

# Bradford Co. honors Orville Yoder

BY JANE BRESEE  
Staff Correspondent

TOWANDA — A crowd of over 200 people filled the Towanda Elks Club Thursday night, June 14, to honor Bradford County Cooperative Extension Agent Orville Yoder and his wife, Irene, upon his retirement after serving 27 years in the Extension service. Yoder had worked in Bucks County for four years and then came to Bradford County in November of 1961.

The auspicious occasion moved smoothly along with Gary Green, chairman of the County Extension

Executive committee, acting as master of ceremonies. The invocation before dinner was given by Russell Jones, a prominent Holstein breeder, and long time member of many farm and Extension organizations.

The first guest on the program was Roger Madigan, state assemblyman from Bradford County. He commended Yoder for his excellent work and commented that Yoder had contributed greatly toward peaceful settlement of the truck strikes. Madigan presented Yoder a citation from the House of Representatives for his out-

standing service.

Mrs. Marilyn Bok, chairman of the Bradford County Commissioners, the next speaker, jokingly said that Yoder was the last person with a flat top hairdo to retire in Bradford County. She also thanked Mrs. Yoder for helping the Garden Club plant and replant flowers and shrubbery around the Court House.

Bok also complimented Yoder for the growth of the County Extension service during his term and for the very good cooperation enjoyed between the County Commissioners and the Extension Service. "We hope that your retirement will be as productive as your working years and you will milk it for all it's worth," she said.

Alton Homan, Bradford County Extension agent, represented the Pennsylvania Association of County Agricultural agents in the absence of Robert Hettick, president. He proclaimed Yoder a life member both state and national in that organization. With best wishes for his retirement, he presented Yoder a plaque for his meritorious service from Nov. 1, 1961, to July 31, 1984. Homan also gave Yoder a statue of the Nittany Lion from the honorary society of County Agricultural Agents, Epsilon Sigma Phi.

Ellen Foust, member of the County Extension Executive committee, said that the Extension service reaches more people in the county than any other organization. She read aloud a poem written especially for Mr. and Mrs. Yoder by Wilmer Wilcox of Canton, titled "Poet Laureate of Bradford County".

Edward Dieffenbach, regional assistant director of the Extension Service, brought greeting from Penn State University and best wishes from Dr. Wayne Hinrich and Dr. Sam Smith who could not attend.

Dieffenbach enumerated many changes in the Extension in Bradford County during Yoder's term, such as the fantastic growth of the DHIA, and in the dairy industry as a whole. He also mentioned the livestock, wool growers, and Maple Producers' organizations which had begun under Yoder's direction.



Gary Green, chairman of the County Extension Executive Committee, congratulates retiring Orville Yoder.

Among Yoder's awards and citations are: NACAA Outstanding Extension Livestock Program Award in 1966, Pennsylvania Dairymen's Association Award in 1972, Public Information Award winner in 1975, the Pennsylvania Maple Council Man of the year in 1976, Bradford County DHIA Award for Outstanding Service in 1979, a citation from the State House of Representatives for an active role in ending a truckers strike in June 1979, and a 25-year Service Award from Penn State in 1982.

"Today you hit your epitome," Dieffenbach told Yoder. "You are a true Extension man and a good educator!"

Green then gave Yoder two portfolios of letters, written by people whose lives have been touched by Extension work during Yoder's time.

The remainder of the program after three vocal solos by Bruce Bresee, dairy farmer, were humorous awards given by Yoder's co-workers who remembered the jokes and humorous incidents during their time of working together.

Also present was Orville's son, Kenneth Yoder, and family. Flowers and cards were sent from his other son, Brian, and daughter Zoe Ann who lives in California.

Linda Wisley, member of the Executive Committee and on the planning committee for the affair, spoke saying she had the pleasure

of representing everyone in the state and out of state who had sent letters and money for the party. The gift presented to the Yoders were a long range lens for his camera, a slide projector, screen, and flowers.

The climax of the splendid evening came with a tearful and brief thank you from Mrs. Yoder who spoke about how good and sincere the people in Bradford County are.

Yoder's turn to speak came at last. He stated that the ground work in Extension had been well laid by Paul Reber, Extension Agent before him (he recognized Paul Reber's son in the audience), and he wished that Paul could be here to see the strides made in dairying and crops.

Yoder said that Bradford County was the greatest in the state, and the people were tremendous to work with. He had the greatest neighbors in Hornbrook and an excellent Extension staff, and a great group of 4H and Family Living leaders.

Yoder predicted that Extension work will become even more challenging and interesting with the computer age now in the office.

Yoder thanked everyone for coming and making it a truly "Enchanted evening". He and his wife plan to host a farm tour to Europe in August and spend time in their lake house in Maine in addition to visiting their daughter Zoe Ann in California.

## On being a farm wife - And other hazards

Joyce Bupp



Water, One of the most basic needs to sustain life.

Fresh, sparkling, cold and clear, it runs from mountain streams. Thick with mud after gully-washing rains. Polluted by toxic chemicals and human wastes. Acid and sour from the burning of dirty fuels.

Water, How badly we abuse it. How regularly we take it for granted. Push a button, turn a handle - and out it flows, instant, clear, potable.

Here on the farm when it comes to water, we seem to constantly jiggle back and forth between the extremes of too much and too little. And that's not just a weather problem, but holds true at the numerous outlets around the place that serve ever-thirsty cattle.

Water. Running somewhere. A spreading wet spot at the foot of the calf barn grows volunteer bearded barley plants with a vengeance - but the swamp forming there was simply never intended to be so.

Over a couple of days it grows, sloppier, wetter, spreading like a slow blight. We debate the reason, wracking our brains over the watery mystery, while rushing to put hay away before the next downpour.

One morning, a small stream materializes from the outside of the calf barn, first a wet spot on the blacktop, eventually running down the driveway between the yard and the dairy barn. It seems to ooze up from nowhere. (Why couldn't it be crude oil, for pity sake!)

As the creek grows in volume, with still no known reason, the inevitable can no longer be put off.

Late one evening, the water to the calf barn is shut off. Digging on the outside commences. A giant crater, pile of blacktop and one relocated watering hose later, the creek still tumbles merrily down the driveway.

His Father's Day gift is a chance to play plumber in place of an afternoon nap, a sacrifice to the continuing mystery of the swamp and stream.

Out comes the sink in the calf nursery. Up comes several square feet of concrete flooring. Out goes a couple of cubic feet of fill ground beneath, a stark maze of water-pipes left behind, jutting at odd angles.

Retreating to the house, mud-splattered, weary, he finally comes bearing a short piece of black plastic water pipe, complete with a crimped fold from which emanates a long split, the result of

a chunk of old cement included as part of the fill ground many, many years ago. Like all of us, the pipe became a sort of victim of inevitable old age.

Milking time. Evening chores. Drop-in company. The job will be finished at some later time. Meanwhile we lug hot water up from the dairy barn. But at least the swamp and creek have subsided.

In under the old dairy barn I traipse, to feed heifers housed there.

A familiar sound. Splashing, gurgling. A puddle forming inside confirms the dread suspicion. The heifer's water fountain is stuck, running like a spring in a wet March. Before the first swamp has begun to dry, a second is in the making.

Another one of those lousy summer re-runs.

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