
A FREE MAGAZINE BY AMATEUR WRITERS FOR LOCAL READERS

Vol. 5 No. 2

Winter 2009

Groundwaters

"Bubbling up in our own good time."



Nature's Paintbrush by Patty Byers

*The Groundwaters' staff wishes to extend to our readers,
contributors and advertisers a
Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year!*

Editors & Publishing Team:

Pat "Renewal" Edwards, Managing Editor
Jen "Hope" Chambers, Contributing Editor
Pat "Renaissance" Broome, Contributing Editor
Jim "Furbish" Burnett, Contributing Editor & Business Mgr.

Judy Hays-Eberts, Foundress Emerita
Sonny Hays-Eberts, Consultant & Contributor

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 our new site at <http://www.groundwaterspublishing.com/>

Also retain your link to our back issues and keep up to date with the self-sufficiency, art and written word treasures in Judy and Sonny's website at <http://www.groundwaters.org>, too!

GUIDELINES FOR THE MAGAZINE

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. Don't send originals.

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 2,000 words.**

4. **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. 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 at <http://groundwaters.org>. No pornography will be accepted for either medium.

5. **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.

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

7. **Artists, as well as writers, are invited.** Please submit scanned images as at least 200 dpi email attachments in either .jpg or .tif format after first notifying us that you are going to do so.

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, 2009

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

Mail to *Groundwaters*
P.O. Box 50, Lorane, OR 97451

Questions? Need more copies? Call (541) 344-0986

Contributors to Winter 2009

Artists & Authors: Jo-Brew, Jim "Jimminy Cricket" Burnett, Patty Byers, Jane Capron, Carolyn Carney, Jennifer Chambers, Nick DeAngelo, Pat Edwards, Chelsey Franklin, Millie Graves, Marjorie Hays, Bridgett Johnson-Elliott, Linsey Kau, Paula Krug Keys, Gary L. Lewis, Ellen Marmon, Norm Maxwell, Herbie Medlin, Jean Marie Purcell, Rhonda D. Rauch, Vallee Rose, Jessie Stinson, Karen Wickham, Ken Wickstrom, Greg Williams

With Sincere and Abundant Gratitude To: Friends of the Fern Ridge Library, Jim & Jonni Burnett, Lorane Rural Arts Center, Ryan Chambers, Barbara Isborn and readers everywhere!

Locations for extra copies: **Fern Ridge Market** in Alvadore; **Cheshire Darimart**, in Cheshire; **Cottage Grove Library**, **The Book Mine** and **Kalapuya Books** in Cottage Grove; **Bloom's Automania**, **Crow Grange** and **Keep Ya Crowin' Market** in Crow; **Junction City Library** in Junction City; **Lorane Family Store**, **Lorane General Store** and the **Rebekah Lodge** in Lorane; **Alpha-Bit Café** in Mapleton; **Noti Post Office**, in Noti; **Curves**, **DS Market**, **Fern Ridge Library**, **Kelley's True Value Hardware**, **Robbie's Windowbox Caffe**; **Secret House Winery** and **The Farm Store** in Veneta.

To obtain copies for display or distribution, email contact@groundwaters.org or call 344-0986.

Mail Subscriptions:

Groundwaters can also be mailed to you, family and friends. Subscriptions are available for \$10.00/year (four issues) to cover postage and handling. Back issues are also available for a nominal fee.

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. Therefore, we also gratefully accept donations to help defray the costs of printing.**



Refreshment at its best: The old swimmin' hole. Rogue River, Oregon. *White Water Warehouse*

The authors retain their rights to works herein.

Groundwaters Publishing, LLC ©2009

CONTENTS:

Art/Photography 1,2,3,4, 6,7,8,14,16,18,31,32
 Guidelines & Credits 2
 Editorial Perspectives 4
 Our Readers Write 4
 Who Are They? - Gary L. Lewis aka "Spyder" 6
 Book Review; "Bedtime Stories" by J. Blum 9
 The Petrie Letters 25
 Marj's Diary 27
 A Writer's Challenge 28
 Willamette Valley Enterprise 28
 Cookin' With Jen 29
 Bubbling Up: 18 & under 30
 Just Add Water (comic strip) 31
 Community News 32
 The Last Word 32

Fiction:

Natalie and Alexis 16
 Wicked on the Wind: Hannah Finds Her Destiny 22
 18-Year Old Hijacks Plane From Seat 30

Nonfiction & Personal Experience:

Travelers' Way, Wadi Samakh 8
 Rehabilitating a Californian 10
 Time 12
 Square Peg 13
 The Pond 14
 It Will Never Be the Same Again 15
 Frances Cooper: Doing Her Share 18
 In Search of a Soulmate 19
 Looking Back 21
 Compiling & Marketing Historical Research 24
 Weary Welcome 26
 After Dark 26

Poetry & Song:

Alone in the Woods 5
 Trees 5
 Words 5
 All Fables, They Have Wings 7
 Avoiding Worms 11
 A Mind Like a Steel Trap 11
 Refresh My Memory 12
 Decisions 12
 The Lyricist 13
 For the Best Years of My Life 13
 A Winter Villanelle 13
 The Lost Lullaby 15
 The Horseshoe 15
 My Home Town 20
 Christmas Forever 20
 'Tis the Season 20
 Digte Om et Gammelt Træ / Poem About a Tree 27
 Poem About Poetry 30
 My Spirit 31



ABOUT THE COVER ARTIST:

Patricia A. Byers is a long-time resident of Florence, Oregon, after transplanting from Santa Cruz, California in 1991. She has been painting since her retirement in 1987 and, by her husband's count, has over 100 oil paintings of various subjects in her house.

"I don't really know how many there are. I occasionally give them away, but I never sell, because for one thing, the ones people want to buy are usually my favorites," Patty says.

The painting that we are using for this issue's cover art was one of Patty's earlier works. It was a class assignment chosen for her by her art instructor and was painted from a photograph. It has been proclaimed by Patty's husband, Morey, to be her very best work.

Seascapes are her favorite subjects, though anything to do with water is a special preference. "My real choice of seascapes came from Sharon Rickert, my teacher. It was she who started my fascination with seascapes, from the classes I took and her beautiful paintings. She was a wonderful person and artist."

Jen Chambers, Patty's granddaughter, remembers a funny story surrounding her grandmother's talent. "When I was 11 or so, Patty painted a portrait of me from a school picture. I remember so clearly when she unveiled the detailed and very good portrait. I was so embarrassed of my seventh-grade self that I honestly told her I didn't like it. I know now that it probably killed her, after all her work, but she is such a gracious person, she simply said she understood, smiled and said no more about it. I tried to explain, years later, that it was just that I was in such a bad space about who I was at the time, and she smiled and said she understood. She's a wise woman. The portrait now hangs in her upstairs gallery in their house at the coast."

Patty used to be very involved in the music program at her church but now enjoys retirement and photography. "We were fortunate enough to travel quite a bit," she explains. She and her husband have traveled to countries all over the world, from Russia to South America to Cuba and many more, as well as much of the United States. They have given up "snow-birding" in their RV and now are "content stay-at-homes" in Florence.

"Actually, we like to say that we were rain-birds, because of all the rain!" she laughs. She and her husband enjoy the coast. Their two children, four grandchildren and great-grandchildren are spread around the Willamette Valley and San Diego, California.

Issue Themes	Current Issue
	"Refresh"
	Upcoming Themes
	2009 April - "Wonder" July - "Light" October - "Journey" 2010 January - "Hope"

Upcoming Deadlines

- Spring** - Feb 15
- Summer** - May 15
- Fall** - August 15
- Winter** - Nov 15

Groundwaters has entered its fifth year of publication. Judy Hays-Eberts never imagined that her “gift to the community” would remain so loved and appreciated for so long. As Thanksgiving approached this past year, the *Groundwaters* staff was reminded of the loving support, both moral and financial, that has kept us on course since we took over production from Judy and Sonny in January 2007. We feel truly blessed.

Judy and Sonny have moved from Veneta. They are now living in a lovely older home in a quiet neighborhood in Philomath, closer to Sonny’s work at Oregon State University. We miss their physical presence in our lives, but we are fortunate to keep up to date by email. You can read more about them on my blog at <http://sawdustandcider.com/blog1>. Judy wrote a wonderful recap on our last issue, remarking on each writer.

I am hoping to move the blog to our new website at <http://www.groundwaterspublishing.com>. Jen is in the process of building it. The main website at <http://www.groundwaters.org>, designed by Sonny and Judy, is still in operation with many of our back issues and other wonderful material, but we felt that we needed one that focuses just on the magazine. You’ll begin finding bios of all of our contributors and lists of what issues you can find their writings and artwork. We’ll also include news and pictures about what is going on with the magazine. If you’ve been published in GW, you should find your name and eventually your bio listed there.

On another note – on page 16, you will enjoy the return of an earlier contributor to *Groundwaters*. For this issue, in “Natalie and Alexis,” Greg Williams has shared a familiar legend with us in his wonderful Brothers Grimm fairytale style of writing. Welcome back, Greg! With Greg’s story comes a vision for the future of *Groundwaters*, as well. When an appropriate graphic could not be found to accompany the story, I sought the help of some of our talented “Bubbling Up” contributors to see if one of them would be willing to do an illustration for us. A very talented new contributor, 17-year old Chelsey Franklin of Cottage Grove, agreed to come up with an original piece of art and we think she did a fantastic job!

This brings on our hope that other artists – young and old alike – will be willing to provide illustrations for *Groundwaters* submissions. If you are interested, please contact us at contact@groundwaters.org so that we can send you copies or descriptions of upcoming articles that can be enhanced by illustrations. In the past, I’ve searched for appropriate clipart, but we have so much local talent that it seems a shame not to use it if it’s available! Please consider volunteering your talents to future issues of *Groundwaters*!

pe

Our Readers Write



There is power in the petals
The *Groundwaters* staff receive the medals.
Your readers rate you tops
Looking forward to a new crop
Writers, artists and news drops
Four times a year you arrive
Groundwaters you are still alive.

~ Avis Rust

June Wyant (1929-2008)

June Wyant, a much-loved contributor to *Groundwaters*, passed away on November 21, 2008. She was a child movie actress, an airline stewardess and an information specialist with the Career Planning and Placement Center at the University of Oregon before her retirement. The last biography that she published with us appeared in the Spring 2006 issue:

“I have lived in Eugene since 1949, where with my husband Dan and 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 (the new name of Learning in Retirement). My other interests include working with textiles and raising flowers.”

June’s wonderful poems and essays can be found in the back issues of *Groundwaters*:

Volume 2 Issue 3 - “An Act of Kindness” (essay)

Volume 4 Issue 2 - “Why Write Poetry” (essay);

“Memory Melody” and “Chance” (poetry)

Volume 4 Issue 4 - “Many Moods of Gray” (essay)

The staff of *Groundwaters* extends our heartfelt condolences to the Wyant family.

**Welcome our new advertiser:
Handyman Construction!**

Alone in the Woods

Mornings I lace my shoes,
Announce, "I'm walking the dog"
An Adult pursuit, responsible, healthy.
A Good Thing to Do

Ah, but ... alone in the woods, Ah!
Alone in the freedom...
My middle-aged self
Dissolves.

Bones melt and shift,
Become young and strong.
Step becomes bouncy.
Eyes clear.
Respectable Adult Armor
Crumbles.

Edges blur.
Senses open
To nine-year-old wonder.

There! In the shadows,
Shimmering chameleon-like!
A Woods Faerie

Shh! A doe whispers to her fawns.
The trees hum deeply,
Reaching for the sun.

Squirrels bark!
"Dog alert! Human walking!"

Birds call,
"Good bugs in this tree!"

I crown myself with daisies,
With Queen Anne's Lace,
With grasses,
Arrayed to join the Faerie Dance.

Fingers stained,
I stuff my mouth with berries,
Leaving most, of course, for my cousins,
The deer, the birds, the bears

Until too soon
Home, armor in place,
Back to my daily disguise:
An Adult.

~ Ellen Marmon

"My childhood guilty pleasure was to disappear into the woods for hours at a time. I had my own very vivid fantasy world there and no one to tell me what to do! Closing in on 60 years of age, I still live many of my most brilliant hours in that world!" ~ EM

Rest when you're weary. Refresh and renew yourself, your body, your mind, your spirit. Then get back to work. ~ Ralph Marston

Words

~ By Ken Wickstrom

To my sister Vicki~

Imagine the pain when your child is lost
The burden created is an unimaginable cost
Your breath can be taken by a word that is wrong
And your spirit rekindled by the words of a song.

Consider the pain if the words that we spoke
Were never believed and considered a joke
You wonder if life should be cruel in this way
And hope for the future to be kinder some day.

Where do we go when our eyes have gone blind?
We look for direction but are unable to find
We try to please everyone that we meet and be kind
But when we look in the mirror we realize
it's all in our mind.

When the words leave our mouth they
can't be retrieved
Considering it's a miracle they were ever conceived
We look for the words when a death's to be grieved
And hope for understanding when the words
are believed.

So, how do we cope with the words we can't find?
We look to our friends in an attempt to remind
That life is not over when we get in a bind
Even as the words leave our mouth
they stay in our mind.

Your Brother Ken

"I am Vicki's brother Ken. I live in Canyon Country, California. The local radio station refers to me as Canyon Country Ken. I wrote this very personal poem for my sister Vicki Edwards after the abrupt death of her son Robbie. When Vicki and her husband John visited recently to celebrate a new California grandchild, she brought me a copy of Groundwaters. I knew right away that I wanted to share some of my poetry with your readers." ~ KW

Trees

When a forest tree is put to use
To produce a towel or a tissue,
It is, while not a flagrant issue,
A possible case of substance abuse.

~ Jean Marie Purcell

Who are They?

... the inside “scoop” on some of your favorite local writers

All Fables Have Wings - Gary “Spyder” Lewis “Spyder’s Story According to Spyder”

By Pat Edwards

“Every form of refuge has its price.” Quoting from a lyric from the Eagles’ 1975 hit, “Lyn’ Eyes,” Gary L. Lewis, aka “Spyder,” described his 58 years of “heartaches and good things, too.”

Gary was born near Coeur d’Alene, Idaho where his father worked as a welder in the Bunker Hill zinc mine. While Gary was a small child, the family moved to Coos Bay, Oregon.

Early on, Gary was a huge Elvis Presley fan. Music – or rather, rhythm – had always been a part of his soul. By the time he was in the 6th grade, he was forming his lists of spelling words into a rhythmic beat. He dreamed of playing the guitar, but in his head, he heard the beat of the music rather than the melody, so a set of drums became his instrument of choice. In the 8th grade, Gary and his friend, Jim, began “dinkin’ around” in the music room on their lunch break. Gary played his drums and Jim, the saxophone. Soon, classmates began to gather to listen to their music and others joined them and they formed their own rock ‘n roll band called “Logical Conclusion.” By the age of 13, Gary had written his very first song entitled “The Last Trip to Boston.”

Music took over his life. Soon, he was doing gigs with a new band with a different mix of members called “Hate’s Brother.” They named it after one of their band members, Jeff Haight, deliberately misspelling his name. As the lead guitarist, Jeff developed a flashy gimmick of spewing lighter fluid from his mouth onto a lighted flame during their wildest and craziest songs – long before Kiss and other rockers did the same.

During that time, Gary and Jeff began to experiment with drugs and alcohol. It was a pattern that followed Gary throughout his career as a musician and songwriter and for Jeff, it ended his life in an overdose. According to Gary, there’s a huge “not so hidden” underbelly to the entertainment industry – especially rock music. He estimated that 90% of those who were involved in the industry used drugs, and “the other 10% were liars.”

Gary wrote a lot of song lyrics in those days. When asked if he wrote them as a melody formed in his head, he said, “no.” The lyrics came to him as a rhythmic beat just as the spelling words had done in the 6th grade. They didn’t always rhyme and sometimes seemed disjointed, but they came from his own special rhythm. The melody came later when the rest of the band worked their music around them.

Gary hired an agent and eventually, some of the songs he helped write were recorded by the various bands he was with and added to playlists of local radio stations. In



Gary Lewis on the drums

1972, while Gary was with the band, Chisom, 2,000 copies of one record called “Give Me What You Got,” were released by Northwest Incorporated Records of Portland, Oregon. The flipside of the record was another song with Gary’s lyrics, “Little Boy.”

While touring, the band traveled in two converted 1951 Cadillac hearses with the band’s name painted on the side. One towed a homemade travel trailer and they conversed back and forth between the cars with walkie talkies.

In 1973, Gary began playing the chain nightclub circuit in Nevada with his band at the time. They began a series of appearances in the Pilgrimage nightclubs going from Lake Tahoe, to Reno, Winnemucca, Las Vegas and ending in Laughlin. Then they reversed the order, playing the same cities in the Fireside clubs. “Since we only worked nine months out of the year, the summers were mine.” This became Gary’s life for the next three years. He describes life on the road as, appropriately, “rhythmic... We always knew what time and where our destiny would take us.”

In 1977, Gary joined a group of gay female entertainers called “Ganhna” as a backup musician. There was also an Elvis impersonator by the name of Jimmy Ball who toured with them. Gary was offered and accepted a contract for \$25,000 plus 10% of the gate and included the cutting of a record and a four-month tour with the group.

After the contract expired, he bought a ‘53 three-paneled Harley-Davidson and had it “fixed up with eight coats of gloss black paint.” Gary had a large metallic gold black widow spider painted on the gas tank and his nickname, “Spyder,” was born. His riding companion was a Native American woman named Sherry Longtree, and they

traveled around the Northwest where Gary began playing impromptu gigs. In the early 1980s, when they learned that Sherry was going to have a baby, they settled down in the small town of Vernonia, Oregon. During that time, Gary became clean and sober and he took a job with the railroad. Tragedy struck, though, and Sherry and their unborn baby were killed in a car accident on an icy road.

Gary's life spiraled downward as, according to him, he "went off the deep end." He sold his Harley and went back heavily into drugs. "I was on a one-way street to nowhere, becoming a poor Howard Hughes." After watching him live as a meth-addicted recluse, Gary's parents and a long-time friend interceded. In 1986, they took him to Serenity Lane in Eugene where he stayed for 60 days, getting much-needed counseling and drying the drugs out of his system.

It's been a long road back for Gary, but he hasn't touched drugs or alcohol since.

"I very much miss the road. On-stage, there is something to be said about the spotlight. You can't see past the first three rows, but the wild crowd says it all. Your relationship with your fans is the life-blood of an entertainer. It's the rush of the crowd, the music and the people you meet. It's the ride of your life on the wings of a song."

Gary eventually settled down in the Cottage Grove area. He now lives with his fiancé, Linda, whom he met nine years ago through a dating service. "We're still putting up with each other. She's a down-home, out-going person – loves animals and even me." Gary, Linda, and a mutual friend have become interested in crafts and they designed and merchandised decorative lighted garden stones which have become popular in the area.

Gary has been retired from the music business for many years now, but his song lyrics live on. He's interested in putting them to music and would like to find a collaborator who would like to work with him. He's shared many of his lyrics with the readers of *Groundwaters* and hopes to put them all into a book someday... in fact, there's a whole Rubbermaid tub full of them. According to Gary, for him, one of them called "All Fables, They Have Wings" says it all.



(back) Dennis Tennet, rhythm guitar; Darryl Tennet, lead singer; Craig Collman, keyboard & saxophone. (front) Gary Lewis, drums; Roger Duvall, bass guitar. (Missing from picture, Mike Anderson, Jeff Haight's replacement)



All Fables, They Have Wings

A feeling free, somewhat low-keyed
Scroll of melodies

All fables, they have been labeled
All fables, they have wings.

Distant dreamers by the dozen
Call it loyalty unspent
As a multitude of schemers do or die
Will not dissent.

Until the war is over
Until the smoke has cleared
Then we'll count the four-leaf clover
When destiny is here.

When the strongest of survivors
Is the owner of his soul
Dead and gone, the eight-till-fivers
The rulers rock and roll.

A feeling free, somewhat low-keyed
Scroll of melodies
All fables, they have been labeled
All fables, they have wings.

~ Spyder



Gary Lewis can be contacted through *Groundwaters*,
contact@groundwaters.org

Travelers' Way, Wadi Samakh

By Paula Krug Keys

A flat-topped cliff, its exposed sides the color of whole wheat flour, lines the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, also known as Kinneret (the Hebrew word for "harp," because of its shape). The lake sits at the foot of the Golan Heights and Mount Hermon in northeast Israel. This natural water reservoir serving 7 million Israelis and Palestinians is only 200 feet deep, 13 miles long by 7 miles wide.

The snow on Mt. Hermon melts in the summer to feed the Jordan River and various streams which empty into the lake. Additionally, the lake is fed by freshwater springs bubbling out of the ground and the lake bottom where they can be seen in the shallows. Some are large enough to be health spas which have been frequented since time immemorial. Sick people come to the Galilee from far away places to bathe in the hot springs. Two thousand years ago, during a three year period, health-seekers on their return home, told of a young man, named Yeshua, who healed minds and bodies. He gave them hope, refreshment for their spirits.

Kinneret is in the northern end of the Rift Valley which is 3700 miles long, running from northern Syria through Lebanon's Bekka Valley then through Israel, into Africa, ending in southwestern Mozambique. This low spot on the earth is both hot and humid three seasons of the year with a fog hanging between the cool heights of the cliffs of the Golan and the hot rolling Galilean hills. In the winter it is cold and damp. Remarkably, the surface of the lake is 680 feet lower than the surface of the Mediterranean Sea less than 80 miles away.

The eastern lake shore is dominated by the sharp rise to 2000 feet of the Golan Heights. The side of the cliff is gouged by wadis, deep ravines with steep banks. One of these is Wadi Samakh or the Travelers' Way. In ancient times, camel caravans loaded with goods from the Far East, would wind their way down the rim of this massive ravine. What a refreshing smell and sight it must have been for the caravaners and their animals when they topped the edge of the cliff and spied the lake lined with date palms sparkling under its hazy fog canopy; or, to see the 10 foot high waves crested with white foam, if a sudden windstorm was in progress with angry black and grey clouds whirling across the sky over the lake.

It was a steamy autumn afternoon when I visited the ruins of the ancient town of Kursi which overlooks the

lake where Jesus performed one of His most startling miracles. The park curator, Nissim Mazeg was in the office when I paid my entry fee. I was their sole visitor that day. My face must have been flushed from the oppressive heat for he suggested that I might want to seek out a bench located between two eucalyptus trees on the slope. If I would sit there 10 or so minutes, he assured me, I would feel as refreshed as if I had taken a nap.

After wandering through the ruins under the pounding rays of the sun, I was ready to be refreshed! I found the bench. I felt reckless sitting there because I am allergic to eucalyptus! Would I go into anaphylactic shock and rest for eternity under those trees? I decided to wait it out. After all, Israelis claim, "Heaven is a local, not a long distance call from Israel!"

After a few minutes, Nissim appeared, beaming. "How are you feeling?" I stammered, "I cannot believe it, I feel cool, refreshed and calm. I want to set up a tent, to live here like the people of Kursi." He laughed with me. "Okay, please explain, what is so special about these two eucalyptus trees?"

"We think it is not the trees, but the underground springs which refresh you with their negative ions as the waters race downhill to the lake."

Next, I asked where Wadi Samakh, "The Travelers' Way," is from where we were sitting. He said if I would turn one quarter toward the north I would see it. The road which passed by the entrance to the park and continued on up to the Golan Heights, like the old caravan trail, followed the rim of the wadi.

According to the prophet Ezekiel, there will be a mighty war in the future between Gog and Magog on the plains of Israel. So many will die that it will be impossible to dig graves for them or return their bodies to their home countries. It is said that it will take seven months to find all the body parts and bury them in Wadi Samakh! Then, it will receive a new name, Valley of Hamon-Gog (Horde of Gog).

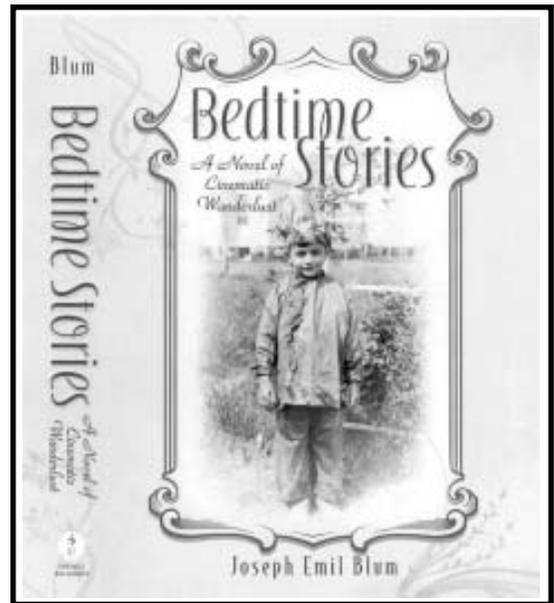
I reminded him of this prophesy and wondered how Israel would protect the water purity of Kinneret. The bodies will decompose with those fluids seeping into the ground where they will then be carried by the underground streams into the lake. It is less than a mile to the water's edge. As far as Nissim knew, the government of Israel had not considered the prophesy in their plans for the region.



Paula's Bench. "Come sit and refresh your spirit."

I left a bit of myself on that hillside, on that bench between the two eucalyptus trees. Thankfully we have a mental faculty called memory. Through my memories I return to that hillside anytime I feel weary and am revived. I hope you have a pleasant place to visit and refresh. If not, I invite you to join me on the little bench, between the two eucalyptus trees and we will refresh our spirits together.

"Immediately upon seeing the theme for the January 2009 issue, I knew I wanted to share my place of refreshment, which depends on ground waters, with the readers of Groundwaters. I hope my story will inspire others to find their place to go for relief and to be revived. When something intrudes to "heat" up my life, remove my calm, I can retreat in my mind to this simple bench between two eucalyptus trees for the briefest of moments and my inner peace is restored."~ PKK



Book review

By Jim Burnett

Bedtime Stories; A Novel of Cinematic Wanderlust

By Joseph Emil Blum (Richly Illustrated by David Campbell)

“Eventually, no matter how many times the road forks, how you direct yourself away from your past, or how many memories you place in the back of your mind, there is a road that leads you to the place you once called home.” (From Bedtime Stories.)

I am an avid reader but I do not do book reviews. I resisted having to do them in school and I do not know what prompted me to take on this assignment. I am not even sure how to approach this so I am probably going to go online and search for “How to write a book review.”

I suppose I have to read the book first. I have not done that, not the entire book, anyway. However, I have read enough to assuage my worries about what I would have to do if I really didn't like it, if it was not well written or did not somehow engage my mind. I have read enough to know that I want to read more; that I will read it from cover to cover.

The front flyleaf says, “*Bedtime Stories* is an imaginative novel filled with people, places and stories drawn from a seldom revealed America.” I found it to be filled with such stories, stories I could relate to and more importantly, stories that stirred up fond memories of earlier times in the good ol' USA. As I read, I welcomed the reminders of this America, the real America. *Bedtime Stories* reveals, through the eyes and mind of Jake Skinner the faces of real people and a life that, in my travels I've found to exist still beyond the headlines and perception of today's troubles.

“Theaters are the world of fantasy, Jake. They should never be places of reality. Nothing is more disappointing than walking into a theater and having reality thrown in your face. Can you imagine paying for reality?”

The author's use of the magic stuff of the movies to set the stage for his stories struck a chord in me. If you have ever spent a Saturday afternoon at the movies or an evening at the drive-in theater or attended a film showing at the Grange, you have a con-

nection with *Bedtime Stories*. If not, this book will certainly provide an insight into the heart and soul of life.

“Mr. Scofield,” says Nina, “you're right. Jake's essays are not about the movie shows. They are about a seldom revealed world.”

“Come on [Jake says], I show movies in little towns and describe what happens.”

“True Jake,” says Nina, “but you're the only one who sees what you do. It's unique, rare and tender.”

This is not a book that I will read in one sitting. It offers me much more than that. *Bedtime Stories* is a book that I will deliberately pick up from time to time. Its imaginative style is such that I am free to wander from story to story. Like a Saturday afternoon immersion in a double feature along with the shorts and a cartoon or two, it offers me pleasant distraction from the negative stuff of life. The author's words transport me into the realm of not only what once was, but into a deepening awareness that such a world still exists if I open my heart and mind to see it.

I am reasonably sure that what I have said does not fit the teacher's perceptions of a book review. You know what? I don't really care about that kind of stuff. What I care about is being moved by a story, about stirring up memories and being given cause to think. *Bedtime Stories* did that for me and I perceive within its pages an even greater depth that will magically touch many different readers in a variety of ways. I like the book ... I wish I had written it.

So, my friends, I invite you to grab a cola and a bag of popcorn and enjoy the ride through the rich word pictures of Joseph Blum's *Bedtime Stories*.

~ Jimminy Cricket

Bedtime Stories is available on-line at
<http://www.josephemilblum.com/index.htm>

Rehabilitating a Californian

by Jo-Brew

The preparations for Oregon's one hundred fiftieth birthday in two thousand nine have included collecting and making public Oregon Stories from all age groups. Sitting at a shaded picnic table with a good friend from my high school days brought back my story from the days before I knew I was an Oregonian.

It was the beginning of summer, just after the end of World War Two. With the slowdown of railroad traffic, my father's job as personnel supplier was going to disappear. We moved from a community near Pasadena, California to the tiny mountain town of Ashland, in southern Oregon. He had prepared for and intended to begin a career as an electrician. At that time, Ashland was primarily a logging town with a few family-owned local businesses. Success would be slow and hard.

I was the oldest child, ready for high school, in a family of Southern California refugees. The first week or so of our new life presented a gloomy future. The house my father purchased on his own was a good financial investment, located near the small college, but a terrible place to live. It was a long way out of town, an old farmhouse, neglected and outdated. My mother dealt with the cleaning process bravely but the wood cook stove only added insult to injury. Having worked all her married life, traveled on public transportation, and contributed to the family income, she wasn't prepared for the isolation. She cried a lot.

I'd left my friends behind, the neighborhood companions with whom I spent most of my time, outside, in the sunshine. The freedom I'd had to go anywhere I chose with my bicycle ended abruptly. We lived on a steep hill, impossible to ride up or down. In fact, the town was so hilly I wouldn't have been able to go anywhere else once I was off that hill. I pouted a lot.

Before long, I began my exploration of my new home on foot, walking miles, past the in-town logging operation with its wigwam burner, schools, the family-owned businesses, and at the farthest end, Lithia Park named for the mineral spring at its entrance. Modeled after and designed by the same man as San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, Lithia Park became a haven to me. I sought it as often as I could.

Nestled in a wooded canyon with a gentle creek flowing down the center, the park was nearly a mile long. Large expanses of lawn were surrounded by varieties of trees and cool weather shrubs, an abundance of rhododendrons bordered paths interlaced between areas. The paths crossed the creek by footbridges that connected special-use sections, tennis courts and picnic tables. Toward the middle and creekside, there was a playground and a wading area.

There were two ponds in that lower area and a band shell. On the sloping hillside rising above the band shell, a visitor could sit to enjoy a concert, admire a fountain or stroll through a Japanese garden.

On the opposite hillside was the theater designed in the tradition of Shakespeare, at that time, mostly used by students from the small Normal School on the south end of town. A few high school students were volunteer curtain-pullers and ticket-takers. Past the theater, toward the far end of the park, the shrubby hillside was left in a more natural state, fun for adventuresome children to play jungle and other running, climbing or hiding games.

By the end of the first month in my new home, I'd answered a notice for berry pickers needed in the strawberry fields. At my parents urging, my younger brother and I both made the more than two mile walk from our home on the hill behind the college through town and through the park to meet a farm truck for the ride shared with other teenage pickers. We left home at six in the morning and returned in the early afternoon.

Those other teenage pickers were my first social exposure to my Ashland peers and I was severely rebuffed. I was from Southern California, naturally dark complexioned and with a deep tan. Their conservative upbringing had them convinced I was a different nationality, something rare and unwelcome in that town and time. I have no idea how they accounted for a blue-eyed, almost-blond brother. Now I realize my perpetual pout may have been a factor but I was missing the more open and accessible California lifestyle. As summer went on, it became obvious my new life wasn't going to be easy.

It was on one of those early morning treks through the still quiet park that my brother and I came up to the second pond just as the swan pair was bathing. They were splashing, shaking, and rolling over with as much apparent enjoyment as my baby sister when she was bathing. We stood to watch the magical scene as long as we dared without missing the truck pick-up and then walked on faster. I didn't know it at the time but that few minutes and that scene were imprinted in my heart and eventually turned me into an Oregonian.

I gradually began to make a friend of one berry picker and, after the season ended, we often spent time at the park, playing tennis, watching Shakespeare rehearsals, or, if I was taking care of my little sister, at the playground. When school started, the time in the park stopped but I met more people and developed new interests. I still believed I was a displaced Californian.

By the third summer, I had a job in the park playground, checking equipment in and out and supervising children at

play. I visited the swans every day but never saw them bathing again. I didn't spend as much time with my friend of the past but occasionally we did something together, usually at the park. Our imagined plans centered on spring weddings taking place on a footbridge overhung with branches of a flowering tree. The Fourth of July celebration included a parade through town and a carnival set up on the road that ran through the park. We always went. On Thursday evenings, I went to the band concert in the park with one or both of my parents. Mentally, I was still a Californian.

College and work, still in Ashland, didn't leave me much time to spend in the park. A family picnic somewhere along the line let me know the white swans had been replaced by black and the statue of Mr. Lincoln had been moved to the entrance near the police station – probably to avoid the nearly annual paint job by vandals.

Of course, the wedding didn't take place in the park, or even in the spring but my graduation did. I hardly noticed the setting. Someday I was going back to live in California.

When my husband needed to finish his Master's Degree during the summer, the only rental housing available for a family with two children was a mobile home in the back section of the park. A six year old boy and five year old girl loved living next to a creek, hiking down to the playground and rolling down the grassy hill where I'd listened to the band concerts. We even went to a few of those, a different director but just as well done. There were no swans by then but we fed the ducks and watched for turtles.

Over the next few years, I made an infrequent summer visit with younger children but each visit involved an hour's drive and time away from housework, gardening, and pulling teenage children away from other activities. Then we moved to California.

We didn't stay, I wasn't a Californian after all. Nor was anyone else in my family. There weren't nearby creeks or rivers, no big shade trees, no cliffs for the ocean to crash against and no quiet places. Our move back to Oregon took us a few hours farther from Ashland and the park. We didn't go back as a family. We found new places.

I went alone to the park alone after my father's death and the family gathering. I walked the paths and finally sat on a bench by the pond. I knew my father had never seen the swans bathe but this park was as special to him as it was to me. The park had changed a lot over the years, some of the special places were gone, probably because so many more people use it now. For me, much of the magic is still there. I found myself calmer and closer to him while I sat and relived the process of growing up where I could savor my time here, outside, in this beautiful setting. I know I'll make another trip to the park when I say good bye to my mother. That time, I'll sit in front of the band shell and she'll be with me.

Now as I make the drive north to spend time with grandchildren or my mother in Washington, I travel the old highway in the fall and winter. Sometimes I see the wild Tundra Swans in the fields along the road. I'm thrilled with every sighting. When I can, I pull off the road to watch a while. They aren't splashing or flapping their wings but they take me back to my first view of what it could mean to live in Oregon.

Jo-Brew writes a column for the Creswell Chronicle, novels, short stories and occasional essays. Her settings are always centered in this area and generally reflect a feminine view.



Avoiding Worms



Almost voluptuous in their squirming
It'd take an observer most discerning
To judge whether to – distress or frolic.
Most times their world seems melancholic,
Languorous – even hypnotically charming.
Only a few of us are they harming
When, trying gingerly, to give them the slip,
On a rain-soaked sidewalk, we stumble and trip.

~ Jean Marie Purcell

A Mind Like a Steel Trap

I wonder when someone says that to me,
Does it mean a person's as smart as can be,
Capable of rendering his views in taut,
Tight concepts wittily wrought?

Is it about ideas clung to doggedly?
When I hear it, here's the picture I see:

A paw of some pitiable animal caught,
Which has nothing to do with exalted thought
But leads me to feel myself entrapped
By an adage I hardly consider apt.

~ Jean Marie Purcell

"About 4 years ago I began to write seriously. To me that means entering contests, reciting at open mikes and doing book fairs. Using my computer, I've produced 4 chapbooks; even sold a few. I have a couple of hundred poems under my belt (which may explain why my waist is thicker)." ~ JMP

Time

By Karen Wickham

The Mayan Calendar ends in 2012. Uncertainty certainly approaches. Some say the planets are converging and the world is speeding up. I don't understand. Time can't go faster, though old folks have been claiming such for years. There is still the same number of minutes in an hour, hours in a day. But what I do understand is much more is expected of me in that day: More work, more contacts, more responsibilities, more places to be and less time to get there, more deadlines, more appointments, more phone calls to answer, more email to read and reply to. In our modern rush, the quaint term "snail mail" is used to describe the comparable slowness of communications gone by. Yes I understand. My world is speeding up.

When did "more" get to be better than "less?" Remember the wealthy man who was asked "How much is enough?" He replied: "Just a little bit more!" The only businesses in this little town that seem to be thriving in a down-turn economy are the three businesses renting storage units. How much more stuff do we need to be happy?

When did "big" get to be more desirable than "little?" As in "My Daddy is bigger than yours" – or my house, land, paycheck... whatever. A fat cat is envied, an obese one is not.

When did fast take priority over slow? Fast food. Fast cars. Fast money. You know the story: Shortly after the missionary arrived in the field he decided to stay fit by running. On his first day out he was stopped by the alarmed natives. They wanted to know: "Who is dying? What is the emergency?" Revved on fast-forward, my body goes in crisis mode. They call it fight or flight. It's the hurry that makes me weary, makes me old. I hit and run over the present moment in a headlong race to the future, running, rushing, faster, faster. Running for my life! Running to win! Running on adrenaline! Running on fear! Running on empty. Stop!!!

It is time to decide what this race is about. Why am I running? What race? I don't see. Is there an emergency? Where is my time to just be and listen to you and to me? Where is my time to honor the hour, to grow, see, smell the flowers. It is time to decide to take charge, to jump off the going 'round wheel when there is no time to feel, to be real, to appeal, to delight in a meal, live for real, kneel, breath and yes, heal. I need to decide to get off this bad deal-wheel and take charge.

Shakespeare says, "This bloody tyrant time" is going to kill you. This horizontal merry-go-round, spinning along the surface of unconscious living – indeed, it will kill me.

I make a choice, a grand and bizarre declaration – to pursue a vertical dimension of depth, to go down, down into the middle of the wheel where the spokes of thinking arise and connect, where there is refreshment, recovery, stillness and quiet. This center around which all my business revolves is the portal of the present moment. Deep within are rest, renewal, appreciation and bliss. In the NOW, Father Time can't stay. He is found out, smiles shyly and quietly slips away.

Refresh My Memory

My days are so alike, I can't tell which are special.
I toggle between sleep and dreams, dreams and awakenings, sorting which to believe.
I got a bicycle when I was eight. Or maybe ten. I broke my arm when I was five or seven.
I lived in six different houses in three towns. Or was it three houses in five towns?
My first boyfriend's name was Bobby. You don't forget your first boyfriend.
On second thought, maybe his name was Bill.
I forget telephone numbers and birthdays and when to pay taxes.
I make lists and forget where I put them.
I hurry down the hall from the kitchen to the bedroom and then stand and wonder why.
Sometimes the smoke alarm calls me back to the kitchen.
Last month I cried a little bit at four memorial services for people I used to know.
I think I was crying for myself.
Do you still love me?

~ Jane Capron

Jane is a writer of mystery novels and belongs to the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute (OLLI) poetry group sponsored by the University of Oregon. "My fifth and latest in a series of mystery novels is Best Friends." Before that, Jane published Hanky Panky. Both are set in Eugene. Jane's books are available on-line from Amazon.com.

Decisions

White puffs of dragon's breath
bellowing from surrounding mountains;
some spilling tears of mourning
mimicking human tears of life;
others demonstrating the rage and prejudice
surrounding this area –
beautiful yet treacherous.

Sunrises of gorgeous beginnings
only to end in sunsets
reminding us of tumultuous days and lives
giving us a chance to make decisions –
change or not to change;
fight or be apathetic;
willingness to face the truth
or to continue to ignore and run.

~ Vallee Rose

Vallee Rose is a repeat contributor of poetry to Groundwaters. She used to live in Walton, Oregon and now lives in California "I appreciate still being able to submit my poetry / thoughts / life." ~VR

The Lyricist

To git to me, sometimes you need
A feeling felt like mine.
A good time, the sunshine
And one creative mind.

Got through to me, the poetry
God's gift he gave to me.
The vowels and verbs, a thousand words
My dream, my destiny.

The melody, the words unseen
So far, just half, a dream.
This music needs the words
A team complete within a scheme.

Somewhere in tune, there's always room
To say just what you feel.
Below the notes, the writers wrote
The Lyricist reveals.

To get to me, sometimes you need
A feeling felt like mine
A good time, the sunshine
And one creative mind.

~ Spyder

For the Best Years of My Life

I'm gonna feed her all the good lines
For the best years of my life
I'm gonna see her in the footlights
When I play my songs all night

Linda's blush, I seen it once
Her pretty face light pink
Just like the wine grows on the vine
Like to kiss her, take a drink

The sweet taste of her lipstick
The soft touch of her kiss
Sends me in a tailspin
Now forever and all this!

~ Spyder

A Winter Villanelle

Though cold gray skies still cast a doleful gloom,
They must give way to sunny days and fair
When daffodil and crocus are in bloom.

The month of January holds within her womb
The promise of a spring beyond compare
Though cold gray skies still cast a doleful gloom.

Though March's lion entrance portends doom,
Damp winsome April comes with little flare
When daffodil and crocus are in bloom.

Camellias, with their pregnant buds, presume
To show that balmy spring is in the air,
Though cold gray skies still cast a doleful gloom.

Then Old Man Winter drops his dark costume,
And trees begin to green on branches bare
When daffodil and crocus are in bloom.

One senses that, soon, magic sweet perfume
Will come on gentle breeze with no fanfare,
Though cold gray skies still cast a doleful gloom,
When daffodil and crocus are in bloom.

~ Carolyn Carney

Carolyn Carney is a woman in her 80's who has been writing since she was in high school. Her main interest is in writing poetry, everything from haiku to over-long family activity poems to be included in her annual Christmas greetings. She and husband, Don, are retired and live a quiet life among their blended families of seven children, eleven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Square Peg

Have you ever felt like a square peg in a round world? No matter where you go or what you do you never quite fit. You seem to notice it more in a large crowd, people jammed together, talking, laughing, having a good time. Yet you are surrounded by space with no one near, as if your edges were filling the space, keeping the round pegs away. There are times I would really like to lose my edges and join the round pegged world. Then I would not be me I suppose, so for now I will keep on "keeping on" and maybe someday I will meet another peg just as out of place as me. Then we will create a perfect fit in our own little space.

*Herbie
9-14-08*

The Pond

By Norm Maxwell

A few years ago, our new neighbor, Linda, bought the infamous Rhodes house next door. The old house was built in 1914 with odds and ends, and had seen better days. After making the house livable, the well work and hauling away tons of trash, she decided to reclaim her pasture from the old growth scotch broom that towered ten feet and more above the flood plain of the Siuslaw River. Its seed had arrived in the crushed rock used in the railroad bed.

Since there is really no such thing as “your” scotch broom and “my” scotch broom, I got involved by cutting the invasive brush down with a chainsaw for her to pile and burn. It took at least a winter to clear the west pasture and it left dozens of black burn circles where massive piles of the stuff were lit up. Upon reclamation of the west pasture, Linda took a long hard look at the east pasture. White Creek divides the two.

The east pasture was significantly lower than the west and Linda had an infestation of beavers that had moved up White Creek from the Siuslaw and had created a fine pond for themselves by damming up the narrow breach in the railroad berm. The good news is that “broom” doesn’t like damp ground.

Built going on a century past, the Victor Chambers railroad line moved timber from Fitch’s Camp a mile downstream, to mills in Cottage Grove, fifteen miles east. The steam locomotive burned scrap wood and in the summer a man on a hand cart patrolled the track looking for fires started by clinkers from the little engine’s stack.

Anyway, the tracks had been taken up, the ties removed and even the crushed rock salvaged, since log trucks on the new Siuslaw Access Road had supplanted the narrow gauge railroad in the late 1950s. But the thick earthen railroad berm was as stout as it ever was. Douglas firs up to 24 inches thick grow happily in the abandoned 66 foot wide railroad right of way. Someone robbed the heavy timbers from the trestle that spanned White Creek and the fir pilings had rotted down to stumpy teeth sticking out of the creek bed.

The beavers discovered that they only had to block the fifteen foot gap between the railroad berms and they got acres and acres of pond in return. The aquatic rodents do not build the traditional “wigwam” beaver dens here. Rather they dig out galleries in the banks of their pond. I think the wigwam design is used only in bitterly frozen areas.

The colony of beavers happily gnawed on vine maples and hardwood trees. They cheerfully chewed any vegetation larger than your finger. About the only good thing about them is that they cut down scotch broom to use in



A 1930s picture of the Kelly (later Rhodes) home on Fire Road during high-water season. (From *Sawdust & Cider to Wine*, page 2001) This is the pasture Norm writes about.

their dam. You rarely see the beavers as they are largely nocturnal, but sometimes on a long summer evening you can creep up and watch them swimming and working. As soon as they detect you, they whack their flat tails on the water as a general warning

Linda watched her east pasture flood higher and higher. She resolved to take action and assaulted the dam with a firefighting pulaski. She dug out the interlocking sticks with the hoe end of the tool. As she worked deeper, thousands and thousands of gallons of water rushed through the breach. The deeper she dug, the faster it flowed. After an hour or so of work, she leaned on her pulaski and admired her handiwork.

The next morning, Linda got up early to see how far down the pond had receded. She walked past the feral pear trees, following the screen of willow that concealed White Creek. She turned on the trail that wandered on top of the old railroad berm and came around the grand fir to find: The beavers had worked all night to repair her damage and had built up the dam a few inches more for good measure. She took up her pulaski and hewed mightily on the damned dam.

While the neighbor doesn’t appreciate the beavers’ work, many local creatures do. Bullfrogs croak contentedly in the four acre pond. Great blue herons stand on one leg in the water. Smaller green herons fly in and out in search of food. Otters come a hundred yards from the Siuslaw to fish and play in the shallows while hunting bullfrogs. Canadian geese honk happily on the pond, going north in the spring and south in the winter. Wood ducks nest in nearby trees Deer browse the greens at the water’s edge. Raccoons leave their tracks in the mud and even black bears cruise the shore line.

After several more attempts at busting their dam, Linda recognized that it was like shooting holes in the ocean and declared armistice through inaction with our state animal. This isn’t called the Beaver State for nothing. There is even a gold beaver on the reverse of the blue Oregon flag.

It Will Never Be the Same Again

By Millie Graves

It is strange to think of how one tiny baby can impact so many people's lives – a child that many never even knew – but here we were gathered at the little Asotin Cemetery on the ridge overlooking the Snake River, being buffeted by the perpetual winds that prevail above the canyons with the flag totally unfurled and waving proudly – the American Flag – the flag of the country that his father proudly serves as a member of the United States Air Force. It is a picturesque setting, an area of mountains and ridges with the ever-present Snake winding its way, as it finds its path to join the mighty Columbia.

We are struck by the sheer number of people who took time out of their busy lives during harvest time, the busiest time of the year, to come in support of the family. All things cease when matters of the heart come to call on families who are farmers and ranchers. They will travel many miles to surround someone in need with their warmth and caring spirit. We feel the love reaching out to comfort and sustain us – a love that they pour out in abundance. Our cup runneth over.

We came with sadness, but we leave with the joy of blessings, as we carry their love in our hearts. We are touched by their empathy. We are thankful for family and friends and for our community and will remember the heartfelt words of comfort spoken by all. It will never be the same again. We are truly blessed!

Footnote: Interesting Aspect

We arrived home from Eastern Washington on Wednesday evening, September 3, 2008, after attending the graveside service on Tuesday for our great-grandson, Caleb Owen Moss, son of Jordan and Randee, just in time to attend the gathering of my writer's group, Misfits and Mavericks, the following evening. At each meeting, we are presented with a topic or line and each of us write for an assigned amount of time, using that theme and then at the end of that period, we share with one another (if willing). The sentence chosen by Vicki Sourdry was "It will never be the same again." I was stunned by the topic since none of them knew of the tragedy of Caleb's all too short life. I felt that this was another of these events that seem to happen in my life on a regular basis, a happening that some people call a coincidence and that I always label a God incident! So I wrote the first thoughts that entered my mind. The preceding short essay is the result.

To look backward for a while is to refresh the eye, to restore it, and to render it the more fit for its prime function of looking forward. ~ Margaret Fairless Barber

The Lost Lullaby

I'm with the angels, so try not to cry~
Please don't think of your lost lullaby~
Think of me whenever you look towards the sky~
I'm in your heart to stay, this isn't Good Bye~

I'm free of the pain of life's misery and woe~
I'm touched by angel dust and now I'm aglow~
I'm in God's precious Hands, He'll watch me grow~
I'm seeking and watching over my loved ones below~

For our togetherness, the die was cast~
Our time of sorrow will some day be past~
We will meet in heaven and hold on fast~
The day will come when we will be joined at last~

Dedicated to Caleb Owen Moss,
Son of Jordan and Randee Moss,
Born August 25, 2008~Died August 26, 2008
Minot, North Dakota

By GiGi, his great grandma,
Mildred "Millie" Thacker Graves
August 29, 2008 6 a.m.

Millie Graves has lived in the West Lane area since the 1950s. She likes to write both poetry and prose, some of which she writes only in her mind, others she commits to paper. Her favorite subjects are family members and animals or a combination of the two. Unfortunately, friends are not exempt from the scrutiny of the pen. She began writing poetry as a way of coping with the death of her first granddaughter.

The Horseshoe

Your horseshoe is round
It has no breaks
The luck that it brings
Is all that it takes
Some horseshoes are open
with the luck running out
You hang 'em - forget 'em
And never know what it's about
So a word from the wise
If your horseshoe is not round
Leave the opening at the top
Never point it to the ground.

~ "Canyon Country" Ken Wickstrom

Check out Pat's Blog!

<http://sawdustandcider.com/blog/>

Natalie and Alexis

By Greg Williams

This story is a legend that has been retold many times in various forms. This version was adapted from the story told by Gertrude Atherton in her book "Golden Gate Country" that was published in 1945 as part of the excellent American Folkways series. It is, no doubt, a mixture of fact and fiction but such tales are meant to be believed... GW

ONCE UPON A TIME, in the... Oops! I almost forgot — this is a true story. Oh well, why can't a true story start with "Once upon a time"? Very well, then...

Once upon a time, in the old city of Saint Petersburg, lived a very beautiful, tall girl named Natalie. Such a girl must have been a princess, and so she was. But it was Natalie's fate to grow up in the turbulent, suspicious court of Czar Nicholas I. Nevertheless, Natalie's presence brightened court society and she was known throughout the land for her very long, beautiful hair that was longer and softer and finer than anyone had ever seen before. It made luxurious, glowing waves when she danced in the Czar's palace at the grand balls.

A grown princess like Natalie had to have a handsome prince, and so she did. His name was Alexis and he loved Natalie more than anything in the world and she loved him every bit as much. When the events of this tale began to unfold they were engaged and their wedding was soon to take place. But one day, just before the wedding, something happened that enraged the czar and Alexis was taken away. Poor Natalie never knew the reason why her wonderful prince had been taken from her and in those days it was never a good idea to ask too many questions.

Natalie lived in despair, sick, broken-hearted, crying for days and days on end but in time she began to hear stories and rumors. Once she heard that her prince had been sent to Siberia. Then she heard whispers that he had escaped. Then she heard he had been captured. Then she heard he had escaped again. She could never publicly demand answers to her questions without suffering the same fate as her prince. All this was too much for Natalie so she made plans to sneak away and look for answers on her own but she had to be very careful to confide only in those she knew very well and could trust.

Natalie had good friends in New Archangel — now Sitka, Alaska — so she decided to go there and see if they had any news of Alexis. It was a very long and difficult

journey but she made it. She told her friends what had happened but they had nothing to tell her. She was disappointed and at a loss as to what to do next but just then a new opportunity arose.

It so happened that a former prince named Alexander was also at New Archangel with his wife, the former Princess Helene, and it turned out the two had their own problems with the czar. It seems Princess Helene had been engaged to another prince but she had fallen in love with Alexander and he with her. They knew they had only two choices: they could separate and never see each other again or they could elope and flee for their lives, for if they were ever caught, Nicholas would show his displeasure in a most unpleasant way. They chose to elope and flee for their lives. They gathered up their valuables — princes and princesses always have fine jewels — and set out on horseback across Siberia. As time went on the two were given up for dead but eventually word reached Nicholas that they were safe in New Archangel and had married there. By then Nicholas was occupied with



Illustration by Chelsey Franklin

many other serious matters and decided the death sentence he had pronounced on the two was no longer necessary. And besides, he needed a governor at Fort Ross so he sent word to Alexander to go to Fort Ross and assume the duties of governor there. Alexander and Helene were planning their journey when Natalie arrived. They told her they would soon be leaving for a cool, foggy place where giant trees with very thick red bark and red wood inside grew and they invited her to come along if she wished. She tried to think of why she would want to go to such an isolated place but she didn't really want to stay in New Archangel and she could never go back to Saint Petersburg. She accepted their invitation thinking she might hear news of Alexis and because she decided a change of scenery would do her good. And so she went. Natalie was very comfortable in the pleasant, well-furnished governor's house but there was no news of her prince and her mood often shifted from monotonous contentment to great sadness.

Fort Ross was a place of great activity. There was hunting, fishing, logging, a sawmill, fur processing and storehouses. Natalie liked to wander about outside but she did not venture very far on her walks and excursions. She strolled to the cliffs overlooking the vast ocean but never went into the dark woods behind the settlement. In her mind she barely existed but she was not unnoticed by others. How could she be? Being who she was, she was either ignored by those not wishing to complicate their lives or treated very kindly, as she was by most people there. But sometimes she saw an odd shadow or a half-hidden, lurking figure whose sunken eyes were fixed on her. She knew the unkempt, vulgar son of one of the foremen was infatuated with her but he never openly approached her. Nevertheless, she always made sure she wasn't being followed when she left the house.

One day, when she was out walking a little further than she normally went, she came around a large rock and suddenly saw the figure of a man standing in her path. She caught her breath. No, it wasn't the annoying son of the foreman – the shape was all wrong and there was something in the eyes. But who was this creature? Filthy, haggard, no one who belonged at the outpost, no one she had ever seen before. Or had she? As they both stood there, frozen, she whispered, "No, it can't be," and then she heard the familiar voice say, "Natalie." She moved forward, fell forward, staggered, and was caught by her prince – Alexis. He was barely able to hold her up, to hold himself up, but in her embrace he grew stronger and held her against him as long months of grief fell from her in great sobs of joy. She soon regained her senses and he told her he had found her some time ago but could not bring himself to let her see him the way he was, no longer a prince, a miserable wretch. But he knew it would be cruel to let her live in the misery of not knowing his fate and he wanted to hold her one more time before he left for good.

When he told her he would soon be leaving she caught her breath again and told him he would do nothing of the sort. There might be spies so Alexis could not just come out in the open, even if the friendly governor would welcome him. She needed a plan. Natalie had friends who had a ranch not far away who she thought would help them and it so happened that they were coming to dinner at the governor's house that very evening. With help, she was sure she and Alexis could get away and she thought it would be best for her to depart unseen if she could. In any case, they agreed to meet in the sawmill late the next night and make their escape one way or another.

After dinner Natalie told her friends what had transpired. They were eager to help and offered to leave two horses behind the sawmill and even said the two could stay at their place until the search for her was over and they had decided where to go next. Natalie was beside herself with joy and tried very hard to look and act as if

nothing unusual was going on. At least she knew the routine of the fort, where the night watchman would be, how the gates were secured, and which route to take for the least chance of being seen.

The next day was the longest day of her life, full of anxious waiting and fear that her countenance would somehow give her plans away. She kept to herself as much as possible for fear someone would notice the gleam in her eyes and the glow in her cheeks. Finally, well after nightfall, she made her way out of the fort toward the mill. On the way she thought she heard a noise behind her — were they footsteps? Never mind, she had to keep going. When she got to the deserted mill, Alexis was waiting in the dark shadows behind the big pulley and belt that drove the machinery. The works had lot of belts and pulleys. He said the horses were there and ready but he had to hold and kiss her before they left for it might be their last time together — one never knew...

Natalie was wearing a heavy cape against the cold fog and as she slipped it off her shoulders her hair swirled loose past the back of her knees. As the two stood embracing and kissing in the darkness, Natalie's hair was swept between the big pulley and the belt. Just then, there was a noise. Something was moving. What was it? Before Alexis knew it, Natalie was wrenched from his arms, screaming. He tried in vain to bring her back but she was dragged into the machinery and he heard the most awful sounds until there was silence. His head exploded in disbelief and when he felt the warm redness of Natalie's life trickling from above he was overcome with horror. He raced about but saw nothing and no one. In a blind panic he could think of nothing but running so he ran and ran. He ran outside toward the fort, back towards the woods, then back past the fort toward the sea where his grief drove him over the cliff. His body was dashed on the cold rocks and his sorrow swept away by the crashing surf. Natalie was buried on the bluff overlooking the fort where she lies to this day.

Greg Williams is a local writer from Noti who specializes in non-fiction. His publications include A Consumer's Guide to Emergency Medical Services (1983), Civil and Merchant Vessel Encounters with United States Navy Ships 1800-2000 (2002), Civil War Suits in the U.S. Court of Claims (2006), World War II Naval and Maritime Claims Against the United States (2006), and the forthcoming two-volume set The French Assault on American Shipping, 1793-1813, due out next Spring. The medical book stems from Greg's personal experience as a firefighter/paramedic in Lane County. The first three books can be found in the Fern Ridge Library.

Chelsey Franklin, the illustrator for this piece, is a 17-year old junior at Cottage Grove High School. She has been interested in art all of her life and after graduation in June 2010, she hopes to attend the Portland Art Institute.

Frances Cooper: Doing Her Share

By Pat Edwards

Communities survive through the efforts of citizens who quietly dedicate their lives to serving others. Because of their behind-the-scene responsibility and caring, we all benefit.

Frances French Cooper grew up in the Salem area. In fact, on her maternal side, her lineage stretches back several generations to some of the first pioneer families to settle there. She met her husband Ed Cooper while they were both attending Oregon Normal School in Monmouth. Both were working towards their degree in teaching. "I knew, well enough, who he was. We were in a group of 32 people who rode the bus to our practice teaching assignments. Thirty of those students were girls – two were boys, and one of them was Ed. In those days, there were 15 girls for every boy attending the teacher's college. The bus only sat 30 people, so two students invariably had to stand. I later asked Ed why he never stood to let a girl have his seat and he said that if he did, he and the other boy would be standing all of the time!"

After finishing her teaching and library science degrees during summer school at the University of Oregon, Frances' first teaching assignment was at little Fiddle Creek School near Florence, Oregon. As the product of Salem city schools, Frances had to make some major adjustments in learning how to function in a little one-room country schoolhouse with a total of 10 students of all ages. Part of her duties were to build a fire in the wood stove each cold morning. At lunchtime, she would boil a pot of water on the old oil burner and immerse the jars of soup that she and the students brought from home each day. After the soup was heated, they all enjoyed their hot lunches.

Frances spent only one year at Fiddle Creek and was reassigned to the Dorena School out of Cottage Grove. She taught first through third grades there for four years. While at Dorena, she set up a small library. She took advantage of a program through the Eugene Library that loaned 20 books per classroom per month for \$5 year. She was at Dorena School when World War II broke out. Ed, who was an active member of the National Guard, was called to service. They were married before he left to serve in Panama where he was connected with the U.S. Army's anti-aircraft division involved in protecting the western shores of the United States. He attained the rank of Lieutenant after going through the Officer Candidate School training. The newlyweds didn't see each other for a year and a half.

When Ed returned from the war, he was hired for one year as the principal of the Dillard High School near Roseburg. The following year, he accepted the position of superintendent for the Crow School District and Frances began teaching in the 6th grade class there. At that time, the

high school was located on the hill behind the current Keep Ya Crowin' Country Store. Ed's first major duty was to oversee the building of a new high school adjoining the almost new Applegate Grade School located across the road, next to the Crow Grange. The grade school had been built to accommodate the consolidation of the Crow, Wolf Creek, Vaughn and Hadleyville schools. The elementary classes were in the east wing of the building and Frances was given the job of setting up a library for them. She spent many lunch and after-class hours devising a simpler form of cataloging the books, as the more complex Dewey Decimal system was not really needed for the elementary school library. Several high school girls spent many hours at a large table in the hall outside the 6th grade room where Frances was teaching. This made it easy for the girls to ask for any help they needed.

About the time she finished the elementary library, the high school classes were moved into the west wing of the new building. Frances was then assigned a library aide who helped her set up the high school literature in the shared facility.

The old school building on the hill was condemned by the state and eventually sold and torn down. The separate gymnasium became a community building until it burned to the ground several years later.

In the late 1950s, the Lorane School Board contacted Ed and the Crow School Board about the possibility of merging the two districts, joining the two high schools. The first senior class to graduate from the newly formed "Crow-Applegate-Lorane School District #66" received their degrees in 1958.

In later discussions about restructuring the district, occasional mention was made of closing down the Lorane



Frances Cooper at the Crow Grange Flea Market

School and sending all of the elementary students to Crow. But, Ed was always against that plan. According to Frances, "Ed felt that when you take the school out of the community, the community ceases to exist." So, the Lorane and Applegate elementary schools have remained open and the high school students have been bussed to Crow.

Ed and Frances were married for almost 40 years when he died in 1983 at the age of 65 from cancer. They had no children, but according to Frances, "Both of us were from families of eight children. Between us, we had 40 nieces and nephews and we babysat a lot." In fact, several of their siblings asked them to be godparents to their children if anything should happen to them. It was especially nerve-racking to Ed and Frances when one weekend they were left with seven or eight kids while the parents spent the weekend on the coast. On their return, they told the parents, "Don't you ever go anywhere in the same car again!" The thought of being instant parents to so many children was a little unsettling.

Frances retired from teaching in 1977. After Ed's death, she needed to do something with her time. Soon, she was asked to take over the small library at the Crow Grange that Bea Lewis had started. She also took on a one-year volunteer position as a part-time teacher's aide at the elementary school. Her days were once again full and she had to limit her time as a classroom aide because she had also become involved with other volunteer projects.

The Crow Grange became her main focus. The Grange was an active, well-attended organization in the mid-80s. In 1985, Betty Riddle proposed that they sponsor a yard sale for one weekend that summer in order to raise money for a Heartline monitor for Sacred Heart's project to supply monitoring devices for seniors who live alone. So many donations of yard sale items came in that they decided to hold on to the things that didn't sell and keep them in the Grange basement as a flea market. Frances volunteered to oversee it and when people found out that it was to become a permanent arrangement, more items were donated. Small prices were tacked on to the items and the proceeds were put towards the monitors. Frances took on the job of sorting the items, keeping what they had room for and finding places that would take the rest. Helen Sparks and Leah Canaday became regular partners in the project. Since that time, Frances has come in regularly every Tuesday morning to work on it. Following that first yard sale held in 1985, the Grange has provided 58 Heartline monitors to the elderly.

Tuesdays were also the days when the Senior meals were served twice a month at the Grange. Soon, Frances began helping with those, too. After finding out what kind of food the seniors prefer, the volunteers make up their monthly menus and do the shopping and cooking. The meals provide lunches for up to 16 seniors at a time. A jar is set out for donations from the seniors. Any excess funds are currently going into the Crow Grange building fund.

The building itself needs some major reconstruction to remedy a structural problem. Proceeds from their twice-a-month Old Time Fiddlers dances and community bingo games have raised about \$10,000 towards the estimated \$40,000 needed for the construction project, according to Frances.

Another of Frances Cooper's interests centers on the Applegate Pioneer Museum which once sat on the site of the old Crow School (see *Groundwaters* Volume 3 Issue 4). She became involved in organizing the donated bits and pieces of history that came in. After the museum – building and all – was moved to its permanent home on the corner of 7th and Broadway in Veneta, she continued to help find the space for displays. The museum, too, is in need of funds for building a reading room so that all of the family histories and historical documents from the region can be browsed through.

Now, having turned 90 years old this year, Frances feels the need to slow down. She is closing down the Grange flea market and is limiting the trips she makes to Crow and Veneta from her home in Eugene where she moved in 1999. She will continue as much as she can with her work with the senior lunches, the museum and attend the Valley Methodist Church in Veneta.

Through Frances' tireless efforts, the area has benefited. It has been said that the wealth of a community is measured by the number and quality of its volunteers. The West Lane community has benefitted by Frances Cooper's willingness to help enrich the culture of the area. We speak for many when we say, "Thank you, Frances!"

In Search of a Soulmate

Though I am surrounded by people that make me smile and feel good, my world is still a place of loneliness. Some day maybe my true soulmate will find me and make our worlds whole.

I believed I had done so once and it may be that she was and still is even though we are no longer together. If that is so, then the time spent, good and bad, helped me to grow and enriched my life in more ways than can be counted. From the dark angry side to the light loving side.

The light that awoke in my heart was and still is at times as strong as the beacon in a Lighthouse.

I believe that my soulmate of the future, if found, will keep the light shining bright, staying the darkness for good, thus making loneliness a distant memory.

~ Herbie

My Home Town

Vernonia, Oregon is my kind of place~
It is peaceful, and calm, away from the rat race~
Its death was predicted but that was not the case~
Upon my return, I feel I've reached Home Base~

In the past the town was known because of the mill~
The O-A Lumber Company, up on the hill~
And loggers and mill workers with pockets to fill~
'Til 1957 when the saws were still~

Vernonia has evolved during all these years~
There was a time of only gloom, doom and tears~
It has survived, in spite of everyone's fears~
It has diversified and now we hear some cheers~

We look to the future but remember the past~
How the timber came down and the boom didn't last~
We couldn't believe that it happened so fast~
Men and women, young and old, were all aghast~

I'm proud of Vernonia, so come take a peek~
There's the lake, the rivers – Nehalem and Rock Creek~
The fish are just waiting and they're mild and meek~
You'll find the quiet and solitude that many people seek~

Come on over and meet the people and its land~
Come and see the families, walking hand in hand~
The loggers, the Axemen, and their mighty band~
Living in the coastal mountains, oh, so grand~

There are all kinds of trees reaching for the sky~
Seeking and searching for sunlight, giving it a try~
Of course, you'll see spotted owls, often on the fly~
They changed the lives of loggers, even made some cry~

The movie, *Ring of Fire*, was our claim to fame~
We thought that Vernonia would never be the same~
It soon became peaceful and quiet and much too tame~
But that was a time much before the Axemen came~

It has been a joy to see the town blossom and grow~
To put the floods behind us with the rushing waters flow~
To return to peaceful waters as the currents finally slow~
But minds still replay those times when we see rain and snow~

All joined forces when the water swept the land bare~
And we showed a toughness of which we were unaware~
It brought us all together to find we really care~
Now a rainbow has appeared and the weather – It is fair!

~ Mildred "Millie" Thacker Graves

I don't often reread my own books, unless I am going into another in the series and need to refresh my mood when originating the concept. ~ Anne McCaffrey

Christmas Forever

A day to remember
Forever, it's most likely
That Christmas day
That night I walked
In my slumber
Into the light of a
Wakening day.
At first, I saw the
Snow fall lightly
And a fawn turned her tiny head
And all colors bleed
To red.
Over the Christmas fire,
Sometimes I see your face

~ Rhonda Rauch

'Tis the Season

Spring – a glorious time of year
Pansy faces all a-glow
Johnny Jump-ups and Tulips, too
Busy bees and frogs a-croaking
Nature putting on her best.

Summer – exquisite beauty to behold
Mrs. Robin feeding her young
Trees whispering in the breeze
Babbling brooks to cool your feet
A walk in the forest, a talk with God.

Fall – with nature's coat of many colors
A gentle breeze whisks away the leaves
Crickets singing their farewells
Nuts to gather for months ahead
Rainbows and showers to alert their instincts.

Winter – 'tis the time for hibernation
Winds to trim the trees and clear man's clutter
Rains to replenish the staff of life
Man and beast now to rest
Nature sleeps to spring forth again.

~ Jessie Stinson

Looking Back

By Patty Byers

While reading my newspaper recently, I found one of the many stories of the death of still another of our brave soldiers fighting in Iraq. My thoughts drifted to other wars our country has fought and my own family history. Sadly, it seems that though our country is comparatively young, we have had so many wars!

My maternal grandfather, John Francis Merrell, was born in 1841 at Walcott, New York, and volunteered for the Union Army at the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861. He experienced much active service – the capture of New Orleans with General Butler, fought with General Banks at Port Hudson and marched with General Sheridan through the Shenandoah Valley.

While serving with Banks in the slaughter at Port Hudson, my Grandfather received four wounds, two of which were very serious. He spent nearly a year convalescing at a hospital, and upon his discharge, re-enlisted in March 1864. In just a few months he would participate in the battle that took the life of his younger brother, Fred.

I'm certain that one of the most difficult things he had to perform, however, was the letter to his Mother from Winchester (Virginia?) Sept. 25, 1864, in which he says "I thought that perhaps it would be relief to know the particulars in regards to Fred's death. I will give them as near as I can... Monday the whole of the army took up the line of March about 2 o'clock in the morning. We had not gone but 2 or 3 miles when the fighting began in front, our men driving the enemy till about noon, when our advance came upon the main force of the rebs in the line of battle. Our Brigade was drawn up in line about half past twelve in front of the enemy. Not only our Brigade but the whole of "49" and "88" with "6" in reserve. We rested about one hour, then were ordered to advance on the enemy. The enemy lay perhaps half a mile in front in an edge of the woods. We drove them out of the woods by charging them. Fred fell by my side in this woods as we were fighting side by side all through the day. I stopped to help him off the field, but could not, for the bol (sic) had done its work, and the rebs were overpowering our men and driving them back. I was forced to leave him, as I supposed, to die alone or in the hands of the enemy. When he fell, he said that I should bid them all good-bye for him. That was all he ever said about home though he appeared rational.

He goes on to say that the Rebs were driven back again, and he returned to the

place where Fred lay and found him still living. "I got him an ambulance and went to the hospital with him. He died the next morning, about 8 o'clock, with his arms around my neck. I saw him buried in the afternoon of the 20th of Sept. at a place called Red Bud Mill, by the side of a running stream on a sandy knoll. He had a clean cut of cloth on him, was wrapped in a blanket and buried by himself. A board at his head and feet marked with his name... Goodbye, Mother, I hope that we shall soon meet again. From your son, John F. Merrell."

I have only a copy of his letter, but it is heart-breaking to see the traces of the tears that stain the paper.

John fought on till the close of the war and on August 31, 1865, was honorably discharged as a Sergeant of Companies D and G, 75th New York Infantry. During his convalescence he married, and in 1873 they emigrated to Roseland, Nebraska where they homesteaded. Two children were born there, but the first died at birth and the second, at two years of age. Her mother preceded her in death. It was in 1877 that John married my Grandmother, Rebecca, and they were blessed with four children, the youngest of whom was my mother, Martha.

I know the story is not unusual, but that is the saddest part of all – it continues, with different names, different dates, different wars – the same heartbreak!

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new. ~ *Cato the Elder*

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



Wicked on the Wind: Hannah Finds Her Destiny

By Jennifer Chambers

(Recap of the previous installments: Hannah, on her way to the train to help find her lost sister, is called back by her sister's 'minder' with news that she's been found. In the midst of a downpour, Hannah takes refuge in a curious antique store, LunaGold Antiques. Through she doesn't know it yet, she and the shopkeeper Elise wear identical ruby necklaces. Hannah also is intrigued by a heavy engraved silver bookmark... [this is the final segment in the series.](#))

Hannah touched the words etched on the bookmark with her gloved finger then removed the thin leather to better feel the letters. "May I ask the price?"

Elise's face was half-covered by a curtain of pale blonde hair as she stirred her tea. The sides of her hair were twisted into themselves and pulled back in a leather tie over sharp cheekbones, giving Elise the look of a rather substantial fairy that could heave you over a stile as well as put a spell on you. She looked sideways at Hannah through almond-shaped eyes.

All of a sudden, Hannah wasn't sure whether she should feel uneasy or not. A shudder ran through her and she drew her wool cardigan closer around her. She couldn't take her eyes off the bookmark, though, and broke her gaze only to return Elise's look. "I'd really like to purchase this, if I may."

The cup in front of Elise stilled. Her face tilted up, and the fear Hannah had felt a moment before was melted away with the sudden brilliance of Elise's smile. "Buy it? Sure." She went round the counter to get the silver piece. "It's, let's see..."

"It doesn't matter." A strong feeling inside Hannah decided it. "I want to have it." The purchase would surely be dear, but she could afford a small extravagance. She had given up the manicures, pedicures and micro-dermabrasions that had been central to her torch song career, only to spend the bulk of her savings on supplies for her new venture. She had no sooner finished the thought, resigning herself to cheese sandwiches and fruit for two weeks to compensate for it in her budget, when Elise spoke.

Quietly, she named a price that seemed a pittance for such an obviously old, lovely piece and started to wrap it up in white tissue paper.

"But, surely, that's too little," Hannah protested, a hand on Elise's arm.

"No, she's quite right," a gravelly voice came from the rear of the store. The woman was an apple shaped, earth-mother type, with Birkenstock sandals and short curly hair. She wore a nubby hand-knit flowing tunic and had a wide copper bracelet on her left arm that matched her hair. "It is the right price for the right person."

Hannah was uncomfortable with this. "No, really, I just came in to be out of the rain, and saw it, that's all."

The gravel turned mellifluous as the woman extended a callused hand. When Hannah shook it, her grip was strong and unyielding. "I'm Luna."

"Hannah. Hannah Stevenson. I moved in to the town down the road, Stow-on-the-wold." The woman released her hand and Hannah found herself wishing she could rub a bit of the

soreness out of it.

Luna had strange, ice-blue eyes that regarded Hannah with warmth. "It ought to belong to you. We can see that."

"Thank you." Hannah might think the store a bit odd, but who was she to turn down such a lovely thing? When she looked at the poem engraved on the bookmark, it was like a deep dark part of her recognized them. It was a soothing, restful thing. She swapped the package for a charge card, put it in her bag when the transaction was completed, then grabbed her foam cup and looked out the window. It was still absolutely pouring.

She shook her head ruefully. "I hoped when I moved here it was all a myth about the rain. It's summer after all."

The store was a warren of tall wooden cabinets and stacks of precious furniture, vignettes of tables and chairs arranged so that one could almost sit down and be a part of the scene. Oil paintings shared space with shelves trimmed in frothy lace, upon which set the ubiquitous teacups and ephemera of the genteel life of another century.

Elise uncurled from where she sat, curled up like a lapdog, on a large shabby ottoman. "Your necklace is very unusual." She pointed to Hannah's neck, where the ruby could be seen more clearly as she'd loosened the neck of her shirt from the heat inside.

"It was from my grandmother." Hannah's unease returned, and she touched the ruby, surprised to find it warm.

"The same grandmother you inherited Violet House from?" Luna spoke as if from a long distance.

Taken aback, Hannah nodded. "How do you know? Did you know her?" She backed up a few steps.

Luna laughed, a full, rolling sound that made the shop's cozy interior seem small. "Of course we did. She was part of our group here." Luna drew back a velvet curtain at the rear of the shop and beckoned. "Follow me."

She was too intrigued not to obey. Elise put the "Closed" sign in the window, locked the interior door, and came with them.

The curtain revealed a spiral staircase that led to a large loft. The loft walls were filled with closed, locked cabinets above, and deep bookshelves below. All the books had red leather covers. A low, round table was in the center of the room, with plump pillows of every shade pushed up around the edges of the shelves on the floor. "I'm glad you found your way to us soon," Luna said.

"Violet would have wanted it." She pushed a pillow up to the table and indicated that Hannah sit. Elise followed suit and

folded her long limbs into a yoga pose on the pillow, close to the table.

"Violet was a very dear friend." Luna opened a cabinet, got one of the books off the shelf and turned to a page with a list written in a strong hand. She laid it in front of Hannah on the table.

"But that's Violet." Hannah recognized her grandmother's handwriting right away. "What kind of group are you, anyway? And what about my necklace?"

"It was Violet's." The statement was warm and indicated in the high regard her grandmother garnered here. "We all have certain... abilities. We were using our shared knowledge to fight for the common good."

Hannah looked at the open cabinet. A set of shiny bowls sat next to a long folded cloth upon which sat several ornamental, filigreed knives. Small glass containers of dried herbs snaked into the other closed cabinet, and she recognized some from her own expertise. Slowly, realization dawned on her. Violet was part of a group of... women?/people?... who were like her? She looked at Luna and Elise, so different but apparently alike after all. "You can both...?"

"I can help people see things," said Elise. "They need, a little help-like, sometimes, is all." Her smile was genuine.

"And I have the ability to predict the weather." Luna's pronouncement was said with more grandeur than the talent seemed to merit. "Silly, at times, but occasionally useful. Violet was teaching us all how to heal with the herbs from her garden."

Hannah sipped her tea, cold now. "So my grandma had a talent, too?"

Elise was dumbfounded. "You didn't know? Violet was the most important healer we've known in this area. Has been for years."

"I've been away. I traveled a lot for my job... or I did. The thing is, my parents didn't like Violet very much. It was convenient to leave me with her when I was a child for the summer break, but otherwise, bless them, she wasn't part of my parents' lives. They were too busy with the song-and-dance routine. But wait a minute." She stopped herself. "I'm telling you an awful lot. Were you really friends of my grandmother?" The skepticism edged in to her tone.

Luna slammed the cabinet shut with a bang. "I've known Violet for forty years. The time is short. Don't you know, girl, that there's something wicked on the wind here? Can't you feel it around the towns? The goddess living under the mountain in this area has awakened, and Violet was our greatest ally. Can't you see?" She drew a long black canvas topped book from a bookshelf beside her. "See these photos? That's a topographical map of the area as it stands today. This one..." she flipped a page "...is from three months ago, and this one three months before that. This whole book is full of documents recording the change to the area due to the weather patterns. I'm trained in this; it's what I do as a custodian of the land."

Hannah wondered if they could see her eyes bug out at the

fantastical information. She nodded and smiled weakly.

"Ummhmm..."

"Look, I know it's crazy-like," Elise put in. "You have her ruby. She knew you were like us, or she wouldn't have transferred it to you. Violet knew you would help. She trusted you."

There was a silence as Hannah absorbed the news, flipping the pages of the book that Luna had set down before her on the table. "Look, I won't deny that I have... an ability. I tend to dream things, I guess, and then they happen. Or, I can stop them from happening. Or something. But this is crazy. Wasn't Violet just a deluded old lady? That's what my father always said, that she was 'crazy as a March hare.'" The disbelief was something she needed to hold on to for another minute. "Come on."

Luna stood and threw open the heavy velvet curtain that covered a skylight. The weather raged on outside, pattering the glass with pellets of hail and driving rain.

"Maeve knows you're here. She can sense the ruby. It was created from a larger stone at one time, hundreds of years ago. The stone was said to have been the one that convinced Maeve to stay here when the land was created. She was given the ruby by the prince who lived in this land, and he charmed her with claims of love, then betrayed her. The ruby is said to have split into three parts in Maeve's rage, and she retreated under the mountain to control her anger there. She lets off steam, as it were, with weather. But recently, as I've documented, she has actually changed the landscape. She has redirected it in her rage. Violet was helping us ready an attack on Maeve and marshal our defenses against her."

"What, like an umbrella?" Half-convinced, Hannah couldn't resist the joke.

"Violet knew what was coming. Maeve has been waiting for three thousand years. She won't wait much longer. She knows we're here." Elise flipped her shirt back so that a ruby necklace identical to Hannah's glowed against her paper-white skin. "There are two of us now. Is yours warm?"

Hannah grasped the ruby in her hands. "Uh, yeah." Surprised lifted up the end of her sentence. "Weird."

"It's because they recognize each other. They can sense that the other is near."

Luna cleared her throat. "Please see that we're telling the truth. I know Violet would have loved for you to be here." She pulled out another book from the shelf. "Here's her recipe book. Please take it as proof that she was our friend."

Hannah took the book and ran her finger over the wrinkled, used pages. She felt a kinship with Violet that was missing from her brittle, well-maintained mother and her workaholic father. Violet was her grandmother. She would be an ally. The warmth from the jewel at her throat was hard to ignore. It was her destiny.

She decided on the spur of the moment. A scent of lilac wafted from the pages of the book and she knew she'd made the right decision. Her "ability" could be useful for something for a change. She would be a part of the women who fought it; the wickedness that came in on the wind.

Compiling and Marketing Historical Research for a Book

By Pat Edwards

Part 2 of series (continued from previous issue)

Shortly after we made the decision to research and write the history of our community of Lorane, I bought a computer and printer even though I had never used one before. I had once had secretarial training in the days of manual typewriters, shorthand and ditto machines, but computers were an enigma to me. I took the course on DOS that accompanied my purchase and took it home to begin delving into the mysterious world of the electronically written word. I began recording the bits and pieces of information we were getting on the book into separate computer files; files on families, schools, businesses, churches, organizations, others called "Progress," "Transportation and Travel," "Entertainment." "Trials and Tribulations," "Growing Up in Lorane." "Sports" and "Memories." As information was gathered, I entered it into the appropriate folders, reworking the wording as I went. As the files began to become longer and longer, I realized that I had stumbled onto a perfect way of organizing our book into chapters. It's still the method that I use today.

Once the chapters began to take shape, I had those involved read and reread them, correcting any mistakes and adding any information that they might have forgotten to mention in the original interview. The word about the book began to spread through families to members living in other states. Members of families who were no longer represented in the community somehow found out about the research and sent us written histories and pictures to be included. Many were active in the genealogy revolution following the popular *Roots* mini-series on TV, and we were able to trace many of the families to the pioneers who originally settled in the valley.

As the book grew, we knew that we would have to look into ways of publishing it. We knew that it was not the type of book that would have widespread interest, so there was little chance that a publisher would buy it from us, so we began checking into those specializing in self-publishing. We compared costs and talked with others who had published books of their own. When we finally settled on the publisher we wanted, we began seeking ways to raise the money that we would have to have ahead of publication. It seemed like a great deal of cash for three unemployed housewives. We decided to see if we could pre-sell enough books to pay the advance fee. We asked the publisher for advice on how much to charge for the book. His advice was to set it for enough that the first third of the books that we were ordering would pay for the printing costs and the rest would be profit. It is necessary to figure it that way to cover for unsold, damaged, lost or donated books. That year at the "Old Timers' Picnic" we set up a table and began taking orders. We added a postage and handling charge for those who wanted their books mailed. The orders began pouring in and over the next few weeks we soon had enough to cover the advance publishing fee and were on our way to the

rest of the cost that would be charged before we could pick up the books from the publisher.

It was soon time for finding a title for the book. No one seemed to be able to come up with a catchy title. It came to me all at once without any effort once I let my mind relax its struggle. *Sawdust and Cider; A History of Lorane, Oregon and the Siuslaw Valley* became a reality as soon as I suggested the names to Nancy and Marna. The name referred to the sawmills and the vast apple orchards that flourished in the area during the early- and mid-parts of the century.

During those days of getting the book ready for publication, I contacted the *West Lane News*. They sent out a reporter who did a feature article on the writing of the book. Soon other area newspapers were contacting us. A freelance writer asked to do an article for the magazine put out by our rural power utility.

By the time that the book went to press, we had sold enough copies to pay for the printing costs. We opened a savings account where we let the remaining money accumulate for the costs of a second printing that we knew we would need.

When we brought the book home from the publishers that day in May 1987, it was like bringing a new baby home from the hospital. We were anxious to show it off to everyone. We scheduled a book-signing party at the Grange Hall where we invited all of those who had ordered books to come and pick up their copies. We had refreshments and a signing table where we were actually asked for our autographs. It was a day of compliments and pictures, and we basked in our collective glory.

The Lorane Centennial took place shortly after the publication of the book; almost 4 years after Nancy and Marna approached me about writing it. We sold enough books to order a second printing. We donated books to local libraries and museums and had placed them in many of the area book stores. One of the bookstores arranged to have two of the area TV stations interview me on air about the book. We sent one of the books to a popular genealogy journal for review, and we took out an ad in that same journal. The sales of *Sawdust* slowed down considerably over the years, but soon, new information began coming in. By the time I retired from my job at the University of Oregon in 2004, all of the books had been sold and I knew that it was time for a major revision. I published the new book, *From Sawdust and Cider to Wine*, in 2007 and over half of the 1,000 copies I printed have sold or been distributed.

Writing a history such as ours has been work...lots and lots of work. But, in the end the knowledge that you have contributed something to the history of the area compensates for all of that hard work. You'll never get rich writing a history such as ours; in fact, you'll never get monetarily compensated for all of the hours that you put into it. But you will never be able to spend the rewards you get. They will remain with you for the rest of your life.

The Petrie Letters

Letters written by Jost & Jerusha Petrie in the 1880s from Eugene City and Lorane, Oregon to their son, Channing, in Wisconsin

Eugene City Sept 13th 1882

Dear Channing

I have just received Your letter of Sept 3rd and will answer it and yours of the 29th of August. Now, and first about fixing the Barn, if we don't sell right away, or before it is absolutely necessary to have it to use, perhaps you had better get Plank at Oconomowoc and make a floor and make it do until Spring. You cannot put in a sill and fix the whole end of the Barn as it should be when there is grain in the grainery or anything over the Stable. Use your own judgment about it anyway. I knew just how bad it was a year ago - If you can reasonably avoid any expense do so if not fix it some way so as to get along until it can be done thoroughly. And now about selling the land, did Ransom mean that he would give 6000 for the ninety acres alone or did he mean with my Share of the crops. With, or Without, if there is a good prospect that he will take it at 6000, within a reasonable time, Pattee or Willard ought to do as well - I am willing to sell it for that and even a little less if necessary, but would rather sell the whole at 45 per acre if we can - The fact is the more I see and learn of other parts of the world, the more I prize Wisconsin and the old Farm, and that is the mind of all of us except Sam and Ellen - But I am getting old and cannot take care of a large place and as none of my children can buy it or are willing to rent it during the remainder of my days, I am constrained to let it pass at a low price into the hands of Strangers - It wrings my heart, but it evidently must be sold some time and I think I had better do it than any one else. If any one of my children could have it, and the rest of us have our rights out of it, I would be Oh so glad to have it so.

I do not want what has cost me so much hard labour and self-denial to pass entirely out of my family. Whatever agreement you may make regarding its sale which you consider really binding upon me I will confirm and make out and execute a perfect Deed here to the proper person and send it to you for delivery or if it is thought best I will send you a Power of Attorney to do it for me. I think however the former way would be the most Satisfactory to all concerned - When you read all my letters about the sale of the land I think you will understand what I want you to do, so I will say no more about it this time - I did not say anything to Emerson about that note - I think as you do about it. Put it into some Lawyers hands for collection in Oconomowoc if it wont cost me too much, and if being out of Co don't make any difference to me, ascertain about these things in good season - Is the cheese Factory Insured. If so, in what Co and for how much - Have those foot stones come and been set. I promised McGee the old Whiffletrees, Neck Yokes, etc with the Wagons let him have them or some of them so that he wont have any excuse for not paying and saying I did not keep my word.

We are all well. I think Ma might get fat if she did not smoke so much. Sam has just got done harvesting and threshing has 575 Bush(els) oats - 100 Wheat - 100 Barley - and 210 Flax seed his crops are very poor owing to being got in late on wet ground and foul lumpy ground his whole crop is worth about 700 dollars poor fellow - (don't mention it). I did not expect you would be willing to come out here but of that more - anon

Ma thinks that mattress is worth 50 cts - If you can sell any of my traps which you don't want let them go - that old Rick ax is about the Thorsun Mill or Wiggel, try and find it. Yours Pa



Espresso, Smoothies
Teas and Pastries

Robbie's Windowbox Caffe

\$.50 off any 16oz drink!

Free Wireless Internet
robblemccoy@msn.com

88267 Territorial Rd.
Veneta, OR 97487
541-935-4040

Jim and Pat Edward's

Lorane Family Store

80301 Territorial Rd.
Lorane, OR 97451

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

Featuring

From Sawdust and Cider to Wine
<http://www.sawdustandcider.com>



Weary Welcome

By Karen Wickham

So so very weary. The company has gone. Only stray Socks, dirty dishes, soiled sheets, and an empty place somewhere around my heart remain. Three very small people no longer calling "Grandmama." The swing is still. The sandbox, hoola hoops and hot tub are silent reminders of the laughter and giggles. Oh yes there were squabbles and tears, whining and pleas but all is forgiven; memories and photos will be treasured for years.

How did I ever manage three of my own day after day?

Badly, I recall.

Too much for one Mama. Too much! Where is the clan, the tribe, the village once trusted to shepherd these precious charges to adulthood.? To give and to give and to give, with so little filling my cup, it is too much for one. I remember. And it is too much for my daughter now. We are told we have it better than most but with no money to buy, isolated and alone, parenting support is in very short supply.

Now three more, Alec, (6) Eme (4) and Olivia (2), you remind me of my frail patience, my limits and lingering regrets. You remind me of the tender trust of wide-eyed innocence. Never mind the deep weariness, the mess. Leave your socks and blocks and dirty sheets... no matter. Fill Grandmama's heart and arms with your small warm wriggling bodies, anytime. In your headlong urgency to be big, the years will wrest you from me soon enough. But today I feel infinitely useful, blessed, strangely refreshed. See that wide weary smile. Yes!!!



After Dark

By Jo-Brew

The secret nighttime life in my back yard causes all kinds of pictures in my mind. We purposely didn't put lights out there, we like the dark beyond our bedroom windows but I notice signs of activity. Who shelters on our patio table? Did the barbeque tools get knocked off their place on the cabinet by a hungry visitor hoping for a crumb left behind? Or during a party held by the little animals that only appear after the house lights have gone out? What kind of animals? Who are our dark loving visitors? I have my suspicions of course.

I can picture the arrogant black cat that I chase away from my bird feeders coming back as the owner of the night. I don't know about squirrels, if they are out and about after dark. In a well-settled subdivision, I wouldn't expect many other nighttime adventurers although one neighbor thinks we might have a possum around. I did see a fawn, well past the spotted phase, on our road as we drove home after a concert one night. I've tried to think of any place close by where deer could thrive, none that I know of. At any rate, I'm fairly sure a deer wouldn't be a nighttime visitor to my fenced back yard. I'm almost convinced it's that cat. Still there is one clue that doesn't fit.

Once in a while, a walnut appears on the patio. Usually out of season. Thinking of the crows who drop the nuts on the street and finally place them on the road so a car cracks them open, I step hard on the nut on my way to the bird feeders. By the next morning, the meat is gone. I'm thinking, that's not the cat.

Occasionally I wonder about the other creatures who make their home on this piece of land we consider ours. I wonder if they watch us from our one big evergreen tree or curl up and sleep through the day. Maybe they live somewhere else and just roam at will during the night. There is a deepening depression under the fence out by the garden, it would certainly give access. I suppose it's a fairly peaceful place to spend the night, no barking dogs or bright lights, just one sneaky cat who tries my patience.

Buying or Selling in Lane County?



Sharon Can Help!

Sharon Malcolm

has nearly 20 years experience helping people buy and sell in Greater Lane County.

She has earned many accolades for her sales record, but finds the greatest reward is seeing her clients achieve the results they're hoping for!



Call Sharon at
(541)465-1715



Prudential

Real Estate Professionals

497 Oakway Rd, Suite 400
Eugene, OR 97401 | 485-1400

©2008. An independently owned and operated member of Prudential Real Estate Affiliates, Inc. Prudential is a registered service mark of The Prudential Insurance Company of America. Equal Housing Opportunity.

Digte Om et Gammelt Træ

 Dav, Oldefar.
 Hvordan gar De?

 Træt af træer.

 De er flot
 De er stort.

 Sover De?
 Hvad tænker De?
 Hvad synes De om mig?

 Farvel Oldefar.
 Vi ses!

Poem About an Old Tree (English translation)

 Hello, Great-grandfather
 How are you?

 The tree of trees.

 You are handsome
 You are huge

 Are you sleeping?
 What do you think?
 What do you think of me?

 Goodbye, Great-grandfather.
 See you later!

~ By Ellen Marmon

"I've loved Groundwaters from the beginning, and I've challenged myself to get brave and send a couple of poems!"

Digte Om et Gammelt Træ is a tribute to an enormous Douglas fir I happened on when I left the main trail one day. The tree felt very grandfatherly to me, and since my grandfather was a Dane, it felt right to sing his praises in Danish." ~ E.M.

Marj's Diary



February 22, 1952

When George Washington threw a dollar across a river, he was able to do more than anyone today—to make a dollar go so far. We need him to straighten out our economy in the government of 1952.

George did not tell a lie; so we need him in politics, too. Because he knew surveying, bookkeeping, and management we could use these abilities.

"The Father of Our Country" was a fitting title for a man of keen foresight, harmony of powers and rare judgment. Men in those days worked for the good of the people not of the person and the sacrifice they gave was not for publicity for none knew of great notoriety until after death.

Washington stood up in the boat when he was crossing the Delaware; so they say he wasn't a sailor; but in those days the ship of state wasn't as awash as it is now; so they didn't need sailors.

If Mr. Washington could see all the monuments and statues of himself, he would probably say, "what a waste!" and wonder why the money wasn't spent for betterment of government.

In his time, the first bank was established in the United States. You see, already people began to be distrustful of their neighbors in the new world; or perhaps this was the beginning of "big business."

Anyway, it is time we all bury the hatchet and give thanks for having had a man like George Washington for the Father of Our Country.

~ Marjorie Hays

(Thanks to Helen Winberg and Haysel Pankey for sharing the diary of Marjorie Hays)

See Judy Hays-Eberts' collection from Marj's Diary at http://www.groundwaters.org/pt_marj.htm

To look backward for a while is to refresh the eye, to restore it, and to render it the more fit for its prime function of looking forward. ~ Margaret Fairless Barber



Blue Rooster Inn Bed & Breakfast

An historic Oregon farmhouse on 67 scenic acres

82782 Territorial Rd
Eugene, OR 97405
(541) 684-3923

<http://www.bluroosterbnb.com>
Nancy Pelton, Owner

Handyman - 541-935-3509

Ford Enterprises LLC

Meeting Your Home & Farm Repair,
Maintenance & Construction Needs

P.O. Box 513, Veneta, OR 97487
541-935-3509 phone & fax
gregford9@gmail.com



CCB #182320

A Writer's Challenge

The basic rules are:

- Submissions must contain six consecutive sentences only in paragraph format – no poems and no bullets
- The title should be no longer than 36 characters including spaces
- The submission should relate to the *Groundwaters*' theme

Refreshed Forever:

To Finnegan and Cipriana

You used to be an unknown whisper on the wind, now you are a constant voice in my soul. I used to hold your blossoming smiles upon my adoring words. Now that you're older, I hold your blossoming words upon my awed smiles. I used to wake up to your imploring cries at 6:00 am, now I wake to the pitter-patter of excited feet and anxious fingers poking my side, still at 6:00 am. I used to hold you carefully, gently grazing your cherub cheek, now I hold you tightly, wrapping your flighty body in my arms until you squirm away. I used to be amazed that I could love someone so much who I had just met, now I am amazed that it only increases day by day.

~ Bridgett Johnson-Elliott

Bridgett Johnson-Elliott has lived in Lorane all her life. She is 18 and attends LCC full time. Bridgett loves winter and cannot wait for the first snow, the first cancelled school day, and the first night to gaze at the Christmas tree.

Send us your entries!

Refreshment and Renewal

I find that returning home after a full day of shopping is one of the most exhausting experiences of my life. My feet hurt, my back radiates pain, my head aches and the thought of facing the preparation of the evening meal is daunting. I drop my packages and purse on the table and head straight for the master bathroom, trailing shoes, jacket and clothing in my wake. A turn of the knobs and the smell of the rose-scented bubble bath on the rising warm moist steam begins the healing process. Submerging into the fragrant, steaming water brings immediate refreshment and relief. Aaaaah! – life is good once again!

~ Pat Edwards

WILLAMETTE VALLEY ENTERPRISE
VENETA, LANE COUNTY, OREGON
VOL. 2 NO. 29

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1916.

ELMIRA HAPPENINGS

Topics Concerning School and
Other Subjects Reported
By Our Scribe.

A large gathering of young people made merry at a house warming party at the home of Jim Y. Maxwell north of Elmira Friday evening February 18. Various party games were enjoyed and a phonograph furnished additional entertainment. Refreshments were served at a late hour.

A very successful entertainment was given at the Elmira High school assembly hall Friday evening February 25, by the pupils of the grammar school. This was the second effort of the season which the industrious pupils have made to raise funds to pay for the spacious play shed erected for their use some months ago. Many dialogues and a playlet "The Burglars" were successfully staged. An old time spelling match attended by many unconventional stunts made a great hit. Principal Lester Gladden and Miss Ester Miles, primary teacher, deserve public appreciation for the conduct of the affair and the training evinced by the pupils. Ice cream and cake for the crowd closed the exercises.

Mrs. Gladden, mother of the grammar school principal, was hostess to a representative party of young people Saturday evening in celebration of the birthday of her son. A tasty arrangement of ferns decorated the home. Varied parlor games were enjoyed by all present. Refreshments were served by four Eighth grade girls wearing dainty caps and other suitable regalia. Among those present were: Miss Fisher and Miss Gladys Cook, both of Eugene; Rebecca and Delephene Bown, Ruth Johnston, Esther Miles, Cleda Pope, Hazel Freeman, Virle Inman, Flora Marsh, Elsie McCulloch, Blanche Clark, Elva Horn, Nellie White, Lela Hunter, Willma Pratt, Mildred Pratt, Mrs. Gladdon, Myron Getchell, Bennie Marsh, Arley Marsh, Maurell Inman, Lynn Hayes, Dewey Taylor, Elmer Skoog, Emil Skoog, Chas. Conant, Lester Gladden, Frank Yoder and Dorward Pratt.

Last Sunday a number of young people spent a very pleasant day at the home of Virle Inman. Those present were: The Misses Esther Miles, Cleda Pope, Blanche Clark; Messrs. Myron Getchell and Wm. Schluckebier.

Cookin' With Jen



A new year calls for a refreshing change of menu. Now that the heavy food of the holiday season is behind us, the world enters a time of quiet reflection. Human hibernation, I suppose. I want warm, solid food that fills me up for outdoor excursions and crisp morning walks. To that end, here are some satisfying winter recipes to get you through your long winters' nap.

Large-Batch Hot Cereal

- 10 c. quick-cook instant oatmeal
- 1/2 - 3/4 c. brown sugar, or to taste
- 6T. powdered milk
- 2T. flavored coffee creamer (Vanilla, etc.)
- 2 t. cinnamon or pumpkin pie spice
- 1/4 t. nutmeg, or to taste

You can omit any spice or the creamer, to your taste; I like the added richness from the creamer. Mix all ingredients in a large airtight Tupperware-style container. (I just dump it all in, then plop the lid on and shake briskly.) To serve, place 1 cup of mix in bowl and add 1/2 - 3/4 c. boiling water and stir until thickened, about a minute. Serve with milk and/or more sugar, or dry raisins or cranberries.

Sunday Dinner Menu in 1942

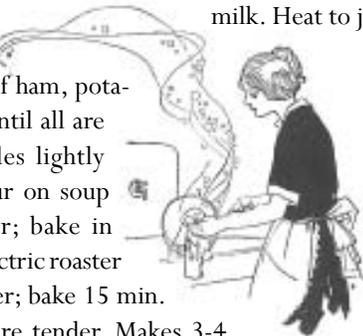
- Scalloped Ham, Potatoes, and Carrots (Recipe below)
- Buttered Asparagus Sliced Tomatoes on Lettuce
- Blackberry Cobbler Coffee and Milk

Scalloped Ham, Potatoes, and Carrots:

- 1 thin slice smoked ham (3/4 lb)
- 2 1/4 t. flour
- 1 can condensed Cream of Mushroom Soup
- 1 c. milk 3 c. pared, sliced potatoes
- 1 c. scraped, sliced carrots 1/4 c. minced onion
- Salt and Pepper

Heat oven to 375 degrees. Brown Ham lightly on both sides in skillet; cut into serving pieces. Stir flour into fat in skillet; add soup. Then slowly stir in milk. Heat to just boiling, stirring. In 2 qt.

casserole, arrange layers of ham, potatoes, carrots and onion, until all are used, sprinkling vegetables lightly with salt and pepper. Pour on soup and milk mixture. Cover; bake in moderately hot oven or electric roaster at 375 for 60 min. Uncover; bake 15 min. longer or until potatoes are tender. Makes 3-4 servings.



~ *The Good Housekeeping Cook Book*, Stamford House, NY 1942

In one of my collection of cookbooks and old cook booklets, there is a funny, 1950s' era pamphlet called *Betty Crocker's Merry Makings, Fine foods for Happy Entertaining*. I don't know the date of publication. Its jolly, super-saturated colors and over-the-top illustrations make me smile. Here, a selection called "Bib 'n' Tuckers: Most gracious still for those who care, is dinner with a formal air."

Wild Ricerole

- 1/4 c. butter 1 c. Wild Rice
- 1/2 c. blanched, slivered almonds
- 2T. chopped green onion or olives
- 2 cans (or 1 oz fresh) mushroom pieces, drained
- 3 c. chicken broth

Put all ingredients except broth in heavy frying pan; cook over medium high heat about 20 min., until almonds are slightly brown. Stir often. Heat oven to 325 degrees. When almonds are brown, add chicken broth to rest of ingredients; stir; then pour mixture into 1 1/2 qt. deep baking dish. Cover tightly and bake about 1 1/2 hours. 6 to 8 servings. Serve with cold sliced turkey. (They also serve it with curried canned peaches, but I'm not brave enough for that one.)

And now, a recipe from contributor Rhonda Rauch:

India Deerbread

By Rhonda & Ranjita

(Using the old Indian recipe for Nan, we added cardamom, curry and a bit of coriander).

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp baking soda
- 1 tsp baking powder
- 1 cup cream
- 1 cup whole yogurt
- 1 T. oil
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 tsp each of curry, coriander, ground cardamom

1. In a bowl, mix all the dry ingredients and curry, cardamom and coriander.
2. Heat the oil in the skillet.
3. In a pan, mix the cream, yogurt and egg. Heat until just warm.
4. Add cream mixture to the dry ingredients. Mix until the dough holds together. Add a little water if necessary.
5. Let dough rest covered 35 - 40 minutes.
6. Divide into 20 small balls. Roll out each ball into a flat circle 1/8" thick.
7. Cook in hot oil until browned, turning once.

18-Year Old Hijacks Plane From Seat:

A Fictional Account

By Nick DeAngelo

A 747 traveling non-stop to New York City, New York, via Seattle, Washington was hijacked by an 18-year old man at 9:00 PM on Wednesday. The man, who happened to be an expert in computing and technology, was able to hook up his laptop into his seat's headphone system. From there, he was able to control the motion, speed and temperature of the airplane, as well as use the plane's movie screens to play a PowerPoint presentation to the passengers, describing, in detail, their current hijacking situation.

The plane was turned around, and continued South, destined for Cuba, where, the PowerPoint presentation claimed, a troupe of Communists were awaiting it's arrival.

Somewhere in Texas, the plane came to a crash landing, after it had apparently collided with a second 747 destined for Georgia.

The crashed planes were found on Thursday, the hijacked one sunken into a muddy wetland, the on-schedule flight found charred up in a wheat field, after crashing through the house of a local farmer.

The passengers of the hijacked plane were found to be completely unharmed, except for an elderly man, who had had a sudden heart-attack due to the change of pressure during lift-off. The 18-year old hijacker was found, still fastened in his seat, attempting to download videos from the internet.

When found, the passengers complained to the authorities about the lack of respect shown by the hijacker, the terrible stress they were put under during their situation, and the horrendous page transitions used in the PowerPoint presentation.

The 18-year old hijacker, whose name and identification are yet to be found, will be tried in court on Tuesday for Communist involvement and DVD piracy.

"Nick DeAngelo, also known as Frederico Pastrami, or Nickelous Oxide, was born in 167,800, and travelled through time at the age of twelve, only to land in Veneta, Oregon in 2004 (He was headed for Woodstock, 1969) Since then Nick DeAngelo has spent his free time as an undercover agent smuggling illegal documents and Star Trek DVDs into third world countries. In 2006 Nick created a robot clone of himself and escaped to Africa where he studied and learned the fascinating language of elephants. Nick DeAngelo's robot clone was left to live out his life in Veneta, Oregon, and took up the arts of writing and illustration...Nick DeAngelo was disappointed about his clone turning into such a geek. Nick DeAngelo currently lives in North Korea, though he's not quite sure why."

Poem about Poetry

Poems are made to confuse, to bemuse,
To refuse to tell everything.
They are the muse of perfect contemplation,
That bemuddles every observation.

They are the breath of recitation,
The spirit of meditation,
The plausible encantation of
Emotion and devotion.

Perhaps if we enhanced our mind
With a twist of rhyme and prose
Then we could find a repose
For all our woes.

Then we would be prone to
Converse in tones,
To talk rhetorically,
And think metaphorically.

Oh! Life would be an endless simile,
A figurative metonymy,
A pastoral soliloquy,
Of words whimsically, literally
Dancing free.

Each poem's stanza is apt to entail,
Lovers sent asunder,
Emotions in a blunder!
Heroic deeds, on noble steeds,
Philosophers assessing reality,
And poets questioning morality.
Generally, poetry covers it all
In some form or another.

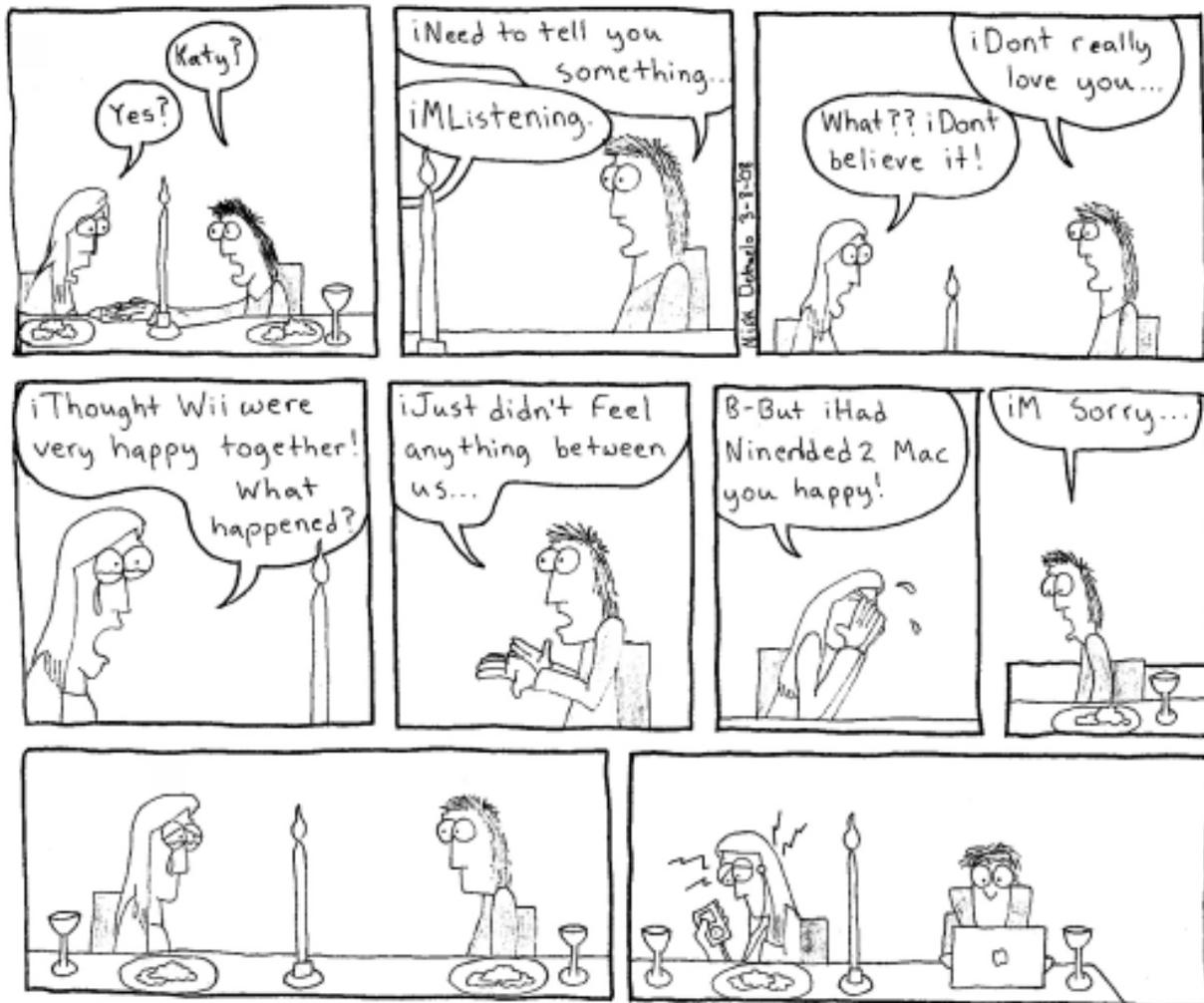
Poetry is the voice of love,
Soaring through hearts
Of deep emotion,
Reaping a harvest of words.
Where secrets nestle, anguish wrestles.
Where thoughts inhale, beauty exhales.

Poetry is subtly evasive,
Enchantingly persuasive,
Singing with joy,
And ringing with hope.
Like little rivulets of sporadic
Faith, like little butterflies
Of weightless grace.

Poetry is like cake:
A delicious piece of sweet relief.
When savored with care,
And time to spare...
Its ingredients might make,
The bittersweet treat of life.

~ Bridgett Johnson-Elliott

...JUST ADD WATER



~ Nick DeAngelo

My Spirit

The perfume of the starry night filled the air
 Quiet, perfect and still, I could hear the breeze sing its sweet melody
 As I lay, surrounded by wisps of grass and wild flowers,
 The thoughts rained through my mind.

The spirit of the sky shone down upon me like a star-filled heaven
 Now I know that I am trapped in this world for only a while,
 And then I can escape to that heaven
 Where I will truly know the value of humanity

That is when I will be wrenched back to this world,
 Where I can only stay for a while.

~ Linsey Kau

Linsey Kau is a 16-year old junior at Crow High School. Another poem of hers, *Night*, was chosen to be published in the Spring 2008 edition of *A Celebration of Poets; West Division, Grades 7-12* and named as a "High Merit Poem." It was reprinted in the October 2008 edition of *Groundwaters*. *My Spirit* was her first attempt at poetry. Besides her budding interest in writing, Linsey is an all-star athlete at Crow High School, lettering in volleyball, basketball and the javelin throw.

Do you like to read? Please, help the children of Lane County learn to love it, too, by donating to the **Lane Library League Summer Reading Program.**

If you are considering a donation to charity, please consider the LLL's summer reading program. Because they are a volunteer organization, they are able to use 90 cents of every dollar directly for books and programming, targeting the 30,000 Lane County children who lack free access to public libraries. The Lane Library League is a 501(c)3 nonprofit charity, and a qualified partner of the Oregon Cultural Trust. Please make checks payable to the Lane Library League, and send them to: **LLL Treasurer Beth Hammond, 87728 Tiernan Road, Mapleton, OR 97453.**

Thanks for your support of libraries, reading, and kids!

If you need something fun to do on a cold winter's night, try **the Lorane Movie Night.** The rural town of Lorane holds movie nights, including snacks, short films and feature films on the first Saturday of each month from October to March. Doors open at 6 p.m., with movies beginning at 7 p.m. The suggested donation of \$7.00 for the films, shown on a big screen in the Lorane Grange Theater, goes to six projects (including *Groundwater's*) that benefit the community.

Upcoming dates are:

January 3- *My Neighbor Totoro* (**Groundwaters' night!**)

February 7- *Princess Bride*

March 7- *Little Miss Sunshine*

Half Days of Art are held at Applegate Elementary School in Crow, designed to coordinate with half-days when kids get out of school at noon. Two exciting art experiences, a nutritious snack, and time to really get into an art form, combine to make these popular programs for K-6 students work. Half-days are held from noon to 3:00 at Applegate Elementary School. The price is \$16.00/afternoon/student. For more than one child, knock off a dollar and save. **Pre-register by calling 767-0143.**

Upcoming classes are:

January 30-**Chinese Brush Painting and Bottle-Cap Belts:** Professional artist Kathy Thompson is back to celebrate the Chinese New Year by teaching students the ancient art of Brush Painting. Teen artist Clair Shepherd will help kids create their own campy belt by riveting bottle caps to Naugahyde.

February 20- **Bird Drawings and "YOU" Paper Dolls:**

Learn to draw birds when a bird artist brings real stuffed birds to study while drawing. Teen artist Victoria Wilson shows students how to put their own faces on paper dolls with moveable limbs.

April 3- **Strapping Tape Baskets and Peek-a-Boo-Collage:** Basket weaver Karen Sharkey teaches students how to weave colorful baskets and a teen artist will help kids create pictures behind paintings.

Adopt-a-shelf at the Fern Ridge Public Library and help support the "Renovate 08" campaign to help the library grow. A donation can name a shelf in honor of, in memory of, or for an individual or a business or organization. Funds go towards the expansion of the Library. For more information, go to <http://www.fernridgelibrary.org> or call 935-7512.



Rufus Robertson General Store in Lorane, Oregon (late 1880s)

(left to right) H. Wingard, R. Foster, J. Atkinson, H. Crowe, D. Addison, G. Ozment, M. Crowe, Mrs. Atkinson, R. Robertson and wife on back porch. The yoke of oxen tied to the hitching rack were yearlings and were owned and broken to drive by Del Addison. The "wooden road" (a long bridge that was part of what is now south Territorial Road) is seen on the right. The store is now the Lorane General Store & Deli. (Published in *Sawdust & Cider*, 1987 & 2006)

Poetry Night

The Broadway Events Center, at 5th and Broadway in downtown Veneta, is going to be having its fifth Poetry Night on **January 9th, 2009** from 7:30 to 9:00 p.m. All poets are invited to come and read their poetry. Non-poets are invited to read a favorite poet or a friend's poetry... or they can just come and listen. There will be coffee and tea available. There is no admission charge. It is an evening of creative energy and sharing of ideas and thoughts.

Guidelines: Family friendly (no graphic sex, vulgarity or violence), 3 minute reading time for the first set, with additional time available; one poem per set.

Please invite your friends and family and join us for an entertaining evening of local poetry.

Upcoming Stillpoint Farm Concerts (86915 Territorial Rd)

- February 7 - **Beth Wood.** She is an incredible singer/songwriter from Colorado. She has won lots of songwriting contests and if you come to the concert, you will hear why! You can check out her music on <http://www.bethwoodmusic.com/>. We will have some surprise openers for this concert too.

- March 1 - **Blame Sally,** a 4-woman band ensemble. This group is from San Francisco CA and should not be missed! You can learn more on <http://www.blamesally.com/> And we are working on a surprise guest to open for them!

Contact Kathy at kathy@stillpointfarms.com for more info!

REMEMBER: Elements, a group that is supporting, inspirational and creative for artists of all media, meets at the Fern Ridge Library, Konnie Room, at 7:30 p.m., the third Monday of each month. Contact Ellen Marmon for more info at 935-2631 or emarmon@uoregon.edu

If you like what you read, pass it on.

