
A FREE MAGAZINE BY AMATEUR WRITERS FOR LOCAL READERS

Vol. 4 No. 2

Winter 2008

Groundwaters

"Bubbling up in our own good time."



Canadian Geese
by Karen Pidgeon

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Jim 'Jimminy Cricket' Burnett

Groundwaters is a grassroots, community-oriented literary quarterly which serves the West Lane area and all its connections through publication of the local arts, history and information. Volunteers create *Groundwaters*. They finance and produce it, deliver copies and improve it. 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.

Check out *Groundwaters* at <http://www.groundwaters.org/>

Our website not only includes current and past issues of our magazine, but also features much more from our local authors, artists and photographers and other interesting highlights than can be fit on our printed 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. Submission limit is 2,500 words.

4. Please include a SASE if you wish your submission returned.

5. Please be respectful to all. Read *Groundwaters* to understand its audience, and speak from the heart. Every age is welcome here. Featured artists and authors are representative of all ages and levels of experience. While the print version of *Groundwaters* is for all ages, some areas of the website are more mature in theme. Parents should be aware of that and surf the website accordingly. We do not accept political or religious opinion pieces for the printed magazine, but well-reasoned, non-offensive writing of that nature, or writing with a more mature theme, may be considered for publication on our website. No pornography will be accepted for either medium.

6. Include a bit of information about yourself and your submission to share with readers.

7. Artists, as well as writers, are invited. Please submit scanned images as email attachments in either .jpg or .tif format after first notifying us that you are going to do so. (We don't want them to end up in our spam folder.)

8. Original works are protected under the copyright of *Groundwaters* and may not be reproduced without permission of the author/artist. They remain the property of the author/artist.

9. Works in the public domain may be submitted to reprint, but 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. Changes may be made in submitted 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 February 15, 2008

Email to contact@groundwaters.org (correspondence)
submission@groundwaters.org (submissions)

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

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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.

Contributors to Winter 2008

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With Sincere and Abundant Gratitude To: Sylvia Beltran, Patty Byers, Delores Carter, The Farm Store, Kathy Fox, Friends of Fern Ridge Library, Pat Gill, Keyte Hladky, Jim Koenig, LeRoost Lorane, Lorane Family Store, Guy & Opal Lundy, Chuck McJunkin, Haysel Pankey, Sally Spaulding, and our readers!

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

To obtain copies for display or distribution, email contact@groundwaters.org or call 935-5404.

Mail Subscriptions:

Groundwaters can also be mailed to you, family and friends. Subscriptions are available for \$7.50/year (four issues) to cover postage and handling. Back issues are also available for a nominal fee. (email contact@groundwaters.org for more info)

Advertisements:

Groundwaters reaches a substantial local audience and it continues to attract more readers. We now offer space for local advertisements to help support the costs of producing the magazine. Email contact@groundwaters.org for more information.

***Groundwaters* is produced entirely with volunteer labor and is offered free of charge to the public. We appreciate and gratefully accept donations to help defray the costs of printing.**



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ABOUT THE COVER ARTIST:

Karen Pidgeon is a professional artist whose detailed portrayals of endangered wildlife species have won her a huge following among art and animal lovers all over the world. Her works have been shown in local, state and national art shows, competitions and exhibitions. They have been sold worldwide. She uses a variety of media in her works, including gouache, acrylics, pastels, prismacolor, and inks.

Karen studied at the La Jolla Museum of Art and under the instruction of Louise Pollet of Monterey, California, before moving to Lorane with her family in 1970.

Karen spends a lot of time researching her subjects before actually beginning her paintings. For her wild bird posters, she has spent hours watching the birds so that she can create the perfect images on her canvas.

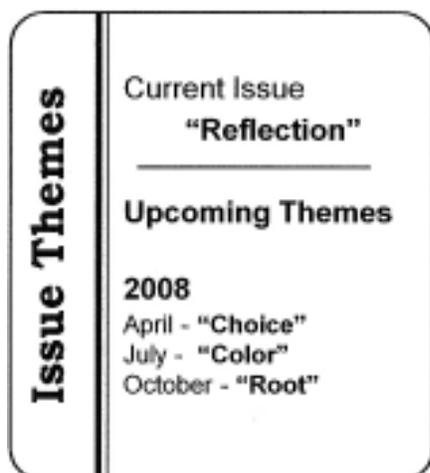
Karen's website at <http://www.karenpidgeon.com> tells her story... "Nature engulfs me, animals awe me, and together they give me the desire and inspiration to create. My heart and soul are in my work. My art has created me and I, in turn, have created the art.

"Residing in a small rural town nestled between the mountain and coastal ranges of Western Oregon, I find the rivers, woodlands and wildlife inspirational to my work. I view the forests as the 'real world,' and it rewards me with endless wild-life and nature experiences!

"From youth until now, my art has been an ever challenging process of learning and experimenting in a variety of media. I have taken whatever has come my way and struggled with it, learned it and then loved it.

"I learned to paint with oils, and then tried everything I came across including murals, fantasy art, scientific work, pen & ink, clay, wood sculpture, bronze sculpture, jewelry, portraits, graphic art, glass engraving and the mixed media I use today. I have taken many classes only to feel limited and let down. I have grown from the desire to create, moved through the struggles of becoming and have survived to finally know myself as an artist.

"... My art has taught me to trust in my creative intuitiveness. When I see myself grabbing a color, I no longer question it or even think about it, but trust that I will know what to do with it. Art has given me a strength and belief in myself; a trust of my capabilities deep within me. I am thankful."



This is the third issue of *Groundwaters* on which I have had the privilege of working as an editor. I am humbled by the fact that Judy Hays-Eberts has entrusted me with the layout of this wonderful “gift to the community” that she has created with her love, vision and work over the past three years. Judy and her husband Sonny have carefully put together and financed a magazine that not only showcases the hidden and not-so-hidden talents that we have in abundance in our local communities, but also provides a fun and interesting magazine for all of us to enjoy as readers.

I have only known about *Groundwaters* for about a year and a half. Judy introduced me to the magazine when she requested an interview to profile our country store in Lorane for the August 2006 issue. It was Judy’s excitement and her pride in their endeavor that drew me in. We both found that we had similar interests in introducing the people and businesses in our respective communities to others. We both loved writing and had discovered that our friends and next door neighbors had special stories and experiences to share. We wanted to record these stories and to introduce others to the communities in which they lived. My interest eventually turned in the direction of recording information on people and events of the past; Judy’s has focused on people and businesses of the present and in encouraging fledgling talent to take a chance on sharing that talent with others.

When I came on board, Jennifer Chambers and Pat Broome were already assisting Judy with the publication. Jen brings her imagination and very special talent for fiction to the magazine. Her energy and enthusiasm have supported me when I wondered if I was able to do justice to Judy’s confidence in me. Pat has a real talent for both fiction and non-fiction and a wealth of international experience and ideas that we can draw from as well. Our newest volunteer staff member is Jim Burnett who will serve as a long-distance contributor and advisor. He also happens to be my brother. Because he is retired and travels extensively with his wife Jonni in an RV, he has agreed to take part in our discussions and plans for *Groundwaters* via email. His background as a reviewer for a northwest writer’s group will be especially welcome.

My personal goal is to try to keep *Groundwaters* magazine as close as possible to what Judy and Sonny envisioned from the beginning. The two of them will continue to contribute their stories and talents to the pages of *Groundwaters* but their focus is now on developing the website in order to expand those visions even further. Thank you, Judy and Sonny, for your gift to us all!

Pat Edwards

Calling All Creative Types

By Jennifer Chambers

One of the most powerful books that I’ve read as an adult is the book *The Artist’s Way; A Spiritual Path to Higher Creativity*, written in 2002 by Julia Cameron. The book is a self-help manual for artists in any number of disciplines; the only imperative is that you possess a creative spirit and are willing to help it become unleashed.

Ms. Cameron set up the book through the use of two basic tools. First and most important is the *Morning Pages*. Basically, you get up every morning and write, freehand, three pages of whatever comes into your mind. It could be a dream. Could be a journal of sorts, or a list, or garbage. The point is, you wake up your brain by getting the junk out on the page.

The second basic tool is the *Artist’s Date*, a date you commit to, look forward to and take yourself on. It is a time to do what nurtures your spirit. Go to an antique store, or a batting cage, or an art-supply shop or a music store and listen to CD’s. With this tool, the important thing is to spend time doing something fun and creative.

These tools form the spine of the book’s teachings, but the rest is set up in a twelve-week course that sets certain questions and tasks upon the participant, all going towards the goal of letting go of the reasons you can’t create and towards reasons why you can’t not create.

So, the reason for my mini-review is this: I’d like to challenge the *Groundwaters* readers to form their own Artists Way groups, starting this January. I’ll be starting the cycle again, myself – I hope with good results. Four years ago, I went through the book with a friend of mine. She and I were both intensely creative but unfulfilled, despite having loving families and jobs, etc. At the end of the program I had the courage to call myself a real writer with a capital “W” – the real thing – and work on my books without the sense of “slacker-ism” I’d felt about my “career” previously. It changed the way I thought about myself. My friend had the courage to apply for the Ford Scholarship, got it, and went back to school in her thirties on a nearly full ride to fulfill her destiny as an artist.

So, give it a try. The book is readily available, used or new. You might be surprised. At the very least, you’ll learn about yourself. I’d be happy to facilitate a *GW* group. Write me at jennifer@groundwaters.org if you are interested in joining me. There are no meetings, unless we want to; it’s a do-it-yourself type of creativity workshop, but companionship is nice along the way. We can talk about the crazy stuff that shows up in your morning pages.

A Question of Standards

By Jennifer Chambers

Recently, the *Groundwaters* staff wrestled with that question. What are our standards, as a magazine and website, in a state of change? Are the standards for the magazine significantly different than they have always been, as we shift leadership a bit? Or do they differently reflect the three-fold editorial eye that Pat Broome, Pat Edwards and I bring to the game? And, is there a difference for the website as opposed to the print media?

On the website, Sonny and Judy Hays-Eberts write: “What is *Groundwaters*? It started as a magazine, but is much more. It is the belief that all people are creative at heart and seek an outlet for it. That creativity is enhanced when shared by community. *Groundwaters* seeks to cultivate and develop these principles.”

Currently, the print magazine states in its guidelines, “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.”

When we shifted to a multi-media organization, it seemed like another look at those policies might be necessary. In the years we’ve been in existence, we and our audience have grown significantly. The standards are in a process of change. We felt we needed to develop more specific guidelines if needed.

If you look at the magazine’s guidelines on page 2 of each issue (and, let’s be honest -- who does unless they have to?), you might hesitate to submit poetry, fiction or art of a religious nature. But if you look at past issues, we’ve printed “Bakin’ For Jesus” which has a religious bent. We’ve also had semi-political pieces, if you can read between the lines of some articles. Opinion pieces that we have printed are not political in the sense of “Vote for X,” but political in that we want people to care about their community and be active in what goes on around them.

A big issue for the staff concerns language. A couple of times lately we’ve used language that was a bit stronger than ever before. In both cases, the words weren’t gratuitous in context, but they brought these discussions to a head. When is strong language okay in our publications? What constitutes strong language? Why can’t a good writer simply use a more descriptive, appropriate word?

After many, many e-mail discussions, in which the editorial staff went over our own political and religious persuasions, we learned a lot about each other. What I gained from these discussions was that these are all questions that need to be out in the open. We need to know where we as a staff stand, and though we do have disparate religious and political backgrounds, our common goal is to foster the creative outlet for anyone who wants to share, in whatever format they are compelled to so as long as it is done

with sensitivity.

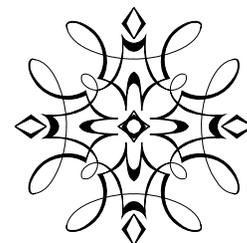
Some of our guidelines are self-explanatory if you “read the magazine to understand its audience.” Who is our audience? It is you, the reader, and our community at large. With that in mind, what is featured in the print magazine? G-rated, for the most part. We can’t be all things to all people. But you’ll also note that Nick D’Angelo, for example, has a different, more mature-themed version of his stories on our web site.

Though each piece must be judged on its own merit, we do have standards implicit in the material that *Groundwaters* selects. Judy stated in the original guidelines to “Simply send your best.” We assume you have done so. If language or material is questionable, we’ll let you know, but we are trying to respond to what is being sent to us, as well. If a more descriptive word can be substituted for a strong one, great! -- the story/poem can work for the magazine. If not and the material is good, we’ll refer you to the website. We will do the same with biased religious or opinion pieces. We want the magazine to be accessible to anyone, and that means we don’t want your six-year-old to pick up the magazine and learn obscenities, while on the site we can clearly label something “mature language.”

The sticking point for religious- or political-themed pieces, in our discussions was this; don’t assume that you have the best or only viewpoint in your writing. We don’t want to hear it, and neither do our readers. Speaking eloquently about how a particular experience (religious or not) affects you personally is a horse of a different color. And a word on the website, though it is not my ken -- the website has more flexibility on its parameters because it has more room. The same standards still apply. Send your best.

The discussions about “guidelines” and “standards,” have been elucidating and are on-going. Not too surprisingly, our “standards” remain much the same, as we morph into two related organisms. It’s nice to have the ability to change a little. In either medium, though, we can use our “guidelines,” to better direct the submissions.

Our credo remains: “Be respectful to all.”



What's On Your Nightstand?

By Pat Edwards

I have four large bookshelves at home. They aren't packed with the classics or deep philosophies. In fact, the assortment of the books I display may confound the browser. For instance, I have the complete hardbound works of Walter Farley. I read and re-read those wonderful Black Stallion books throughout my childhood and into my adult years. How I loved Alex and Henry and The Black! – and how disappointed I was in the movies that later tried to depict them. There was no way they could compete with the mind-images I had painted of my favorite characters.

I also have the complete works of Danielle Steel. After a brief and dissatisfied foray into the inane fantasy and eroticism of Harlequin Romances, Danielle's works were refreshing and genuine. I am disappointed in some of her later works because of her tendency for repetition, but I still read every one of them as they come out. I think my favorites are *The Ghost*, *The House* and *Echoes*.

Another collection that I have read over and over through the years is the *Reader's Digest's* 14-volume "Best Loved Books for Young Readers." They include condensed versions of *Huckleberry Finn*, *Cry, the Beloved Country*, *Captains Courageous*, *Little Women*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Heidi*, *The Yearling*, *Oliver Twist* and many, many others.

On another bookshelf are some of my more modern favorites written by the likes of Nicholas Sparks, John Grisham, Jane Kirkpatrick, James Patterson and Dee Henderson.

Early on, as a child, I developed a personal respect for Native Americans and read every book I could on the tribes and great chiefs who were forced to contend with the western movement of white settlers – among them, Cochise, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud and Chief Joseph. My interest later evolved into the stories of the pioneers and settlers of the west. I devoured the full John Jakes series. With that background, I began researching and writing my own stories about how that settlement impacted my own community of Lorane, Oregon. So, sitting prominent on my bookshelves are my own two books on the history of Lorane – *Sawdust and Cider* (1987) and *From Sawdust and Cider to Wine* (2006) and under them, many local histories and research and genealogical materials.

In recent years, I've been adding my own written creations -- a bound 80th birthday book for my mother; a children's book for my grandchildren, and now a compilation of the Christmas letters I have written over the past 22 years.

While the books on my shelves are diverse and not great works of literature in the classic sense, they suit me and my own interests. And, in the end, after all, isn't that why we read? -- and write?

Groundwaters' 4th Birthday Bash October 27, 2007

When Judy and I set off late Saturday morning, the twenty-seventh of October, we were not sure how many people would attend the third *Groundwaters* social event. It was in Crow this year, at the Grange. There was a Duck football game that day, and High School volleyball and kids' soccer playoffs were in full swing.

We were soon joined by the entire *Groundwaters* team, including Meli Ewing, who quickly set up the tables, decorations and food for those who might come to the party. We also kept a close ear on the Ducks-Trojans game from Pat Edwards' car radio.

The first few contributors and readers arrived punctually, bearing their own gifts of food and friendship. As they socialized with the *Groundwaters* team and met other local contributors, more people continued to arrive. A couple dozen writers, readers and supporters of *Groundwaters* turned out. Not only did we enjoy good food and conversation, but we learned about each other's interest in reading and writing in some detail, and a bit more about the local history.

Everyone shared something of their own inspiration, while Judy interspersed stories of how *Groundwaters* had touched her. And in true community fashion, everyone pitched in to help clean up the Grange Hall as the event wound down. Of course, many found time to browse the perpetual Crow Grange flea market (from which all sales go to provide Heartline machines to seniors in need of them, through the program at Sacred Heart Hospital). It was a gathering true to the spirit of *Groundwaters* – of mutual generosity and individual creativity, a pleasant afternoon with neighbors from Eugene, Noti, Elmira, Veneta, Crow, Lorane and Cottage Grove. Thanks to all, especially to Gail Wilkie for the delicious cake!

Sonny Hays-Eberts



Grace Biggs and Dennis Broome at the GW party

Why Write Poetry

By June Wyant

For me writing poetry is a form of journal writing. Things happen, I want to comment on them, find the words to express how I think or feel about an event or an experience. Sometimes I reflect on how change has caused me to see or reform an idea or an opinion. Then there are times when I want to rid myself of the rhythm of a painful remembrance. Finding metaphors to color and tone a few words is an exercise to help the mind clear.

I don't write in traditional styles of poetry, and more often than not the poem is more prose-like than stylistic. Other times a simple Haiku works to express and release the thought.

Some poets say a poem is never finished, it keeps being adjusted, responding to change of metaphor and punctuation. Nothing I write has sufficient importance to consider whether it is or is not finished. When I decide I have created the concept with the best descriptors I can muster, I print a copy for a handmade (by me) book, and I date it. Poems in chronological order, will help recall the reason for the creation of a particular collection of words.

No one needs poetry more than the writer. The writer scopes the emotional thought, to give voice to ideas that otherwise would be unheard and ignored. And this brings about self discovery and personal development. Writing poetry is therefore the means for collecting thoughts, emotions, and reflections with words, sentences making images and ideas for recording one's life as some writers do with their journal.



"I have lived in Eugene since 1949, where with my husband I, have raised three children. We have three adult grandchildren and six great grandchildren. I am a late-blooming graduate of the University of Oregon School of Architecture and Allied Arts Education. I am a charter member of the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute. I have a small poetry group at OLLI. My other interests include working with textiles and raising flowers"

June Wyant

Memory Melody

By June Wyant

Do you remember one September afternoon?

We met, not really by chance,
With a song of love, a Sweet Song,
Ah Marie, was all that you said.
I'll remember you, Always,
Not for just a day, but, for
Yesterdays, By the sea, by the sea,
You didn't believe me, Little white lies,
Those eyes, That smile, an Invitation
To Call You Mine, I'm Forever Yours,
My Funny Valentine.



Chance

By June Wyant

There's always a chance
For fulfilling romance
If two can be found
Who clearly expound
The merit of one's affection.
However, it seems
To occur only in dreams.
As chance can astound,
And hold one spellbound,
Until given time for reflection.

FARM STORE & MUCH MORE

- *Livestock Feed
- *Pet Foods & Supplies
- *New & Used Tack
- *Carhartt Clothing
- *Montana Silver Jewelry
- *Wood Fuel Pellets
- *Landscape Products
- *Alfalfa, Hay & Straw
- *Veterinary Supplies
- *Grooming Supplies
- *Wrangler Western Wear
- *Western Gifts & Cards
- *Propane
- *Garden Plants & Supplies



A Life in a Box

By Norm Maxwell

I drove up in the woods not all that far from Junction City to ribbon up a 30 acre unit for the thinning crew a few years ago. I parked my Expedition on the landing and put on my cork boots. I studied the aerial photo of the unit as I packed my face.

Finished eating, I guzzled a quart of water and tied double streamers of pink and tiger-striped ribbon where the boundary crossed the spur road. I was getting ready to leave the gravel and descend through the brush when I noticed a cardboard box sitting alongside the disused shoulder in a cluster of leafing alder saplings.

People like to dump household garbage out in the woods and I have found some strange things thrown off the sides of landings while conducting business. But somehow I could tell this was different.

I looked in the box and saw papers that had been rained on. A small cheap plaque congratulated Bill Jones for surviving 35 years with Southern Pacific. Under that was an honorable discharge from the US Army in a cracked glass frame. Loose papers were blurred from a winter's rain but most were still readable. At the bottom of the box was a damp book, like a high school yearbook about the CCC at McKenzie Bridge, east of Eugene. The pages were wrinkled and wet. I searched the pages of individual postage stamp portraits until young Bill Jones stared out at me. The rest of the book was composed of stock photos of young men working cross cut saws, building bridges and camp sites. They were sitting in black and white at mess hall tables, smiling over full plates.

Who was Bill Jones? Was he born around here or did he tire of riding the rails in the 30s and joined the Civilian Conservation Corps for three hots and a cot as well as money to send home? I felt like I knew the man. I could guess how it must be to be young and rootless. How fine it might feel to sleep under a tin roof with adequate bedding as the rain beat down like it does during Oregon winters. Bill must have spent time as a tramp shivering under bridges and not eating for days on end during the Depression.

And then the war. Bill answered the call and fought in Europe or the Pacific. He had learned all about formations and chain of command in the CCC. Maybe he carried a rifle and ate garbage and slept in the dirt. Maybe he worked in a field laundry or typed or never left the States. They also serve... He was discharged in 46 and apparently tried his hand at different things before falling into a steady job working for the railroad. He retired in the 80s and hopefully enjoyed life. Did he hunt and fish? He was married and had children. You could tell that much from the historical record in this weatherbeaten cardboard box.

And then what? Did Bill die? What about his wife?

Why was this lonely box abandoned on a dead end road in the woods? I could tell that his life had ended. Some child of his did not wish to spare the room for this ten pounds of his father's life. But he had placed the box alongside the spur road instead of shot-putting it over the bank into the brush. Why bring it out here in the woods? Seems like he could have heaved it in the dumpster with a lot less effort.

I put the box down. I needed to lay out my unit but my mind dwelt on Bill Jones. Some father's life compressed into a cardboard box and dumped alongside the road like an unwanted dog. What a cold shot. I stepped off the road and the teeth of my corks grabbed the vegetation as I started down the steep slope. Will I some day be reduced to a waterlogged cardboard box for somebody to leave alongside a dead end forest road? Who was Norm Maxwell?

The Usual

By Katherine Stout

"When is that pot luck?"

"Next Tuesday night. You're going, aren't you?"

"I think I can make it. What are you going to take?"

"My usual, that Hamburger casserole."

"Damn! I thought I would take something 'hamburger' this time. Why don't you take something new?"

"Why should I? After all, it's MY recipe I made it up!"

"Well, I know everybody likes it. But, they all laugh and say, 'same old thing from Betty' I heard them!"

"Well, darn them! Some thanks for all the time and work I take making it."

"You have to admit, you haven't taken anything new for years! Why don't you fool them and try that new recipe, the one with the sour cream. It sounded wonderful, and it would be a real surprise."

"I didn't see it. Show it to me."

"Here. Doesn't that sound lush! And rich! And different!"

"And expensive, too."

"Oh, go ahead. Try it!"

"Are they really tired of that other, you think? I never bring any home."

"Oh, its' not that it isn't good, it's delicious, but, well, you know."

"Yeah, I know. Okay, I'll try this new one, but they better like it, that's all I can say! What are YOU taking?"

"Oh, probably the same old thing."

Refractory; Into the Mirrorworks

Light, heat, and sound change direction
when they strike those looking-glass eyes,
eyelids folded back on themselves
to allow nothing inside.
You're a mirror, not a photograph.
And I am more than the sum
of my images, lovely bits of past
made present for a planned tomorrow.
My reflection shows the state of you;
the more you polish, the less you refract,
the brighter I appear, the better
to examine every detail.
Yes, you are not a photograph,
not a time remembered, not fixed,
except when you stand still to hold me
who cannot be held in a million mirrors.
Light lives without limits.
Shining is an action verb.
You help me pretend to grasp

What I Am

and much that I am not.
I see what you're saying;
I hear your eyes on me, still, as I gaze.
I think I feel I can change without you.
Yet I cannot leave you
and I will not forsake myself.
I'll draw you back into me,
into the light, heat, and sound,
into our transformation
to beauty and warmth and music.
Nothing held apart,
nothing to dissect to oblivion;
just shining, just loving,
in a million billion rays
(oh, did I say ways?)
endlessly reaching out
to strike all the pieces we become,
mirrors and mirrors and mirrors!
(I would miss the sparkle).

Judy Hays-Eberts



Reflection of the Washington Monument

Reflection in the Rain

December 29, 2005

On the eve of the eve of another new year I am out and about, I am not sure why. Maybe it is the turmoil within me that I am not able to understand.

As I stand on a street corner and watch the rain, each drop catches the glow from the street light and dances as the crystals in a chandelier – showing me that even on a cold wet night there is beauty to be found. Yet the free fall that is going on in my life is like the rain not allowed to share the light – something there unseen just outside the glow no less in its beauty just hidden in the dark.

There is something in this night of watching the rain in its cold beauty that has shown me the totality of my heart and soul. I am able to see beauty and feel its power in my life yet now know that my heart and soul will remain as the rain outside the light – capable of shining like the crystals in the chandelier, yet not able to step into light, thus continuing the free fall into the cold dark void that now is my life.

Herbie

Field Trip!

A Cottage Grove Area Covered Bridge Tour

By Vicki Sourdry

It started out as an idea for a field trip for a bunch of friends to have a little fun. It turned into an absolutely wonderful day. Covered bridges. History. Fall color. A drive on country roads we hadn't been on before. Laughter and camaraderie.

Leaving from Veneta, we drove south on Territorial to Battle Creek Road and turned right. The Coyote Covered Bridge is only a tenth of a mile off Territorial. It was built in 1922, and is sometime referred to as the Battle Creek Bridge or the Swing Long Bridge. It has housed buttresses, ribbon openings under the eaves and rectangular portals. It has been damaged by weather over the years and was repaired by Lane County workers in the Spring of 2007. It is 60 feet long and bridges across Coyote Creek.

From there, we went on out Territorial to Ham Road and headed for Cottage Grove. The Centennial Bridge is in downtown next to Main Street between 5th and North River Rd, spanning the Coast Fork of the Willamette River. It was built in 1987 from pieces of the Meadows and Brumbaugh Bridges which had been dismantled in 1979. Celebrating the 100th anniversary of the founding of Cottage Grove, it is a 3/8 scale model of the Chambers Covered Bridge. It has an interesting interpretive area, outlining the history of the area and the trials and tribulations of the early settlers. Open only to foot and bicycle traffic because of its size, it is an appealing diversion from the norm. The actual Chambers Covered Bridge is only a little way farther down the road. Being the only remaining railroad covered bridge in Oregon, it is impressive in its size. Built in 1925, its condition has deteriorated some and there is no sign of the tracks that used to be serviced by the bridge. Unfortunately, we couldn't walk through it. It would have been interesting. It also spans the Coast Fork of the Willamette River for 78 feet.

From there, we headed out of Cottage Grove on Main Street, which turns into Mosby Creek Road. We turned on Layng Rd., and almost immediately found The Mosby Creek Covered Bridge. It is the oldest covered bridge in Lane County. Built in 1920, it was named for the pioneer David Mosby. He settled in 1853 and staked claim to 1600 acres east of what is now Cottage Grove. It is a one lane bridge crossing 90 feet of Mosby Creek.

Back onto Mosby Creek Road, we went south about 4 miles to Garoutte Rd. The Stewart Creek Covered Bridge is no longer in use, having been bypassed by a concrete bridge in the 80's. The

60 foot span is kept in good repair for pedestrians to walk through and enjoy.

Following on down Garroute Rd, and then turning right on Shoreview for nearly 7 miles, we found a gem of a bridge. It is the Dorena Covered Bridge. At the upper end of the Dorena Reservoir, it spans the Row River for 105 feet. Through the slatted windows we saw small waterfalls and rock formations in the river that were absolutely stunning. The fall color made the view extraordinary. The original town, named for Dora Burnette and Rena Martin (Dor-Rena) is underwater at the bottom of the reservoir. You can still drive through the bridge, but it is only a rest area, having been bypassed by a concrete bridge in 1974. What a lovely place!

We then drove up the east side of Dorena Lake on Row River Rd. to the other end of Layng Rd. and found the last bridge we visited. Currin Covered Bridge, built in 1925, was also named for an early pioneer family. It replaced an earlier bridge built in 1883. It crosses 105 feet of the Row River. No longer in use, as it was replaced by a concrete bridge next to it, it is the only Lane County covered bridge with white portals and red sides. It has single-piece hand hewn chords, crosswise planking on the approaches and a corrugated metal roof.

A late lunch in Cottage Grove, followed by wine tasting at a couple of the wineries on the way back to Veneta completed the enchanting trip into the history of our area. Good company, beautiful scenery, interesting new insights into our history. What a great way to spend a day!



The Currin Covered Bridge

Flying in America

By Pat Broome

It was a cold and rainy night in Portland when the journey began; typical for Oregon in November. It felt strange flying again. The last time I had flown was right after 9/11. I was about to experience the reality of air travel in America today. I was going to visit my family in Rhode Island. My husband waited with me in the waiting area right outside the Security Checkpoint until it was time for me to go through. It felt strange having to take my shoes off to go through the checkpoint. It all seemed somewhat absurd.

The flight to New York took all night and I slept through most of it listening to music on my MP3 player. There was a 3-hour wait until the flight to Providence, so I looked around for some coffee and a bite to eat. Then the fun began. As I was walking through the terminal, I looked at the TV screens there displaying the flight schedules to see what gate I had to go to and I went there after having my coffee. About an hour before my scheduled departure, I went up to the counter to check in. The woman there told me that I was at the wrong gate and I had to go to another one located on the other side of the world. "It's a long walk and you'd better get started." So I walked rapidly over there and sat down to wait for my flight to be announced. After about 30 minutes, an older man wearing a New England Patriots jacket who was also waiting for the flight to Providence, went up to the counter and asked what time we would be boarding our flight. The man at the counter told him that the gate number had been changed and that our flight number was being called for boarding so we had all better sprint over there. Patriots Man asked if they were going to send a cart to help us get there, but was met with a blank stare. There were about ten of us including a family with three children who had been flying from Hawaii. It was quite a sight to see; three senior citizens, one middle-aged fat lady (me), a man shepherding two children and his wife bringing up the rear with the youngest in a stroller all sprinting at breakneck speed down the corridor. There is nothing more invigorating than playing Gate Tag at JFK in the morning! Patriots Man remarked that if things were this screwed up on a "normal" Friday, he'd hate to see what it would be like over Thanksgiving. In all of the chaos, I had taken out my checkbook with my driver's license to show when I checked in at the gate. Needless to say somewhere in the mad dash I lost it. When I did reach the counter, I explained my problem to the woman there and she entered the information into the computer.

All of us boarded the plane, got settled in and prepared for takeoff. We taxied out onto the runway and waited. A few minutes later the pilot announced that there was a mechanical problem and that the mechanics were

coming out to look at it. In another few minutes, the pilot announced that we were returning to the gate and would be getting off to wait for another plane. There was a groan from the passengers visualizing a long wait for the next plane to be found so we all could get on with our journey. I thought of my father waiting in the airport and me not being able to call him because he didn't have a cell phone.

Fortunately, we didn't have long to wait before they found another plane and once again we boarded for the 35-minute flight to Providence. I got off and went to get my suitcase. I was in luck; it was there! As I went to look for my father, I thought to myself that that was probably the only thing that had gone right that day. I finally saw him over by the Information Desk. He had had the sense to wear a distinctive item of clothing to make it easier for me to find him: a Texas A&M cap. You don't see too many of those in Rhode Island!

After calling my husband and telling him what happened, he sent me another picture ID so I would be able to come home. I put holds on my credit cards and bank account until I could get them replaced/changed. The return trip was as tranquil as the trip out was turbulent.

When I think about my experience traveling to visit my parents, I see that it is a reflection in microcosm of the stressed-out, anxious lives we all live today. People are so busy trying to get from Point A to Point B and making sure they haven't packed any "contraband" items like a small tube of toothpaste, that they are unable to relax and enjoy themselves. How sad for all of us to be unable to stop, catch our breath, and reflect on the beauty of the sunrise as you see it from 30,000 feet up.

Winter Rose

There is nothing more vibrant than a winter rose.
Its sheer existence is a thing of beauty defying time
with its strength and grace.

More so even in the morning light with frost as a
veil trying to hide what lies beneath.

This is not so only in the garden, but in life as well.
The most vibrant, colorful women I know are no longer
of the spring but of early fall and on into late winter,
yet showing no signs of wilting or fading –
defying time with such grace that one forgets
winter even exists.

Herbie

White Bird School

By Hazel Jones

The one-room grade school I attended my first five grades gave me the best educational start anyone could ask for. Just the basics – reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, a little geography and history. For sure, there were no computers, social studies nor, regretfully, music. We did basic crayon and paper art work on occasion, maybe in decorating the room for a holiday. But we learned the basics which enabled us to grapple more ably with other subjects when we transferred to bigger schools with more students.

The school was named White Bird on the Tucannon River in Columbia County, Washington. I was a first grader in 1937-38. The school room itself had an ante-room where we hung our coats, stowed our galoshes and lunch pails. The classroom had a wood or coal stove for heat. The room had electricity – a luxury that we did not have at home. It had no telephone so we were virtually isolated during the day. Above the blackboard was tacked the alphabet in cursive Palmer-method writing. Windows along one side of the room provided most of the light we needed. The one-piece desks had ink wells and room for our books and workbooks on a shelf beneath the slightly slanted top. Water was from a pump outdoors; boys and girls each had their own outdoor toilets.

I remember the playground as a large, bare packed-dirt area where during the noon recess all of us played childhood games such as Hopscotch, Ring Around the Rosie, Crack the Whip, Tag, Annie, Annie Over, Simon Sez, Mother, Mother May I Come Over – all without a great deal of supervision from the teacher, as I recall. Some of us had other recesses at different times. I remember a dirt bank beside the grange hall which was also on the property where we spent hours hollowing out shallow crevices like swift's nests on a cliff. We pretended these were rooms in houses and let our imaginations run. When we had to stay indoors during noon recess we played pick-up sticks, hangman, tic tac toe, made crayon drawings and the like.

We had a swing set, a jump rope and a bat and ball. One year when we were playing Annie, Annie Over, the ball went through the hole in the roof of the boy's toilet and down into the gunk. Since it was our only ball, we thought it had to be retrieved. The teacher lowered the smallest boy upside down into the mess to snatch it back. We were glad to have the ball back but no amount of washing with cold water from our pump outside could scour the odor from the boy. It was decided he couldn't sit in the classroom with the rest of us and his desk was moved outside for the remainder of the day. I'm sure he was terribly humiliated and I can't imagine how his mother felt when

the bus dropped him off after school.

The school bus, driven by Clarence Kregger, made a daily run from Marengo to Dayton, dropping us off at White Bird before taking the older kids into high school in Dayton, about twenty miles away. My sister and I, and eventually our brother, walked down a long lane, past a pasture where a scary bull lived, across the Tucannon bridge to the road to wait for the bus each morning, rain, shine or snow. Once in a while we would get to the road early enough that Clarence would stop to pick us up on his way up to Marengo so we got an extra ride in.

I remember rides home after school on the bus. Max Jackson and Bill Jones were in high school by that time, apparently in the choir, and they would entertain us by singing "My Grandfather's Clock," "Hand Me Down My Walking Cane" and others. We younger kids were enthralled and I, for one, had a crush on one of the older boys.

One of the school kids was Lawrence Dye whose family owned the only grocery store in that part of the country. It was tiny, no bigger than current 7-Elevens but it carried all the staples. Since the bus stopped there to let Lawrence off after school, sometimes a parent sent money with their child to pick up an item in the store to bring home for dinner. One time Mom gave me 25 cents to pick up a loaf of bread, which cost fifteen cents. I asked Mom if I could buy ice cream cones with the dime in change. She reluctantly consented. I bought the bread and two ice cream cones but instead of giving one to my sister as I was supposed to do, I gave one to Milton Russell, whom I had a crush on at the time. I shared my cone with Donna; he shared his with his sister Marcella. I ruefully remember this as a grievous act of insensitivity although the Russells were as poor as we were and ice cream was almost an unknown treat to both families. Besides, neither family had electricity to run a refrigerator, much less a freezer to keep ice cream frozen, if home freezers even existed in those days.

I thought our teachers were great. My first grade teacher was Miss Hamilton. Even though this must have been her first year of teaching, she managed 14 kids, from first through eighth grade, remarkably well. Marcella Russell was my classmate for five years. One advantage a one-room school has for students is that they are exposed to lessons for the upper classes as well as their own. I know I must have eavesdropped a lot because I always aced the achievement tests given at the end of every school year.

I remember a Christmas pageant I participated in during my first grade. I had two parts which required a change of costume in the middle of the play. The older girls were

Gorilla on the Wall

By Jim Burnett

able to help me into my costume at the beginning of the performance, but everyone was already on stage when I had to change into an elf costume. The costume consisted of a top and shorts which buttoned onto the top at the waist in the back. At six years old, that was too much for me. I heard my cue, rushed on stage holding my britches up as I ran. Sylvia DeRuwe saw my plight, lined up behind me and held my pants up while I said my piece. We performed in the Grange Hall which also served as a community building. I can remember other performances there put on by the adults. We also were indoctrinated into Grange rituals for children similar to Masonic youth organizations' rituals.

My favorite teacher was Una Cliborn who taught me in the fourth and fifth grades. She introduced me to my first "chapter" books. We didn't have a library, as such, but she could bring a few books from the Whetstone school for us to borrow. My first book must have been *The Little House On the Prairie*. It took me a very long time to read it since our only artificial light at home was one gas lantern that was moved from room to room as needed. I remember she was a little anxious about my returning the book but was sensitive enough to give me lots of extra time. All the teachers read to us after noon recess for about 15 minutes. I can remember James Otis' *Toby Tyler* books and Booth Tarkington's *Penrod and Sam*. The teacher read a chapter a day; we would sometimes lay our heads on our desks and close our eyes while listening.

Miss Cliborn lived with the Whetstone teacher in a little house near that school. They shared a coupe car which Miss Cliborn drove to our school every day. One spring she and her roommate decided the two schools would get together for a play day. All of us – I don't think there were 14 that year – piled into the coupe, some in the trunk, to travel to the Whetstone on the back roads as much as possible. No parent or school district would ever allow such transportation now, but we thought it a great adventure. On the way back to our school at the end of the day we were stopped in the middle of the road by two mating pigs who were not about to cease and desist so we could get around them. The kids whooped and hollered. Miss Cliborn's face turned a bright red, but it was the fitting ending to a wonderfully carefree day.

We left the Tucannon and White Bird school at the end of my fifth grade year but I never forgot what a basic foundation it gave me on which to build a life-long enthusiasm for learning.

There's a gorilla on my wall – yes, that's right, a gorilla staring back at me. Funny thing, I've never seen it before. Where did it come from? Is it possible that it has always been there staring at me, waiting for me to see it? I know all that sounds a little crazy and in a sense, it is. There is no gorilla; it's just a subtle shading of random patterns in the wallpaper. But when the light is just right and I look at it just so – it is there, big furry face, eyes and all. Sometimes I sit with my back to it, at other times I face it in the dark. Today I stood there in the bathroom in the evening light and looked squarely into its eyes – eyes that were looking back at me.

It's the stuff of optical illusions, maybe. You know, those drawings of the long-eared rabbit – blink your eyes and it's a duck. It's a vase or two faces nose to nose. You've seen them. Have you ever wondered what causes the pictures to switch – is it the trick of lines on paper or some switching mechanism within the brain?

I just went back into the bathroom and looked at the wall. At first I did not see it and then I saw the two dark splotches that were the eyes, the hint of nose and chin; it's still there and it does not change into another creature or shape like a normal optical illusion. Still, there is no gorilla, just smudges and shadings that somehow reminds my brain of a gorilla's face. Looking at my wall, you might not ever see it.

How much of life is no more than wallpaper gorillas? How much of our *experience* of life is not reality, but rather individualized interpretations of reality? It's not the brain recording pictures of the reality we *see*, it's the brain, through the process of associative cognition, trying to make sense out of what we see. It's the brain painting both familiar and fanciful pictures of what *it thinks* we see. It's the brain creating illusions for the purpose of making sense of illusions. It's the brain creating, not just gorillas, but the perceptions that seem to define our lives. What does the *wallpaper* of your life reveal? Seen any "gorillas" lately?

I wear the masks of son, brother, husband, father, grandfather and great grandfather. In my wardrobe I have other masks, that of friend, full-time RVer, independent New Thought Minister, Prayer-Partner, Writer and a bunch of worn out masks including Crisis Counselor, Chaplain, Parts Manager, International Trade Consultant, Safety and Environmental Compliance Specialist and Shoe Salesman and ... I'm not sure that in the course of a single lifetime on planet Earth we can ever strip away all of our masks to reveal the divine spark of our true nature; my hope is that we can at least come to understand that we, each and everyone of us, is so much more than what we, or anyone else, perceives us to be. ~JB



Two Teachers Wore a Dozen Hats

By Wayne Reid and Maybell Dey Robinson

Thanks to the generosity of Beb Wendling of Portland, Oregon, the following story is being made available to the readers of Groundwaters. It will be printed in two parts beginning with this issue. The story was written by Bob's father-and mother-in-law, Wayne R. and Maybell Dey Robinson in 1972. The Robinsons were married for 75 years before Wayne's death on March 23, 2002. Maybell followed him in death only eight days later – on March 31, 2002. They were a remarkable couple. I met them when I was researching my book Sawdust and Cider; A History of Lorane, Oregon and the Siuslaw Valley in 1986. They had team-taught at the Lorane High School from 1930-1933 and when they heard that I was writing a book on the history of Lorane, they sent me their unpublished manuscript, Two Teachers Wore a Dozen Hats. The manuscript relates their experiences during those three years in Lorane; it is rich in humor and tells about life in a rural community as it was during the Great Depression. When our book was published in conjunction with the Lorane Centennial Celebration in August 1987, Wayne and Maybell attended the event and I was privileged to meet them in person. I believe that their contribution has added a very personal and colorful portion to this area's history. Enjoy!"

Pat Edwards

Dr. Robert W. Blanchard, Portland Superintendent of Schools, handed me a Distinguished Service pin, shook my hand, and moved on down the banquet table at Madison High School to repeat the process for Maybell. We were being honored with the other 1972 retirees of the Portland School System. In addition to being our year of retirement, 1972 marked the 46th year of our marriage and half a century since we first became associated with the public schools of Oregon. No doubt many people will have been married 46 years in 1972, but the first four of those years we spent in college getting baccalaureate degrees at a time when married students in college were a real curiosity. We are officially recognized as the first couple in the State of Oregon to complete four years of uninterrupted college work after marriage.

During those four years, we prepared to teach high school together by choosing college courses that would make it possible for the two of us to cover most of the subjects approved by the Oregon State Department of Education for small high schools. The first six years of our teaching careers were spent as the total administration and faculty in two of Oregon's two-teacher high schools – Lorane Union High School in Lane County (1930-1933) and Lostine High School in Wallowa County (1933-1936). Our experiences in these schools provided us a training ground no longer available to Oregon teachers. High schools with less than five teachers are now not approved by the Oregon State Department of Education. The demise

of these little high schools has marked the end of another era in Oregon education.

In 1930, there were thousands of teachers without jobs. Our job hunting was made more difficult by the fact that school boards, as a general rule, were reluctant to hire two people from the same family. We were delighted to learn from the University of Oregon Teacher Placement Service that Lorane Union High School (22 miles southwest of Eugene) had requested referral of a man and wife teaching team. We drove out to apply for the two job openings, presenting our personal qualifications verbally to the clerk and the members of the school board. We talked with each individual as he continued his farm work – re-shaking the barn, plowing, sawing down a tree, swigging the pigs, feeding the chickens, and milking the cows. They all listened patiently while we gave our “sales pitches” through the driving of nails, the snorting of the horses, the monotonous whining of saws, the oink-oinking, clucking and mooing.

Although each board member made clear to us that the positions at Lorane would require almost our round-the-clock responsibilities to the students and to the community, we were happy to be informed that the board wanted to hire both of us for the 1930-1931 school year. My salary was to be \$1,200 per year, and Maybell's was to be \$900 per year. We were to be paid an additional \$2 per day total for doing the janitor work and driving the school bus.

Each of our schedules included the preparation and teaching of six different subjects. We supervised all of the activities – class meetings, money-raising events, dances, games, parties, camping trips, chili feeds, waffle suppers, entertainments, weekly news items to the newspapers in Eugene and in Cottage Grove, a hectographed yearbook, typing contests, picnics, teas, popularity contests, pie socials, father-son banquets, girls' league activities, Baccalaureate, and graduation exercises. Maybell was to coach the girls' inter-school basketball and baseball teams, and I was to coach the boys' athletics. We were requested to move into the three-room apartment on the first floor of the attractive, newly-painted, white, wooden rural schoolhouse because the janitor's services were needed for the evening activities of the school and community. Our school day generally followed this pattern: At 5 a.m., I built a fire in the furnace which used chunks of cord wood 4 feet long and 6-8" thick. After breakfast, I drove my 1924 chevy 10 miles down a narrow, rough, gravel road to the north end of the valley. I backed the 35-passenger school bus out of the barn and zig-zagged my way up the valley picking up the sons and daughters of the loggers, sawmill workers, and farmers of the area. When I reached the school, I ran

to the basement to load the furnace with more cord wood. I would then take off in the bus for the south end of the valley to get another load of boys and girls. Upon my return, the furnace needed more fuel – as it did all too often throughout the school day. If it was a dark morning – which it usually was – I’d start the Kohler electric light plant, which consisted of a large gasoline motor connected to an electric generator. It was a very cantankerous machine which usually quit running at the most inopportune time. When we would be playing an important basketball game, the score would be close, the end of the game near, our star would be ready to make a crucial shot – and the lights would go out. I’d run downstairs to get the plant started while the players and spectators had a time-out in the darkness.

After school each evening when our team practices and bus runs were completed, I scoured out the toilets, picked up the litter from the school grounds, swept the classrooms, gym, halls, porches, and restrooms. Little was done to keep down the dust from sweeping, so dust settled on everything.

Each morning of the school week, Maybell supervised the first bus load of students and the early “walk-ins”, while dusting the classroom furniture, washing the blackboards, and pounding out the erasers. She was called upon to issue band-aids for cuts and blisters and pins for ripped hems. She supervised the shooting of baskets in the gym, gave 15 minute timed tests to those typing students who needed the extra practice, sympathized with those typists who had been thus far unsuccessful in obtaining their perfect-copy assignments, and gave help to those boys and girls having trouble doing their homework for the day. From morning to morning, she lived with the realistic possibility that she would have to manage two classes at the same time in different rooms by herself if my bus had a temperamental streak somewhere along its run.

Life in a small rural community of the 1930s required almost super human stamina for its teachers. They were required to live in the community in which they worked and were expected to take an active part in all community activities. The Odd Fellows Lodge, the P.T.A. and the Grange were the most active groups. Maybell and I held leadership roles during the three years that we were teaching at Lorane. The Grange had a competitive drill team. Maybell and I knew absolutely nothing about drill teams, but she (as the English teacher) took over as the special coach while I (as an ex-ROTC man) handled the marching. We were very proud when our team, somehow, won the Lane County title.

Each spring, the Grange members had a renovation day for the old Grange Hall. Every one in the community turned out with cleaning equipment for the building and hoes, pitch forks, and scythes to cut down the year’s growth of grass and weeds in the yard. One of the ladies was a

French bride of World War I who very much enjoyed making and serving wine. She whispered an invitation for me to have a drink while the others were working outside. Of course, I declined because drinking and smoking were grounds for dismissal of teachers in most school districts.

The only criticism we ever heard of the young man who was principal of the school ahead of me was that one time one of the school board members had smelled cigarette smoke in the principal’s apartment. No issue was made of the suspicion, we were told, because he had had several visitors a few hours previously. Teachers in the ’30s were expected to be “shining examples of purity.”

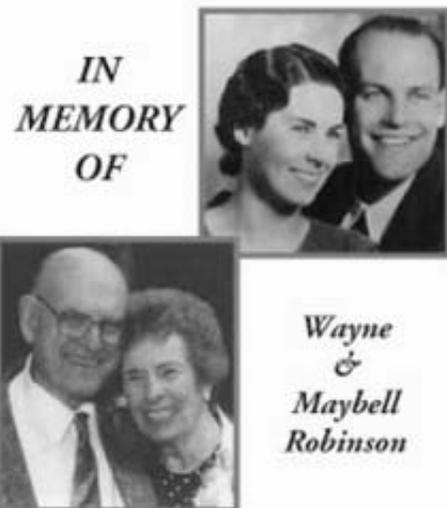
At the Odd Fellows meeting, at first they offered me cigarettes, which I declined. I was too dependent on keeping my job to accept. In a large gathering of members of the I. O. O. F., I would be the only male not smoking. The smoke would be so thick in the unventilated old lodge hall that it permeated everything. When I returned home after the meeting, the odor would be so strong on my clothing and in my hair that Maybell feared that someone would smell the tobacco odor and bring up charges to endanger my job as the school principal.

To insure that my school building cleaning techniques were above public censure, I took a night class to earn my much-coveted Janitor’s Certificate issued by the Vocational Department of the State Board of Education in Salem.

I earned, also, my Advanced Red Cross First-Aid Certificate which was needed to take care of athletic accidents but was equally useful to administer first-aid to the adult population of the valley. The closest doctor was more than 20 miles away, so I was quite often called upon to use my “know how.”

Because I had to drive the bus for the morning pickups and the night drop-offs and to transport the student body to the inter-school games and other activities in other “B” League schools, I was required to have a Chauffeur’s license.

To Be Continued in the April Issue of Groundwaters



These pictures were contributed by the Traveler’s Century Club

Recollecting the News

By Judy Hays-Eberts

Our hometown newspaper is a treasure trove of the community's past and present. It provides information of immediate relevance to the public, as well as consistency and local flavor. The *West Lane News* has served people here each week since 1961, just before the city of Veneta was incorporated. It covers roughly the same territory in which *Groundwaters* is distributed, from Greenhill to Walton and from Cheshire to Lorane, except the *News* also goes west from Cheshire to Triangle Lake and Deadwood. The *West Lane News* and its sister, the *Tri-County News* in Junction City, share *The News Shopper* which is mailed to everyone in the distribution area of both newspapers combined.

Archie and Esther Root founded the *West Lane News*, and its first issue was dated June 29, 1961, which consisted of four pages – all typed, including the advertising. Familiar names like the Veneta Beauty Shop and Bloom Service (“We service any mechanical device that runs or won’t run”) appeared in those early ads, as well as many other small businesses such as Strasburg General Store in Elmira, Walton Store, Fisher’s Market in Veneta, H. G. Suttle General Store (“Since 1911 in Noti”) and the Veneta Café at 396 W. Broadway (“Try our steak dinners — \$1.10”). Headlines were handwritten. Content featured columns about the Veneta Garden Club, the Willing Workers Club of Central, and the Applegate Chapter of the Eastern Star at the Oddfellows Hall in Elmira, as well as Grange news and bits about people in the area such as who visited who (reminiscent of the *Willamette Valley Enterprise*, Veneta’s first newspaper).

The swimming pool had been built in Veneta, and the filter room and bathhouse were to be next. A real estate ad from Tidball Realty at 383 W. Broadway showed “5 bedrooms, 8 acres – modern \$9,000” among its listings. Phone numbers were five digits. Fern Ridge A & W Root Beer (Drive in), WE 5-1541, was “opening about July 4” next to Fern Ridge Skating Rink. And, the big news was an “Incorporate Veneta” article that listed reasons why people should vote to approve that proposal. Among the list was “12. A bequest for a Public Library is imminent.”

Illustrations appeared in v.1 n.2, and a masthead that said “All the News from Alvadore to Vaughn.” It featured the other side of the incorporate Veneta discussion, with such statements as, “We, who have moved from cities in order to enjoy country privileges do object to being drawn back in to the same restricted mode of living that we had felt we left behind.”

More clubs and shops appeared in the pages of that second issue, too, such as the Veneta Home Extension Club, Fernridge Garden Club, and Pathfinder Club, and the Elmira Shopping Center, Franklin General Store, and Harvey’s Custom Cutting.

The first photo appeared in v.1 n.2 of the *News* (of Bobby Shannon who had just received an appointment to the U.S. Air Force Academy), and the first editorial cartoon followed in v.1 n.12, where it was reported that the vote to incorporate Veneta passed, 149 to 147.

In v.1 n.8, a column called *Then and Anon* began, written by Editor Anant Chavan who was originally from Bombay, India. His contribution was to include “interesting information and exotic tales of here and abroad.” Yet, activities of the Crow Grange

were covered, too.

The masthead motto “Where There Is No Vision, The People Perish” (a scripture from Proverbs) and a larger format appeared with v.1 n.16. It was still four pages, but the headlines were printed – not handwritten. The newspaper increased to six pages with v.1 n.33, February 8, 1962. And, two weeks later, the number of pages had risen to eight.

In its second year, the Anniversary Issue of the *West Lane News*, v.2 n.1, featured a photo of Ralph Johnson, Veneta’s first mayor. Burch’s Market in Crow and Swanson Bros. Lumber Company in Noti were advertised. Other ads listed cars for sale, ranging from the “Pork N’ Bean” price of \$65 to \$1,895 (for a 1960 Chevrolet BelAir).

In-depth articles about the history of Veneta and surrounding areas were published at that early time. Considering how little is well-known of its past and how much rapid development during the last two years has affected the current (and future) population, it would be an important public service if those articles about the area’s history were to be reprinted for readers today.

Also in 1962, a coffee percolator was advertised in the pages of the *News* for \$16.88 (Coffee-Matics, in v.2 n. 12), which seemed to be a substantial investment by its price at that time. Percolators fell out of favor in the years since, except for the large versions used at granges and such places, and with people who were collectors or who paid no attention to the Mr. Coffee revolution. Yet, just like that old standby the electric skillet, percolators can now be found on a local store’s shelf – for more than \$40. It can be fun to see what has and hasn’t changed with “progress”.

In 1972, Duncan and Jane McDonald bought the *West Lane News* from Archie and Esther Root. They took it over in the summer of that year. “It was the hardest thing we ever did,” said Duncan, when interviewed recently. Jane was a speech patholo-



West Lane News, Vol 1 Iss 2, July 3, 1961

gist and he had been a reporter with the dailies, the *Plain Dealer* and *The Registered Mail*, back east. Their daughter was born in 1972 and they wanted to keep her close to them. Yet owning a rural weekly paper meant that one “ended up doing a lot on your own.” It was a great responsibility to serve three school districts and nearly twenty communities. Duncan and Jane “did a lot of reporting, writing, layout and design, and delivered a lot of newspapers. . . Like Archie and Esther, it was just Jane and me doing everything,” Duncan remembered. “It was a wonderful way to be a reporter.”

The McDonalds hired the first employee to help with the *News*, in 1973. “They did everything we did,” Duncan said. Everything went to the printers, at the old *Springfield News*, on Wednesdays. The papers were then brought back to be prepared for distribution on Thursday. About 2,300 were mailed each week and about 700 were dropped off at small stores in the area. Duncan was later pleased to see one former employee, John Perry, went on to become a daily newspaper publisher and now serves as general manager for a group of publications.

In the more than four years they served as co-publishers and editors of the *News*, the McDonalds felt they had an important mission, that the information was needed by the community. “It was quite a wonderful experience. . . truly a kind of personal journalism,” Duncan said. They became involved in the development of the community, itself. Jane helped in development of a West Lane theater group and the Applegate Museum. Both were involved with the Fern Ridge Community Library.

Duncan and Jane also started the *Tri-County Shopper* and began the process to register a business name in Junction City, where the *News* overlapped the territory of the *Junction City Times*. Because they sometimes covered three or four school board meetings a week, the McDonalds felt it would be much better for them to have two newspapers, instead of just the *West Lane News*, to cover those areas.

However, in late 1976, Duncan started to teach at the University of Oregon as a professor of journalism. So, the McDonalds sold the *West Lane News* to Joe and Louise Cannon. “Joe was a very enthusiastic fellow,” Duncan commented. “He probably didn’t realize he was going to work harder than ever in his life.” Duncan continued to teach journalism at the UofO and served as a dean of the school for a number of years before he retired. Jane retired recently, too, from her work with the Eugene Hearing and Speech Center.

The McDonalds still live in Eugene and get the *West Lane News* every week. They still recognize people they knew from this area, when they see them in the *Register-Guard*. Duncan said they have “just a lot of memories of those people – all positive and very pleasant.” He has also known Mike Thoele for years, and was pleased to see Mike and Sandy become the current owners of the *News*. “This is the heart of community journalism. Daily newspapers are in a terrible bind. . . The area that continues to grow is the community newspaper, because it’s about people you know,” observed Duncan. He sees continued prosperity and success for the *West Lane News* and community newspapers in general.

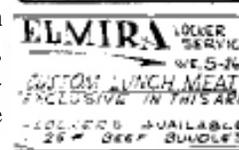
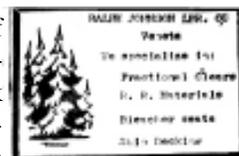
Joe Cannon now lives in Arizona, but he reminisced about his ownership of the *West Lane News*, too. Like Duncan, he was employed at daily newspapers before he took on the *News*. After

Joe graduated from the University of Kansas in 1948, he spent his entire career in the newspaper business. He took two years out for Air Force duty during the Korean War, but worked on the weekly newspapers at Parks and at Hamilton Air Force Base in that time. Years later, when he was working for a daily in Arizona, Joe became determined to own his own paper. He wanted it to be on the west coast or in the southwest. It took some time to find the *West Lane News* to buy. That was 1976, when Duncan McDonald wanted to get fully into his career in education.

Like Duncan, Joe Cannon was challenged by having things to do on a weekly paper that he didn’t have to do when he worked on a daily. He didn’t have wire services or reporters to help him, and he had to do all the business part of it. Yet, he was proud of his ability to take the *West Lane News* and cause it to grow, and branch out to the *Tri-County News* in Junction City in 1978. The *Shopper* was already there, as well as his competition, the *Junction City Times*, which didn’t last. Joe said the *News* had to grow to survive. It was an economy of scale – resources were saved by having the same production facility for both newspapers. He also bought the Philomath newspaper, and went on to own those three papers longer than anyone else up to now.

Joe Cannon hired Judy Hunt, who many might remember and who was greatly respected for her work until she left the *News* during the mid-1990s. Joe said that Judy was “one of the most natural newspaper people. . . just a wonderful person. She had no previous experience, but did just about every job we had.” He continues to read the *West Lane News* and is quite impressed with its current editor, Jeneca Jones, too. And, Joe hired Pam Petersdorf, who works with Jeneca now and who is profiled in this issue of *Groundwaters*. Pam’s interview includes a little more about the history of the *News*, as she has been there for more than thirty years. Joe noted that, unlike *Groundwaters*, the newspaper’s staff has to be paid each week.

Groundwaters can set its own course, but the *News* is intended to be a newspaper of record. Quality endures. The *West Lane News* continues in publication in its forty-sixth year and relies on subscriptions and advertising to stay in business. It yet renders an important service to the community, and is almost entirely dependent on local people and their businesses for its life and livelihood. By its nature, it reflects the community and how that works. The *News* shows the context in which we exist – now and then.



For the Long Run: Pam Petersdorf

By Judy Hays-Eberts

One employee has worked for the *West Lane News* since 1977 – Pam Petersdorf, who is now the general manager. Over the years, she has had the opportunity to do nearly all the tasks required to produce this rural, weekly newspaper. She has become its historian, the keeper of the news for the *News*. She has seen everyone come and go. And, those who have been there with her have said, “Pam is wonderful.”

Currently, Editor Jeneca Jones shares the *West Lane News* office with Pam, across from the Post Office in Veneta. Both speak highly of each other, saying they work very well together. Jeneca covers the news and Pam does the production – ads, circulation, anything and everything such as when owners Mike and Sandy Thoele need to be away. Both Jeneca and Pam take messages and Pam fills in to take photos when necessary. One of them can almost always be found at the office.

Pam has been a poor sleeper and simply accustomed to it throughout her working life. For decades, she lived on three or four hours of sleep a night; she gets five or six hours now. In those earlier years, she worked two jobs – at the *News* and at the Alvadore Dryer. “I never took a day off because I always got hours,” Pam explained. (Like the *News*, the Alvadore Dryer is still in business). Her two children always called her when they got home from school and they shared in the chores.

Pam dates events of the newspaper by her family, the sixth generation of Petersdorfs on their land. Their home is outside of Cheshire on 200 acres homesteaded by her husband Jean’s great-great-grandparents. That’s a story in itself. Every weekend, Pam and Jean have at least five of their eight grandchildren with them, mostly the younger ones now.

In fact, Pam has lived in this area since she was a year old, and she was born in Lane County in Westfir. She went to school at Central and graduated from Elmira High School in 1970. “Unbelievable,” she said about changes in Veneta. She remembered when Tiffany’s was put in, in 1964. She has seen the biggest change in the last eight years, especially the last two. She has learned to accept change a little better, she shared. And, “it’s the people,” that keeps her motivated.

Pam has worked under three of the five owners of the *West Lane News*, starting with Joe Cannon who was the publisher for twenty years after he bought it from Duncan McDonald and until he sold the business to Ed Hawley in 1996. Pam was one of the first persons hired by Joe Cannon. He said recently, she “was a good learner and a very willing learner. She started part-time in the mail room, and kept learning more and more, and kept taking on more duties.” Pam started as ‘circulation’, doing more than

12,000 inserts by hand twice a week until automated presses relieved her from that task in 1990. Sharon Finneman ran the front desk for twelve years and was well known and admired for it; but she was injured in an auto accident in December of 1997, so Pam was put up front to fill in. Pam then became the general manager after Ed Hawley left. Pam also took on advertising full-time, a year ago, so she is especially busy on Thursdays and Fridays because of the ad deadline. Sharon Finneman has remained with the *News* and is the business manager. Jean Petersdorf now does what Pam used to do – delivering, labels, and sorting to bags for the Post Office and stores – about 800 copies go to stores each week.

Since she runs the newspaper’s office, Pam oversees the bound volumes of past issues that reside in the back. The paper is brittle in those books, as they were dried through a special process after water damage from a fire in 1999. It seems a miracle that they survived. Still, they must be handled carefully and cannot be photocopied.

The fire followed the arrest of previous owner Ed Hawley for matters unrelated to the *News*. That was the low point for those who worked there; however, they didn’t lose subscribers or advertisers over it. The community was supportive and a lot of people consoled them about the tragedy. Joe Cannon still owned the building, so he stepped in to help the *News* for a few months until Mike and Sandy Thoele took it on. Joe said he “felt fortunate to be close enough by and was able to do it...because of the staff that was still there.” He was also assisted by a couple of former employees who he called back to work for a while. The Thoeles have owned the *News* since that time.

There has been occasional unpleasantness, such as threats from putting things in the paper that some people didn’t like; yet, overall, Pam has found that people have been very friendly. “People came together to do things” over the years, Pam remarked. She observed that emails, VISA, and faxes mean fewer people actually come into her office than in earlier days. And, radio and internet advertising have affected the newspaper business, yet “maybe they haven’t affected the *News* as much as larger papers,” Pam speculated.

She misses the columnists from different areas, and Earl Hain who contributed *A Hare’s Breath*, and Editor Judy Hunt, and sports writer Tom Page and others. Still, a lot of people buy the paper for its coverage of sports for their kids’ and grandkids’ scrapbooks. And, though she threatens that if another new owner buys it she might quit, Pam Petersdorf, may still be found at work in the *West Lane News* office in Veneta, where she’s been for more than three decades.

Through Avis Rust's Garden Gate

By Judy Hays-Eberts

“I’ve got a good attitude about myself,” Avis Rust said at the conclusion of our visit. “I’m not up to health standards, but...” She does real good.

Many might know Avis Rust through the *Noti News*, a short weekly column she writes for the *West Lane News*, in which she shares the happenings of her life and the church she attends and the small community of Noti off of Hwy 126 (since the highway was moved in 1996), five miles west of Veneta. Her piece always begins with something like, “A rusty gate is open for news.” I’d wondered about who she was, though, because I hadn’t seen a photo of her (that I remembered). Yet, a picture is what brought us together.

Two issues ago, *Groundwaters* published a story about local poet Elizabeth Tyler Brown by Claire Hutton titled *Memoirs of a Pineapple Bride*. A photo of Elizabeth was included. While a number of people commented about the story and Elizabeth’s experiences in Hawaii before and during WWII, Avis was struck by the photo. In it, Elizabeth looks much like Avis. And, they both share a love of writing as a form of self-expression. Avis loves poems but is not a poet; she has kept a diary since 1960.

Her column in the *News* is a slim example of how much Avis writes every day. The column is condensed for space with a word limit. It’s most generally about people she knows and what’s going on. Meanwhile, Avis’ diaries are neatly handwritten and extensive, and are true treasures. Unlike her bits of *Noti News*, Avis has filled the pages of many notebooks with recollections of her youth and notes about subjects of interest such as botany. Avis Rust is actually a woman of many talents, including gardening. Her diary contains an immense amount of information that is clearly and simply explained. I took notes about how she and her family came to Oregon, but I discovered that Avis had already written it down quite concisely herself. Therefore, I encouraged her to share some of her work in *Groundwaters* and I’m very pleased that she quickly responded.

Yet, what Avis provides in her *Noti News* is a pleasant break amidst all the busy-ness and seriousness and conflict in today’s world. It grounds readers to a fulfilling hometown daily life filled with plain values and gentle observations. And, it is a throwback to an earlier era for newspapers which regularly filled their pages with such material. In fact, Avis got started in the mid-1960’s under Archie Root, founder of the *West Lane News* when she contributed to a column about Low Pass for a time. “Archie liked to have the daily things that went on,” she reflected.

When I visited Avis for this interview, it felt like stepping back into my childhood, growing up in Florence more

than 30 years ago. Avis and husband Lowell have lived in that house since 1974 (when they moved there from a place at the end of Poodle Creek Road). Lowell was born and lived in Triangle Lake; after he married Avis in 1944, all their children went to school there. Their home in Noti is “cluttered but comfortable”. She is a self-professed packrat, though I found her to be orderly and very resourceful.

Yet Avis mostly raises flowers – lots of them, and she arranges a bouquet every Sunday for the church. Lowell takes care of the janitorial work there and at home. He keeps the fires going, too. “Both of us are real satisfied with what we’ve accomplished and done,” said Avis. Lowell and Avis built a greenhouse 33 years ago that is still in use. There is a carpet of moss for the floor and a sturdy woodstove for heat on extra cold nights. Along with flowers, an orange tree lives there, which has 17 good-sized oranges on it that I saw. Avis has raised pineapples to maturity, too. (It takes two years). She’s a whiz at such things. However, “I don’t like to cook at all,” she confessed, though she does it anyway. “Lowell can eat everything; it’s me that doesn’t like to eat... I love potato chips.”

She doesn’t use a computer; however, Avis can do fine embroidery work, since she got implants in her eyes in 1985. She’s made a lot of quilts – the first one at nine years old. She showed me a recent one, completely hand stitched. She has a lot of yarn, too, and takes it out in the evenings. She takes in what’s on TV and puts out through her hands, she says; she has a mind that sorts things and evaluates. She also has arthritis; that’s why she keeps her hands active. She even makes Christmas cards from photocopies of flowers she’s dried.

“I love home. I’m not a traveler,” Avis shared. She gets up around 4 a.m. and writes in her diary, first thing in the morning. “I can go back and see what I’ve done and haven’t done... It’s so much more mature than what I wrote when younger. More concentrated.” She also keeps scrapbooks of the *West Lane News*, where I saw she had been following the course of *Groundwaters*. They are similar to her diary. In that, she writes down her time of rising, the weather, and fills in whatever comes to mind. Sometimes it’s what mail she gets or about the needs of particular plants. All her writings will be passed on to children who want them. And, she writes letters, including one to her grandson in Kuwait every week.

I hope that Avis and Lowell continue to live simply as they do and share with us in Avis’ offerings to the *West Lane News* (and in *Groundwaters*, too). I need that pleasant break in my harried lifestyle. She’s a real gem. Thank you, Avis Rust!

The Importance of Our Paper Heritage

What's in Your Attic, Closet or Old Trunk?

By Mac Johnson

The article, "Applegate Pioneer Museum, Veneta" by Pat Edwards (July 2007), immediately caught my eye. And it brought to mind a favorite subject of mine.

Being a history buff much of my adult life, I was delighted to learn of the museum when Bonnie and I moved to Elmira in 1995. In time, we paid a visit and met Violet Shafer, and were impressed by her near-encyclopedic memory of the people, places and events related to the history of this part of Lane County. I was dazzled by the richness of the history crammed into that marvelous little building on Broadway.

Having specialized as a dealer in antique paper collectibles for many years, I was pleased to note how much local material of this nature had been donated to the museum, much of it presently housed in boxes, cabinets and drawers – not that they wouldn't love more if they had the room for its display and use. If this reference strikes a chord in the community, perhaps the building fund for the much needed reading room will swell a bit towards the estimated \$88,000 that is needed. The social and cultural value of an expanded museum will certainly be greater by far to our community than the expense.

Vintage paper items often pale in importance in the minds of many folks when compared to the graceful shapes and colors of pottery and glass, the hand-carved beauty of vintage wooden artifacts and furniture or a piece of heirloom jewelry. However, whether it's a book, brochure, poster, photograph, calendar, postcard or other item recorded on paper, these can tell stories, give us glimpses into how our forebears lived, entertained themselves, dressed and what their homes, towns and surrounding countryside looked like. They can give glimpses into the places they shopped, or the quaint-looking workplaces where they toiled to feed their families. The most fascinating photos for me are the ones which are detailed enough to show individual utilitarian articles of the time in some of those almost mythical places! Even rarer are photographs which show how some of those mute utilitarian items were actually used, putting life and meaning into tools that would otherwise be nearly meaningless artifacts if merely consigned to a dusty shelf or display case in a museum! Catalogs can tell us reams about the fashions of the time – the size of women's hats, for example (look at 1910 fashions sometime). They can tell us how a pair of hames were attached to a horse collar and the rest of the harness and how that was attached to some piece of farm equipment or carriage. We can learn how beautiful a Reo Runabout automobile was – or the classy 1937 Cord, for that matter. The examples are as numerous as the number of pages that still survive to this day.

This brings me to the real reason I contribute this little piece. Paper is fragile, and won't survive much abuse. It is easily consumed by fire, reduced to a bug-riddled mess if not kept in an environment free of insects and mice. It can be stained, spotted and sometimes destroyed by molds if it gets damp or it can be made brittle, faded or otherwise affected by being stored next to excessive heat. It is frequently faded by the sun, or darkened, having been attacked from within by the acids that were never neutralized in the production of cheap pulp paper (think old newspaper). This is only a partial list, of course. There's careless page turning – you know, with your thumb at the bottom of the page, in close to the spine of the book, rather than the upper right corner (the way your school librarian showed you). Of course, we've all seen the results of unwashed hands and fingers which transfer the natural skin oils, or perhaps grease from that drumstick at dinner, to otherwise pristine pages. These, of course, darken with time, leaving ugly reminders of fingerprints which might have looked better on an FBI file card, rather than that formerly priceless first edition Oz book! What about the dog-eared corner, where a page somehow gets bent through mishandling, or spilled coffee or peach ice cream or a spatter from the spaghetti someone ate while reading Grandpa's diary. The list goes on.

Paper collectibles are sometimes referred to as *ephemera* (a Latin word, derived from the ancient Greek "ephemeros," meaning "subject to a brief life.")

The amount of printed material of historic significance existing today is but a small fraction of what was originally produced. The great majority has succumbed to the rigors of time and often casual human usage. In truth, there's an even more basic reason for this demise. Some people just don't value items printed on paper with the same degree of reverence as they do those made from more "durable" materials. Just like we are taught to handle items of glass and pottery with care, lest they break or chip, so must we teach our young and older citizens alike that even a single piece of paper ephemera may be just as valuable as Grandma's English Spode soup tureen or opal brooch – perhaps even more so!

It is my hope that readers of this article are reminded of some old paper items they have in a box in the attic, trunk, garage or closet, and decide to have them evaluated for collectibility before they're tossed out or put in their next garage sale. If they relate to people, places or events in this part of Lane County, they may well be of special interest to the Applegate Pioneer Museum!

For those interested, I don't charge to do cursory evaluations of vintage paper material. People can learn more about us at our website "<http://prints-n-ephemera.com>" and contact us at mackiej@cmc.net or 541-935-8603.

The Whole Thing

By Katherine Stout

Ellen brushed her thick gray hair with deep, sure strokes, soundlessly counting to 100. Winter hissed at the window, stressing the cozy comfort of the big bedroom. The bed lamp glowed on a pile of magazines, and a little radio broke the stillness with tinny friendliness.

Ellen shrugged into her bedjacket and settled against the pillows, both hers and Tom's. She stretched her legs over on Tom's side just for the delicious pleasure of being able to. With Tom away at the convention, she could luxuriate in the big, king size bed, with all the pillows and read all night if she wanted. Tom always said, "If you want to read, go downstairs. Bed is for sleeping!" Tonight, alone, she would read, read, read. She reached over and took some magazines off the pile.

Tom's call this afternoon relieved her mind. San Francisco was so far away, and getting there in this storm might have been difficult. If Molly had been well, she would have gone with him. Conventions are usually fun for the wives with all sorts of fun things planned. Tom was probably asleep right now.

I'd better check on Molly before I settle down, Ellen decided.

The house was quiet. Molly was sleeping. Back in her room, she piled up the pillows again and snuggled into the cozy cavern of blankets. The telephone split the quiet. Ellen stretched over and picked up the receiver.

"Hello?" Her voice was guarded. Who would call at this hour?

"Ellen?"

"Tom! What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Couldn't sleep."

"Oh, Tom! You frightened me. You're sure you're not sick?"

"No, just restless."

"Too much partying?" her voice teased.

"Naw. Harry and the gang started a Poker game, but I didn't feel like staying up. No fun without you worrying. 'Don't be late' or 'Be careful.' You know how you are."

"Poor you! Who else is there? The Baileys? She was so nice."

"Yeah, they're here. She asked for you, too. Not too many gals she knows."

"Give her my love."

"How's Molly?"

"Temp is still around 100, but she feels better. Sleeping right now."

"That's good. What are you doing?"

"Reading. In bed! In ALL the bed! Using your pillows, too."

"Bed is for sleeping."

"Not when you are gone."

"Wish you were out here. Sure is nice."

"Get a sunburn for me. It's still snowing here."

"What you got on? That puffy jacket with the flowers on it? The one I gave you?"

"That's the one. It's so cozy and soft. I love it."

"You're so cozy and soft. I keep reaching for you and coming up empty handed. Guess that's why I can't sleep."

"Silly. I haven't tried sleeping yet. This bed looks bigger than usual, though. We must be creatures of habit."

"Ellen?"

"Yes, Tom?"

"I sure miss you."

"Oh, Tom."

"Maybe I can leave Thursday instead of Friday."

"You would miss the wind up, all the big doings. It's so far, I hate for you to miss anything."

"I'm missing YOU."

"I'll write you a long letter tomorrow and tell you all the news from here."

"Okay... Ellen?"

"Yes, Tom?"

"Good night."

"Tom?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

"Me, too, you."

"Good night, Tommy."

"Good night, Honey. Sleep well."

Ellen lay across the pillows, legs stretched out over the whole bed. Her arms rested on Tom's side of the bed. She smiled.

Potholes

As I walk the walk of life, my path has been filled with potholes that have left me stumbling and reaching for stability. As yet the potholes have not swallowed me only, I think, because of the impending indigestion my being would create.

By Herbie

Reflections

By Pat Edwards

I recently waved as my 65th birthday passed me by. Oh, I am aware of the years that have piled up, one on top of the other, but it is so amazing to realize that their numbers say to the world that I am truly getting old. I don't feel "old" as I always imagined that "old" would feel. I do feel my body wearing down some. I no longer can pick up those bales of hay out of the field each summer, and the aches and pains remind me that my bones and joints have supported my body for a really long time. Even though I've slowed a bit from my youthful vigor, I still feel vital and alive, despite what the accumulation of years tell me. The realization of age, I think, tends to send each of us back into our past, to reflect upon and evaluate our lives – it's a way of validating our existence. I am no different.

I think back to my childhood. My father was somewhat of a nomad. After living in one place for two years or so, we moved on to another. My brother, sister and I experienced new places and new adventures and lifestyles, but were seldom in one place long enough to cement long-term friendships. I was shy and kept to myself a lot, although I had my share of playmates. My daydreams always seemed to be centered around horses. I loved going to the library and I read every horse story I could find. As a teenager, I loved to write letters to penpals and to the friends I had left behind. Words became fascinating to me and I was told that I wrote well. Like many girls of my era, especially, I tried writing stories but, inevitably, my imagination stalled and I never got very far with them. I've always envied the authors who write fiction, but I never could.

I spent my high school years living my dream of having a horse of my own. Several summers of picking strawberries and beans, hoeing weeds in the same crops and row-bossing allowed me to buy Rocket, my best friend and constant companion in those years. My sister, my friends and I spent long weekends and summer days astride our horses, riding bareback, many times running full out along our familiar trails. I have had horses ever since.

During the one wonderful year that I attended Linfield College, following high school graduation, I loved the writing assignments and I discovered a real fondness for my music and art appreciation classes, as well. World history, math and science were my stumbling blocks. But, I made friends who helped me learn to have fun and explore my self-worth. The funds for my college education ran out after that first year, but I have never regretted the experience of attending college even for that short time.

Following college, I worked in a finance office for several years as a secretary. It was a difficult period in my life. My parents were divorcing, and I was trying to make my way through a world of dating with little knowledge of what was expected of me. I was still timid and naive and totally unversed in the realities of what "real life"

presented. I had a baby out of wedlock and gave her up for adoption. It was a period in my life that I once tried to forget, but despite its harshness, it too helped forge the person who I eventually became.

As I entered my years as a young wife and mother, there was little time to do much with my love for writing. My husband Jim and I bought our first home on 30 acres between Lorane and Crow, Oregon. It was there that we put down our roots and raised our four children. While the kids were preschoolers, I was too busy changing diapers, nursing runny noses and doing the chores on our small farm to take much notice of what was happening around us. I only made one trip to town per week in those days – to do our grocery shopping and to take the kids to lunch. Once the kids were in school, I began looking around at life in my community. I immediately began involving myself in my children's school and their activities. I look back at that time as if I were a flower bud, slowly opening to the world.

When our oldest daughter was old enough, I volunteered to establish a 4-H livestock club in Lorane that she could participate in. A neighbor/rancher was willing to lead the club if I was willing to organize it. I loved doing it so much that I soon volunteered to be the Lorane 4-H coordinator, setting up all types of new clubs for the Lorane area youth. I soon realized that I needed a way to get the word out about what the established clubs were doing and which ones were being formed. I began my first local newsletter called *Pat's People* which I manually typed and mimeographed on the school's old purple-ink machine. I distributed them at the local stores. I was soon shooting off letters to the editor about local issues that concerned me, as well. Once again, I was using my writing skills for not only others, but for myself, as well.

When our oldest offspring were entering high school, the Mitchell family decided to sell their store in Lorane. Jim had managed Mayfair Markets in the area for years and had always wanted his own business; but, the little Mitchell Store was not making enough to sustain a family of six. So, after we purchased it in December 1977, it became my new job. I loved working within its crowded dusty confines with the creaky wooden floor that slanted ever so slightly towards the back where the timbers were beginning to sag. I loved greeting the people who came in to buy a bottle of pop and a candy bar and to stand and chat about their lives. The loggers with their cork boots were confident that I would not scold them for walking on my very un-pristine floors, leaving bits of mud and dirt in their tracks. Every time I swept, the dust would always settle back onto the merchandise even though we oiled the floors several times a year.

Two friends, Nancy O'Hearn and Marna Hing, helped

me run the store during those eight years when it was in my charge. Like so many others, we all became interested in our own family histories when the television series “Roots” awakened the world to genealogy. We began extensive research into our own families and from that work our interest in our community’s history evolved. We knew, from Nancy’s own family history, that Lorane would be celebrating its 100th birthday within a few years. They asked me if I would be willing to write a book on its history – if they would help me research it. It seemed the right time and the right thing to do, and we pursued our goal for over three years. I bought my first computer and taught myself how to use it so that I could record all of our research in an organized manner. We finally published *Sawdust and Cider; A History of Lorane, Oregon and the Siuslaw Valley* in 1987 in conjunction with the Lorane Centennial Celebration.

When Jim took over the running and modernizing of the store full time, I searched for a full time job in town despite the fact that I had not worked at a regular office job for over 20 years. I took my computer experience to a temp agency which immediately put me to work. I was soon offered a permanent position at the Institute of Neuroscience at the University of Oregon where I used my computer skills extensively for 15 years. I gained respect and knowledge in my position there and retired with a confidence that my skills would allow me to succeed wherever life took me.

While working at the University, I began publishing another newsletter called the *Lorane Historian*. It profiled local people and businesses and I wrote about Lorane history that had come to light since 1987. The *Historian* was alive and well for three years until my lack of time and energy brought it to a halt. Since my retirement, I spent a year completely updating and revising *Sawdust and Cider*, incorporating some of the history from the newsletter and profiling the current businesses and people in Lorane. I published the new and much larger edition called *From Sawdust and Cider to Wine* in September 2006.

I’m now becoming more and more involved in the publication of *Groundwaters*, thanks to the confidence that Judy, Sonny, Jen and Pat have shown in me. They have welcomed me to their literary family and I am learning so much from them. I’ve discovered that no matter how much we learn and how long we have lived our lives, there is always room for more experiences and adventures. I have also learned that every experience, good or bad, in our past goes towards shaping the person we eventually become. Each of us leaves behind our own legacy. I am comfortable with the legacy that I will leave behind for my children, descendants and community because it is a part of who I have become through all of my own experiences.

So, despite the years that say we are old, as long as we have an interest in life and an eagerness to learn, how can any of us truly become “old” in anything but years?

The Tortoise and the Hare

Life is a little like the tortoise and the hare. In the beginning, time seems to move like the tortoise, at a slow steady pace. At times it seems to take forever for the day to pass, and boredom is the norm.

As we grow older, the hare becomes more prominent with the days passing faster and faster and there never seems to be enough time to fit all of life in.

We look back and wonder where the time has gone. And as our life’s twilight nears, we wish once more for the days of the tortoise.

Herbie



La Femme De Ma Vie

All those years I knew before,
 The years I looked for You, O Lord,
 They fell away to nothing when I knew You;
 You sent her on a paper plate,
 Unadorned, my matron saint,
 She took me by the hand and led me to You;
 The seventh deadly sin of Pride,
 She looks beyond, to me, inside;
 At dawn, the child was not a stranger to You;
 And, yes, I left the child behind,
 But always kept the place in mind,
 And it was she that helped me bring him to You;
 I glimpsed the end, or thought I did,
 With only me to make the bid,
 With only me to tell You that I’d seen You;
 But now she tucks me in at night,
 She shows me where to find the light,
 And everything she does is to reveal You

Dade Cariaga

My New Red Pick up Truck

I am so happy
Acting kind of sappy
Oh man, what luck
I've got a new red pick up truck

She's so fine
Look at her shine
She looks like a million bucks
My new red pick up truck

She has four wheel drive
And really comes alive
When four wheelin' through the muck
In my new red pick up truck

Everyone wants to ride
When I go slip and slide
And really get her to buck
In my new red pick up truck

It's also fun to tool
She looks so cool
When crusin' the gut
In my new red pick up truck

She surely stands out
When out and about
All the other trucks suck
Next to my new red pick up truck

Jim

In Search of Fate

I've searched everywhere for my place to live,
I've tried everything that life has to give.

But life hasn't offered this fate meant for me,
'Til then just a drifter is all I can be.

I'd like to have family,
A place to lie down,
I'd like to have meaning
I'd like to be found.

But 'fore I may settle and let down my head,
I must feel a purpose, And thus find my bed.

So 'til it does offer,
'Til fate finds my path,
I must be a roamer,
And plot out God's task.

Spyder

Life is a Quest

Life is a quest for understanding and acceptance for who we are, not what others want us to be. At times the burden of being ourselves without giving up on who we truly are is a battle of epic proportion.

As the easy road would be to give in and be what others say we should be, thus walking through an existence of non-being with no self-thought or self-worth.

I believe that the battle to stay true to our self, while hard and exhausting, is worth the fight to be our self, not a shell walking through life as a non-being.

The pleasure of seeing our true self in the mirror makes the battle well-fought and Won!

Herbie



I Have No Enemy

I have no enemy I see
Only myself in All of This
everywhere, it's Me reflected
in every eye in every word
I can find myself
one struggle

all mine, shine or die.
It's said the soul kills itself.
That's something

I appear to do well
time and again

I move on through.
When is better than Now?

I am where when is not
I am not yet where when is
I'm here for a dance
if I'm brighter
will I yet see the stars?

Judy Hays-Eberts, 4/15/04

A Moment of Valor – Carl Puchacz

By Sonny Hays-Eberts

Art comes in many mediums. Some draw, some sculpt and some paint broad swaths on the canvas of life using tears, blood, sweat and toil. Carl Puchacz is an artist of all forms. My wife, Judy, suggested I interview ‘Pooch,’ as he was dubbed by fellow Marines, and he willingly accepted my request.

I stopped by in the evening and introduced myself and explained why I write *Moment of Valor*. I asked him to outline his service history, and for the next two hours I was treated to a series of tales that ranged from Guadalcanal to Northern China and touched upon orphans, sergeants, ministers and generals. It would be impossible to recount the variety of stories Pooch regaled me with in the detail they deserve, so I will focus on just a few which illustrate the depth of character of this man.

Pooch went to Detroit from Saginaw in 1944 for his physical. He was not drafted and expected to return home, but when a sergeant came in and asked for volunteers for the Marine Corps, he stepped forward with nine others. Six of them passed the physical and were billeted in a hotel and fed before being shipped to San Diego. Carl was still expecting to go home when he began Boot Camp and Lion Training and then assigned as an engineer to the Sixth Marine Division.

His stories of liberty and events in training camp are full of much of the USMC-Navy rivalry, and the actions of young men away from home who are being sent off to face combat conditions. They sought whatever creature comforts they could secure, and the stories of the engineer efforts involved in liberating and hiding Naval beverage rations are cut from the legendary cloth of ‘the Old Breed’ (a distinction made in the USMC in the ‘40s and ‘50s to denote members of the First Division as well as China Marines).

The engineers shipped from San Diego to Pearl Harbor, then onto Guadalcanal which was occupied. There, they engaged in additional training before heading to Okinawa. On April 1, the invasion of Okinawa began and Pooch was one of many Marines humping his gear onto the beach. Luckily, the invasion was launched in a weakly defended area, and his entire unit suffered a single skinned knee. Carl talked about later watching the kamikaze attacks on the fleet from shore and fearing the shells that landed short, as well as what happened to some of his friends. He never requested a Purple Heart, yet his wife still picks pieces of shrapnel from his back. He recounted the stories of Tokyo Rose, the attack on the crossroads where he was subject to attack by US airplanes, the soupy mud of Okinawa and stories of Oi’ Charlie, eerily similar to those of a couple of others in the Pacific Theater who were subject to the same type of actions.

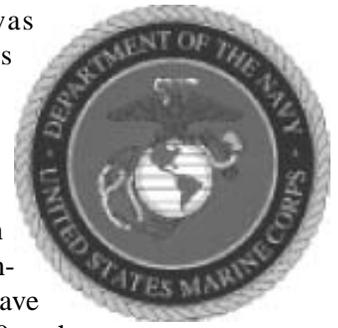
The Atomic Bomb was dropped shortly afterwards and, after VJ day, Carl found himself transferred to Northern China, where they would work on building a road from Pei Tai Ho beach to the town of Ching Wang Tao, in Manchuria. His unit would try to leave at 0730 and return after 1800, as he mentioned the Chinese Nationalists and Communists would fight across the road from the hours of 0800 until 1800, when they would then stop and fraternize with each other. “What a weird way to fight a war,” was his comment.

It was in China that another side of Pooch emerged from the stories, a side that contrasts deeply with the tales of drinking and skirt chasing. After a night of carousing on Christmas Eve, Pooch emerged to find a young, starving Chinese boy sitting on the curb outside with his dead grandfather. Pooch brought the young lad inside and fed him, then took him back to the post. A strenuous disagreement with a green SP with no combat experience ensued before Pooch was allowed to bring ‘Jinglebells’ Lu Mein Heu on to the post, but Pooch succeeded. ‘Jingle’ became the camp mascot and even garnered a uniform and monthly pay. Sadly, when the unit transferred, Pooch couldn’t be as convincing to the Officer of the Watch on ship, and his attempt to smuggle Jinglebells was foiled. It was touching to hear how many hard Marines cried at that scene.

Pooch left the USMC for a brief period in 1946, but realized the USMC was his family now. He reenlisted and served twenty years as a graphic artist. He worked with the famous Chesty Puller, and his stories of the man are down to earth and, as Chesty himself might have said, true Marine.

After giving twenty years of his life to the Corps, Carl retired and began his own graphic arts business. Now he is retired and lives with his wife of twenty-five years, Lucille, in Veneta. He continues to offer his services to those who need them. He showed me some of the restoration work he performed on statuary for churches, and the results are incredible. The man is a fantastic artist.

In closing, Pooch said he would do it all over the exact same way again. The Corps is in his blood and he said he broke down and cried the day he learned of the Marines killed in the Beirut bombing. It is obvious this man cares about those in the brotherhood of the Corps. But it is also obvious that Pooch cares for those in need and to this day will seek to help them. He may be a master of the airbrush, but his true masterpiece is his life.



Travels with Hannah Stevenson

By Jennifer Chambers

She could feel herself starting to sweat. What was she thinking, coming to England in the late summer? Her hair certainly remembered the humidity, she thought as she felt the carefully crafted mass of curls start to crinkle and frizz. The walk to the neighbor's from the house she'd inherited was a short trek through a dry, grassy field, and she loped off in that general direction.

"It must be time for the second haying of the year," she remembered a seasonal marker from her youth and was delighted. Suddenly a wire appeared out or nowhere and she tripped over it, landing face first over the fence that was concealed by a tall section of hay. Her jeans still held the suitcase creases, and they were only a little dirty from the fall; so she pivoted herself off the ground and dusted them off.

"Watch your step, love."

A male voice came from the direction of the neighbor's barn, still about fifteen feet distant. It brought her up short and she stood straighter, checked her elbows for hay. "Hello?"

The sheep followed her over to him.

"The fence. It's hotwired. You're lucky it wasn't turned on, or you've gotten a right shock." He was in the shadows of the overhang in front of the small corral, and three sheep milled about his feet. "Who're you?" He said mildly, and looked up from the piece of tack he was polishing.

Her heart lurched when she saw his face. The man was drop dead, slap-you-in-the-face gorgeous. A beige sun hat shaded eyes that matched the cloudless skies here in a tiny town in the Cotswolds area. His hands, she saw as she got closer, were the hands of someone who worked outside, thick and calloused with broad fingers. The bit he was polishing was dwarfed in his hand.

"I'm Hannah, Hannah Stevenson. My Grandma, Violet, used to live here. She left me her house."

He continued to polish and squinted to look at her. "Oh, aye. You've got her hair. I've seen photos of that one. When she were younger she was a treat for the eyes." He set down his tools and turned to squarely face her.

She drew up to the side of the barn and bent to pet the sheepdog that ran up to trace figure eights around her feet. "Hello, and who're you?" she said.

"That'll be Charlie. He's partial to strangers." He took off his hat and wiped his brow. "Well, since you're Hannah Stevenson, I'm Edward. Edward Landingham. I own this piece of sod." His chin jutted out boldly. "So you've got her house. What do you plan to do with it?" The question was a challenge.

His accent was not just English. The accent and timbre of his voice was colored with something else – Welsh? Scottish? His hair was a deep caramel, cut conservatively but long enough to comb to the side. Those piercing blue eyes looked too wise for the face that went with them. She imagined he could see her darkest secrets with their keen precision.

She smiled tentatively. "I mean to start my own soap company." The dog was clamoring for attention and she acquiesced, if only to cover her reaction to his very physical presence. Everything about that man made her body come to attention. He looked as though he would be as comfortable in a hayfield as in a boardroom, oddly. Maybe it was the way he stood so solidly. His mass was immovable unless he wanted it, she thought. A challenge? She'd give him a challenge.

"Yes, I know, a beauty company's a frivolous thing," she said to his unspoken criticism, "but I'm good at it. Women like it, and men can buy things for their ladies. And people have to be clean." She tried to smile disarmingly at him but it didn't have the desired effect.

"You'll have some trouble with that around here. People don't like change."

"It's a tourist town. All the Cotswolds are," she defended. "Anyway, they haven't met me. I can sell a song like nobody's business. It can't be that much harder to sell soap. It's all about being able to reach people." This time her smile was genuine. "I just was unpacking and wanted to take a break. Thought I'd meet the neighbor."

Hat in hand, he made to go into his house behind the barn. "Good luck to you," he said, turned, and walked to his house.

Well! Hannah marched back to her own farm, fuming. *That was not worth taking a break for.* She was able to navigate the treacherous fence wire and reached her own, wooden, fence unscathed. The stile that spanned the boards made a neat stair to cross from one field to the next. Why didn't he have one of those on his, admittedly much older, fence? Something to think about.

Meanwhile, she had work to do. The front door of her little farmhouse beckoned, and opening the door was like opening a page of memory for her. The home was a glorified cottage really, the low roof of the second floor in keeping with the rest of the town. From her own covered porch she could see the white, cream, and pastel facades of the buildings in the downtown area.

She surveyed the main road. From her position, being a little off the main drag would be good for business. The driveway to Violet House was clearly marked on the lane that wound through the picturesque Cotswolds town, and with a little advertising and a good sign visitors wouldn't be able to resist her handmade soaps, lotions, and other luxuries.

It was a far cry from her days touring as a working lounge singer, but the relief she felt at being able to finally slow down was like diving into fresh clear water.

A horn shattered her idealistic daydream. "Hey, miss! I've got some of your stuff here." A white delivery van had pulled up.

As she started to go out to help him unload, the phone rang, loud and shrill. She held up her index finger. "Sorry,

the phone's ringing. Just a sec. You can start putting everything in the living room. Thanks."

She ran lightly up the wide steps and grabbed the phone on the edge of the kitchen counter. *Oh, no, the only person who has this number is my sister's helper.* "Hello?"

"Ms. Stevenson? The voice on the other end of the line was shrill and angry. "It's your sister. She's escaped again." The problem of her sister was not going to go away, no matter how far she ran away, even to the hinterlands- relatively- of England.

Silence on the line followed, by another insistent "Hello? I said, SHE ESCAPED."

"Yeh, I'm here." Hannah wiped her brow. "I'm here. Myra's gone?"

"She isn't here," Doris, the woman who watched over her sister, said drolly. "I have no idea where she went."

"Seriously, isn't that what I pay you for?" Hannah was exasperated. "Have you called the buses, the police?" Her sister Myra was in a long-term care facility in a small town outside Kerry, Ireland. "I mean, the Garda?" she dragged her shoes over the mat the previous owner had left behind, a coarse affair that looked like it was made of old sponges, and tried to get most of the dirt of her feet before she dragged it further into the house.

"Yeh, I called the Garda. They say she'll turn up. She usually does, eh? Always comes back to old Doris, here." The fact that Old Doris didn't seem a mite perturbed did a lot to inflame Hannah's already sensitive, and put-upon at the moment, nature.

"Now, listen, you, I haven't got time to fly in from England and look for Myra just now. I hired you to take care of my sister and you need to do so." She scrubbed her face with the back of her sleeve. "All right, fine. I'll be there as soon as I can. I'll call the Garda myself and inform them that I'll be making travel arrangements. Call me the moment she appears." In high dudgeon, Hannah slammed the old-fashioned phone up on its cradle and looked at her Grandmother's cozy, snug cottage. It would have been fun to put the furniture back in from storage. She had been going to go to the barn later to see what might be stored in the stalls there before she went to where the professional removal company had done with the rest of her Grandmother's things. And now she had to go back to stinking Ireland and find Myra. It was enough to irritate the pope.

She slammed her overnight bag on the wide broad stone table and leafed through the bare closet for the few clothes she'd managed to hang up. There had been time to just do a small load of washing last night and hang her clothes to dry; some were damp to the touch but it couldn't be helped. "Ah, Gram," she said to the cottage. She could feel the lavender scent of her Grandmother intensifying, and it was comforting. She shook it off. Must be in the walls and furniture. There was no reason for it to be stronger smelling now. She picked up the phone again and made reservations for the bus and plane that would take her back to Kerry and Myra.

Marj's Diary



February 5, 1952

Have you ever wanted to do some silly thing you did when you were a kid? I have and I don't think I am "tetched" either. I think we would all like to reverse the pages of time and indulge in childish activities for relaxation; but we wouldn't dare because our age, size, and position would certainly stamp us "off" if we were caught.

Especially, in the Spring of the year, I have wished I could run and skip as I did in days way back; and maybe go out into the meadow and play in the creek and tease a few frogs. I would even like to be able to climb a tree; but probably couldn't find one with limbs far enough apart to squeeze my huge carcass into.

What great sport it is to build dams in a creek and float improvised boats! You see, I have no desire to do "sissy" things; but rather I would enjoy communing with nature; and a child seems so much closer to all the natural things.

When I was a child, the first warm days of Spring, my feet could be freed from the confinements of shoes and what a wonderful feeling to really feel the earth between my toes. Now wouldn't I look funny barefooted wading in a mud hole?

It is with regret, I have grown mature and cannot indulge in all those childish relaxing things. It is said, "You are as young as you feel"; but few people look as young as they sometimes feel; so are harnessed to ideals and no one is free to do as he pleases.

George Bernard Shaw said, "Youth is such a wonderful thing. It is a shame it is wasted on youngsters."

P.S. If you see me wading up and down one of the small creeks out in the swamp, please tell people I am gathering water cress. I will be most likely chasing a frog.

Jim and Pat Edward's

Lorane Family Store

80301 Territorial Rd.

Lorane, OR 97451

(541) 942-5711 / (541) 942-0573 fax

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WILLAMETTE VALLEY ENTERPRISE

VENETA, LANE COUNTY, OREGON

VOL. 2

NO. 29

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1916.

IN THE LOCAL FIELD

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

We find news a scarce article indeed during these stormy days. It seems too, that some of our able assistants have temporarily deserted us.

Sunday's Eugene Register contained an article the heading of which said: "Portland Deserted by the Unemployed; Workingmen's Clubs Closed for Lack of Patronage; Every train and boat leaving city carries men to logging camps and lumber mills in the Northwest." This indeed sounds good to us, even if we are quite a distance from Portland. Whenever general conditions demand such a move as this we are willing to take a chance on at least a portion of the prosperity finding its way in our direction.

The new street light has arrived and will be installed in a few days.

Tuesday was an excellent day for the Veneta post office. Nearly two hundred and seventy-five pounds of mail left here that day; and that is not the day the Enterprise is issued, either.

If anyone really thought during the nice weather of last week that spring had really arrived they were doomed to disappointment. Monday morning sent a chill over everything and before night it was raining hard. Tuesday morning witnessed a large number of big, wooley snow flakes wending themselves toward the earth. These were soon replaced by huge drops of rain, but the atmosphere maintained a coolness throughout the day.

VOL. 2

NO. 28

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1916.

W. H. Canaday of Crow, was in Veneta Saturday afternoon taking in the auction and attending to other business matters. Mr. Canaday operates a saw mill a short distance south of Crow, and received severe injuries to his property during the recent high waters in the way of losing the mill dam. He intends to rebuild soon, but the delay and expense are by no means pleasant things to contemplate.

Those shocks are not earthquakes. They are big body fir trees falling fast under the skillfull touch of Messrs Curtis and Maxfield who are clearing on the western part of the townsite.

Introducing: The Lorane Eta #94

Theta Rho Girls' Club

By Tara Wigle

The Lorane Eta #94 Theta Rho Girls Club wrote this in May of 2007 and then presented it to the Rebekah Assembly of Oregon.

- T** * Try to do our best
H * "Happiness Through Service" is our motto
E * Each one of is special
T * Together we make things happen
A * Anticipate the needs of others
- R** * Rebekah's we will be some day
H * Helping hands
O * Our hearts are full of love
- G** * Greatness comes when we use our minds
I * Inspired by God
R * Rules teach us respect
L * Leaders we will be someday
S * Success through service
- C** * Caring for each other
L * Love guides our actions
U * United we stand
B * Bible is our guide

The Lorane Eta #94 Theta Rho Girls Club is a Christian based community service organization for girls ages 8 to 18 years old. At this time the Lorane Eta # 94 Theta Rho Girls Club has 14 members, with 4 advisors. We meet in the IOOF hall in Lorane every Thursday evening. The head advisor is Mary Houle' and she can be contacted at 942-9341 for questions. We welcome all girls to come attend and find out what "Happiness Through Service" really means.



Photo art by Jen Chambers

Cookin' With Jen



Aunt Jane's Cook Book

(And suggestions for Farm and Stock)

McConnon And Co., Winona, Minn., Memphis, Tenn.

Early 1900's

**** Included for entertainment purposes only: Do not try this at home! ****

Antidotes for Poisons

First—Send for a physician.

Second—Induce Vomiting, by tickling throat with feather or finger; drinking hot water or strong mustard and water.

Special Poisons and Antidotes

Alkalies (Potash, Lye, Hartshorn, Ammonia) = Vinegar or lemon / juice in water.

Arsenic (Rat poison, Paris Green) = Milk, raw eggs, sweet oil, lime-water, flour and water.

Chloroform (Ether, Chloral) = Dash cold Water on head and chest, Artificial Respiration.

Carbonate of Soda (Copperas, Cobalt) = Soap-suds and mucilaginous drinks.

Opium (Morphine, Laudanum, Paregoric, / Soothing Powders or Syrups) = Strong Coffee, hot bath. Keep awake and moving at any cost.

First Aid Suggestions in case of Accidents

Drowning—1. Loosen clothing, if any. Empty Lungs of water by laying body on its side and lifting it by the middle so that the head hangs down. Jerk the body a few times. 3. Pull the tongue forward, using handkerchief, or pin with string if necessary. 4. Imitate motion of respiration by alternately compressing and expanding of the lower ribs about twenty times a minute. Alternately raising and lowering the arms from the sides up above the head will stimulate the action of the lungs. Let it be done gently but persistently. 5. Apply warmth and friction to the extremities. 6. By holding tongue forward, closing the nostrils and forcing the "Adam's apple" back so as to close entrance to the stomach) direct inflation can be tried. Take a deep breath and breathe it forcibly into the mouth of the patient. 7. DON'T give up! People have been saved after hours of patient, vigorous effort. 8. When breathing begins, get patient into warm bed, give warm drinks, or spirits in teaspoonfuls.

Mad Dog or Snake Bite—Tie cord tight above wound. Suck wound and Cauterize with caustic or white-hot iron at once, or cut out adjoining parts with a sharp knife.

Lightening—Dash cold water over person struck.

Fainting—Place flat on back; allow fresh air and sprinkle with water.

Tests of Death—Hold mirror to mouth. If living, moisture will gather. Push pin into flesh—if dead the hole will remain, if alive it will close up.

Suffocation from inhaling burning gas—Get into the fresh air as soon as possible and lie down. Keep warm. Take ammonia—twenty drops to a tumbler of water, at frequent intervals.

Again, do not attempt any of the above at home. Be thankful for modern medicine.

And now, a recipe from a loyal reader, Karen Vosika: "My mom always made this soup if she knew the family was coming for a visit. The boys loved it and it didn't take too much labor. She made it over two days and this worked well for her as she was in her 80's. It works great for me, because I don't have big gaps of time to cook any more. Please feel free to tweak as your tastes and pantry contents allow."

Baked Beef and Vegetable Soup

4 pounds Beef Short Ribs*
1 Onion, skin on, studded with
2 Cloves
3 cloves Garlic peeled and slightly crushed
4 whole Peppercorns
4 cups Beef Broth
Salt & Pepper to taste
2 Tbsp. chopped Dill (I use dried Dill Weed)
2 Tbsp. chopped Parsley (I use dried)
3 small Leeks cut in Julienne strips (I just slice them)
3 Carrots cut into 1/4" x 2" julienne strips (I just slice them)
3 Celery Ribs, cut into julienne strips (I just slice them)
8 White Mushroom caps, cut into thin slices
2 cups shaped Pasta, cooked until tender

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Place Beef, Onion, Garlic, Peppercorns, and Broth in casserole. (This can be any metal covered pot that can also go in the oven or Corningware.) Add Water to cover by 1 1/2". Bring to a boil. Cover and bake in oven about 2 hours. Remove meat and cool. Shred meat from bones, discard fat. Cover and strain broth. Cool and skim off fat. Return to casserole. Add Leeks, Carrots, and Celery. Bring to a boil. Simmer for 3 minutes. Add Beef to Broth, with Mushrooms, Pasta, Salt & Pepper. Bake covered 5 minutes. Remove from oven and stir in Dill and Parsley. Serve.

**The recipe calls for beef short ribs, but I use any meat on a bone that needs to be cooked a long time to be tender. The last batch I made was with beef shanks. It was great!*

Hashomer

By Pat Broome

Magen was looking forward to her birthday next week. It was going to be a special one and she had been preparing for it since the beginning of autumn. She visualized the scene in her head; the inside of the Teacher's House, her family and friends from the village dressed in their best, the candles glowing softly, and her parents escorting her to where the Sacred Scrolls were. The Teacher and the Elders would then call her name and she would approach the stand that held the portion of the scroll that she was to read aloud. She had been practicing long and hard to make sure that she could say the words correctly. They were ancient ones and difficult to pronounce. It would be embarrassing to stumble in front of the others. Then she would be taken by the Eldest of the Elders and given her medallion. Afterwards, all of them would gather in the Hall where there would be music, singing, and best of all, delicious food. She smiled at the images in her mind.

Magen was so preoccupied with her thoughts that she did not hear someone approach her from behind. The next thing she knew she was in the ditch at the side of the road and her head was being held down. Someone was trying to drown her! Could it be one of the Chorny or Black Ones riding abroad looking for trouble? Her parents had warned her about them and she had promised to be careful. She managed to get her head slightly above the water and get a quick look at her attacker. It was a Chorny. There was no mistaking the evil red eyes. She knew that she stood very little chance against such a creature. She managed to gulp a large breath of air in her struggle and the next thing she knew was that she was flying over the road looking down on the pack of Chorny heading toward her village. They were armed to the teeth and she knew she had to warn her people. But wait a minute, what was happening, she thought, as she came closer to the village. She wasn't running. She was FLYING. Magen glanced quickly at her right hand, but it was not there. A wing covered with black feathers replaced the hand. There was no time to think about it. She had to get to the village fast.

Magen swooped over the roof of her house cawing loudly. Her mother came outside and saw her perched on the apple tree at the back door. She immediately turned and ran to the barn where Magen's father and some of the other men were sharpening their tools. "Av! Av!" she shouted. "Magen is here in the apple tree and it looks like trouble."

The men ran out of the barn carrying their tools in their hands. Av, the largest and strongest of them, looked up into the crotch of the apple tree and saw a raven perched on the bare branch. He looked at his wife questioningly, but she was off running to warn the others. When he turned around, he saw the slight form of his daughter sitting at the base of the tree shaking uncontrollably. Her dark green curls were matted with sweat and there was a look of panic in her violet eyes. "Not now!" he said in a gruff voice. He grabbed her up and thrust a long bow into her hand.

Magen ran to her position with the other archers and waited for the Chorny to come. She had started training when she was very young but she was already the best shot in the village. It was not long before she saw the dust cloud approaching. It was the Chorny! Her Aunt Dor

was in command of the archers and she quietly paced behind them, telling them to be patient and not shoot too soon. "After all, arrows don't grow on trees and are quite expensive!" she said with a grin. The group of archers grinned back and then turned around to take care of more serious business.

It was only a few minutes later that the arrows were loosed into the mass of charging Chorny. They did not stand a chance against the rain of death coming down on them. The battle was over almost before it began. The bodies of the dead Chorny were placed in carts and taken to a barren field well away from the village. Then they were placed on a pyre and burned. Later the ashes would be buried in a deep pit where no one would ever find them.

Afterwards, the villagers went to the badmik to cleanse themselves from the smells of the battle. The warmth and the steam emptied their pores of all the evil toxins that came from the Chorny. Magen and her family returned to their home to eat before going to the Teacher's House with the other villagers to discuss what had happened.

When they went inside Magen saw all of the Elders sitting together at a table on the right side of the main room. A few moments later, a servant came to where Magen and her family were seated and summoned her mother Jela to join the Elders at their table. Jela's violet eyes looked surprised and slightly alarmed, but she knew that she had to obey. When she got to the table, she was given a seat next to the Eldest of the Elders.

Magen looked down at her hands and began to surreptitiously chew on her nails in her nervousness. She felt a slight touch on her arm and looked up startled to see the servant gesturing her to join the others at the Elders' table. She was even more startled when the Eldest of the Elders herself stood up and gave her seat. The tiny old woman had a gentle smile on her face and she said in a quiet reassuring voice, "There is nothing to be afraid of, my child. Your mother told me everything that happened." She then took another chair from the servant and sat down next to Magen. She took Magen's hand in her own and held it softly while she spoke. "What happened to you, my dear is perfectly natural. It was just a little early. You understand that you are a very special child, and usually these things do not happen until after your Mit ceremony when your power is revealed. Your power, my child is the ability to change your form. When that happens early, it usually means that the child will also have another power that will be revealed at the ceremony. So don't worry -- everything will be just fine and we can still enjoy everything next week. Especially those desserts!" She said this with a laugh and a twinkle in her amber eyes. "I may be dried up and wrinkled like an old apple, but I remember what it was like to have dessert." She pushed a stray lock of green hair away from her face and pinned it carefully in her snow-white topknot. She then stood up and kissed Magen on her cheek. It was like a flower petal brushing against her skin. She then turned to Jela and told her to take Magen home. "Get some rest, my child. You have had a rough day. I am looking forward to seeing you again next week." She kissed Magen's cheek again. She leaned close and whispered in Magen's ear "Now you are truly Hashomer. The rest is just show." She laughed again and turned back to the table to join the others.

Bubbling Up
18 & under talent

The Downside of Optimism

easy-going, easy to please
peaceful, positive, down to earth
textbook definition, that's me
i take a look at it all
in the grand scheme of things
bad things which are changeable,
temporary, and not your fault
good things which are plentiful
and generally good
everything is balanced out in the end
i see beauty in my own sadness
and i see life through a child's eyes

but when everything starts crumbling,
when the whole world comes crashing
all at once and nothing seems to be right
it's not what they want to hear, to tell them
"everything is balanced out in the end."
sympathy and selfless hope are twisted
by misunderstanding
they become indifference and narcissism
how does it happen? i don't understand
i'm drowning in all the words i've written
when i just wanted to tell you
that everything would be alright.

Meli Ewing

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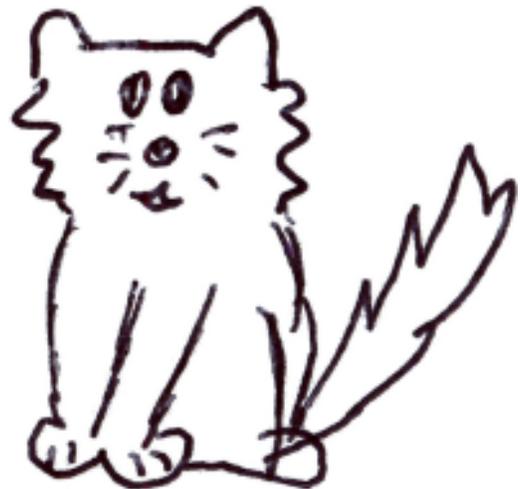
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"Kitty" by Caitlyn Meng



"Fishes." Riley Chambers' chalk drawing

What Else is at the Library?

Everyone loves the Fern Ridge Public Library, but have you seen what they do at night? Several evenings a quarter, you can catch entertainment, education or learn a new skill with the Library Programs. Programs begin at 7:00 in the Konnie Room unless otherwise noted.

- **January 8**, Mike Helm— Oregon Travel and Folklore
- **January 22**, TBA
- **February 5**, Genealogy
- **February 19**, Herb Gardening
- **March 4**, Keeping your Brain Sharp as you Age
- **March 18**, Celtic music

The Applegate Art Center...

is located at the Ray's shopping Center in Veneta, did you know? The non-profit art center is staffed entirely by volunteers providing abbreviated, though still impressive, open hours of Tuesday through Saturday, from 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.. Meetings are open to the public every first Monday at 1:00 p.m. and feature a demonstration by any of the Center's various members, with art ranging from Fiber to Oil to Watercolor -- "any kind of art," says the Center's President, Christie Gladhill.

Classes start in January. Gladhill said "only two are nailed down," as of yet:

- **Oil and Acrylic Painting:** Starting January 8, Tuesdays from 1-4:00. The class is ten weeks long, and all skill levels are welcome to work on individual projects. Cost is \$75.
- **Chinese Brush Painting:** Starting January 10, Thursdays from 2-4:30. Classes are 4 weeks long and the class welcomes beginning through advanced students. Cost is \$50.

Film Fest in Lorane

Check out the Lorane Movie Night! This ongoing community event, held at the Lorane Grange, is not to be missed. The schedule for the first quarter of 2007 is as follows:

- **January 5**, *Elephant*. (2003)
- **February 2**, *Murder She Wrote* episode filmed in Lorane, and *Bend in The River* (1952), Family Night
- **March 1**, *Raising Flagg* (2006)

Classes in many different areas are also offered through the Rural Arts Center. Look at the website regularly for updates.

<http://www.lorane.com/ruralartcenter/rac.html>.



Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1860-1935) was a poet, writer, social advocate and suffragette. She was one of the leading inspirations for *Groundwaters*, on many levels.

"The softest, freest, most pliable and changeful living substance is the brain – the hardest and most iron-bound as well."
 Charlotte P. Gilman

Local Artists !

- Interested in creating a group that fits us as a community?
- Where we can meet for support, critique, learning, scheming, growing?
- Where we can create opportunities to show our work?

Come to an informal get-together to discuss, plan and dream. Bring your wonderful ideas, questions, and a snack to share to:

Fern Ridge Library; Konnie Room
 Monday, January 21; 7 pm

Any questions? Call Ellen, 935-2631, or email emarmon@uoregon.edu

If you like what you read, pass it on.

