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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.
8. **Original works are protected under the copyright of *Groundwaters*** and may not be reproduced without permission of the author/artist. They remain the property of the author/artist.
9. **Works in the public domain may be submitted to reprint, but credits to authors/artists must be included.**
10. **No payment (other than fleeting fame) is offered.** *Groundwaters* will provide two copies to a contributor of the issues in which their work appears. Please include a mailing address for this purpose.
11. **Changes may be made in submitted material due to grammatical errors and space constraints.** Whenever possible, the material and content will not be altered. Authors need to be aware that published material will also be available on the *Groundwaters* websites.

Deadline for next issue is August 15, 2011

Email to contact@groundwaterspublishing.com (correspondence)
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Questions? Need more copies? Call (541) 344-0986

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With Sincere and Abundant Gratitude to Anonymous, ART, Inc., Judy Hays-Eberts, Gloria Edwards, Nancy Pelton, Vicki Sourdry and cash box donors and readers everywhere!

Locations for extra copies: **Alvadore Library** and **Fern Ridge Market** in Alvadore; **Cheshire Darimart**, in Cheshire; **The Book Mine**, **Kalapuya Books**, **Books On Main** and **Cottage Grove Library** in Cottage Grove; **Creswell Library** in Creswell; **Bloom's Automania**, **Crow Grange** and **DS Market** in Crow; **Celeste Campbell Senior Center**, **Eugene Public Library** and **Les Schwab West 11th Tire Center** in Eugene; **Bush's Fern View Farms**, **Junction City Library** in Junction City; **Lorane Family Store**, **Lorane General Store** and the **Rebekah Lodge** in Lorane; **Noti Post Office** in Noti; **Broadway Events Center**, **DS Market**, **Fern Ridge Chamber of Commerce**, **Fern Ridge Library**, **Kelley's True Value Hardware**, **Robbie's Windowbox Caffe**, **The Farm Store** and **Veneta City Hall** in Veneta.

To obtain copies for display or distribution, email 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 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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Lost causes are the only ones worth fighting for. *Clarence Darrow*

There is no comparison between that which is lost by not succeeding and that which is lost by not trying. *Francis Bacon*

I have held many things in my hands, and I have lost them all; but whatever I have placed in God's hands, that I still possess. *Martin Luther*

About the Cover

by Pat Edwards

The cover photo is of Stacey Spath and Tommy (see story, "A Quiet Joy" on pages 12-13.) Stacey's love for horses is one of several traits she has found that mirror those of her birth mother... me. Another is her love of writing and art.



Stacey grew up with her own horse and she cherished her life as a teenager, growing up in a rural area outside of Cottage Grove. Coincidentally, and unbeknownst to any of them, she and her family lived less than 10 miles from the Edwards' store in Lorane.

Stacey is the mother of five children. She and her husband Danny now live in Eugene. Jim and I are so blessed to have each one of them, Chris, Kirsten, Cameron, Katie and Tia in our lives. Some of our readers may be familiar with Kirsten's work. As a professional photographer, her photos have graced three of our *Groundwaters*' covers, including this one.

Stacey is a Regional Sales Manager for HarvestMark, Inc., and travels quite extensively throughout the western part of the United States and Mexico, so it's not often that we are able to get together as a family. but, we try to make it happen several times a year.

If you are a birth mother or were adopted as a child and are seeking answers, you may find "A Quiet Joy" interesting. It's a story of reunion, redemption and over all, it's about coming to terms with past mistakes and learning what a precious gift awaits you if you let it.

We are, indeed, blessed!

Issue Themes	Current Issue
	"Lost"
	Upcoming Themes
	2011 October - "Warmth"
	2012 January - "Mystery" April - "Storm" July - "Grace"

Upcoming Deadlines
Spring - Feb 15
Summer - May 15
Fall - August 15
Winter - Nov 15

Editorial Perspectives

We are very proud to call your attention to a new section of the *Groundwaters*' website called "Special Links." By clicking on the "Special Links" button on the home page (<http://www.groundwaterspublishing.com>), you will be taken to a list of other links of interest including Writers' Groups & Organizations, Oregon Authors' and Artists' websites, Individual Works, Publishers (recommended by local authors), and Other Sites of Interest. We'd like your input and suggestions for other links that may be of value to our writers and readers.

On page 5 of this issue, you will find a poem called "All Have Lost" written by Jerry Boyd, a new contributor to *Groundwaters*. My reason for giving Jerry special mention is that he has written a book of poetry about "trying to come to terms with his experience in Vietnam as a combat Marine." Jerry's book became a reality through the encouragement and efforts of Judy Hays-Eberts, founder of *Groundwaters*.

Jerry writes, "I had begun to write about that adventure and the problems associated with the fact that I could not forget that time nor could I face the hard fact that I have PTSD (Post-Traumatic Shock Disorder).

"Writing helped to purge some of that awfulness within me and after 15 years or so of writing poems, I was talked into putting them into a book. I know now that it was a good thing, as the response has been good for me and a help to others who suffer from any form of PTSD.

"...My book is *The Eagle Flies On* and copies are free except for postage. I am only interested in somehow helping the next one in line – anyone who may benefit from my work."

We have posted Jerry's book on-line in our "Special Links/Individual Works" section at <http://www.groundwaterspublishing.com/files/eaglefly.pdf> for those of you who wish to obtain a copy or read it on-line. Jerry's contact information is included on page 4 of the book.

In that same section, you will also find the first half of the 1952 "Marj's Diary" by Marjorie Hays, excerpts of which have appeared in *Groundwaters* over the years. We have January to June finished and will complete the remaining entries in the coming months.

Please take a moment to look at this new section of the website and let us know what you think of it.

We'd also like to bring to your attention the fact

In the Spring 2011 issue, regrettably, publication credit was omitted for Quinton Hallett's poems "Glass Beach" and "That Shimmering Possibility." These poems were published in *Refuge from Flux*, Finishing Line Press, ©2010.

that our long-time cartoonist, Nick DeAngelo is debuting a new comic strip called "Greetings from Eugene." Currently, Nick is attending Lane Community College, majoring in graphic arts. We believe Nick to be a gifted cartoonist and we hope that you enjoy his humor and insights as much as we do.

On June 11, Lorane held a community garage sale and as a fundraiser, *Groundwaters* opened our production office, the Dew Drop Inn, and filled it to the brim with items that we had collected and those that had been donated to us. Our thanks, especially, go out to Nancy Pelton of the Blue Rooster Inn Bed & Breakfast who donated some wonderful items for it. An antique rocker alone added \$65 to our coffers. In addition to Nancy's merchandise donations, some wonderful anonymous donor left a large cash donation for us. Whoever you are, thank you, thank you!

Even though sales were brisk and we sold a lot of smaller items, we still have a lot of "neat stuff" including lots of artwork – paintings and prints, old and recent – books, some smaller furniture, afghans, assorted bedding, collectible figurines and plates, fine glassware, and all kinds of miscellaneous. The office is still full, so we will be opening it on occasional weekends and by appointment throughout the summer. Pictures of some of the things can be found at http://www.groundwaterspublishing.com/Garage_Sale. If you see anything that interests you, let us know and we'll have an open house just for you!

**Next Scheduled Sale:
Saturday, July 9, 9:00 am to 3:00 p.m.**

As of this writing, we are all anxiously awaiting the imminent arrival of Miss Keira Elizabeth Chambers. Jennifer and her husband Ryan are looking forward to greeting their new little daughter. Her brothers, Riley and Quinn, are equally excited. With two big brothers to watch over her, Keira is going to enjoy being the center of attention for some time to come, we have no doubt. Our congratulations to the Chambers' family!

All Have Lost

No one can hear the sound of fear
These men hold inside
When feeling the past called war
And pushing against the tide

I pity the poor bastard
For I know what he has seen
His sleepless nights, was he wrong?
His hands would not come clean

Of peace he knows nothing
For he has been to war
To hear, to see, to feel the pain
To carry such a weighted scar

Some hurt more than others
And some have paid the ultimate price
Pain stays in the mind of many
A simple roll of the dice

Still no one knows what the future holds
For the lines of young men are long
There's many more where they come from
Young men bold and strong

War takes its toll on the young and bold
Matters not to many
But to those called, and on the wall
It matters to the families plenty

So when this war is done
And all the numbers counted
We'll all look back, into the act
And ask why war was mounted

Does it matter in the end? I think it does
Were there lessons learned?
We can only hope that we may cope
With all these new lives turned

How much was lost?
Impossible to count all the ways
If boys were men first and war was scorned
Just maybe we could see through the haze

~ Jerry R. Boyd

A lost battle is a battle one thinks one has lost. *Jean-Paul Sartre*

If we open a quarrel between past and present, we shall find that we have lost the future. *Winston Churchill*



Dollhouse Raffle

Groundwaters is raffling off this beautiful dollhouse handcrafted by one of our young writers and contributors, Brandon Overton, a 6th grader (this past school year) at Lorane Elementary School.

The wooden dollhouse is approximately 19" wide x 22" high x 15" deep and has three rooms that can be populated with furnishings from the back. This would make a wonderful gift for that special little granddaughter or as a display piece at home.

It will be on display at the Lorane Family Store through July. Tickets can be purchased at the Lorane Family Store or by mail at P.O. Box 50, Lorane, Oregon 97451. **They are 50 cents each or 6 for \$2.00.** The raffle drawing will be held on Monday, August 1 and the winner will be notified by phone or email.

Your support of this fundraiser for *Groundwaters* would be most appreciated!

The Philosopher's Corner

Once I Was Lost and Then ... I Was Lost Again

By Jimminy Crickett

One of the mysteries of my life is that I can know what I should be doing and then choose to do something else. Throughout my life, I have heard about the need to be self-motivated. I don't know what that is, at least, not in the sense in which others seem to say it. I am motivated; it is just that sometimes I am moved to do *the other thing* or, to do nothing at all.

I've been lost in the woods, have been lost driving around in the dark of night and I have, for a brief time, lost my faith. What's worse, is being stuck in a rut or lost in the vast field of unknowing. For me, it is the not knowing – about losing my sense of direction and not seeing a clear path out of the current circumstance. And then something happens and I, once again, find a way to cut through the fog. Within the clear light of reason, I remember that I live in a world of cause and effect and choices become apparent. A certain sense of motivation takes over and calls for me to consider the alternative and what the end result of each choice would likely be. For a time I seemed to have lost my focus, often caught up in a situation that I've found myself in before.

As I work on this piece, I find that I have been here before. "Here I am again," the hour is late and the deadline pressing. I know it's pressing because my sister Pat Edwards phoned me (thank you Patty!) and asked if I was going to have a "corner" piece for the July issue. *Yes, I've been here before, am doing it again.* Round and round I go, letting myself get lost in a hazy maze of other stuff. Is it too late to teach an old dog new tricks? I hope not. I really don't enjoy coming around to this all too familiar place again.

There is a theory called *Spiral Dynamics*. As a reflection of life, it postulates that the path of our experiences is in an ever-upward spiral. That seems to make sense to me. On this round-about pathway I sometimes have déjà vu experiences, the repetition of familiar patterns and situations. As I wind my way around the spiral of life, I sometimes find myself asking, "Why am I going through this again?" I am aware that I have lost focus again, hit a familiar old bump in the road again.

The *Spiral Dynamics* theory proposes that while such situations do have a certain familiarity, I have not backtracked; I have simply come full circle, finding myself further up the spiral, directly above the "last time." This time, however, the bump is a bit different. Since the last time, I have had more experiences, learned a bit more and perhaps acquired a different perspective, however slight it might be. I enter into this "why this, again" situation better equipped to deal with whatever it is. Seen in the light of the

Newly Published!



by Jane Capron

If you enjoyed Jane Capron's Fairyland Fable, "Marigold," last year, you'll be sure to enjoy this year's offering. Now, Marigold's clumsy fairy friend, Rosie, has her own story to tell.

Rosie is suitable for ages 3-6 (read to them) and 7-10 (read to themselves). It contains pen and ink illustrations of creatures including a troll, the garden tillies, the genie Gassie, Witch Darlene and the catagnomes. Rosie and Beatrice, the sleeping beauty, meet them as Rosie seeks her "real" mother.

Just released, *Rosie* can be found on-line at Amazon.com or directly from the author, *Groundwaters'* own Jane Capron.

Meet Jane at the Oregon Author's Table at the Art and the Vineyard celebration at Alton Baker Park on Sunday, July 3, from 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

... or, you can find her at the Lane County Fair on August 19 from 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. or on August 21 from 3:00 to 5:00 p.m.

Congratulations, Jane!

theory, it is not an endless and meaningless repetition, it is a second chance, or perhaps if you are like me, it's my umpteenth chance. It is another opportunity to rediscover my focus, to better see what is really more important. Maybe this time I'll get it right. And yes, sometimes that takes a wake-up call of some kind. At times I clearly need a good kick in the keister. At other times I back myself so far into the corner that's there's really only one way out.

Having stumbled over that bump in the road so many times, I think I may finally be beginning to get the message. Hopefully, this time around I've learned a little more about what's going on; hopefully a new perception is dawning. I wonder a bit, perhaps being lost is not such a bad thing. Being lost in a familiar place is but one side of a coin. The good news is, there is another side, that of finding one's way, the right way. That's a coin that can be spent. It can be a sound investment in the future. Being lost is a signal, a sign alongside the road of life. It is an opportunity to do what needs being done and perhaps the opportunity to do something new. Being lost could simply be the first step in a process leading to a less bumpy ride up the spiral-ing road of life.

Lost and Found. . . at the Beach

By Karen Wickham

A small girl is crying. The tiny gold ring she wears on her finger is gone. She knows she can find it. It fell in the sand right here at her feet. The grown ups think this is a big deal, maybe because the ring is very old. It was worn by a child in the family who died. She likes wearing it. It is pretty, gold and shiny. It fits her small finger almost perfectly. Everyone sifted through piles of sand for a very long time. The ring was never found and never spoken of again. She never forgets she lost it.

Now mother of 3 small children, she is at the beach and crying again, realizing her youngest, her baby boy is no longer in view, alarm turns to frenzied panic. Her heart drums in her ears. Her eyes dart this way and that, frantically and futilely scanning the wide span of water. Her husband is no help as he has taken the car to buy drinks. After an unbearably long time, her child appears.

Her husband had not said, or she had not heard him say, he was taking the little one with him. She never forgets those moments of terror and loss.

Years later, at the beach, on vacation with the family, she again loses something very important to her, a cherished fantasy. This time, however, she recovers a jewel far more precious. . . herself! They are staying in a Southern beach motel.

Her relationship is not going well. Talking in hushed tones so as not to wake the children, they lie side by side in dark shadows of the unfamiliar room. Patiently, hour after hour, she listens to her habitually silent husband recount his grievances with her, He takes 5 or 10 minutes to complete each sentence. Chinese water torture comes to mind.

Early next morning, exhausted, confused, brain battered and drugged with sleeplessness, she slips out alone and barefoot. She finds her way to the beach.

The Southern sun, surf and sea caress her body with soothing sound and familiar comforting warmth. This moment in the new day sun, stands out like none other. The fog begins to lift in the landscape of her troubled mind, revealing surprising and surreal boulders of truth. She inhales deeply. An utterly forbidden and outrageous idea takes stage, then totally hijacks her attention. Never before in 20 years of totally committed marriage has she allowed such a thought:

“I could leave him!”

We have not the reverent feeling for the rainbow that a savage has, because we know how it is made. We have lost as much as we gained by prying into that matter. ~ Mark Twain

Fun Swings

Fun swings in long ago memories—
Riding back and forth
On a suspended wooden seat
Supported on the arms of a thick, oh-so-long rope.

Fun swings out and up to see
Our bountiful family garden—
Salt cellar waiting on the fence post to brighten
Snatched sour rhubarb ribs and sweet, sun-
warmed tomatoes.

Fun swings back and up to see
Our clean laundry lining the sky—
Clothespins catching clothes by collars
While a wicker basket waited for the wind

Fun swings to and fro to see
Twin slide-down cellar doors
Where, in winter, colorful canning covered
the walls
And just beyond, the coal room waited—dark
and dusky

Fun swings ever higher and higher to see
Suspended from the neighbor's garage gable
A huge snapping turtle hanging headless, dripping life—
Soon to become a tasty soup

Fun swings up and up to see
The side yard's shade in summer,
My jungle gym weeping willow where,
Hidden, I'd spy from my vantage so high.

Fun would swing whenever I leaned far back,
Pointed ten toes toward the cloud-filled sky
Then, at the arc's apex, leaned far forward, tucking toes.
I'd catch my breath as I'd fly back and over our fence.

~ Lois Banks

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Eve's Dilemma

I want it to stop...the torture, killing and death
But I don't know how to make it happen, myself.
Tears, prayer, and faith haven't helped the innocent;
They were of no harm, who hurt and died for our sins.

It goes on and on...this reality of grief.
Mourning turns to dark, desperate aching of loss;
I long for somehow, some way to turn back the clock,
Yet we've moved beyond promises of redemption.

This heart is eclipsed; all of life is passing by...
We did so little, so late, to savor Eden.
Now it's gone away and we are left to suffer.
Am I the victim, or one who caused the problem?

~ Judy Hays-Eberts

Hubcaps On The Highway

Do you ever feel
so disconnected...
like the world's rushing by
every which way?

Sometimes I feel like
I'm stranded... deserted,
like hubcaps on the highway.

Ever been rolling
until you stopped,
been a part of
and then been dropped;

not one of the pack
but just a stray,
like hubcaps on the highway?

Pick me up,
take me home,
fix me up
with new chrome;

then put me back
where I can roam,
like hubcaps on the highway.

~ C. Steven Blue

Perch In The Corner

I was running a little early,
so I decided to take a stroll
out on the pier.
The sea wind felt good
blowing through my hair.

I approached the deep end
and I was moved
by a leathery sun-faced fisherman
standing bundled in a corner
of the pier, his soft hat tilted,
shadowing his eyes,
molded to his head.

Held loosely in his hand,
a small pole with tinkle-bells
on its tip, he leaves the end
of its line dangling
on the flat top, shallow in the water.
A larger pole, with its line sunk deep,
stands on its own
next to this well-weathered man.

Every minute or so, bells shaking,
he seems to awaken from memories
of some peaceful long ago life.
A couple of small jerks on the little pole,
and he reels in another small fish,
which he quickly tucks into his fish-basket.
He carefully re-baits the hook, then quickly drops
the line back, shallow in the water.

Occasionally, he sets down the pole
to check the larger one, but never a nibble
can be found.

Many other nibble-less pole owners look
his way in amazement as, bells ringing,
he picks up the small pole just in time
to reel in another small fish to quickly
plop into his basket.

Many small fry
in a large fry-pan
could be quite the sizable meal
for a small, quiet man,
I presume; as the sun sets,
and I head east, off to work.

~ C. Steven Blue

Alice Blue Gown

By Jean Marie Purcell

For feisty old ladies, she hardly has an equal. At some pithy remark of hers people might shake their heads and say, “that’s just Alice” – and what she said might also be cruel, even vicious. It was still “just Alice.”

How did she get away with bad behavior? Didn’t hurt that her father was Teddy Roosevelt. Her cousin Eleanor was a member of the household who would marry another cousin, Franklin Delano. They all grew up to become famous, only Alice didn’t wait till she married a prominent congressman, Nicholas Longworth, to claim fame. She created a splash or stirred up gossip from early in her ninety-six-year-long life. Her father famously said, when chided about why he let Alice get away with so much whining, that he could “either run the country or control Alice.”

In her early twenties, Alice Roosevelt smoked, owned a pet snake (well-documented facts) and caroused. Her photos show a willowy, perfect-featured young woman looking back at the camera with total disdain. My bet is that, were she alive today, she could walk into any modeling agency and get a job.

She was too bright to fall for the twaddle and hypocrisy of political life on one hand and too arrogant, cruel and unfeeling not to amass a lot of enemies. She claimed to be too shy to make speeches and refused to shake hands “with inferiors.” Having access to her father’s vast library explains how she became an autodidact. A medley of contradictions, she sometimes acted as a resource person for her father and often took his side of a political issue against her husband’s.

What did this woman of many quotes and sometimes wicked wit do besides say things? It turns out not much. Rosalyn Carter, Hilary Clinton and Edith Wilson all were accused of trying to be vice-president to their respective husbands. Since Alice had access to the White House from early childhood (she wasn’t above holding her wedding there) to her early twenties, because her dad was vice-president and then president, she rather took the place for granted. She had been near the seat of power for so long that it didn’t faze her. Nor did it entice her to ever throw her hat in any ring with gusto.

That is what is so remarkable about her. She feebly tried her hand at writing, vying with her formidable cousin Eleanor, and failed. Unlike Eleanor she was not a stateswoman; she did not write newspaper columns or have a seat at the United Nations or anywhere else where she could influence power officially. Her dinner parties were where she harangued and spouted words that are still circulating today.

Some of Alice R. Longworth’s sincerest supporters, later in life, like Robert Kennedy, were Democrats. Yet she was a lifelong conservative, hence, Republican.

Back in her snake-owning days her appearance in a blue dress inspired a playwright to include the song “Alice Blue Gown” in his play “Irene” in 1919. It seems a fine irony that someone as contemptuous of the rabble as she was, still won the acclaim of the whole country – with everybody singing a song about her dress.



There’s Gotta Be a Reason A Song Lyric

There’s gotta be a reason
For the things I say and do
The summer time, my season
When the skies are clear and blue

Tied down, unmoveable
That’s one thing I can’t be
Freedom is an open door
I’ve got a lot to see

The more the system spites me
The more I’ll write my songs
Someday, my way
As I move along

My name, my fame
That’s the game
I’ll play someday far away
Knowing I can’t stay

There’s gotta be a reason
For the things I say and do
The summer time, my season
When the skies are clear and blue

~ Spyder



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Nancy Pelton, Owner

Forts

by Gene Conrad

Last night I went downstairs and saw that our kids had pulled chairs and cushions and pillows and blankets over to the couch and had built up a mountain pile there. They had tunneled in and were giggling and having fun. It took me back to the many “forts” of my childhood and even a few as an adult.

Forts seem to be a universal experience for children and I guess that extends into adulthood as well. The only difference is that as an adult I seem to get caught up in the busy-ness and intensity of life and forget to step back and enjoy the uniqueness and simplicity of the moment. That’s the gift forts offer. Forts run the gamut in their location, materials, purpose and inhabitants. They are places of war and peace, privacy and togetherness. They are at the same time practical and impractical, beautiful and ugly, goofy and serious.

Some of the first forts I remember were built with my sister Anita. We would set up a few chairs in the living room and drape an old blanket over it, then hide under it, thinking that we were so clever. Kind of like closing your eyes so no one can see you. Another early fort was outside in the play area during the summer. There was an old metal slide in the sand next to the swing. During the heat of a summer day, we would squeeze under the slide, and as long as we were in its shade we were “inside the house”. The shadow moved with the sun, so you had to pay attention.

There were several ramshackle sheds and buildings on our place and they all had a different “feel” to them. I would often go into different ones and just be there alone. They each had different purposes and contents. They were much different and also very similar at the same time. The wood they were made of was old and weathered. Nails and boards were often working loose. Some of the roofs were caving in and they all were dilapidated, tiredly standing there as monuments to a time when they served a purpose.

Now they served a new purpose. In those old buildings I learned about construction by looking at their bones. I dug through what they held and wondered what many things were, how they worked and who had used them. I smelled the smell of old grease and handled rusty parts trying to figure out how they fit together – or not. Over time I built up a mental inventory of things and would scrounge around for supplies for various projects and interests.

These places were solitary forts for me. Places that connected my to the past, some of it to my past family that I did not know, some to people I did know. I learned a few stories connected to some of the things there. Some stories worth sharing and some not.

Another solitary fort I often went to was a simple one. It was simply a three foot length of 2x4 lumber wedged high up in a maple tree that grew next to the house. In the summer time I would climb up the tree and just sit on the board. There was an opening in the branches and I could look out across the little valley where our house sat, watching the cars that went by, listening to the birds singing and

the leaves rustling, and looking at the nearby “mountain” and wondering what it was like at the top. It was not a very comfortable place to sit, but it was worth it. Sometimes I took a book with me and read until my legs became numb. Ever tried to climb down a tree with numb legs and a tingling tailbone?

Other forts were places that were shared with only one or two friends. One such place was up on the hill behind our house. A small stream made its way along the forest floor to a point where the earth had been washed away, forming a small

gully where the ground sloped together from two different directions. There was a little waterfall that was probably 7 or 8 feet tall. The stream was about as big as our arm. The waterfall had undermined a cavity under a tree on one bank, exposing the roots that hung down. We wondered what, if anything, lived back behind those roots, but we were smart enough (barely) to know that going back there would be very risky as the ground was soft and it looked like the bank could give way at any moment. We decided to dig a cave in the opposite bank and worked at that for at least five or ten minutes before giving up.

About fifty feet from the waterfall was the remains of a huge old tree. The stump was about 4 feet in diameter and about 30 feet long. It looked like it had been struck by lightning and it was leaning over on its elbows of two big branches. It was at about a 30 degree angle and the bark was all gone. We called it the cannon and it fired many a round on approaching enemies and unsuspecting cows. We never lost a single war or killed any cows. When retreat was necessary, we would run from our vantage point at the top of the cannon and down its length, across the forest floor to the gully and leap from its edge to a flat landing



place on the other side. It was enough of a drop that the wind was just starting the roar in your ears when you landed – hard – on the other side. Sometimes the landing made your feet sting or your ankles hurt a bit, but the resounding “WHUMP!” of the landing was very satisfying. We would then hop the creek and climb the bank we had “flown” over by using hand holds we had dug in the bank. Adding a few more notches in the bank made a sort of face that we called “Mr Goodfellow.” Perhaps you have read the poem about that place in a previous submission to *Groundwaters*.

Another place was called “the rock place.” It was a cliff on the property adjoining our land. There we fought wars, rescued damsels in distress and tested our courage climbing the cliff. The cliff was about 30 or 40 feet tall and the rock was crumbly shale. That made climbing the cliff kind of exciting when the rock you were standing on or clinging to started to crumble. You have probably ran in place a time or two. On that cliff we often spent some time “climbing in place” to keep from following the rocks to the bottom. It’s a good thing our mothers didn’t know what we were really up to.

Near the cliff and right next to the road was a small fir tree. We would listen for cars on the road, then climb down the cliff, run across to the tree and dive under it before the car passed so that they wouldn’t see us. Of course they never did – or so we thought.

One day we went to the rock place to find that the owner had come along with a bulldozer and pushed a bunch of rock over the cliff and buried it. It was a real shock and a disappointment. He was using it as a gravel pit and we heard a rumor that he had found out or had seen us climbing on the cliff and was afraid of us getting hurt. I understand that now, but I also see that sometimes practicality and fear robs us of valuable things, like imagination, growth, joy and, yes, even risk.

Another fort was an old shed across the road from a friend’s house. The shed belonged to another neighbor and did not have a roof. We went exploring and found some sheets of plywood inside, so we assumed that the neighbor had them there for the roof and proceeded to use some of them for that purpose and some of them to build a “loft” in the rafters. This fort was the biggest one we ever built. It had a crow’s nest at the peak of the roof that was just wide enough for your feet, as high as possible and of course no handrails or anything like that. Standing there with the breeze blowing through your hair got a little spooky some times but it was exhilarating to face our fears and dare to be, well, kinda stupid. Sound familiar?

This fort was one that we frequently slept in. To make it more fun, we usually took along some candles so that we could read and talk after sundown. When grownups one day investigated the fort, they were shocked to find many candle wicks lying in a puddle of now hardened wax where the candles had burned down to nothing sitting on

the dry wood. Did I mention that the shed was also full of old dry hay? And that getting in and out of the shed required a bit of maneuvering and there was not a fast exit available? Thankfully, we never had a fire there or I probably would not be telling you this story today.

Other forts included various barns at different friends’ houses and sometimes an old car that was hot inside and smelled like grease, rust, deteriorating plastic and rubber and maybe a few mouse nests. There was even one culvert that we could only fit into one at a time. The culvert was all rusted out and the dirt under the old road had caved in, but you could crawl in there with a flash light and check out the roots and bugs and stuff. Plus you couldn’t even hear the sound of your buddy jumping up and down on the road above you right above the crumbly part. Great fun!

As an adult, I often get the same feelings when I am out in our barn or in my shop. Or just standing in the rain at night during a summer storm, reveling in the buffeting of the wind, the smell of the rain and the goose bumps on my skin.

There is a particular place in central Oregon that our family now goes to. Kind of a family fort. There we have forged important memories – many joyful and some painful and lots in between. The trees still ring with our laughter and the rain still weeps our tears. It is a place where we find rest, peace and a connection to Something Greater. Sorry, I can’t tell you any more than that because you don’t know the password. Besides, you probably have a place you like better anyway, don’t you?



Lost

Pain spirals inward towards my missing center
Brain of mine working too hard for its own good
Main idea is to meet myself coming and gone

Soul in search of flesh or body craving spirit?
Whole ages wasted in search for better being
Goal long forgotten, now I’ll settle for any road

Mind plays games no angel can comprehend
Hindsight is real sight; foresight’s a long shot
Find the bright spot – what’s true at least for you

~ Erik Wahl
aka The Brainpoet

Erik Wahl aka ‘The BrainPoet’, is a local Eugene poet who has been writing poetry since he was in Junior High. He also creates and displays fractal art at KindTree and ESAP. He was born and raised in Portland, Oregon, and considers himself a true Pacific Northwesterner

A Quiet Joy

By Pat Edwards

Telephone solicitors had ruined so many pleasant evenings for me that it was with reluctance that I rose from my comfortable chair to answer the insistent ring of the phone. It was the year 1993 – before the days of caller I.D and “no call” lists. The woman on the other end began asking questions, and at first I thought that she had the wrong number – although she knew my name. I patiently answered all of her questions, but began to wonder why she needed to know things such as my maiden name and that of my mother. The answer became suddenly clear when she finally said, “My late husband and I adopted a baby girl, whom we named Stacey, almost 30 years ago. She was born on August 7, 1963, in Emanuel Hospital. Does this mean anything to you?”

A kaleidoscope of emotions and memories, accumulated and tucked away for almost 30 years, descended upon me. I have read stories of other birth mothers being found by their children. Reactions they described ranged from immediate and profound joy to terror and panic. The mixture of emotions that I felt that evening included shock, anxiety, shame, relief and a guilt that there was no explosion of maternal bliss. In the days that followed, I still found myself sorting through that mixture to try and discover what my basic feelings really were.

From the moment that I hung up the phone after that call, I felt that I was being carried forward by a force that I could no longer control.

This story isn't being written to discuss the “whys” and “whats” of that very difficult choice I made in 1963. It's not meant to dissect my political views with you. It is just simply being written as a way of sharing the long-delayed emotions resulting from that choice.

In 1993, Stacey lived in a neighboring state. For several years, she had been working through adoption support groups, pouring through public records and documents to locate me. Lee, her adoptive mother, had been helping her to search for me. The night that she made that call, Lee excitedly said, “Can we meet for lunch tomorrow? I'm so anxious to meet you, and Stacey will be so excited when she finds out I found you!” She gave me Stacey's phone number in hopes that I would immediately call her. I numbly agreed to our luncheon date, but I could not reach for the phone to call Stacey. It was too soon.

When I told my husband Jim, who knew my history, about the call, he was euphoric. Within a half hour of the phone conversation, he had called each of our four adult children to set up a family meeting to “discuss something very important.” Our son, who lived out of town at the time, wouldn't be able to come for two days, so we set our meeting for the first evening he could come. At work, during those two suspenseful days, my phone rang several times. “Mom, can't you tell us what this is all about? You and Dad are scaring us!” I tried to reassure them that no calamity had befallen our family, but I could not ease their anxiety.

After talking to Lee that fateful night, I felt as though I was on a speeding train with the throttle stuck open. My nerves were rapidly reaching the breaking point. Everything within

me wanted to scream out, “Whoa! Slow down! Give me some time to adjust!” I needed some “space” to sort through what I was feeling and thinking. I could not call Stacey until I had talked with our other children. I was confident that they would take the news well, but I needed that reassurance. I was afraid – afraid that I might not be able to live up to what Stacey would expect of me as her birth mother; afraid that Jim would be disappointed in me because I was not as excited as he; afraid that our children would be ashamed of me. I wasn't experiencing that profound joy that books and articles so often describe.

When the time for our family meeting finally arrived, I was more than ready to get everything out into the open. When I arrived home from work, everyone was either busily fixing dinner or watching the news on TV. Their nervous glances at one another was the only indication that we were there for something other than one of our frequent family get-togethers.

I called them into the living room and sat cross-legged on the floor in front of Jim in his big easy chair. Slowly and deliberately, Jim began to tell them of the sister that none of them had known they had.

Tearfully, I took over the narration. “Your father is not Stacey's father. I met your Dad just weeks before I discovered that I was pregnant. He had just been discharged from the Army and had no job...” I told them about the circumstances of Stacey's birth and how Jim had stood by me during that most difficult time.

As Jim began to speak again, he broke into sobs. “I have always felt at fault for not asking your Mom to marry me then so that we could have kept the baby.”

It was then that they came to us, one by one, with warm hugs and comforting, teary smiles. With their acceptance and understanding, a cleansing took place within me. I felt a great sense of relief, and I knew that Jim and I were no longer alone with our “secret.”

When everyone had gone home and Jim had gone to bed, I dialed Stacey's number for the first time. “Hello, Stacey, this is... Pat.” I did not feel I had the right to call myself “Mother” or “Mom.” Only Lee had earned that right. It was obvious that she had been expecting my call. Her voice was tinged with excitement and she did not try to conceal her obvious pleasure that I had finally crossed the bridge that had divided us for the past 30 years. During our conversation, Stacey was careful not to ask questions that I was not ready to answer and she kept the conversation light and friendly.

As we said goodbye, I told her, “I'll write a long letter to tell you about everything that you must be wanting to know.” It was time.

When I wrote that letter the next day, I did not withhold any information. I wanted to release all of the memories that had been locked up so tightly for so long. It was important that she understand that she had not been “thrown away,” but that the decision to give her up was made out of love and concern for her welfare.

In the months that followed, we met Stacey and spent as much time with her as distance allowed. Letters and phone calls traversed the miles separating us on a regular basis. We discovered her shortcomings and she discovered ours. We accepted each other as human beings and dismantled any pedestals that had begun to build. Stacey and her brother and sisters bonded well, and, despite not being her biological father, Jim has become a father to her in every way possible. Her own father – Lee’s husband Paul – had passed away many years before, so Stacey readily welcomed Jim into her life.

There were adjustments to be made and it took time to settle into the roles that were most comfortable for each of us. The fairy tale period ended and reality and a welcome nor-



Lee, Stacey and me

malcy once again settled over our lives. Stacey and her family of four children and a new husband eventually moved back to Eugene. She presented us with a new little granddaughter several years later and on every Mother’s Day since, she has come to our home with a large planter of flowers with an attached note saying simply, “With love to Mom. Thanks for giving me life.” She is a beautiful, compassionate and loving human being and we are all so lucky to have not only Stacey, but Lee and all of her family in our lives.

I have never experienced that overwhelming joy that I once thought I should. Instead it has taken time and the patience of others to allow me to sort out the warm feelings that allowed my relationship with Stacey to grow into love and friendship. It’s a long process, and if others find themselves in the same situation, they should be prepared to gradually work through their introductory period and to give each other space to sort out feelings. Stacey never pushed. She respected not only the transition that I was experiencing, but she also made sure that Lee knew that she would never be displaced as her true mother.

I believe more than ever in the old adage, “Slow and steady wins the race.” In any emotional situation, each of us must find our own way – the one that is right for us. Euphoria can blaze forth and dim, but the quiet joy that comes on slowly and is allowed to grow can last a lifetime.

Meet My Roses

By Mario

One evening, while ambling, down a broken and misshapen sidewalk, I came upon a beautiful and spacious flower garden. It was dressed in a warm kaleidoscope of color, reminding me of Jacob’s coat, mentioned in the book of *Genesis*.

Sitting off to one side of the garden, was a charming little yellow house with white shutters. The west end of the porch was dressed in honeysuckle vines. While standing there admiring the roses, I heard a delicate, scratchy voice speaking but, being hard of hearing, it was a challenge to decipher what was being said.

“Do you like my roses?”

Not twenty feet away, with a smile that lit up the whole neighborhood, stood an elderly lady in a blue house dress and apron with a dirt stain just above the pockets. She reminded me of my grandmother.

“Are you speaking to me?” I asked.

“Why, yes I am,” she replied. “Aren’t the roses just lovely? Would you like to come and see them up close?”

“Yes I would,” I replied, “I was just admiring their beauty. How do you get them to be so pretty?”

Opening the gate, she invited me to come in and meet her roses.

“They want to meet you too,” she whispered.

Entering the gate, I noticed the roses took on another stance; they got glossy, bright and very shiny, right before my eyes.

“That’s amazing, it’s like you have those flowers trained.”

“Oh yes, thank you. I talk and sing to them every day while tending the garden.”

“It’s evident that the roses respond to your voice, but why are they turned on by my presence?” I asked.

“That is easy to understand,” she answered. They get lonely for male companionship. These are my ladies.”

“Would you like me to sing, do poetry or quote scripture to your ladies?”

“Oh no, they only listen to me, but they do enjoy your presence.”

In my mind, I’m telling myself, “Hey this old lady is really cracked!” But, every day when walking by her garden, those roses stood tall and rocked back and forth just for me. Then, when I spoke, they seemed to do a dance of joy. It made me feel good all over.

All summer, when passing the lady’s front gate, I sometimes couldn’t seem to keep myself from entering her garden.

Now, every fall when the roses are going to sleep, I find myself saying, “Goodnight, Ladies, I’ll see you in the spring.”

Campers

By Gus Daum

My wife, Lela, and I spent much of the first ten of our retirement years “roughing it” in an RV, a fifth wheel trailer. During this adapting phase of retirement, we left our house for others to occupy for up to six months of the year as we traveled about the southwestern states as sunseekers during Oregon’s dark and dank months. As members of an RV resorts club, we camped in gated communities, with swimming pools, spas and clubhouses at each spot where we stayed for several weeks at a time, before moving on to explore another sunny area with all of the same amenities. A friend called it our decadent life style. Bless decadence. This period compensated for some of the experiences that led us to depart from camping as we had in earlier years.

We had felt it important for our four children to experience nature as they were growing up, and introduced them to tent camping in their pre-teen years in the very early 1960. With a station wagon, a two-burner Coleman stove, an ice chest and a nine-by-nine tent, we were equipped to enjoy the great outdoors of California. Minor inconveniences were to be a part of the experience. Air mattresses, inflated by lung power, usually lost air and comfort by midnight; amidst the pine needles a sharp rock often probed our backs; six pairs of shoes, and often wet or muddy jeans competed with six sleeping bags for space in 81 square feet of tent floor. Despite grumblings, we spent a lot of weekends in the foothills of the Sierras above Sacramento and on the still uncrowded beaches below San Francisco.

We attended the Seattle World’s Fair in 1962. It wasn’t nearly so crowded as we had heard. Enroute to Seattle, we stopped at Crater Lake in its National Park campground. We looked forward to the Ranger talk and the group campfire at near dark. After the usual singalongs and describing the park’s features, the ranger spent an uncomfortable amount of time discussing the park’s bears. He emphasized: Do Not Feed The Bears! That had been the farthest thing from my mind. At full dark, we hurried back to our campsite where I had prepared a canvas shelter for us three males, leaving the tent for the girls. With bears on their minds, they decided it might be nice to let us enjoy the safety of the tent and they would sleep in the station wagon.

We braver males stoked a campfire to ward off bears,

and went in to sleep, hardly nervous at all. Several hours later I wakened to a snuffling sound outside the opposite side of the tent. I had never met – or wanted to meet – a bear but feared that I would soon. Quietly unzipping my sleeping bag and thinking “Please go away, bear,” I felt about the tent for any bear repellent. We had a flashlight with weak batteries beside my head, and nothing more lethal within the tent than my size 12 Converse camping shoes. Again, that muffled snuffling sound came, but no heavy breathing except mine. I leaned over to shake the boys awake in case we had to make a run for it, and saw the culprit. My son’s foot was rubbing against the side of the tent, creating my imagined bear. Braver now, I

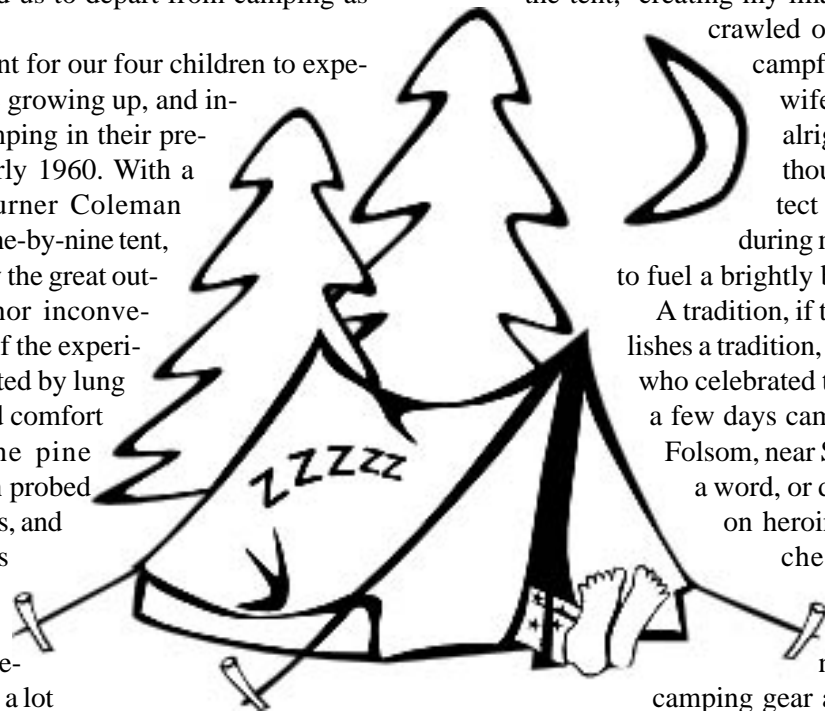
crawled out of the tent to stoke the campfire ablaze. Answering my wife’s query, I told her, “It’s alright. Go back to sleep; I just thought I heard a bear.” To protect my family, I stayed awake during much of the remaining night

to fuel a brightly burning campfire.

A tradition, if two successive years establishes a tradition, was introduced by my wife who celebrated the end of school year with a few days campout for the kids on Lake Folsom, near Sacramento. (Is heroineism a word, or does it suggest that she was on heroin or something more psychedelic?) The unimproved campground was accessible only by boat, and we now had a ski-boat. All

camping gear and all bodies, which now included a friend or two of the kids, were ferried in a series of round trips across two miles of lake to a sandy beach. Lots of hot dogs, gallons of orange juice, breakfasts featuring piles of pancakes and syrup and pounds of peanut butter comprised the diet for hungry water-skiers and campers. I, the breadwinner, continued to work at my day job, having changed out of pin-stripes to a bathing suit to be ferried across to the night’s discomfort, and back to white shirts and necktie for the next day’s drudgery in air conditioned space.

The crowning incident was a change of pace boating campout to Lake Shasta, near Redding. A beautiful lake, but it was far below its normal depth that summer. We had purchased a larger and airier tent, still safe in its packing box. Opting for solitude, we aimed our boat toward a lovely, tree-covered island nearly a mile from shoreline. As we approached, the island seemed to grow much taller with a more elevated treeline to provide needed shade for camp-



ing in 120 degree heat. This proved my excellent vision, as there was nearly 80 feet of clay bank between our boat and trees as we approached shore.

“We’ve come this far. You guys are just chicken.” This came from the pioneer spirit of my wife. Being outvoted one to five, a resisting father and four resisting kids scrambled up the clay bank burdened with tent and supplies. On top of Old Smoky or whatever its name, everyone dripped sweat under a tree or two, except for two boys and Dad. We shook the tent loose from its packaging, along with instructions to “*insert pole B in elbow A. Repeat for identical parts in each of four corners.*” They failed to state: “*reinsert pole B1 where it has fallen out of elbow A1.*” My sons became impressed with vocabulary they thought I didn’t know. Blessedly, one of the girls screamed, “Look over there!” Previous campers had obviously forgotten to bring their bathroom with them. There were squares of white paper behind every tree. Defeated by the elements and prior campers, the vote was now zero to six. We gathered our belongings – even the tent – slid down those clay banks and drove almost 200 miles, back to Lake Folsom to chill out where it was only 90 degrees and we knew there was a nearby chemical toilet.

After our kids were no longer in the home and rustic camping was no longer necessary, we purchased a small tent trailer for weekend getaways. One of our young female staff could not imagine that the “chic Mrs. Daum” would subject herself to such primitive accommodations. My wife answered, “It took him 30 years to get me off the ground.”

In Search of Fate (a song lyric)

I’ve searched everywhere for my place to live,
I’ve tried everything that life has to give.
But life hasn’t offered this fate meant for me,
‘Til then just a drifter is all I can be.

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

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

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

~ Spyder

My Hungry Companion

My friend
My enemy
My hungry white page

I throw my words to you
My usual supply of trite, ordinary words and phrases
But none will stick
They just sink into your infinite white abyss

Never satisfied
You gobble them like a voracious cosmic paper
shredder
Yet you remain empty and white
And waiting for more

An unmannerly companion
You hiccup unnecessary commas
You belch sentences too long
And burp up improper grammar

But I continue to feed your gaping maw
Digging deep into my creative storehouse
for subtleties, and melodies, and rhythms
Until finally, you yawn, satiated on fast food verbs
and take out nouns

And my words begin to hold
My poem emerges
My story told

Until you wake
And want to be fed again

~ Marv Himmel

Lost in Depression

I lay awake staring into the darkness.
Wondering if it is the reflection of my
mind. As lately, the shadows that precede
depression have been gathering and
growing stronger and darker daily.
In the light of day there is no joy or
energy, only lethargy – dreading the sadness
of another night with its dark mirror and
timeless reflection of a sleep starved mind.

~ Herbie
9-04-08

Lost in Time

By Vicki Sourdry

I knew I was awake before I opened my eyes. You know the feeling, the dream lingers, but reality encroaches. My body felt rested, but I'm not a morning person, so I resisted the eventuality of waking completely. Finally, I turned over and hugged the pillow. It felt different. Too firm. And the sheets didn't feel right either. Crisp, and they smelled different.

I opened my eyes quickly, but then had to blink several times. Everything was white. Pillows, sheets, walls, ceiling. This wasn't my room, or even Cecilia's place. It looked more like a hospital than anything else. But I wasn't sick. Was I? I sat up. My joints were stiff. Carefully, I flexed my shoulders and arms. Then my legs. They all worked. But where was I? I looked around again. It *was* a hospital. The wall above the bed was covered in readouts. They were all fluctuating wildly. Then I noticed the wires and tubes attached to my fingers and chest, and other places too. Where the heck was I?

The door to the room flew open, and three people came rushing in. All had a look of complete surprise on their faces.

"Mr. Kessler?" I looked at the man. He was painfully thin, but his face was artfully colored and expressive.

"Uh, yeah." Not too many people ever called me "Mr." Kessler. I looked at the other two. They were women; one very short and petite, with unnaturally red hair, and the other one was blonde, average height, but heavy in all the wrong places. All three of them were wearing black. It made such a stark contrast to the white of everything else in the room that it made me dizzy just to look at them.

"Where am I?"

"Happy Trails Home, Mr. Kessler. You've been here... quite a while." That was the blonde. She seemed to be in charge, just by her demeanor.

"What happened to me? Why am I here?" My voice was raspy and I was very thirsty.

"You fell asleep and... well, you didn't wake up. It wasn't a coma, you were just asleep. But you wouldn't wake up. Your family finally put you here."

I looked around. The small window showed sunshine and green grass outside. The last I remembered, it was the depths of winter, just before Christmas, and there was a lot of snow on the ground.

"Is it spring?" I asked. The two women looked at each other and smiled.

"Summer, actually," the small redhead said. "It's July 11th."

"Good grief, I've been asleep over 6 months?"

"And then some," she said, almost laughing.

That caught me off guard. "And then some? What do you mean? How long?"

"Um, over a hundred years."

I hadn't stood up yet, and I was sort of glad I hadn't. I

shook my head to clear it, but it didn't help. This was all too much for me to take in. Then I noticed the mirror across the room. There must be some mistake, or this is a very sick practical joke. I couldn't imagine who would do this to me.

"Come on, give me a break. I don't look a day over the thirty two that I am. Quit lying to me. What the hell is going on here? Who put you up to this?" My voice was pretty loud by the time I was done with my little tirade.

"It's quite true Mr. Kessler," the man said in a surprisingly deep voice for such a fragile looking man. "You've not aged at all, but I assure you, the year is 2115." The man was pleasant, but all business. "We've no idea why you've not aged. Trust me, we've tested you every way we know how, as have others over the years. We've found no answers. Physically you're still thirty two years old. And have been for over a hundred years." I stared at him, and found no hint of deceit or insincerity.

"You surprised us by waking up," the redhead said, smiling. "We had no idea if you ever would. And you did it on our shift! We win the pool!"

"The pool?" I asked, looking at all three of them.

"Natalia. Please." The blonde gave the redhead a stern look.

She looked down, still smiling broadly. "Sorry."

"She's talking about the bets that people have placed over the years about when you would wake up. Or *if* you would. It's grown, uh, quite large over the last hundred years."

I thought about that and actually smiled. I bet it had, if this was all real. I still couldn't quite get my head around the idea. "You're sure it's 2115? Really?"

"Would you like some proof?" the blonde asked.

"Yeah, I really would. I find all this a little hard to grasp. And a glass of water if you wouldn't mind."

"I understand," the man said. "We'll get you a chair." He nodded at the redhead, who left the room. He filled a white plastic cup from the tap in the corner and handed it to me.

"I can walk," I said.

"I don't think you should try right now, Mr. Kessler. We've exercised you daily to keep your muscles from atrophy in case you ever woke, but you should still take it easy." Gently and expertly, the man removed the tubes and other connections between me and the bed.

The door opened and the redhead came back in with what could only be described as a floating chair. No legs, just a cushioned seat and back. I stood carefully and moved to the "chair," uncertain of its abilities, but now very grateful that it was there. The man had been right, my legs weren't up to the task of carrying my weight. It felt strange that there were no wheels or legs touching the ground, but it only sank a little under my weight. If this was a joke, it was

a pretty elaborate one. The door opened without anyone doing anything. Automatic door. We had those in 2011. No big deal. The halls of this place – what did they call it? Happy Trails Home? Good grief! – were white, just like the room I had awakened in. And endless. This was a big place. People along the way were mostly elderly and stared at me as I was pushed down the halls. Then murmuring began, and then louder talking and even laughter. A few people applauded. The attention continued as we moved toward a set of big doors.

When the doors opened, it literally took my breath away. The scene was as if it had been taken from the pages of an old science fiction book. ‘Cars’ were flying through the air, organized just like they were on the interstates. On-ramps and off-ramps to different levels and directions. Spires rose all over – round, square, cones, pyramids. They were amazing. “Is this real?” I asked, almost under my breath, not really believing what I was actually seeing with my own eyes. If not, this was one elaborate trick.

“Oh yes, I assure you that it’s real,” the redhead said.

“You’ll be a very famous man, Mr. Kessler. Soon, everyone will know that you’ve awakened. Most have forgotten about you, but they’ll sure remember you now.”

The next few days went by in a blur. Doctors, reporters, politicians, lawyers, nurses all came and went, talking and asking endless questions. I didn’t have very many answers, and it was incredibly hard to get any answers out of any of them. Except one lawyer, Monica Freeman.

“When you didn’t wake up, your family finally put you in a facility so there was always someone to take care of you. Cecilia Hartwig had done it for more than a year, but it got to be more than she could handle. Your father paid for your care until he died, and then his estate took over. The pool they talked about will be giving you several million dollars.”

“Wow. I’ll never have to work again!”

“Not so fast,” she said laughing. “Most people make about half a million in a year now. You’ll be OK for a few years, but you’ll have to do something with your life eventually.”

“Prices must be sky high if people make that much money!”

“It’s all relative. Some people do better than others. Just like in your time I would imagine. I know my history, and it’s always been like that.”

I nodded. “How much will the ‘winners’ make?” I asked.

She ran her long manicured fingers through her gray-ing hair. “Depends on what they bet. I heard that one man actually guessed the right day! He’ll get about a million.

Others, who just guessed the year, will get less. All ways seemed sorta macabre to me to bet on stuff like that, but each to their own, I guess.” Her wide smile had created laugh lines in her expressive face over the years. “But your father’s estate has been well managed, so you won’t have to worry about money, at least for a while. If you want, you can make a lot of money from just talking about your experience. You’re quite a celebrity.”

Trouble was, I hadn’t done anything except sleep! What would I talk about?

After the whirlwind of activity slowed a little, I began thinking about what I had lost. My family. Long since dead and gone. Cecilia. I was going to marry her in the spring. I think I mourned her the most. I hoped she had found someone who loved her as much as I did. It both cheered and saddened me that she had spent a year taking care of me. It meant that she had loved me, but she had wasted part of her life. My

friends were gone. My career. Everything. I didn’t understand any of the technology or politics or issues of this “new” time. All too confusing and demanding. Everyone wanted me to endorse them, or advertise for them, or root for them, or vote for them. As if I actually knew anything about any of them.

I said “no” to everyone and everything. I was in mourning for the life that I had lost. My celebrity status passed, and everyone moved their attention on to a new ‘star.’ I was relieved. Monica stuck by me and helped me to accept the situation. Since I was stuck here, and there was no way to go “home,” I eventually decided to begin to live again. It wasn’t until then that Monica told me she was the great granddaughter of Cecilia Hartwig. My Cecilia had eventually married and had a family, but only after she became the talented artist that she had been training for when I knew her. I went and saw some of her work in a museum. It was good.

So, here I am, ten years later, working at a small university, teaching “ancient history” – early 21st century politics, economics, music, and culture. And very happily married to Cecilia Freeman, Monica’s daughter and my Cecilia’s great-great granddaughter. Funny how life turns out.



Age of Women

By Liath and Rowan MacTire

A few years ago, I wrote a little essay for *Groundwaters* on the types of older men (Volume 1 Issue 4, 2005). For all the intervening years, I've been considering just how to write a similar essay for women. I'm a firm believer in equal opportunity. If I'm going to poke fun at men, I think I am duty bound to do the same for women. This project was not, however, such an easy thing to do. The labels for ageing women seem far more derogatory than the labels for ageing men. Night after night. I have paced the floor pondering my dilemma, all the while neglecting my household duties. How to describe ageing women without being insulting rather than humorous. Writing about geezers and codgers is easy. Writing about crones and biddies is, well, it's a challenge and a tightrope. So, I've decided to compose a series of descriptions rather than an essay. My descriptions work for me, I hope they work for you also.

Biddy

Our typical Biddy can be found puttering about. Gardens, sewing rooms, the kitchen, it doesn't much matter where she is as much as what she is doing. It's the act of puttering that's really important.

• Gossip Biddy

A certain subset of Biddyhood is the Gossip. Our Gossip Biddy is gender neutral and is actually an inherent part of the human condition. The biddy who is a gossip serves the same important role that Gossips always have. They are the spin doctors of a neighbourhood and, whether they are negative or positive in their spinning, they are the channel for information in the community. Depending on how well they do their gossip task, the Biddy can either make or destroy a community. Many folks think gossiping is a terrible thing, and they say so in no uncertain terms, but you know they are secretly eager to see the Gossip Biddy approaching.

• Grandma Biddy

Another subset of the Biddy is the Grandma Biddy. This Biddy is busier than the Gossip Biddy. At least she is always quite busy with her grandchildren, no matter what her other duties may be. She usually goes by lots of other names: Grandma, Grammy, Grams, and a host of endearments. Our biddy, whether a Gossip or a Grandma or any other subset, can often be found in near proximity to a Geezer, who doesn't want to do as much as the Biddy wants to do. They are sort of the yin and yang of the elderly. They complete two sides of a well-aged relationship.

You may think a Grandmother is the equivalent of an Earth Mother. Some Grandmothers are indeed Earth Mothers,

most are not. Although the Earth Mother is at heart a nurturer of that which is in need of nurturing, a Grandmother is a focused soul, and the focus of that soul is the grandchild and the rest can go hang. Our true Grandmother is armed and should be considered out of control. She can draw her photos and back you into a corner long before you begin coming up with an excuse to flee. A fearsome battle can ensue when two or more well-armed Grandmothers square off in a photo duel. Visualize, if you will, two sweet ladies armed with photo wallets, crammed with photos of the most intelligent, charming and incredibly attractive children. No Grandchild is ordinary. Grandmothers never shy away from a photo confrontation. Why should they? They know, deep in their spiritual awareness, that they have Truth, Justice and the Future of Humanity in their purse. Innocent bystanders would do well to make haste to take cover behind the nearest rain barrel or perhaps dive through a saloon window. The rain of flying photos can be overwhelming. There is no defense except to flee.

Earth Mother

Being an Earth Mother is no easy task or rather no easy bunch of tasks. But then, that is what being an Earth Mother is all about—tasks. Nurture the kids, the land, the family, the community. Many men and women are nurturers and yet there is something special about Earth Mothers. They come in all shapes and sizes and all ages from prepubescence to extreme age. The Earth Mother is a mirror of the Goddess Gaia in a long cotton skirt, sans bra, and barefoot or sandals. Homey might describe some of our Goddesses, whether covered in dirt from the garden or wearing an apron, smelling of cinnamon with a touch of flour on her nose. If she has children, and not all of them do, she is prone to going about her chores with a kid on her hip or at her breast. If she has farm or house animals, you can usually find them trailing along behind her.

Don't make the mistake of thinking an Earth Mother is a pushover. Like the Gaia Goddess, our more mundane Earth Goddess is not all sweetness and light. Given the need, our Earth Mother can be tough and demanding and even deadly when a situation warrants a dose of reality between the eyes. But you'll usually encounter our Earth Mother behind a big cauldron if you ever visit the soup kitchen. And she'll usually convince a Battle Axe and a couple of Grannies to help out there as well.

Matriarch

You might be tempted to dub a Matriarch, "Big Mama." You might do such a thing if you happened to be a naïve and silly person with delusions of invulnerability. Or per-

haps, you are the sort of person who is on a search for family drama. With some Matriarchs, you would certainly get your wish. Our Matriarch may or may not bring that special drama into your life, depending on her style. Whatever the Matriarch's action, the effect will always be to benefit the family. In the event our Matriarch decides to satisfy your drama urge, that drama is not likely to be the sort of drama you would desire or expect. There will be none of the sparks and fireworks that can be found in even the finest of families. No physical punishment, not even psychological abuse. No, our Matriarch is far more prone to a political response; you may have a sudden move out of a favored position, a change of status, perhaps a curtailing of purse strings or, then again, nothing may happen at all. Whatever the future brings for you, there will be a lesson taught and a lesson learned.

- **Battle Axe Matriarch**

A subset of Matriarch is the Battle Axe. Whereas some Matriarchs are subtle or political in their approach to the family clan, the Battle Axe is a head-on, take-no-prisoners Leader of the Clan. You could say that it's a devil-take-the-hindmost style, but when the Battle Axe is under a full head of steam, any stray devils that might be lounging around usually have the good sense to get out of the way. If a Battle Axe is married, she is frequently married to a Curmudgeon. The two go hand in hand; in fact each may be the reason the partners are the way they are. You can bet the two of them love each other deeply.

Dame

There are two types of Dames, and never shall the two meet, except in the movies or on stage. The original Dame is the female version of the English Knight. When you meet this Dame, your first thoughts are of dignity and poise. A requirement for the position of Dame is the wearing of hats and the taking of tea. Whatever they were before they were bestowed with the title of Dame, the very act of receiving that title changes everything. It doesn't matter what our Dame really is. Your perception of her has changed from seeing her as a real and interesting person, maybe even a friend, to a lady who is now dignified, aloof, and perhaps no longer quite human. Your perception is wrong, of course.

Then there is the other Dame. This Dame too is a matter of perception. This Dame can be anything from the waitress with a good heart to a gun-toting moll with a good heart. The important thing here is the good heart. But then, as I said, good heart and dignity is a matter of perception. The reality is that both types of Dames can have both dignity and a good heart or they may have neither. All Dames are called Mary. No one knows why.

- **Grand Dame**

The position of Grand Dame takes skill and ambition. Wherever the Grand Dame is, she is **In Charge**. No mat-

ter if it's the bridge club, the ladies aid, the municipal sewer system or the local branch of a political party, the Grand Dame is **In Charge**. To be frank, the Grand Dame does not have to actually do anything. It is enough that she is there and has the skills to assign duties. Initially, when a Grand Dame joins a organization, she is not in charge. This sad state of affairs will change in short order. Sometimes, the change comes about almost by default. No one realizes the old hierarchy has been replaced until long after the coup. Often, the previous leader follows the Grand Dame's directions without question and does not realize she has been usurped until months or sometimes years have past.

The one exception to the take-over by the Grand Dame is when there happens to be a Grand Dame already in place. Neither Grand Dame would resort to open confrontation. No bickering. No bloodshed. There may be some back-room maneuvering for position, but in the end, an unspoken understanding will determine who shall stay and who shall find a new kingdom.

Crone

With our Crone, we come, face to face with a word that has had a personality shift. Not so long ago, a Crone was a dried-up old woman, whose face was covered in wrinkles, and usually had a wart with hair growing out of it. She was thought to have a foul disposition. In recent years, Crones redefined themselves, becoming the wise, older women. Our Crone is now the "go to" elder of the NeoPagan community for matters spiritual and philosophical. In short, our Crone is now the female equivalent of the male Sage. Crones can evolve from any personality type. Now that we've cleared up the modern definition of Crone, we can take a look at who they really are.

Our friend the Crone does best as a mentor. Our typical Crone, if there is such a thing, is not necessarily elderly, but she is past menopause and glad of it. All those years of chalking up growth experiences has stacked up enough wisdoms to fill a huge steamer trunk. Consulting a professional Crone over a matter of family or relationship is a little like hiring a television hit man. Like the hit man, the Crone gathers all the details, gets all the facts, gets to know the principals involved. The differences between the Crone and the hit man is the Crone doesn't do the deed. She teaches and suggests and sends you on your way to go make things go right for yourself.

From Biddy to Crone to all the other elder women I haven't had room to mention, These are the women who care for us; they love us fiercely. Whether mother, grandmother, sister, or even daughter, they want the best for us. They can be irritating, frustrating, and even remarkably stubborn, but they are our women. And we, in turn, can only offer these Elders—these fountains of affection and sometimes even wisdom—an ear, a gentle touch of understanding and our love.

I found the following poem as a newspaper clipping stuck to the pages of a scrapbook that my grandmother had put together of things special to her. It was published in the Eugene Guard newspaper in 1940. I'd like to share it with you... pe

Little Things Count

It takes the little things of life
To make up all the whole
To cheer us on our lonely way
As we hasten to our goal

Did you ever feel down-hearted
And think that life was at an end?
When everything seemed dark and gloomy
And you thought you had no friend?

Then you know how your heart was lifted
Hope and peace again returned
When you knew that some one cared
And joy within you burned

A sweet loving smile when you were sad,
A tear-filled eye when things seemed bad,
A clasp of the hand when you're most in need
Are the things that count in thought and deed.

~ Hallie Spencer, 1940
Eugene Hospital
The Eugene Guard newspaper

I Know You Are There

In this capricious universe
Of planet, moon and star,
And people by the millions,
I wonder where you are.
I look at others closely,
And now and then I see,
The eyes of my beloved
Smiling back at me.

A Woman's Book of Writings
~ Elizabeth Tyler Brown

Elizabeth Tyler Brown was a regular contributor to *Groundwaters* until her passing several years ago. Her poetry, however, will live on, thanks to her family's willingness to share.

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Tuscaloosa, Alabama; I Was There

By Dolly Ruth Smith

I recently saw the devastation caused by the tornadoes in the east and south. They showed pictures of Tuscaloosa, Alabama in shambles. I could not believe what I was seeing. I attended the University of Alabama in 1942 and 1943, just after Pearl Harbor was bombed on December 7, 1941, and we were at war.

At Christmastime my mother and I left Berkeley, California and traveled by train. It was filled with soldiers in uniform. (We called them “cattle trains,” as we seemed to stop at every town along the way.)

It was Christmas Eve when we arrived in Tuscaloosa and stayed at a motel where we heard country music down the street most of the night.

When the holidays were over we rented an apartment and I started college. I had applied a long time ago. The Air Force servicemen and the Royal Air Force (who wore blue uniforms) were stationed at the university.

I moved into a dormitory and mother went home – back to Connecticut.

I had a roommate in the dorm. We became good friends, but she was from Oak Park, Illinois, and did not like living in the south. There were so many girls there, always popping in to visit, it was hard to find time to study. In those days they were very strict and did not allow women to room where men lived.

I eventually moved out of the dorm into a rooming house. I had a small attic room on the 3rd floor in an old house. Late one afternoon when I got home, the man who owned the place was running tubing up the stairs to my room to put in a gas heater so I could stay warm. He was blind. I was very touched. He and his wife owned the house.

I found another house that served meals for a very modest amount of money. It was some of the most delicious food I’d ever eaten, even though some, like grits and blackeyed peas, were unfamiliar to me. There was a negro cook in the kitchen and she made the best cornmeal pancakes I had ever eaten. We used molasses on them, which was also new to me.

After the 1st semester, I thought I’d stay for summer school, but I held off paying the tuition. The first class started at 7 a.m., and the nights were so hot, I couldn’t sleep. It was too much for me – I left and went by train to New York where my dad lived in an apartment in Manhattan.

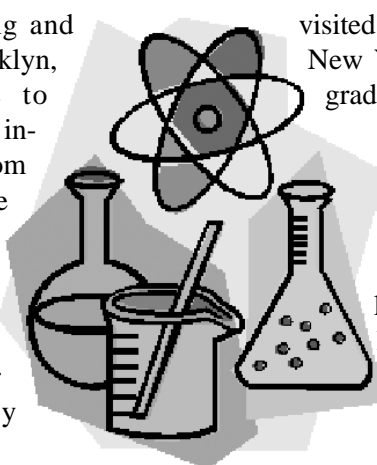
From there I traveled to Marlborough, Connecticut, where my oldest sister, Anne, and her husband, Fred, lived in a huge log cabin made of chestnut logs. Those trees no longer grow in the U.S.

Fred traveled to Hartford to work and I went with him to work for Pratt and Whitney Aircraft, where airplane parts

were made. Due to the war, I saw only women there. I worked at a long table with two other women – all of us inspecting the same master rod bearing and writing down the measurements. I made enough money to pay tuition for the next semester in Alabama.

The second year I was at college, I was offered a job as a chemistry lab assistant. The class was for the soldiers. All around me were men in uniforms. To this day I cannot remember much about the class, but I well remember my friendships with some of the men. We sat outdoors in the evening and from Brooklyn, New York, where I had gone to grade school. One of the most interesting was the man from England in the blue uniform. His name was R o b e r t Pinkerton.

Every late afternoon you could hear men singing the Air Force song as they marched up the street.



There was still segregation – something I did not see in New York. In one of my classes, a guy was teasing me and called me a “Damned Yankee.” He was smiling and friendly but it made me realize how deeply they had been brought up to resent the Civil War.

Some of my girlfriends invited me to their homes on weekends. Their families were very poor, and in one town, I saw the men walking home from the coal mines – their faces all black with coal dust.

It was amazing to me that they managed to send their daughters to college. All the families were very kind and hospitable to me.

Too many memories. It is time to say “goodbye” to Tuscaloosa and be grateful I had a chance to live there.

Goodbye, yu all!

Dolly Ruth Smith was a biology major at UCLA after leaving the University of Alabama. She then worked as an instructor and histologist at the University of Oregon while working on her Masters Degree in Biology. Her late husband, Damon Smith, worked for the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Agency and was also a WWII veteran and a rancher.

“My husband and daughter, Judy, are both gone now and I moved to a retirement residence in Junction City three years ago to be with people.

“I was overjoyed when I found a copy of Groundwaters a couple of years ago. It is an excellent magazine. Thank you for your efforts and good works.”

With Apologies to Kafka

By Martha Sargent

*Gregor Samsa woke one morning to find he had been turned into a giant.**

What rubbish, thought Elise, and she laid the book aside, turned out the light and closed her eyes. It was quiet, her husband not yet home even though it was very late. It was easy to slip into a dreamless state. Warm and secure, she slept until morning and woke to find Matthew now beside her. Elise put on a robe, washed her face and left for the kitchen to start breakfast.

This morning, as with many others before, Matthew made his appearance, smiled, ate his eggs in one minute flat and left for work with only one word in parting. A peck on the cheek and he was gone.

Elise cleaned the dishes and sat down at her desk. She fiddled with her schedule, noting her chores for the day. Two statistical reports should be delivered to her employer. Then she could meet a friend for lunch.

"I checked my calendar," she told Laura as she sipped iced tea. "Matt came home late twenty-one times last month. Not just nine or ten o'clock but six or seven a.m., just in time to change for work. He barely speaks. No apologies; no excuses. Acts almost like I'm not there."

"Oh, dear." Laura was sympathetic. "Is he working on a big project?"

"Can you find out since you're in the same building?"

"I'll try." Laura moved the conversation to another topic, and Elise wondered, *Why doesn't she encourage me to talk about it? Other friends would pester me like crazy.*

Elise completed two more errands after lunch, and then out of curiosity she decided to check Matt's office. She sat in the window seat of a coffee shop across the street and pondered Matt's recent cold behavior. She hoped staring at the outside of his building would provide her some insight. Nothing came to her. Then, just as she took her last sip, Matt and Laura exited the building and got into a taxi. Elise's hand shook as she set her cup down.

As she hurried away, Elise dialed Matt's number, and his secretary said he was in closed meetings and couldn't talk. Laura's secretary said the same thing. At home there was a phone message from Laura stating that Matt was involved in a big project with several deadlines. Nothing to worry about.

The naive wife held her forehead in both hands to stop the pounding, but to no effect. A Valium helped. She laid down for a nap, resigned to the notion that Matt would be home late again. Very late.

Elise opened her eyes to a darkened room. *I could have sworn I heard purring*, she thought. She stretched, hopped from the bed, and moved to the dresser mirror. Then she fainted.

Awake again at three in the morning she was still a cat, and Matt wasn't home — a fortunate thing this time. Elise sat on the dresser trying to decide what to do.

Am I a cat or a woman gone crazy?

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She resisted the urge to lick her paw. Then she heard Matt open the front door, and before she could give it any thought, she was over his feet, out the door, and down the hallway. She heard him curse as she slid around a corner. She peeked back to see what Matt would do. Nothing. The door was closed.

Elise curled up outside a neighbor's doorway, shaking. Her thoughts were wild and nearly hysterical, but she knew that this neighbor liked cats, and she hoped Hillary would take her in.

What the hell's happening to me? I've got to buy some time to figure this out.

Around seven a.m. Elise's neighbor reached down for her newspaper, and Elise scampered inside. With a bemused smile, Hillary found some tuna and fed her. "Don't worry. You're safe," she told her new companion.

Hill and Elise got along fine, and Elise settled down although she still couldn't fathom her metamorphosis. On the plus side, the pain of Matt's betrayal was sidetracked by the confusion of adjusting to cat life. Over the next several days Elise calculated all the possible consequences of her new existence. She worried she'd never be a human again. But not being Matt's wife was a blessing.

Things were also changing for Matt, and Hillary chuckled as Elise spent all her time with an ear cocked toward the community wall between their flats. They both could hear a low buzz of conversation coming from the other side. Then the buzz got louder as Matt and Laura began to argue. In three months' time it was all over and a succession of other women followed. After six months, the flat was as quiet as when Elise had lived there.

Finally Hillary decided it was time to speak to Elise. "Ah, there you are, Kitty." She was on her pillow next to the wall. "Do you know what you want to do about the divorce?"

Elise looked up and stared. *Why is she asking a cat?*

"I ran into Matt in the hallway and asked him where you were. He said you'd left, and he was filing for divorce. I offered to help pack your clothes to store in the basement in case you came back for them. Can't have him throwing all your good things away, now can we?"

Elise blinked. She scrutinized Hillary's sly smile, took a moment, and then allowed herself to believe it. She ran to Hillary, purring.

"It's almost over. We'll devise a signal to let me know when you want to be Elise again. No big rush. Let him do the divorce by himself."

Now Elise was purring and rubbing against Hill in wild appreciation.

"There, there. I thought you'd like this. Cats are lovely. You didn't think your neighbor would turn you into a nasty old insect, did you?"

* Translation of the first line of *The Metamorphosis*, Franz Kafka, 1915

Money

Money
Don't grow on trees
Some people hand it out
For free

It's hard to earn
So easy to burn
The cost of living
Way too much

It's time to be
More willing
More giving

Conserving and
Concerned
Most of all
Caring
Time is getting tough
Be more like
A team
Not a company

Help each other out
Like back in the days

Do like the
Cowboys and Indians
Hunt and kill
Cook it up
Nobody should ever
Starve

Some people go
without no
Money
It's called
Kindness in the heart

Share more
Love like
ME

~ Lucky Bonk
Brian Hyte

*i'm trying to be more involved in my
community, live a simple life and go back to
the roots and how life use to be... peace love
and happiness is the key.*



Dragonfly at Yellowstone National Park. Photo by Mia Narayan

Timeless Day

I stare without seeing
Listen without hearing
Time seems to stand still
Yet morning is now night
Even though I try
I don't understand why
I rise to walk
But my feet balk
So I sit back down
With a deep frown
If I could feel
Maybe the day
Would seem real
For now I am blocked
In a shell I am locked
Here I stay waiting
For the day
My shell will crack
So my life can get back on track

~ Herbie

Entropic Enterprise

it's over and over again
it started it stopped
and ran in between
it froze and then melted
into eternity
never to be real again

~ Erik Wahl

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Campfire Journeys

There are tales untold yet somehow one remembers,
They echo 'round in your head for quite a long time.
I watched the world unfold in my campfire's embers,
If you'll pardon the intrusion, I'll share my little
rhyme.

I lazed one night by my camp fire bright,
Staring down coals that glowed cherry red.
When the whole wide world suddenly unfurled,
Within the narrow confines of my head.
I bore witness to the mystery of time, space and
history,
I saw it all, right there in the fire.
There was greed and lust, honor and trust,
There was hope and despair amid wanton desire.

I saw drought and the Flood, the battles and the
blood,
The gift of life and the mercy in death.
I saw paupers and kings, angels with wings,
Those unworthy of their next breath.
All creation was my range, what, if anything would I
change,
And should I, if I could?
It seemed the further I traveled, the more I unrav-
eled,
Often I wondered if this was good.

I saw men toil for the gold and the oil,
They went stark raving mad when their money was
gone.
They lay broken and shattered, unaware of what
mattered,
Void of their spirit, withered and wan.
I sailed the high seas and caught the disease,
Of men born under a wandering star.
One truth rang sure, no matter where they were,
They couldn't help being who they are.

In fire there were faces, smiles and embraces,
Vermin in the shadows up to no good.
There were heads hung in shame, deeds to rank to
claim,
Decent folks getting by anyway they could.
It wasn't hard to tell that some roads led to Hell,
Everybody there was there by a choice.
Their days had nearly past, when they finally saw at
last,
They should have listened to the Other Voice.

It seemed the longer I stared, the less I cared,
For the World I gazed upon.
Blindly I groped, I prayed and I hoped,
That I'd live forever and the fire blazed on.
I saw monsters and a ghost, but I was luckier than
most,
I stirred the fire and sparks filled the skies.
I heard the angels sing, and the church bells ring,
I heard the downtrodden and the truth in their lies.

I saw all of God's creatures, stark and void of fea-
tures,
Dancing in the flames and writhing in the coals.
They all called out to me, as if they couldn't see,
That it was too late for me to save their souls.
In the fire time and space, ran amok a fitful pace,
Hell bent to get there but not a clue to where.
On the fire burned, my heart, it ached and yearned,
My stone cold face turned red from the glare.

I was blessed and kissed by the rain and the mist,
I lay my bed on the billowing clouds.
I've spent my days in the wilderness haze,
Far, far away from the maddening crowds.
And I felt a bit unnerved, why had I deserved,
To see in that fire, the way that things are.
And I can roam anywhere, unbridled, free of care,
And I rule o'er the World from my throne upon a
star.

~ Michael J. "Hoss" Barker

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Cookin' With Jen



It's the summery, breezy time of year again... time to get those (late) strawberries harvested or bought, if you want to make jam, and time to make sure everything you need to grow is in the ground. I've been pleasantly surprised that the buzz around the country seems to be about more "victory" style gardening since the economy is making us all more aware of our food budgets.

If you're a make-your-own-preserves type of person, why not try something new this year? I saw a delectable looking strawberry rhubarb jam on Williams-Sonoma's web site, but rather than buy it, I think I'll take a stab at it myself. If I can manage it this year, I plan a lavender-vanilla blueberry conserve, too. It's fun to make delicacies yourself; and what great gifts they make!

To that end, here's a recipe from the F.W. Mc Ness' Cookbook, (Furst-McNess Company, Freeport, Ill, 1908.) It is old fashioned, so use for reference only, please – I don't want any botulism on my account!

Rhubarb Jam

To 6 lbs of Rhubarb, add 6 lbs of sugar and 6 large lemons. Cut the Rhubarb in small pieces. Slice the lemons very thin. Put the fruit in a large bowl and cover with sugar, letting it stand for 24 hours. Boil for about three quarters of an hour. Do not stir more than is necessary, as its great beauty is in its not being all broken up. Put in glasses and cover with paraffin.

I dipped into my collection of old cookbooks to show you this example of an easy summertime menu from a Bureau of Home Economics/US Department of Agriculture pamphlet from WWII. It uses whole foods, by and large, and incorporates many fruits and vegetables. Funny that it has all come around again to being fashionable as well as healthy.

Summer Menu

Breakfast

Cantaloupe
Toast
Eggs and Bacon
Milk or Coffee

Luncheon

Cottage cheese and fruit salad
Corn sticks or muffins
Iced Chocolate

Dinner

Fried Chicken
Mashed Potatoes
Green Beans with Mustard Butter Sauce
Beets
Summer Apple or Peach Tarts

Here's a neat twist on the Cottage Cheese Salad idea, again from the F.W. Mc Ness Cookbook:

Cottage Cheese Salad

2 cups cottage cheese
1 cup small sliced radishes
1 cup diced green onions
1 cup freshly soured cream
Salt and paprika to taste

Mix the ingredients, using only enough cream to moisten sufficiently. Serve with quarters of tomatoes or between two slices of tomatoes. Mayonnaise or French dressing is good with this salad.

If you have any unusual summer salad or preserving recipes, send them in to *Groundwaters*!



Swimming

By Dale Dickson

As a kid, living in Sheakleyville, a small village in Western Pennsylvania during WWII, we had four victory gardens. Each one must have been an acre in size. In one, we grew only potatoes; another one, just corn; and the other two had just about any kind of crop we could grow and eat. My mother got tired of canning vegetables. When we had our root cellar full of potatoes, we gave the rest of the crop away to townsfolk.

Our family would work in the fields all day, hoeing weeds, picking beans, peas, corn and tomatoes. I was just a little kid – about four – and I probably didn't work as hard as what it seems in my memory, but I do know that when Dad told me to do something in the garden, I did it. I knew the consequences of disobeying him.

Mother would call us in for supper at the end of the working day. There wasn't much meat, but we didn't seem to mind. Instead, mother kept us fed with creamed tomatoes on bread, baked beans and an endless supply of fresh vegetables.

After supper, when the dishes were done, we would climb into our bathing suits and wait the obligatory hour before heading out to Sandy Creek and the swimming hole.

Dad believed we had to wait at least one hour after eating before swimming. Something about the blood going to the stomach to digest the food we had eaten. If we used muscles for swimming, the blood would be taken from the stomach to help the muscles used in swimming and, consequently, our stomach would cramp and we could drown.

I always liked the water. Swimming was one of the things I really looked forward to. We would jump into our '38 Chevy and drive the few miles east on the Cochranon Road, eagerly anticipating the fun time we were going to have.

We always took along a shaker of salt. There were leeches in the water, and if they got on us, we were to sprinkle salt on them and they would drop off our bodies. I never had any attach themselves to me, at least in Sandy Creek, and I don't remember seeing them on anyone else, either.

The swimming hole was just downstream from the bridge crossing Sandy Creek. I was told the farmer who owned the land dynamited the creek to deepen it for a swimming hole. There wasn't a diving board, but I remember seeing people jump feet first off the bridge into the water without getting hurt, so it must have been deep enough. The water surface was about ten feet below the bridge.

Dad was an excellent swimmer, and we had a lot of fun in the water with him. He could hold his hand just under the surface of the water and squeeze it as if he were

milking a cow, and the water would squirt way up in the air. I thought that was great, and I tried and tried to do it. I finally learned, but could never squirt the water as high as Dad did.

We built a raft out of scrap lumber. We tied it on the front of the grille of the Chevy and took it with us to the creek. We had a lot of fun playing on it, even though it wouldn't hold more than one person at a time. Our cousin Joe, who lived in Sharon, Pennsylvania, came to visit us for about a week that summer. He was always a lot of fun, and he loved to swim with us. Joe was chubby, and the raft wasn't large enough to hold his weight, but he liked crawling over the top of it, and as he hung on to it, he would hold his breath and pull himself along the underside of it and come up on the other side. I thought that was fantastic. I wanted to play with the raft one day, but Dad wouldn't let me until I could dive off this low rock on the shoreline, and get my head under water on the dive. I must have made two dozen dives before I succeeded in getting a chance to play on the raft – and, I did learn to dive.

I was four when Dad taught me to swim. He had me lie on my stomach on a bench and practice the motions of swimming before I tried them in the water. Then, in the water, with Dad holding me up with a hand beneath my stomach, just as though I was lying on the bench, I made the swimming motions, and in a short time I was swimming on my own. What a thrill!

My brother Deem and I liked to cross the creek just below the swimming hole, where it was shallower and we could walk across. It was really muddy there, and we liked feeling the mud squish between our toes. We were afraid snapping turtles in the mud would grab hold of our toes, but that never happened. There were harmless water snakes, too, but they always avoided us.

We often took a bar of Ivory Soap with us to bathe in the water. The soap floated, so we couldn't lose it. Bathing like that was common practice then before we knew anything about biodegradables and pollution.

I really liked swimming in Sandy Creek, and could hardly wait until the next time we went. After I learned how to swim, I felt I didn't have to wait until after supper; I could go by myself. One day Dad wasn't home, and he gave us a day off from the field work. Mother was doing the wash, and my brothers weren't around. Perhaps they were napping. I had a yearning to go swimming, so I put on my bathing suit – one of those old woolen one piece suits with a built-in top. It probably had many moth holes in it, too. I sneaked a towel and hid on the front porch. When Mother went to the basement to wash another load of clothes, my time had come, and I ran barefooted down

the road toward the swimming hole, dragging my towel behind me. It was about three miles to the creek, but I didn't know anything about distances, and it probably wouldn't have mattered anyway, so I went on my merry way down the road. I stopped at my friend Mary Lou Fisher's place and chatted with her for a while. When I passed the Chenoweth farm I didn't see my pal Richard, so I kept on. I was skipping along on the macadam roadway, anticipating the fun time I was going to have swimming, when I stubbed my toe and nearly tore the right great toenail off. It was bleeding badly, and I couldn't stop it. Even as a four-year-old I knew I needed some help, and I couldn't go swimming with that toe torn open as it was. I knew that I would get dirt into it, so I limped back home and slipped, unseen, into the house. I hid my towel, found Mother, and showed her my wound. She never asked me why I had my bathing suit on or how I injured my toe; she was probably just concerned with dressing my wound. She cleaned it with the universal cleanser, Hydrogen Peroxide, applied Merthiolate to it, and wrapped a loose bandage around the toe, all the time comforting me with her gentle words and soft touch.

I went back to Sandy Creek many times with my family after that incident and became an excellent swimmer. The swimming hole doesn't exist anymore, as it is now the backwaters of a man-made lake. The old bridge has been replaced by a much longer one to span new waters.

The swimming hole may be gone, but the memories will remain forever.

"If you have nothing good to say, then don't say anything at all." My mother, Evelyn Mae Deem



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I desire so to conduct the affairs of this administration that if at the end... I have lost every other friend on earth, I shall at least have one friend left, and that friend shall be down inside of me.
Abraham Lincoln

Where is the Life we have lost in living? Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge? Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?
T. S. Eliot

Bubbling Up

18 & under talent

The following pieces were written by third, fourth and fifth graders at Veneta Elementary School as part of a special writing class taught by Emily Swenson. The kids worked for several weeks on the projects, and were visited by Groundwaters' editor Jennifer Chambers for part of the class. The projects, many of them illustrated, were presented to the families of all the children involved at a pizza party and reading held in Spring, 2011. More stories will be published in future issues. Best of luck to these accomplished and inspiring student writers!

The Cages!

By Kaelyn Hensley



Once there was a red monkey named Harry. One day he was eating a telescope while riding a four-wheeled tuna fish. He rode into the cagey woods and saw a banana. He went to get it and, BOOM! A trap fell down on the monkey. All day he cried, "Help!"

A couple of days later, a purple frog named Rex came into the woods. Rex was hopping along and found Harry. He asked Harry how he got into the cage. Just before Harry could answer, Rex saw a puddle and hopped into it. A cage fell on him, too. Then Harry replied, "That's how!"

About five days later a crocodile named Carey crawled along wandering slowly into the cagey woods. She saw

Rex and Harry in cages. Once she learned their names, she saw a fish. They screamed, "NO!" But it was too late. She picked up the fish and ate it. A minute later, she was in a bamboo cage.

"Wait!" she cried. "How come these cages are bamboo when there is no bamboo around?"

"Never mind," said Carey.

About three long days later a horned lizard named Liz slinked into the cagey woods very fast. Liz saw Carey, Rex and Harry right away. She asked them how they got in those cages. They said that they saw stuff they liked and a cage fell down on them when they touched the things. So they warned her to watch out.

She watched very carefully to avoid stuff that she liked. This one was unexpected. She stopped to rest on a nice log. When Liz sat on it to rest, a bamboo cage fell on her too. She did not like the surprise.

About three weeks later almost the whole town was in cages except for the quintuplets. The five geckoes named Abby, Alice, Amy, Alicia and Ally were going into the woods to find their friends. They saw a lot of cages around. All of them tried to find their friends, but just couldn't find them. Then one of them stepped on a piece of food. KER-PLUNK! A cage fell on all of them.

Now everyone in town was in a cage. The next day a woodsman came into the wood to chop down some trees. He saw all of the animals, smiled at his successful experiment and left the woods. He came back in three days with a hammer, hot glue gun, an axe, paper and a blueprint. He was going to build more cages! When all of the animals saw him, they screamed. Then they told each other that the woodsman was the one that built all of these cages. They all knew that the woodsman didn't speak animal so the animals didn't ask him why he trapped all of these animals.

But the woodsman could speak to the animals. Because the animals could understand English. So there he was in the woods, building one of his traps while the animals were just sitting in the cages. Finally the woodsman finished his cages and left the weird, cagey woods.

The next three days were horrible. The animals were all stuck in cages with nothing to do. Finally the woodsman came back and told the animals how to get out. Once they were out, all the animals tackled the woodsman, tied him up in a rope, and he screamed.

He still had his construction sheets out to build the cages. The animals followed the directions and built the woodsman a cage. When it was done, the animals threw him in it and left him to rot!

After 5 days, they all went out into the woods and let the woodsman out. But when they did they untied him, beat him up, then went back home. The woodsman learned his lesson of locking animals up in cages and never did it again. Then he went home to get ice for his eye.

The Rat Who Wanted To Be a Pet

By Bailey Lee

Once upon a time there was a rat named George. He lived in a snack machine. One day he went out to get a snack in the snack machine. A janitor caught him! He tried to scurry out, but the janitor was squeezing him too tight! He finally did it when he bit the janitor. The janitor dropped him!

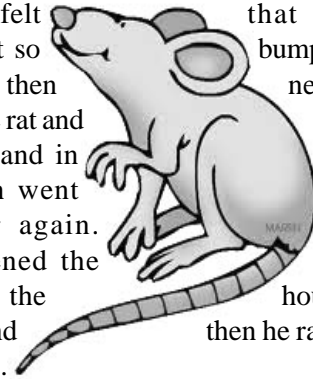
"Yay!" he said to himself. "Oh, wait! I'll hit the ground! Aaah!" Luckily he landed on a trash bag, so it wasn't so hard of a trip.

He almost had his breath back when there was a dead cat in the garbage can. That almost gave him a heart attack!

A few minutes later, he finally caught his breath. Then he found a little boy. He heard the boy's name is Benny. He wanted to be Benny's pet, but how could he tell Benny that he wanted to be his pet?

He climbed onto the little boy. The little boy's mom kicked the rat off her son! The rat got so sad.

Then he toughened up and jumped into Benny's stroller, and he felt that they were moving! He felt so bumpy, and finally it stopped! And then the next thing you know, George the rat and the stroller were folded up and in the trunk of a car! He then went bump, bump, bump all over again. Until it stopped. They opened the stroller up and took it into the house. They set it by the door, and then he ran out and hid behind the couch.



He watched Benny and his mom. He tried to sneak out from under the couch. But he stayed because he thought that Benny's mom was going to catch him. He saw the mom's foot going by. She had big, bright pink and black sneakers on. He ran to Benny's room. Luckily, the mom didn't notice! When he got into the room, he put on a costume. He was disguised as a hamster now. But his hamster suit was too big! He went all through the house to find another hamster costume.

So he started traveling all through the house. He heard a rat voice. He looked around the corner, and there was another rat!

George went over to the other rat and told him his whole story. He asked, "Can you help me with a favor?"

"Sure!" said the rat. His voice was funny and loud. "My name is Gary. Whatcha need?"

"I need to be that little boy's pet," said George.

"Sure! I can do that! All you need to do is to say this magic vow and you can be his pet!" George didn't know that Gary was a magic rat. "Just say this: 'I will always be a loyal pet to Benny.' Okay?"

So he said it. "I will always be a loyal pet to Benny."
And he turned into a teddy bear hamster! And then he went over to Benny's mom. She said, "Hey, Benny, I finally found a pet for you! He's a teddy bear hamster!"

And Benny said, "Teddy!" and that was George's new name, and he loved it. He turned out to be Benny's pet after all.

Bob, The Super Alien

By Riley Chambers

Once upon a time, there was an alien. He was created by Dr. Riley. The alien had one eye and two noses. He had nine mouths and four ears. He had 172 teeth and 137 tentacles. He also had 30 antennae. He also had one belly button.

Dr. Riley was only ten years old! He was a mad scientist. His science teacher was Dr. Severe. Dr. Riley's mom and dad's names were Dr. Ryan and Dr. Jennifer.

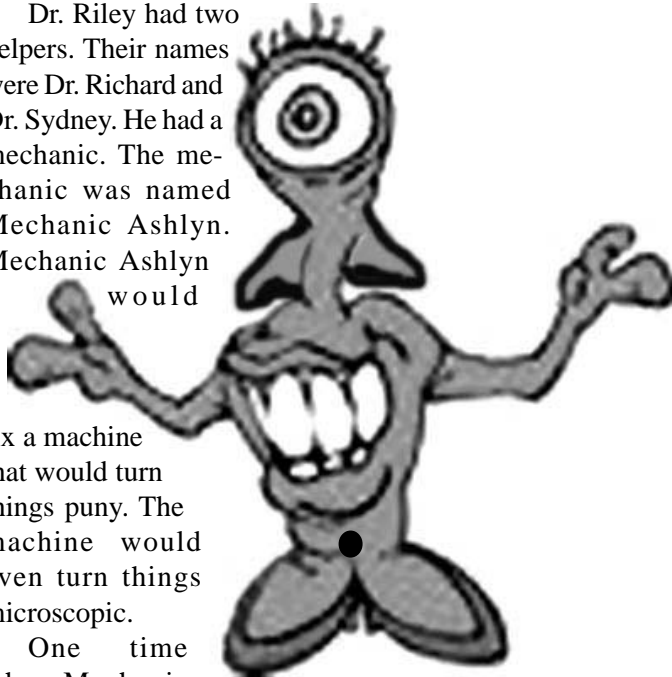
Dr. Riley had two helpers. Their names were Dr. Richard and Dr. Sydney. He had a mechanic. The mechanic was named Mechanic Ashlyn. Mechanic Ashlyn would

fix a machine that would turn things puny. The machine would even turn things microscopic.

One time when Mechanic Ashlyn was fixing a fire machine, she accidentally broke the tube with fire in it and it caught the whole machine on fire!

Just as the machine caught on fire, Dr. Riley and his helpers created the alien. The alien sensed the fire and jumped to his feet. The alien used special powers the doctors had given him, and put out the fire. The doctors named the alien, Bob the Super Alien.

After that, things were back to normal: the doctors doing all the crazy experiments; Mechanic Ashlyn fixing broken machines. The only thing that was different was that Mechanic Ashlyn was saying "I'm sorry" about a hundred times. But even that was pretty normal, because Mechanic Ashlyn often messed things up.



The Adventure of The Cotton Candy Queen

By Kaycee Monagon

Dedicated to Samantha Monagon, as she leaves for the Army

There was a cotton candy queen who felt like she was getting left out of her friends. Her whole body was made out of cotton candy. She was purple and fluffy. She wore white pants and purple shoes. She had a black shirt on.

She was writing a story about a frog. She was at the park, looking at all the frogs jump. She was feeding the birds some bread, and letting them have a drink. She picked up her pencil, and she started to fall apart. So she tried to figure out what was going on.

She went to a cotton candy store. She started stuffing her self with cotton candy. She went home. She was worried that her cotton candy would fall off. She kept on holding on so it wouldn't fall out.

The next day she started to grow a moustache. She tried to shave it off but it just didn't come off. When she did shave it, her cotton candy came off to. Her friends laughed at her. They were trying to be cool. Even one girl that her hair popped off and they didn't laugh at her.

So the cotton candy queen was thinking and she thought that some one put a curse on her. The cotton candy queen was watching TV and a commercial came on. The TV said if you have a curse and you don't want it call this number. She called the number. The person who she was talking on the phone with gave her a place to meet the person who would take the spell away from her.

The person's name was Bob. She walked up and saw someone who looked like a little troll. She asked him, "Is your name Bob?"

"Yes, I am Bob," he said. He knew that she didn't have a curse, because he could just feel it. "I'm sorry, I cannot help you. You don't have a curse."

She went home and she felt weird. She looked at herself and she started touching her face. It felt strange. She turned off the light, and her whole entire face was glowing! So every time she turned off the light, her face glowed.

The next day, she was walking down the street and soccer balls kept hitting her. She even got hit inside her house! She said, "Ouch!" She wondered why the soccer balls kept on hitting her inside the house.

She bought a dog. She needed a friend so that she wouldn't be lonely. She loved him so much that she spoiled him. The dog was brown. Its name was Nick. What the Cotton Candy Queen didn't know was that Nick was a spy. He contacted people from the Cotton Candy Queen's house. He sometimes licked the Cotton Candy

Queen's cotton off. She looked like a sheep that had rolled in dirt and lost its fleece.

She went off to a lake that had a lot of chocolate in it. She tried a little. Her dog tried a little too.

Then she went to a place called Flower Land. You could jump on it all you wanted to. It was a place that had no rules. There was only one rule. That there are no rules! Everything you jump on changes colors. Because of your mood.

She wanted to do something else. So she went to Wonder Park. You think of things that don't exist. Then they come true! She thought of a peanut that talks, and it came true. She was surprised. She thought that could never happen. The peanut started talking to her. The peanut is brown. He likes purple shoes. He liked the Cotton Candy Queen's purple shoes, too. He had a green and yellow hat. He always wears it. He has some gold in his hat.

The dog got jealous because the Cotton Candy Queen seemed to like the peanut better than the dog. So he tried to dress himself like a peanut. She said, "Now where did my dog go?" She started to look everywhere. She even forgot about the peanut.

She finally found the dog. She asked, "Where were you?"

He said, "I was here the whole time!"

"Oh, I did not know you were there."

"Yeah, I was always here."

The peanut's magic hat floated in the air. It put a magic spell on the dog. So everything that happened with the cotton candy queen happened to the dog.

She put a bone down on the floor so that the dog would eat it. She put peanut in time out. He did not like it! The peanut got so mad that he got the dog and took his legs, and threw them on the mud pile. He was in *big* trouble.

The Cotton Candy Queen got a penguin to be the dog's body guard. The body guard hired a pencil and two birds to be *his* bodyguards. The birds kept getting stuck in the Cotton Candy Queen's fluff! She said, "Everyone STOP!!!"

She started to feel weird. A little bit of her cotton candy started to come back.

She thought about her problems all night. She did not get any sleep.

She had to go to her grandma's the next day. She got there and told her grandma about her problem with her friends not liking her. And to top it off, strange things kept happening to her. Her grandma had had the same problem as a kid. She said you had to believe in yourself. She had

to go right when she was going to ask her grandma, "Believe in what?"

She went home and started doing research on what she meant by "believe in yourself". She started asking her grandma's friends. One of her friends said, "She one time said something about believe in yourself. She said, 'Listen to what your heart tells you.'"

She went home and thought about what her friend told her. She tried to listen to her heart, but all it did was nothing. She thought so hard that she missed breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

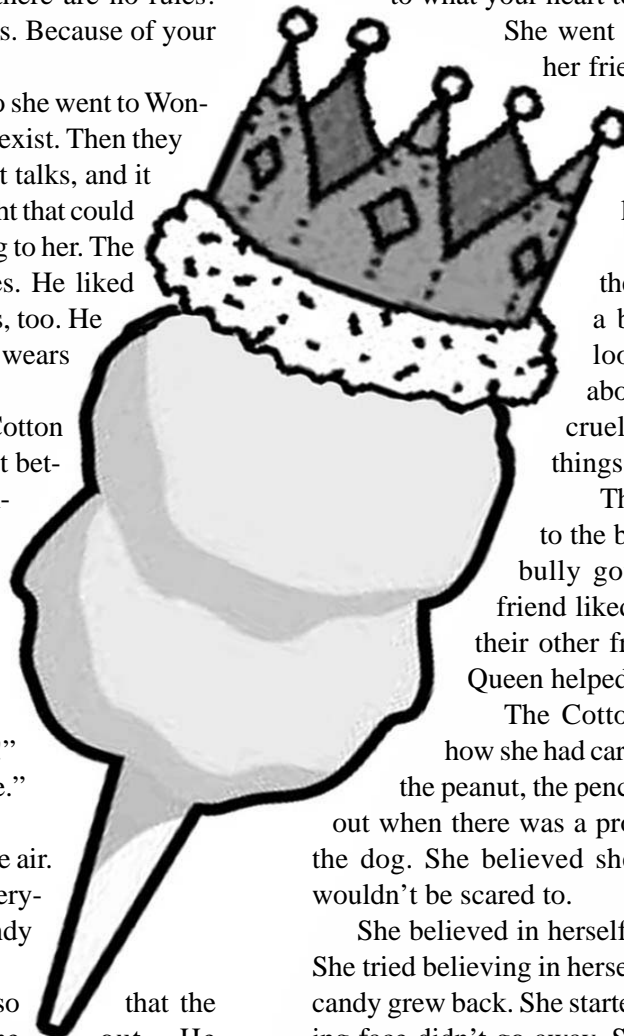
Then she was walking by the park, and her old friends and a bully got in a fight. The fight looked like two people arguing about dinner. The bully was being cruel. He was saying really mean things about the girl.

The Cotton Candy Queen went up to the bully and said, "Back off!" The bully got scared of her and left. Her friend liked her again. She started telling their other friends how The Cotton Candy Queen helped her with the bully.

The Cotton Candy Queen remembered how she had cared for her friends: Nick the dog, the peanut, the pencil bodyguard. She helped them out when there was a problem between the peanut and the dog. She believed she could help people, and she wouldn't be scared to.

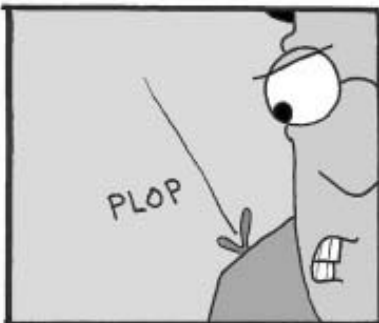
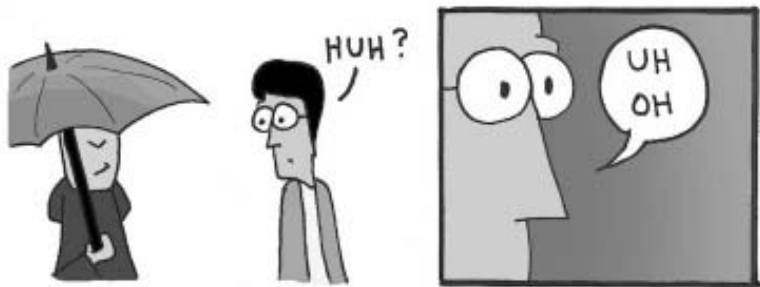
She believed in herself, and her moustache came off. She tried believing in herself a lot more, so that her cotton candy grew back. She started to think about why her glowing face didn't go away. She figured out that she put on this face stuff that was actually glow in the dark stuff.

The peanut had to leave to the house and go back to his own house. The dog got his curse off. The Cotton Candy Queen forced the peanut to take the curse off the dog. The two birds turned into a nice couple. The pencil stayed as a pencil. But it turned out to be a super pencil. He saved the day when people were in trouble. The dog retired from being a spy. He stayed with the Cotton Candy Queen. The Cotton Candy Queen was friends now with the people who made fun of her. She loved the dog to be around her.



We should consider every day lost on which we have not danced at least once. And we should call every truth false which was not accompanied by at least one laugh. *Friedrich Nietzsche*

...JUST ADD WATER



~ Nick DeAngelo

Veneta/Elmira Elementary School Registrations

Veneta and Elmira Elementary Schools have registration for Fall term this August. All students need to register. Come in from 7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. on Aug. 23; 7:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. on Aug. 24; and 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon on Aug. 25 to get your child signed up. The school semester starts September 6, 2011. Get ready for a great year!

Veneta Farmer's Market

Make sure to visit the Veneta Farmer's Market every Friday afternoon from 2:00-6:00 p.m. Formerly on the corner of Territorial and Broadway, it is now located at the corner of Territorial and Luther Lane, just south of Highway 126. Come find fruit, veggies, honey, crafts, fresh bread, flowers, herbal vinegars, and much more.

Applegate Field Daze

Saturday, July 23, from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. come to Bolton Hill Fields in Veneta for the Applegate Field Daze. A fundraiser for the MLCP emergency assistance fund, it's a day of games, vendors, crafts, contests, and old-fashioned family fun.

Oregon Country Fair

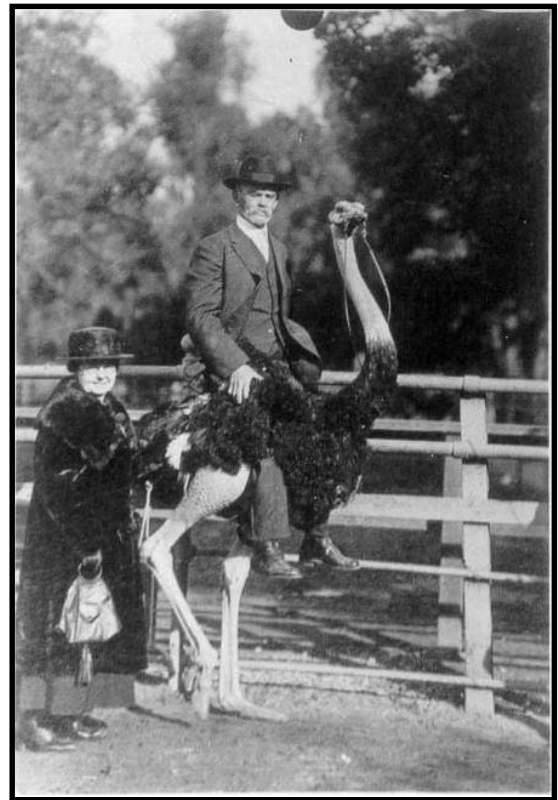
July 8, 9, and 10, don't forget the Oregon Country Fair! The Fair is a magical blend of music, food, costumes, live entertainment, fun, art, and frolic for everyone from babies to grandparents. Check at <http://www.oregoncountryfair.org> for all of the information you'll need, including tickets, transportation and camping options.

Fern Ridge Library Programs

The next Community Programs at the Fern Ridge Public Library will be "Solar Electrical Systems" on July 19. Look at the Friends of the Library Newsletter, available at the Library's front desk, for all of the variety of Community Programs that are offered each month. These are part of what makes the Fern Ridge Library a fantastic resource.

Fern Ridge Beef Pit Barbeque

The fifty-sixth annual Fern Ridge Beef Pit barbeque is Sunday, July 31, from 12:00 noon to 5:00 p.m. at the St. Catherine of Siena Church, 25181 E. Broadway, Veneta. This event is full of great food, fun games for the kids, and live music. Don't miss the homemade desserts!



Emma & Tommy Osman...The ultimate transportation circa early 1900s.

2nd Annual Mother Earth Festival

On Saturday, August 20, from 10:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., Stillpoint Farms in Veneta will host its 2nd Annual Mother Earth Festival. The festival "honors, celebrates, and supports women and the Sacred Feminine through music, art, food, produce, and the healing arts. Information put out by Stillpoint says it "includes healing workshops and demonstrations, art and music workshops, story-telling, multimedia, labyrinth walk, and live music." More can be found through the farm at <http://stillpointfarms.com>.

Lorane Old-Timers' Picnic & Ice Cream Social

The Lorane Old-Timers' Picnic will be held at the Lorane Grange on Sunday, August 14. On the same day, the Lorane Fire Department will be hosting it's annual Lorane Ice Cream Social. Both events start about noon. Watch the bulletin board for times.



If you like what you read, pass it on