snorting and shying at every little piece of paper blowing in the wind or anything else that moved. I enjoyed riding her. She at least had some ‘life’ to her—not like Grandpa’s horses that didn’t want to leave the corral and had to be hit with reins to get them out of a walk.

Slowly but surely I trained that mare. Remember I was only fourteen. I ‘trained’ her to run fast and furious (big deal—she was a mustang and that’s all she knew anyway)-- I ‘trained’ her that a jerk on the reins meant to rare up and then run like hell. I saw this in the cowboy movies and thought it was the only way to ride. She was mine and I loved to ride her.

One day, Mrs. Layton and my mother decided to go horseback riding. Mrs. Layton rode one of Grandpa’s horses, and Mother rode ‘Shanghi’! They rode at a walk enjoying the nice day but after awhile ‘Shanghi’ got a little nervous, after all she was used to running. Well, Mother jerked up on the reins, the mare rared up, Mother screamed and lost her teeth, the mare took off running with Mother hanging on for dear life. I saw the whole thing-I rolled on the ground with laughter—I’m sorry to say—if it had killed her, I couldn’t stop laughing. You should have seen her when she went by—I know I’ll never forget. Anyhow, every thing turned out all right, except I got holy hell! Mother never rode my horse again. I wonder why?” P 44