



The High Prairian

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

Volume Seven, Number Three

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September 2007

NOTICES

Fire Volunteers meet the 1st Tuesday of each month at 7:00 p.m. 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 p.m. at the Fire Hall.

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

Lyle School Board meets the next to last Thursday of each month at 7:00 p.m. at the Boardroom, Lyle High School.

When requesting medical assistance or reporting a fire CALL 911

Special Meeting to Plan the Future of High Prairie

Curt Dreyer, Klickitat County Planning Department, will attend a High Prairie Community Council Meeting on October 25, 7:00 p.m. at the Taylor Church Building. This is the single agenda, Special Meeting originally scheduled for August 23. Curt will help us understand what a "Comprehensive Growth Plan" is, and how to develop one.

HIGH PRAIRIE AQUIFER MEASUREMENT No. 1

Cal Edwards

Several years ago, the High Prairie Community Council started becoming concerned about what would happen to the High Prairie Aquifer if the area continued to develop and lots of new wells were drilled. We found that no one seemed to have much information about our aquifer and that it would be very expensive to conduct a study. Remember that our pioneers told us that there was not any water on High Prairie as they relied on springs and seasonal creeks.

Then a good thing happened. The WRIA 30 group (water resource inventory and advisory 30 group) which has responsibility for the Klickitat River and its source waters decided to conduct aquifer measurements on High Prairie as part of Swale Creek and Little Klickitat Subbasin study they were working on. This study was funded by a grant from the State of Washington / Department of Ecology.

In June of 2007, 14 High Prairie residents volunteered to let Hydrogeologists from Aspect Consulting of Seattle measure their wells. Actually many more residents volunteered their wells but

continued on page 5

LET'S GET TOGETHER AT SUMMER'S END

Lozetta Doll

Bruce and Karron Buchanan have extended an invitation to High Prairie residents to join them on Sunday, September 16 at 4:00 p.m. for a potluck barbeque. Since we never got a picnic organized for this year, this is a good opportunity for us to get together for a social. The Buchanans moved here this last spring and are fast becoming acquainted and enjoying the area. The Buchanans' address is 440 Schilling Road.

Please bring a steak or whatever to barbeque for yourself along with a salad or a dessert to share with the group. The Buchanans will provide snacks, iced tea, lemonade and coffee. Anyone wishing anything else, such as a beverage, is free to bring it along. The High Prairie Community Council will provide napkins, plates, cups, glasses and plastic cutlery. It would be a good idea to bring folding or lawn chairs if you can.

Please RSVP to Karron at 365-4012.



GET WELL WISHES

Dona Taylor

Martha Hamil (a frequent contributor to this paper) has been fighting an ongoing health problem for the past several months. She has spent several days in Providence Hospital in Portland and gone thru many grueling tests. Martha is home now and we wish you the very best Martha and a speedy recovery.

Rob Taylor had vascular surgery at Veterans Hospital in Portland (his wife says they call it "Pill Hill" because there are so many hospitals in that area). He came home August 20th and is getting around very well. "Can't keep a good man down" as the old saying goes. Get well wishes to Rob.



The High Prairian

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The High Prairian can also be viewed on the High Prairie web site: <http://www.highprairie.us>

LETTER TO EDITOR

I own property on the High Prairie and receive copies of *The High Prairian* which I very much enjoy. I am interested in your community and may build there. I appreciate getting news of the area.


Thanks,
Margo Foeller

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Dona Taylor

Roger and Cindy Dickinson announce their first grandson Cayden Gene Closser which arrived Sunday, August 19. It was a big one: 9 pounds 11 ounces. This was their oldest boy Clinton's son. They now have 3 grandchildrevn 2 girls and 1 boy.

Do you have a STORY to tell?

Or NEWS  of interest to denizens of HIGH PRAIRIE?

How about a POEM, a RECIPE  or a GARDENING TIP  to share?

Or just want to see your NAME in print?

If so, submit your offerings for PUBLICATION in

THE HIGH PRAIRIAN

Contact Doug Taylor:

highprairie@gorge.net

or

365-3242

All the news that's print to fit.

ROAD BUMPS

J. Rehmeier, Submitted by H.M. (Bud) Jester

Driving on a dirt road can rattle the bones. Every foot or so, a ridge of dirt up to several inches high lies in wait to jolt passing cars and trucks and their hapless occupants. In many places, road crews battle this "washboard" effect by frequently scraping the roads with bulldozers. But as soon as more vehicles pass, the ridges, phoenixlike, return.

Now, a team of physicists has explained why a washboard forms, and their research has a dispiriting message for road crews:

Scrape often, or give up. Washboard is inevitable.

Most previous theories of washboard formation involved relatively complex dynamics. Some focused on the bounce of a vehicle's suspension and tires. Others suggested that differences in compaction between the bottoms and tops of bumps were essential. Still other theories invoked the tendency of dirt to segregate according to grain size. Many an engineer has tried to design washboard-resistant road surfaces, but the ridges keep rising.

Stephen W. Morris of the University of Toronto and his colleagues Nicolas Taberlet and Jim N. McElwaine of the University of Cambridge in England aimed to find the simplest possible explanation for the phenomenon. They built a circular turntable that they could cover with dirt or sand, and positioned a hard rubber wheel above it.

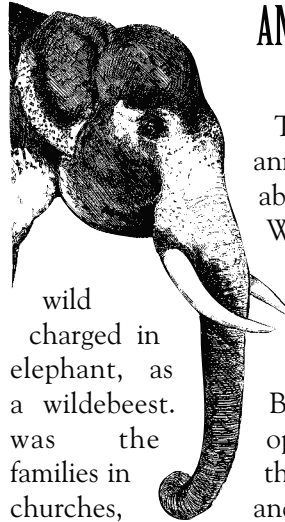
After smoothing the dirt, they turned the table at varying speeds, allowing the wheel to run over the surface. Then they watched the washboard form.

The researchers varied the experiment in every way they could think of. They compacted the dirt. They used sand grains of varying sizes and mixtures, and they even tried substituting rice. They used wheels of different sizes and weights as well as a flat plow-wheel that didn't spin. Some of the variations changed the pattern, spreading the ripples or packing them closer together, but the ripples always formed.

The team reports its findings in the Aug. 10 Physical Review Letters.

The researchers found one, and only one, solution: Slow down. A lot. "The critical velocity below which [the surface] would remain flat is about 5 miles per hour," Taberlet says.

The researchers then created a computer simulation to model the movements of individual grains of sand so that they could see precisely how the ripples formed.



wild
charged in
elephant, as
a wildebeest.
was the
families in
churches,
the earth
life. Visiting
the Massai boma
way out in the
bush, where
Myrin was asked
to sit with the
two elders of
the village
(and presented
with a "power
stick") was
special.

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE

Audrey Bentz

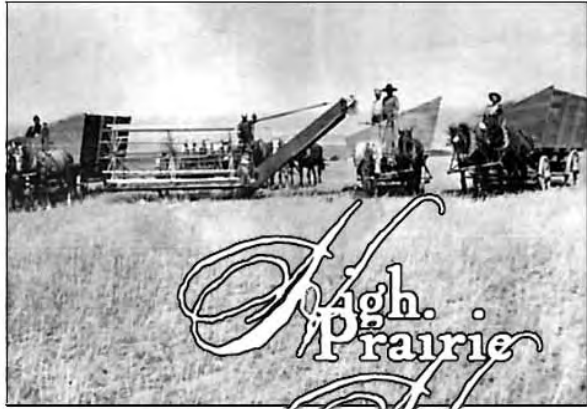
To celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary, Myrin and I were able to visit Tanzania in July. We enjoyed the usual tour of the Serengeti with all the animals, and even being our Land Rover by a 7-ton well as observing a lion kill. But the most special part opportunity to visit native their simple huts/homes and and observe the joy and care of that they have in their simple life. Visiting the Massai boma way out in the bush, where Myrin was asked to sit with the two elders of the village (and presented with a "power stick") was special.

Many Africans, especially the Massai, have not traditionally provided schools for the girls, and it has been shown how important it is for girls to be educated to improve health, and social standards of the tribes. Since our church has successfully established two effective schools in Monduli, we had requested a contribution toward the newest one in lieu of any anniversary gifting. The highlight of the trip was to present over \$3,000 to the headmaster of the Moringe Sokoine School, who was quite overwhelmed with the gift, which was contributed in part by some High Prairians! We are most grateful for this experience.



Any bed of dirt or sand, even a very smooth one, has minuscule irregularities that slightly jog a rolling wheel. Each time the wheel hits a bump, the computer simulation showed, it pushes the dirt forward a bit, enlarging the irregularity. Then, as the wheel passes over the top of the bump, the force of its descent pushes dirt forward into the next bump. Repeat these actions a hundred or more times and the familiar pattern of ridges appears.

Douglas Kurtze of Saint Joseph's University in Philadelphia says that this is the first time anyone has studied washboard formation using a controlled experiment. Although it won't eliminate washboards, it lets scientists "get down to CI) the essentials of what the mechanism is;" says Kurtze.



Douglas Taylor

High
Prairie
History

DALLESPORT MUSINGS

In the 1970's we used to sometimes winter and calve our cows at Dallesport. Usually Dallesport has less snow and dryer conditions for calving than our home base on High Prairie. We would truck cattle back and both either to pasture or the home ranch. We would occasionally hire the Odom boys to feed hay if we got caught with an unexpected snow storm. We would make many trips to Dallesport in the course of a year, checking cattle and fences.

On our entry road to the pasture lived a family of Native Americans which I had known for many years. These folks had a couple of cute youngsters named Edith and Freddie. When I would drive by their house both would come running to the front yard and Edith would wave a greeting. Freddie always appeared with Edith, but I never noticed Freddie waving.

During one of those trips to Dallesport it was a rather hot spring day and I had been busier longer than usual with the cattle, I became quite thirsty and having no water with me I decided to stop at their home. As I entered their yard both children ran out as usual. Edith smiling and waving and Freddie following behind, I looked at Freddie and asked him why his sister would always wave but he never did? I got a real chuckle from his answer; He kind of ducked his shoulders as he looked up to me and replied rather sheepishly "Me Shicken."

A note about the Odom boys: Dan Manages Tum-A-Lum Lumber in The Dalles and greatly helped me out by loaning us tables for the firehouse sale when we were in dire need. Brother Larry is a nationally renowned taxidermist in Colorado doing fabulous creations with his work.

HAVE AN OLD BARN THAT NEEDS RESTORING?

Lozetta Doll

According to a July 20, 2007 article in the Agri-Times Northwest, the State of Washington has passed The Heritage Barn Bill (House Bill 2115) that will make available financial assistance for farmers to help save and maintain their old agricultural barns. The bill provides matching funding for labor and materials to repair vintage barns. Other states have similar programs and national organizations have been established to help preserve farm structures.

The article recites that the era of wood barns ended about 50 years ago and these barns are symbols of the pioneering spirit of Washington's homesteaders and history of our state. To be considered for funding, the barn must be associated with an important event or person or be an example of its type, period or method of construction.

More information can be found at www.dahp.wa.gov or the state legislature Web site.



photo: Vicki Koch

NEW REVISED HIGH PRAIRIE DIRECTORY

Lozetta Doll

Thanks to Ondine Moore and Cindy Henschell for their work in producing a new directory with many additional names, plus a great map of the High Prairie area. Some were distributed at our last High Prairie meeting; the rest are available for you to pick up either at next month's meeting (September 27) or the High Prairie social/potluck picnic on September 16 (detailed article on page 1). Or you may stop by the Bentz's at Morning Song Acres (6 Oda Knight) and get your copy.

If you have not yet gotten your name/address/phone/email/personal hobbies, etc. to Ondine Moore, you can submit them now for the next edition in 2008. Ondine's email is krebacious@earthlink.net or 509-281-0444. Thank you Ondine and Cindy!

continued from page 1

they were not selected by Aspect Consulting because access was too difficult or the location was not selected. I confess that I will not attempt to outguess a Hydrogeologist who is attempting to draw a picture of what is under our ground.

For most of us, this is only the second time our water levels have been measured. Our well drillers measured and recorded the first time when they drilled the well. To gain any real knowledge of what the Aquifer is doing, we will want to measure at least some of the wells identified as monitor wells over several years and during different parts of the year. The WIRA group has requested but not received funding to be able to do this.

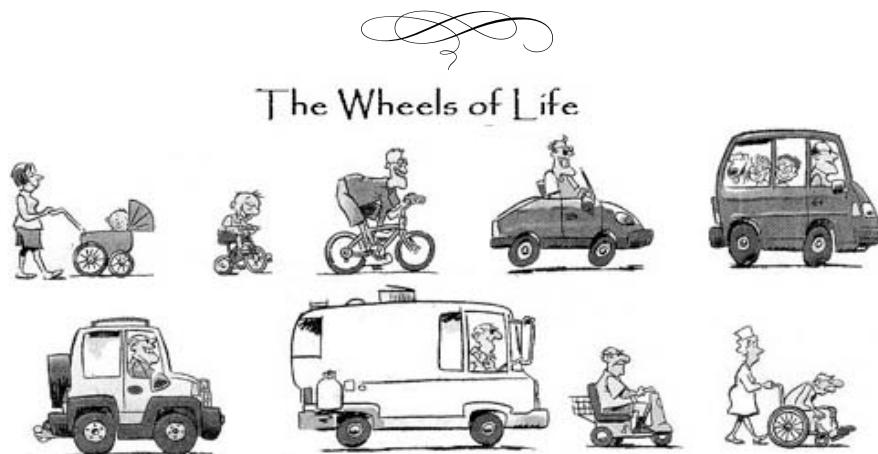
The WIRA 30 group has provided a copy of the complete study/report to the High Prairie Council for anyone interested in reading it. Because the report has many large foldout size pages and color pages

it is not economical to make any reprints (\$100 at Staples), so contact the Community Council if you want to borrow it. Information about our area is also available at:

<http://www.Klickitatcounty.org/Planning/ContentROne.asp?ContentIdSelected=1141776327&CategoryIdSelected=%2D>

This report was written by Hydrogeologists and was not easy for me to understand, but my personal opinion is that it says we do not have a water shortage on High Prairie at the present time. However the recharge area for our aquifer is extremely limited and there is no more water in the area available for us when that is over-used. We have a fault at Warwick and another near Lyle, and the Klickitat River. Therefore, our recharge area is limited to the North side of the Columbia Hills (Dalles Mountain) and High Prairie. We need to learn to enjoy the little bit of rain and snow that we receive I guess.

| WELL | ADDRESS | ELEVATION | WATER D | WATER EL |
|------|--------------------------|-----------|---------|----------|
| 1 | 275 Hartland Rd | 2147.0 | 549.49 | 1597.5 |
| 2 | 347 Hartland Rd | 2011.2 | 203.63 | 1807.5 |
| 3 | 206 Hartland Rd | 2037.4 | 115.1 | 1922.3 |
| 3 | 950 High Prairie Rd | 2181.2 | 435.43 | 1745.7 |
| 4 | 896 High Prairie Rd | 2086.0 | 195.13 | 1890.9 |
| 5 | 896 High Prairie Rd | 2082.0 | 173.2 | 1908.8 |
| 6 | 779 Centerville Hi | 1777.5 | 162.22 | 1615.3 |
| 7 | 781 Centerville Hi | 1763.4 | 139.52 | 1623.8 |
| 8 | 876 Centerville Hi | 1808.1 | 75.32 | 1732.8 |
| 9 | 120 S Prairie Rd | 1996.0 | 262.31 | 1733.7 |
| 10 | 683 Struck Rd | 1498.7 | 21.41 | 1477.3 |
| 11 | 6 Oda Knight Rd | 1622.7 | 141.16 | 1481.6 |
| 12 | 10 Meadowlark Ln | 2153.7 | 516.67 | 1637.0 |
| 13 | 440 Schilling Rd | 1785.9 | 267.11 | 1518.7 |
| 14 | Centerville Rd (Warwick) | 1580.8 | 23 | 1558 |



35 YEARS WITH SMOKEY BEAR or MY FIRST CAREER

Cindy Henschell

On May 26 I retired from the Forest Service. After 35 years I feel somewhat entitled to just end this article there with a great big HOORAY! but I was asked to do this because no one else was really sure what I did for the Forest Service and they seemed interested to know. I retired from the official title of South Zone Planning Team Leader but that's not a description and it's not where I started or necessarily what I aspired to.

It all began on a very warm June day in 1972 when I showed up at the fire office at the Lower Trinity Ranger Station on the Six Rivers National Forest, which is in northern California. I had coerced my best friend from high school in Oakland to go with me to interview for summer jobs in the woods (read that: "not city") and we both got jobs in the same place that we had never heard of and couldn't find on a map.

Trusting that it would all work out for the best, or at least we'd make enough money to buy a car, we showed up to meet the fire boss who eyed us with some suspicion but told us to find the keys to a stakeside truck and load it full of the bags that were in a walk-in cooler at the back of the compound. We eagerly finished that assignment and asked when do we get our fire gear? Again, he just mumbled something and gave us a couple of linoleum knives and maps marked with red Xs and told us to drive the truck we just loaded to those places marked on the map and use the knives to cut open the bags and dump out the contents on the downhill side of the road. Easy enough...

We bumped along a logging road for several miles to the first stop and got out at the top of a steep landslide. When we opened the bags we were dismayed to learn that we were dumping out bundles of Ponderosa pine and Douglas-fir seedlings as mulch.

About mid-day the fire boss pulled up where we were working, grumbled something in answer to our thousands of questions and told us to head back to the station so we could get our bunkhouse assignments.

Back at the station, we were told to load the same stakeside truck with a bunch of furniture from the warehouse, given a set of keys and a map and advised that if we stopped for groceries on the way to our bunkhouse, the locals might treat us suspiciously and would ask questions, and oh... did we know how to light a pilot light to start a propane refrigerator?

We were pretty sure the wariness we experienced was because we were from "the city" or maybe it was because my friend is Chinese. There certainly were no Chinese people in Salyer, Calif.

Our bunkhouse ended up being a remote guard station located 17 miles off of the main road in the middle of the forest. We just thought of it as pretty lavish camping: no electricity, no neighbors, but the paper sleeping bags were different...

It took until nearly midnight to start the refrigerator and we probably came close to blowing the place sky-high more than once during the ordeal, but we did it. And that was the end of the first day of the rest of my career.

It turned out that we were the first women to work in the woods, at least in that part of California, which explained the misgivings most people had when we were introduced. And then to make matters worse, we were from Oakland. Eventually our crew grew to one other woman (Japanese, this time) and one of the kids from the local Indian tribe. Armed with a map, a compass, a chain to measure our way through the woods 66' at a time, and various tree measuring instruments our assignment



In front of Ammon Guard Station, 1973: (l - r) Cindy's mom; Cindy; Cindy's friend, Cindy Chin; crewmember Marianne Makekta.

for the summer was to map and perform a resource inventory on 9,700 acres of land for valuation in a land exchange.

During that season we did eventually get to be on a fire crew to patrol the dump which regularly burned and to chase the dump bears away. Our remote guard station enabled us to quickly man a nearby lookout during lightening storms.

The first summer was essentially a test, which we evidently passed because we were not only asked to return the following season but were offered permanent positions.

After a couple of summers my friend went on to a career in the Post Office back in Oakland and I went to school at Humboldt State University to major in Forest Science. I landed a part-time assignment while at school working at the Humboldt Tree Nursery, and that started the second major phase of my career.

At that time the Forest Service operated 10 tree nurseries in the U.S. to provide trees for replanting national forests after fire or logging. Humboldt Nursery was the third largest at just over 300 acres. These nurseries were essentially large farms, complete with every imaginable kind of tractor, pumps, specialized home-built equipment, packing sheds, conveyor systems, refrigeration systems, a large seasonal workforce, cranky mechanics, and over it all was the Nursery Manager. I didn't necessarily aspire to be a Nursery Manager, but I was interested in every detail of the operation, even working with the cranky mechanic.

After I graduated, I was offered a full-time job back at the district as a Forester. I was married to Fred by this time and because he worked for Louisiana-Pacific Corp. there was fear of collusion and corruption if I worked in any way on timber sales. So, my assignment was to everything else, also known as Resource Forester. It was an amazing job. I inspected water diversions and transmission lines that were under permit (and some that were not), found right-of-way encroachments, enforced provisions of mining claims near Denny, Calif., inspected grazing allotments, Wilderness use (where I encountered wayward cattle and dope growers), counted elk, peregrine falcons, and mountain goats. The only problem was the long commute (the bane of my career) but after working in 100+ degrees all day I eagerly anticipated the fog bank at the crest of the hill down to Eureka.

In 1981 I exchanged the commute for a newly established job closer to home as a Nursery Manager

Trainee. This surely would vindicate my first "mulching" assignment in 1972.

I also finally landed my big fire assignment in when I was dispatched to the Happy Elk Complex in Happy Camp, Calif. After our mandatory 21 days were over I, along with the pack animals, was suffering from respiratory distress from living in a smoke-filled spike camp. I lost my voice for 2 weeks. Fred was delighted.

I became the Nursery Manager of Humboldt Nursery in 1985 and 3 years later transferred as Nursery Manager of the venerable Wind River Nursery in Carson, Wash., the second largest and second oldest federal nursery, established in 1909. There I learned that there were actually seasons in Washington. We made the mistake of living in a Forest Service house at the Nursery where I soon understood the purpose of the big blue panel in my closet— a frost alarm. Just like being the closest to man the lookout during lightening storms, I was the closest to the irrigation system and I had a loud alarm to wake me from deepest sleep at 3 AM on the coldest spring mornings to start the pumps to begin frost protection.

Living at the Nursery had other drawbacks. Many dinners were ruined as I ran screaming from the kitchen to chase deer out of the western redcedar seedlings or the ravens out of the newly sown seed in the field below the house.

While I was there, the Wind River Nursery produced as many as 32 million trees and native shrubs each year for shipment to Oregon, Washington, California, Idaho and Alaska. The workforce varied during the year from 38 permanent and a handful of temporary employees to a combined workforce of nearly 200 during harvest and packing season. I loved most of them and to this day have many friends and (I hope) not too many enemies.

Besides growing hundreds of acres of tree seedlings, we were pleased to be a cooperator with the National Cancer Institute in discovering ways to reproduce and later to grow genetic strains of western yew that held high levels of taxol, which is still an effective therapy in combating ovarian cancer.

In 1994 the decision was made to close Wind River Nursery, along with several others in the country primarily as a result of the decline in federal timber harvest. The phase-out was a protracted, painful one of finding alternate employment for the permanent staff and listening to the distress of the dozens of long-term temporary employees who had to simply be laid-off. Near the end of this ordeal I

was assigned to be the Deputy District Ranger of Mount Adams District, which included the former Wind River District. The two districts were being combined and someone's dark sense of humor led to the thinking that I had had so much experience with letting 38 permanent Nursery employees go, what was another 15 District employees?

I loved being back in the natural resource part of the job, but I was quickly burning out on the human resource part. At least after the final crop was pulled and packed, I could once again enjoy spring—the most stressful part of the year for all people in agriculture.

As long as Fred worked at the Mount Adams District, I could not be permanently assigned as his boss so I was offered the position of NEPA Specialist for the Gifford Pinchot National Forest. Why not? I've done nearly everything else. This was essentially a paralegal position, also known as: “keep the Forest Supervisor out of jail.” So, I started the third phase of my career by reviewing the legal and procedural adequacy of environmental documents and devising NEPA training for people who had far more experience doing NEPA—including Fred.

My regular job was interrupted a couple of times for detail assignments to work on the Northwest Forest Plan in Portland. The first time, I assisted the General Counsel to assemble the administrative record in anticipation of legal action after the Plan was released. The second time, after we successfully weathered the legal action, I was assigned to be the team leader for a Forest Service and BLM team that would be making the first significant amendment to the Northwest Forest Plan.

We were so close to issuing the EIS in May 1999 and then—the “Big Bang” happened. In the car with me I had the only copy of the final draft of the EIS in my laptop computer when the accident occurred. Fortunately, the laptop was retrieved in good condition. I wasn't in such good condition.

The “Big Bang” occurred on Highway 14 in Bingen when I was “t-boned” while driving home from work in Portland. I spent the next 3 months in the hospital, only portions of which I remember—mostly the “opium dreams”.

Despite this 3-month interruption, I eventually went back to my NEPA Specialist job, when that too became a casualty of reorganization. The closest “fit” was the job from which I eventually retired. Leading a dream-team of biologists, earth scientists, and an archaeologist in resource planning for the Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens Districts was

nearly the perfect job and appropriately, a nice close to a career that started with an assignment to mulch a handful of landslides with a few nursery seedlings.



Ed Note: Cindy has been an inspiration to us all with her can do attitude and willingness to support all community projects. Besides her other many projects she has been our Fire District Secretary for several years, has contributed to and formats The High Prairian for which we are appreciative.



HIGH PRAIRIE BOOK CLUB

Lozetta Doll

Anyone is invited to come to the High Prairie Book Club meetings. It is not necessary to read the books chosen. We are meeting on September 24 at 7:00 p.m. at the home of Ted and Myrt McKercher, 779 Centerville Highway. The book for discussion is *Dreams of the Kalahari* by Carolyn Slaughter. October 22 at 7:00 p.m. we meet at Tom and Lozetta Doll's home, 120 S. Prairie Road. The book for discussion is *Water for Elephants* by Sara Gruen. November 26 at 7:00 p.m. the meeting will be at the home of Arlen and Sharon Aleckson, 783 Centerville Highway. The book chosen is *A Thousand Splendid Suns* written by Khaled Hosseini. Happy Reading!

Author Jane Kirkpatrick in High Prairie!

If you are a fan of Jane's historical fiction (mostly focused on local areas, but internationally acclaimed), you can join her at Morning Song Acres on Saturday, September 15. Call Audrey for details at 365-3600.

FRED AND EARL

Doug Taylor

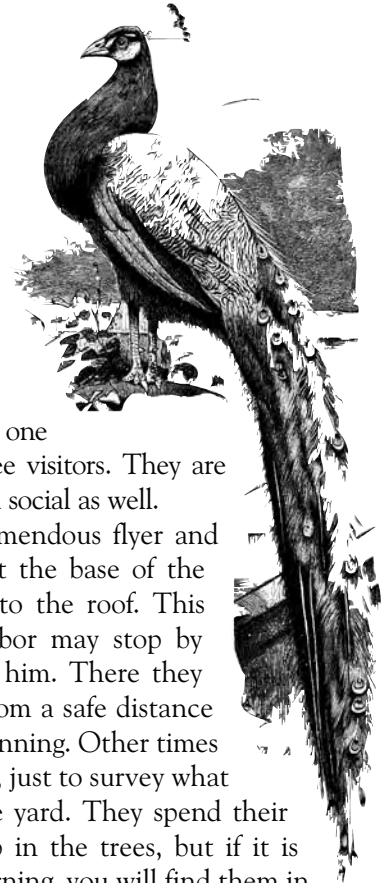
These guys came in one evening to our High Prairie farm and were seen for such a short time, as dusk fell I thought they had left, but the next day they were seen but only glimpses again. As the days passed the appearances became longer and I noticed that they were coming in just at dusk and flying into the oak and roosting in the pine that is by the Former Baptist church located on our place.

Now Fred and Earl (as we named them) are a couple of male peacocks and no one knows for sure where they came from, except we know they are great wanderers, especially if they have been moved from their home territory and not penned for awhile. Fred had full plumage with a long beautiful tail, while Earl had full plumage minus the long beautiful tail. I think this may of happened in his travels, because this fall he was slower molting his feathers. He is now starting to grow them back and he will have full color next year. I also have noticed that Earl is missing one of his toenails on his left foot.

They have made this their home and accept Julia the Border collie and Toby the red rooster as family. They have even decided that the deck next to our dining area is just fine for preening feathers and making big messes. Of course this is done without malice or forethought, but it doesn't go over to well with my wife Dona. It's like when they stay in the barn or roost over the metal roof of the church that I feel they have a vendetta against humans.

Today as I was feeding Toby, I noticed Fred and Earl socializing with him through the fence. They are on the outside and Toby on the inside. They were just looking at each other and visiting as only birds visit. They would put their heads close to the wire and just look and maybe cock their heads one way and the other. As soon as the grain was put in Toby's pen, he had visitors. It was up and over the top of the pen that two peacocks flew on in to see what Toby was getting that was special. After checking this out and visiting with Toby a bit more it was up and out again for Fred and Earl.

If something is happening over in the cattle corral, It will not be long before you see Fred and Earl flying up on the corral fence to see what may be happening that they would be missing otherwise. This even happens if someone is working on machinery

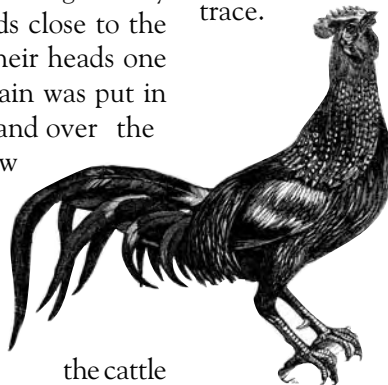


or whatever. Before long one may look around and see visitors. They are very inquisitive birds and social as well.

The peacock is a tremendous flyer and can stand flat-footed at the base of the house and fly directly to the roof. This will happen if a neighbor may stop by and have his dog with him. There they can survey and scold from a safe distance and not waste energy running. Other times they may be on the roof, just to survey what may be going on in the yard. They spend their nights roosting high up in the trees, but if it is raining, early in the morning, you will find them in the peak of the barn atop the hay bales.

The story that the peacock is a beautiful bird, with a terrible voice is certainly true. They stayed with us all winter and would challenge Julia at her dog dish when we filled it with goodies. She never challenged back as she certainly could have won.

After much strutting and displaying their beautiful plumage this spring, I noticed the first of May that they have left our barnyard. They came mysteriously and they have left the same way without a trace.



You may want to check the following web page for the youngsters enjoyment. It is a cute little hamster dance. <http://www.webhamster.com/>

PLEASE PASS THE ZUCCHINI

Jocelyn Weeks

Late last summer, a dear 40-something friend from the city, came to visit High Prairie. Amongst her house gifts, was an elderly Zucchini squash, approaching the volume of a midsize Komodo dragon, with the weight and consistency of a seasoned chunk of oak. After an awkward "Gee .. Thanks." chuckling to myself, I set it aside to "keep" in the utility room and reminded myself to cut her some slack, because she's just learning to garden and cook. Having yet to learn that in most cases; zuchs and gardener's equal coal and Newcastle.

Our friend, is also an inveterate "re-gifter", so I wondered how many times this fossilized vegetable may been exchanged? Like the legendary hundred year old Christmas Fruit Cake? Had some other gardener taken advantage of her inexperience? The dark black- green rind had a polished, around-the-block patina. I decided to take it as a compliment that she believed I could do something with it.

In our own garden by that time of year, we also had some reptilian sized zucchinis that had managed to avoid detection.

They had stems that looked like it would take some kind of special power tool to cut them loose from the mother plant.

So after our friend left, I decided to face my dragons and amassed the whole clutch on the front porch, arranging the High Prairie Clan and Gift Squash in a "display". Kind of like guardians of the gate. The Zuch Stops Here! I have to admit, all together they were impressive. Giving me fleeting thoughts of opening up a roadside attraction along with a self serve pie stand. The sun, solitude and natural beauty of this place does funny things to my mind sometimes.

The squash installation remained on the porch until after the first hard frost. Then I gathered them up and buried their sagging, half thawed bodies in the garden to compost over the winter.

This year, my husband and I were in for a lesson in the humiliation and betrayal of gardening hubris. The ideal growing conditions of the last season had given us an over inflated sense of our gardening abilities. Last year, seeds just hit the ground and grew like crazy. This spring seemed to be much cooler and the first seeds we planted just refused to germinate. After several replantings, my husband and I were starting to get a bit depressed, but we

stubbornly kept trying to get our garden going. The seeds that finally sprouted and survived were scraggly but alive.

One morning, while making my rounds through the tomato rows I spotted a feral seedling. A hardy looking volunteer zucchini had pushed its way up through many inches of rotted straw and compost. It dawned on me, that this was the very place I had buried my Gift, the one I had laughed at, composted, and forgotten. It was way ahead of the other struggling seedlings we'd planted three times over in proper hills, and the first to produce a little squash.

When we ate that first tender zucchini, sliced and sautéed, on top of a steaming bed of rice, I thought of our dear friend now living thousands of miles away. We were dining on our first home grown vegetable of the season and this time I was truly thankful!



JUST ONE MORE ZUCCHINI RECIPE

Lozetta Doll

These are zucchini pancakes, sort of like potato pancakes. Serve as a potato or starch accompaniment to fish, meat or fowl.

- 2 cups grated zucchini,
- 2 large eggs, beaten,
- ¼ cup minced onion,
- ½ cup flour,
- ½ tsp baking powder,
- ½ tsp. salt,
- ¼ tsp oregano.

Press as much moisture as possible from zucchini. Mix with beaten eggs and onions in bowl. Combine dry ingredients and stir into zucchini-egg mixture. Drop dough by tablespoons on lightly greased griddle, brown lightly on both sides. Serve immediately with butter/margarine and lemon wedges.

CONGRATULATIONS to LINDSEY BLAINE!

Dona Taylor

We have a National Collegiate champion among our residents on High Prairie. She is Lindsey Blaine, who just completed her senior year at the prestigious Purdue University in West Lafayette, Ind. She won the NCAA Outdoor Track and Field Championship in the women's javelin with an outstanding toss of 182 feet and 3 inches.

She won a 5 year scholarship to Purdue when she graduated from Lyle High School in 2003, where she was an exceptionally gifted athlete. Lindsey excelled in volleyball, softball, basketball and of course track. Her parents are Kevin and Lisa Johnson who live on Mott Road.

According to an article written by Sverre Bakke in the July 8, 2007 issue of *The Enterprise*, Lindsey will continue with her 5th year, finishing her degree at Purdue in "Movement and Sports Science and Psychology" and a minor in Pre-Physical Therapy. During this time she will continue training with Olympic hopes. Trials are next June/July in Eugene, Ore.

She has already qualified with the "A" standard. (Athletes who attain the "A" standard are automatically included in the event, according to the USA Track and Field's qualifying guidelines.) The full page article in the 8th of July *Enterprise* written by Bakke was an outstanding article on Lindsey and eye-opener on what this young lady has accomplished in her lifetime. We are all very proud of her and wish the very best for her at the Olympic trials next June/July in Eugene.

IN MEMOIRUM

Dona Taylor

Madeline White, 95, of Hermiston, Ore. and former High Prairie resident, passed away June 4, 2007. She was a lifelong resident of Klickitat County. She and William White II were married in 1928 and farmed many years on High Prairie (west end of High Prairie Road). They moved to Lyle in 1949 where she cooked for the grade/high school when the dam was being built. Her husband "Bill" drove school bus and was custodian. She operated the Lyle Café in the 1960's. She enjoyed life very much and could do most anything she set her mind to, and knew a lot of early history of this area.

Our sincere condolence to her family.

KLICKITAT COUNTY FAIR

Terry Chabbert

Our Klickitat County Fair has come and gone. It was enjoyed by all!

WINNERS

To our young adults to name a few:

Shelby McKern two Blues for her chicken, Red for her cookies;

Jessie Call received Blue for his goat;

Kassie Call received Blue/Reserved Showman for her goat also Blue/Champion for her doe.

To all our young adults who worked hard congratulations.

The High Prairie Needlers did well again this year.

CONGRATULATIONS

Loretta Lindsey received Blue, Showman and Champion ribbons to name a few, plus many more for her goats;

Brigitta Free received a Blue/Lots Choice for necklace/earrings set. (You did it again— great!)

Patti McKern received a Red for her tea cakes;

Terry Chabbert received Blues, Red and a "Re-Use-It" rosette for recycling.

Way to go LADIES!

Congratulations to all who exhibited this year



4-H addition—

Tatiana Taylor, former High Prairian, exhibited Blue market hog, Grand Champion intermediate swine showman, Judges Choice on record book, Blue on food demonstration and judging contest at the Klickitat County Fair. She will give a demonstration and judge at the State fair at Puyallup in September. She also won Blue on market hog, fitting/showing and livestock judging at the Tygh Valley Jr. Livestock Show in June. She received a certificate for third highest score out of 100 participants.

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BILLY'S FAREWELL

Tom Doll

High on the hillside, green was the grass;
Kiddies were playing, they were all filled with gas.

Up on the haystack, brown was the grass;
Goats were head butting, deciding the diety of their kin.

Down in the meadows, autumn leaves covered the ground;
Goat families chomping neighbors seldom-seen grass still around.

Jagged were the rocks, snow covering some;
Down went Billy sliding on his bum;

Over the cliff he sailed, baaing adios
To the High Prairie folks.

So named Goat Rocks in his memory.