

## FRIENDLY

Continued from Page 1B

We took a short boat ride to the Sydney Zoo to visit the adorable koalas. As we climbed on board the boat, I saw a sign that read "Mind your head." Good advice, I thought.

From Sydney we flew to Cairns, a beautiful city on the north Australian coast. We rented a car and I drove (on the opposite side of the road than in America) up the coast 25 miles or so to a boutique hotel that was once home to the regional governor.

The northern coast of Australia is that country's tropics, and a rain forest descended from the hills to the edge of the beach. There are a lot of jellyfish — some merely have a painful sting; others can kill you — so we didn't spend a lot of time in the ocean, except for the day we went snorkeling at the Great Barrier Reef.

We chose to take a smaller boat rather than a tourist ship. So it was up-and-down, up-and-down as we bobbed our way into the open sea, a dolphin jumping right beside us as if to offer encouragement.

The only person who didn't get seasick was my wife, inexplicably. No one wanted the lunch and drinks that were offered.

But it was such a beautiful experience, the spectacularly colorful coral stretching out below us.

We also took a train up into the rainfor-

est to an old mining town that's been transformed to a tourist destination. We walked along the river there until we realized there may be crocodiles about. There are a lot of creatures that can kill you in Australia.

We took a tram over the lush forest canopy back to where we'd parked our car.

There was a wonderful outdoor restaurant at our hotel. Each evening, a man walked among the tables playing a flute.

Alas, it was time for my wife to go home and me to go to work. We had one last night in Sydney and tried to see the Olympic rings lit up on the city's famous bridge. But the streets were packed with Aussies who had a bit too much to drink. The Aussies love their beer. So we gave up and went back to the hotel.

Leah flew home the next day, having the misfortune of getting a seat together with a group of quite inebriated and loud men.

I moved on to the Olympics covering track and field, one of the centerpiece events of the Games.

The star of the show was American sprinter/long jumper Marion Jones, the charming, gifted athlete who won five medals — three gold and two bronze. Later, her career in ruins, she gave them back after acknowledging using a performance-enhancing drug in preparation for the games.

When you cover track and field, you write a lot about steroids.

The crowning moment of these Olympics didn't involve Americans or performance-enhancing drugs. It was the women's 400 meters and the favorite to win was Australian Cathy Freeman.

Freeman is an Aboriginal person. Her ancestors lived in Australia for thousands of years before the first ship of British convicts arrived at Australia's shore. There is a long history of mistreatment of the Aboriginal people and worse since then.

But on this night, there was joy and unity. She got off to a slower start but stayed with the lead group and burst in front over the final 60 meters.

The 115,000 who packed the stadium roared their approval.

As a beaming Freeman, wearing a full-body suit of green and silver, climbed to the top of the awards platform, received her gold medal and the entire crowd, it seemed, joined her in singing "Advance Australia Fair," the country's national anthem.

One of those rare moments where sports transcends to something bigger, it sent a chill up my spine.

I was able to attend the closing ceremony.

Aussie folk singer Slim Dusty dressed in his Outback finery, closed the show with a quiet, pitch-perfect rendition of "Waltzing Matilda."

A poignant end to a great month Down Under.

# Chicken Parmesan, quick and easy

By Linda Gassenheimer  
Tribune News Service

There are many recipes for chicken Parmesan. One evening I was in a hurry for dinner. I had boneless, skinless chicken thighs and Parmesan cheese in the refrigerator and canned crushed tomatoes in the cabinet. I put together this easy dinner.

## EASY CHICKEN PARMESAN

### Olive oil spray

**¾ pound boneless, skinless chicken thighs**

**1½ cups diced onion**

**2 teaspoons minced garlic**

**1½ cups canned reduced-sodium crushed tomatoes**

**½ cup sliced Parmesan cheese**

**Salt and freshly ground black pepper**

Heat a medium-size nonstick skillet over medium-high heat and spray with olive oil spray. Add chicken and onion. Brown chicken 3 minutes with the onions. Turn chicken over, add garlic to skillet and brown second side of chicken 3 minutes. Add crushed tomatoes. Bring to a gentle simmer. Place sliced Parmesan cheese over chicken and cover with a lid. Simmer 2 minutes, do not boil. The cheese will melt on the chicken. A meat thermometer should read 170 degrees. Add salt and pepper to taste.

## DORY

Continued from Page 1B

There had to be an adjustment with the toilet tissue during that time and I wanted to mention orange wrapper squares and big catalogs, doing whatever we could to survive the needs of the time. But I decided I would rather relate a little tale about dishtowel holes and a statement my father made.

I like to repeat it whenever things get tough whether financially, health-wise, or any other thing that looks like a hardship in life that must be faced. The dishtowel story might say it all.

I had grown up some and we had moved into town where the bathroom facilities, running water, and an oil stove were wonderful tributes of the modern world although Mom still cooked on a wood-burning kitchen range, food

cooled in an icebox, a furnace and heated rooms were still worlds away. I must admit I was beginning to question denial.

One day after our family dinner meal my sister was to wash the dishes and I was to dry them. I took a clean dishtowel from the drawer and shook out the folds only to see all the holes worn in it by years of wear.

Finding places with which to dry the dishes among the holes, I grew dissatisfied with the condition of the square of cotton fabric upon which one of us had hand-embroidered a day of the week and a sun-bonnet girl doing a household chore. I remembered having hemmed around the edge of the square when our mother had cut the yardage to prepare for use. She had then pressed a transfer outline on the material ready for hand-embroidery work.

In spite of the labor having gone into the preparation to use the material in a prettier fashion, time and use had worn it out beyond the usual use and it was ready for the ragbag. But, once again after being laundered, it had been put in the ironing bag, pressed and folded with care, then put in the drawer where we kept hand towels and dishtowels in neat stacks.

It was from here that I had drawn out the dishtowel that I was not wanting to use because of the number of places worn out into holes.

At the moment I was fretting to my sister about it, my Dad happened to be walking by and overheard my complaint.

"Dad," I stopped him with my question, "Can't I throw away this rag of a towel and get a new one? Look at the holes in it."

I held the towel up for his

inspection.

Finding a small smile from somewhere, he answered, "No, Dorothy, there is still plenty of wear in it yet."

With a scowl on my face, I hated the Depression and the war that meant denial of so many things — pretty shoes, silk stockings, sugar, gas, monthly stamps permitting us to buy 5 pounds of this, 10 pounds of that.

In my anger I held up the towel again for my Dad's inspection as he started to move away.

"But look at all these holes," I sputtered.

My Dad glanced at it and a sad but firm look came over his face.

"As long as the holes hold out we'll be OK," he answered me.

I used the towel as I was told and somehow the dishes dried again with it.

I know I didn't understand it at the time and fussed in exasperation until the day we could afford to purchase more yardage and hand-embroider more seven days-of-the-week towels to make them special for doing the homely job of doing dishes.

There undoubtedly are very few folks who these days still dry their dishes by hand with a cotton yardage towel, or wash them either when they own electric dishwashers that wash and dry by themselves, but I keep one of these towels in my kitchen drawer as a reminder.

It took me years to finally understand what my father meant when he told me that

"As long as the holes hold out we'll be OK."

As long as there were holes, they would be connected to cloth spaces. All would be lost if there were no more cloth spaces in which to wear holes. It can be likened to holding on to hope and not letting go no matter how bad the situation looks.

We survived the Great Depression and the war years and I still keep a dishtowel with holes in it — just in case, while we face the COVID-19 crisis.


There are times when life grows thin and I remind myself of my father's wisdom and it carries me through.

I hold up the dishtowel and say aloud, "THESE HOLES WILL STILL HOLD OUT!"

In the worst of times, newspapers rise to the occasion. While everyone struggles to understand "flattening the curve" and social distancing, who will provide you with the information about what is happening in your community?

**Baker City Herald**

**THE OBSERVER**

**TAWNY'S TOY BOX**  
Free Delivery & Curbside Service!   
Classic, Unique, Educational & Fun Toys for All Ages  
We Wrap & Ship! • 541-523-6526 • 1735 Main St, Baker City

**IRA? Don't wait to contribute.**

 **Gary F Anger, AAMS®**  
Financial Advisor

1910 Adams Ave  
P O Box 880  
La Grande, OR 97850  
541-963-0519

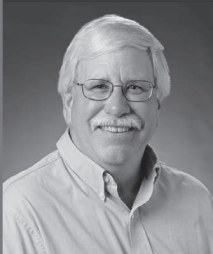
**Edward Jones**  
MAKING SENSE OF INVESTING  
edwardjones.com

**UPGRADE**




**NORTHWEST FURNITURE & MATTRESS**   

215 Elm Street La Grande • (541) 963-5440  
northwestfurnitureandmattress.com 

 **Home & Auto go together. Like you & a good neighbor.**

Some things in life just go together. Like home and auto insurance from State Farm®. And you with a good neighbor to help life go right. Save time and money. CALL ME TODAY.

 **State Farm®**

State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, State Farm Indemnity Company, Bloomington, IL  
State Farm County Mutual Insurance Company of Texas, Dallas, TX  
State Farm Fire and Casualty Company, State Farm General Insurance Company, Bloomington, IL  
State Farm Florida Insurance Company, Winter Haven, FL  
State Farm Lloyds, Richardson, TX  
1601976

**AJ's Corner Brick Bar & Grill**

Locally owned & operated • Local Beef from Clear Creek Beef

**Tuesday Brewsday: \$1 off Draft • Build Your Own Pasta • 5 - close**  
**Wednesday Whiskey: \$1 off • Happy Hour All Day Every Day**  
**Thirsty Thursday: 50¢ off Well Drinks**

Hours: Sun & Mon 11-8 • Tues-Thurs 11-9 • Fri & Sat 11-10  
1840 Main Street, Baker City • 541-523-6099