



The High Prairian

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

Volume Six, Number One

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March 2006

NOTICES

- April 19-25:**
High Prairie roadside cleanup
- May 19-22:**
Community dumpster at Firehall
- May 20-21:**
7th Annual FIREHOUSE SALE
- June 10:**
13-Mile Sale HPCC booth at Lyle Lions club parking lot

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.

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

HP COMMUNITY CLEANUP

County coordinator John Longfellow of the volunteer litter program again is providing us with the necessary items for our 2nd annual roadside cleanup April 19-25. Last year volunteers did a great job and we will be looking for volunteers again this year.

SEVENTH ANNUAL FIREHOUSE SALE

Sharon Aleckson

The dates have been set for this year's Firehouse Sale. Mark your calendars for May 20 and 21. This community event will offer great bargains. There will be new and used household items, furniture, clothing, plants, garden items, and much, much more. A bake sale and a delicious lunch featuring Myrin Bentz's homemade bratwurst with all the fixings will be available for hungry shoppers. The hours for the sale are: Saturday, May 20 from 9 AM to 5 PM, and Sunday, May 21 from 9 AM to 2 PM.

Although the sale does not officially begin until 9:00, come early and enjoy a doughnut or a homemade cinnamon roll and a cup of coffee.

Since this sale is the only fundraiser for Fire District 14 organized by the High Prairie Community Council (High Prairie Neighborhood Association), we need donations of goods, and volunteers to help make this sale the biggest and best. Donated items can be anything from A-Z in good, usable condition.

These items may be brought to the Old Church at Doug and Dona Taylor's if you need a place to store them before the sale. Call the Taylor's at 365-3242 to make arrangements for dropping off your donations.

Otherwise, on May 19 the Fire Hall will be open from 9:00 AM - 5:00 PM and you can bring your sale items there. Remember to ask for a receipt as these donated items are tax deductible. If you need to bring some items to the Fire House Sale before or after these hours call Sharon Aleckson at 365-4429.

If you have donations for the sale but are unable to bring them to the Fire Hall call Sharon Aleckson or Dona Taylor at 365-3242.

Volunteers are needed to make this a successful event. There are many things that need to be done

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GET WELL WISHES

Dona Taylor

To Audrey Bentz who fell and broke a couple ribs. She was very miserable for some time, but is doing much better now.

Andy Anderson spent a few days in the hospital with pneumonia. He is home now and feeling better.

Also Greer Haner had been ill for some time with flu-like symptoms and we hear she is also doing much better.



The High Prairian

P.O. Box 592 Lyle, WA 98635

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FIREHOUSE SALE

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before, during, and after the sale. Before the sale, help is needed with the advertising, setting up for the sale, and baking items (bread, pies, cakes, cookies, etc.) for the bake sale. Help is needed putting up signs along Centerville Highway. During the sale, people are needed to work in four areas: inside the Fire Hall, in the Food Booth, outside the Fire Hall, and in the Parking Area. Household items will be displayed inside the Fire Hall. Cashiers and organizers are needed in this area. The Food Booth is the area where beverages, bratwurst, and bake sale items will be sold. BBQ cooks, servers, cashiers, and organizers are needed here. Outside the Fire Hall there are two areas where help is needed. One is where the plant and garden items will be sold. The other area is where the miscellaneous items such as exercise, camping, and sporting equipment and any other item that doesn't fit the category of a household item will be found.

After the sale, help is needed packing up unsold items, taking down tables, signs, tents, and cleaning up the various sale areas. As you can see there are many areas where your help is needed and I have only mentioned a few. Plus we offer friendly on-the-job training at no cost. Volunteer sign-up sheets will be available at the March and April High Prairie Community Council meetings. If you would like to volunteer but are unable to attend the meetings, just show up at the Fire Hall (May 17-21) or call Sharon Aleckson. We need your help!!!!

If you are new to this event, we look forward to meeting you. If you have attended our sale before, "Welcome back!"

Please, look for our space at Lyle's 13+ Miles Yard Sale Extravaganza on Saturday & Sunday, June 10th and 11th.

We'll be there.



RABANCO TO DONATE USE OF DUMPSTERS.

Again through courtesy of Rabanco we will have two dumpsters for community use during our firehouse sale. They will be placed at the firehall from May 19-22. Please do not place non eligible items in dumpster such as paint, appliances, chemicals, batteries or heavy metal.

DIXIE

Leslie Hayrynen

Once upon a time there was a little paint filly named Dixie. Who ended up living in the High Prairie. Dixie's story is a sad one at first, but turns out to be a dream come true for the four legged creamy color girl.

Dixie was born in Washington State on September 12, 2005. Dixie and her mother traveled to The Dalles, OR to be sent through the horse auction. The person who bid on Dixie and her mother was a cold hearted soul. He took the mare, Dixie's mother, and left Dixie in the pen to fend for herself, saying, "I don't do foals". This foal just short of one month old was again sent through the auction. The bid on Dixie was \$90. She was scared to death, and ran around her pen looking for her mother or any other horse to be with. When doing so, she rammed her head into a panel, broke her skull, and punctured her knee joint.

The gal who purchased Dixie loaded her up in her horse trailer and hauled her around wondering what to do with her. The gal had no idea that Dixie was in such bad shape. She tried to find a home for Dixie but no one wanted to deal with a one month old filly. The next step was to haul her to the next auction a few weeks away down the road.

High Prairian, JC, big hearted and willing to save Dixie, hauled the little filly home to see if her broodmare would take care of her. JC's mare didn't want anything to do with her and tried everything she could think of, nothing worked for poor Dixie. Dixie finally had a pen all to her own next to another horse. She just paced and paced and would not eat. She didn't eat for five days. JC tried to bottle feed her, grain her, and still Dixie refused to eat.

I received a call from JC asking me if I had any ideas on what she should do with Dixie. I said I would come and pick her up and see if she would get along with any of my horses. I just recently weaned a foal from his



Dixie and Leslie under the watchful eye of Dixie's surrogate mom.

mother and decided to try this mare with Dixie. The mare is also a rescue horse I named Mama. Mama sniffed weak little Dixie then licked her back, from then on I knew Mama would take good care of Dixie like her own. It brought tears to my eyes just knowing what Dixie went through and now finding her a new mother. Although Mama would not let Dixie nurse, and Dixie did not even try, Dixie seemed happy munching on the

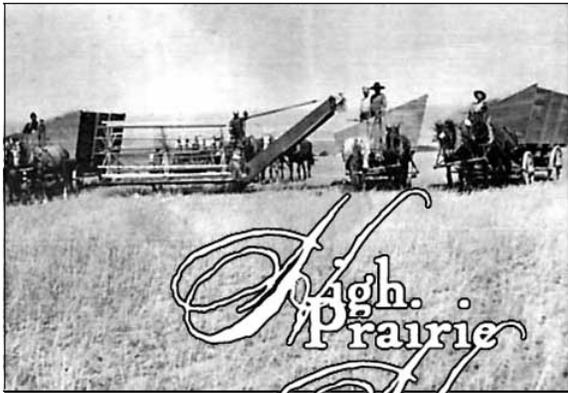
flowering tops of the hay.

I called my neighbor and asked her if she would like to see the new foal. LH said she would be right down to see the baby. She immediately fell in love with Dixie. LH said she always wanted a little filly just like Dixie. We handed over the papers and Dixie was hers. LH concerned with Dixie's head and leg called the vet. The vet arrived and confirmed the injuries to Dixie's head and knee.

Treating the head and knee injuries took weeks. Antibiotics and Bute made little Dixie feel better, although she wasn't too happy with all the bandage changes. As Dixie's appetite began to grow she learned to eat grain and munches hay throughout the day.

Dixie is now four months old and doing well with Mama and all the attention she is getting. Dixie needs surgery on that crooked knee and she also has a hernia that needs to be fixed. Dixie is due for surgery this January. No one wants to consider her alternative.

The first vet calls on Dixie were a few hundred dollars. Her surgeries will be \$1,200. or so. Just wondering if anyone would like to contribute to Dixie's vet bills. Forward your heartwarming donation to: Mid Columbia Vet Clinic, but mail it to Leslie Hayrynen at: PO Box 916, Lyle, WA. 98635. I will see it gets to the vet clinic. They are all a bit busy at the vet clinic to keep track of different donations. A great big THANK-YOU from all of us soft hearted Dixie lovers.



Douglas Taylor

CROSSING THE COLUMBIA ON THE ICE

(From *Sketches of Early High Prairie*
by Nelia Tate-Fleming)

This winter, (1949), the Columbia River froze over, bringing to my memory an experience which my brother wife had crossing this same beautiful river. I am sure it is worthy of telling.

Revvie's wife, Maggie, had gone from their farm near Goldendale to The Dalles to visit her parents. While she was there, the river froze over. It froze days upon days until there was no water to be seen in the river, and it was a solid highway of ice. Four horse teams and sleds were driven across, and at one time during that winter a band of Indian ponies was driven over the ice to The Dalles.

Maggie became more and more anxious to get home. Her three small children were getting restless at the long confinement indoors, and were clamoring to go home and see "Daddy." At last Maggie decided to go. She could go down to Portland on the train, then take a train to Goldendale, but this meant going many miles out of the way, whereas, if she could cross the river at The Dalles it would require only a short train ride to reach home. After much deliberation she decided to try the river. Everyone was crossing it.

On the appointed day, Maggie had her children ready and the necessary bags packed. Her brother-in-law, Elmer, helped her to go across. Little Eddie was a baby in arms, Louise about two, and Cecil three and a half. Elmer and a neighbor carried the two older children and the luggage. Maggie

carried the baby in her arms. They stepped out on the ice gingerly. Other people were crossing, so our little party kept on. Step by step they ad and nothing happened. Step by step they neared the Washington shore. The older children were fascinated by the field of ice, and the experience of being carried so far.

At last, with Maggie frightened and nearing exhaustion, they reached firm soil again – the Washington side. Then only a short ride and they were home.

POSTSCRIPT

Dona Taylor

As a postscript to this story, I remember when the Columbia froze over; I came to Dallesport, in June of '49 with my parents and siblings from the Yakima valley. When winter came in December, I wasn't prepared for the large amount of snow or the extreme cold we experienced. The only way of crossing the river at The Dalles was by ferry so when the river froze over we were left stranded. We lived about two miles from the ferry landing. When the weather warmed up we drove down to the river and watched as a Coast Guard cutter came up the river and broke up the ice. It was quite a site to watch as the cutter challenged the icy river. We were overjoyed when the ferry was able to cross the river again as most folks at Dallesport were very low on supplies.

WINTERS ON HIGH PRAIRIE

Living here for many years, I dare say I have seen many variables of weather patterns. We have learned to prepare for the worst winters and always have extra supplies in case we are unable to reach town and restock. We have seen many years of excellent precipitation, much of it coming as snow. While other years have been quite mild with little snow and very dry soil conditions. The winter of 2004-2005 was like that, with dry conditions in the winter with our wet weather not coming until spring.

In the 1940's we had several years of heavy snows with many cold winters. We lived on Schilling Road and many times as a youngster I stayed with a friend's family in Lyle, to go to school. Many of the roads filled with drifted snow so that the County had to bring in Cats or hire

locals to plow the roads. With high banks of snow after plowing, sometimes only an inch or two more snow falling on the already crusted snow followed by high winds would fill the roads again. This would cause more Cat work and longer periods of being snowed-in.

The winter of 1949 was very cold with lots of snow and with the Columbia River froze over. People were walking across the river to The Dalles.

Many times when we used our skis to cross-country, we could ski over the tops of fence wires. Only the posts were sticking out to mark a fence line. We wintered our cows for a time on the Schilling Road property my father farmed. On several occasions when the drifted snow closed the road, we skied from the mailboxes at the intersection of Schilling and High Prairie Road for a little over a mile to feed the cattle.

One year in the early 60's we had a couple feet of snow on the ground. Then came a change of weather. Warm weather caused the snow at higher elevations to melt followed by lots of rain which caused culverts to plug and roads to wash out. With so much snow on the roofs of buildings the additional rain caused many outbuildings to collapse. We were stranded and could not get to either Lyle or Centerville until the County could get the washouts fixed. A rancher from Centerville could not get to High Prairie and I could not get to Goldendale to work so I fed his cattle for him. The first day I had to break trail on foot about a quarter mile into his barns. After the first day the trip was not nearly as exhausting.

The winter of 1995-1996 was another bad memorable weather year as I had my mother in a hospital in Portland. When she was released, the roads in the Gorge were icy, the snowfall accumulated to several inches, there were blizzard conditions, rock slides and washouts making the Gorge impassable. We had a terrible time getting her home.

Thankfully the County has improved roads in our area and equipment is more mobile now so many of the problems of the past are just history.



THANK YOU

The High Prairie Community Council wishes to extend a big thank you to Greg Colt of Colt Realty Group for his very generous donation of \$500.00 to the HPCC. It will certainly be put to good community use. Greg stated in his letter to the group that he started selling undeveloped property here in 1973. He wrote and we quote "Back in those days the Lyle-Centerville Road leading out of Lyle was gravel and had no guard rails and only people interested in buying any of my 20 acre tracts were hippies living in tents. Things have certainly changed and it is the selfless work of your group that has made High Prairie a good place to live and raise a family."

IN MEMORIAM

Robert E. Schilling

Coming to the Prairie in 1948 with his wife Jean and Partner Dave Stout, they farmed and raised livestock mainly sheep and cattle. Bob sold the High Prairie ranch and moved to a ranch near Goldendale in 2000.

Bob worked hard and played hard, enjoying especially hunting and fishing with family and friends.

Bob passed away Saturday morning February 4, 2006 at the Columbia Basin Nursing Home in The Dalles. He was 93 years of age and had a good life. Memorial for Bob was held on February 10 at Centerville Grange hall. Internment was in the High Prairie Cemetery.

Arthur Patrick

Art Patrick, former summer resident of High Prairie, passed away February 17, 2006 at his residence in Florida. He and his wife Celestine spent their summers here for several years on Oda Knight Road. They were willing participants in our community events. Art's good humor and friendly smile will be sorely missed.

The community extends their most sincere condolences to the families.

THE VOLUNTEER

Leslie Hayrynen

I never knew what it was really like to volunteer to the degree the first responders and fire department does. I have volunteered for many horse events, fed the neighbors dogs, helped out at the fire house yard sale function many times, and have volunteered for different HPNA events for a few hours or even a day. I grew up in a household with a father who was and still is a volunteer fire fighter today. I never thought in a million years that I would become a volunteer fire fighter or an EMT, ever. I had know idea what kind of training goes into these jobs.

When we first bought property on the High Prairie about 10 years ago, there came a visit from a long time resident. His mission was to recruit us as fire fighters. Not very interested at the time, since we were in the middle of moving. The years came and went and we took notice of the fire department running drills from time to time since the fire hall is across the street from our place. If the fire hall was sight unseen, I may have never given them a second thought. I didn't really think they did that much. Even folks today on the Prairie may think the fire department doesn't do much. I think it was mentioned at a community meeting that we, the volunteer fire department, report to the monthly meeting on how many calls we do go on.

What gave me a second thought about volunteering was an event that happened three years ago. One of our neighbors needed help! I saw the first responders hurry on over to her place. I went to see if I could help too. She was on the ground not feeling very well. As the first responders worked to make her feel more comfortable waiting for the ambulance, all I could do is hold her cold and shaking hand. When the call was over and she was on her way to the hospital, the crew looked at me and said thanks for showing up. "I didn't do much" was my response, but you did, you held her hand. Oh, since your here, could you jump start our aid vehicle?

From that moment on I wanted to help. I thought I could become a first responder. Not knowing a thing about it. What my thought was, if I was home, I would show up and help out. Received information that I had to go to first responder training and since I would be going through all that training, why not just put in a few more hours and become an EMT. Since you're a volunteer EMT, you have to be affiliated with an agency, known as High Prairie Fire District #14. That wouldn't be any big deal being a fire fighter; I could just drive the trucks and not really have to fight fire. Wrong! First, the

boys love to drive big red trucks, so there went me ever getting to drive. Second, all of us fight fires.

Alrighty then, off to EMT training. There I go again, not knowing what I am getting into. The training was three plus months, two to three times a week, for four to eight hours at a time. I remember driving home after class at 10:30 p.m. in the middle of winter, then driving my quad runner up my driveway covered with three feet of snow, since my truck wouldn't make it. Still wondering what am I doing? See, I am in bed and asleep by 9 p.m. kind of a person. Out in the snow at night freezing my face and hands off was not me either. The hours of daily reading training books would almost put me asleep. Still training as a fire fighter kept my other days full. I kept plugging away, because someone out there may need me. I never realized after being out of school for more then 20 years, how hard studying is! Oh, and I do have two other jobs. Just wondering if I can complete this volunteer training. To find out later, it's on going training, more classes and drills. Also, to be a volunteer EMT you have to be licensed with the state. That's right; you have to pass a TEST. How I hate that word.

While in EMT training one of the requirements is to ride along with the ambulance and see first hand what goes on after the first responders go home. High Prairie first responders received a 911 call that an elderly woman had fallen, was unconscious, and the family was doing CPR. Three of us responded in the aid car, as we drove off with our lights and sirens going, we look up the address, it was not even in our district, but they asked us to continue. When we arrived there was plenty of help and the patient was ready to transport. As we put her in the ambulance the driver asked for two of us to ride along. Perfect for my ride along time. The patient was needing CPR again and the paramedic turned to me and said CPR just like you learned in class. Oh my God I thought, and I began, as the paramedics worked on the patient we were 30 minutes from the hospital. As we arrived in the emergency room, the ER Doc asked us to stay and continue care for the patient along with a great staff of about a dozen or so doctors and nurses. After we were released, one of the paramedics turned to me and said, "that is the best training you will receive". Thanks, good job. Wow!

Just to clarify the first responders go on duty, every time the 911 emergency ambulance is dispatched. Be it day, night, holidays, sunshine or the dead of winter,

it's anytime. If the first responder can get to the patient within 5-10 minutes and it takes the ambulance at least 20 minutes to get to the call, first responders just may save a life. Just like the 911 fire dispatcher calls, the volunteer fire fighters respond. Anytime, day or night.

Eleven thirty one evening my pager went off, beep beep beep, (the pagers are with us 24 hours a day). I jump out of bed scrambling for my glasses. The dispatcher said second page, I didn't even hear the first page, come to find out later, the dispatcher used the wrong frequency. So I was hustling my buns. I have been in slumber land for at least 2-1/2 hours when the squelch of the pager went off. Still pretty rummy, I find my jeans and coat and out the door I go. Usually I hear a fellow first responder, or another familiar voice over the air ways. This time just me, oh my God I thought, I have this one solo. Once on my way in the aid car, I realized the address, I broke out in a sweat, my heart raced faster and faster as I hurried down the road. One of our own High Prairie volunteers needed help. Just then one of the volunteer fire fighters voice came over the radio. He is on the way, and mutual aid from Lyle was on back up.

Thank goodness they will be here soon. Upon arriving, which seems like an eternity for the patient, I began my routine. Asked my usual questions, (and said, no wonder you didn't respond), administered oxygen, and took vital signs, awaiting the ambulance. Thanks for all the help from volunteers the patient was transported to the hospital. After another transport to Portland, the patient is home and doing well. He sends me the best "thank you for being there for me" card; it brought tears to my eyes. Now, that really brings to light why I volunteer.

High Prairie fire department was dispatched for mutual aid, which is help in another district, this time it

was Dallesport. Off we go in the fire engine, just the two of us. As other volunteers became available they brought other back up water supplies and trucks to help out. As we approached the fire, the engine got stuck in the mud. We all know what kind of soil we have around here, but in all the smoke and fire it came upon us quickly. While getting the truck unstuck and putting out the fire at the same time, we were not giving up or backing out (except the truck). We came here to do a job and we weren't going home until it's out. That was another late one helping shovel a fire line around the blacken soil, so no fires start up when we leave. Shovel, how do you use a shovel? Things we learn.

The tones sounded, we were dispatched to an elderly woman who had fallen, in pain, and couldn't get up.

Off we go again, about five of us, first responders and fire fighters. We arrived in seven minutes or less. The patient had fallen and broken her hip. Since we had a paramedic with us, he started an IV. We all helped out making her comfortable and taking her vitals. She looked at us and said, "who are you, how did you get here so fast, and how much does all this help cost?"

We informed her

we were High Prairie Fire Department, we are all local volunteer folks who arrive before the ambulance does and there is no charge for our services. Just wait for the hospital ambulance service to transport you and that is when your bill starts. We all helped load her gently in the ambulance and off she went.

She couldn't thank us enough, later she sent us a thank-you card.

Dispatched to a possible overdose of prescription drugs. As we show up the patient is laying on the floor, refusing help. All she wants to do is die she says. "Go away; I don't need your help." We start talking to her



Photo: Nayland Wilkins

High Prairie Fire Department during "Burn to Learn" exercise (l-r): Fred Henschell, Phil Hayner, Doug Hutchison, Leslie Hayryman (horizontal), James Amery, and Tim Darland. Not pictured, but behind the camera, Nayland Wilkins.

and she decided to listen and let us help her. "But I still want to die" she says, I began to ask her about her family. How many kids do you have? I say. She starts to think about her family, her kids and how it would be nice to see them soon. She states she took all her meds and needs help. The ambulance shows up and off she goes to the hospital to get treatment.

Mutual aid fire call dispatched in the Goldendale area. Hot summer day, harvesting wheat and pouf! a combine had started a fire. The rancher runs to safety as the west winds pick up and start the blaze going. Big fire, lots of help from the surrounding fire districts. I look around, all volunteers I say to myself, helping others, help others. There was a few houses in the fire's path, but well protected by fire engines and water tenders standing by for the water sources. This fire was so big, helicopters with DNR crews and airplanes came to drop retardant on the flames. As the fire burned untamed grass lands and trees, the volunteers worked to fight the flames. A big cat machine came busting through to work over the fire. A huge hay pile caught fire, burnt and smoldered for quite some time. The fire would jump roads and fly through the air and catch trees on fire. After all was under control, came the mop up. That is, digging fire lines around burnt areas so fire does not rekindle and flame up again, driving through the blacken areas and watering the hot spots, walking around in the black of the night with a shovel burring the smolders, during lunch and dinner times, when all your snack is a granola bar and bottle of water. That is, all worth it when you call home and your dinner is still waiting on the plate with your name on it, because your spouse understands. That is, a volunteer.

The call came for the Lyle department, we responded as well. The call being closer to our district, we arrived first. The patient had been riding a four wheeler and rolled it down a small hill into a ditch. Barely room for a vehicle on this old, rutted, dirt, logging road we began working on the patient. Other responders arrived to find out they all had to walk up the hill to the patient. He was not feeling good, said his stomach hurt. As we prepared to pack him down the hill, he began to loose his color. We needed to hurry and get him secured to the back board and get going ASAP. We kept talking to him while the eight of us packed him down the hill to the waiting ambulance. Another successful trip for the volunteers and patient.

High Prairie First Responders were paged to an address that we all knew where it was, but couldn't find it. The call came in as a man down, not breathing, unresponsive; we have got to move QUICK! As four of

us responded in the aid vehicle and one in their own truck, it was a dark and foggy night. As we sped to the road off of the main highway, we were getting close but couldn't find the driveway. The fog was so thick we could barely see the front of the truck. We did see the neighbors blue reflective sign, we have gone too far, we just passed the driveway where we need to turn, which had no reflective sign. We turned around in the middle of the road and headed back to the patient hopefully to get there in time to help. When we finally arrived, he had caught his breath, thank goodness!

This is only a handful of the 90 some calls we have been on this last year. All just as important as the next. Some calls we have had a hard time finding because we haven't been there before and need help finding the address. Everyone needs a blue reflective address sign by their driveway turn in. If you would like a sign and/or need assistance getting one, contact any volunteer: Doug or Laurie Hutchison, Fred Henschell, James Amery, Jerry Carroll, Nayland Wilkins, Phil Haner, Rob Taylor, Tim Darland, and recently retired, Cal Edwards, or give me a call, Leslie Hayrynen at 365-4472.

Now, I look back at not knowing a thing the fire department did or even what a first responder was or did. All the on going training, classes, reading, drills, and actually responding to calls. Even meeting in that little red, shake your boots out, fire hall we hang our helmets in. Wouldn't change my mind on why I volunteer. Won't you?





CAL EDWARDS RETIRES

Douglas Taylor

Cal has been a member of our Fire Department since moving here in 1996. He has trained to drive equipment, fight fires and be a medical First Responder. He has been very active in community affairs and was elected to the local school board, treasurer of the county Republican Party and appointed to the state water board by the County Commissioners. He has always been available for the volunteer jobs needed by different organizations to which he belonged. If a need arose Cal was and is there to help.

Cal has resigned from our Fire Department for medical reasons and he is will be greatly missed. Good luck Cal and good health.

TRAFFIC DAILY COUNTS CENTERVILLE HWY

*With thanks to Mary Clark, Administrative Assistant
Klickitat County Public Works Department.*

0.120 miles east of Schilling Road

6/24/05	260
6/17/03	230
8/16/99	200

0.190 miles west of Schilling Road

6/24/05	338
6/18/03	296
5/31/01 278	
8/16/99	219

0.210 miles west of Hartland Road

6/23/05	459
6/17/03	397
5/30/01	413
8/16/99	319

1.410 miles west of Rowland Road

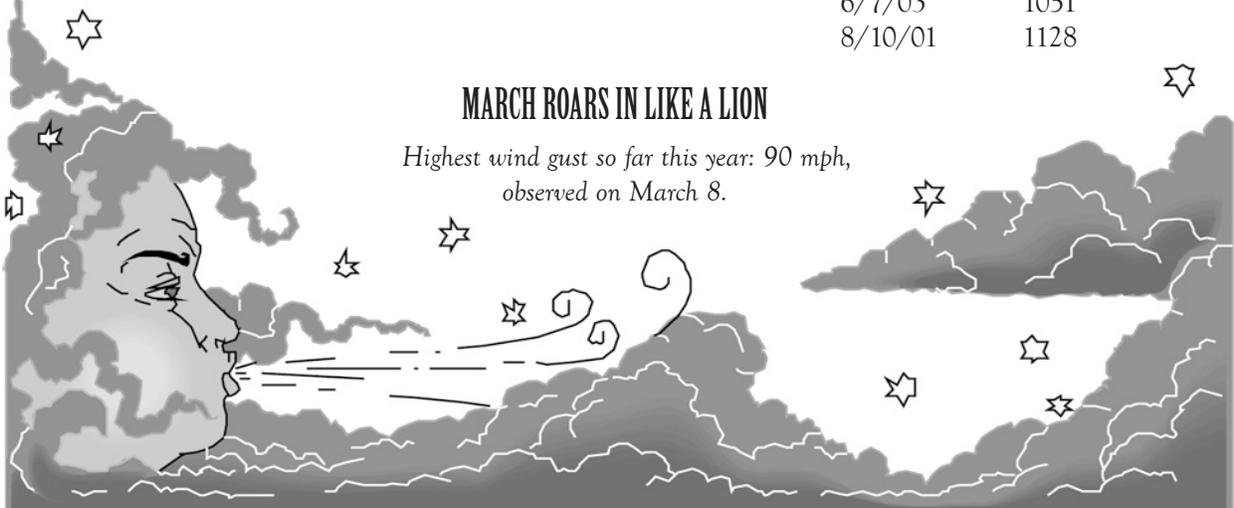
6/13/03	701
8/10/01 666	
8/16/99	592

211 feet NW of Klickitat Street, Lyle

6/29/05	1013	★
6/7/03	1051	
8/10/01	1128	

MARCH ROARS IN LIKE A LION

*Highest wind gust so far this year: 90 mph,
observed on March 8.*



DON'T FEED THE WILDLIFE!

John Grim

It's so cool that we live in a place where wildlife sightings are common. As the High Prairie continues to develop it will be more and more important that High Prairians maintain a healthy respect for our wild neighbors, in part, so that the wildlife remains wild. One way to do this is to avoid feeding any wildlife, particularly deer and turkeys. There is a ton of literature documenting excellent reasons not to feed wildlife. Rather than digging it up, I just relied on our local fish and wildlife expert; Bill Weiler. Here are some of the reasons he listed:

- * Human food does not contain the nutrients wild animals need;

- * Many animals die of starvation after consuming food packaging;

- * Animals used to being fed become habituated to human provided food and alter their foraging behavior;

- * Putting food out for animals can attract rats, cats, dogs, raccoons;

- * Animals being fed cluster unnaturally and are vulnerable to density-dependent diseases;

- * Many animals (including squirrels and marmots) require more moisture than is in the typical human handout; they suffer dehydration, fur loss and die of exposure.

When animals cluster at homes in abnormally high numbers expecting food, the chances of disease transmission rise sharply. Well-meaning folks who feed wildlife rarely see the animals sick and painfully dying of distemper, mange and/or parasitic worms.

Feeding deer and bears even just once may result in them becoming aggressive toward humans. To protect people and their property, these animals are typically destroyed by wildlife agents. Compared with bears on a natural diet, bears with access to human food are larger (100 pounds heavier on average), reach sexual maturity sooner and produce more cubs, which learn the methods of their mothers – ultimately leading to more problem bears. By the way, I did see a bear recently at my place. It was after my compost.

Animals fed along roads tend to stay near the road, increasing the chances of vehicle-animal accidents.

Animals will eat anything with an odor including aluminum foil, plastic and other food wrappings. These can severely damage an animal's digestive system and even cause death.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING SOCK

Douglas Taylor

How can an item disappear from its resting-place with absolutely no trace?

I went to bed, taking off my socks as usual, leaving them (I thought) beside my bed. The next morning putting on my socks, I put on one and could not find the second one. Thinking it may have been in a pant's leg I shook out my pants to no avail. I looked under the bed. Nothing. I checked my shirt and pants. Still nothing. Finally, thinking that the only place remaining was possibly in the clothes hamper, I checked, and still nothing. No amount of searching brought it from its well-concealed hiding place. I even checked my pockets, sleeves. Still nothing. I ended up finding a lone sock in the dresser drawer that apparently previously had the same fate.

My wife, Dona, who is usually a pretty good finder of lost items, did a search and she came up empty handed. Now this was really baffling.

I have had similar episodes of laying down a hammer or other tool and not leaving the area, I reached for it again, but the item is no where to be seen. Looking elsewhere, I have come back to the area and found the item lying in plain sight exactly where I had been working. Some folks have described this phenomenon of disappearing items as leprechauns playing games.

This has not been the case of the missing sock however, as it seems to have disappeared in to thin air. If one day you see me with a sock in my ear, just remember the case of the missing sock.

Well the sock and it wasn't in had slipped from the covers and

finally did appear my ear. It somehow the floor to under was recovered.



A COYOTE TAIL (TALE)

Terry Chabbert

It all started one sunny calm day when I was out feeding the wild turkeys and our four guinea fowl. The three guinea cocks were always in front of the guinea hen (Betty), she was always last in line, meandering along with her short legs, kind of cute in a guinea sort of way. Well to get back to the story, I was in the kitchen doing dishes when I looked out the window and noticed all four waddling in front doing their guinea chores, eating bugs and weed seeds.

All was well in the guinea world until they became frantic and the boys (Fred, Barney and Lonesome) began their distress call. The threesome and forty wild turkeys (all without proper names) were at a high point near the house while looking toward the edge of the tall grass where they were moments before – but no Betty. I began leaning over parting the grass clumps while looking and calling for Betty amongst the thick 3-4' tall grasses.

I was searching the area where I last saw her when a nose and pair of startled eye's appeared, the coyote was crouched creeping low to the ground awaiting it's next guinea/turkey treat when we met eye's for the first time. We looked at each other for a brief moment wondering where the other creature came from. My anger overcame fear as I stood up and started yelling words I'm sure he has never heard before, and then I began to chase him across the field – still yelling (my only weapon – but a mighty one). He galloped off while looking back at me, and then decided he had heard enough and went into a full run. We have seen him twice since, but he doesn't hang around long, I wonder why?



MASS TRANSIT (COUNTRY STYLE)

Mike Chabbert

This young buck found some alfalfa in the back of Brigitta Free's "Livestock Transport Gator", and started munching away while stretching over the tailgate. Then he decided that was too much work so he jumped in. It appears that he is waiting to be transported to greener pastures.

DO YOU HAVE
HIGH PRAIRIE NEWS,
A STORY TO TELL,
ORIGINAL POETRY, OR
PHOTOGRAPHS
OF INTEREST TO YOUR NEIGHBORS?
WE WELCOME CONTRIBUTIONS TO
THE HIGH PRAIRIAN

Submissions may be emailed to Doug Taylor (highprairie@gorge.net) or Lozetta Doll (tomloz@gorge.net) or mailed to Doug Taylor: 876 Centerville Highway. Questions? Call Doug at: 365-3242.

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