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Valencia resident leads busy life

By CANDACE ATKINS

Daisy Cox was 96 years old on Monday. For the occasion (celebrated with relatives the week before), she baked her own cake and served it with coffee to her guests.

It is admirable to think a 96-year-old woman still bakes cakes. It is even more so when one considers she is nearly blind and, due to several broken bones in recent years, has difficulty standing for any length of time. According to Mrs. Cox, her son copied the directions in large black letters so she was able to follow the instructions and turn out a moist chocolate cake with homemade fudge icing. "They said it was pretty good," she commented.

In addition to being quite a baker in her time, ("I think my middle name was pie," she said), Mrs. Cox ran a farm with her husband, raised three sons, and was very active in the Farm Bureau. "I was a charter member, you know." Mrs. Cox served in several capacities for the organiza-

tion, among them secretary for 13 years, and in the financial department for ten years. She was honored by the Bureau for her service twice, once at the county level and another time at the state level. Certificates of appreciation are displayed in her living room.

Mrs. Cox still lives on the Cox Road property to which she and her husband moved to from Hayward in 1910.

She is a life member of the Valencia Farm Bureau Women, and last week addressed members in a meeting held in a neighboring home.

Mrs. Cox, until recent years kept a garden which contained, among other things, beets, turnips, squash, "magnificent lettuces," asparagus and rhubarb. "Oh, I had a beautiful garden!" she remembered.

Being interested in the land did not stop Mrs. Cox from other endeavors. She is a published poet and story-writer, and continues to compose, although she must dic-

tate her works because her sight will no longer allow her to write. One of her recent stories about her homesteading parents, resulted in her being awarded \$20 from the Paso Robles newspaper. Part of it read, "Begging to be spared, the rascally neighbor promised to send a key the next day. The key was brought by his daughters, riding horseback. Though I was the youngest child, I was born before the unpleasantness was settled, and I remember how this unkind neighbor disturbed my parents."

According to Mrs. Cox, she delayed writing this story until the "unkind neighbor's" relatives were either dead or living elsewhere so as not to hurt any feelings.

Mrs. Cox said she finds it quite frustrating to be without much of her sight. "I struggle along and do my best," she said, "but I need to be free to see. I have never been idle much."

She has a walker, but feels she carries it, rather than the

other way around. She prefers a cane. In spite of her difficulties in sight and movement, she is as active as she can possibly be. "I push very hard," she said as she leaned on a chair to stand upright.

Her husband died in 1961, they had been married 53 years. "We never had anything but contentment and love," she remembered. He was an invalid the last seven years of his life, and Mrs. Cox nursed him herself.

Her husband was not the only one she cared for. She opened her home many times to friends and relatives who were unable to live alone, and according to Mrs. Cox, "I fed them, bathed them and took care of them." She was happiest while doing things for others.

She wrote stories for her grandchildren, one entitled "The Land of Sage and Honey," which is about her hometown of Bee Rock. Another story, "How I killed Two Coons Second Hand," was published in Outdoor Life.

"My husband was so proud of my stories," she noted.

Mrs. Cox was never robust. In her 96 years, she battled phlebitis, hepatitis, typhoid, ulcers, heart trouble, bronchitis and kidney ailments. She has broken her arm, legs and back. The most recent injury confined her to a rest home for nearly a year. She was very happy to come home, she said. "Hard work is what has kept me going," she feels.

Although her days of gardening, baking and caring for others are over, Mrs. Cox is still able to enjoy her friends. "I have so many wonderful, dear friends," she said, pointing to a huge assortment of birthday cards and gifts for her special day.

She continues to bring joy to others through her stories and poetry, as well as visits. Mrs. Cox readily accepts people and willingly shares her experiences. "I've had my sorrows and my joys," she said, "I have had such a good life."

Firm voice, steady eye are psychologist's tools

By JANICE FUHRMAN

If you were a third grader faced with the prospect of a long afternoon filled with multiplication tables, how much would you do to get out of the nasty task? Probably a lot, and that's just what

subtle but firm.

"Traditional forms of discipline, like raising one's voice or even physical punishment, are all designed to stop disruptions after they've occurred and only for the moment. They don't make

powerful things this technique accomplishes, Jones says.

"It simply never happens in this system that one kid loses time for the whole class," says Jones, "So it also eliminates 80 percent of negative peer



DAISY COX — She baked her own birthday cake.