



The High Prairian

"All the news that's print to fit."

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NOTICES

Fire Volunteers meet the 1st Tuesday of each month at 7:00 PM at the Fire Hall for equipment maintenance and the 2nd and 4th Tuesday for training.

Fire Commissioners meet the 3rd Thursday of each month at 7:30 PM at the Fire Hall.

High Prairie Community Council meets the 4th Thursday of each month at 7:00 PM at Taylor's church.

High Prairie Historical Society meetings are held quarterly on the 4th Sunday of March, June, and September and the 1st Sunday of December beginning at 2:00 PM. The September meeting will be held at the home of Tom and Gail Amery.

High Prairie Songsters 4th Monday at 7:30 PM at Morning Song Acres.

Lyle School Board meets the next to last Tuesday of each month at 7:00 PM at the Boardroom, Lyle High School.

When requesting medical assistance or reporting a fire CALL 911



WELCOME TO HIGH PRAIRIE
Cal Edwards

The County recently installed our "Welcome to High Prairie" signs on Centerville Highway. We thank Bjorn Hedges, County Engineer, for his help with this project. This was one of the projects, which was on our original 5-year plan of community projects. While the size and color of the signs ended up somewhat different from some of the designs we discussed, everyone I have talked to likes the new signs. Now we expect anyone who drives from Goldendale to Lyle to know where our HIGH PRAIRIE Community is located. We still hope to get "Don't Litter" signs some time in the future.

COMMUNITY CENTER REPORT

Audrey Bentz

Committee members toured some of the local fire department/community centers (Appleton, Husum, Cherry Lane), and will report ideas gained from their research. Meanwhile, a new basic design will be presented for ideas and critique at the August 25th High Prairie Community Council meeting. The Building Committee supports a "first step" construction on Schilling Road area, but meanwhile is exploring a Struck Road facility as well.

BE AWARE

Sharon Aleckson

It is time for school once again. Children along the bus routes will be waiting to be picked up for school or being delivered home after school. Watch for signs along the highways and roads that indicate that there is a school bus stop ahead. SLOW DOWN! CAUTION! We want our area children to have a safe and happy school year.

GET WELL WISHES

Dona Taylor

Cal Edwards and Bob Dove were patients at the Emanuel Hospital in Portland. Both are now home.

Bob Edwards, Charles Gardner, Martha Hamil, Earl Kemp, and Lowell & Mary Turner have all been experiencing some minor down time, and we are happy to report are doing much better. Your High Prairie friends wish you all the best.

P.S. If we have missed any of our High Prairie neighbors we apologize.



The High Prairian

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WELCOME NEW NEIGHBORS

Sharon Aleckson

Several families have received welcome baskets since our last newsletter. Simon and Heidi Fisher and daughter Kaiyalyn moved in to a place just off Schilling Road.

Joel and Damaris Estrada and their two girls live at 848 Centerville Highway. They will be building a home on Mt. Budmore Road.

Steve and Nancy Jenkins have moved here from the Coeur d' Alene area. They are also in the process of building a home on Mt. Budmore Road.

Also moving into the area and being welcomed are Gene and Sally Zitterkopf who are at home at 225 Schilling Road; Dan and Michelle Maurice, 1055 High Prairie Road; and Richard and Lynn Harrison with children Rachel and Joshua. Lynn is Batya Momb's daughter and they reside on Schilling Road.

Each family is looking forward to meeting new neighbors and enjoying the beauty that High Prairie has to offer. Welcome to our community!!!!

HIGH RISK LIFE ON HIGH PRAIRIE!

Audrey Bentz

It seems summer has taken its toll for some of our residents.

Bob Dove suffered major arm injury after getting it pinned in a "wagon topple" for five hours! After a stay at Emanuel Hospital in Portland, with continued therapy, he is healing.

Then, Lowell Turner, while also assisting a neighbor, fell off a ladder and did some major damage to his hands. He seems to be healing okay after his Emergency Room treatment.

Then Martha Hamil ended up in Skyline Emergency with a fish hook in her finger!

You can ask Arlen Aleckson about his "runaway" hay wagon, but don't expect a cheery response ☺!

We've exceeded our accident quota for the year — take care everyone!



HIGH PRAIRIE AREA CHANGING

Douglas Taylor

To demonstrate the changes in both roads and residences in the last several years, we were visiting with a former resident now living in The Dalles. They mentioned touring the Prairie and trying to find their former home— without success. This of course tickled my funny bone, realizing there have been many changes but never thinking one could get lost on High Prairie.

The main road has been shortened over the years, and some roads have been paved. There are now many new side roads and new houses are visible along many of the roads.

Traffic has increased, with many people from the Goldendale and Yakima areas using the Centerville Highway as a shortcut to Lyle instead of using the Maryhill river route. I have seen many vehicles going through towing boats; an interesting sight to me as generally there were no neighbors using boats in the old days to do their farm work.

Besides the increase of people and homes, there has been an increase of the four-legged variety. Deer seem to love our roses, shrubs and fruit trees.

We are seemingly getting an increase of cougars also, who love the deer.

I have noticed coyotes not only coming in the yard at night, but the occasional one coming in during the day. They are looking for some easy pickings, such as an unfortunate cat or unlucky chicken

Land prices here, although increasing considerably in the last few years, still seem quite reasonable compared to western Washington prices.

Last year we had one of the driest winters one can remember. Then along came the spring rains, growing an abundance of grass. Now we are into another dry spell with tinder-dry conditions. We have been fortunate that we have had no range fires. There has been a minimum of lightening, but most of all, thanks especially to everyone for being careful.

A BIG THANK YOU...

...to Jim Koch who recently mowed the 'Lone Pine Cemetery. It looks great.

A HIGH PRAIRIE THANK YOU

Sharon Aleckson

The High Prairie Community Council would like to thank Cascade Propane for donating the burners, controls, and hoses for the barbeque grill that was built by Arlen Aleckson and Earl Kemp. Many people enjoyed the food that was cooked on the grill during the Firehouse Sale in May. Then the grill was taken to Tom and Lozetta Dolls' where everyone enjoyed hamburgers and a great potluck. As of this printing, the grill is still at the Dolls'. It is available for use by any of our High Prairie neighbors for family reunions, weddings, parties, or get-togethers. Call 365-4429 if you are interested in using it for an event.



Arlen Aleckson (r) and Earl Kemp (l) at the barbeque.

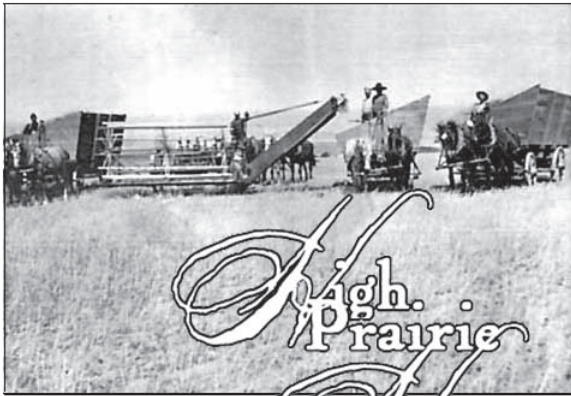
WORKING AT "DAY OUT WITH THOMAS"

Lozetta Doll

The coffers of the High Prairie Community Council are \$700 richer thanks to the efforts of the men and women who worked one day in late June at Mt. Hood Railroad's "Day Out With Thomas, the Tank Engine."

Polly Johnson, coordinator of the event in Hood River, would like to see the High Prairie group work again next year as the volunteers did such a great job. Even though it was an exhausting day, it was fun also, and heart warming to see so many young families and toddlers enjoying themselves.

"Day Out With Thomas" is a national tour that began in the United States in 1996. The events are an opportunity to capture the hearts of a new generation of train enthusiasts and to earn revenue to support programs of restoration and preservation.



Douglas Taylor

HAULING WHEAT

Reprinted from the book, *Sketches of Early High Prairie* by Nelia Tate-Fleming.

The Tates came to the Prairie in 1884, and after Nelia grew up, she moved away returning in 1949 to see the drastic changes for the time, instead of a family on almost every quarter section, the whole area was farmed by a very few men.

NOW, she writes in 1949, cars and trucks whiz over the roads of High Prairie. But during our experiences there, the only means of traveling or hauling was by horsepower.

Our ranch home was sixteen miles from Lyle, our nearest store of importance, and our nearest wheat market.

In the fall when the wheat was threshed, Wallie hauled it and piled it in great high piles in a certain shed of our large barn. This shed was roomy enough that the two wheat wagons could be backed into it beside the piles of sacked and stacked wheat.

In the evening the two wagons were loaded to capacity before we retired for the night.

Early in the morning, long before daylight, six horses were hitched to the wagons and the trek to Lyle was begun. This was a momentous trip.

The horses knew their business. There was the wheel team, hitched next to the wagon. These were the heaviest, most dependable team. Then the middle team, called the swing team, and in front, the lead team. These leaders became very wise. Two large wagons and six horses make a long awkward assemblage. The roads were narrow and crooked and steep, much of the distance, over the mountainsides, where to miss the road a few inches would mean that horses, and driver and wagons would go plunging hundreds of feet down those steep hills. The lead

team soon learned to lead his load carefully, swinging out at just the right degree on the sharp corners, to allow the other four horses, and the wagons the proper amount of road, on the sharp turns. The leaders also always wore the teaming bells. These bells gave warning to any team coming that a load was near, so that a "turn out" in the road could be found, and the two teams could pass.

The roads from High Prairie all led into one main road at a certain point, the Hinnell Place, so the drivers all tried to reach that point first, and take the lead of the caravan of wheat wagons. If they were in the lead, they could get unloaded earlier, and so get started home earlier, as most of them had chores to do at home, besides loading their wagons for the next trip. These were busy and exciting times.

On the homeward journey, the men would often visit his neighbor for a short time in the adjoining wagon. The roads were so narrow that there was no choice as to where the teams should go, so the lines were tied around the whip socket, or some other secure place, and the driver would run to the neighbor's wagon, leaving the lead team to pilot the other horses and the wagons, which they expertly and safely did.

The teaming bells performed yet another duty, besides acting as a warning to travelers. Each wife knew her husband's bells as well as she knew the color of his eyes.

I could hear Waffle's teaming bells while he was still a half-mile from home. I'd listen carefully for them, and after the first sound, I'd have ample time to finish dinner, and so have a hearty meal piping hot, when my weary traveler arrived. And there was usually some little gift tucked away in the pocket of his heavy, blanket-lined ducking coat, for Allene and Nola and me.

Visit our web site: http://www.highprairie.us/history/binford_fleming/sketches.html to read the rest of the book.

TELEPHONES AS WE ONCE KNEW THEM

Richard Smith

Editors note: *Having grown up at the same time as Dick Smith, High Prairie phones and our service was approximately the same. Our main operator was in Lyle. If the phone rang you had most neighbors' attention. I noticed that Dick mentioned buying the old phones for a dollar, they apparently were better bargainers, because*

the Telephone Company asked us \$6.00, which no one accepted. Dick had read an excerpt from a book where the author described calling home while in the service circa 1950. The following is Dick's story:

He had a problem with the big city operator about the name of the town when he couldn't come up with a number. In their little rural community it was just two longs and a short ring. He didn't think there was a number. As with this fellow, when I called home in the 1950's you could hear the operators going from town to town. For example placing the call from San Diego, CA, the operator would relay to Los Angeles, then to Sacramento, then to Portland, OR, then to Hood River, then to White Salmon, WA then to the number. After a few of these calls I could even clue the operator as where to go next. Automated switching helped, but did eliminate a lot of operator jobs.

Until about 1960 we still had the old crank telephones. In our case, when we moved to the Husum service station in 1955, we had a crank phone and were on a party line with 21 other people. Everyone had a number, but you heard every ring, ours was two shorts and a long and, the number was 57F07. Most of the time we didn't bother to go through the operator, if you were calling a neighbor, you just cranked his ring.

People were considerate of others and would give up the line if they were just visiting. You certainly didn't want to say anything bad about a neighbor or anything of a confidential nature as 21 others could and many times did listen in.

We had several of the new services that they now charge for, built into the system.

Call forwarding: If you were at a neighbors and someone called you at home your ring came in everywhere, so you could just answer from wherever you were.

Conference calls: As stated above, if you wanted to you could conference with all 22 people on your line.

Call waiting: If they were on your line they could just butt in with what they wanted to say.

When we started the Fire Department at Husum in 1956, we just called the operator and told her that if anyone reported a fire to crank five long rings. When this happened, the alarm rang into every fireman's house as we were all on the same line.

When the Telephone Company finally replaced the old hand crankers they would let you have

your old phone for \$1.00. If we had picked up a bunch we would have done quite well, as these phones now sell in the antique stores for several hundred dollars. Isn't 20/20 hindsight great?

IN MEMORIAM MILDRED E. (MORRIS) RILEY

Mildred was born January 24, 1915 in Sara, Washington and came to High Prairie with her parents when just a toddler of three. Growing up on the Prairie was challenging for young families. Everyone did their part to reach the family goals and to survive the rigors of early pioneer life. Her family built the log home that is still standing at the end of Morris road after a fire destroyed the original home. However, it was a time that she acquired fond memories.

She attended school at the Hartland School, and the graduation exercises were held in the Hartland Baptist church. Transportation to school was by riding horseback a couple miles or more. Mildred was very talented artistically, although she did not pursue this as a profession.

Mildred left the Prairie as a young woman, married and lived in Goldendale and White Salmon for many years, never returning to the Prairie to live. She did visit often however, and in her latter years was a member of our local Historical Society. She always thought of High Prairie as home and had many memories of the area, the people, riding horses and life in those early years.

She was very proud of her four children and their accomplishments and enjoyed telling friends of their many activities. Mildred was a very dedicated, hard worker and this trait was passed on to her offspring.

Mildred passed away on June 23, 2005 and was buried in the I.O.O.F. Cemetery in Goldendale. Her memorial service was held at the Goldendale Grange on July 10, 2005 with a large gathering of friends and relatives. The daughters-in-law, Patty and Connie Riley, each gave a synopsis of her life. It was very well presented and Mildred would have been so very proud. They hope to put her life stories together and preserve them as she had a very colorful, interesting life. We wish them well in this endeavor and extend our condolences.

RECOGNIZING COMMUNITY SERVICE

JAMES AMERY

Lozetta Doll

Whatever is to be said concerning the fourth child of Tom and Gail Amery will probably come from friends, neighbors or associates. James is not comfortable talking about himself or his achievements. Having three older siblings, Cindy, Sally and John, perhaps James found solace at an early age in the quiet of the great outdoors.



can get quite hectic on the farm during the busy summer months.

James signed on as a volunteer fire fighter for High Prairie's Fire District 14 at age 16. He enjoys working with the other volunteers, attending the meetings and responding to calls. He is consumed with the excitement of fire fighting. His pager is a

Tom and Gail Amery moved to High Prairie from Crossfield, Alberta, Canada (close to Calgary) in 1976 – James came along in 1981, their only child born on U. S. soil. He attended schools in Lyle, Dallesport, Hood River and The Dalles. After graduating from high school in The Dalles, he completed a two-year diesel program at Walla Walla Community College. During his last quarter in college, he worked at a farm equipment store in Pendleton. He organized a ski club while attending college and enjoys skiing at Mt. Hood and snowmobiling at Mt. Adams.

James keeps himself busy on the family farm east of Lyle. He does most of the farm machinery maintenance, hauls hay and rock, works the fields, and supervises employees. He is a substitute bus driver for the Lyle School District. He recently purchased and overhauled a logging truck. Things

constant companion and, according to his sister Sally, “goes off in the oddest places when I am with him.” When the Amerys’ rental house burned several months ago, James was driving school bus and was out of range when the first page sounded. He was coming down into Lyle when the second page came through and he kept thinking that the address sounded familiar! He was one of the last volunteers to arrive at the fire but did get to the burning house in time to put on his gear and enter the site.

At community social affairs, James can be counted on to do his share in making sure that the food disappears. His slim and trim shape testifies to a great metabolism and hard work.

In short, James Amery is a good neighbor, a willing volunteer, and a friend to many. This community is all the better for his involvement.

Count that day lost.
If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
 And counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard—
 One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
 If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine in the face—
 No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost—
Then count that day as worse than lost.

— George Eliot

THE CALL TO MECCA

Peyt Turner

Our recent visit to Turkey brought numerous delightful surprises. It is a country rich with pine trees from good reseeding practice, amazing infrastructure, and supposedly the third best airport in the world, which I could believe.

Perhaps our greatest enjoyment was the call to Mecca. This practice is a call to prayer, or *azan*, which comes over the landscape five times daily: at first light of sunrise, just after noon, late afternoon, after sunset and any time at night. It is not intrusive, or irritating, but rather reassuring, and soothing (to my ears, perhaps not the intent for Muslims). We heard it throughout the county, possible by a well-done amplified system that enables all to hear this chant or song.

Its purpose is to present ourselves before God as humble

servants. This call conforms to a set manner, with basic rules for Muslims throughout the world, with ritualistic movements, and physical aspects. The goal is to produce such a meditative state that no distractions keep us from the focus to God.

Its origin was in Medina, Saudi Arabia, (formerly Yathrib), in 622, thus explains the body facing to the East from wherever you are. The first mosque was made of mud bricks, with a roof of palm leaves and wooden poles, and illuminated with torches.

While there we purchased a prayer rug, which I used only once, to ask for God's mercy as Gary's mother died and to watch on my oldest son during a specific time. In any event, we found the religious aspect of the country to be surprisingly delightful and made our trip more meaningful.



Istanbul's Mosque of Sultan Ahmet I is called the Blue Mosque from the blue tiles in the interior of the mosque.

SOUNDS OF LIFE

Tom Doll

With a trumpet of sound from a voiceless womb
I enter an unknown world of endless boom.

The audible sounds that surround me now
Play a melody of rhythm from everyday life,
Providing the meaning to the discord
That raises my brow tonight.

Sounds of laughter will remain engraved
As those waves began to fade.
All the wrinkled lines from time
Is likened to the mighty oak leaves
That fell noiselessly in the shade.

Silence is coming, oh so gently,
As a soft whisper in the night,
Leaving my loved ones murmuring
In the dimness of light.

In silence I lay in a world so mute
Only to be awakened this time
By a blast of a trumpet,
To start another life.



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Dona Taylor (r) and Audrey Bentz (l), two of the High Prairie Songsters, entertain visitors to the High Prairie Fire House Sale last May. If you love to sing, we'd love to have you. The Songsters meet the 4th Monday of the month at Morning Song Acres. Contact Audrey Bentz at 365-3600 for more information.

Our circulation has more than doubled to 1,200 and is now delivered to several communities in Klickitat County. If you have articles or would like to see information on a subject of interest to you and your neighbors, please contact Douglas Taylor at 365-3242 or highprairie@gorge.net.