



The High Prairian

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

Volume Four, Number Three

Circulation: 520 • Subscription Cost: FREE

September, 2004

NOTICES

Fire Volunteers meet the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month at 7:00 PM at the Fire Hall.

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

High Prairie Neighborhood Association meets the 4th Thursday of each month at 7:00 PM. The September 23rd meeting will be a POTLUCK at 6:00 PM at the HPNA & FPD#14 property on Struck Road.

High Prairie Historical Society is held quarterly on the 4th Sunday of March, June, and September and the 1st Sunday of December beginning at 2:00 PM. The September 26th meeting is at the Lorna & Bob Dove's residence on Centerville Highway.

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

Sharon Aleckson

Welcome Baskets were delivered to two families that have moved to High Prairie from the Portland metropolitan area. Ken and Jocelyn Weeks live at 4 Luftfeld Road (just off Centerville Highway). Ted and Myrt McKercher live at 779 Centerville Highway. Both families are enjoying the beauty of the area and the friendliness of the High Prairie neighbors that they have met in the short time that they have lived here. Welcome to our community folks.

HPNA MEETING AND PICNIC

Audrey Bentz

Our August picnic suffered a bit from inclement weather. So we will try one more time before the cool rainy weather sets in. Let's meet with a potluck dish and table service at the "tented area" on Struck Road at 6 pm, Thursday, Sept. 23. Invite any new neighbor that you know! Then we'll have our meeting at 7 p.m. with some very interesting agenda items including:

- o **Community Center/Firehall:** Many ideas are dangling in our High Prairie Community, and it is time to get serious! Come hear various proposals and show the interest necessary to hopefully attract some good grants.
- o **PUD:** A representative from the Klickitat County PUD will come to update us on developments and answer your questions.
- o **Mailbox Bashing:** What is the best way to deal with this?

If the weather goes south, we'll meet at Morning Song Acres (6 Oda Knight Road) in a warm comfortable setting.

Autumnal Equinox: September 22

HPNA Potluck: September 23



E-MAIL GRAPEVINE

Lozetta Doll

If anyone in this area wishes information be spread around the community, please feel free to call or e-mail me at (509) 365-0010 or tomloz@gorge.net, Doug or Dona Taylor at (509) 365-3242, highprairie@gorge.net, or Martha Hamil at (509) 365-5459, mhamil@gorge.net. We each have an e-mail list of many of the High Prairie residents and can forward your message, i.e. lost pet, cougar alert, etc., to everyone on our list. If anyone who receives this newsletter would like to be placed on our High Prairie e-mail list, please let me know.



The High Prairian

P.O. Box 592 Lyle, WA 98635

Publisher Klickitat County RDC
 News Editors Douglas & Dona Taylor
 Layout/Typesetting Cindy Henschell, Cascadia Graphics & Publishing

Serving the community of High Prairie, Klickitat County, Washington.

Published four times per year (or as often as needed).

Subscription cost: FREE. Circulation: 520.

News Desk: Douglas L. Taylor,
 365-3242
 email: highprairie@gorge.net

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

AN "UNADVERTISEMENT"

Myrin and Audrey Bentz

The County graciously assists us with this newsletter, but with the understanding that we do no advertising. So, I think this story about Morning Song Acres would really qualify:

People were arriving for a weekend retreat. One couple was here for the first time and so we arranged for them to have our finest B&B guest room. As I opened the door to their room for them, and expected them to say "Oh, how nice", we were greeted by a baby rattlesnake on the floor (all coiled up neatly!). With my jaw still wide open, I grabbed a pail and tongs, tossed him in, threw him up the back hill, and apologized. The guests were good sports (but haven't returned yet!)

WEATHER PREDICTION

Oregon climatologist George H. Taylor forecasts generally below-average temperatures during the first half of the season (Oct–Dec), with normal or somewhat above-average precipitation. The second half of the year (Jan–Mar) should see above-average temperatures and average or above-average precipitation (with regions west of the Cascades more likely to be above average).

There appears to be a good chance of one or more extreme events this winter, particularly wind storms and rain storms.

AND HOW DID HE DO LAST YEAR?

Last year he said "We expect generally above-average temperatures during the first half of the season, with normal or somewhat above-average precipitation. The second half of the year should see average or somewhat below-temperatures statewide and average or above-average precipitation.

"Fall is expected to arrive a bit early. In Oregon, October is the biggest transition month of the year, with the month usually beginning mild and dry and ending cool and wet. Often the transition to the wet season is quite abrupt. This year we expect the transition some time in late September or the first half of October. It would appear that there is a strong possibility of at least one severe weather event this winter."

For the most part, this was pretty accurate. We certainly had some extreme events! The most significant was the biggest snow storm in many years.

JOHNSON COUGAR

Daria and Steve Johnson

Saturday morning, July 31, I was doing my usual watering of my flowers (the ones that the deer have not eaten) and moving water hoses from one tree to another. As I was watering, our dogs started a ruckus and began running towards the highway. I began calling them all back and walking down the



driveway to get them to come back up to the yard. Most of them came back right away and then I noticed that two of them were standing with their front paws on the base of a big pine tree looking up in the tree. The tree is along the driveway. I walked over to see what they were looking at as they usually have a raccoon treed. But not this time...I looked up into the face of a huge cougar. She was watching me very intently. I took off as fast as I could, which is not the smartest thing to do but luckily this cougar wasn't interested in chasing me. I screamed for my husband, Steve, and he calmly walked out to where I was. He decided to call 911 to see what

should be done about the cougar. Fish and Wildlife suggested just letting the cougar come down on her own and go on her merry way. So that is what we did.

We called several neighbors to come see the cougar and a lot of them brought cameras with them. The cat just sat on her branch

keeping an eye on everyone but not ever trying to come down the tree. There were some very good pictures made.

When Steve came in for dinner around 7:00 PM the cougar was still up in the tree. But when he went outside half an hour later the cougar was long gone.

Now when I'm outside, I am looking up in the trees to be sure another cat is not up there. Talk about a racing heart...mine sure was the instant I saw that cougar! She was a magnificent looking animal but really scary too.

The end of July turned out to be really eventful after all.

BE AWARE

Sharon Aleckson

It is time for school once again. This means that there are children along the bus routes 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! USE CAUTION! There just might be a school bus ahead that is stopped with children loading or unloading. We want our area children to have a safe and happy school year.

Sign of The Times

At a Car Dealership:

"The best way to get back on your feet — miss a car payment."

IF YOU ENCOUNTER A MOUNTAIN LION

Do not approach a mountain lion. Most lions will try to avoid a confrontation so give them an escape route. A loud voice, banging pans together, or a single shot fired in the air will usually convince a mountain lion to run.

Do not run from a mountain lion. Running may stimulate its instinct to chase. Instead, stand and face the animal. Try to make eye contact. If you have small children with you, pick them up or gather them near you so they don't panic and run. Try to do this without bending over or turning away from the mountain lion.

Do all you can to appear large and aggressive. Raise your arms, open your jacket, throw rocks or other objects but avoid crouching or turning your back. Wave your arms slowly and speak in a firm, loud voice.

Fight back if attacked. When attacking, lions target the head or neck, so try to remain standing and face the attacking animal. Use rocks, sticks, jackets, garden tools, camping gear or anything else available to fend off the attack.



Douglas Taylor

MORRIS FAMILY HISTORY

Ed Morris tells me he was 1-1/2 years old when he came to High Prairie. The original house burned and his folks built a log house over several years hauling in the logs from their property. His dad was a timber faller by profession and the kids did most of the farming while he was away.

George Gould Morris was born near Saginaw, Michigan on June 7, 1880 and died in Goldendale on April 1, 1963. He came west as a small boy with his parents who homesteaded near Rainier, Oregon. At the age of 14 he left home and went to work in the woods, following this type of work off and on most of his life.

In 1906 he was married to Maude Davy. They made their first home at Sarah, Washington. Maude Davy Morris was born on September 16,

1878 at Strabrook, England and she came to the United States in 1904.

To this union nine children were born, several of whom still live in Klickitat County. George lives in White Salmon, Ed in Dallesport, and Mildred in White Salmon. Others were Hazel, Bertha, Grace, and Melba. Two sons preceded their father in death and are buried in the Lone Pine Cemetery.

The family moved to High Prairie in 1917, taking up ranching as an occupation. Retiring from the ranch in 1935, Mr. and Mrs. Morris moved to White Salmon, Mrs. Morris, aged 62 years, passed away at her home in White Salmon on Friday, February 28, 1941. Interment was at High Prairie and Hartland Cemetery.

In 1945 Mr. Morris married Katie Niemela, with whom he lived in White Salmon until 1960, when he went to Goldendale to live with his daughter, Mrs. Ivan Riley, (Mildred). This is where he spent the remainder of his life.

Long time resident Jean Schilling of High Prairie was a granddaughter of George Morris whose mother was Bertha (Morris) Stout Kelly.

Ed and Denise Morris and Mildred (Morris) Riley are members of our local historical society.



(above) Morris log house as it appears today.

(left) Ed, Mildred, and George.



This writer recalls several times in his youth Mr. Morris walking across the fields from his home to visit the Ben Taylor family.

RECOGNIZING COMMUNITY SERVICE

PHILIP AND GREER HANER

Lozetta Doll

Fire District 14 volunteer Philip Haner lives with his wife Greer and their two young firefighters-in-training on a hill overlooking High Prairie with outstanding views of three mountains, Stacker Butte and the Columbia Hills. They moved to this area in 1997 because Greer yearned for sunshine and sage even though Philip leans toward rain and rhododendrons. Their yard plantings include both sagebrush and rhododendrons!

Philip was born in Bellingham, Washington in June of 1966 and grew up just east of there in rural Wickersham. His father was a botanist and his mother was an educator. He attended school in the Mt. Baker area and got his degree in General Biology at the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma.

Greer, named after the actress Greer Garson, was born in Arizona in June of 1967 and raised in Ashton, Idaho. She graduated from Lewis-Clark College in Lewiston, Idaho with degrees in Communication and Elementary Education. Her father was a fish and game officer and her mother taught third grade. Her family raised quarter horses and, like Philip, she was accustomed to country living. After graduating from college, she worked in fisheries at Lower Granite Dam on the Snake River where she met Philip in 1991. They married five years later.

Since 1989 Philip has worked as a fishery biologist and is currently an electronic technician for the U. S. Geological Survey in Cook, Washington. He sets up and maintains radio telemetry equipment—monitoring radio tags in juvenile salmon, tracking their survival and passage from John Day Dam and on down the Columbia as far as the I-205 Bridge near Portland. The young smolts reach Portland within about

ten days, traveling an estimated one mile per hour. The radio tags are spit out by the salmon after they grow large enough.

Upon arriving in Washington, Greer worked at May Street Elementary School in Hood River where she assisted special needs students. After moving to High Prairie she taught as a substitute until securing a fulltime position at Dallesport last November. She teaches fourth and fifth grades.

Greer enjoys reading, drawing, camping, and hopes one day to own a saddle mule. Philip likes fishing, hunting and tinkering in his shop. Six-year old first grader, Riley, likes “Building with my Dad, fishing with



Phillip and Greer Haner with Gregory and Riley

my Dad, hunting with my Dad and archery with my Dad.” Soon to be four-year old Gregory, the perfectly typical little brother, loves fire trucks and firemen. The whole family is getting into archery. They live on 40 acres where they raise a few head of beef cattle and pigs. The family just returned from a vacation trip to Victoria, Canada, through Idaho to Boise

and, for the first time, to Crater Lake.

The Haners, like so many people moving to this area, were made to feel welcome and accepted here. Greer will never forget the basket of baby gifts delivered to her while she was awaiting Riley’s birth. They were newcomers to High Prairie and she couldn’t get over the fact that women she didn’t even know had sent gifts.

Philip is enthusiastic about Fire District 14 and his work as a firefighter. He feels like so many others that the High Prairie area can be proud of the training, the equipment and trucks, and the professionalism and dedication displayed by our volunteers. We as a community are grateful for their service and commitment.

2004 SUMMER OLYMPICS

Peyt Turner

On September 13, 2004 Gary and I, along with my grandson Shane, left Portland via Salt Lake City to New York, which wasn't my idea of a stopping place with less than an hour to change planes. The exuberant passengers, all having a common goal of going to the Games made it difficult to sleep for the next 9 hours until the white houses of Athens added another stiff rush of adrenalin. Massive freeway systems were lined with thousands of Olympic banners.

Was there any other place to start than the Acropolis? We were lucky to see a bicycle race in progress at the foot of the ancient structure. Security at the Acropolis was heavier than at airports, and having to give up my purse to carry lots of cash and passports in a plastic bag was unnerving. Acropolis was larger than I had remembered, and was in the midst of repair of structures that had been damaged by time and earthquakes. It was hot. Stopping at a sidewalk café hearing different languages was another reminder of where we were. Shane was busy watching adorable girls walking by.

We hopped a ferry from the busy port of Phareus filled with hundreds of ferry boats and the 10 story QUEEN MARY II housing kings, presidents and dignitaries. We sailed for the islands of Santorini, Mykonos, and Paros early the next morning, encountering a fabulous lifestyle, beaches, nude beaches, tourist shops behind the ports in narrow streets. Food was excellent atop Santorini hanging from the cantrels (cliffs) and a large fireworks display for a soldier of several hundred years ago. On TVs in most restaurants we watched the US basketball team lose to Cuba. Amazing.

Four days later we were back in Athens, having ridden various ferries, up at 5 AM for our first Olympic event: rowing. It was difficult to know how long it might take to get to the event; it appeared 35 miles from town.

People with their county flags and in costumes representing their country were abundant. Scoreboards helped identify the countries. It amazed me that after each heat they played American music, which brought more gaiety to the event. I stood on a bleacher and danced the "YMCA" song to the surprise of my husband who didn't know the song, and to the horror of my grandson, who politely commented on my enthusiasm.

Shane went to the tennis event two hours early, watching the practice in 100 degree heat. The women's doubles and single men's semi finals was thrilling, lasting until midnight, the players pounding balls with endless determination. The American lost to a Cuban in the men's finals. The awards for the doubles were thrilling, with China winning. The women who brought in the metals, flowers and olive wreath crown were dressed in ancient Greece dress, different at each event, representing various regions of Greece.

Next morning brought indoor volleyball at the Peace and Friendship stadium, a tremendous relief from the sun. Within walking distance the sailing event was scheduled. A 120' yacht, used in other Olympics with three levels took about 150 people out in the bay. The races were delayed by no wind. A first class Greek buffet was served while we

waited. The yacht was able to maneuver us to see race starts and finishes of about 12 different races including lasers, 410's, wind surfing, and other races. All sails had the country colors or flags. That event was great and lasted until 7 PM.

Basketball seemed like a ruffian sport after US basketball. Shane decided to ask if he could throw baskets on the court and lo and behold, the volunteers let him, in between games. I snapped lots of pictures of Shane on the Olympics court. He says it was the highlight of his life. This event was in a new stadium constructed at the old airport, a





2004 SUMMER OLYMPICS
ATHENS, GREECE

Medal ceremony



Gary, Peyt, and Shane showing the colors

from page 6

30-minute ride.

Tennis that night lasted until after 12:30 in the morning, and we were too tired to wait and see the medal ceremony. The ride home from tennis was over 2 hours, on crowded trams, metro, and maybe 2 miles walking, thousands of people leaving the stadium at the same time headed for the same transportation. We got to bed about four hours before getting up for the next day's events.

Track and field events brought us to the magnificent Olympic Sports Complex with the torch where large numbers of track events were taking place. We were closest to the broad jump, discus throw. Track races were exciting.

Basketball the next morning brought great fun. Our final event was gymnastics. Until seen in person, it is impossible to believe the feats. This was the night of the uneven bar incident, where the booing lasted over 10 minutes. The young girls doing the bar routine were incredibly focused and gracious in wins and losses.

Next morning we again headed for the port and out to the islands of Paros, Spetses and Ydra to unwind, take in the fresh air, good food and slower pace of life, not unlike Lyle, but surrounded by the sea, tourists and friendly Greeks. My biggest surprise of this vacation was the attitude towards the US, although not direct, and contrary to that all the US music at events. Security was tight, done in a healthier simpler way. The biggest surprises were that most spoke English, and the speed of cab drivers going up to 140 KLM per hour (84 MPH) through the city of Athens during rush hour. This may have been one of the best vacations we have had, being encircled by the world with no politics, race or religion, just a common thread of seeing athletics. The Greeks indeed did get it together, evidenced by the great venues and hordes of excellent volunteers throughout Athens. Next time we'll plan two years in advance. Vancouver, BC and Beijing, here we come!

2004 KLICKITAT COUNTY FAIR

Douglas and Dona Taylor

Another fair is now over for this year with many tired exhibitors and volunteers. What a pleasure and change of pace after listening and watching negative news broadcasts about the political races.

I was so impressed with many of the exhibitors that one could tell had really worked with their animals. Occasionally one would see an exhibitor "show boating", but generally dedicated and very earnest in their endeavors whether showing, fitting or cleaning their alleys. It has been my pleasure to have seen youngsters that I had worked with years ago that are now adults with children of their own. Many of these were volunteering their time as leaders or in the sale ring or other positions to make the fair the wonderful attraction that it is. If you have never been to our local Klickitat County fair you are missing one of the great attractions of our great county. I am so proud of these hard working and dedicated individuals.



We are proud to report the participation of several of our High Prairie residents in the recent 2004 county fair in Goldendale on August 18-22. The participants were:

Loretta Lindsey was the goat barn superintendent.

She has volunteered her services for the past 6 years and has done an outstanding job.

Kelly Call showed a reserve champion Boer/cross breeding goat, and will be taking her champion poodle dog to State fair.

Kerrie Call showed a champion Boer/cross goat.

Kathy Call showed a blue ribbon goat.

Jesse & Tyler Call got blue ribbons for their Swedish ducks.

Tatiana Taylor, first year in 4-H, showed a blue ribbon swine ("Ebony") and received a blue ribbon in showing and fitting (on record book), poster, and in judging contest.

Judith Strait, our local Master Gardener received blue ribbons for her flowers, canning and many baked items. She also received a rosette ribbon as "TOP OF SHOW" for her bread entry.

CONGRATULATIONS, to all, our community is proud of you!

GARDENING CALENDAR

FALL IN THE GARDEN

Judi Strait, Master Gardener

Fall is just around the corner and I, for one, am looking forward to cooler days and nights. With fall comes some added work to get ready for winter.

In the garden, till after the first killing frost and then plant a cover crop or spread the garden area with a straw mulch. This accomplishes two things—keeping the weeds down in the spring and enriching the soil for next year's garden. Write down things that worked out really well this year and things that didn't. This will help this winter as you plan for next summer. In your planning, also remember to rotate crops from year to year so you're not, for example, planting potatoes in the same place each year.

Berries should be mulched with straw to protect them from the cold. Cut back to the ground, the raspberry and blackberry canes that bore fruit this year. You should dormant spray berries and fruit trees in November, December and early February. Strawberries should get fertilized with a 0-10-10 fertilizer in September. Prune 1/3 of old growth off blueberries to encourage new shoots in the spring.

Be sure to clean up leaves and debris under fruit trees to discourage bad bugs from over-wintering there.

Roses should be mulched around the base with 8–12" of barkdust, straw or another mulch material. Pull this away in early spring. Most climbing roses are very hardy and seldom need protection.

If you are thinking of planting some new trees or shrubs in the spring, here's a list of some that do well in this area:

TREES

Amur maple (striking red fall color)
Smoke Tree
Honey Locust
Colorado Spruce
Austrian Pine
Chokecherry (good fall color)
Sumac
Mountain Ash

SHRUBS

Butterfly bush
Juniper
Photinia
Rosemary



HIGH PRAIRIE SKY SHOW

Audrey Bentz

The fall has been awesome for meteors and Northern Lights. We are so fortunate to be away from the city light pollution and see the beautiful Milky Way now as the days grow shorter. If we can discourage any further bright all-night lights and preserve our "country culture", we will continue to have a sky show like few people can enjoy in our land.



Happy
Hallowe'en

THE SAILOR POET

Lozetta Doll

In 1977, High Prairian Paul Strait, then living in Newberg, Oregon, built a 32' fiberglass sailboat christened Jubilee. In 1979 he and a friend, Steve Cathers, set sail from Astoria to the Sea of Cortez. From Mexico they sailed to the South Pacific and Pitcairn Island, the island home of the 18th Century "Bounty" mutineers. From there, Paul and Steve set out for Tahiti. Unfortunately, due to a fluke in the trade winds and unfortunate timing, they hit a coral reef in a French restricted zone and Paul lost his boat and his dream of sailing around the world capsized. Paul kept his ship's log in the form of a poem that he has graciously consented to share with us. Following is the first installment, with the remainder in the next few issues of The High Prairian.

THE CRUISE OF THE JUBILEE

by Paul Strait

What would we face on this lonely base
Surrounded by the sea.
Nothing to grace this barren place
But stark reality.

The commander he, invited we
And much to our delight
Appeared at three on the Jubilee
And the meal, it was a sight.

No useless frills in the form he fills
But in much simplicity
No pomp or fuss, but looked on us
As children of the sea.

Though late the season, we did reason
'Ere leaving Socorro's Cove.
The weather fine, south to the line.
Thence to our course we hove.

The full moon rose upon our left
Out of the sea came she.
A glimmer first and then it burst
In royal ecstasy.

Up, up it crept, in starlit sky
As high as high could be.
Until at last the mast did cast
Its shadow down on me.

The sunset hues of pink and blues
Its rays the clouds have kissed.
Could poet say or brush portray
The beauty such as this.

December first as if accursed
Beset by black night sky.
With lightning flash the rain did lash
We could but wonder why.

The wind bewitched, did switch and switch,
The thunder rumbled near.
With much remorse we lost our course
The ship we could not steer.

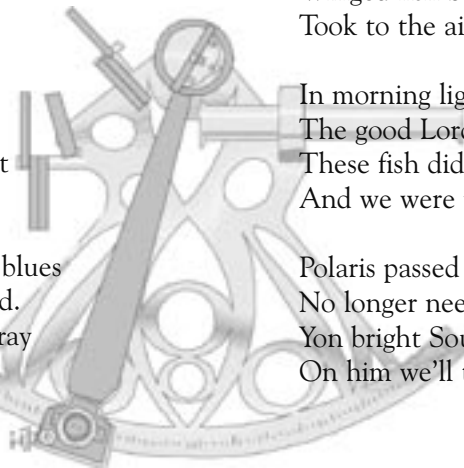
When daybreak came 'twas more the same
The sky was leaden gray.
We rolled and pitched until we wished
We had not seen the day.

At last the good wind did return,
Out of the North came she.
Without regret, our sails reset,
We pressed for the great South Sea.

Many wonders did we behold
And much to our delight
Winged fish below, when pressed by foe
Took to the air in flight.

In morning light, it was a sight
The good Lord had supplied,
These fish did drop on the cabin top
And we were not denied.

Polaris passed from view at last
No longer need we his light.
Yon bright South star is a chenal
On him we'll take our sight.



And Canopus too came into view
 Acrux and Gacrux sighted
 For the Southern Cross and the Albatross
 In this south land were united.

Round and round it closer flew
 And thrice our bows did cross
 With queried eye on us did spy.
 Could it be an albatross?

We looked on him with piety
 When on pitching deck perched he.
 For 'twas plain to see both he and we
 Were kinsman of the sea.

Eleven times returneth he
 And we did feed him well.
 'Twould be a fool to break the rule
 And cast an evil spell.



O're and o're and o're and o're
 'Corona Blanca' we did him name.
 On deck did light from weary flight
 And fast friends we became.

As dusk befell, we watched him well
 To see what he would do.
 There he did nap on the helmsman's lap
 'Till his weary watch was through.

The blast came fast but when 'twas past
 Still sat he contentedly
 With head 'neath wing, 'twas the cutest thing
 As a trusting child was he.

In morning light, it was only right
 His freedom flame did burn.
 Like the dove of the ark did disembark
 And never again return.

No fear he showed but trust bestowed,
 And oh, that we could see
 He who upgirds the little birds
 Upholdeth you and me.

(Next issue: *Struck by a Whale*)

A REAL KEEPER

Lowell Turner

Last July, while fishing with my brother Mike, on the Kenai River in Alaska, and with his professional guiding, (and a bit of luck) I hooked a real "keeper" king salmon. He measured 53-1/2 inches long, 32 inches around, and weighed 74 pounds.



POSTAL PATRON

The High Prairies
P.O. Box 592
Lyle, WA 98635

STANDARD A
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
GOLDENDALE, WA
PERMIT NO. 97