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A FREE MAGAZINE BY WRITERS OF ALL ABILITIES AND AGES FOR LOCAL READERS

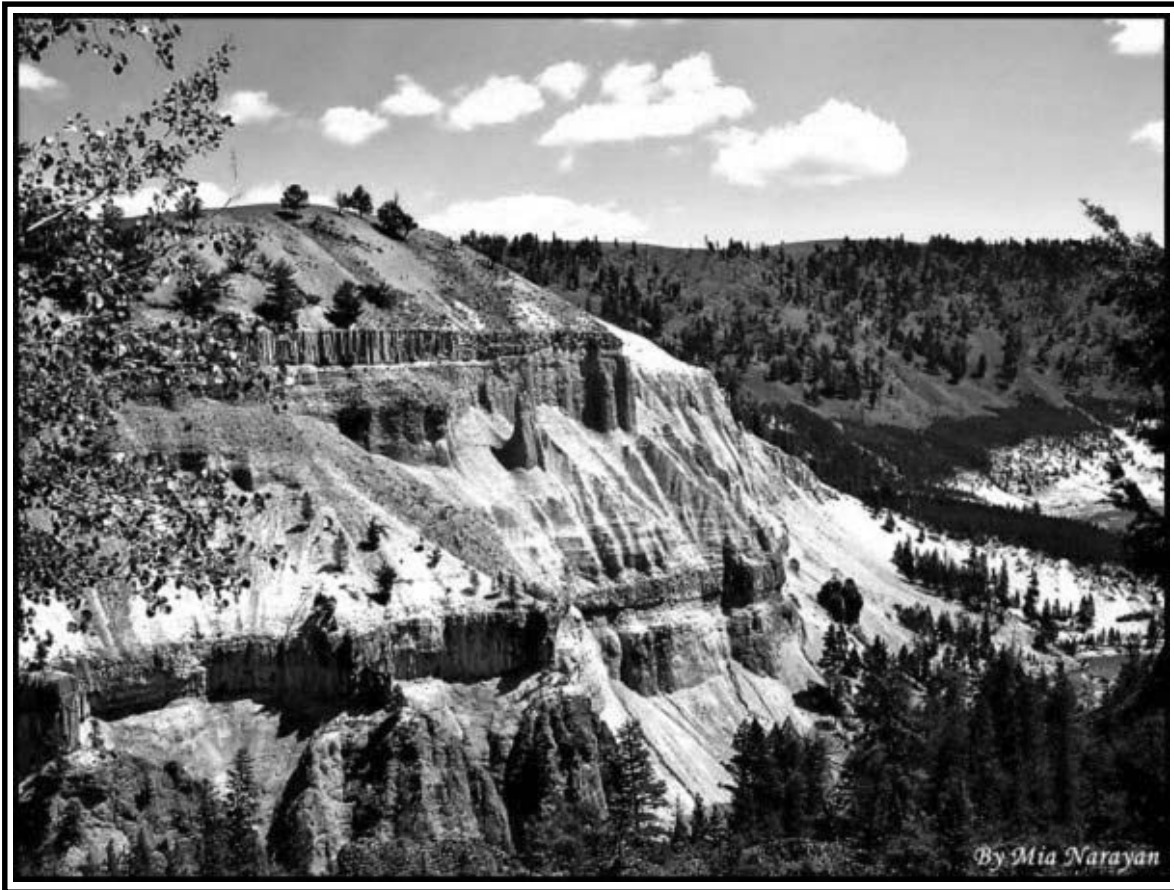
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Vol. 7 No. 3

# Groundwaters

Spring 2011

*"Bubbling up in our own good time"*



*By Mia Narayan*

Tower Falls area, Yellowstone National Park. Photo by Mia Narayan



**Editors & Publishing Team:**

Pat "Opportunity" Edwards, Managing Editor  
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Jim "Plausible" Burnett, Contributing Editor & Business Mgr.  
Judy Hays-Eberts, Foundress Emerita

*Groundwaters* magazine is a grassroots, community-oriented nonprofit literary quarterly which serves the West Lane area and all its connections through publication of the local arts, history and information by amateur and professional writers. It is made possible by gifts and donations and the volunteers who create, produce and distribute *Groundwaters* magazine. 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 keep up to date with the self-sufficiency, art and written word treasures in Judy and Sonny's website at <http://www.groundwaters.org>

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 2,500 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.
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.
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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* websites.

**Deadline for next issue is May 15, 2011**

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To obtain copies for display or distribution, email [contact@groundwaterspublishing.com](mailto:contact@groundwaterspublishing.com) or call 541-344-0986

**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@groundwaterspublishing.com](mailto:contact@groundwaterspublishing.com) 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. Gifts and donations should be made to *The Groundwaters Magazine Project*. In accordance with provisions of the Internal Revenue Code, donations are tax deductible for the donor.



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**About the Cover**



Mia Narayan has been a contributor of *Groundwaters* for over a year now. She became acquainted with another of our regular contributors, Herbie Medlin, when they met in Yellowstone National Park where the two of them have worked during the past few summers. It was Herbie that encouraged Mia to send us her wonderful poetry and beautiful photographs.

This picture is one that she took of the Tower Falls region of Yellowstone.

According to Mia, "I am not sure I call myself an artist or writer. I am more of an expressive, passionate, Italian who writes her heart upon a tree made into paper. I also share my love of the human eye through photography. I have lived most of my life in the wilderness as a "Daddy's girl." I learned survival training from my father. I have a BA/RN degree as well as an MA in Archaeology, which is my true love. I have lived for 18 years in Yellowstone National Park, currently working for Xanterra Parks and Resorts as Manager of their Laundry Operations. In the past I have contracted privately with the National Park Service as an archaeologist and have guided science expeditions into the wilderness. I keep journals on the inspiration of nature

*Our Readers Write*

Just got my copy (*Volume 7 Issue 2*) and need to tell someone how great I thought Vicki Sourdry's "Small Change" is. It was a delight to read. So different! and also how much I enjoyed Pat Edwards' contribution at the last *Groundwaters* Live session. Hoss Barker also read a very funny poem from one of his published books that I particularly enjoyed, too.

*J.M. Purcell*

<b>Issue Themes</b>	<b>Current Issue</b>
	<b>"Possibility"</b>
	<b>Upcoming Themes</b>
	<b>2011</b>
	July - "Lost"
	October - "Warmth"
	<b>2012</b>
	January - "Mystery"
	April - "Storm"

*Upcoming Deadlines*

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

### Possibilities

By Jimminy Crickett

When Judy Hays-Eberts turned over her creation to us three years ago, Jen, Pat, Jim and I had no idea how long we could keep *Groundwaters* going. Judy and Sonny were supplementing the cost of each issue out of their own pockets as their gift to the community. It has always been our intent to try to honor that commitment to the best of our ability, and I think that we've succeeded. We were able to obtain grant funding for two years and our wonderfully supportive advertisers have proven extremely loyal to our goals. Each issue is supported by long-time advertisers, The Farm Store, Sharon Malcolm, Prudential Real Estate, Blue Rooster Bed & Breakfast, Gloria Edwards, Elan Realty, Knee Deep Cattle Co., Outback Garage, the Lorane Family Store and, occasionally, by Stillpoint Farm and Judie Brantley. We hope that you, our readers, will tell them how much you appreciate their support whenever you do business with them. In addition, projects undertaken by *Groundwaters* Publishing, LLC also provide the means to help support publication costs of each issue. Our special thanks go to the Friends of the Fern Ridge Library for commissioning *Groundwaters* Publishing to print their monthly newsletters and to members of the community who have allowed us to print their chapbooks, brochures and business cards.

In part, because of these very loyal supporters, *Groundwaters* magazine is midway through its 7<sup>th</sup> year of publication. We are all very proud to be a part of it.

The magazine definitely seems to be evolving, too. Some of our long-time contributors are taking a break from writing and there are many new names appearing on our by-lines. We welcome the new, but we are missing some of the originals who have been with us for so long, too. In addition, we want to encourage our writers to send profiles and stories about special people in their communities. Part of Judy's vision that we wish to continue is to honor our West Lane communities whenever possible. If you've never done a profile before, you should try it. There is so much gratification that accompanies interviewing a person and writing their story. You gain such a feeling of accomplishment in the process because by making the effort, you have reached out to another individual.

Thanks to all of you who have made *Groundwaters* a success... our advertisers, our donors, our writers, artists, photographers and especially our readers. We've all done it together! Good job!

pe

As I write this, I have just opened an email from Pat Edwards asking if I was going to do a piece for this issue. Wow, I thought, there's so much going on. I responded with an email saying I would work on one, not knowing if it was possible. It is just a few days after the horrendous tragedy in Japan, I'm working with taxes, putting together bylaws for a new nonprofit and sitting in my home office surrounded by piles of stuff I should have done before now. How can I begin to get my mind around a Philosopher's Corner piece? There is so much other stuff vying for my attention ...

The timing is interesting. Pat's email came after almost two very productive days, days in which I was somehow focused and things just seemed to be flowing well. I seem to go in spurts. There are days in which I flounder around in a bit of a stupor and then something clicks – like it did yesterday – and several difficult things I had been avoiding somehow seemed possible. You know what? They were.

At the very core of my being, I am an optimist; I know that much more is possible. After many decades of wrestling with possibilities, potential and the reality of my struggle, I have realized that the primary difference between what is possible and what is not is simply a decision. Deciding to try and then acting upon that decision opens wide the portals of possibility.

From perhaps a more metaphysical perspective, it is not the effort that makes the difference, it's the willingness to make the effort. That's about being, the state of mind that facilitates the doing. It's a head-game. The mind shift from stupor to sensing possibilities is the stuff of thought. The sages and saints have long said that everything begins as a thought. Remember that old story about the Little Engine That Could? It was driven up and over the mountain by the power of a thought ... "I think I can, I think I can, I think I can," and in the end, it could and it did. Possibilities are created by simple thoughts, thoughts that set the stage for accomplishment.

In spite of all of the stuff going on in our lives and all around us, I have the sense that we live in a world of infinite possibilities. Looking back over the years, I can see so many things that were once impossible. Clearly and perhaps most often, impossibility is little more than an illusion. Someone decides that "it" just might be possible and makes the decision to try. Possibility thinking has changed lives and yes, even changed the world in innumerable ways.

I think I'll look back over this bit of rambling and see if it is perhaps worth sending to Pat for inclusion in the upcoming issue ... it just might be possible that I can put a checkmark alongside another thing that needed doing. Who knows, I just might make it up and over the mountains of my life.

I think I can, I think I can, I think I can ...

## That Shimmering Possibility

It used to matter how long you stayed  
You with your foxgloves in hand, and dinner  
Once it was a native trout with a jeweled lip  
Someone's catch uncaught, then caught again

You with your foxgloves in hand, and dinner  
Charming the thrum from grouse  
Someone's catch uncaught, then caught again  
I take wine deep into the woods even when it rains

Charming the thrum from grouse  
You don't always tell the truth  
I drink wine in the woods when it rains  
You lift jagged stones from a sparsely falling creek

You don't always tell the truth  
and lift jagged stones from a sparsely falling creek  
Once you brought me a native trout with jeweled lip  
It used to matter how long you stayed

~ Quinton Hallett

*In Refuge from Flux*, Finishing Line Press, © 2010

## Prodigal Hopes

overnight the cottonwoods  
along Winter Creek slipped  
into eucalyptus green.

morning brought bird  
song and daffodils,  
and an end

to the long plod  
through the disquiet  
heart of winter.

seasons are marked  
by the measure of memories  
they invoke within us.

like cool evening winds  
off Fern Ridge Lake,  
or lonesome summer shadows

at twilight when forgotten  
dreams come home, the prodigal  
hopes of our desires.

~ Kevin DeLay

## The House

By Avis Rust



The picture shown here was the beginning of my art career. It was the house where we lived among the mountains of Wyoming – the year was 1926. I was six years old.

I sat under the sunroom as I drew it. When I took it to my mother to show her, she was surprised at the perspective I had captured in my drawing. Mother was artistic as were some of her family, so I have come by it naturally.

In grade school, we made art posters. They were graded by the teacher and then three of them were sent to the county level to be judged. The one chosen was sent to State and the three best were selected each year. My drawing of Abraham Lincoln won first place one year and I won several other poster contests over the years.

In 1948, I started to take a commercial art course. I got good grades on the lessons I did, but three young children and a dislike for drawing advertisements was the end of the art course for me.

I have done a lot of doodling over the years.

In 1961, my son entered Junction City High School. There was a drawing contest for the best Tiger to portray the teams. They used the one I had drawn for our son for quite a few years.

I still pick up pen or pencil and draw pictures that come to mind – mostly flowers.



## Sailing

I sent a ship a sailing  
a sailing toward the sea  
And oh it was a lovely ship  
a lovely ship to me

It sailed toward the sunset  
the sunset golden and low  
It took off in the current  
the current made it go

I watched it with a purpose  
a purpose of sweet release  
A part of me was moving on  
Moving on past all reach

When the toy became so small  
so small as it sailed away  
At last I turned my eyes from there  
from there and then that day

I paused a time to wonder  
to wonder what next to do  
I saw an eagle's wings outspread  
outspread against the blue

I knew then what I'd forgot  
what I'd forgot was yet true  
I had wings of my own to stretch  
to stretch, and off I flew...

~ Judy Hays-Eberts

## Particle Dream

copper cockle shells  
alone on the shore  
partial fragments  
land once more  
to be seen  
by few  
the particle dream  
come true  
in the view  
of time's endless new

~ C. Steven Blue

## Splendid Rendezvous

on the long ride home  
through the blackened twists and turns  
of the Trinidad Highway,  
I look for your ghost.

alongside the dark roadbed,  
I stop and step out, stretching  
to stay awake, searching for some sign,  
some faint remnant of your presence here,  
swirling perhaps along furious rapids  
of the Klamath.

the midnight air is savage  
with cold, and I stop for a moment  
to look up at the skies, brilliantly  
clear and welcoming.

I have stopped the truck here,  
surrounded by your old haunts,  
a foolish attempt at recovering our past,  
but still, a long intended  
pilgrimage.

you have moved on, I know this  
but still, I make my tenuous inquiries  
and the store clerks smile discreetly.

they know you are gone, but  
the very thought of you here  
long ago comforts me, and yes,  
I should have come sooner.

I should have taken this road  
long before, when your voice lingered here,  
singing alongside the river, perhaps  
reading the letters I sent.

we might have met up here,  
out beyond midnight, out past  
the river's bend.

we should have met here,  
at least once.  
it would have been  
a splendid rendezvous.

~ William Crutchfield

"Never tell a young person that anything cannot be done.  
God may have been waiting centuries for someone ignorant  
enough of the impossible to do that very thing." ~John Andrew  
Holmes

# What is Possible?

By Karen Wickham

Due to a regrettable row with my life partner on Christmas Eve day, I found myself driving the streets of our small town in search of something... girl friend commiseration? comfort? empathy?... something. Partner's way of licking his metaphorical wounds on the heels of such domestic squabbles is to withdraw in militant icy silence... I never know for how long. The usually protective walls of our home seemed cold and unfriendly on this day, as my mind, full of gnawing anger and self pity, poured its negative stories into my tears. This otherwise promising day, never mind the rain, now fairly dripped with the sad weight of bygone happy memories and unreachable expectations.

None of my cell phone candidates picked up. I pulled into several driveways of friends/neighbors only to find the windows dark and vehicles gone. My favorite comfort restaurant was just hanging out their sign: CLOSED. With light fading, I drove around in the descending Christmas Eve gloom, hoping to find a cold, homeless person to bestow the monetary contents of my wallet: \$20. Alas no such person appeared. The streets were uncannily, depressingly empty.

While continuing to search, I realized this gift I longed to give was my last prospect for feeling better. I stumbled again upon a known, but never closely examined, truth – a primary principle of a fulfilled life which I don't recall ever being taught at home, school or church. This well-kept secret now astounds me and makes me smile. Making someone's life more wonderful feeds me, as surely as beef stew and cornbread.. It fills me with warmth and pleasure and feels so good all the way down.

As I drove home, I remembered Burma's Aung San Suu Kye who was held under house-arrest for years. Her face on the cover of *Time* Magazine still graces our kitchen table. I GET IT! Her profoundly simple words, like a gong reverberating in my head, came to me... "When feeling helpless, help someone."

As I continue my slow, ever vigilant drive home, colored tree lights remind me of sugar plums dancing in the dreams of expectant good little boys and girls. I begin to wonder: Perhaps it's not too late to rewrite the Santa Claus story from "What do you want to get?!" to "What do you have to give?" Isn't the original story based on a Greek Bishop in the third century who used his inheritance to assist the needy, sick and suffering?

Seems he was an ordinary guy, Bishop Nicholas, who became known throughout the land for his generosity. The story is told that he left gifts anonymously on doorsteps of poor families. Perhaps the truth concealed all these years is that the happiness he gave was far exceeded by the joy

flooding "Old Saint Nick," as he imagined the faces of happy children discovering the treasures he left them. Maybe he chuckled and smiled to himself as he settled in for an extraordinarily good winter's nap.

Still searching for that homeless person and almost home, I remember the words of another tower of humanity, Albert Schweitzer. "I don't know what your destiny will be, but one thing I know: The only ones among you who will be really happy are those who will have sought and found how to serve."

In Nonviolent Communication Practice Group, I learned that we humans have a need, a longing to make life more wonderful for self and others. I am reminded of the outpouring of stuff and goodwill in a natural disaster. This need to contribute, to make things better grows more urgent daily as Martin Luther King predicted, "Have we not come to such an impasse in the modern world that we must love our enemies, neighbors, families, or else?" In my words, the chain reaction of hate and retribution must be broken or else, we are indeed in big doo doo. Now, in this moment, I notice, in myself, this need to give back, to be useful, to be an instrument of positive change, a blessing. This is no vague wish born of rules, rewards, threats of punishment or pretty platitudes. No, I think it pours forth from a need for meaning in my life. I now notice, when I give to others, I make myself happy – that simple.

Pulling into my driveway, I think again of the sad disconnect between me and my Sweetie, how much pain I am in... and the pain I have inflicted around this misunderstanding.

With my car back in the garage, I walked to the neighbor next door. Bless her, she opened her door. I cried on her shoulder. She listened, gave me kind words and a big bear hug. I returned home and gave my guy the gift of sitting close and joining him and his silly movie. I surprised both of us by enjoying it. His iciness began to thaw. Time warmed the remaining coolness between us. The profound lesson remains: When I give to others, I gift myself. I am nurtured.

If I admit and embrace my fear, wrestle my anger to the ground, and follow my heart, who knows what is possible?

The yearn for color...  
A boughten bouquet fades fast  
Now cherry tree blooms!

~ Nancy Dresser

## Cap'n's Orders

All the fine people went down to the beach and tossed  
rose petals onto the sea,  
A rose for the cap'n, one for his crew, and two for the  
father to be.  
She foundered and broke on the rocks in a gale, all  
hands are missing and lost,  
But all of them knew when they put out to sea the  
promise of the ultimate cost.

One man stayed behind to the ire of most, he faithfully  
bore their rudeness and jeers,  
He would have sailed but he had his orders, unknown to  
his judgmental peers.  
Outcasts one and all, his family became, a sad little  
village of four,  
Till one gray day in the wind and rain there came a  
knocking on their door.

T'was the wife of the cap'n, the good cap'n past, all wet  
and chilled to the bone,  
Her face was pale and wrought with grief she looked  
like a woman alone.  
"From your cap'n" says she and gave him a scroll, sealed  
and never been read,  
Signed in blood by the cap'n and crew and this is what  
they said.

"Convict not the innocent to sate unsettled grief," we  
told the poet stay home safe and warm,  
Tis the cap'n's duty to keep well the poet, save him and  
his work from pillage and harm.  
Do not damn this man for following his orders, it's  
wrong and utterly absurd,  
We and mankind shall live on forever in the rhyme and  
ways of his words.

~ Michael J Barker

## Willow's Mist

Dance, oh Life on willow's mist  
A mother's embrace, a Lover's Kiss  
Once young at Heart  
Oh reminisce  
Of days gone by, of things we've missed  
We wake to find in sunshine Bright  
Another day brings us Light  
Sweet Life we breathe to our Delight  
On Beaded Tear, with quiet sigh  
Our Life Rushes Boldly By ...

~ Larry Melvin

## She Carried Them

We heard Goo Goo Dolls band sing 'Iris' the day  
after dad's death.

We heard them sing  
"I just want you to know  
who I am."

I just learned who,  
what this Iris is, or was.

She carried the dead women to  
to the Elysian Fields  
for the righteousness, the heroes.

At the Fortunate, Isles of the Blest  
land of the Celtic and Greek myth,  
dad were buried, scattered.

was dad Iris Goddess  
of the great Greek myth.

This old bearded flower,  
tall or short yet so complementing,  
was one of her favorites.

Dad grew them in vivid shades  
of purple,  
named for a shellfish from the Greek.

Like purples,  
mom, you and your goddess,  
shared intuitiveness, intrigue, imagination,  
rank, romance, royalty.

Dad was buried at his birthplace in Slaithewaite, York-  
shire.

~Nicole Taylor



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# The Party Line

By Gus Daum

It was just a phone, hanging there on the wall to make calls and to receive calls. No text messages, call waiting, photo ability, no texting, sexting or whatever today's magical cell phone is capable of performing.

Our family's first phone was installed in our farmhouse in the mid- to late-30's when less than a third of farm homes were so equipped. A monster machine in a wooden cabinet about two feet top to bottom, and a foot square. A hand crank on one side let us send a ring heard by all neighbors on our party line. The receiver hung to the other side when not stuck to someone's ear. The speaker cone jutted out over six inches from the front, and we hardly had to shout, "*Who's calling, please?*" into it to make ourselves heard.

We could *direct dial* only Central and those five or six neighbors on our party line. Central was the operator whose services were required for reaching out and touching someone on a different party line. The daytime operator was Miss Nelda, who performed this magic. With her headset tethering her to the central board, she answered our hand cranked ring (one very long) for Central by plugging into our party line's socket. She would then plug a two ended cord into our line and the party line of the requested party with the other end of the cord, and dial their assigned Morse code dial: one long-two shorts, or one-long, one-short, one-long. Though she never stayed on to hear any of the conversations, she seemed by some to be remarkably well-informed about civic and social matters around the neighborhood.

All our family learned our ring, of course. Some symbol of longs and shorts. And soon we memorized the rings for all our fellow party-liners. On most party lines, there was at least one *rubber-necker*; ours was someone we'll call Mrs. Higginbottom. Mrs. H was adept at lifting her receiver quietly or simultaneously to avoid detection. Everyone knew she did it, and occasionally paused to say, "Mrs. H, are you on there?" No response from her, of course; not even the sound of quiet breathing. I once heard my mom ask, "Mrs. H, are you getting all this?" Mom was quite direct.

It would have been pleasant if all on a party line were courteous, and kept their chat room to reasonable lengths. In lieu of other forms of entertainment (only a few had radios for their soap operas or daily cattle price reports), there were the monopolists, even more of a problem than Mrs. H. Courtesy demanded that one who wished to make a call would pick up the receiver quietly to see if others were on the line, then wait for a short time before lifting the receiver again to check for open line. Two or three receiver clicks usually did it. Again courtesy suggested,

after a few short waits, "Could I interrupt for a short call?" The less courteous might demand, "Will you get off the line? I need to call the vet."

My wife remembers that in her early teens her dad got so frustrated with *those old hens on our line*, he had a private line strung to their farm. I still remember her phone number, #269, for that phone and it, too, was operator dialed through Central in their town's system.

Those boys and girls with romantic inclinations were severely restrained by the party line. A face to face female rejection of a proposed date was humiliating enough for a boy. When he knew that all the neighbors might be talking about it before suppertime, he just avoided the party line in every way possible. I attempted to elude Mrs. H's curiosity one time during my high school days. There was a public use phone in Miss Nelda's control room, no private booth, just a phone at a table, but it was no charge in the days before AT&T got involved in our neighborhood system. I decided to use that phone to minimize the exposure. There was no evading Miss Nelda, who could eavesdrop from wherever the call might originate. She was careful about spreading the news so gained, including such minor ones as my possible rejection.

From her public phone, I asked, "Miss Nelda, would you call Martha Miller, please?"

"Know her Daddy's name? No? There's seven Miller families round here. Where's she live?"

"About four miles north of town, I think."

By now I was ready to give up the project. I stood up and said, "Maybe I'll just try some time later ——"

"Hold on. That's probably Frank. He's got a girl bout your age. I'll try his phone and ask." Sure enough she called and, "This is Central. Is there a Martha at your house?"

There was. Due to Nelda's skill, I was able to ask Martha to go to a movie. I got rejected, but didn't suffer much humiliation. No one but me and Martha, and Miss Nelda knew about it. Probably.

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# Initiation

By Martha Sargent

It was rush week at Hill Heights University and there were posters up all over the grounds, in the halls and dorms. No Hazing. Campus administration was keen to eradicate all forms of hazing from their fraternities and sororities. Forced drinking, slipping drugs into drinks and pranks like dunking provided the worst kind of publicity. The Hill was eager to have that sort of thing off their campus, never to return.

Kay Fellows arrived at her dorm room to find only one invitation to pledge. She sighed. If she had come from money, there would be more. Still, a sorority would look good on her resume, so pledging Triple Alpha was a goal. She set the invitation down, unpacked and dressed for her first meeting with the Triples that evening.

"So you're the scholarship girl?" asked Lindsey, fingering her sorority pin for effect. Kay nodded.

"Well, sit over there. We have a real treat for you and your fellow applicants tonight."

After dinner a group of six girls and Kay were taken to the woods and given their instructions.

"Keep your jackets, but we're going to search you for contraband. You'll each spend the night in these woods and come back to the house in the morning with a flower that only grows in these woods. Our sisters will be watching, so don't try to sneak back to the dorm to sleep. You have to spend the entire night in the woods," said Jessica, chapter president.

"Isn't that dangerous?" asked Emily Fraser, a small girl who was already shaking in the chilly air.

"Hardly," said Jessica with a smirk. "We haven't had a murder here in over two years."

Kay had to give up her purse and the twenty she had tucked in her sock, and then the sisters sent each of the seven into the dark in different directions. Kay could hear some of the girls say they had second thoughts about this challenge as they trudged off. She congratulated herself for wearing slacks and sturdy shoes, but she was sorry she didn't have her keys or the candy bars in her purse. She searched for anything that looked like a trail as she moved off into the thick-treed mini-forest and tried to keep her bearings for due north. She remembered a bed and breakfast on the other side of the woods. With luck she'd spend the night there, be warm and look for the flower in the morning. Kay stuffed the picture of the wildflower in her pocket.

A half hour into the woods Kay tripped and went down like a load of lumber. She slid into an open area and sat there holding her ankle.

"Damn. Just when I should be close to the other side," she said out loud, wishing someone could hear her. The pledge hopefully attempted to stand up, but the ground was slick, and she ended up on her back again, almost passed out.

Kay opened her eyes and stifled a scream. An ugly face

was hanging over her, peering at her like something inspecting its dinner.

"Don't, Miss. Safe. You safe."

The face backed off, and Kay sat up. "Who are you? Can you help me?"

"Yeah. I help. You safe. No bombs. No mines. You safe."

"Who are you?"

It saluted. "John Heimeyer, Captain, 999-60-4279."

Kay blinked. She wasn't sure what to do. The creature helped her stand up, jerking her a bit, and they moved along together with Kay wondering if this was a good idea. Walking and hopping were painful, but she managed to arrive in another clearing with her captor. He pulled her toward a rotten looking sleeping bag and helped her to sit. Forest man retrieved a lantern and turned it on.

The scene was disheartening. A makeshift camp of boxes, tarps, and blankets. John made her take her shoe and sock off, and he inspected her ankle.

"Just twisted. All right. Good in two days."

"How did you get here?" asked Kay.

"I'm hiding. You can't tell, okay?" John was starting to talk more normally. Perhaps he was getting used to Kay's sudden intrusion into his forest home.

"Hiding from what? It's okay. I won't tell."

John thought a moment, wiped a hand across his eyes, and said, "From Iraq. I have PTSD. Don't tell. Can't live with people. Too scary. They explode. Don't tell. Please. I'm safe here. People are safe here. Don't tell."

"I won't tell anybody. You're safe with me. I won't explode. I promise." Kay's mind raced, thinking of the horrors John must have seen and maybe the things he was forced to do. She had to stop herself from crying at the thought of it.

"How long have you been here?"

"A year, I think. I see people . . . sometimes . . . but they don't stay. They don't see me. Don't tell. Okay?"

Kay nodded. They spent the night talking and the next day and the night after. They slept from time to time, and John made a weed salad that was fairly tasty. He washed Kay's ankle with creek water while she rested. Kay watched him with concern and noticed how thin he was.

On the third day Kay could put weight on her ankle again, so she thanked John and walked the rest of the way to the bed and breakfast. She told the innkeeper her credit card number and rented a room, washed her clothes, and slept in a real bed. The next day she checked out and found a grocery store a block away. She carefully carried food and first aid supplies back to John.

"I won't tell, but I will come see you again."

John nodded with a cautious smile.

Kay left the woods and wandered back to the sorority house, but she had no flower to show them. She collected her purse and shook her head when they wanted to know where she had been.

# The Lost Waterfall

By Jim Burnett

**B**etcha don't know where this waterfall is! I do; or at least, I did.

It's my favorite waterfall... no, it is not as tall as Multnomah Falls or as majestic as Niagara, but it's still my all-time favorite.

It is just possible that some of you have approached this waterfall without having ever seen it. It's not your fault if you overlooked it. You see, it's sometimes hidden. Where is it? It's on the Central Oregon Coast, at Seal Rock.

As I'm writing this, there are several seashells on the bookshelves alongside my desk. Shells I picked up from the tide pools at Seal Rock during low tide. I had a sizeable collection at one time, collecting them



with the idea that I could make something of them. That never happened.

From time to time, I have gone back to Seal Rock, stopped alongside Hwy.101 and looked for the waterfall. It can't really be seen from the highway. However, the view from alongside the highway will tell you if it will be possible to see it.

Where is it? Well ... its right there, just about in the center of the lower half of the picture; you can't see it in the picture to the left ... the tide is coming in and it is underwater. You will have to take my word for it, its there although if you went there today, even at low tide, you probably could not see it. As I said,

I've been back several times and it has simply disappeared.

Why? The ebb and flow of a big winter's storm scoured out much of the sand between the Seal rocks and shore exposing "bedrock" that formed a wide area of tide pools. All of them are below the water level in the picture above. Then, subsequent storms had brought sand in again to cover tide pools. My favorite little waterfall lies buried beneath several feet of sand. Someday another storm will come and sweep away the sand to expose the wonders that lie beneath – waterfall and all. I'd like to see that one more time.



The potential of the average person is like a huge ocean unsailed, a new continent unexplored, a world of possibilities waiting to be released and channeled toward some great good. ~Brian Tracy

# The Arrowhead

By Dale R. Dickson

As a young boy I didn't have any money except what my brothers and I referred to as our "Saturday Nickel" our parents gave us if we behaved and did our chores during the week. But, my brother and I would let the nickel "burn a hole in our pocket" and race to the store to buy a 12-ounce bottle of Pepsi Cola, drink it, and run home, listening to our full stomachs gurgling with the drink.

Living in the small Western Pennsylvania town of Greenville, one of my most exciting pastimes, besides playing any kind of sport in season, was listening to radio programs. My four brothers and I often sat with our ears glued to the radio, cheering our heroes like the Lone Ranger, shivering with fright when the door opened and then slammed shut on *Inner Sanctum*, and laughing uncontrollably at *Amos and Andy*. Many a time on those cold winter nights we worked on a jigsaw puzzle on our large dining room table with the familiar radio programs, our welcomed companions.

Who can forget the amazing heroic athletic abilities of *Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy* and *Frank Merriwell*? There were even the original soap operas such as *Stella Dallas*, *One Man's Family* and *Pepper Young's Family*.

In those days, instead of being mesmerized by television, I was able to form real mental pictures of the scenes enacted on the radio programs. I could ride the range with the best, be Dick Tracy's assistant and live history with Walter Cronkite on *You Are There*, using my imagination as I listened to the radio programs.

The Saturday programs were particularly suited for kids, but I preferred the programs with more action in them, such as *Bobby Benson and the B-Bar-B Riders*, *The Theorist*, *Sky King*" and my very favorite radio show, *Tom Mix*.

Besides the great stories, the things I liked about the programs were the premiums that could be obtained. I dreamed of sending away and "being the first kid on your block" to have great treasures for only a cereal box top and a few cents. My genuine Hop Harrigan Norton Bomb Sight was a lot of fun but my treasured dream prize was the Tom Mix Arrowhead.

I just had to have this arrowhead. It was plastic, glowed in the dark, had a compass on it, and a hidden magnifying glass. With this arrowhead I would never be lost with the compass guiding me; I could start a warming fire with the magnifying glass, and never lose it in the dark.

I had to send in a box top from Ralston cereal and fifteen cents cash. My Mother didn't like to buy cold cereal because it wouldn't last long with five hungry boys devouring it at breakfast time or as a bedtime snack. There were free dishes in the oatmeal boxes, which pleased Mother. Therefore, I didn't ask Mother to buy the Ralston cereal so I could have the box top to send away for the arrowhead.

Father worked hard as a school teacher, and his meager salary barely kept his flock fed, so I didn't ask for any money from my parents. I scrounged the neighborhoods for discarded soda pop bottles for the two-cent deposit I could get for each

bottle. I tried to get an odd job to earn a few pennies, but nobody wanted to hire a ten-year old kid. But, in time, I had the twenty-five cents needed to buy the cereal. As soon as I got the box home I cut the box top off and secreted it away so nobody else could use it, and then gave the cereal to Mother. I was really worried the arrowhead offer would go off the air before I could get the fifteen cents to send in with the Ralston box top, so I spent nearly all my spare time searching the neighborhood trash cans, schoolyard playgrounds, and dumps for the treasured soda bottles. I didn't let my bottle-searching keep me from listening to *Tom Mix* on the radio, though. Finally, I had the necessary money to send along with the Ralston box top. My Mother gave me the three cent stamp for postage and I sprinted to the post office to get my letter in the mail just as soon as possible.

I couldn't wait for the arrowhead to arrive. Each day I hurried home from school to see if the mailman had delivered my treasure. It took what seemed an eternity, but one day, when I arrived home, I saw on the dining room table a small parcel with my name on it. I grabbed it and ran upstairs to my bedroom where I could be alone to savor the moment of opening the package and holding the long-awaited prize of my efforts.

I don't remember ever having been as excited as I was at that moment. For some reason I had thought the package would be as large as a shoebox but, in reality, the parcel easily fit in my hand. It didn't bother me one bit as I eagerly, but carefully, opened it. In a brief moment I was holding my arrowhead. It was everything I had hoped it would be. It was the size and shape of a broad arrowhead and was made of an off-white plastic. The surface was finished to replicate the chipped surface of a flint arrowhead. I eagerly moved the arrowhead around, testing the compass, and then slipped the magnifying glass out of its secret hiding place. It was great, and it was all mine. I crawled under my blankets to test the glow-in-the-dark feature. I had never seen anything like it. I don't remember, but there may have been other features to the arrowhead, like a secret hiding place for messages, or a signal whistle, but it doesn't matter.

That arrowhead meant a lot to me. I really was "the first kid on my block" to have it. In fact, I was the only one in my school to have it, and I was the envy of the whole school. Many of my friends tried to trade me for it. One boy offered me a large sack of treasured marbles, but I turned him down. He probably would have won them back from me, anyway. Nothing could have persuaded me to trade away my prize.

Like so many things we prized as kids, they got lost or misplaced. My arrowhead was among these. I remember it as the first thing I really wanted and I worked hard to acquire the valued money I needed. I miss those old-time radio programs, and I am often reminded of them and my Tom Mix Arrowhead. Perhaps someday I'll stumble across one in an antique shop, a garage sale, or at some toy convention. If I could somehow obtain another one of them, it would make my assortment of memorabilia complete.

## Bruce Bones Creek

Now Bruce was a farmer way out west  
but he gave up plowin', thought he'd like mining best.  
He sold his ranch 'cept his mule and a pick  
and headed out lookin' for a gold-laden crick.  
He slept under the stars with the clouds for a cover.  
Tethered his mule and dreamed of gold he'd discover.  
Now out in the wilds he had to look out  
for wild animals which were lurking about.  
Often at night he'd hear them moving around  
but his fire in the dark made them all back down.  
Nevertheless he kept watching his back  
as he searched for gold, not wanting an attack.  
At last, in a small creek he thought he saw  
a gleam that surely filled him with awe.  
Falling to his knees he clawed at the sand  
hoping the gold would fill up his hand.  
What a surprise, for the more that he sifted  
he had more gold and really felt gifted.  
Bruce panned out the sand and put the gold in his poke  
and rested a while beneath a great oak.  
He closed his eyes and pictured his wealth,  
and thanked the Lord that he still had good health.  
Oh, the things he would do and the places he would go  
and to answer his dreams he'd need never say no.  
Each day he became richer as he worked his claim  
and imagined how all this gold would bring fame.  
He dug a deep hole to bury his treasure  
and just thinking of it gave him much pleasure.  
Then on that fateful night when all was serene  
he dreamed of his lost love, the lovely Kathleen.  
Bruce let his guard down as the fire died out;  
it happened so swiftly he never cried out.  
He never saw the black bear forming from the mist  
and smothered poor Bruce with his terribly large fist.  
In a matter of days all that could be found  
was a pile of Bruce's bones left on the ground.  
Eventually more miners out on their trek  
stumbled on the bones left by the creek.  
"It must have been horrible," they exclaimed in their fright.  
"This poor feller killed; it doesn't seem right.  
We've gotta do something for this poor old soul.  
Let's get our shovels and put him in a hole.  
Who is this man? This man we found,  
and about to plant into the ground?  
Let's look around to spy who he may be."  
They found a letter and read it to see.  
There wasn't much on the paper, and all it would produce  
was that the poor unfortunate man's first name was Bruce.  
"Let's honor our fellow Argonaut about whom we speak.  
We'll call this little rivulet Bruce Bones Creek."  
So that's how the little creek came to be known  
and the legend of it surely has grown.  
Many people guessed Bruce cached his gold  
but all the searching did nothing behold.  
Many tales to this day flourish of the treasure of Bruce  
but there is only one person who knows the whole truth.

~ Dale R. Dickson

## Mara Jean

I first met you on a warm,  
Sunny September afternoon.

The apple of your mommy's eye,  
The second arrow in your daddy's quiver,  
A long awaited, but unknown, entity  
To Shannon, your big sister.  
You're Nonni, Poppi, Grandma Debbie  
And Grandpa Mike's newest joy.

Though you can cry lustily,  
You are mostly quiet.  
With long, dark hair  
And graceful little fingers.  
You've already blessed us  
With your beautiful smile.

Mommy calls you her little noodle  
Because you're so limp when you sleep.  
So full of possibility, We eagerly await  
The blossoming of your personality,  
And the revelation of the  
Talents and gifts God has given you.

Welcome to the world Mara Jean.

~ Vickie Jensen

---

## Another Day

Another day is ending  
Another night is beginning  
The day was peaceful and calm  
The night I think will be the same  
A fog is settling in like a blanket  
A sure sign that the night will be muted  
Critters of the night will move and talk less  
Choosing to stay abed tucked in and warm  
Watching the fog and feeling the calm  
Waiting for the peace that the quiet  
Of the fog's blanket will bring  
On we go to slumber land  
Another day is at an end

~ Herbie

"The young do not know enough to be prudent, and therefore they attempt the impossible – and achieve it, generation after generation." ~ Pearl S. Buck

# The Gift of an Apology

By Paula Krug Keys

Earl Hamner, Jr. created “The Waltons” as a family television series that ran from 1972 to 1981. Set around 1933, three generations share a house in rural Virginia on Walton’s Mountain during The Great Depression. The episodes revolve around Grandma, Grandpa, their son John, Sr., his wife Olivia and their seven children. The character of John, Sr. was based on Hamner’s own father.

One night the family home catches fire which renders it unfit for the family to live in until John, Sr. can rebuild. Grandma, Grandpa and the seven children are sent to live in the homes of friends.

The childless pastor and his wife take two of the children, Erin and Ben. The pastor discovers girls’ hair ribbons in Ben’s possession. He insists that Ben return them to the girls, apologize and do something special for each girl in accordance with Leviticus 6:4-7 that lists the elements of a proper apology:

1. Go to the person wronged;
2. Offer a heartfelt apology;
3. Ask what you can do to make amends;
4. Do five times what they ask! In other words, cheerfully and generously do for them what they ask and more.

With some reluctance, Ben obeyed. Later the pastor finds Ben has more ribbons than he did originally and asks why. Ben says he cannot understand. It seems that after he returned the girls’ ribbons and repaired the bicycle of one and carried the books of another, the other girls began shoving their hair ribbons into his pockets.

No one likes to apologize. No one likes to admit they did something foolish or rude or unkind, but we all do. Most of our apologies fall short and more often than not worsen the rift because we use our apology to justify our misbehavior to the person we wronged!

Lawyers, insurance agents and corporate handlers preach to their constituents that they must never apologize for it will make them seem weak. That is inverted thinking. A genuine apology takes courage, makes us honorable and stronger of character.

Not only does an apology that includes restitution and omits self-justification strengthen the character of the one giving it, there is the real possibility that the heart of the one receiving the apology can be warmed. The opposite occurs when no apology is offered or the apology is self-righteous and self-serving for the offender.

A four-element apology is a gift that keeps on giving to a wider and wider circle, much like a stone dropped into a still pond makes ripples that keep spreading out. Try it, you might find, like young Ben, that you receive a far greater gift in your pocket than you give with a genuine apology!

# Glass Beach

Four of us stooped  
to chink through the tumbled outcasts.  
Gleaners of cobalt ovals – Milk of Magnesia –  
and Lydia Pinkham aquamarine.  
This glass soothed or sliced apart lives,  
and we imagine fingers dangling, the gashes  
of lovers preening their scars.

Clouds in their lawn chairs shift  
over our flecked tide pools.

Ft. Bragg dump trucks drove this lode  
in the 40s to the end of the pier.  
Now we paw the seconds, a sea  
of loud buttons or Vegas slots  
pouring coins into our buckets.

Mood swings, dyspepsia, remission  
ride our backs with the sun while we argue  
amber, citrine. Someone’s stroke will come later.  
Another’s breast will be lopped.

Who’s found ruby? Who yelps a shard,  
or two-thirds of an immature abalone shell—  
dainty ear shape among the shimmer.  
We converge to marvel at what survives  
the vitreous roar.

Laid out on the table at dinner  
all our fragments talk a blue streak.

~ Quinton Hallett

In *Refuge from Flux*, Finishing Line Press, © 2010

“Imagination is more important than knowledge. For knowledge is limited to all we now know and understand, while imagination embraces the entire world, and all there ever will be to know and understand.” ~ Albert Einstein

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## A Wedding Invitation

I am going shopping today,  
Searching for a "special" place.  
It must be elegant in all respect,  
With reverence and serenity.  
No ordinary place will do,  
You see, I'm looking for a gown.  
I'm to be married soon,  
As my bridegroom awaits.  
So, to the upper room I go to seek,  
For my gown of purest linen,  
Must be whiter than snow,  
Without spot or wrinkle, you know.  
My bridegroom is coming soon,  
To whisk me away to a mansion,  
He has prepared, just for me.  
One of great beauty,  
Filled with peace and love.  
You, too, are invited to sup with me  
At my wedding feast so grand.

~ Jessie Stinson

---

## Deep in the Ocean A Clam that Acts Like a Plant (A Tale of a Gutless Wonder)

The endless search for the missing link  
may not just relate to a human hunt  
as most of us were taught to think.  
Could there be a nexus between animal and plant?

Giant clams lacking guts exist and thrive  
deep down around hydrothermal vents.  
No way the play of sunlight can keep them alive;  
like plants, they chemo-synthesize.

If, at the thought of their enormous girth,  
you visualize them on a platter all yummy –  
run away fast for all you're worth –  
lest rotting eggs' odor appeals to your tummy.

There may be many another missing link  
that may differ from the one we learned to think  
of as being historically crucial. Life, in a blink,  
may be edging onto another novel brink.

~ Jean Marie Purcell

## Shadows Of Sunrise

1.

Like cream puffs squeezed,  
the foam oozes  
out of the curling waves.

Standing languid row by row,  
searching for food by the edge of the sand,  
morning surf birds  
peck sleek their silky feathers...  
as a new sun slowly warms them,  
then scamper so suddenly  
to avoid getting wet.

Young surfers brave the winter chill;  
each for a few moments  
of early morning thrill.  
One screams out in glee  
and far away I catch  
the echo. I can almost see  
the gleam of fulfillment in his eye...  
as he straddles the sky!

2.

I awoke this morning to the sound  
of waves and a train passing down  
below outside my bungalow.  
I saw purple shadows  
of a winter sunrise...  
as I closed my eyes to meditate.

The sun is now reaching  
where I sit on the porch  
as I finish my morning coffee;

and I ponder curiously  
the sheltered passengers in flashing  
windows of the iron horse  
that braves the same sand  
as young surfers  
and morning surf birds  
scampering.

~ C. Steven Blue

**To learn more about our returning contributors, check out their webpages on the *Groundwaters* website at:**

<http://www.groundwaterspublishing.com>

# The Groundwaters Magazine Project Publisher's Choice Award - Youth Division



## The Winning Poem By Anna Hickey, age 15

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### Possibility

I am everywhere,  
surrounding nearly every choice you make.  
Yet I am invisible,  
and often ignored.

I exist  
in every action you take  
or don't take.

I am  
an open door  
and the unopened letters from colleges  
sitting on your dining room table.

I am the blank canvas,  
waiting for the artist's touch  
and the aspirations of a yet unknown inventor.

I am the notes  
running through a musician's mind,  
and the weather forecast  
in the depths of winter.

I am the chance that  
when you step off the curb today,  
you will become  
a road-traffic fatality.

I am the odds that,  
in the next twenty-four hours,  
you will contract a rare disease  
to which there is no cure.

I am the countless universes,  
the parallel realities,  
that both mirror  
and yet differ from each other.

I am endless,  
yet confined to the paths you take:  
so while you may disregard certain parts of me,  
and cherish others,  
here by your side,

I am.

*My name is Anna, and I'm currently a sophomore at Willamette High School. I participate in many activities at my school, some of my favorite being playing the piano in Jazz Band and swimming on the school swim team. I love to read and quilt, and I enjoy hanging out with my friends. I first began to write in fifth grade, and have been composing my own poems and stories ever since. Writing is one of my passions - it helps me understand people better, and it allows me to explore outside the boundaries of this world as well. Currently, I am involved in a science fiction writing exchange (a.k.a. roleplay) with one of my best friends, which we have been working on for years.*

*I received notice that I won the Publisher's Choice award on my 16th birthday. Needless to say, it made my day!*

---

## The Groundwaters Youth Awards

By Pat Edwards

The *Groundwaters*' staff thanks each of the young writers who submitted entries to our writing contest. We are including, in this issue, the awards that we are presenting to these talented young writers. The top prose and poetry awards are featured on these pages and the consolation winners can be found beginning on page 28. We wish to encourage all who entered to continue writing and, hopefully, submit your works to *Groundwaters* in the future. Congratulations, all!

# The Groundwaters Magazine Project Publisher's Choice Award - Youth Division



## The Winning Prose By Arwyn Wilkinson, age 15

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### Set Into Stone

I see him displayed on the flat-screen television through the store window. A pretty girl in a sparkling blue dress hands him a shiny crystal trophy. The audience roars as he accepts his Oscar and moves to give his appreciation speech. The camera dots around through the audience of smiling celebrities in their neatly pressed tuxedos and gowns. I continue walking down the street, trying to put him from my mind... but I can't.

Scott Fisher was probably the poorest, most unpopular kid ever to have attended Dilling's High School – actually, my high school, since I was king. See, not only was I the finest looking guy within a 30-mile span, most swooned after, and most popular, I was also the richest kid around. My reality was everyone's dream. I look down at my dirty pained hands as the memories wash over me. You would think that bullying would minimize in high school when kids develop a certain degree of maturity and moral. But this wasn't the case. People loved the way I treated Scott. Who couldn't love anything I did? Football Captain, funny, piles of cash, good-looking... I won't go on. But the way I treated Scott was cruel. Calling out mean jokes towards him in class where teachers didn't pay attention, pushing him into the mud when he joined the football team... things that if were done to me would make me want to die. But Scott was such an easy target. He thought himself a genius, showed up to school in raggedy tags that he had worn the day before, told lame jokes, lived in a old rotten trailer that sat across the street from the school. Not only that, he got perfect grades. Who couldn't bully him? I look down at the cracks of the sidewalk as the plastic bag I hold drags tiredly on the cement. The shoes my mother bought me every couple months back then probably cost more than the food set at his table during one

month. Yes, Scott got perfect grades, but no one thought that he would amount to anything anyways. He lived in a rubbish trailer and had no friends. But somehow, only minutes ago, I had watched him cross a shiny wooden floor to receive an Oscar for Best Movie Director. Of course, I heard of his fame before having seen him receive the Oscar, but this was his big moment. Scott had graduated, and I hadn't – which I thought was fine then. I had more money and more friends. Now, I can't help but feel jealous. Really jealous. Scott has hundreds of thousands of people watching him in admiration, and he probably has hundreds of thousands of dollars as well. He obviously has skill because he directed an amazing movie. He amounted to something from a big pile of nothing, something that I find hard to wrap my head around. I shake my head in confusion and disappointment, disappointment that I could have ever let Scott Fisher become better than *me*.

But it's happened. Scott Fisher has succeeded. I wish I could go back and change my life, because the future is never set in stone. If only this epiphany hadn't hit me just now, where the cold wind bites into my skin, making sure I never forget it. As I walk down the street I suddenly feel exhaustion sweep over me. To my right a dimly lit alley lies, a few dumpsters sitting here and there. I walk towards a dumpster, and lie down beside it as the gravely mud stains my already-filthy clothes. I look towards the opposite wall, a poster that no one but bums might see, says: *Online College! Easy, Free, and Fun!* I'm tempted to feel uplifted by it, knowing that anyone can get back up when they fall; possibility. But annoyingly, a cold gust of wind blows a *People* magazine page into my face. I pull it away only to see Scott Fisher knowingly winking at me through the paper.

*"I'm 15 years old, and I attend Willamette High School. (I'm a girl if you were wondering about the name.) To start off, my hobbies include playing tennis, the flute, guitar, and piano. Writing has always been one of my passions since I could hold a pencil, it's just one of the ways I like to express myself."*

# Oh, For the Love of Dog!

By Lois Banks

As I begin to reminisce on my laptop, curled near my feet is Mitzie, a small, snow-white friend who never fails to display her unconditional love. She's a sweet dog; the most recent to share our home and love.

My entire life has been enriched by the companionship of dogs with wonderful personalities. I even vaguely recall the sweet breath and quiet whine of the spotted puppy who is snuggled close to my ear and wide smile in a photo entitled 'My dolly Merrily and Me- age three.' Merrily is waiting in her buggy, but the puppy has my full attention. I wonder what ever became of that first snuggled pup.

In 1943, when I returned home from a long stay at the University of Minnesota Hospital following a car accident, a Cocker Spaniel named Taffy entered my life. She was the generous gift from our mailman and became my shadow as I continued to heal and learn to walk again at the age of five.

My middle childhood and a dog named Boots are inseparable in memory. He could have been named Tippy for the wiggly white tip on his black tail, but he also sported four white paws so I'd named him Boots. He'd sit patiently beside me on the bank of the Rum River waiting, like me, for a fish to bite. Boots would run alongside my bike whenever I'd explore our small Midwest town. He'd cock his head, seemingly to listen attentively, whenever I'd read aloud from my favorite books. When Mom said the flower beds needed weeding, Boots always showed great digging enthusiasm. I thought my heart would break the day Boots suddenly dashed into the street and I experienced death for the first time. "We'll get another dog," Mom said, trying to console me. But, many years would pass before I'd dare love like that again.

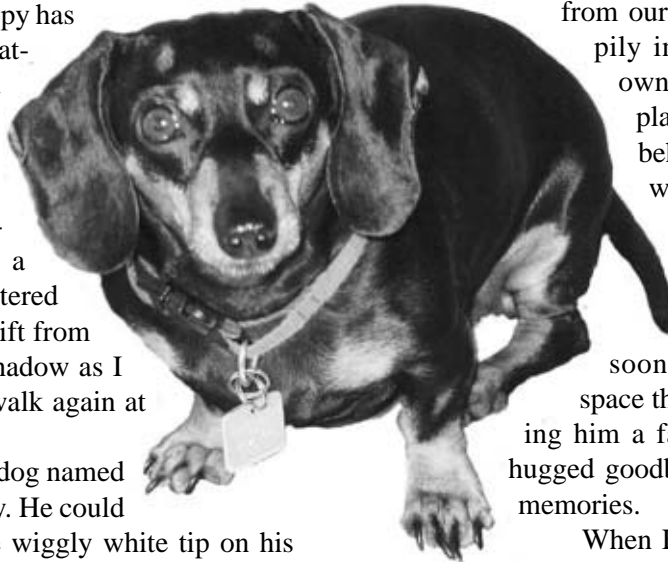
Somehow, I managed to live my life without the companionship of a dog during my teen years and early marriage. But, when we began our own family, I fondly remembered my childhood bond with dogs. "For the children's sake," Fred and I opened our hearts and home to a mongrel – some would say – but Muggs didn't know he was. He only knew the little children who lived with him liked to play; and so did he. Always a gentle guard dog with a job, he was an essential part of our young family – right up until the day a speeding dump truck snatched his life away from us all.

We never know how quickly life can change. Muggs had been gone several years, yet we remained dog-less.

Then, one summer afternoon as our family returned home from a camping trip on the south coast, we stopped at a grocery store for ice cream treats. Outside, in a large box, was the most beautiful Irish Setter puppy I'd ever seen! "Free to a Good Home" the sign shouted. All three of our preteens pleaded successfully and soon the beautiful, energetic puppy was on his way home to Eugene. Kengie grew quickly to full size (about three feet tall), but always thought of himself as a lap dog. When let into the house from our large backyard, he'd jump happily into the nearest lap to lavish its owner with slobbery kisses. Kengie played tag with the cows in the field behind our home, barking playfully when they'd chase him. He was a long-legged, copper streak when he towed our kids, or their neighborhood friends, on a skateboard up and down Park Avenue. We soon realized Kengie needed more space than we had to give. So, after finding him a family with a farm, we tearfully hugged goodbye, but savored many joy-filled memories.

When Fred and I became 'Empty Nesters' and could bear it no longer, we frequented the Humane Society; hoping to find just the right rescue dog. I still remember the day when a curly, but scruffy miniature black poodle wriggled his way into our lives. The sign on his cage said "has springs in his legs." His exuberance and shiny black eyes which pleaded 'please take me home' quickly convinced us. He had been found wandering outside Cottage Grove, hungry and grungy. No wonder he showed gratitude for a home by giving us many kisses with his tiny pink tongue. It didn't take much time to find his name. Fred, the bartender, said "Let's call him Whisky. He's real licker!"

Whisky loved to travel by car, pickup or motor home. He not only rode along; he explored our route – never missing a thing. With us, he visited most of the National Parks of the west; even tried to scare off a herd of bison which had encircled our car in Yellowstone! On a six-week trip to Alaska, he'd nightly join our Good Sam Caravan around the campfire, comfortably seated on his own child-size folding chair. His stubby, wagging tail registered happiness his whole life through. Knowing Whisky wouldn't last forever, we prepared ourselves for the inevitable by adopting another loving poodle. He was a curly white, young pup – so bubbly, we named him Champagne. This new addition to the household undoubtedly added a couple of years to old Whisky's life. The two dogs became fast



friends. When Whisky became both blind and deaf, Champagne often functioned as guide; and although he was a lot smaller, Whisky remained the alpha dog, his tail wagging until he was nineteen years old!



Lois and Little Angel

A couple of years later, when Fred and I returned from Chicago and a National Teacher's Convention, we learned that our loving Champagne had separation anxiety during our two week absence. Twice he'd escaped our daughter's home to look for us. He was returned to her by our vet after his first escape. But, just two days before our return, a young 'hit and run' driver took him from us. Many people had loved our sweet, intelligent dog. My sister felt so bad that she had a vanity license plate made which says '4 Champ'.

A couple of months later, with still sad hearts and an empty-feeling home, we searched classified ads. Remembering my Dad's fondness for dachshunds, we drove to Florence and adopted Fritz, a miniature back and tan doxie, from a breeder. Like our poodles, he loved to travel and was very smart. He didn't need the grooming required by poodles and was also quieter. He was a good fit for our household; but certainly not a *replacement* for Champ or Whisky. We shared our home, and his long-bodied specialness, for seven years. When his long back first caused him pain and later paralysis, we took him to three vets and even tried acupuncture. In spite of pills, pain continued to show in his eyes. We knew the time had come. I'll always remember tearfully holding Fritz close for the last time as his big black eyes questioned and an injection traded his constant pain for 'sleep.'

We missed Fritzie's companionship very much, but knew in our hearts we had made the kindest decision for our long, long-time friend. Two lonesome months passed when a surprise phone call brought relief. "We have neighbors who need to find a good home for their little white dog and we told them how much you two miss Fritz. Want their phone number?"

And that is how a purebred Maltese called 'Little Angel' came to share our lives nearly three years ago on July 4th. We all had quite a period of adjustment. She was a shy show dog, quite spoiled. "Her favorite foods are ham and rice," we were told. She has become an integral part of our household, providing joy with her unique, playful antics. Always the daytime watch dog, she nightly earns a

doggy bone chew treat after a rousing 'toss and run' performance with her 'Big Dolly' stuffed toy. She loves to dance on her hind legs and twirl in circles. Whenever she's just back from her groomer, The Foxy Dog, and is wearing a new bow in her hair. Mitzie struts. She knows she's a "pretty girl" as she enjoys her regular coat brushing from Fred or tummy rubs from anyone at anytime. Like each doggy companion who preceded her, Mitzie has earned a unique place in our hearts; even though we know she too will eventually become an irreplaceable, fond memory.

---

## The Storm

A drizzle of  
an idea came.  
And a variation of style turned to  
a sudden downpour,  
like an inspiration  
in writing a concept.  
A purple sky  
grew to an orange sky.  
It changed your emotion  
so quickly  
with the  
writer's new connotation.  
Loud rumblings  
for passion and  
inspirations  
for reference,  
your own frame of reference.  
Another boom came  
to remind you,  
to inspire you,  
to motivate and  
to encourage you.  
With bright sunlight,  
it says  
*Dear poem, good day.*

~ Nicole Taylor

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# A Stinking Suspicion

By Gene Conrad

A murderer was loose. Something had gotten into the chickens we were raising and had killed more than 20 of them for the “fun” of it. It was clearly a small animal of some kind based on how difficult it would be for a larger animal to get into the enclosure. What a mess! We decided to borrow a live trap from a friend and put one of the carcasses in it for bait.

The very next morning we awoke to a black sky and big rain drops flying horizontally on strong winds. Looking out the kitchen window we could see a blurry black shape in the live trap. Ever have one of those feelings of foreboding go over you? I was hoping it wasn't what it kinda was looking like through the storm. I put on my coat and went out to investigate our catch. The rain was coming so hard on the wind and in such big drops that I had to squint too keep from losing an eye.

The sheet metal doors of the trap had dropped down on each end. The wind happened to be blowing parallel to the length of the trap and this meant that the door created some cozy protection from the storm and the animal was nestled in right behind it.

I crept up closer. It was definitely black. And white. But, mostly black. The white was concentrated in two matching stripes down the back from nose to tail. This is a look that I like on an old muscle car, like a Camero or Mustang, but not on an animal, 'cuz that meant I was dealing with a skunk! Skunkie spotted me and started stomping its little feet. About all I know about skunks is that's what they do right before they start spraying. I quickly changed position so that the closed end of the trap was between me and the skunk and it couldn't see me. It stopped stomping and settled back down.

The whole deal stunk. The fact we had lost so many chickens stunk. The weather stunk. And now the skunk stunk. But what mostly stunk was that here pretty soon, I would too. No point in taking a shower today. Besides, the rain was already soaking through my coat and starting to run underneath my clothes. And the raindrops kept slamming into my ear drums.

About that time, my lovely wife, Julie, and our oldest daughter, Tasha, dashed out and hopped in the car. They rolled down the window and laughed as they shouted, “Have a great day! We're going shopping! Have fun with your little friend!”

Ha, ha, and... ha! What a couple of comedians. Now what?

Our other four children were watching out the window. They were thinking this was going to be great entertainment.

“What 'cha gonna do, Dad?” they yelled.

“I don't know!” I yelled back over the howl of the wind. I was mulling over my options.

**Option #1:** Shoot the skunk.

**Assessment:** Bad idea. Kids would be upset because Dad killed the poor, helpless, cute little skunky-poo. Plus, it would probably spray anyway and I would still have to clean up the mess. Plus, the trap was a loaner and it would probably reek to the point of being unusable.

**Option #2:** Open the cage and let the skunk run free.

**Assessment:** Bad idea. Skunk will probably shoot me. Kids would think it was hilarious that Dad was sprayed by the skunk. Until I slept in their bed – that would fix them! The trap would probably still be ruined, but at least Dad would be a stinking hero for saving the skunk.

**Option #3:** There is no option #3.

There was one more stinky thing about this problem. The skunk was probably not even the culprit! It was clearly too big to get into the chicken enclosure. After all this, we still might lose more chickens.

Well, I had to make a decision. I was getting colder and wetter by the second and there was no use waiting. I guess it is better to be a stinking hero than a stinking skunky-poo killer, so I started looking at the trap a bit closer to try to see how to open it – preferably without getting too close.

The mechanism was fairly simple from what I could see from 20 feet away. All I had to do was get something long enough to reach out there and lever the door on the far end open. If I could keep the rear door between me and the skunk maybe the door would deflect the spray from actually hitting me. Plus, from that position I would be upwind of the skunk and that might reduce my spray risk as well.

I looked around for a long stick or something and came across a 2x6 piece of lumber. I planned to hook the end in the mechanism and use the weight of the board to act like a teeter totter and hold the door open.

Holding the board as close to one end as possible, I snuck up on the skunk. Want to get your heart pounding? Try skunk-snucking! I extended the board along the side of the trap and started trying to get it into the mechanism. The opening was too tight and the board did not want to go in. The skunk was not liking it too much either and was



moving around quite a bit, though it still could not see me.

I was at the wrong angle. Plus, the board was heavy, the wind was strong, the rain was uncomfortable and I was shivering. Finally, I took a chance and took a step to one side of the trap where I could get a better angle with the board. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Skunkie's little beady black eyes staring at me. Then it started stomping and turning around. Right then the board slipped into the opening! I quickly set the board down and stepped back behind the trap where I would be out of sight. The door was now about half open and Skunkie could go free! Yay!

But, Skunkie did not want to go free. After all, it was in a very sheltered spot, with a tin door directly between it and the wind and a tin roof over its head. It was thinking that this was a pretty good spot to wait out the storm.

But I did not want it to wait out the storm. The dogs had not yet been let out of the house for their morning "exercise" and this could get ugly real fast if they did. That skunk had to leave. There was no other way about it. I was going to have to make it leave.

Normally, I would not touch a skunk with a 10-foot pole. But this was not a normal day, and I was pretty resigned to the fact that more than likely I would be very stinky very soon. No sense in putting it off. Since I could not find a 10-foot pole, I had to settle for a 6-foot stick. Things were getting more interesting all the time.

I squatted down behind the trap with the wind to my back and started trying to work the stick under the rear door of the trap. It was a bit easier than the first task and I soon had the stick under the door. That lifted the door up about an inch and I could see the feet of the skunk as it moved around and sniffed at the stick.

I tried to rattle the stick a bit to try to get the skunk to leave but the weight of the trap and the other board reduced my attempts at rattling to barely a wiggle. Not enough.

At that point, I was done with this stinking mess and was determined to end it now. I got a firm grip on the stick and pushed it up against the skunk's body and tried to nudge it along. It resisted the pressure and seemed more determined to stay. I then pushed very hard (which also caused the rear door to come up a bit more) and suddenly the skunk decided it was time to leave and trotted out the other end of the trap with its tail sticking straight up.

I froze and expected the inevitable cloud of spray to erupt. Nothing. The skunk just trotted away with its tail up like it was out for its morning run. At about the same time, the wind started to die down and the rain lessened. Soon the sun was out and the birds were singing again.

After all the drama, it was almost disappointing. But not really. This day was really looking up! To top it off, not only had I not hurt skunkie-poo, but I was a hero in the kid's eyes because of the stinking risk.

What could be better than that?

## As Purdy As...

She's as purdy as a picture hangin' on a rich man's wall,  
As purdy as the trees ablaze in the throes of Fall.

She's as purdy as a grand slam in a World Series game,  
As purdy as a campfire's dancing amber flame.

She's as purdy as a string of trout from a mountain lake,  
As purdy as any picture a man could ever take.

She's as purdy as a mountain top, glistening white with snow.  
As purdy as a Christmas wreath, with bells and big red bow.

She's as purdy as a cow pie is to a swarm of flies,  
As purdy as the evening stars twinkling in the skies.

She's as purdy as a black Lab pup in a pond of ducks,  
As purdy as a parkin' lot full of old Ford trucks.

She's as purdy as a rooster pheasant in a field of corn,  
As purdy as a skiff of snow on a Winter's morn.

She's as purdy as a flock of geese winging through the sky,  
As purdy as a peacock with its tail feathers high.

Purdiest thing I ever seen, in my entire life,  
I think I'll ask that little gal, if she might be my wife.

~ Hoss Barker

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Man is so made that when anything fires his soul, impossibilities vanish ~Jean de La Fontaine

The future is simply infinite possibility waiting to happen. What it waits on is human imagination to crystallize its possibility.  
~Leland Kaiser

# Sydney, The Hummingbird

By Liath McTire

At 2:17 p.m. on the Eve of Winter Solstice, Sydney the Hummingbird flew into the Keep, high above the horse gate. Darting lower, she flew across the snow-covered bailey, over the heads of the hunting hounds, and through an open window into the warm Keep kitchen. All of the Keep drudges, which included the Lord and Lady of the Keep for everyone worked in this Keep, were hard at work preparing the meal to celebrate the return of the Sun. Sydney has always been happy flying in the Sun. The Lord and Lady were not all that fond of the Sun, but they know that all seasons come in their own appointed time. Besides, celebrating is fun, particularly when Winter has been dark and cold.

Sydney flew around the kitchen, flying just above the heads of the Lord and Lady, but they were so busy, they did not notice her. Sydney was not disturbed by not being noticed. She was hungry. The kitchen was

While Sydney was examining the colors, the Lady of the Keep looked up from kneading her dough and there was Sydney hovering just over her head. "Oh look, My Lord, a hummingbird has come to visit."

The Lord of the Keep looked at Sydney and said, "How odd. 'Tis not the season for hummingbirds. She must be lost."

Sydney took this bit of information to mean there were correct seasons for birds like herself and there were incorrect seasons. Just now she was too hungry and not the least concerned whether or not she was in season. She was on the hunt for food and could find none in the kitchen. She flew to the next room.

One of the drudges, Mistress Very Tall Spiked Hat, opened the pantry door to find more cinnamon and in flew Sydney. The pantry room was small and filled with shelves and drawers and cubbyholes. Everywhere jars and boxes and ropes of not hummingbird food were stacked, stored or hung from the ceiling. On top of a box on the very top shelf sat Itty Bitty Mouse.

Itty Bitty Mouse thought to Sydney, "Won't you come and join me? There's always plenty to eat here and most of it is very good."

Sydney hovered over the food Itty Bitty Mouse was nibbling, "I wish I could, Itty Bitty Mouse, but all your food is all the wrong color and probably wouldn't be good for me." Sydney flew lower to hover face to face with Itty

Bitty. "Thank you for your invitation. You're a Gentleman Mouse."

The next room was for dining. Although the red curtains were just the right color for Sydney, she could not eat curtains. Throughout the dining hall there were tables and chairs and settings for the many expected guests. On the walls hung brightly colored paintings and she examined each one carefully, but there was no food.

On the buffet in the dining hall lay Old Fat Cat, who was once Mighty Hunter though now she was happy to be retired. She eyed Sydney with an almost friendly, but not too friendly, eye. At one time, in her younger days, Sydney would have been a tasty appetizer for Mighty Hunter. Now, Old Fat Cat was well fed and lazy, and Sydney was only a passing curiosity.

Old Fat Cat thought to Sydney, "Are you hungry, Fleet Flyer? If you wait till dinner is served you can sit on the lap of the Lord of the Keep and he will slip you tidbits."

Sydney considered while eyeing Fat Cat a bit warily, "No thank you Old Fat Cat. I don't think I do sitting on laps very well."

Sydney flew on to the next room and that room was lined with books. On the stuffed couch in the library sat Really Big Dog. Really Big Dog watched Sydney, and the enthusiasm and energy of his thoughts almost knocked Sydney out of the air.

"Hiya bird! Want to wrestle with me?!"

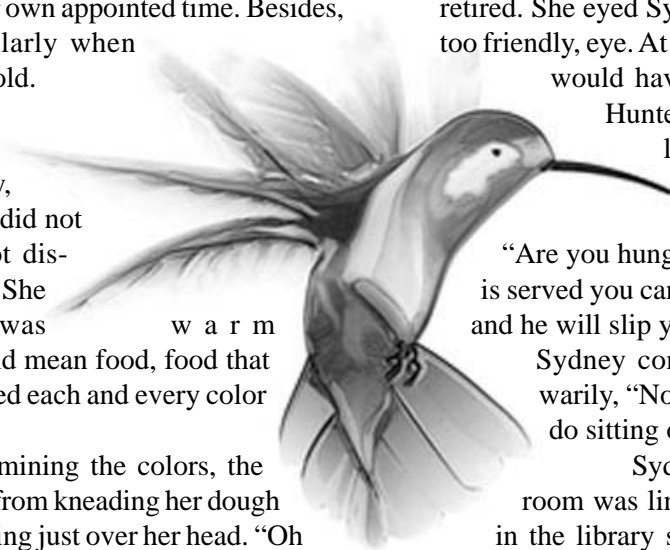
"Oh, no thank you, Really Big Dog. I'm very hungry." Sydney flew from book to book and there were lots of colors but the colors were all wrong, and there was no food behind any of them.

"Bird, you're in the wrong room! If you're hungry, go beg in the kitchen. The Lady of the Keep is always good for a tasty scrap or two."

"No thank you, Really Big Dog. I flew through the kitchen and there is no food for me there."

Sydney flew on. Now she was beginning to feel faint and a little weak. She had to find food soon or she would be in a lot of trouble. The next room was The Grand Ballroom. It was so big, Sydney felt extra small. She had never felt small when she was flying in the trees outside the Keep. The Grand Ballroom was filled with tables and chairs, and at one end of the ballroom stood a stage for performers. In the center of the ballroom stood a very tall Winter Solstice tree that reached almost to the roof.

Sydney sure hoped there was food on the tree because right now, the tree seemed about as far as her energy would take her. As she got closer, Sydney saw the Solstice Tree



was hung with globes, big, bright, red globes that shimmered with warm and friendly magic. Surrounding each globe was the sense of food. Sydney was ecstatic – or at least very, very happy, and flew forward as fast as her little wings could carry her. Which was pretty fast.

And it was food, glorious, energizing, red food. Sydney drank and drank until she was really, really full. Then the Lady of the Keep stepped toward Sydney. She held out a finger for Sydney to sit on. Sydney decided to sit and rest on The Lady's finger.

The Lord of the Keep said, "Welcome to our Keep Miss Hummingbird. The Sun may be returning, but He takes his time. The weather outside is much too cold for such a wee bird as you. Come stay with us in our warm Keep, and this can be your home too until Spring brings back the warmth and food is plentiful for you."

And that is what Sydney the Hummingbird did.

**Trees**



As the wind blows  
As the creation flows,  
As the word was spoken  
It became so.

On solid ground  
Each was sown.  
Trees ever so magnificent  
Some so very tall  
Others so small.

As the winds blow  
They are so strong.  
Roots work and search  
The earth for food and drink.

As the winds blow  
And sways the limbs so,  
They move so gracefully  
The weakened break away.  
Gentle winds strengthen  
Harsh winds prune  
Away the unfruitful.

As the winds blow  
The rains wash and bathe,  
And give the Gift of Life.  
The sun feeds its every need  
And applies the glorious colors.

As the winds blow  
How awesome and miraculous  
The gift from the creator.  
Only God can make a tree.

~ Jessie Stinson

**Dawn Is Rising**

Having been given  
the free will of choice,  
a path to you will be shown.  
You may choose to follow,  
or you may go it alone.

Having been given  
a brand new voice,  
a song is yours to sing.  
You may choose to ignore it,  
or share the joy it can bring.

Dawn is the song of today.  
Sing it to me now.  
Dawn is the song of tomorrow.  
Far gone... the long time sorrow.

Dawn is rising  
all around me.  
In the here and now  
It has found me.

Dawn is rising  
on a brand new day.  
Never knew it would happen  
this way.

~ C. Steven Blue

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# Maleta y Raoul

by Lee Darling

Maleta scowled at Raoul. What a fool, she thought, squawking at every noise, fluttering in terror each time Bruno, that macho muchacho Doberman next door, snuffled under the hotel gate.

Maleta cleaned her face, one white paw passing over her black ears, across her eye and down beside her pink nose. Today had worn her down. Without Inti's help, Maleta hustled to do her job.

Following Isabel from room to room, Maleta caught two mice, chased a cockroach into the garden and hissed to point out a scorpion for Isabel to smash. In exchange, Isabel praised her, rubbed her cheek and gave her extra milk.

Now, Maleta feigned indifference as Raoul stalked across the patio, tilting his head to examine an ant, ruffling his chest feathers, clucking his own importance.

Show off. Two hotel guests snapped photos of him, laughing at his haughtiness, cajoling him into poses. Maleta turned away. If they only knew the coward who lived beneath those flashy feathers.

Today Maleta had other priorities. Last week, Isabel had put Inti into the carry basket and taken him away. Maleta had paced the courtyard wall, yowling in protest until they disappeared. Inti was Maleta's one remaining baby, though not a baby anymore, of course – and well-trained by his doting mother, she thought. Her precious golden boy!

The day after, Maleta had wound through Isabel's legs, mewling softly, pleading for Inti's return. Raoul clucked his disapproval, and reminded Maleta of her own ride in the basket shortly after Inti was born. She blinked, remembering the bare spot on her belly, the wires and the pain. If they'd done the same to Inti, he should be back by now. Where else could Isabel have taken him? Maleta intended to find out.

She walked to the base of the concrete wall, gathered herself and sprang to the top, landing without a scratch amid the shards of broken glass. She trilled a purr at the intake of breath by the two guests, their exclamations about her grace. That's right, Her Grace. She flicked the white tip of her coal black tail in regal disdain. Raoul clucked his disgust.

He's jealous, she told herself. He had fluttered in fear when she tried to coax him onto wall. She should never have confided cutting her foot that one time. Silly rooster.

She threaded her way quickly along the wall, sliding down beside the back gate. She would wait here for Isabel to leave for the day.

Maleta curled under the bougainvillea and dozed off. The gate opened and clicked shut again, startling her from

her dreams of Inti and his copper tabby coat, glowing like the sun. She crouched, peering out as Isabel's bare brown feet padded past. Maleta slithered out and trotted behind. When Isabel turned to wave to the neighbor man, Maleta hid behind a fat black bag of trash. With the neighbor man around, Maleta needn't worry about Bruno.

Past the café, along the canal, over the bridge they went, Maleta darting into shadow each time Isabel turned or stopped to chat. When they reached the big road, Maleta began to worry.

Isabel stopped at the edge of the road. All the big noisy beasts stopped, too, grumbling low as Isabel crossed to the other side. Maleta hesitated, wrinkling her nose. The beastly roar resumed. Isabel disappeared into dust and fumes.

Maleta slipped into the shadow of a small cactus to think. She wished she hadn't told Raoul her plan. He called her gata loca—crazy cat—and claimed she'd never get past Bruno or, if she did, was sure to meet some other grisly fate. If she returned now, without Inti, Raoul would never stop cackling. But what could she do?

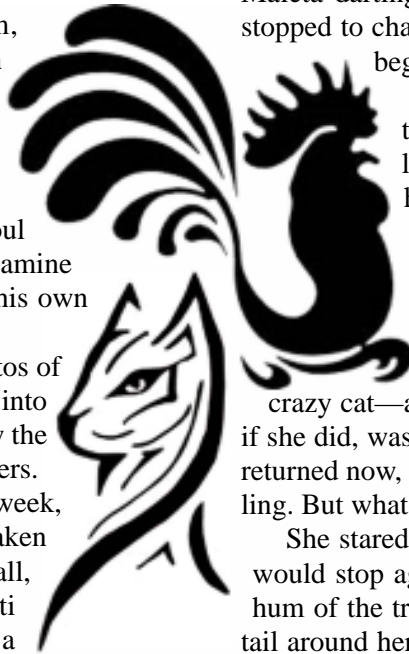
She stared, unblinking at the road. Maybe the beasts would stop again and she could cross. She waited. The hum of the traffic made it hard to think. She curled her tail around herself, folded her paws under her chest. Her eyes drooped. Well, I always think clearer after a nap, she reasoned. She stretched one leg out and rested her chin on it. Just for a minute, she promised herself.

Maleta woke with a start. A large brown eye, inches away, examined her. A furry nose twitched. Maleta pushed herself back, hissed a warning. Long ears wavered, the one turned toward her stiffened. She hissed again for emphasis. The furry thing hobbled off, fluffy ball of a tail bobbing up and down with each hop. What an odd creature, she thought, and not well-designed.

Maleta stretched, yawned and stretched again. She gave her shoulder a swipe with her tongue and looked around. In the dark, she crept to the road where Isabel had crossed. No beasts, no roar. Maleta stepped off the edge, testing. A second step. As she set one back foot down, the roadway began to vibrate. She leaped back, skittered to the cactus. Eyes wide, she watched two light beams pull a beast from the dark, past her, then on into the dark again.

She sat, trembling, longing for the safety of the hotel courtyard, for the small dish of kibble Isabel set out each evening, and, yes, even for that crazy cock, Raoul. Maleta shook her head. She wondered if Inti now slept in a special basket, like the one the two of them had shared behind the hotel desk.

She watched another beast, this one drawn by four light beams, zoom past.



Maleta retreated. She searched for the path back to the canal. A dog barked in the distance. A rooster crowed. Raoul? She headed that way, toward those sounds, lifting her feet over debris, pausing at every rustle. The wall at the canal shone in moonlight against the midnight sky.

The arc of the bridge loomed closer. The other side, so familiar, called to her. Maleta poised herself, ready to race to the bridge, bound up the steps and over. She hopped over a plastic bottle, landing with a soft thump. Three sets of eyes snapped in her direction.

Maleta froze too late.

Three cats turned from the bag of garbage to face her. Tails erect, their ears flicked her direction. With hungry eyes, they circled, one to each side, a big gray tabby confronting her.

She mewed an apology. They sniffed her, the big gray hissed, showing his broken tooth. Maleta noted the notch in the yellow tabby's ear. Tough hombres, she thought, her heart racing. The gray sniffed at her again, turned with a flick of his tail and marched back to the garbage. The other two followed.

Maleta scudded sideways, found her feet and raced to the bridge. She trotted close to the cement railing. Her white face, feet and tip of tail floated, disembodied by moon shadow.

She stopped at the top step and scanned toward the hotel. No one about. Good.

Still, she paused on each step, plotting her route. Bruno often slept near the hotel gate. She must avoid him. At the bottom, she set her goal: the tree by the café. She would shimmy up that tree if Bruno saw or sensed her. Branches of the tree overhung the hotel courtyard.

The sky to the east faded to a softer black. Maleta waited, all thought of Inti gone. Just her bed, some warm milk, a bite of kibble.

She heard Bruno snore. He lay on his side, his form blending into the terra cotta tiles. Maleta stepped toward the café, watching the form, watching his chest rise and fall. That chest: deep, thick, powerful. She knew how quick he went from sleep to rage, had heard the screams of other dogs, seen the ragged remains of unwary street cats. Pig-eyed Bruno, his fangs, designed to rip an adversary's throat, would make short work of Maleta. She mustn't give him that chance.

Halfway to the base of the tree, Raoul cackled groggily once before giving a rousing cock-a-doodle do. Hush, you stupid fowl, Maleta prayed. Bruno lifted his head and rolled onto his chest. Maleta clawed and scrambled toward the tree. Bruno sprang to his feet and raced to meet her. Her hair stood on end. She scratched up the tree, faster than ever before, faster than even she believed possible.

Not in time. Bruno caught the tip of her tail and yanked at her.

"Raoooooul," she howled. "Raoooooul, ayudame!" Maleta closed her eyes, clinging to the tree. She began to

lose her grip. She shouted again for Raoul and prepared herself to die. She saw her body, limp and lifeless, discarded beside the trash heap.

A frantic flutter of feathers plummeted past her. On his way to the ground, Raoul pecked at Bruno. Blood spurted from the gash above the dog's left eye. Bruno yelped, releasing Maleta. He spun to face this new adversary.

Maleta pulled herself higher, struggled into a crotch where the big branch sprang from the trunk of the tree. She watched Bruno dash at the rooster. Raoul squawked, ascended above the dog in a brilliant flash of red, yellow and green. Maleta yowled. The bird landed, closer to the tree.

"Fly, Raoul," Maleta urged. "Up here."

Bruno charged again, forcing Raoul to repeat his feathery leap. He fell short of the tree. Without thinking, Maleta dropped onto Bruno's back, dug her claws in deep. Bruno snarled, thrashing his head from side to side in an attempt to dislodge her. Raoul ran in circles. Maleta yowled again, dug tighter to distract Bruno from the rooster.

A shout split the air. "Bruno, down." The dog stopped, whined. A hand seemed to come from nowhere and grasped the dog's collar. Maleta leaped from his back and raced up the tree. Raoul, feathers awry, stalked past the now quiet dog to the base of the tree.

They heard footsteps, saw Isabel running from the bridge, the carry basket bouncing on her arm. She stopped beneath the tree, gathered Raoul and placed him on the basket.

The man held Bruno back. He and Isabel talked in whispers.

"Yes, yes, they will be alright," Isabel said. She looked up at Maleta and held up the carry basket with Raoul wobbling on top.

"I've brought him back, Maleta. Come, see."

Maleta dropped to the hotel courtyard. Isabel opened the gate and set the basket down. She pushed Raoul off and drew the blanket back revealing Inti, his eyes wide in wonder at the bumpy ride.

Maleta rubbed against Isabel's leg, then against the basket. Inti hopped out, touched her nose and slid along her side.

Raoul circled the two cats. Maleta met him face-to-face his second time around, rubbed her cheek against his neck and trilled her thanks.

Their portrait hangs in the office of many hotels in Mexico: a brightly feathered rooster standing guard over a small black cat, her crooked tail curled around white feet. A copper-colored tabby prowls the shadows behind them. Bruno never touched another cat.

*I'm a retired mainframe computer programmer. This year marks my 50th in Eugene. A recent Writers Workshop in Zihuatanejo, Mexico inspired the story.*

# Cookin' With Jen



I thought I'd venture out from my own collection of old cookbooks and recipes this quarter and see what the internet has to offer. I've seen old cookbooks in museums, but I wanted to determine whether any old documents would be available online- and see if any other brave soul besides me liked to test the recipes. I was pleasantly surprised.

Old Recipes, <http://theoldentimes.com>, posts transcribed recipes from old magazines and newspapers. Here's a typical one from Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, December 1867:

## Fruit Biscuits

Any fruit will do. Scald the fruit and rub it through a sieve; to every pound of fruit put a pound of loaf-sugar, sifted very fine, and the white of one egg; beat it a long time until it is of a proper stiffness to drop onto wafer-paper, and bake them in a slow oven. The oven must be slow as to dry rather than bake them.

This seems like a fairly typical merengue recipe. The regionalism of the cookbook does not mention one thing that more modern ones do, and that is important here in the damp northwest – bake meringues on a dry, not humid or wet, day if possible. Otherwise, they will fall. I do like the versatility of this recipe, though. Maybe I can use up the fruit I preserved last year before it's time to pick more...

It is interesting, too, to note the differences in things like baking instructions in older recipes from today, where cooking is almost a science. The movement to standardize measurements and, equally as important, cooking implements like stoves, cannot be understated. The author of the Old Recipes website points this out. Take this recipe, from *The Dallas Morning News*, Dallas, Texas, March 22, 1914, for example:

## Dried Apple Cake

One cup dried apples. Soak overnight then chop fine. Simmer slowly two hours in a cup of molasses. Cream on-third cup butter with one cup sugar; add one egg, one tea-

spoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, a few grains salt, two cups flour. Beat this mixture thoroughly then add apple and molasses.

And that's it -- no temperature, no pan size. The author of the website postulates that the average cook of 1914 would not have to have such things explained to them for a few reasons. First, the average cook would not be able to properly regulate her stove, even in 1914, unless she was wealthy enough to have a newfangled electric oven. It could be problematic to maintain a constant temperature even then. Alternatively, the cook would bake in a hearth or on a woodstove, subject to the variations of heat there. And secondly, the cook would know relatively what size pan to use based on the volume of the batter; it sounds like an 8" x 8" pan to me, and I'd use a 350 degree oven until it was done, or about 30 minutes.

Another part of the website has a soup recipe from the *Gainesville Reporter*, Gainesville, Alabama, March 17, 1881:

## Vegetable Soup

Half a shank of beef, one-half teacupful of rice, one half-dozen potatoes, peeled and sliced n 3 or 4 pieces, two onions sliced (put in before potatoes,) two turnips sliced, one carrot sliced, one tomato, a little summer savory, pepper and salt, thicken with flour.

These are all worth trying, and I do recommend checking out the websites dedicated to keeping our cooking history alive. This site includes links to places like historic food.com, historic foods of England and Ireland, and a link to help you create your own cookbooks.



# Fido, the Feral Cat; A Children's Story

By Mario Myatt

My name is Fido. I am a feral cat who was once a little girl's pet. My little friend's name was Jen. We would go all over town together. We would sometimes take the bus through the city, and that's what got me in trouble. One day Jen and I were going to the library. The librarian was a nice lady – she would let Jen bring me in to the reading room. Once when we were going home I had to go potty. Since there was no place on the bus to potty, I had to wait until we came to a bus stop. While people were getting on, I jumped off to do my business. I found some shrubs and while I was going I realized... so was the bus! Looking up and seeing the bus, with Jen on it, fading out of sight was quite a shock to me for, all of a sudden, I was homeless.

Now that I am all alone, life is much more exciting – eating out of garbage cans and chasing rats bigger than myself and hoping not to catch one. The Animal Control Officer likes to chase me but he is awfully slow and maybe too fat – we feral cats never have an overweight problem. We never eat regularly and we have to run a lot. Dogs are our main problem. They like to chase us, but I don't think that they want to catch us very badly, for when they do, we spit, scratch, claw and fight for our lives because we don't like being chewed on.

After losing Jen, my heart was broken. I still miss her and look for her every day, hoping that she will turn up and take me back home.

Once while cruising alleys in town, there appeared an odd looking animal. He was twice as long as he should be and had short legs. Coming over to me, he introduced himself as Ed the Weasel. Ed and I hit it off really well. After I introduced myself as Fido the Feral Cat, Ed asked me how I got the name of Fido – it being a dog's name and all. I told Ed about this little girl, Jen, who wanted a puppy and had the name already picked out. Jen loved me so much that she gave the name to me. "Do you like the name?" he asked.

When I answered, "Yeah. It fits pretty well," we just dropped the subject and became fast friends.

When we got tired of eating out of garbage cans, we tried to make friends with the ladies in the trailer park on North Terry Street. After getting run out several times, we finally found a lady who loved and fed us. The beautiful thing is that the dogs were all on leashes. While in the trailer park, the only thing we had to fear were cars as we crossed the streets. The streets were lit at night, so that made it much safer.

Ed and I learned to sleep during the day and hunt at night. That way, hardly anybody saw us or were aware that we were around. Then one day, Ed found a chicken coop owned by a Mr. Cobb on Stewart Lane. Mr. Cobb's coop had about two dozen chickens and he was very fond of his hens. Unfortunately, Ed couldn't leave the coop alone.

Mr. Cobb set a trap for Ed and got him on the second try. He took Ed, trap and all, out to Lorane, about twenty miles from Eugene, and turned him loose. I thought, "Well, that's the last

time I'll ever see old Ed." Three days later, here came Ed, sneaking up like weasels do. He said "Hi Fido!"

Boy was I shocked! "When did you pull in?" I asked.

"Hey!" said Ed, "That was a piece of cake, he only took me out twenty miles. I could have hitched a ride on a log truck, but walking did me a world of good and fishing was good, too."

Ed wanted me to go with him to Klamath Falls to visit his daughter. All we had to do was hop a train going south and get off at K-Falls. There was another train coming back the next day. The young weasels were very happy to see us and we had a nice visit. The next morning, we got back on the train and landed back in Eugene in time for supper.

Ed just couldn't leave the chicken coop alone, though, so we ate really well for a few days. Then, Ed got caught again. This time, Mr. Cobb took Ed to Myrtle Creek, which is about ninety miles away! It was about a week before Ed showed up in Eugene again. He popped in and said, "I'm baaaack!"

It sure was good to see old Ed again.

One day, Ed said, "Fido you have lived a sheltered life, we need to get out and see the world."

Ok," said I. "Where shall we go?"

"Fido, why don't we go south for the winter, like to Yuma?"

"That sounds like a capital idea to me, Ed. When are we leaving?"

"Let's wait until November," answered Ed.

Yuma was a nice warm place. We had the Colorado River to fish in and there were lots of fish to be caught. I was learning to like fish. Jen had only fed me canned tuna and corned beef. This was the life! We took up with a Mexican family and developed a taste for the hot food. Those jalapeños were warm, but they were good – also they tend to clean out your innards.

Come March, it was time to return to Eugene, so we hopped a freight and headed home. When we got home to the trailer park, Mrs. Glover was waiting for us with hot food. Being that our fur didn't grow out in all that warm weather, we had a chilly time getting acclimated to Oregon, but finally it was business as usual. It sure was good to be home. We ate well – both of us were tired of fish.

The next day, Ed and I went downtown and who should I see but Jen, coming out of The Golden Orient Chinese Restaurant. I ran up to her and she reached down and took me up and kissed me. Boy! That felt good! I hope we never get separated again. I knew at that moment that we would never again be parted. Ed looked at me and I motioned for him to come along, Jen would take care of us both from now on. After all... Jen doesn't have a chicken coop!

*I was born in Walnut, Arkansas in 1934, grew up in Fort Smith, AR and moved to Oregon in 1950. I started writing children's stories last September at the age of 76 and I'm loving it. I have a wife and two daughters.*

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!  
The wind whistles in my ears;  
It flows through my hair.  
It cools my sweaty face.  
This August day,  
My smooth but strong hands  
Grip the reins a little tighter.  
I close my hazel eyes.  
A smile spreads across my face.  
I let go of the reins.  
All I'm conscious of

### Is the horse I'm upon –

Her muscles working,  
Strong and steady.  
Playing a tune,  
The wind whistles in my ears.  
Playfully tossing my hair around,  
The breeze flows through my hair.  
The horse picks up speed  
Till it feels like I am flying.  
Not a worry in the world.  
Who can live without feeling  
THAT!

Cori Grogan  
Age 13

*I've been homeschooled all my life. I started writing stories when I was in the fourth grade, but I've occasionally written poems before then. My hobbies include riding my horse, training my dog, riding my bike, writing stories, playing piano, reading books, and hanging out with my friends. I want to train animals for movies when I grow up...and maybe be an author. I want to live on a ranch where I take in blind, deaf, and abused horses.*

### The Dr. Phil Story

By Forest Howell-Gilbert, age 5

There was once a dinosaur and all it did was do Dr. Phil things. It watched Dr. Phil movies, it ate Dr. Phil gummies, and it ate Dr. Phil food. And the dinosaur's name was Dr. Phil. The secret was that the dinosaur was actually Dr. Phil. The dinosaur always, always, always played the violin. He always remembered to take time to play the violin. Today was Dr. Phil's first lesson. When Dr. Phil turned fifty he got in a dinosaur attack with a T-rex. When Dr. Phil turned fifty-one the pain got too much and he died. That's the end of this story. Remember to always read Dr. Phil books all this year.

*Forest is 5 years old and in Kindergarten at Veneta Elementary School. He likes Star Wars, jokes, cars, and enjoys playing the violin.*

### The Groundwaters Magazine Project Consolation Awards – Youth Division

The poems and prose on these pages are the consolation winners in our youth writing contest. Congratulations to our talented young writers and poets!!

### A Perfect Snow Day

By Sydney Green, age 9

One morning I peeked through my curtains and guess what I saw? Snow! I was really excited! So I ran out of my room and went straight to the living room. Nobody was up but my dad. But then my sister woke up then my mom. My dad made us breakfast. We had eggs, toast, bacon, hash browns, and milk. When I was done I looked out the window and it started snowing hard. So we hurried to get on our snow pants, shirts, vests, coats, gloves, hats, socks, and shoes. Then we opened the door and went outside.

When we got outside I ran and slid through the snow. My sister started to make a snow angel. So I did to. Then my mom took a picture of us together. But my dad said, "Let's build a snowman!" So my sister and I said o.k. We started to make the body. When we finished the two big snowballs, we stacked them up. My sister and I made the head. I put the head on the others. I went to go get some rocks in the backyard for the eyes and a mouth. My mom got a carrot for the nose. Then my dad got a hat and sticks for the arms. When the snowman was done, I gave it a name. It was Bill.

When we went inside, my dad made us hot chocolate with marshmallows and whipped cream. It tasted wonderful! And that was the end to my perfect snow day.

*My name is Sydney Greene and I go to Veneta Elementary School. I am in the fourth grade. I like to play soccer, volleyball, basketball, and softball. I also like to go camping and playing with my friends. I have been writing since the first grade and I like it alot.*

## Halloween 2009

By Dezzaray Starr, age 9

The first Halloween I had with my dad was in October of 2009 and this is how it began. First, I put on my costume. I had a wedding dress and a veil, the veil was tannish and the dress was white with sparkles, I had red and gray face paint, there was gray face paint everywhere except for the corners of my mouth and eyes, where Amber applied the fake blood.

Then I had a few minutes to mess around most of the time I was admiring my dress, the rest of time I had I was dancing like a baboon. Angelina was playing with Barbies, Amber was getting ready to go and dad was waiting for peace and quiet.

Amber and Tawnya took Angelina and me trick or treating. We went to a haunted house, there was a weird black thing moving towards us, it was scary and I felt like my heart dropped to my feet. I didn't know the way out for a while. After we left the haunted house we went trick or treating. When I got home I looked at all of my candy, I can't remember all of what I got so I can't tell you that. After a fun night it was time to go to bed so I got my pj's on and went to sleep.

I loved going trick or treating it was fun, Halloween is my favorite time of the year and I can't wait until next year's Halloween. I hope this year's Halloween will be better.

*I've loved to write since I was in 1st grade and started writing. My favorite thing to write about is the holidays and my favorite journeys around Oregon.*

## Reach for the Sky

Reach for the sky-  
Don't hold back your wings-  
Stretch your arms-  
And hold your breath-  
Don't let it out-  
'Till you reach the sky-  
Unfold your wings-  
And spread them out-  
So you can feel the wind-  
Breeze whip through you-  
So when you reach the sky-  
Smile on-  
Like no one's ever seen before.-

Hannah Emily Bevan  
Age 14

*Hannah Bevan attends Cottage Grove High School and has been writing since early in grade school. She started writing seriously in fifth grade. "I've always thought poetry was fun to do. It expresses your emotions. I do ballet and I'm interested in many artistic forms. I love to draw. I think it's fun."*

## Legend of the Sacred Stones

By Sol Howell-Gilbert, age 10

Aucna shivered at the sound of thrashing water. She knew it was strange for a water regioner to be scared of her own element, but she knew that thrashing water meant sheegoths were fighting over territory. Her father had told her that the water region could actually raise the sheegoth. She never believed him so he said that they were going to visit the farm tomorrow. Aucna tried to go to sleep but it was hard with the sheegoths fighting. Exhaustion eventually overtook her and she fell asleep.

She woke up early the next morning. Although she wasn't eager to go to the farm something told her that she should. She met her father outside her room and they walked together to the farm. Suddenly a stream of water shot overhead. Aucna felt as if she had been stabbed in the stomach. She knew that the water stream had come from the water temple where young men trained to be able to control water. Her feelings must have shown on her face because her father stopped, put his hand on her shoulder, and told her something that she'd never forget.

"Just because no woman has ever been able to control an element, doesn't mean that a woman never will."

They continued walking to the farm in silence. The moment they opened the door to the hatchery, Aucna felt as if her eardrums would pop. It was almost impossible to get her father's attention. When she finally did she asked him why they were raising the sheegoths.

"We need them to help us to build the ice temples. The sheegoth can release a gas that freezes on contact. All we need to do is make the frame of the building and the sheegoth will do the rest." shouted her father.

They walked over to the nearest pit and peered in. Aucna saw a sheegoth but something was different about this one. It's skin was a different shade of blue and it was acting very strange. Aucna's father decided to go down to the pit and see what was wrong. When they reached the door to the bottom of the pit the guard asked for her father's I.D. He pulled out a silver card and handed it to the guard. When they were in the pit her father examined the young sheegoth. Then he stood up and went over to talk to the guard.

Aucna got down on her knees and noticed a huge lump in the young sheegoth's throat. It slowly began moving up towards the mouth. Suddenly the sheegoth coughed up a small, egg-shaped stone. She picked it up and asked her father what it was. Her father was speechless. Finally he said,

"My stars and garters! It's one of the sacred stones."

"A sacred stone?" she asked.

"No time to explain. Right now we have to get home!"

They hurried home with the sacred stone under her father's coat.

*Sol is a 4th grader at Veneta Elementary School. At 10 years old, he's an emerging musician. He enjoys being a big brother to his younger brother and two sisters*

# The King's Wizard

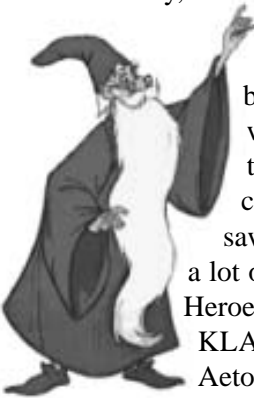
By Brandon Overton

It was a time when there was swords instead of using guns to protect themselves – a time when there was King Lance in the Kingdom of Lanceton, and the Knight Ash. There was Princess Olivia and the queen was known as Queen Mea. They had the best wizard of all the land. He enjoyed doing his job. Lanceton was a simple, but playful place where the kids played all day long until one fateful day when the army from Aeton Kingdom attacked Lanceton Kingdom of fortressness.

Their only, and I mean, ONLY, defense was ruined because the Wizard Wardrack was sleeping in his magic protective bubble. Two hours later, everything was ransacked and everyone was taken when Wardrack woke up. He cast a “see-back-in-time” spell and saw that Aeton took everyone. He used a lot of his magic to conjure the Army of Heroes. He charged with might to Aeton. **KLANG! CLASH!** went the Army of Aeton. Wardrack won the war and took back his Kingdom from Aeton.

He was awarded for his greatness by them building a statue of him.

Brandon is a 5<sup>th</sup> grader at Lorane Elementary School.



## The Long Voyage A Small Reward

Over the mountain,  
through the valley,  
beyond the river,  
past the border,  
over the canyon,  
down the cave,  
up the hole,  
past the forest,  
through the plains,  
over the lake,  
at the shore,  
under the oak,  
...lies a squirrel.

~Joseph Ringo  
Age 11

# Jack

By Quinn Chambers

Jack the skeleton fell into lava. That's how he's a skeleton. He thought that he was a regular person, but he wasn't, so he had to run in to Halloweentown. That's how he came to be there. So Jack likes it there. One day Jack was going down the street and he ran into a tree and his skull fell off. Then he didn't know what to do, so he accidentally ran onto a monster, so he went past the monster to eat lunch. But he went past the monster, and all the food fell out of his bones. He's haunted.

And then, he went into a haunted house because he was afraid a bully monster might take his skull, and also he might take his arm off. Well, he lived there. He wasn't afraid because it was his house where he moved there after it covered over his gravestone. And so he went under the gravestone so he won't get attacked. When the bully monster came in, he did not see him at all. That's the story of how Jack came to be a skeleton and how he came to his haunted house after all. The End.

Quinn Chambers is a kindergartener at Veneta Elementary School and dictated his story to his mother. He likes to play with his stuffed animals and his legos.



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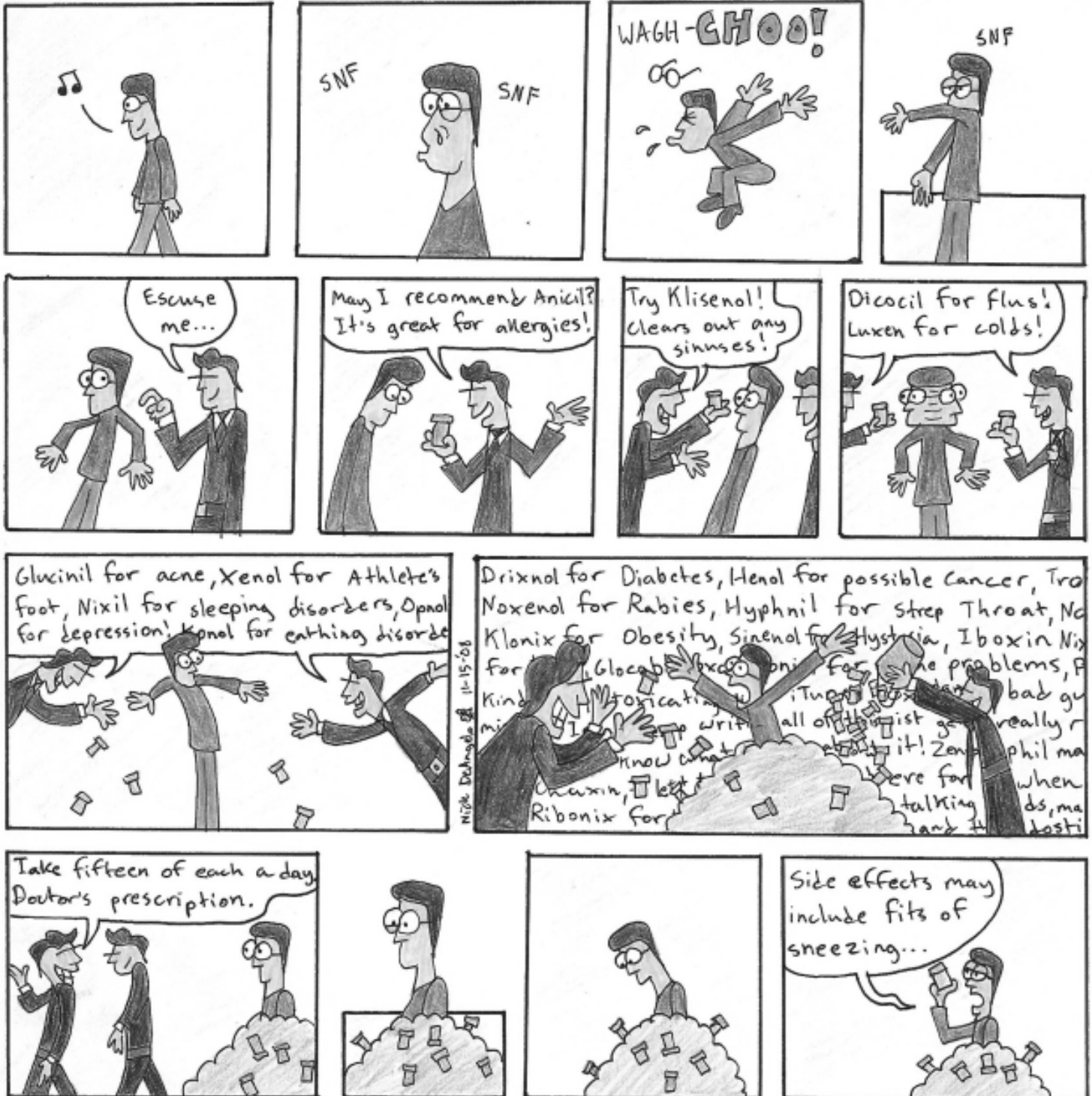
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# ...JUST ADD WATER



~ Nick DeAngelo

Start by doing what's necessary; then do what's possible; and suddenly you are doing the impossible. ~St. Francis of Assisi

Only as high as I reach can I grow, only as far as I seek can I go, only as deep as I look can I see, only as much as I dream can I be. ~Karen Ravn

Imagination is more important than knowledge. For knowledge is limited to all we now know and understand, while imagination embraces the entire world, and all there ever will be to know and understand. ~Albert Einstein

If you're in or around the Veneta area, don't forget to look up the **Fern Ridge Wings and Wine Festival** on May 14, 2011. The event, held annually, is a cooperation between the host site, Domaine Meriwether, the City of Veneta, Travel Lane County, and the US Army Corps of Engineers, among others. It features bird walks, photography, kayak tours, canoeing, and open houses at both Domain Meriwether and the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife. This takes advantage of some of our greatest resources of the area- our wildlife and our beautiful scenery. The material presented is educational and interesting, too. To see the full schedule or to register, check [www.wingsandwinefestival.com](http://www.wingsandwinefestival.com).

Easter is coming, and with it the Easter egg hunts. Locally, the city of Veneta is having an **Easter Egg hunt** at the Veneta Elementary School on Saturday, April 23, 2011. The city and various volunteer organizations put on a rollicking event for kids. In past years, the hunts have been separated into age groups to make it fair for everyone, and a staff member from the Fern Ridge Library read stories as well. Keep your eyes peeled- you might even get the chance to see the Easter Bunny himself! They can always use more volunteers, so contact the Park Board if you would like to help.

The City of Veneta is also sponsoring an **Arbor/Earth day Celebration** on Saturday, April 30, 2011. The yearly event is a time for planting trees, storytelling, earth-based crafts, plant and food vendors, and more. It is organized by the Veneta Parks Board, and is held in one of the area parks. Location to be announced, so be on the lookout for signage around the area.

The first Saturday in May is going to be the city-wide **Veneta clean-up**. This is a day where you can get rid of the junk and yard debris you have hanging around, and all for free. You can drop off recycling, tires, metal, yard waste, junk, and the like to the Bolton Hill Public Works Yard. Let's clean up our town!

The Applegate Regional Theatre, Inc. (ART, Inc.) in Veneta is going to have a **TALENT SHOW!!** It will be held at the Elmira Grange on Saturday, April 16<sup>th</sup> at 2:00 p.m. Visual art will be sold at the show, with no commission charged. For more information and to get a fact sheet about the event, please contact us at [art-inc@hotmail.com](mailto:art-inc@hotmail.com).

Support local libraries. **The Fern Ridge Library** has programs on Tuesday nights each month- most are free and they are a great way to experience something new. Tuesday, April 19, at 7 p.m., the program is the "History of

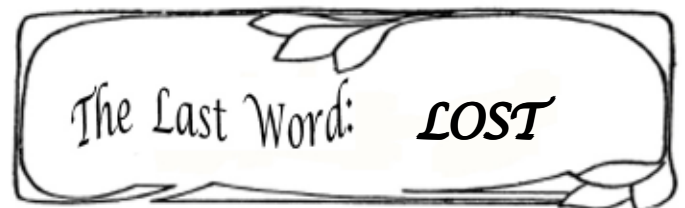


Always the devoted father and grandfather, Bob Edwards holds his first granddaughter, Cheryl Ann, while his youngest daughter, Carol looks on. December 28, 1958.

Fern Ridge." Tuesday, May 17, the program will be "Backpacking in Oregon." June 14<sup>th</sup>'s program is called "Food Preservation and Canning," and July 19 will feature "Solar Electrical Systems."

Memorial Day usually brings out the wine-tasting in our area. For **Memorial Day** wine tours, try one of these. Sweet Cheeks Winery has a Memorial Day Open house with live music by Paul Biondi and art from local artists, 12-6 p.m. Lavelle Vineyards is hosting a Great American Picnic... barbecue, Dixieland jazz, and games and fun for the family, Sunday and Monday of Memorial Day weekend from 12-5 p.m. King Estate will hold Memorial Day at the Marketplace from 11-6 p.m. each day of the weekend. Benton-Lane Winery will hold a Memorial Day open house as well. Chateau Lorane will be hosting their annual Art & Wine Festival each day of the 3-day weekend. Check out their website for times.

Enjoy the traditional "kickoff" for the summer season with a fine wine and a local vineyard... in fact, make the rounds!



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