

Vol. 4 No. 1

Fall 2007

# *Groundwaters*

*“Bubbling up in our own good time.”*



Shoji lantern.  
Artists: **Cathy Coulson-Keegan** and **Bill Wright** of  
*Touch the Earth Designs*

Editors & Publishing Team: Judy 'Scythe' Hays-Eberts  
Jen 'Farm-Girl' Chambers  
Pat 'Analytical Sheep' Broome  
Pat 'Equinian' Edwards  
Sonny 'Thunder Ox' Hays-Eberts

*Groundwaters* is a grassroots, community-oriented literary quarterly which serves the West Lane area and all its connections. It is distributed free of charge through local businesses and libraries, and is mailed to subscribers across the U.S. for a small annual fee. Material may be submitted from anyone, any age.

**Find *Groundwaters* at <http://www.groundwaters.org/>**  
Check out the *Groundwaters* community in previous issues, art galleries and more than can fit on these pages.

### GUIDELINES

1. Email submissions are preferred. MS-Word or WordPerfect, please; no headers, footers, or in-line graphics. Typed or legible handwritten submissions are also acceptable.
2. Include a phone number or email address with each submission. You may use a pseudonym, but all work must be signed.
3. Please be respectful to all. Read *Groundwaters* to understand its audience, and speak from the heart. Every age is welcome here. We do not accept political or religious opinion pieces.
4. Include a bit of information about yourself and your submission to share with readers.
5. Submission limit is 2,500 words.
6. Please be patient; you should receive a reply to your submission within a month. If not, you are welcome to inquire about it. We may seem slow, because we're juggling many things.
7. Artists, as well as writers, are invited. We can support most common digital formats. Contact *Groundwaters* for details.
8. Original works are protected under the copyright of *Groundwaters* and may not be reproduced without permission of the author/artist.
9. Works in the public domain may be submitted to reprint, yet credits to authors/artists must be included.
10. No payment (other than fleeting fame) is offered. *Groundwaters* will provide two copies to a contributor of the issues in which their work appears. Please include a mailing address for this purpose.
11. Simply share your best. Featured artists and authors are representative of all ages and levels of experience.
12. Changes may be made in material due to grammatical errors and space constraints. Whenever possible, the material and content will not be altered. Authors need to be aware that published material will also be available on the *Groundwaters* web site.

**Deadline for next issue is November 16, 2007**

**Email to** [contact@groundwaters.org](mailto:contact@groundwaters.org) (correspondence)  
[submission@groundwaters.org](mailto:submission@groundwaters.org) (submissions)

**Mail to *Groundwaters***  
**P.O. Box 893, Veneta, OR 97487**

**Questions? Need more copies? Call (541) 935-5404**

**Themes:** Each issue of *Groundwaters* is assigned a one-word theme with multi-meanings. Submissions do not have to reflect the theme, but those that do are welcomed.

To publicize your organization's news for the community, please contact Jennifer Chambers at [jennifer@groundwaters.org](mailto:jennifer@groundwaters.org).

### CONTRIBUTORS TO FALL 2007

Artists & Authors: Pat Broome, Shari Brown, Jennifer Chambers, Cathy Coulson-Keegan, Nick DeAngelo, Pat Edwards, Meli Ewing, Marjorie Hays, Judy Hays-Eberts, Sonny Hays-Eberts, Jim Koenig, Norm Maxwell, Herbert Medlin, Caitlyn Meng, Kelsey Meng, Emma R. Roe, Vallee Rose, Marissa Soriano, Roxanne Sparks, Katherine Stout, Estelle Sweet, Virginia Vandehey, Bill Wright.

With Sincere and Abundant Gratitude To: Kathy Fox, Pat Gill, Don Young, Friends of Fern Ridge Library, Kirk Hays, Bob Hays, Chuck McJunkin, Janet Romanek, and readers everywhere!

*Groundwaters* reaches a substantial local audience and it continues to attract more readers. Back issues are popular. Its volunteer staff now offer support to financial contributors through the service of advertising. Contact the *Groundwaters* staff for more information.

Locations for extra copies: **Alpha-Bit Café** in Mapleton, **The Book Mine** and **Kalapuya Books** in Cottage Grove, **Cheshire Darimart**, **Crow Country Store**, **Curves**, **Secret House Winery** in Veneta, **The Farm Store**, **Fern Ridge Library**, **Fern Ridge Market** in Alvadore, **J.C.'s Laundromat** in Veneta, **Kelley's True Value Hardware**, **Lorane Family Store**, **Le Roost Lorane**, **Noti Post Office**, **Robbie's Windowbox Caffe** and the **Rebekah Lodge** of Lorane

To obtain copies for display or distribution, call 935-5404.

*Groundwaters* can be mailed to you, family and friends – subscriptions are available for \$7.50/year (four issues).

*Groundwaters* serves its communities through publication of the local arts, history, and information – and it relies on volunteers. Volunteers create *Groundwaters*. They finance and produce it, deliver copies and improve it. We could use more help with distribution -- to stock particular locations. Comments are welcomed, as well.

Participate! Interview a neighbor, a child or an older person about their favorite books; write about your interests, and encourage a friend or family member to send in their writing or drawing or recipe; and please inform community groups about *Groundwaters* as an outlet to publicize their services and events.

*Donations gratefully accepted.*



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**CONTENTS:**

Art/Photography ..... 3, 6, 7, 21, 27, 29, 31  
 Book Reports ..... 30  
*Bubbling Up: 18 & under* ..... 27  
 Community News & Activities ..... 27, 32  
*From the Editor* ..... 4  
 Guidelines & Credits ..... 2  
*Look Back in Time* ..... 32  
*Marj's Diary* ..... 25  
*Moment of Valor* ..... 23  
 Personal Profiles  
     Meli Ewing ..... 7  
*Our Readers Write* ..... 5  
 Recipes & Menus ..... 24  
*The Last Word* ..... 32  
*What's On Your Nightstand?* ..... 6  
*Willamette Valley Enterprise* ..... 26

**Fiction:**  
 The Price of Recovery ..... 9  
 The Goal ..... 10  
 A Fire in the Night ..... 12  
 Marek's Stable ..... 19  
 Career Day ..... 22  
 The Haunted Hotel ..... 27  
 Calm After the Storm ..... 28  
 Getting a Clue ..... 29  
 2071 -- Age of Decay ..... 31

**Nonfiction & Personal Experience:**  
 Collecting for the *Oregon Journal* ..... 8  
 Operation Christmas Child ..... 10  
 La Cachora ..... 14  
 Buzzard Duck ..... 15  
 Coyote Dressage: A Link to the Past ..... 16

**Poetry & Song:**  
 Stable Me ..... 5  
 Bakin' for Jesus ..... 18  
 Rage ..... 21  
 Building a Marriage ..... 21  
 Poking the Posterior ..... 25  
 Once Upon a Dream ..... 26  
 Music Review: Ben Folds ..... 29



**About the Cover Artist:**

Cathy Coulson-Keegan and Bill Wright create Shoji lanterns of their own design, such as the one pictured on this issue's cover, through *Touch the Earth*, the graphic art design studio Cathy formed in 1972. Bill later joined the business in 1994. They also produce silk prayer flags, mobiles and large hanging lanterns. All are intended to be used outdoors and to last for many years. Items should be kept under overhanging cover, ideally; however, people often put them in trees and leave them exposed for many years. They weather the sun and wet and moss, very gracefully.

The Shoji lanterns are sturdy and fire-resistant, with designs screen-printed on fiberglass and set on a resin base. Tealight candles fit into the base. Larger, hanging lanterns are made with stainless steel braised frames and silk covers. Cathy creates the designs and does the screen printing; Bill does all the wood and metal work, makes the bases and constructs the pieces. Cathy has used silk as a medium for many years, since she learned of its hardness. Silk has no oxygen in the fiber; moths don't eat it and it resists fire. Japanese and Chinese kimonos, as old as 3,000 to 5,000 years, have endured the centuries under less than favorable conditions and are a testament to the durability of silk.

*Touch the Earth's* products remain reasonably priced, as well. Shoji lanterns are priced between \$18 and \$45 and, along with the prayer flags, are the bulk of sales. Much of the business is catalog orders via the internet. Smaller orders carry them through between large ones. Lots of people place a small order initially then follow up nicely and steadily. Most sales to individuals result from *Touch the Earth's* annual appearance at the Country Fair in Veneta and Eugene's Holiday Market. Cathy and Bill literally recreate a bamboo garden around their booth at Country Fair every year from the plants they grow at home. It gives to customers a vision of how the items might be used and the sense of peace and serenity that the lanterns and flags impart. They enhance the natural setting, the environment in which they are placed. Photos by Paul Neeval are shown of their Country Fair booth on *Touch the Earth's* web site at [www.earthsteps.com](http://www.earthsteps.com). Cathy and Bill are also pleased with their products' representation on another site, [wholesalecrafts.com](http://wholesalecrafts.com), which they recommend to artists and shoppers in general. Items are also featured in DharmaCrafts' printed catalog and in at least 200 galleries across the nation.

Cathy Coulson-Keegan and Bill Wright have been involved in the Country Fair since the 1980s. Cathy serves currently on its Craft Committee. The two married in 1991; then moved to Lorane for a couple of years, and later to Veneta. They work in a studio adjacent to their home near the town's core, within walking distance to parks and businesses. They are also active in the community as members of Neighbors for Responsible Growth (N4RG). *Touch the Earth* may be contacted at (541) 935-9596 or [cathy@earthsteps.com](mailto:cathy@earthsteps.com).

<b>Issue Themes</b>	Current Issue
	<b>"Stable"</b>
	Upcoming Themes
	<b>2008</b>
	Jan - "Reflection" April - "Choice" July - "Color" October - "Root"
<b>2009</b>	
Accepting Ideas!	

## From the Editor:

I enjoy a fairly stable lifestyle, yet I'm going through a tough time. Indeed, it's been a difficult year for others I know. Even when I hit bottom, I'm never alone in the experience. But, that's not always helpful enough, as I sort through what's happening and figure out what to do in my head. I do have help, though. It means, however, that I must consider choices. When I feel my reserves are low, it seems to take a lot of energy just to make decisions. I'll bet you know that feeling, because you don't need to have spondylitis to be stressed.

Perhaps the upcoming winter's theme of Reflection is appropriate for the grieving process, for listening to any pain within before one heads onward. Or, it can be a time to observe what worked well in the last growing season, to gather inspiration, and set a course for the new year. I am so blessed, though I struggle with pain and what to do with it. It's quite an opportunity. Lord knows, I can write about it.

Through *Groundwaters*, I am particularly inspired. I got to the point where I wasn't functioning in my personal life, much less in the ways this publication requires. Fatigue had drained me of energy and enthusiasm. I was barely keeping it together and was yet on a downward slide. Fortunately, I recognized that I didn't need to do it all by myself; I'm rich with the resources provided. As a result, in fact, the magazine looks better than ever, thanks to the work of Pat Edwards on layout. Pat rescued the summer issue. She did the entire layout for the first time then, but was handicapped because I dropped the whole thing at the last minute. Now, look what she can do when she has more time! Aren't we lucky, I can't do it all? Even when I'm feeling great, I appreciate what others contribute.

Another example: When I was really low, I read Estelle Sweet's piece, *Career Day*, and remembered how good it felt to challenge myself with workouts. I took that one step further after listening to dance music I enjoyed. I thought, to heck with thinking "I can't" do something, I can learn to dance again – my own way. Estelle acted on her own inspiration and wrote for her purposes; yet, she shared it with others, in faith that it was worthwhile, and a drop of it fell on my heart and changed me. This is how my cup is continually filled.

I wonder about all the places *Groundwaters* flows. Let us know! Thank you to all who encourage us with kind comments. Your thoughts on what is shared are important to everyone here. Send a photo, if possible. Please remember, you're welcome to join us by submitting your reflections, recipes, poetry, art, historical research, short stories, tips and ideas, community info, and written comments.

Remember, too, you're invited to *Groundwaters*' birthday party on October 27 (*see details, page 7*) at the Crow Grange. Meet us there! You're the reason we care.

Judy Hays-Eberts

## Writers, Beware of PublishAmerica!

It has come to our attention that a publishing company, **PublishAmerica (PA)**, may not be the means writers want to get their work published. The company promises an advance, a contract, a published copy of the work submitted and a nice percentage of the royalties.

One of the contributing authors for *Groundwaters* recently had a terrible experience with the company. After signing a contract with PA, he was alerted that it may have been a big mistake. He did some research, and found much information on-line from the ex-employee testimonies and writer forum sites such as those listed at the end of this article

It seems that **PublishAmerica**, along with other unscrupulous publishers, promises what it does not deliver. The forum boards are full of writers who, in good faith, believed that their work was finally getting the attention it deserved. Instead, PA is a "Print On Demand" or P.O.D. company dressed up as a traditional publisher.

According to testimonials on various websites, the books at PA are not publicized, promoted in bookstores or even printed unless the author instigates it. **PublishAmerica** has such a bad reputation with national bookstores that few of them will stock PA-published books. Authors must schedule their own book signings with local shops and when they do, they must buy their own books from PA to resell.

Authors who have signed on with PA say that the contracts are worded in a confusing manner. In signing on the "dotted line," authors turn over their book rights to PA for seven years. They also reveal that the undisclosed monetary advance that PA advertises turns out to be \$1.00 and that PA makes most of its money from selling its over-priced books to the authors and their friends and families. Crackofdeath.com has ex-employee testimony that asserts that the editors at the company are instructed to look at the first five pages, the last five pages and five pages in the middle of any given manuscript. They say that "editors" are forced to meet a quota of approved manuscripts and do little more than run them through a spell-checker.

One of the results of signing a contract with PA according to disgruntled PA authors is that writers guilds frequently will not recognize or accept memberships from authors affiliated with **PublishAmerica** because of the low standards and lack of quality of many of the books published by them.

The authors on the websites have penned their anguish much more eloquently than any of us here at *Groundwaters* could. The stories of their encounters with PA are heart-wrenching. Please, do extensive research before you send out your work. It's worth mentioning, too, that not all POD publishers are dishonest. Look at all your options, authors, before you give up your rights. What could be a glorious experience for a first-time author could turn out to be a disaster if your goal is to sell books.

**Note:** At press time, GW was happy to be informed that the local author involved with PA has obtained a release from his contract.

<http://www.crackofdeath.com/paemployees>

<http://www.absolutewrite.com/forums> (*Go to Water Cooler and look at the Publish America forums*)

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A25187-2005Jan20.html>

<http://www.ripoffreport.com/reports/...off0104646.htm>

<http://www.sfwaw.org/beware/general.html#PA>

<http://www.writers.net/forum/read/13/952/952Vf>

<http://anotherrealm.com/prededitors/>

## Groundwaters:

### Bubbling Up On-line in New Ways

Please check out our new online branch of *Groundwaters*. Sonny and Judy Hays-Eberts are now dedicated to *GW*'s on-line sphere, with a whole new look and an easier navigational system. Currently, the new site is graphically intensive, making it slow to load; but plans are in the works to create a low-bandwidth version. It contains the past issues of *Groundwaters* magazine, but more importantly, it is being expanded in scope to include more history, community and other visual and written arts than what we can include in the printed form. Its landscape is changing each day.

Sonny and Judy are laboring to make the site a true extension of the ethics that the magazine espouses, so we can better serve the creative outlet of our authors, artists, poets, songwriters and youth. Therefore, it is dedicated to supporting art and artists, writers and the writing community, and creativity in general. Sonny imagines it will encompass the writings of Rija Maha, (a new featured author), The Teen Writer's group "The Writers of the Universe," Sunspark Studios and Web Design, archives from the "Moment of Valor," series and more. We will display Marj Hays' full diary for your reading pleasure, World War II photographs and militaria, too.

If you'd like to read the magazine on-line, it can be found at the link in the text on the main page, or at "The Written Word" section.

Come on by and sign our guestbook! The new URL is <http://www.groundwaters.org>. *Groundwaters*, the magazine, can be found at <http://www.groundwaters.org/grndwtrs.htm>

### Our Readers Write...

July 21, 2007

Well, I got another nice surprise yesterday: the arrival of another issue of *Groundwaters*. It is hard to imagine you have now completed 3 full years. What a remarkable accomplishment. It is one of which I am sure you can be very proud. I loved the front cover, and was reminded of the Vol I, #4 issue. Please keep up the good work. Also, please continue to send me copies as they appear. I really appreciate getting them.

Donald Young  
Berwick, Maine

### Stable Me

Stable is a state of mind  
shelter from a storm-tossed sea  
of society  
Pieces of shell separate  
between innards and outer  
between you and me

Some rest, relief and comfort  
near yet far enough away  
for season's delay  
Parameters of living  
constructed for work and sleep  
as Earth moves to day

Stable is temporary  
reprieve from some harsher thing  
who comes to being  
Roots and rocks may share their strength,  
even words may seem to last  
tests that age can bring

All exists in its context  
nothing really stands alone  
nothing left unknown  
Weather of time finds a way,  
it seeps inside in drifts  
dusting hearts and home

Stable is a balance act  
more inside than meets the eye,  
strife and fear defied  
I won't lock it tight and safe  
closed to going and coming  
shut because of pride

Open, peaceful and loving –  
these can truly be maintained  
Yes, we are the frames  
Sweet thoughts are what I make them...  
We're up to meet the day  
- after rest, there's play!

By Judy Hays-Eberts  
7/07

Stability in relationships and societies can only be measured by the respect and reverence shown for and by the people within. *Anonymous*

## What's On Your Nightstand?....

### What's On My Bedside Table

By Jennifer Chambers

**G**roundwaters thought that it would be illuminating as a twist on the book review genre to tell you not only what books we are interested in right now, but why. In that light, I'd like to share my own picks of the moment.

I just started reading *North and South, Volume One*, by John Jakes. Recently I've been watching Ken Burns' *The Civil War*, and wanted to delve into the subject more deeply. I've never seen the miniseries based on Jakes' book, but it's on my list. Jakes brings the feelings of the time to life in visceral, vivid way.

As Halloween approaches, I'd like to re-read some of my favorite scary books. Elizabeth Kostyra's *The Blood Countess*, rumor has it, will be turned into a movie soon. It was one of my favorite books of recent years, featuring a chase for historical artifacts, the tale of a bloodthirsty noblewoman, and a thrilling background of a chase around the world.

For kids, you can't beat Charlie Brown. Every year without fail, my family reads our copy of *It's The Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown*, and of course the lesser known *Happy Thanksgiving, Charlie Brown*. Nothing like it, to get in the autumnal spirit.

One of my favorite authors, Susan Wittig Albert, has a wonderful series about China Bayles, a Texas herbalist. She has another series starring Beatrix Potter, and I'm on the second novel of the series, *The Tale of Holly How*. Beatrix solves mysteries in the small town where she settles after the death of her fiancée; and in the novels, all named for a feature of the English countryside, we meet her human and animal companions as featured in Potter's own books.

Lastly, I just started *Water for Elephants*, by Sara Gruen. It's a story about an old man in a nursing home and his retelling of life in a traveling circus in the nineteen thirties. The man's recollections are tantalizing and the story compelling.

So that's what's on my bedside table. What are you reading? Send your book recommendations to *Groundwaters* at the email or addresses listed in the index.



Shortie. His first "snow adventure." (Photo by Pat Edwards)

### What's On My Nightstand

By Judy Hays-Eberts

**W**hat fun, to write about my favorite things – books! This allows for a true glimpse of me.

There is one book I'm rarely without – the Bible. I have a collection, but I prefer *The Revised English Bible with the Apocrypha*. It was published in 1989 by Oxford University Press and Cambridge University Press, as a revision of *The New English Bible*. I use other Bibles, too, but I enjoy the poetic quality of this one – particularly in the Old Testament – in Job and Psalms, for instance. It took several years, yet I read it from beginning to end. Now, I continue to read passages as I'm inspired. And, I write the words in my journal as meditation.

I've been living with two other books on a daily basis for several months; however, I will be finished with them by the time this is published. I will still refer to them for encouragement. Each has a story of how it came to me and when I finally picked it up. I won't elaborate on that. One is *Play of Consciousness* by Swami Muktananda.

*Play of Consciousness* is a translation from its original language (like the Bible) of an Indian monk who passed on in 1982. Muktananda directly reveals his own spiritual path. The book shows, "a fully realized Master is one who has discovered in his own experience the origin of all philosophies." It also has a great glossary. Reading *Play of Consciousness* has been quite useful to me. However, I would recommend *Autobiography of a Yogi* by Paramahansa Yogananda, published in 1946, as my general favorite of this genre.

I've read the third book before and will likely read it again: *I Had It All the Time* by Alan Cohen. This is the one I would recommend to anyone. As an inspirational writer, Alan Cohen is accessible, practical, always uplifting and ever loving. In *I Had It All the Time*, he illustrates the transition we can make when "sooner or later we reach the point where living truth becomes more important than seeking it. Knowledge, techniques, and experiences pale in the face of the riches of the heart. Learning must give way to being."

These books help me make sense of it all. However, they're only the ones I read on a daily basis. Also stacked on and by the nightstand: several issues of *Organic Gardening* from 1946, *Gardening When It Counts* by Steve Soloman, *The I Hate to Housekeep Book* by Peg Bracken, *Natural Relief for Arthritis* by Carol Keogh, *She's Tricky Like Coyote: Annie Miner Peterson, an Oregon Coast Indian Woman* by Lionel Youst, and *The Diamond Age* by Neal Stephenson – my favorite sci-fi book to read again, among others...

*You're better off betting on a horse than betting on a man. A horse may not be able to hold you tight, but he doesn't wanna wander from the stable at night.* Betty Grable

## Serendipity: *Groundwaters* Gets an Intern

by Jennifer Chambers

At the end of the last school year, *Groundwaters* was contacted by Meli Ewing, of Noti. A high school junior, she was interested in doing her senior project, in some capacity, with the magazine.

Needless to say, we (who are blessed with so much here that sometimes it gets difficult to get it all done) were thrilled. Meli was quickly adopted by the *Groundwaters* family as our new intern.

At our first meeting, Meli told us what she needed out of her work: a completed project that showed progress from beginning to end. She brainstormed ideas on what she might be able to contribute, given her own interests and expressed her willingness to do anything that might help. We took her through the many steps in the process of putting together an issue. She participated in the planning stage meetings, the production meetings, the folding/stapling meetings, and even delivered finished magazines to Noti for us. She's an excellent writer, and for this issue, wrote articles and learned to format them to the newsmagazine format (see "Calm After the Storm" and her music review — pages 28-29). It was a lot to do, given that she had a short time to get up to speed with the program. Meli has been happy, helpful and has adjusted well to our way of doing things.

Meli took on the task of coordinating the teen writers' contributions. This required that she be present at the meetings of the teen writers' group, recently named "Writers of the Universe." She expressed how much she enjoyed being with other teen writers. She found that writing exercises done as part of the meetings were something that she will try to include in her own writing. Meli's ideas have helped shape the teen and fiction pages of this issue.

In helping her delineate what the steps of her project might be, I had to verse myself in the steps needed to take an issue from start to finish. That was immensely helpful to me as part of an evolving production team. It continues to be helpful as we determine our own responsibilities.

It's been a wonderful experience for me as a first-time mentor. I have learned as much about the production of our publication as Meli and I hope that the process has been equally fun and informative for her. We're pleased to have you on-board, Meli!

*Being born in a stable does not make one a horse.* Arthur Wellesley (later the Duke of Wellington)

*There is nothing so stable as change.* Bob Dylan

*I trust in nature for the stable laws of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant and autumn garner to the end of time.* Robert Browning

## *Groundwaters is three years old!*

Where would you like to see it go from here? Join the party to celebrate its birthday on **Saturday, October 27 at 1:00 to 3:00 p.m.** in the Crow Grange. All roads lead to Crow, we like to say.

All are welcome. It will be a potluck snackfest. If you like, bring a plate of finger food to contribute. Beverages and cake will be provided.

**Readers and writers are the real stars – You!**

Come meet the folks who produce *Groundwaters* and share your interests. Let's kick off its fourth year together! Crow Grange is located in Crow, Oregon on Territorial Road, next to the grade school and across from the Crow Country Store.

Call Judy Hays-Eberts at 935-5404 or email [contact@groundwaters.org](mailto:contact@groundwaters.org) for more info.



Greenberry Stable. (Photo by Sonny Hays-Eberts)

# Collecting for the *Oregon Journal*

By Norm Maxwell

Like Henry Huggins, I too had an *Oregon Journal* paper route. Mine was located in Astoria, Oregon instead of Klickitat Street in Portland. I lived in Alderbrook, which was the Hood at the east end of town. A mile or so further east, upstream on the Columbia River, was Tongue Point Job Corps Center.

Tongue Point was originally a Naval Air Station. A young pilot named George Bush flew Grumman Avenger torpedo planes there before shipping off for points west in '43 or '44. He must have lived in what is now called Emerald Heights, a wooden officers' country built high on the hill overlooking the Point.

Then there was Blue Ridge. Blue Ridge was where the senior enlisted men lived with their families. The Navy had long decamped from both these ad hoc housing projects. Emerald Heights was now (in the late '60s) home to primarily teachers at the Job Corps Center. Blue Ridge – well a lot of people called it Dogpatch.

When I first got my route, I guess I was 12 years old. I wondered why the route manager was so happy when he gave me my snap-ring route book so I could add and remove cards with addresses and notes on them. Every afternoon when I got home from school, a stack of *Journals* would be waiting on the porch for me. I would load myself up with one of those paper vests that carried a bunch of newspapers in the front pocket over your chest and another stack over your back. Both sides had canvas flaps that were meant to keep the rain off the print.

I loaded up with about sixty papers and pushed my one-speed Schwinn Tiger up the steep grade of Ash Street. When I reached the top, I made a left and coasted down the slight anticline for a quarter mile until I got to the really steep hill that led to the back door of Blue Ridge. I would lighten my load swiftly in Blue Ridge as there were a lot of subscribers packed close together.

I remember twisting my paper bags around so fore and aft would lighten at about the same rate. It rained a lot in Astoria and when it did, I was expected to place each paper where it wouldn't get wet. Some customers had official paper tubes made of metal just for this purpose. Others didn't. You weren't supposed to put the paper in the mailbox.

Upon divesting myself of all the Dogpatch papers, I would freewheel down the front approach to Dogpatch and roll rapidly down Columbia Boulevard which was also Highway 30 from Portland to the east. I had a few deliveries until I got to a street where I made a right at the western end of Alderbrook and delivered my way home. About sixty papers. The *Journal* was a fairly light rag.

On Sunday mornings, I got to peddle the *Sunday Oregonian*. There was no *Sunday Journal*. Hercules himself could not have packed my full quota of *Sunday Oregonians*, pregnant with advertising, in one trip. I would pack about half up Ash Street and then wobble downhill on my Schwinn to the steep back entrance to Dogpatch where I trudged like Sisyphus to the top of the hill. Upon covering Dogpatch, I rolled like a rocket back the way I came and stopped at 5323 Ash St. for the rest of my load which I would distribute on the flat of Alderbrook until I got to Columbia Boulevard where I would have to go uphill again. I would have few papers by then so it worked out OK.

I had delivery down pretty good by the time the end of the month rolled around and it was time to collect the dough. I understand that in these days, the paper sends the subscriber a bill. Back then, the paper boy (and very rare paper girl) got to knock on the door of each subscriber and pipe up with "Collecting for the *Oregon Journal*!" or some such.

Much of my route was no problem to collect from – "Come in son. Have a cookie. Just out of the oven. Glass of milk. Take a load off. What do we owe you? A dollar fifty? Here's two. Keep the change. Don't spend it all in one place."

And then there was Dogpatch. "Come back tomorrow. Did I say tomorrow? I mean next week." I heard people pretending they weren't home as I pounded on the door. "Be vewy vewy quiet... Well, we can pay the little punk or buy beer – no contest there."

When you failed to collect in those days, it was your problem. The paper and the route manager got every dime coming to them. I dragged my feet as I came up to the same old steps to hear the same old lame excuses. I felt like a beggar. I told the route manager that I wanted to terminate the deadbeats and I was sick of the constant rejection and avoidance. "Just collect the money," the manager informed me. How? I wondered. While it was perfectly legal to stiff the paperboy, it was undoubtedly illegal to collect at gunpoint. You couldn't get blood out of a turnip or a dollar fifty out of about half of Blue Ridge.

The Dogpatchers would move under the cover of darkness and their neighbors would take up their newspapers so it was hard to tell if they were truly gone. The day came when I was a dollar fifty short to pay the route manager for the rare privilege of delivering newspapers. He pulled up in his new Plymouth Valiant and I stole six quarters from Mom's purse and met him in the driveway with my paper bag, my route book and exact change.

"I'm done," I informed the man. "I don't mind getting up early. I don't mind getting rained on or pushing my bicycle uphill for 200 vertical feet, but I guess I'm just not very good at collecting."

The route manager was unhappy that I was so unreasonable. He admonished and upbraided me but I was steadfast. He left with the book, paperbag, every dime I had, and I got a wonderful education on the joys of small business. I talked to a boy who delivered papers up hill on top of the town and he informed me that no savvy paperboy would touch the Alderbrook route with a ten foot pole. Decades later, I compared notes with Eric at the salt mines and we were amazed to discover that he lived in Dogpatch while I was peddling papers. He was a year ahead of me in school and we didn't remember each other.

A year or two ago while fleeing Mom's place (on the west side of town now) after Christmas, I stopped at Dogpatch and looked around. Most of the World War II wooden buildings were torn or burned down. At least one of the few remaining had "WARNING METH COOKING SITE" stickers on the doors. Sapling alders forced their way through cracks in the pavement. Blackberry thickets ten feet tall advanced from the gullies. I looked around and said "Collecting for the *Oregon Journal*." I climbed in my new Ford pickup and drove east on Highway 30 without looking back.

# The Price of Recovery

By Jennifer Chambers

*Traumatic Brain Injury Support Group*

*6:00 p.m. Wednesday*

*All Welcome*

The other people in the support group were easy to loathe on sight. The idea of meeting with a bunch of other freaks was not something that would make her feel better at his point. Tom, the therapist, would say that she was cutting herself off before she started, but he was full of shit anyway. He didn't know what it was like.

"Hello?" A woman in a grey suit jacket and pencil skirt raised her hand, waved it around for attention. "Excuse me? Everybody? It's time to get started."

The people milling about the large meeting room slowly filed in to their seats. No one sat in the front; all the rows were wide in order to accommodate the various pieces of equipment that assisted the TBI survivors. SarahBeth didn't bother to hide the disgust she felt at being in the same room with these people. Lip curled, she hobbled with her walker, much slower than she would have liked, never looking up from the cracked tile until she got to her own chair. For a relatively easy retreat, she selected one on the interior aisle near the back and maneuvered herself into the orange plastic bucket seat.

"All right," the lady in charge was sweating profusely through the faint shadow of a moustache on her upper lip. "It's time to get to know each other. Now, you don't have to say your name if you don't want to. If you aren't comfortable, say 'pass,' okay?" In a businesslike manner, she pushed up the sleeves of her jacket until they were three-quarters length and checked the dial of a thin gold watch. "Just want to get started on time," she looked at the group, eyes wide and reflected in chunky glasses ten years out of date. "Okay. I'm Melody Gates, and I'm a support group facilitator. My son died from a traumatic brain injury six years ago this fall."

"Hi, Melody," some of the more experienced support-groupers chorused. Oh, please, SarahBeth thought, like I need AA. I don't even want to see these people, let alone identify with them. The chair was uncomfortable, and she could feel the stares of the people around the room settle on her like pins in a butterfly's wings.

"Oh." It took a minute to find the words, and her face burned with embarrassment. Would it always take this long? "S- SarahBeth," she forced out at last, and ducked her head to hide the anger. God, she should have just said "Pass," what an idiot. Since her head was down she didn't have to look anyone in the eye, especially that kid in the special wheelchair, the one with a breathing tube. She was definitely not as bad as him. His mom held up a straw for him to drink from. Oh crap, they were still waiting. It felt like time spun thick in the air while she waited it out, but thank goodness Melody stepped in.

"Thank you, SarahBeth," she said with a big smile, "I'm sure I read about you. Everyone, SarahBeth here's the one

who was trapped in a car for seven days. Remember? Up on the mountain there? Well, here you are. Nice to see you, SarahBeth." It was hard to tell if Melody was sincere; her voice had a ring of admiration in it but her eyes were soft with pity.

There was no way she was going to talk to any of these people. The only stuff she could remember before she was trapped in the car was not good, so why talk about that? What was she supposed to say, in a group like this? Hi, I'm SarahBeth; my brain's totally screwed up, nice to meet you? That is, if she could find a way to make the right words come out of her mouth. A few bits of black fingernail polish remained on her fingernails, and she concentrated on chipping them off to tune the group out.

The person to her left was finished speaking at long last. "You are supposed to have sympathy for people less fortunate than you," a phrase her foster mother said like a mantra, floated through her mind. Well, foster mom wasn't stuck here in the loony bin with a bunch of crazies.

"I'm Dr. Catalano. I'm a Brain Trauma Physician here at the hospital. I like to check out the support group when I can." He waved his right hand to the crowd, gave a reassuring smile. "I brought a guest. This is Maggie McLeod. She was a patient of mine many years ago."

The woman sitting next to him sat on the outside of the aisle, her back to the wall, watching the people in the room with a guarded look on her face. Her hair, halfway pulled up, was more brown than red. Fish-belly white skin showed as her sleeve rode up when she, too, raised her hand to wave.

"I'm Maggie." A deep, in through the nose, out through the mouth breath escaped before she went on. "I used to live here too."

It was said with some surprise, whether as to her being here, or as to her being lucky enough to get out, SarahBeth couldn't tell. It was hideous having someone from the outside see her. Who did she think she was, coming in here all... normal? Misery overtook SarahBeth. Drawing her walker to her, she leaned her upper body on its support and felt the peculiar aloneness one can only experience when surrounded by people who ostensibly feel what you feel.



# The Goal

By Katherine Stout

I want to make it perfectly clear that I am not a giddy young thing nor am I a frustrated old maid searching for dreams. I am a happily married woman. And, I am certainly not aware of any lack in my life – until Byron looked at me with deep doe eyes and said, “I want you!”

Like many a suburban housewife, I got involved in United Appeal – how hard it is to say “NO” – and spent weeks organizing other reluctant housewives into a formidable band of collecting angels. Headquarters handled the publicity and decided to try a way-out way to get donations. They hired a young drifter to live in a little trailer hung high above Roosevelt Avenue, to take phone calls from anyone for a donation. He would stay up there until the UA goal was reached.

The local newspaper and TV covered the “Kick Off Ceremony,” showing the little trailer with Byron inside, being hoisted up to its perch. Byron Redgrave – as flamboyant a name as the man himself. And as phony, I thought.

Only a red head, a bushy red beard and an occasional flash of white teeth could be seen from the street, and then, only when he deigned to show it. A telephone had been installed from the trailer to a booth below, and anyone could talk to him, for a donation. Curiosity filled the donations box, and a picture of Byron emerged from those who called him. He was witty, charming, erudite, gay, sad, adventurous, clever, talented, obviously well-educated by school and strife. Half the women in town were making plans.

I wouldn’t have called him at all if I hadn’t been goaded into it by the U.A. committee. My quarter thunked against the other coins in the donation box, and a deep laughing voice answered, saying “Why are you afraid?”

He had seen my obvious hesitation at the phone booth. I blushed. “I’m not afraid, just embarrassed. I’ve never done this sort of thing before.”

“There’s only you and me in the whole blooming world! Isn’t it lovely?”

No wonder every woman in town loved him! Sight unseen, he was charming. I don’t even remember the rest of our conversation, but the sound of his voice nudged a memory, and I found myself reliving an old dream.

I was 18, fresh out of boarding school. I thought I was ready to FACE LIFE – and BOYS – so I went to New York, scared but eager to start LIVING. The indifference of the City whipped at my self-confidence, and I pigeon-holed myself in a “club” for young women.

It was a seedy but fairly clean hotel that catered to young actors, actresses, artists and has-beens. I fit in like a lisle stocking in a nylon hose drawer.

There wasn’t anything wrong with my looks--a cascade of dark hair framing a nice face with a good complexion and myopic blue eyes, a good figure and trim legs, all of

which added up to nothing new. I was timid and shy next to others, mousy and quiet. A small potato in the stew of New York, and I wanted desperately to be SPICY.

Paul discovered me amid the Butterflies of the Muse. I was thrilled by his worldly possessiveness and dazzled by his shimmery picture of what lay ahead for us both.

His dark poetic eyes promised unknown glories, and his lean good looks made it seem possible. Over Cokes and hot dogs, his mellow voice painted pictures of sunny beaches, exotic tropics, mysterious hideaways where we would pursue glorious goals. His thin yellowed fingers traced cobwebs down my spine as he clouded the night with smoke from his Turkish cigarettes. He wrote poetry while waiting tables, impatient, passionate poetry that I never understood. His words were like finger paints whose meaning escapes those seeking definitions, possessive and a little threatening, Paul offered me a whole new world. I was entranced, flattered and ready. His promises fell on my fragile eagerness, and I was his, ready to defend him against all odds. I never had a chance.

One day he was gone, rent unpaid, carrying my hopes and heart with him. I kept my job, and eventually he became a faint regret of what might have been.

I was dating lots of boys when Rob came along. He always appeared, acting like I was his girl, which was very irritating. Eventually, even my boyfriends began thinking I was Rob’s girl, and pretty soon I was, really. The others had tried to sweep me off my feet, but Rob just leaned, and kept leaning until I fell into his arms. Other boys pawed and panted, rushing me into awkward positions with wet kisses. Rob just waited, and after the proper ceremonies, claimed me with tender authority.

Many married years with the same man has its effects. The pulsing excitement recedes into a known quantity, available, enjoyable, but not overpowering. I’m glad our marriage has been more than four feet in a bed, glad because my life expanded, and I was able to explore new dimensions with Rob’s blessings. I knew I would always find my way home because Rob would be waiting.

I called Byron several times, enjoying our conversations about places he had been, people he had met, ideas and thoughts he willingly shared. It was fun and anonymous, and we did seem to have a certain empathy for each other. Names were never spoken, ages never discussed, nor were those things very important. There he hung in his tiny trailer; there I was, firmly planted on the ground, musing aloud about a life I had almost forgotten.

The campaign was a tremendous success. A victory celebration was held in the BALL ROOM, one of our nicer restaurants. Everyone connected with United Appeal was there, including Byron who had been brought down from

his trailer-in-the-sky with a gala ceremony. He had brought in a lot of money and was the star of the party. We all were to meet him, finally, and the women were very excited. I was afraid I would be disappointed after our pleasant conversations and almost didn't come.

He was not as tall as I had imagined him to be, not as aesthetic-looking, with his thick red hair and bushy beard. Stocky, strong, with beautiful teeth and a cheery smile, he roamed through the chattering gaggle of women, shaking hands with both of his, enjoying himself immensely. I stayed away from the crowd, toying with my glass and making small talk with one of the other workers. I couldn't very well refuse to meet Byron, but I just waited until he got around to my side of the room.

He appeared in front of me and asked my name. When I answered, he recognized my voice and took both my hands in his and drew me aside.

"You're the one, luv. I know you so well. I want you, all of you. Please, we've got to make plans. I don't want to lose you, ever."

I looked at this boy – he was still just a boy – and from my distance of years, smiled at him. So young, so vital, so vulnerable. I reached out and touched his bushy cheek.

"Want me? What on earth would you do with me?" He would be the frosting on my cake of life, but I was past the time for rich desserts. I was sated with life's main course, and finally realized it. Good-bye, romance of my youth.

You're just a little late.

*A former nurse, Katherine (Kitty) Stout and her husband Ed have 4 children. They have been married 57 years and live in an over-55 manufactured home park in Eugene. According to Kitty, "It was a shock to realize I was eligible to live here! Inside, I'm nowhere near 83 years old!" Kitty perfected her writing skills by doing a lot of letter writing to family and friends when she was younger and it just progressed into charming short stories from there. Part of her claim to fame involves making TV commercials for 10 years in the 1990s. She cut Lumberjack Bread sandwiches with a chainsaw; praised NordicTrack treadmills and was featured in several other local commercials. In the early 1980s, Kitty and her sister also appeared on the NBC game show, "Blockbusters" with Bill Cullen, where they won \$7,400.*

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## Operation Christmas Child in Ecuador

By Shari Dawn Brown

Do you know what it's like to give a child a gift? Oh, not just any child, but a child who has never had a gift -- ever -- in fact, a child who has had absolutely nothing? I had the opportunity to be one of those handing out gifts to some of those very children and it changed my life forever. Let me tell you about those I volunteer for who make it their life's work to reach needy children.

Since 1993, Samaritan's Purse, an international Christian Relief organization, under the direction of Franklin Graham, has brought the joy of Christmas to over 54 million boys and girls through Operation Christmas Child, the world's largest children's project of its kind. Each year, millions of caring individuals from all over the world fill ordinary shoe boxes with small toys, school supplies, candy and other gifts. Samaritan's Purse collects these gift-filled shoe boxes and delivers them, along with Gospel literature, to children in hospitals, orphanages, refugee camps and impoverished neighborhoods all across the globe.

In 2006, over 7.6 million shoe box gifts were collected to be delivered bringing hope and smiles to that many children. More than 4.6 million were from the United States and over 11,000 from a 7-county area round Eugene, OR.

In February 2005, I was on a plane headed for Ecuador to distribute boxes in 8 villages. My job was to help unload shoe boxes from shipping cartons, stack in age groups, cut tape on shoe boxes and hand them out. Then the Christmas party began. After some local entertainment, we passed out Christian booklets in their own language. Then it was time to open the shoe box gifts. Someone yelled, "Uno...dos...tres..!" The excited children opened their eyes and, for a moment, stared in wonder, then removed one item that caught their eye (usually the stuffed animal), put the lid back on the box, and tried to pass it to the next child who already had a box. Wow! They could not comprehend that the whole box was theirs to keep.

At another distribution that I attended, that attitude was also present when over 30 unexpected kids showed up and we ran out of boxes. You guessed it. When the party was over, the kids with gifts were sharing with those without. From every angle it's about kids helping kids.

The annual collection week is always the full week before Thanksgiving. This year the dates are November 12-19. There is a relay center near you. Type in your zip code on the website <http://www.samaritanspurse.org> and pull up the closest drop-off point for your gift-filled shoe boxes. You may also call 1-800-353-5949, or your area coordinator.

*Shari Brown is the Area Coordinator for the West Lane area. Her phone number is 541-935-9723.*

# A Fire in the Night

By Jennifer Chambers

Irene had been up since before the cold, grey, damp dawn looking for work, that Saturday in March, 1911. So many immigrants had come to New York looking for work that the second-day papers in the front room of the boarding house were full of cartoons ridiculing the German and Irish. Irene had been lucky to have a distant cousin who had come over at the start of the famine to stay with, and old Mrs. Pattering didn't mind another mouth — another paying mouth, that is.

Here she was, then, in the dawn pounding the thin leather from her shoes looking for work. Mary, her cousin, had dressed Irene in her own good coat before she left. Irene made sure she had her sewing-scissors, small and sharp, around her neck on a ribbon. Charlie the grocer, who lived up Washington Street above his shop, said they needed finishers at the Triangle Shirtwaist Company.

The fierce, burgeoning light of day broke through the dim and sparked off the new needles thrust in her lapel. A stable job would help her family over on the canal and who knows, maybe her skill with a needle would get her a leg up in this strange new world.

The door to the factory was smart and bright. A small nameplate announced her whereabouts quietly but with class, and she rapped the gold knocker two sharp taps.

A neatly dressed woman came to the door. "Yes?"

"I hear you were lookin' for finishers, Ma'am. I've come to apply for a job." She tried to keep the Irish out of her voice and speak slow and soft.

"I'm Mrs. Emma, to you, girl. Name?"

"Irene Boyer, Mrs. Emma."

She stood as Mrs. Emma scrutinized every bit of her apparel, and was glad when her lapel was turned back for inspections that she could say that she'd done the hand-stitching on the coat herself.

"Nice stitches. Yours?" Mrs. Emma picked up a stitch with the tip of a pin from her collar. "Even."

"Yes, Ma'am, me mother taught all of us to do fine handwork."

Mrs. Emma considered, hands on hips. "Can you turn sleeves?"

Irene took off her coat, turned the sleeves so the joining could be seen. "I made this for me cousin," she said, eager. "I do all our sleeves, me Mum's too."

"Do you wear spectacles?"

It seemed a strange question. "No, Ma'am."

"We'll give you a try."

Her heart was full when she was taken upstairs to the eighth floor in a shiny metal elevator. It screeched going up and she could see sparks fly through the cracks in the elevator ceiling. It was with relief that the y arrived, and she vowed if she got the job she'd prefer the stairs.

"Here," Mrs. Emma said, and pointed to a sewing machine and table beneath one of the large windows. "Mr. Brown will show you what to do."

With that, Mrs. Emma swept back downstairs. Mr. Brown was

a small, wiry man with a balding head and wire-rimmed spectacles. As her eyes adjusted Irene could see why. The light, strongest in front of the windows, filtered weakly to the rest of the room, and those who weren't lucky enough to be close to the light had only the use of flickering oil lamps. At the end of her room were huge bay doors, open wide and bolted on each side to make a giant doorway, through which was another cavernous room.

"Sit down, girl." Mr. Brown's impatience came through loud and clear.

Irene sat before the lethal looking sewing machine. The room was crowded with people and piles of clothing to be finished, and the ends of string mingled in dark corners. Rows and rows of machines, though, were spit-shined.

"Your test," said Mr. Brown, "will be to see how fast and how well you can set the sleeve of this coat." He took a gentleman's coat off the top of the waist-high pile beside the machine and handed it to her. A sleeve was pinned to the lining, but she still needed to set and pin it in its proper place before she sewed the final seams.

Mr. Brown had sweat stains on his once crisp shirt, she thought as her fingers flew, and his collar buttons were loose. Shifting her gaze to the frockcoat, she carefully placed the sleeve in the machine and began to work. It was slow at first working the treadle but soon the needle moved like quicksilver through the fabric.

"Well. Go on to the next, then." Mr. Brown pushed the top of the pile towards her and she set to working as fast as her fingers could take. One coat went by, then another, than another. A bell reverberated through the factory at the noon hour and she remembered that there had been no money to buy more than bread.

Looking up, she saw that it was all girls around her, some much younger than her own fifteen years. One two rows up had already developed deep lines around her eyes, and she was so small she couldn't have been more than twelve. The other girls' lunches were not much more than hers but most were augmented with a piece of fruit or a fat pickle. Mr. Brown himself left the floor by the rickety elevator until the bell rang again after the half-hour had chimed.

"Get to work, girls," he said with a scowl, and resumed his own work sewing formal garments. The day passed Irene by like a thread under the machine; relentless, predictable.

"Ouch!" she whispered, as she slid her finger under the needle. Looking around furtively, she bound it with a strip of scrap cloth and kept going. As night darkened the sky, she remembered Mary's word to her that morning, before she left for her own factory job.

"Don't be afraid to leave at seven o'clock," Mary said. "They might try to make you stay, but you don't have to." Mary stayed late at her own job because she got paid a salary, which was quite rare. The Triangle, as its nickname went, most often paid by the piece. Girls stayed until their pile was done. It was hard to judge by the light, but she guessed that it was close to four-thirty, the end of the usual work day. The pile dwindled as fast as she could

make it, but she took care to make careful quick stitches, hounded by the remaining garments in the pile.

At last she was done. Hands pressed to her aching back, she was rewarded with the ring of the quitting bell. They couldn't make her stay after all; her work for the day was done. Jubilant, she stood and gathered her coat from the hook.

"Smoke," a distant voice floated in from an upstairs window. "Fire!" At once, the telegraph that was the means of communication between floors sounded, and Mr. Brown rushed to answer.

Mass confusion broke out. The doors beyond were bolted for the end of the day; Mary had told her it was routine for factories to do this to discourage theft. Irene, brisk but not panicky, walked to the elevators and was one of the last ones to get on. The crowded space, meant for ten, held fourteen.

"Goin' up, that's all there is for it." She didn't know the elevator operator's name but his face was hot and anxious. "Tenth floor. They don't have no way out."

All around her, the girls were weeping and screaming; they could smell the smoke and see red flames between the cracks in the elevator. She felt numb, unbelieving. These were all strangers but they must all have friends and families too.

An eternity passed between the two floors. Irene looked down at Mary's best coat its lovely stitches. The pins, thrust back in the lapel, winked in the flame that illuminated the exterior of the elevator.

At the tenth floor, the elevator stopped and turned to the girls. "I'll test it." He cranked it open and laid a palm on the interior door. "Yowza. We can try." He inched it open and the metal buckled.

"Don't waste time. Let's go, let's go," the girls screamed. Irene was surprised that her voice was as loud as any of the others. The mass in the elevator pushed forward, and the operator pushed the lever, but his elbow was jostled. The elevator creaked its portly way up.

The air became hotter and hotter. At the fourteenth floor, the operator wrenched the door open for the last time. It was now so hot that he had to cover his hand with the fabric of his coat before he could touch the lever. "We can't go down," he said. His expression was miserable, face twisted in fear. She could see his nostrils contract and expand with huge breaths of the steamy air and the soot falling through the cracks had settled in his pores.

"What can we do?" She didn't care about being in control anymore. Almost of its own volition, her hand flew to the rosary at her throat and she chanted it, in Gaelic, as she made her way into the inferno.

The other girls in the elevator spread about her like so many rats. In their desperation to get out they rushed, all together, towards the large windows. The workers from this floor were already there.

Irene found herself pushed to the window nearest the building next door, an accounting firm. The screaming was so loud that she could barely make herself think, but she tugged at the windowsill as hard as she could.

At last, the nails in the sill loosened — helped, no doubt, by

the fingernails that were bloody shreds. The inky thick darkness was strangely quiet when she stuck her head and shoulders out for fresh air.

"We can't reach." The operator was next to her again. He pointed a stubby finger at the ladders that firemen were hoisting below, which barely reached the sixth and seventh floors. "We can't go back down."

Irene spread out her hands helplessly. The smoke and heat had gotten to the point where it was difficult to speak. Below, she saw girls break windows and stand on the ledge. Her heart pounded until she thought it would burst from fear.

And then she saw them jump.

Firemen held out nets, screaming instructions; the girls parted the nets on the way to the pavement like they were made out of cheesecloth.

The operator and two men were busy pushing up her window. "Come on," they shouted, "look." The businessmen in the accounting building were yelling from the closest window while they reached out their arms. Irene couldn't hear the sickening "thump," when the bodies hit the pavement, but the sight from above was enough to make her stare into the operator's eyes.

"What can we do?"

He and his companions wasted no more time. They linked arms and got out on the ledge. One by one they became a human chain, and all three of them spanned the space between the buildings like a human bridge.

Irene saw her only chance. She crawled out onto the first man's back, thankful she wasn't too heavy, and inched her way across the next man. It wasn't until she got to the operator that she looked down into the black city night. It looked like hell had cracked open. The glow of the fire lit the battered bodies almost cheerfully and she knew she had to go on.

The operator was the last man in the chain. The only way to get through would be to focus on him, so she loosed her hold enough to grab on and haul herself over him, hand over hand. He smelled of smoke and oil and sweat. A window blew out suddenly from many floors below and she almost slipped.

"No..." the operator said, with effort, and pushed her up with his shoulder. She slid into the window of the opposite building, boneless, and one of the accountants picked her up and set her in the corner. The meager contents of her stomach came back, and she retched until she had nothing inside. Head in her hands, she slept until they carried her out sometime in the night.

*The Triangle Shirtwaist Fire was a tragedy of the modern industrial age. March 25, 1911, at closing time, a fire broke out in what had been billed as a "fireproof" building. 146 factory workers, mostly female, immigrants, and quite young, were unable to get out because the large doors were locked and the fire escapes inadequate. The nationality of "Irene," is a convenience of the author. Most of the factory workers were either Italian or Jewish immigrants. A few made it out through the human chain described above, but sadly the three men perished when the middle man's back broke and they vanished into the inferno. As a result of investigations and witness and victim testimony for five years after the fire, important safety legislation was passed. Partly because of that, and on behalf of many advocates and union workers, it is common for standard safety procedures to be part of the workplace.*

# La Cachora

By Roxanne Sparks

We share our house with several smallish lizards, *las cachoras*, or geckos. I have until now resisted naming them, as has been my habit with animals in our house in the past, even the parade of possums that passed in and out of our lives for months on end during one period in Eugene. These little gecko guys are rubbery and wiggly, ranging in color from nearly transparent when young to dark grayish brown. I estimate that the largest of our housemates of this ilk measures about 6 or 7 inches long including the tail.

We love them. We were so pleased the first night in our little cement block house when we saw a transparent baby on the wall. It was a good omen. Hawai'ians would stay awake partying in a new home until the first gecko was sighted. We felt Hawai'ian. That was in February of 2006. Here we are in August of 2007 and the gecko population inhabiting our home and our outdoor lights has grown tremendously. It makes me happy to know how many bugs they have eaten and kept out of our beds, food, etc. Sure they leave little (and sometimes not so little) poops as reminders of this eating they are doing, but it's a small price to pay for having entertaining bug catchers living with us.

In Hawai'i we even had a gecko in our rental car. It did nothing to the enormous cockroach we also had in our rental car – it was bigger than the gecko. That is also the case here, but the roaches are slow and not hard to send to the great beyond here. We say a chant for their bug souls as they ease into the next realm as we squash them. It did not go unnoticed by me that the last roach I killed looked at me right before I did the deed. It made it feel personal. I guess if I come back as a roach I must be willing to be squashed. I am willing. If you see me as a roach in my next life, please, put me out of my misery and chant for me as you do so.

Some of you may not know that geckos make a sound called a bark. It's really more like a chatter and always makes us chuckle a little when we hear it. I love that geckos have their own language. Sometimes we try and guess what one is saying to the other. "Stay away! That's MY moth!" Or "Come closer, you wiggly, rubbery piece of paradise!"

But, as I was saying, I have resisted naming them. I named the geckos in the cabin we rented on Kauai'i. I named them for all the Marx brothers: Harpo, Zeppo, Groucho, Chico and of course their cousin Carl. It doesn't seem right to just name these Mexican geckos the same names. I am also realizing I may not be able to tell them apart. They are somewhat territorial, so in the house I might be able to remember whose territory is whose. But the outdoor geckos are much less territorial and we have seen as many as seven gathered around our bare light bulb on the side of the house above the window. There are Marx brothers that most people are not aware of, but not nearly enough to take care of all the geckos we have to name. So I guess I'll just leave it up to them. If one approaches me and requests a name I will pull one out of the air, but it just may be Zeppo, the first gecko I ever named.

*La Cucaracha y La Serpiente.* Last evening, after writing about the geckos and their inability to kill *las cucarachas grandes*, the King of the Roaches visited the wall in our humble kitchen. This roach was regal, enormous even. I noted that the kitchen gecko, as well as the other regulars on our ceiling and walls, was laying low, not to be seen, definitely hiding from *la cucaracha muy grande*. My husband Amir asked, "What is that roach doing, just sitting there on the wall?" I answered that it smelled geckos, because it was just in the kitchen gecko's favorite hang out spot, and that it was hunting a juicy gecko for midnight snack. The longer it waited there the more true it seemed. Finally after we had our midnight snack, Amir decided it was time for yet another roach to go to the great hereafter. Arming himself with roach killing devices he did the deed and deposited the remains in the garbage. Within minutes the kitchen gecko was out in his favorite hang out spot barking as fiercely as a gecko can bark. He seemed happy and excited that his human roomie had cleared out the predator that was cutting into his happy hunting time. He barked and chirped for quite a while and then the others came out to hunt as well. We went to bed secure in the knowledge that our little friends were happy and safe for the night. Now you may be wondering, where does *la serpiente* fit into this tale? Well, it doesn't exactly fit in this tale, but it happened the very next morning, so why not write about it here? Our house is a traditional block house with bars on the windows, Mexican metal doors, etc. We needed some shade over the patio along the southeast side of the house and also along the opposite, ocean view side. Amir arranged to have a pergola built that is attached to the side of the building over the patio. That side was finished when I arrived and is a lovely addition. It affords our otherwise rather plain building a touch of rustic charm. This morning the workers came to continue on the ocean side with the *palo d'arco* weaving of sticks anchored to wood pillars and cross beams that creates the shade. On that side it is a short addition known as an eyelash. That does aptly describe the effect. We had to go pick up the sticks to be woven from a man who had some. These can be in short supply, so we were happy to find them at a good price. We went to a friend's house where we could meet the man. It was a pleasant morning to sit in the car on a quiet Mexican street with palms and bougainvilleas creating beauty. It was not long before the man showed up and we raced down the dirt road trying to keep up with him to get to his house. Luckily it was not far and so he did not lose us with his Baja driving style. I'm sure it looked like I could keep up with anyone in our Jeep Cherokee with the mud splashed up the sides like a fan, the result of a not too adventurous drive through the same mud puddle five or six times. Our supplier was supposed to have five bundles of sticks, but claimed that two of them had been stolen while he was in La Paz. (Coincidentally someone else had sold Amir two bundles of sticks...hmmm.) Anyway, he and Amir loaded the remaining sticks in the back of the Jeep and we began the drive back down the road we had sped over before. Just as we passed a small store

with a palapa (traditional roof of woven palm fronds) that hangs close to the road. Amir started yelling and waving his arms and kind of jumping around in the passenger seat. I have seen this reaction before when a stinging insect is in the car. I assumed a scorpion had dropped from the palapa into the car, or a wasp had flown in. Amir said rather breathlessly, "Snake!" when I asked him what was the matter. I was totally puzzled. Had a snake flung itself from a palapa into the Jeep? If so, my concept of reality was certainly taking a left turn here. I pulled over as soon as I could and we took a quick look, not finding the snake. Amir explained that it had slithered over the seat onto his shoulder, most likely from the sticks. We drove home laughing and making up stories about what the snake who lived in the sticks was thinking when its world got turned upside down and put in the back of a Jeep. We planned to leave the back doors of the Jeep open on our return, so the snake could find a new home in our neighborhood. As it turned out that was not necessary. The serpent had crawled back into the sticks after its close call with the human in the front seat and when the workers here began to un-bundle the sticks, the snake took the opportunity to make its way into the lot next door. The workers said it is a mouse snake ... always a good addition to any neighborhood. Okay, we have geckos and snakes ... next a dog.

**Los Murcielagos or The Bats.** As it turns out a dog is not the next animal in our lives. As we sat watching the sunset last night we talked of the number of bats we see in the evenings swooping at sunset devouring multitudes of mosquitoes, bobos and noseums. "Go bats!" we encourage them in the same manner we encourage our gecko friends. We came to the realization that the bats rounded out this thread of thought very well. We have geckos taking care of the immediate house. Snakes in the lot next door (because there are many more than just the hapless passenger we brought there with our sticks) that will help keep down the mouse population, along with the cats that keep down the mouse AND snake population. So with bats rounding out this musing, I hope we do not have to have an up close and personal sort of interaction with one to keep the writing gods appeased. I will also note that we see vultures circling overhead, playing in the updrafts and sniffing for the next clean up job they have to do. I'm glad they seem to live in other neighborhoods more than here. But I also have to say "Go vultures!" Without them it would be a much stinkier world!

By the way, I have named the kitchen gecko, Herald.

*Roxanne Sparks and her husband Amir lived in Eugene for almost three decades and are now "new expatriates to rural Mexico," according to her brother-in-law, Earl Hain.*

*"Roxy and Amir wanted to retire and were unable to do so comfortably at local prices, so they packed a major portion of their worldly goods and moved themselves to Todos Santos, Baja California Sur, Mexico to begin life anew --a gutsy thing to do for people nearing sixty years of age.*

*"Roxanne is a multi-talented person, a free spirit who belongs in the sixties, but thankfully is available to us now. She writes super stories, paints and makes fairies. They return to the local area periodically to attend the Country Fair and to visit their new granddaughter.*

## Buzzard Duck

by Pat Edwards

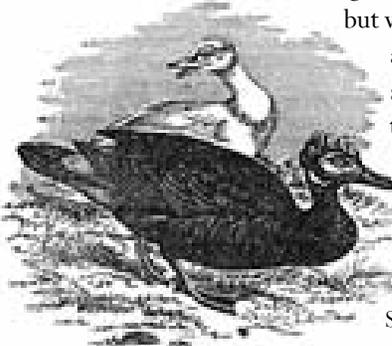
Buzzard Duck "B.D." was a member of that large mute breed of black and white duck that looks like it has a hamburger patty wrapped around its face... the Muscovy. He came to live on our farm many years ago when someone gave him to us (that's one of the "perks" of living on a farm... you get all of the animals that your friends and acquaintances no longer want!). Buzzard Duck had the run of the barnyard along with an assortment of chickens and a pair of turkeys. Because he didn't have a mate, he had to use his imagination. He took a shine to his own image that reflected from a piece of shiny aluminum that patched a large hole on the bottom of the barn door. B.D. stood before his reflection for hours on end, whispering sweet nothings to it in duck-fashion, and caressing it's smooth surface with his head and beak. He was so enamored with his own image that we didn't think that any of us existed in his mind. But, apparently, he did feel he owed my husband, Jim, a debt of gratitude for feeding him each day.

One day, B.D. was in rapt discussion with his reflection, as usual, while my husband Jim was hammering away on a piece of equipment in the barnyard. Jim was completely oblivious to the fact that our huge Tom Turkey was nearby. Tom, who had long before instilled terror in the hearts of our 4 children (especially our youngest, Kelly) by chasing them across the barnyard whenever they ventured near, began to circle Jim, preparing for a full charge. Then, with wings spread and neck extended, the turkey sped (as fast as a 50 lb. hunk of white meat can speed) straight towards Jim. Jim was at first unaware that he was a target, but when he heard the rustle of feathers, he looked up to see a black and white duck streaking past him. When he turned around to see where Buzzard Duck was going in such a hurry, he saw what looked like a potential game of "Chicken" between a turkey and a duck. It was the turkey that put on his brakes and made a retreat for the far reaches of the barn lot with a very mad Buzzard Duck in fast pursuit. When B.D. figured that Jim was once again out of harm's way, he calmly returned to courting his aluminum mate.

It was not too long afterwards that we found someone who had a female Muscovy who was looking for a mate. It was to be Buzzard's reward for saving the dignity of his benefactor. And a few months' later, it was Thanksgiving. (No, we didn't eat Tom,

but we did find him and his mate a new home.) Kelly and her sisters and brother were able to cross the barnyard... unarmed... once again, and they all lived happily ever after.

(From "Pat's Ramblings;" From Sawdust & Cider to Wine; 2006)



# Coyote Ridge Dressage: A Link With the Past

By Pat Edwards

Lorane's newest arena, Coyote Ridge Dressage, is its best-kept secret. Built over a 4-year period and completed in 2006 by Greg and Tracey Weiss, it brings to the area Old World traditions and the elegance of European royalty. It is a new facility, but its roots go back 425 years in history to the very beginnings of the Spanish Riding School in Vienna, Austria – the home of the Lipizzaner horse and a very special classical dressage riding and training technique perfected by masters over the centuries. It links Lorane's history to the 1936 Olympics in Germany where Alois Podhajsky, Director of the Spanish Riding School, won a Bronze Medal in Individual Dressage on his horse, Nero. General Patton enters that history when his troops rescued the great Lipizzaner stallions from capture by Hitler as depicted in Walt Disney's 1963 movie, *Miracle of the White Stallions*. He rescued the mares, too, which were scheduled for slaughter to feed the troops in Poland. Podhajsky, Patton, and Tracey Weiss are all linked together by a single person, Tracey's mentor and trainer, Karl Mikolka. In a short biography that Mikolka has published on his website, <http://www.karlmikolka.com/>, he tells of his beginnings.

"I, Karl Mikolka was born in Floridsdorf, a suburb of Vienna, Austria in 1935. My mother informs me that as young as my stroller days I exhibited an insatiable curiosity about horses, a curiosity that later became the driving force behind my entering the Spanish Riding School after graduating from the Humanistische Gymnasium in 1955. Dashing my mother's hopes of ever becoming a concert pianist or something useful like a banker, I remained with the Riding School for 14 years, moving through the ranks of élève, Bereiteranwärter, Bereiter and Oberbereiter or Chief Rider before accepting an appealing offer from Brazil to establish a nucleus of Dressage in Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo.

"In 1972, following my four-year assignment in Brazil,



Tracey Weiss on Contessa at Coyote Ridge Dressage

my good friend Richard Ulrich made possible the realization of my boyhood dream of coming to America by inviting me to join him at Friars Gate Farm in Pembroke, Massachusetts. The United States has been my home since then and I have devoted the past thirty years to the preservation of Classical Horsemanship in word and deed through training, teaching, judging, coaching and publishing. I now live in Gloucester, Massachusetts, with my lovely wife Lynn and three very charming and spoiled cats."

Karl studied under the great master Cerha, who Podhajsky also had some earlier instruction from, learning the intricate and precise techniques used in classical dressage. On his summer holidays and other rare free times from the Academy, he sought out past masters who had retired but were still living in Europe. He spent whatever time he could with these past masters, learning as much from their lines of expertise as he could. Each master had his own specialty in the training process and by learning what he could from each of them, Karl has become perhaps one of the greatest repositories for Classical Dressage ever produced by the Spanish Riding School. Over the past 12 years, he has been passing that knowledge to his protégé, Tracey Weiss, of Lorane, Oregon.

Tracey was like many young girls growing up in Eugene. She was a city girl, but had a deep love for horses. Her parents bought her first horse, a Quarter Horse named Kemo, in 1971 when Tracey was just entering high school. They boarded Kemo at a local stables and Tracey began riding him in gaming events. She eventually began riding English and competing in hunter/jumper classes with her Holsteiner gelding, Blitzkrieg. Soon, she took up dressage. Her riding abilities and her love for horses steadily progressed until she met Karl at a Salem Dressage Clinic in 1996. They developed a friendship and a mutual respect and admiration. She recognized Karl as a great master who could expand her knowledge of classical dressage beyond anything she had yet experienced. He saw in her the potential to pass on the knowledge handed down to him.

In 1992, Tracey and her husband Greg bought a home and 35 acres of property north of Lorane from Randy Joseph.

Greg, an accomplished skier and a former owner of Wasatch Powderbird Guides helicopter ski guide service in Snowbird, Utah and the Springfield Rock Quarry in Springfield, Oregon, decided that it was time to devote his energies to helping Tracey with her calling. As Tracey's interest and commitment to the study of classical dressage became a total mission, the need for a proper facility became apparent.

Reminiscent of the 1989 movie, *Field of Dreams*, and its catch-phrase of "Build it and they will come," Tracey and Greg built their dream. In *Field of Dreams*, Kevin Costner's character followed his seemingly unrealistic dream to build a special baseball diamond in the middle of his cornfield in order to attract the great baseball legends of the past. Tracey

and Greg's dream is bringing the past to Lorane. With advice from Karl, they designed and built an arena to perfectly aid in the training of the dressage horse. Construction of the true timber all-wood frame building began in 2002. At first, they were told that a building that size could not be built with wooden trusses and without nails, brackets or bolts. Engineers carefully studied the plans, however, and were surprised to find that it could, indeed, be built that way. Local resident, Greg Morrow was commissioned to build the framework using large wooden dowels and wooden shims to connect the massive beams and structure. Jeff Faville is another craftsman with local roots who took part in the creation of the building. He created all of the intricately patterned brickwork used throughout the building. Two former Lorane residents, Randy Joseph and John Jones, provided custom woodworking. Lorane resident, Parry Kalkowski used his talents in specialized metalwork to design the huge metal hinges that support the 1,000-1,100 pound doors leading into the arena proper. The exterior doors are also supported by metal tension rods designed to look like linking snaffle bits. He crafted horse head artwork for the front doors and incorporated several tulips into the design. The tulip has become the Weiss' logo. A Lipizzan horse is lovingly known as a "Lip." The Weiss' have imported two very special Lipizzan stallions from Austria to form the nucleus of their business... thus was born the secondary name for their farm, "2Lip Stud." The whole building is immaculate and furnished like a warm European mansion with soothing classical music piped into every area. Downstairs, there are beautiful clean stalls for the horses, a grooming area, a wash area, a beautifully designed brick water closet used to hang freshly laundered horse sheets until they are dry, a large area for feed and equipment storage, a kitchen, bathroom and shower. Upstairs is the viewing area overlooking the arena. It has a row of vintage cushioned theater seats, each outfitted with an electric blanket for cold weather. The upstairs also houses a bar, an outside patio overlooking the outdoor arena and Tracey's office. There are windows on all sides. From Tracey's office, she is able to observe the horse stalls, the indoor and outdoor arenas and the pastures sur-



Karl Mikolka at Coyote Ridge

rounding the building. The footing in the arena is as it was when Karl was at the Spanish Riding School, a combination of sand and cedar shavings. The dimensions are 20 x 40 meters in size as is the School's. The walls are 12 feet in height to protect the horse and rider from exposed beams and to prevent a frightened horse from trying to jump or crawl over it. It also serves as a barrier so the horse and rider can work without outside distractions. Every 10 meters along the walls are symbols that are used to determine the precise distances and details used in the classical dressage training and conditioning techniques. Longeing (exercising in a circle at the end of a long lead-line) and conditioning are major parts of the training process to keep muscles supple and the horses free from injury when performing the intricate moves that are done by the more advanced horses. The outdoor arena is Olympic size (20 x 60 meters) and is marked with the dressage letters you see in the competition arenas. In good weather, the horses are worked in the special blend of concrete sand and shredded rubber. Both arenas are kept harrowed and during the dry season, the outdoor arena is watered daily to give the horses the maximum foundation for their footing.

Lipizzan stallions born in Austria all have a special brand of identification that is centuries old. These brands identify their lineage. An "L" on their left cheek shows that they were born in Austria, and signifies the original stud of Lipizza. A letter designation on their left wither identifies which of the 6 stallion lines their sire descended from and another mark below it tells of the maternal line. A number on their right side shows their birth number for that particular year. All Austrian Lipizzan stallions are given two names. The first is the stallion line they descend from. The second is the dam or mother's name which, in Austria, must end in the letter "a" and be a feminine name. They are called by their mother's names. The stallions and mares that Tracey and Greg brought to the United States are some of the finest on this side of the Atlantic. Maestoso Contessa 58 is a pure white stallion who is starting the highest level of training, called the *Airs Above the Ground*. This level incorporates amazing moves originally designed for use by the ancient warhorses and can only be achieved by extensive training and conditioning. From his name, it can be



Karl Mikolka working with Tracey Weiss and Contessa at one of his clinics conducted at Coyote Ridge Dressage

determined that Contessa is from the Maestoso stallion line, his mother's name is Contessa, and he was number 58 in the order of birth. Tracey's second stallion, Pluto Tücsök 44, is out of a Hungarian-born Lipizzan mare, Tücsök, whose name doesn't end in the traditional "a" because Hungary does not have the same rules. He bears the less common dark color that will never turn white. All Lipizzans are born dark but most begin to turn grey shortly after they are born. The breed once was represented by almost all colors found in other breeds – chestnut, bay, black, even pinto – but the greys or whites were favored by the royalty and the practice of breeding only white stallions to white mares has been strictly followed for centuries. Genetics, however, dictates that occasionally a dark-colored horse that stays dark will be born. These were once frowned upon, but are now likely to become more and more in demand as breeding stock to get a dark gene back into the breed. Studies have found that melanomas occur much more frequently in light colored pigments in horses.

In the past year, the Weiss' have been harvesting semen from Contessa and Tücsök to be used for artificial insemination. The frozen semen is shipped all over the United States.

The Weiss' also have imported from Austria two young Lip mares, Riga and Granada, who have just begun dressage training. Riga is grey/white and Granada is a bay who will remain dark. If Granada is bred to Tücsök, the foal will definitely remain dark. If Riga is bred to the bay stallion, her foal will be a surprise package, depending on the genes that she carries. Tracey and Greg also own other dressage horses and are training horses for other people, including two Lipizzans.

Tracey rides and works with each horse for about an hour a day 5 days a week. She is at the barn 7 days a week, 12 hours a day and studies for 2-3 hours a day. Karl Mikolka flies in from his home in Boston 5 to 6 times a year to work with her and to conduct clinics. He stays in a specially-furnished guest room on the farm during his visits. In addition to the clinics, Tracey and Greg host benefits and fundraisers for such recipients as Oregon State University School of Veterinary and other horse-related projects.

Tracey's dream is materializing. She's learning a lifetime of skills and knowledge that few other individuals have been able to attain or grasp from a master who has achieved them from his own intense study and practice. In Tracey's own words, "My Karma is to pass this on to at least one other person in my lifetime." She is that one person in Karl's lifetime. It will be interesting to see who the next in succession will be.

*This article was taken from From Sawdust and Cider to Wine (2006) by Pat Edwards. For more information about Coyote Ridge Dressage and the schedule for the Karl Mikolka dressage clinics held there six times a year, check out Tracey and Greg's website at <http://www.coyoteridgedressage.net>. Karl Mikolka also publishes a semi-monthly newsletter called "Inspiration." Subscriptions may be ordered on his website at <http://www.karlmikolka.com/Newsletters.php>.*

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## Bakin' for Jesus

Who baked the bread for the Last Supper?  
Nobody talks about that, do they?  
Only the women served without doubt;  
While the apostles were lost in thought  
Marys bathed His feet and cooked for Him  
With love straight from their hearts through their hands  
They knew the angel's voice when he spoke  
Because they understood about love  
They served willingly and joyfully  
Despite deep grief and physical pain  
They remained with Him beyond the end  
Because they knew love when they saw Him  
He needn't preach as they had listened  
Like Him, they weren't seen or heard by men  
Yet they loved men anyway and served,  
Simply placed the bread on the table  
From their hearts for Him to break open  
For those who thought so seriously  
Who came back around to doubt themselves  
Who suffered for their own ignorance  
When Truth was with them all along.

By Judy Hays-Eberts

# Marek's Stable

By Pat Broome

Dvora had been awake since before dawn. She lay very still and stared at the ceiling, thinking about her parents. She did not want to disturb Kasia who was snoring gently next to her. "Poor Kasia," Dvora thought, "She works so hard."

She quietly slipped out of bed and went over to the window. There was a faint breeze blowing bringing some relief from the summer heat. The sky was getting slowly lighter and she placed her elbows on the windowsill and thought about yesterday.

She had planned to meet her mother Miriam at the Weekly Market in the morning, but there was no market. This was because the Germans were getting closer and no one was able to get inside the city from the countryside. Instead they had met at a Catholic church nearby. Dvora smiled slightly at the thought. Who would think of looking for two Jews inside a Catholic church?

Miriam had looked very pale and tired. There were dark circles under her beautiful blue eyes from lack of sleep. They both knew that the Germans were getting closer and would be in the city at any time. Dvora took out the rosary that Kasia had given her, knelt down in a back corner pew, and pretended to pray. Her mother knelt down quietly next to her and bowed her head over her folded hands.

"Your father sends his love to you and Kasia," she whispered. He also wants you to give this to Marek and thank him for all that he's done." She put a small object in Dvora's hand. It was a brass button from an army uniform embossed with a Polish eagle. Dvora drew in her breath sharply and looked up at her mother in alarm. Her father had worn it on his watch chain and had never taken it off except once. It came from his uniform that he had worn as a soldier in the Polish Legion's First Brigade during the last war.

Miriam could see the tears well up in Dvora's hazel-brown eyes and squeezed her shoulder hard. "Not here!" she hissed. Then in a more gentle tone she continued. We knew that this day would come. The Germans could be here tomorrow and it will become very dangerous for us. We may not even survive." These last words finally brought into the open a long-suppressed fear. Dvora drew in her breath again in a slight sob. The sadness in her eyes almost broke Miriam's heart, but she raised her bowed head and held it erect. "Come!" she said, as she stood up and held out her hand. "We must leave. Kasia will become worried and come looking for you." Both of them smiled ruefully at that image.

They walked arm in arm toward the church door, whispering quietly, when the door flew open. The woman who came bustling inside stopped briefly at the holy water foun-

tain, dipped her fingers in, and made a very sketchy sign of the cross. "Frانيا!" "There you are. By Our Lady, you frightened me to death! The Germans are practically here and God knows what will happen to all of us then." It took Dvora a few seconds to respond to her new name. She had used it for the past six months, but it still sounded strange to her ears. Six months can be an eternity when you are only thirteen. Kasia was walking toward them rapidly, her green print kerchief slipping further down her red-gold hair until her head was completely uncovered.

She took Dvora's other arm in her own and propelled them all rapidly out the open door and down the steps. "Pani Miriam," she said as she bowed her head quickly to Dvora's mother, "We must go quickly because it is too dangerous to stay here. Walk with us to the corner." They spoke as they walked at a slightly slower pace to the corner of the street where they would have to part ways. Kasia told them what she had heard about the German advance, which was not much and almost entirely based on rumor.

When they got to the corner, Miriam kissed Dvora on both cheeks, took a chain from around her neck with a small key attached and placed it over her daughter's neck. Then she gave Dvora a quick, fierce hug. Then she placed her hand on Dvora's head and straightened a loose tendril of chestnut hair. She looked at her as if she were trying to memorize every feature and repeated a whispered blessing in Hebrew. Then she turned to Kasia and hugged her also. "May the Lord of the Universe bless you and protect you for what you are doing," she said quietly. "Take care of her for us. She must survive." Kasia hugged her back as the tears began to well up in her cat-green eyes. She spoke in a quiet and even voice "I swear by Our Lady that I will not let anything happen to her. I owe you and Pan Josef my life and she is like my very own sister. You are Jews but you are still human beings. Marek and I will take good care of her. He may be old, but he's a tough old goat. But not as tough as me!" she said with a laugh. Miriam smiled at that, kissed them both quickly, and turned to walk the other way. The two girls continued until they reached Marek's stable and they went around the back and inside and then up the stairs to the small apartment above.

When they got upstairs, Kasia grabbed two aprons and gave one of them to Dvora. She then thrust a broom into her hands and pointed at the floor. "Don't forget the stairs," she said. They spent the rest of the day cleaning the small apartment. Kasia then went into the kitchen and began preparing what little food they had for the evening meal. If there was anyone who could make something out of nothing it was Kasia.

Not long afterwards, the girls heard a clumping sound

on the stairs. As it drew closer, Kasia called out “I don’t want your filthy boots on my nice clean kitchen floor. Take them off you dirty old goat!” A voice from outside the door grumbled, “Dirty old goat am I? That’s gratitude for taking in you two useless wenches! I haven’t had a day’s peace since you both turned up on my doorstep!” The grumbling continued followed by a plop and then another one as both boots were removed. The door opened and a hand came inside and placed them on the mat that was there just for that purpose. Kasia and Dvora both smiled knowing that once more Kasia had prevailed. The hand was then followed by a broad-shouldered man of medium height and somewhat indeterminate years. He had short-cropped grizzled brown hair and a matching moustache. His bushy gray eyebrows frowned over his large nose and the sullen expression on his face was belied by the twinkle of humor in his deep-set blue-gray eyes. The old wooden pipe in his mouth was carved in the shape of a Gnome’s head. “It a sad state of affairs when a man can’t come home to a quiet house or get any tobacco for a good smoke. Damned Russians stole everything they could get their hands on! How’s a man supposed to be able to think without a good pipe full to help him out?” he complained.

Kasia turned around and placed both hands on her hips said, “Oh stop complaining Marek! The last I heard tobacco is not edible.” Then she and Dvora set the table and they all sat down to eat a watery cabbage soup with a few small potatoes in it. The bread was sliced very thin and there was just a wisp of butter on it. Both girls cleaned up afterwards and then went to bed. It was still light out, but summer days are long and they were both exhausted.

Dvora remembered all of that as she looked out the window. She noticed that the sky was getting lighter and she turned to wake Kasia. Then she heard a faint rumbling noise. At first she thought it was a threatening storm but the sky was clear. The noise was gradually getting louder when she realized with horror what it was. It was a storm all right, a deadly one. “Kasia, wake up! Wake up! They’re here! She said in a panicked voice as she shook Kasia’s shoulder violently and almost tumbled her out of the bed. ‘Who’s here?’” Kasia grumbled sleepily and rubbed her eyes. “The Germans you idiot!” Dvora told her. Kasia bounded out of bed and both girls got undressed and threw some clothes on in record time. They quickly washed and then each girl unbraided, combed and re-braided the other’s hair .

Marek was already in the kitchen. “I’m going downstairs to keep the horses calm. “I don’t expect Janek or Lolek to be in today. In fact I don’t know when they will come back if ever,” he said, referring to the two stable hands/drivers for his droshkies (*Author’s note:* horse-drawn cabs).

As Marek opened the door to go down the stairs, he turned around and said warningly “You girls stay inside! Soldiers are soldiers and you’ll get yourself in all kinds of

trouble if they see you. Especially this lot!” He then spit over the side of the stairs onto the stable floor below. Marek didn’t like Germans any more than he did Russians, maybe a little less, because they interned him in the last war. The horses were starting to whinny and pace nervously in their stalls. “Be patient, my children! I’m coming!” Marek said as he ran down the stairs. Soon the girls could hear him speaking and singing softly to calm the frightened animals. It worked because soon they were quiet.

The horses were the only things that were quiet. It was getting louder outside. The rumbling of vehicles was followed by the sound of marching feet and some cheering. The local people detested the Russians and some looked upon the Germans as their liberators. Then the girls saw them coming down the street. Gray trucks and gray men in a seemingly endless tide. Dvora saw them stop and the men got out of the trucks. She knew instinctively where they were going. She grabbed Kasia’s hand in a vise-like grip and did not let go.

The men began to march toward the Jewish Quarter and the next thing that the girls heard was the sounds of yelling and the breaking down of doors Dvora and Kasia stared out the window in disbelief. It was not long before they saw the first group of people being herded down their street. The German soldiers were yelling at them and beating them with their rifle butts to make them move faster. “Where are they going?” Kasia asked. “To the Old Synagogue” Dvora answered. The Old Synagogue was not far away and it was built entirely of wood. Dvora remembered her father telling her it was the largest wooden synagogue in existence.

No sooner had she thought about that then she looked out the window and saw them. Her parents were there coming down the street. Her mother was wearing her best summer dress; the blue one that made her eyes look like sapphires. A matching hat was on her head. Her father was dressed in his best summer suit of light gray and he was wearing his tallis (*Author’s note:* Jewish prayer shawl) underneath his jacket. Dvora was shocked at how thin her father was. His once dark hair was now almost completely gray. As if they knew she was looking at them, they both turned and looked up at the window where both girls were.

Josef and Miriam were holding each other’s hand and there was such an expression of serenity on their faces. “They know! They know! They are going to die!” Dvora thought in horror. “But they are not afraid! She could see their lips moving and she began to whisper under her breath what they were saying “*Shema Yisroe!! Adonoi elohenu! Adonoi ehod!*”

She kept repeating it as she saw them move out of her sight. Kasia turned to her and asked her frantically, “What are you saying? If anyone hears you we could all get in trouble!” Dvora turned to her and said “It is a prayer that we say when we are close to death. *Hear O Israel! The Lord is Our God! The Lord is One!*” Kasia looked at her

horrified.

Not long afterwards they could hear the crackling of flames. It was followed by the thump of grenades being tossed into buildings and more flames erupting. Soon there was black smoke pouring from the square where the Great Synagogue was. Marek ran up the stairs swearing like the ex-soldier he was. Both girls learned words that they did not even know existed. "Those animals! Do you know what they did? They shoved eight hundred people into that place; men women and children. Then they locked them inside and set the place on fire. Now they're shooting people in the streets and throwing grenades in their houses! Barbarians! They say that we Poles are uncivilized! You call this civilized?" With that he ran back down the stairs to make sure that the fire did not reach the stable and that his horses were all right.

The girls stared out the window in horror. They could not turn away. They had to keep watching. Then Dvora slowly collapsed to the floor with her shoulders shaking in sobs as if the enormity of what she had just seen finally sunk in. Kasia knelt beside her and took her in her arms and rocked her back and forth like she was a small child. Finally Dvora's sobs ceased and an eerie quiet took over and her eyes had a blank look about them.

Marek returned later covered with smoke from helping to keep the fires from spreading to the rest of the city. For once Kasia did not complain about him dirtying up her clean kitchen. He told them that three thousand Jews had been killed that day. The Great Synagogue of Bialystock was in ashes. It was Friday, June 27, 1941. Dvora did not speak another word to another person until May 8, 1945. That was the day that the Germans finally surrendered. She spoke only to the horses. She told them everything so that she would not forget anything.

## Rage

Creeping into thoughts  
Through dreams and reveries  
As the crimson red ribbon twines itself  
Around veins...arteries  
Playing pin-ball  
With all other emotions  
Knocking any sentiment of calmness  
To its death.

And yet, the ribbon twists and turns  
Refusing to allow an escape into a reality  
Other than its own illusion.

And the game continues.

By Vallee Rose

## Building a Marriage

A foundation built on mutual respect  
A stable for beasts of jealousy to be put to rest  
Similar goals, values and desires  
An interactive support system that inspires

A joining of bodies, hearts, souls and minds  
Where each works to make them all entwine  
Patience and awareness of each other's differences  
Compromising and respecting a soul mate's preferences

Forgiveness for past misdeeds and transgressions  
Is a vital ingredient to diminish obsessions  
Building a marriage is not simple to do  
To make it stable, both must truly want to

By Pat Edwards



Jen Chambers and *Groundwaters* at the Coal Creek Coffee shop in Laramie, Wyoming. The sign on the door says, "Home to Malcontents, Revolutionaries and Do-Gooders of all types."



Jen, Quinn and Riley Chambers in Dyersville, Iowa, at the "Field of Dreams" movie site.

# Career Day

By Estelle Sweet

I was outside sitting on a large electrical box. It was a mild spring day, neither hot or cold – the confusing weather where you don't know if you should wear a jacket or not. School was out for the day and I was waiting for my mother to come pick me up.

Today had been Career Day. I had been looking forward to it a little bit. The gym was full of booths representing a bunch of different careers.

My dad always said I was a “little animal lover” and told people I was going to be a veterinarian. I found this condescending and annoying. I had become a vegetarian when quite young and I was concerned with animal rights issues, but I didn't see it so much as being in love with animals as just a basic sense of compassion for all beings, regardless of species. But still... I guess I kind of did like animals and had considered the veterinary option somewhat. So I had a fair amount of interest in visiting the veterinary booth.

I had been standing in front of a small group of students at the veterinary booth. I was surprised by the reaction of the man running the booth – he acted annoyed by my presence, so I let myself slip into the background. He struck up an enthusiastic conversation with Jody and seemed really impressed with her. I could understand why he liked her. She was a little bit wild, spirited. She loved horses and would sometimes skip school to stay home and ride her horse. I could see why he was impressed with her, but I felt a bit envious – I thought it would be nice if someone, especially an adult, would talk to me like that.

I visited the other booths and repeatedly was surprised by the reactions of those running the booths. They would strike up enthusiastic conversations with the other students, but either ignore me or sometimes seem annoyed that I was getting in the way – blocking the way of the more promising students, the ones with potential. The only exception was Mr. Walcott of Walcott's Studio at the photography booth. Not only did he speak to me but he was actually quite friendly and welcoming.

I sat outside, reflecting on the day. It certainly hadn't gone as anticipated. I didn't understand. How did they know? How could they tell? If they had been school teachers or faculty – people who knew me, I could understand. But they didn't know me, so how did they know? How did they know I was different? I didn't think I looked different than others. I was never much into the latest styles, but I didn't think I was dressed dorky either. I didn't have acne. I was clean. I wasn't fat.

My dark blue dress hung loosely on my thin body. I was never much of a dress person, but I was attending a Christian high school where girls were required to wear dresses. If we were supposed to ladylike, it didn't work. A lot of the time, many of us just ended up wearing dresses or skirts

with socks and tennis shoes.

My empty stomach felt good. I liked the feel of an empty stomach, it felt healthy and clean.

My body felt good. The muscles throughout my body felt pleasantly sore. I loved the feel of sore muscles...it made me feel sort of alive and vital. Sore muscles were like a reward for a good workout.

I had started taking karate classes a while back. In class they told us we should stretch every day. So I did stretching every day, as well as jogging and push-ups and sit-ups. After a while I started making up my own stretches and exercises.

I went from being able to do fewer than ten push-ups to fifty push-ups – and, no, I don't mean “girls' push-ups” or as I referred to them, “wimp push-ups.” I saw no reason why any female of average health couldn't do regular push-ups.

I went from being not very flexible to being able to do both side splits and Chinese splits.

I could run about a ten-minute mile, which isn't that good, but not bad. I was definitely more of a distance person than a speed person. I never measured how far I ran, but I kept adding to it.

Whenever we would do something I found difficult in class, I would incorporate that into my routine until I got good at it. One example is a breathing exercise we did in class one day – breathing deep and slow – continuing to inhale when I was dying to exhale. I got quite good at it. I could make one breath last a long time.

Also, often in class we would have to stay in the horse stance for a long time. After a little while of that, everyone's thighs would be burning. So I started practicing that on my own. My own workouts were painful, but classes became show off time. Others would start coming up after awhile, but I kept a nice, deep stance the whole time.

I had been a little on the chubby side; but once I started doing all that, the weight just melted off. My body changed dramatically and I liked it. I liked to stand in front of the mirror and flex. I could even see the definition in the muscles of my neck and shoulders.

I had worked very hard. At times I enjoyed it and at times I hated it. I was extremely disciplined and I had been nicely rewarded. From time to time I would try applying that same type of discipline to my classes in school; but it never seemed to make any difference, so I always gave it up before long. I loved my body – my beautiful, strong, flexible, healthy, cooperative body.

The spring air was full of the scents of grass and dirt and flowers. I took a deep breath of the moist air and held it in my lungs. The air in my lungs, my empty stomach, my sore muscles – all the cells of my body tingled with life.

I felt good.

# A Moment of Valor – Del Baker

By Sonny Hays-Eberts

When I first contacted Del Baker to ask if he would mind being interviewed for *Groundwaters*, his response, like that of many vets I contact, was ‘I didn’t do anything valorous.’

Del was born in 1916. Prior to the war, in the late 1930s, he studied at Fullerton (California) Junior College during the day, and with three of his buddies, drove up to Inglewood and worked building P-38 trainer airplanes for the Army Air Corps. Del worked with sheet metal at the time and worked a ten-hour shift at night, after going to school all day. In addition to the grueling hours, Del also mentioned other hazards, as the time the four of them woke up to the vehicle leaving the road! Del played as hard as he worked at the time, as he also recalled the work gang spending Friday mornings bowling after work and beach parties, such as those where he met his eventual wife. As he remarked, and I can confirm, it’s a lot easier to do this sort of stuff when you are younger!

Toward the latter part of the war, Del was drafted, and after basic training, was assigned to the Military Police.

For those unfamiliar with some of the history of the time, the US was involved in not only fighting the enemy, but also helping its Allies on a material level. The Soviet Union and Great Britain were battered and exhausted after 5 years of constant warfare and destruction. The US response was the Lend-Lease program, which shipped many tons of goods to our Allies. The southern Lend-Lease route ran through Kuwait, Iraq and Iran (all British protectorates at the time) into the southern Soviet Union.

Del’s service map showed the truck convoy route from Kuwait up to Kazvin and he talked about his detail, which was guarding the railroad, also shown on his service map. In WWI, the Germans installed a narrow gauge railway, and in WWII, the US and British converted it to standard gauge. It ran from Kuwait to Teheran, some 587 miles. There were repair and assembly stations along the route, and Qum, Iran, was the site of both an American and British railway depot.

It was here, to the 727<sup>th</sup> Military Police Battalion where Del was initially assigned. He talked about the long trip to the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal and Red Sea and eventually to Khorramshahr, Kuwait. He talked about leaving the troop carrier at night and taking a large truck with perhaps ten other fellows through Kuwait, Iraq and Iran, up to Qum. It was rugged country, involving trips through passes of over 10,000 feet.

Del was responsible for guarding the depot, and his story of being given a machine gun and only three bullets for nightly sentry duty had me laughing, though only because he

came through it all safely.

It was only a short time before Germany surrendered, and as Del remarked, ‘When they dropped that bomb on Japan, it changed the world.’ (Did I mention Del has a penchant for understatement?) It was shortly afterwards he was assigned to The 55<sup>th</sup> Military Police in Italy. Del had several photos of himself in Rome and he



reminisced fondly about his service there. He was also happy his granddaughter, who serves in the US Navy, had been there, as they could now both swap stories of time spent at common locations.

Del returned to the US in 1946, and mustered out in Marysville, California. He mentioned a polio epidemic at the time and how when he finally hitch-hiked home to his wife, she was recovering from jaundice. Del worked the next 30 years as a map librarian at El Toro Air Station, for the US Marines, and as he flipped through his folder, I noted the many awards and recognitions he turned over without comment.

I also note with a morbid sense of irony how history does repeat itself. The 727<sup>th</sup> MP is again in the Persian Gulf, now in Baghdad. Del is excited to see the land where he once served on the nightly news, but expressed a keen and profound sense of caring for all those service members currently in the region.

I talked to Del a little longer after the interview, but not as long as I could have, should have, wanted to, or as long as I suspect he wanted to. Sadly, I was called by other *Groundwaters* duties, but I hope those who read these words will seek Del out and join me in congratulating him. It saddens me these men have stories of service and strange places to share, yet so few seem to want to hear them.

As I spent the last few moments in Del’s office, I noted the many other civic and social awards, the recognition of charitable donations, aid to veterans and the disabled and religious organizations. So often we only consider those who are cut down in the prime of their lives to be valorous. It is just as valorous to give one’s life through extended service to his country and his fellow man.



## Illustrating how to “Dress Up” Everyday Menus:

From *A Kitchen Course in Nutrition*, a cookbook designed to help utilize war rations, 1940

Every Day	“Dress-Up”
<b>Breakfast:</b> Orange juice Oatmeal with Milk Soft-cooked Eggs Toast                      Jam Coffee                      Milk	<b>Breakfast:</b> Pulled Oranges (orange sections in orange juice) Oatmeal cooked with dates, served with brown sugar and top milk Shirred Eggs and Bacon Curls Coffee                      Milk
<b>Lunch:</b> Cream of Vegetable Soup and Crackers Mixed Fruit gelatin salad (oranges, bananas, prunes) Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Tea                      Milk	<b>Lunch:</b> Cream of Vegetable Soup with sausage slices Heated Crackers Orange gelatin salad mold with orange sections and pineapple, lettuce salad in center, garnish with nut-stuffed prunes Open-faced toasted cheese sandwiches Tea                      Milk
<b>Dinner:</b> Broiled Ground Beef Patties Baked Potatoes Buttered Carrot strings Mixed Vegetable Salad Muffins                      Butter Vanilla Blanc Mange with Cream Coffee                      Milk	<b>Dinner:</b> Pennywise Steak (Ground Beef cooked as whole steak) Stuffed Baked Potato Parslied Carrot strips Vegetable Platter Salad (vegetables cut in various ways and arranged separately) Muffins                      Butter Vanilla Blanc Mange on peach halves, plus cream Plain Cake Coffee                      Milk

### Bills of Fare:

For Fall

From *Tried and Approved Buckeye Cookery*, Buckeye Publishing Company, 1885.

Sunday~

Breakfast~ Quail on Toast; fricatelli; fried oysters; Saratoga Potatoes; Indian Griddle-cakes with Syrup, Boston Brown Bread; Coffee and Vienna Chocolate.

Dinner~ Swiss soup; Roast Spare-rib; escalloped oysters; mashed potatoes, turnips, baked sweet potatoes, caned corn; cream slaw, celery; pickles; biscuit, rye bread; snow pudding; fruit cake; raisins and nuts; coffee and tea.

Lunch~ Canned Salmon; pickled oysters; light biscuit; cold Saratoga Potatoes; chow-chow; canned plums; cake; tea and cocoa.

Saratoga Potatoes

Par and cut into thin slices on a slaw cutter four large potatoes (new are best,) let stand in ice-cold water while breakfast is cooking; take a handful of the potatoes, squeeze the water from them, and dry in a napkin; separate the slices and drop an handful at a time into a skillet t of boiling lard, taking care that they do not stick together, stir with a fork until they are a light brown color, take out with a wire spoon, drain well and serve in an open dish. They are very nice served cold.—Mrs. Jasper Sager.

Fricatelli

Chop raw fresh pork very fine, ad a little salt, plenty of pepper, and two small onions chopped fine, half as much bread as there is meat, soaked until soft, two eggs; mix well together, make into oblong patties, and fry like oysters. These are nice for breakfast; if used for supper, serve with sliced lemon.—Mrs. W. F. Wilcox

**How to make Nice Gravy** is a problem many housekeepers never solve. Remember that grease is not gravy, neither is raw flour. Almost any kind of meat-liquor or soup-stock, from which all fat has been removed, may be made into a nice gravy, by simply adding a little seasoning and some thickening; if browned flour is used for the latter, the gravy will require but little cooking, but when thickened with raw flour, it must cook until thoroughly done; or the gravy will taste like so much gummy paste. It is best to brown a quart of flour at a time. Put in a skillet, set in the oven or on top of the stove, stir often until it's is light brown, put into a wide-mouthed bottle, cork and keep for use. All gravies should be well-stirred over a rather hot fire, as they must be quickly made, and must boil, not simmer.



## Forfar Bridies

12 ounces lean ground lamb or beef  
1 medium onion, chopped  
3/4 teaspoon worcestershire sauce  
Salt, freshly ground pepper to taste  
1-2 tablespoons beef broth or stock  
Pastry for a double crust pie  
1 egg white, frothed lightly with a fork

Cook meat until it is no longer pink: drain thoroughly and add onion, worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, and just enough beef broth or stock to moisten the mixture.

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Roll pastry on a floured board to a 1/8 inch thickness. (I use pre-made.) Cut into rounds; depending on preference, they can be from 3 to 6 inches in diameter.

Spoon filling onto the bottom half of each circle; fold over and crimp edges tightly. Brush lightly with Egg White and cut three slashes in top of each.

Place on flat baking sheet. Bake until golden, 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot.

This does not lend itself well to a pie with crust. (It is too moist and the crust browns before the onions are done in the meat. The bottom crust is doughy and never gets done.) The meat mixture however lends itself well to the bottom on Shepherds Pie.

*The Scottish recipe was submitted by Karen Vosika who prepared it for an International theme party. She said "It's really good (it got lots of good comments) and easy too."*

## Poking the Posterior

I had this pain  
It seemed to remain  
Activity was a strain  
So I tried to refrain  
To the doctor my fate  
For him to manipulate  
The next day was worse  
My back, such a curse  
With probing and thought  
Solutions were sought  
Coming to conclusion  
Injection the solution  
Without too much fuss  
In the gluteus maximus

By Jim  
04/2007

## Marj's Diary: November 18, 1952

By Marjorie Hays

Everyone who opened our kitchen door today exclaimed, "My what smells so good?" Every year just before or after Thanksgiving, I bake the Christmas fruit cakes. Usually do two large cakes in a day to conserve the oven heat and reduce the wear and tear on the dishwasher. The dishwasher is saved until the whole proceeding is completed and by that time it is almost thick enough to bake, too. (If you get a Hays fruitcake and it tastes a bit soapy, you will have this explanation to verify the reason for the peculiar flavor.)

"Why do you bake so many fruit cakes?" I am asked. I have the best neighbors in the world and it ties my Christmas spirit with red ribbons and tinsel to send a small cake to their house on Christmas Eve as token of friendship and to bolster the good neighbor policy.

The holiday season isn't worth much if one can't feel good from the core to the outer skin. Baking fruit cakes is about the easiest and cheapest way I have found to answer the gift problem. These I bake during a time when I am not rushed and they are stored in the freezer until time for their good will journey.

A fruity cake will make a gift suitable for the entire family. One tucked in a box with other gifts makes the recipient very happy. (Of course, this depends whether the cake is edible.) Choose the verse to send with the holiday cake; but choose appropriately; not one like this: "Christmas comes but once a year -- Good thing it brings so much cheer; 'Cause it costs good dough to bake - And send this nutty fruit cake."

**Marj's Fruit Cake Recipe:** Boil one pound of seedless raisins for 20 minutes. Cover with enough water to make a cup of juice. Cool. Sift three cups of flour with 1/2 tsp. salt and heaping tsp. soda; plus tsp. cinnamon, 1/2 tsp. nutmeg, and 1/4 tsp. cloves. Sift 3 times.

Beat together 1 1/2 cups sugar, 1/2 cup shortening and 2 eggs until fluffy. To this mixture add part of dry ingredients then part of raisin juice; until all is blended. Mix in the raisins; then the candied fruit mix, and 1 cup broken walnut meats. Bake in oven 325 degrees for 75 minutes. Let set in pan (wax paper lined) for 5 to 10 minutes; then cool on rack.

*Christmas Eve I saw a stable, low and very bare, A little child in a manger. The oxen knew Him, had Him in their care, To men He was a stranger, The safety of the world was lying there, And the world's danger. Mary Elizabeth Coleridge*

*Weep not that the world changes -- did it keep a stable, changeless state, it were a cause indeed to weep. William C. Bryant*

WILLAMETTE VALLEY ENTERPRISE  
VENETA, LANE COUNTY, OREGON

VOL. 2 NO. 17  
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1915.

BRITISH ARE BEATEN BACK

Failure of Bagdad Expedition Against  
Turks Confirmed by London

London.—The retreat of the British army in Mesopotamia was announced by the official report of the war department. The report confirms the Berlin version to the effect that the expedition sent to take Bagdad had failed. The official announcement said:

“General Townshend remained in occupation of the battlefield at Clesiphon, beating off all counter-attacks, till he had completed the removal of his wounded and of 1600 prisoners taken from the enemy; but in view of our heavy losses, and the arrival of Turkish reinforcements, he then withdrew.

“It is reported that our total casualties in the actions amounted to 4567. General Townshend remarks of the steadiness of the troops and states that the retirement was carried out in perfect order. By the latest reports General Townshend was within a few miles of Kut-El-Amara, upon which position he is retiring.

**IN THE LOCAL FIELD**

Doings of the People of this Portion of the Willamette Valley Briefly Told for Our Busy Readers

The Job School is making preparations for a Christmas tree.

The Veneta Baptist Sunday School decided Sunday, to join the Elmira Sunday school in presenting a Christmas program.

The Misses Ruth E. Johnston, Hazel Freeman and Alice Swenson and Messrs. Myron Getchell, and J. White attended the lecture at Crow Saturday night.

Rev. C. E. Dunham was taken quite seriously ill while attending the bazaar last Saturday evening and was compelled to retire long before the entertainment was over.

Rev. Dunham was ill Sunday and was unable to fill his pulpit at the Baptist church. Myron Getchell delivered a splendid address at the morning service at Elmira in the morning and at Veneta in the evening.

Miss Ruth Johnston spent Sunday at Crow.

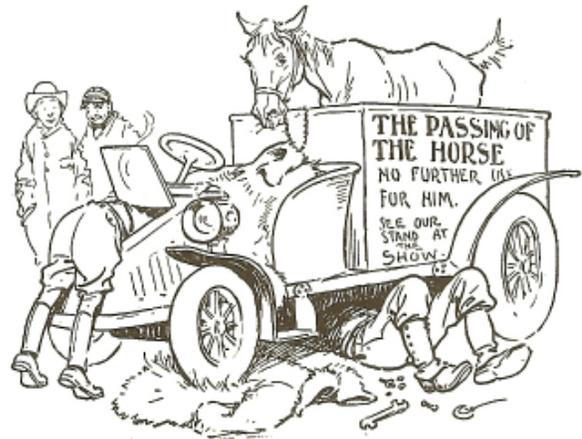
Sunday's record for rain is the highest of any day for some time. In fact we had a plenty, and have no desire to see the record beaten.

Once Upon a Dream

Once upon a dream  
Life was morning glory and sun  
Bathing me with peace and joy  
Throughout the day.  
When night came the moon shown  
above  
Like a diamond on black velvet.  
In the dream life was as sweet  
As bees' nectar and butter.  
With luck life will imitate my dream

by Herbert Medlin

*“I am a native to Eugene, Oregon. I enjoy time with my friends and family. Walking in the woods for quiet time alone to reflect and enjoy nature. I enjoy cooking. My writing is another way for me to find peace, I enjoy putting my thoughts down in words.”* Herbert Medlin



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## The Haunted Hotel

By Caitlyn Meng

Jenny was a young girl who got her driver's license about a week ago. She was driving home one night when she heard a strange noise and it got foggy. She missed her turn and ended up on a dirt road. She could not see anything, but in the distance she saw some blinking lights. Then she saw a little hotel with the blinking lights. She was happy because she could spend the night there and leave by morning. She could also call her parents and tell them how she missed her turn and was spending the night in a little hotel.

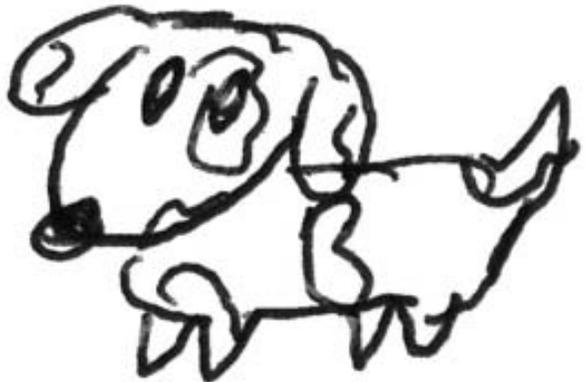
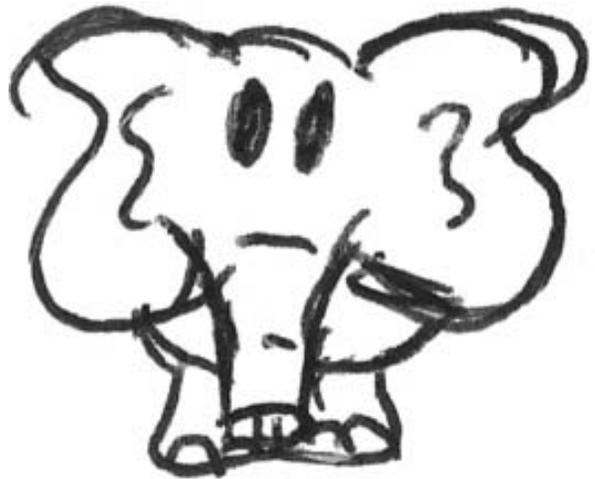
When she pulled in, it was like a ghost town. No other cars and no other people -- It was like a ghost. The room wasn't scary; but when she picked up the phone to call her parents, all she got was a busy signal. She thought that was kind of weird but she was tired and wanted to go to sleep.

When she got into bed, the scariest thing happened. There was a long, eerie scream. Jenny was terrified. Then she heard someone dragging something heavy down the hall. She gave a small scream, but clamped her hand over her mouth when the thing stopped. Jenny was so terrified she hopped out of bed and ran to the phone. She tried calling her parents, but she still got a busy signal. Jenny was even more terrified when she saw the doorknob begin to turn. The weirdest thing was that on Jenny's side of the doorknob, it was dripping blood...

Jenny ran and got under the bed as fast as she could. The door opened, then a long silence. Jenny peeked from under the bed but saw nothing. When the door slammed and the dragging continued down the hall, Jenny knew they were gone. She also knew that if she did not leave now, she would be next.

She opened the door and ran to the stairs as fast as she could. When she got to the lobby, she ran out the door to her car and drove away. She was so relieved to leave that scary place. When she got home her parents were asleep, so she wrote them a note and went to bed.

In the morning when she woke up, it felt like nothing happened. She wondered if it was all a dream. She was starting to believe it was all a dream. Then she felt something in her pocket. It was her room key for the Haunted Hotel. Now she was sure it wasn't a dream. To this very day, Jenny still wonders who was at the door...



Drawings by Caitlyn Meng

### *Writers of the Universe*

A support group for those afflicted with moderate or severe cases of Writer's Mind. If you or someone you know suffers from any or all of the following symptoms, you need help/therapy:

- Reads too much.
- Has ink-stained hands.
- Owns spiral-bound notebooks full of words.
- Has weird ideas.
- Speaks proper English

*[Warning: This symptom is very rare. It is a sign of an advanced case of Writer's Mind. Sufferer may be armed (with a pen) and dangerous, and should be approached with extreme caution.]*

Writer's Mind is loosely related to tennis elbow. It is a moderately common ailment and treatment is available. Please contact us at 935-5404 for help and more info.

- Flora Winters

# The Calm After The Storm

By Meli Ewing

A baby picture of Emma and her siblings – Emma, with her little blonde bob, the oldest at age three, is sitting peacefully to the side, minding her own business. April, a year younger, with messy tangles and a scowl, is attempting to steal a blue blanket from the baby of the family, Simon, who's crying.

Emma remembers playing an imagination game with April at their old apartment complex. Years have passed—Emma's ten, April's nine. They are caught up in a world of magic and ghosts and imminent doom, pretending to be locked up in some kind of prison, which is, in reality, their own bedroom.

April makes some scary sound effects to suit the mood. "Oh, no!" she shouts dramatically. "A ghost is coming! We're trapped! We're doomed!"

Emma promptly begins to cry. "April, I'm frightened. Stop it."

April lets out a giggle. "It's not real, you scaredy-cat!"

At this point Simon wanders in and joins the mockery. "Emma's a cry baby," he says loudly. "She cries over everything!" This only makes Emma cry more, her face hidden in a pillow as she sobs on her twin bed in the corner. April and Simon continue to ridicule her for a few more minutes, then they lose interest and head for the television.

Now Emma is sixteen. Her parents got divorced when she was in seventh grade. Both parents still live in town, and the siblings switch houses every week. About a year ago, arrangements were made so that Emma lives at one house while April and Simon live at the other, and hardly see each other except at the switch every week. Emma says it's because her younger siblings blame her for the divorce. One way or another, living under the same roof was putting too much strain on their relationships.

But today it's Thanksgiving, a rare occasion when all three siblings are gathered in the same house. Simon's up in his room, sulking. April and Emma are sitting on the couch catching up with each other. This separation has, paradoxically, brought them closer. They hear the telltale ring of the old-fashioned kitchen timer – the turkey's done. Their mother calls out with a laugh in her voice as she brings it out to the table "Dinner's ready! Time to give thanks!"

Emma goes to the table and takes her seat. Their mother starts the well-meant, but somewhat dreary "I am thankful for" litany.

"I am thankful for this roof over our heads, for the food that we are about to eat, and for these wonderful children that I am blessed with." She smiles kindly at the three of them.

"I'm thankful for the lock on my bedroom door, and for

video games, and for the times that I don't have to see Emma," Simon says moodily.

"Simon!" their mother cries.

"At least I'm honest," he says with a smirk.

April pipes up. "I'm thankful for Myspace."

"Omgod, Myspace!" Simon mimics, putting on a high voice. "I can't wait for that guy to accept my friend request! I've never met him, but he seems really nice... I just hope that he doesn't kidnap and rape me when we go on a date at the mall..."

"Simon, please!" their mother protests.

Emma sits quietly as an argument breaks out over the still untouched food. Thanksgiving is one of her least favorite holidays – the idea of giving thanks is a good one, but the meal is a smorgasbord of all her least favorite foods. Cranberry sauce makes her gag and she can't stand mashed potatoes. And what is stuffing anyway? Chunks of Wonder bread with weird spices. Whoever thought of that ought to be punished. But she is glad to be together with her siblings again, just for awhile. She's thankful for that, but she doesn't say it. Simon's high-voiced mockery of the Myspace generation has distracted her mother and sister, and she gets out of telling everyone what she's thankful for this year. Eventually her family stops bickering and food is served, although Emma doesn't eat much, because she barely likes anything that's being served.

Emma has watched a home video which took place around the very table they're sitting at now – a Thanksgiving several years past, a time before the divorce. It's a relic from the days when April's favorite hobby was wielding the family's video camera, capturing everything that was going on around her, and sometimes making up her own stories or putting on singing performances for the camera. In this video, April interviews a young and more pleasant Simon about his pride and joy of the day, the turkey that he cooked all by himself. She then wanders into the bedroom and films Emma, curled up with an old cat who's since run away to die, peacefully sleeping. Then, after swiveling the camera around towards herself for a bit in an utterly tactless way which, at her age, turns out completely charming, she heads into the kitchen, where her mother and father are yelling at each other. Fighting over some tiny thing. Emma sometimes misses life before her parents were divorced, but then she remembers that things were like this most of the time. Shouting, arguing, and general unhappiness every day. The divorce was hard, but she understands now why it had to happen.

After dinner, Emma is upstairs in her room, painting with watercolors. She's painted a sort of rainbow, and is now blending the different colors with her brush.

Everything's in shades of pastel – the calm before the storm.

Through her window, headlights glare in the driveway. Curious, she goes over to look and sees April climbing into a beat-up, muddy pickup truck. The driver looks too young and too wild to be driving Emma's sister anywhere. She wonders if her mother knows about this, and says a little prayer.

That night in the shower, she rubs a lot of foamy soap across the smooth glass door. Surrounded by a hurricane of bubbles, she traces words into the foam on the glass with her index finger- a letter to someone she cares about, left unsent. It's something she does when she needs to let feelings out, but can't share them with the person they're directed at. She writes one to April, a letter to her little sister hoping that she's O.K. and that she's making smart choices. Emma is aware that she sounds like a mother, but because April's never going to be seeing this, she doesn't attempt to change it. After taking a moment to admire her letter, she wipes the words away with her hand, leaving in its place a blank white expanse of foam.

Out of the shower a couple hours later, and into cozy flannel pajamas, Emma is curled up in bed when she hears commotion downstairs. Her mother is shouting. By the sound of it, April's come home. Emma gets up and quietly goes to the bottom stair in the staircase.

"April, you could have been anywhere!" Her mother's shrill voice pierces the air from the hallway. "If you want to go out, you need to ask my permission first. I don't know what the rules are at your *father's* house, or if there even *are* any rules, but in this house, you can't just leave whenever you feel like it!" Emma can tell she's in hysterics because she's mentioned their father.

"Mom, it's so unfair!" April cries. "I hate switching houses every week – I lose everything, and my friends never know which phone number to call, and I never get to settle in anywhere because as soon as I do, it's time to pack up and leave again! I just wanted to get away from all of that for a little while!"

From her hiding place on the bottom stair, Emma can see both sides of the situation, as usual. Her mother doesn't forgive April for running off without telling her, but she does call their father. The next day he drives over, and everyone sits down at the dining room table to discuss new living arrangements. With only minimal arguments, everyone agrees that it would really be better for Emma, April, and Simon to change houses every month instead of every week.

Everything is more stable this way. Now when the siblings see each other, they don't fight. Absence really does make the heart grow fonder. They don't lose their homework or their textbooks now. And for the first time since the divorce, they can truly settle down in one place for awhile.



*Flash.* A pencil drawing by Markeyta Hladky

## Getting a Clue

By Marissa Soriano, Age 12

Once, in the year 1980, a 91-year-old man had a very bad fall. The old man ended up dying from it.

In the year 2000, a girl who was 19 moved into the house that the old man lived in. Her name was Vanessa. She was going to school to become a detective.

When she went to bed at night, she kept hearing odd noises coming from the staircase. She was terrified!

The next morning, she traced back the history from 1980 to 2000. She found out that a man had died in the 1980's by falling down the staircase.

The next night, she heard noises again. This time she was not as scared.

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## Ben Folds- *Songs For Silverman*

By Meli Ewing

This CD has become one of the few CD's I own (and I own quite a few) which I can listen to straight through and enjoy every single song. Ben Folds is what I consider a piano genius- when I listen to him play, I am consistently amazed. And he writes lyrics that are touching and often ironic, lyrics that not just anybody could get away with singing and still sound serious. This album is the perfect life soundtrack.

## Kids' Book Reports

*From the Alvadore Community Library's 2007 Summer Reading Program.*

*(We encourage anyone, young or old, to contribute their own book reports or book reviews for inclusion in Groundwaters)*

Name: Kelsey Meng, Age 8

Title: *Junie B. Jones and the Stupid Smelly Bus*  
Author: Barbara Park

Meet Junie B. Jones, kindergartener. She's so scared of the school bus and the meanies on it that when it's time to go home, she doesn't. She stays in the school and hides in the nurses' office and plays with the stuff and then she gets caught and gets in trouble.

*Junie B. Jones and the Mushy Gushy Valentines*

Hurray! February 14th, Valentine's Day, and Junie B. Jones calls it, is just around the corner. Junie B. can't wait to see all the Valentines she'll get. But she never expected a big mushy card from a secret admirer! Who is the secret admirer anyway?

*Junie B. Jones and the Little Monkey Business*

Junie B. Jones finds out that her new baby brother is a big deal. Her two best friends are giving her everything they own just to see him.

Title: *The Series of Unfortunate Events*  
Author: Lemony Snicket

*The Series of Unfortunate Events: The Wide Window*

Violet, Klaus and Sunny are kindhearted and quick-witted but their lives are filled with bad luck and misery. Their parents died in a fire and they're stuck with their third caretaker, Aunt Josephine. She is scared to her wits. She won't turn on the lights. She won't turn on the oven; she's afraid it will blow up. She is afraid of everything.



Name: Caitlin Meng, Age 11

Title: *The Series of Unfortunate Events*  
Author: Lemony Snicket

*The Series of Unfortunate Events* is a tragic story of how the Baudelaire children, Violet, Klaus and Sunny, lost their parents in a fire. Their parents left behind a huge fortune. They were first sent to live with a relative, Count Olaf. He just wanted their fortune. They were sent to live with their Uncle Montgomery. They are enjoying their stay. That is why so far this book is something I would suggest to people who love mysteries.

*The Series of Unfortunate Events: The Reptile Room*

The Baudelaire children were living with their Uncle Monti. Uncle Monti sought a new assistant because his had been murdered. Count Olaf dressed up as a new assistant. Count Olaf was planning something terrible to do to Uncle Monti. He would do anything to get their fortune.

Title: *Where the Red Fern Grows*  
Author: Wilson Rawls

*Where the Red Fern Grows* is a great book about a young boy who desperately wants two red hounds. He works for over two years earning money. When he earns enough money, he gets the dogs. And soon he begins to train them.

The dogs were great hunters and were entered in a hunting competition. He enters one dog in a Best in Show competition and she wins. The dogs also had won the hunting competition. He gave the trophies to his sisters and was very proud of his dogs. Unfortunately, his dog had got into a fight with a mountain lion and died. The other dog became so sad, it died as well.

I loved this book and would suggest it to many other people. This was a great book and I loved everything about it, even the characters – especially the dogs, big Dan and little Ann, with their loving owner Billy. I loved this book and I know you will, too.

---

Name: Emma R. Roe, Age 8

Title: *Katie Kazoo. Who's Afraid of Fourth Grade?*  
Author: Nancy Krulik

I liked *Katie Kazoo*. This book was about a girl who could switch bodies with other people. Katie Kazoo was in 4th grade. She turned into her band teacher, and also her best friend Emma, who has two twin brothers and an annoying big sister. You should really try this or other Katie Kazoo books.

## 2071: Age of Decay (Part II: Ian)

By Nick DeAngelo

As Tony marveled up at the large statue of the woman, a small escape port opened up between the feet. Two tall men appeared out of the hole, both wearing Smart Suits. They pulled out large, iron cables from the side of the ship and attached them to the side of the glass dock.

When the enormous machine was completely tied up, another man wearing a Smart Suit stepped out, onto the dock. Unlike the other two men, he was slightly shorter than Tony and had a thin stubble.

Tony recognized the man right away.

"Ian?" he called. He drew a few steps closer to the man, who, at the mention of his name, picked his head up and looked at Tony.

"Tony?" he said back. "Man! It's good to see you!"

"Wow!" exclaimed Tony, as he looked at Ian and then back at the enormous machine shaped as a large woman. "What's with the ride?"

"Oh, this," said Ian, turning to face it. "This is my ship, *The Lady of Liberty!*"

Ian stepped back and rubbed his hand over a plaque, which indeed read the words LADY OF LIBERTY.

"Yep!" said Ian, "Fine statue." He stepped back and marveled at his ship. "Well, me and the crew just saw it floating somewhere over DC, so we thought, 'Might as well put the thing to some use!'"

"So we pulled the thing to our dock, got it fixed up, and before you know it, BOOM, we's got our own ship! Been my maiden voyage for over fourteen years!"

"Amazing!" replied Tony. "So you've been sailing with this thing since then?"

"Yup," said Ian. "I've been makin' a living bringin' goods to towns ALL OVER the world! Ol' Captain Nemo, they called me in Ireland or wherever it was."

"What do you have onboard right now?" asked Tony.

"I'll show ya..." said Ian, and he gestured for Tony to follow him, as he stepped through the escape port.

*To be continued...*

*Nick DeAngelo was born in New York City, Oregon, and, at the age of ten, moved to Alaska, New Jersey. Other than writing, Nick likes to draw and disguise as stars, taking their roles in famous movies. You might have seen Nick in the movies Rainman and War of The Worlds as Tom Cruise, or Oceans Twelve and Hook as Julia Roberts, or the movie Wayne's World as both Mike Myers and Dana Carvey.*

*Recently Nick has become a very large super hero fan. In the past month, Nick has tried over twenty different ways to give himself superpowers. Some of these included microwaves, toasters, plutonium, a mixture of all the elements in the periodic table and battery fluid. Recently Nick has been having trouble with his hearing, smelling and tasting. He's in the hospital, now, but should be out by the time the involuntary muscle spasms stop. Until then, keep reading his stories.*



Our own super-hero, Nick DeAngelo

*The profession of book writing makes horse racing seem like a solid, stable business.* John Steinbeck

*I recorded the songs in the horse stable down the road. I didn't think they would be released as a record or anything.* Kristin Hersh

*While democracy in the long run is the most stable form of government, in the short run, it is among the most fragile.* Madeleine Albright

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**Ready for the holidays?**

**T**he **First Annual Community Holiday Bazaar in Alvadore** can help you get there. **November 17, 2007, 9:00-4:00**, you can come to the Alvadore Fire Station's Fire Truck area and shop to your heart's content. The Lions Club will be selling food starting with breakfast and going through the day, and the vendors are sure to be selling yummy treats as well as handicrafts. Want to get in on the action? If you desire a table at the event, call 688-1546, or 461-9387, by October 15<sup>th</sup>. Table rental is \$20.00.

**Library Programs at the Fern Ridge Public Library**

October 18, 2007: Salsa Dancing (7:30 start)

October 30, 2007: Bob Welch (Author and R-G columnist)

November 13, 2007: Americana Music

December 11, 2007: Lorane History (With GW's own Pat Edwards)

If you have any interest in the program selection committee, contact Christine at the Library, 935-7512.

**Join The Misfits and Mavericks Literary Group**

The Misfits and Mavericks Literary Group is an inclusive, supportive group for writers of all genres. They meet the first Thursday of every month in the Conference Room of the Fern Ridge Library, from 5:30-7:30 p.m.

Each meeting generally starts with a prompted writing exercise, after which members may share their own writing or just listen, as they are comfortable.

So far, they've been lucky enough to hear such diverse offerings as poetry, fiction, history, personal experience, science fiction, essays, romance, non-fiction, and even song lyrics. You may be critiqued if you wish or simply have the pleasure of reading your work aloud. The group is open to new members, and they have an informal, relaxed setting.

**Love to Read? Let's Talk**

Join the conversation at the monthly reading of the Fern Ridge Readers Book Club. We meet at 6 p.m. on the third Thursday of each month, September through June, at the Fern Ridge Library. Please join us.

October 16: *The Girl in Hyacinth Blue*, by Susan Vreeland

November 20: *A Thousand Splendid Suns*, by Khaled Hosseini

December 18: *The Glass Castle*, by Jeanette Walls

January 15: *The Red Tent*, by Anita Diamont

**Support Lorane Movie Night**

*Groundwaters* is a beneficiary of the Rural Arts Center's Lorane Movie Night for the second year in a row. We will be pleased to provide snacks for the Dec 1. showing of the 2006 movie *Old Joy*. Please join us in Lorane for some great eats and a good time. Social hour starts at 6:00 p.m.; Film shorts and door prizes are at 6:45; and the film starts at 7:30 p.m. Suggested donation is \$7.00.

The film is about two friends reawakening their old friendship while on a camping trip to Mount Hood, and features coverage of both Portland and the Cascades. The short film preceding the movie is *People are Dancing Again* (1976) the history of the Oregon Siletz Indian tribe as told by tribal members' perspectives.



Uncle Billy Kelsay's Livery Stable in Shaniko, Wasco County, Oregon, 1902. Printed in the Shaniko Leader. (Photo from Oregon Historic Photograph Collection, Salem Public Library. Unknown Photographer)

**Lorane Movie Night (cont'd)**

**Other films this season are:**

October 6. *The General* (1927, Buster Keaton) - Family Night; November 3. *The Shining* (1980); January 5. *The Elephant* (2003); February 2. *Murder She Wrote* episode filmed in Lorane and *Bend in the River* - Family Night; March 1. *Raising Flagg* (2006)

**S.A.N.T.A.**

**Share Among Neighbors Toy Alliance** is a group of your friends and neighbors that meet to help parents and children of our community. Volunteers meet beginning in early fall each year. The group is made up of categories for gifts, from pre-teen personals to baby items, from dolls to board games, books to sports toys and everything in between. The big day is December 15, when a local school is transformed into a super-SANTA center: all around the gym's perimeter, categories are set up with the unwrapped presents on display. With the exception of the "used," section, (generally a small household goods and clothing section,) all items are new. Better yet, all items are FREE. Previously the event has been held at the Veneta Elementary School; check the West Lane News and school publications to determine this year's location.

The organization's aim is that all children 18 and under have a good Christmas. The only stipulation is not proof of need, but proof of residency in the Veneta-Crow-Lorane School District or the West Lane area, with proof of the children's age. They always have many gifts left over, so please, look for the sign on the Veneta Elementary Reader board and make it a Saturday to remember. Volunteers are welcomed at either the planning stages or on the day of the event. Contact Lydia Schaeur at 935-1995 for more information.

*If you like what you read, pass it on.*

