How yoga can change your life or turn you into a relaxed pretzel

By Angelica LaMiaux

Yoga is an ancient discipline that originated in India some 5000 years ago, but very new to Battle Mountain. Thanks to Kathy Ancho, we now can participate in this exercise based form of breathing, stretching and relaxing.

I asked Kathy why she had become a yoga instructor. She said it was a lifetime fascination but never did anything about it. Ancho worked for the Sheriff’s Office for thirty years, retired, and sat on a chair watching television for a year until she was done.

Kathy encountered an old friend who was also interested in yoga. He spurred her on to take classes to become a full fledged instructor. After a year of working different muscle groups, breathing exercises opening her mind to the spiritual side of yoga, Kathy accomplished her goal. Her thesis was on Senior Yoga.

Ancho said she now feels physically well and relaxed, having accomplished something she has wanted to do for a long time. “I even use yoga for my CCD classes, meditation and breathing calm the kids down and they listen and do their lessons well.” Kathy added that even her posture had improved by consciously keeping her eyes above her heart, her heart above her knees and these above her feet.

Anyone can attend Kathy’s yoga classes as they are beginner classes. She guides you through the “asanas” (exercises) and is always mindful to remind her students to only go where they feel comfortable. I asked her if you can overstretch and injure yourself. She said “You listen to your body exert itself and you do not go beyond what you are capable. If you start to feel pain, you have gone too far. You begin and end when you feel your body has had enough.”

Ancho said yoga can reduce anxiety and lessen stress. The most important part is the breathing because it keeps your heart rate down and stops you from getting dizzy with certain exercises. Sessions can be an hour, thirty minutes or fifteen minutes. Anything over is redundant.

Before Covid became commonplace and dangerous, Kathy had planned on teaching yoga at the Senior Center where people can sit on chairs and do their exercises from these. She is now revisiting this idea. Seniors can greatly benefit from deep breathing and stretching exercises.

Classes are free, one dollar is charged by the Rec Center. Classes are from 5:30 to 6:15. Wear comfortable clothes! Kathy Ancho can be reached at 775-340–2156, for more info.

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LIVE ANNOUNCER!
The bar door burst open and in bounded a bear of a man dresses in the white uniform of a Russian Naval Officer. “I’m here!” he shouted, arms outstretched. “Aleksis”! Shrieked the bartender, a smallish man sporting Ben Franklin sunglasses on the end of a huge, hooked nose. He held up a shot glass in one hand and a bottle of Stolichnaya Vodka in the other. “Da!” roared the Russian bear. He reached across the bar, grabbed the little man by his head, lifted him off the floor, and kissed him on both cheeks.

Aleksi Voronov, Naval Attaché to the Russian Embassy in Brasilia, had arrived in Rio on “Navel” business. He sat down three bar stools to my left. I’d been trying to relax, nursing a Bud Lite at the Crazy Rabbit Bar in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. It was day two of carnival, Rio’s version of Mardi Gras. The streets were buzzing with swarms of half-dressed, beautiful women dancing the samba. I should have been happy, but I was having a bad week. Five days earlier, Communist guerillas had ambushed my friend, Jack Saxton, and me, as we landed our crop-duster airplanes at a remote coffee plantation in Bolivia. Jack had died in a hail of bullets. In the gunfire that followed, I’d been shot twice and a bullet had punched through the Plexiglas visor of my flight helmet, putting a piece of glass into the orbit of my left eye. And I’d shot and killed three bad guys. Next, after being rescued by a Bolivian army patrol, they, “fearing for my safety,” had dumped me at the nearest out of country airport, which happened to be in Puno, Peru.

There, a crazed surgeon, high on fermented potato juice, had, without benefit of anesthesia, attempted and failed to dig a bullet out of my shoulder and the piece of glass out of my eye. Finally, I’d made it to Rio, but Carnival was in full swing and every hotel room in town was filled. I was contemplating my bad weeks Karma, waiting for the next shoe of fate to fall, when the bear appeared.

Hit me again,” I said to the bartender, pointing at my empty Bud bottle. The bear turned. “You being American?” he asked. I nodded and we introduced ourselves. I suppose his next question was prompted by my appearance. In my state of situational depression, I hadn’t changed clothes since leaving Bolivia. I was wearing a blood-stained T-shirt with a bullet hole in it, my left arm was in a sling, and my black Oakland Raiders baseball cap was perched on a bloody bandage covering my head and left eye. “How you been hurt this way?” he asked. When I told him I’d been shot while killing Bolivian Rebels, he was overjoyed.

He told me that the G-group I’d shot it out with had been trained and equipped by the Chinese government. At the time, the Russian and Chinese governments were duking it out over some border dispute near Mongolia. To Aleksis, that meant that he and I were on the same side, buddies, comrades-in-arms. He hugged me. Now that we had bonded, he renamed me Ivan and taught me how to drink vodka properly. After too many toasts to peace and friendship, and the defeat of the Chinese, he steadied me as I tried to stand. “Two more nights and you be drinking vodka like a Russian,” he said. “Now, Ivan, I’m teaching you Russian dancing.” The dance he’d chosen involved whirling about while leaping up and down on one leg. Alas, he has elected to train me atop of the bar’s baby grand piano. This apparently disturbed the piano player because I’d mastered only a few whirls and leaping dance steps before they threw us out of the bar.

Actually, I didn’t mind lying in the street being tripped over by beautiful ladies but Aleksis had other things in mind. He dragged me off to the Russian Consulate, where he commandeered a sleek, black limousine. “You being the driver,” said Aleksis, exchanging hats with me. “I being too busy pouring vodka and pointing out hot spots of Rio.” For two hours, we toured Rio.
Aleksi tapped me on the shoulder, “I’m having good idea,” he said. I’m thinking we showing world how Russia and America being friends.” “How?” I asked? “We being crashing limo through the gates of Chinese Consulate,” he bellowed. “Really!?” I said. “Da really,” he replied. And so, off we went to end the Cold War with a show of Russian-American solidarity. I assume we passed out before that happened, because we were still alive the next day.

We were rudely awakened at noon by the Ipanema Beach trash man. He prodded us awake with his sharp end of the stick he’d been using all morning to spear trash. I opened my eyes and saw Jesus Christ standing on a rock 2,400 feet above me. I thought I’d died and gone to heaven. A glance at the lovely Brazilian lady sleeping beside me wearing sand, seemed to confirm this. Then I realized it was only the Christus de Corcovado, a statue of Christ on a mountain overlooking the city.

Aleksi sat up and burst out laughing. “You look like a Chinaman,” he roared. I gazed at my reflection in the broken beer bottle I’d been sleeping on. I did look like a Chinaman. It is very hot in Rio in February. The blisters on my unbandaged eyelid made me look Chinese. “Ah so,” I said pointing at him. “And you being needing to be stopping by Chinese laundry for picking up clothes” He looked down. He had lost his shirt, socks and shoes. Someone had cut off his uniform trousers six inches below his waist and made off with them. He looked like a big red lobster in a little white sash. He frowned, then fell over backwards laughing. I looked own. I was wearing even fewer clothes than he was, but some nice passerby had thoughtfully placed Aleksi’s hat over my lap making it the only place on my body that wasn’t sunburned. Aleksi bolted upright. “You seeing limo?” he asked “No,” I said, looking around “No limo.” “I’m thinking I’m being worried now,” he said. “I’m thinking Ambassador not being happy with me for losing limo.”

We sent the Brazilian lady to find us some clothes. She returned with a soiled beach towel. I tore it up and fashioned a loincloth for each of us.

We had to walk back to the Russian Consulate because no taxi would pick us up. I guess they’d never seen two broiled white men in loin cloths hopping about on blistered feet, one with a black Oakland Raiders cap on, the other with a white Russian naval officer’s hat on. We planned meeting at the Crazy Rabbit to apologize to the bartender and to pay for refinishing and retuning the piano, and to compare after action reports.

Aleksi never showed up and I never heard from him again. He’s probably still doing destroy duty on a land-locked, frozen lake in Siberia. But life has a strange way of making things right. Ture, I’d lost my friend Jack, but that was ok. He had no family and he’d just learned that he has inoperable cancer. He’d have opted for a quick warriors death any day over the lingering painful death of cancer.

Me? I was ok. I made it back to the States. My wife still loved me. My medical practice (Yeah, I’m a doctor as well as a pilot,) was still waiting. I went on to father five great kids and now have thirteen grandchildren. I tell them bedtime stories—not the Mother Goose kind. I tell them cleaned up war stories and other half truths about my past life. I’m trying to teach them how not to live, how to avoid the many mistakes I have made.

But, its not working. I just heard Pee Wee number 10 praying, “Now I lay me down to sleep......and Thank you God for giving Grandpa all those good stories he tells us.

I think I’ll go to my study and break out the bottle of Stolichnaya Vodka I keep hidden there. I’ll drink a toast to peace and friendship that, for me, has lasted a lifetime. It matters not, that we had only one day together.
Obituary for Wilbur Gene Carlton
(He was a beloved band instructor for Lander County School District)

Wilbur Gene Carlton passed away Tuesday, March 16, 2021 at Harmony Manor Nursing Home after surviving 44 years on borrowed time, thanks to the care and expertise of innumerable members of the medical community and the advancements of medical technology. The eldest of four children, he was born Aug. 1, 1931 in Norris, Illinois to Ellis Costello Carlton and Wilda Wendelyn (Vance) Carlton. He graduated from Canton High School, Canton, Illinois in 1949. He then received his Bachelor’s degree August 1954 from Illinois State Normal Teachers College, now Illinois State University of Normal, Illinois. He received his Master’s degree in Music Education in May of 1964 from Western Illinois University in Macomb, Illinois. In November of 1951 he married his first wife, Beverly Ann McKinney. They were blessed with three daughters: Vickie Lynn, Julie Marie, and Lynn Ann. His first music teaching position was with the Elementary and High School Districts in Cornell, Illinois. The family was greatly amused when a local newspaper reported that he had been hired by Cornell University. After four years with the Cornell School District, he took a position with Astoria School District in Astoria, Illinois where he remained for 18 years. In 1975, he accepted a teaching position with Lander County School District in Battle Mountain, Nevada. It was there in March 1977 that a doctor detected an impending heart block and sent him to Reno for an emergency pacemaker implant, the first of many over the next 44 years. Recognizing the need for a less time-demanding teaching position, he accepted an elementary school music position with Humboldt County School District in 1980 and it was there in Winnemucca, Nevada that he finished his teaching career at Sonoma Heights Elementary School in 1996. In January 1982, he married his second wife, Sibyl Karen Butcher. In retirement, he spent the next 16 years as a full-time volunteer assisting her with her high school library position at Lowry High School until her retirement in 2011. Wilbur worked tirelessly at his job and expected his students to do likewise, yet he felt it equally important for them to enjoy music while learning. He recognized his students’ interest in computers and utilized that interest to further their music education. He derived great satisfaction from parental comments regarding how much their children had learned in music classes and how much they liked music classes.

Wilbur felt that the social aspects of music education were as important as the technical. With that concept in mind, he organized the first Tri-county Northern Nevada Massed Band Festival in Battle Mountain, Nevada, performing first during the school year of 1977. This was based on the Fulton County, Illinois annual massed band festivals held at Canton High School that he had attended for four years as a student at CHS and later eighteen years as band director of Astoria High School of the same county. All band students from Pershing County, Humboldt County, and Lander County Schools participated under the direction of a guest conductor. Unfortunately, Wilbur missed his first festival due to heart surgery. Later, following his move in positions, ca. early 1980s, he was the guest director for the festival when it was held in Winnemucca. Wilbur also took much satisfaction from the number of students who followed him into a music teacher career or music industry career. They approximate 8 in number and include Nevada students Larry Little, Mike Little, Jody (Lindsey) Worthington, Kerry Welker, and Stan Johnson, as well as Nevada students Jose Flores, Forrest Madewell, and Kelly Dugger. Additional music participation included singing in the Winnemucca Civic Chorus, the Swinging Seniors, and Methodist Church choir. He developed an interest in photography after taking classes from optometrist Dallas Lighthouse in Winnemucca. Copying family photographs led to an interest in genealogy, which introduced him to family that he never knew he had. This led to an accumulation of more family photographs, and more family, and more family history. Wilbur is survived by his wife, Sibyl Karen (Butcher) Carlton; his former wife, Beverly Ann (McKinney) Carlton, and their daughters, Julie Marie Pickle and Lynn Ann Carlton; two grand-daughters, Jessica (Jose) Rivera and Kara (Russell) Owen; two great granddaughters, Jazmyne and Lena Headley; and fourteen nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents, one daughter, Vicki Lynn Carlton, an infant brother Gary Ralph Carlton, and twin siblings Ellis Dale Carlton and Alice Ione (Carlton) Forrest. Services will not be held due to the corona virus pandemic. Burial will be in White Chapel Cemetery in Canton, Illinois. Memorial donations may be made to the American Heart Association or the United Methodist Church of Astoria, Illinois or Winnemucca, Nevada.
Obituary for Shirley Hardy

Shirley Ann Welch Hardy joined her eternal companion on March 20, 2021 at her home in Battle Mountain at the age of 85. She was born September 1, 1935 in Little River, Kansas to Adam William Welch and Geneva Roselee Hall. She was the oldest of four children. One sister, Sonya Janean Buhl and brother, Roger Adam Welch preceded her in death. The youngest sister Patricia “Pat” Gail Coy survives. Shirley moved with her family from Kansas to Nevada when she was about a year old. Her parents owned Welch’s Dairy in Battle Mountain, where when she was old enough, she would help deliver milk and pick up empty bottles. This is one of the big reasons why she did not like milk! Washing too many milk bottles with a little bit of sour milk in them did her in! She was very athletic in her teenage years. Her high school basketball team went to State her last year in school. There is a picture of it in the County building on the wall. In 1952, Shirley met and married the love of her life, James Peter “Pete” Hardy. They were blessed with three children, Sonya Shirlynn Milke, James William Hardy and Terry Darlene Hardy. Shirley had various jobs throughout her life but her main focus after marriage was being a homemaker. She was involved in PTA and the scouting programs for boys and girls. She worked as a waitress and she took over the job of mail carrier out to Antelope Valley from her mother. She made many dear friends on her route. She was well known for her friendliness and ability to talk to most anyone. She always greeted people with a smile and a hug if necessary. She loved to be in the outdoors. She and her family would often go hunting and fishing and camping. She even picked up golf when she and Pete were challenged to try it. Quite often in the small towns that she lived in they would have pinochle parties for the adults. Sometimes they would do monthly dinners with different themes like Chinese, Mexican, or plain old-fashioned barbecue. She was an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and served as the chorister years ago. She was called to work in the genealogy library at the church. She really loved family history and connecting with lost family members. She was a spiritual leader in the family. She was devoted to caring for her youngest daughter right up to the end. She loved to read and could always be seen with the book in her hand whenever there were a few minutes to wait. She is preceded in death by her parents, husband, siblings, daughter Sonya, grand-daughter and other dear relatives. She is probably having a time hugging everyone. She is survived by her son Jim, daughter Terry, grandsons Russell Milke and Peter James Johnson, great-grandson Aiden Milke, her sister Pat, and nieces and nephews and many friends. A joint memorial service for both Pete and Shirley will be announced in the future. Thanks to all those
Do you have a story to tell, recipe to share a Birthday or special event to shout out? We would love to hear about it! Email the Battle Mountain Bee: swartzie8@sbcglobal.net. Please read the Editors note regarding submissions!

**FROM THE EDITOR**

This is a Community Newsletter only. If interested in submitting ideas such as public awareness, obituaries, birthdays, prayers, desert recipes or other positive information please send them to: swartzie8@sbcglobal.net.

This newsletter is not for political viewpoint platforms or negative bantering. Refer to Social Media for that type of coverage.

*Kathleen Swartz-Ancho*

**Community Service Notices:**

Keep an eye out for all the benches, trash cans, dog stations and trees that are being installed around town as part of a Community Beautification Project headed by the LCEconomic Development and Funded By Lander County and Community sponsors. Memorial, Business or Family Plaques will be added as soon.

Are you interested in a SWAP MEET? Maite and Robin @ The Rec Center are trying to plan one for May sometime. Call the Rec Center for more info 775-635-9209