

MARCH 2022

The Community Breeze

Serving the North Lake Communities of Christmas Valley, Fort Rock, Silver Lake,
Summer Lake & Paisley & Southern Deschutes County

Published by Precision Mail Services Visit us on-line thecommunitybreeze.com terryonitsway@aol.com



March Calendar

March 1 is Mardi Gras (aka “Fat Tuesday” or Shrove Tuesday), which is the final feasting day before the Christian tradition of Lent begins on the following day, Ash Wednesday (March 2, 2022).

March 8 is International Women’s Day, which is a day that not only celebrates the achievements of women and the progress made toward women’s rights, but also brings attention to ongoing struggles for equality around the world.

March 13 is the start of Daylight Saving Time, which begins at 2:00 A.M. that day. If your area observes it, don’t forget to “spring forward” and set the clocks one hour ahead, or you may find yourself an hour late to everything!

March 15 is the Ides of March! Legend surrounds this ill-fated day. Beware the Ides of March!

March 15 is also Clean Monday. Also called Pure Monday, this day marks the beginning of Great Lent for followers of the Eastern Orthodox Christian Church. This day is similar to Ash Wednesday of the Western Church.

March 17 is St. Patrick’s Day. According to folklore, folks wear a shamrock on St. Patrick’s Day because the saint used its three leaves to explain the Trinity.

March 20 brings about the March equinox—also called the vernal or spring equinox in the Northern Hemisphere—marking the beginning of spring. In the Southern Hemisphere, this date marks the autumnal equinox and the beginning of fall. On this day, the Sun stands directly over Earth’s equator.


March 29-31 are known as the Borrowing Days. According to lore, the last three days of March have a reputation for being stormy.



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Comings and Goings

By Terry Crawford

Now in its 11th year The Community Breeze differs greatly from the standard newspaper because it is published monthly. The goal from its inception has been and continues to emphasize content over news. Reader's regularly let me know how much they enjoy reading the columns and stories submitted by local writers. Toni Bailie, Maria Lee, Gary Brain, the Prospector an Marie Brain. They all have free rein so I am always treated to new thoughts and points of view and new ways of seeing life. It is interesting how many readers are interested in history and especially Lake County history. And then there are the Bees. Readers love reading about the bees, or as Gary Brain calls them, "The Girls."

For the past year Carolyn Pottorff's book, "Colorful Characters From Paisley's Past," was serialized and what a pleasure it was to share the many interesting stories she shared with her readers. I was privileged to be acquainted with Carolyn through the Easy Writers group. What a treat. She truly was a character in her own right, and boy could she tell a story!

Now with the help of Toni Bailie the Breeze has a new book to share with readers. Its title: "Desert Dandy." The author is Gladys Martin. This is a work of fiction that is wrapped around Gladys' memories of her time in the Wagontire area of the high desert. The hope is you will enjoy the read each month.

I had to chuckle when I got Marie Brain's recipe for Honey Cream cheese Cookies. Last Saturday,, Feb. 26 I had a craving for something sweet and so I decided to make sugar cookies. However when I was looking up the recipe in the cookbook I spotted one for cream cheese sugar cookies. I noticed that the dough was to be refrigerated for an hour, and it was already nine o'clock. So I put the butter and cream cheese (right out of the fridge) into the big mixer along with the the rest of the ingredients minus the flour. Well what I ended up with was a huge glob. Daughter Jill was in the front room and I called her to see why the mixer wasn't working. Her question, "Did you warm the butter up?" No was my reply. Well we had a good laugh. You see my logic was, why warm it up if I just have to get it cold again. Fortunately the mixer is a very powerful one and with a bit of coxing the mixing was accomplished - a bit lumpy but it worked.

I put it in the freezer for about 15 minutes then started rolling it out and cutting cookies with my improvised drinking glass cookie cutter. They were a little tough but they hit the spot

I was able to make it to the opening of the Ranchhand Bar on February 5th. In addition to enjoying the festivities I also enjoyed an excellent

Prime-Rib dinner. The energy was high and everyone was just enjoying the moment. Got to see a lot of folks I haven't seen in quite a while too.



After many months of hard work and remodeling Sam is relishing the moment behind Bar at the grand opening of the Ranchhand!

The schedule is set for the 2022 Christmas Valley Playdays at the Rodeo Grounds. The events will be held on the second Saturday of the months of April, May, June, July and August with an additional Barrel Racing jackpot type event on July 16th. Also in the works are some Working Equitation mini obstacle courses running concurrent at the east end of the arena. There will be year-end gift certificates for the best junior rider and adult rider high scores. Watch for more information in upcoming Whispers and in the Breeze.

Well by the time you get the Breeze in your mailbox the weather will have warmed up from the friggid last week of February. I sure hope we don't get any more extreme cold snaps this year.

If you are interested in receiving a COVID-19 vaccine, call Lilli at the Christmas Valley Annex ~ 541-576-2176 opt. 1 or LCPH at 541-947-6045

The Community Breeze

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Editor: Terry Crawford 541-480-0753 - terryonitsway@aol. com

Deadline: The 20th the month

Editorial commentary is welcome and all letters to the editor that are clearly signed with the writer's full legal signature and also include the writer's phone number will be considered for publication.

The following criteria will be applied equally to all submissions in determining a letter's appropriateness for publication: Letters may not include personal attacks, inappropriate language, libelous content, negativity which serves no other purpose than to harm or unverifiable facts. Letters are limited to 300-600 words. Letters may not promote businesses - to do so is considered advertising.

The Community Breeze neither supports or condemns any ideas, creeds, religions, customs, attitudes or beliefs and letters to the editor do not necessarily reflect the beliefs of its editor or its advertisers.

Please mail Letters to the Editor to The Community Breeze ATTN: Terry Crawford, 85450 Christmas Valley Highway, Silver Lake, OR 97638.

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By Toni Bailie

From This Angle: Collections

What prompts people to make and maintain collections? Collections come in all varieties: stamps, coins, deer antlers. My husband has a number of fishing poles hanging in his shop, more than he will ever use. Does looking at them remind him of catching the big trout at Horsethief Lake? Bird watchers delight in spotting as many varieties as they can and adding them to their life list. My mother collected all sorts of objects that had images of owls, she even had a toilet seat that displayed a big-eyed owl when the lid was lifted. She also had a collection of empty cottage cheese containers that filled her fruit cellar.

Avid collectors enjoy seeking, acquiring, organizing and maintaining their collections. They relish the excitement of the hunt and camaraderie with other collectors. According to

one theory, collecting reflects a fear of scarcity and dates back to humanity's hunter-gatherer days when it was necessary to amass food for survival. Often the value of collections is not monetary, but emotional, a connection to a period of time that evokes nostalgia. The act of arranging items can provide a place of refuge where fears are calmed and insecurities managed.

The Schminck Museum in

Lakeview displays the collections of Dalpheus and Lula Schminck who married in 1901. When Dalph courted Lula Foster, he rode a bicycle 75 miles from Lakeview to her home in Summer Lake. At each visit, he brought a pressed glass goblet for her collection. In 1922, they moved into a home built from a Sears Roebuck kit. There the goblets sparkled in a glass-fronted cabinet. Then the couple began

collecting items of historical interest and converted their basement into a museum. Admission was one button. Today those buttons have been fashioned into a collage. Thanks to the Schmincks, items of historical interest have been preserved.

Jay and Melva Wilkie constructed Western Villa Trailer Court and were the caretakers for a number of years. After Jay was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in 1985, he could no longer manage handy-man chores. To keep himself busy, he started restoring old cars in his garage workshop. Every model was a 1957, the year he graduated from Lakeview HHH High School. His masterpiece was a turquoise Cameo pickup that he often displayed at car shows. Although he sought treatment at medical centers, he declared that working on those cars was his best therapy.

My friend Carolyn Pottorff collected John Deere memorabilia, miniature tractors and merchandise displaying the John Deere logo. Once Gloria Heglar hosted a

See Collections, Page 12.



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Introduction

In June 1948 I married a buckaroo and we spent the first summer of our life together on the High Desert of the Wagontire area, watching over cattle on summer range. I loved the desert and was fascinated by the area’s history of range wars and colorful characters.

Forty years later, after reading several books about Pete French and his famous P Ranch, I felt it was time someone wrote the history of Wagontire. I started writing the history as I remembered it, but using fictitious characters. After I wrote most of my memories, I found a new book: William “Bill” Brown, 1855-1941: Legend of Oregon’s High Desert written by Edward Gray. He wrote a complete, concise and factual book. I enjoyed every page and found my memory had served me well, everything I had written about Wagontire was verified in that book.

Now that the story of Wagontire was told, I lost interest. My computer crashed and I lost my manuscript. Then my fictitious characters started begging me not to let them die. I really had grown quite fond of them, so I started writing a new version of my old book. I hope my make-believe people are satisfied.

Desert Dandy

Chapter One: The Wreck – July 1944 during World War Two

Another stab of lightning split the distant darkness. For nearly an hour, the world of the two men in the pickup had consisted of nothing more than lightning and the small section of highway their headlights illuminated. Hawk shifted his weight to ease tired joints. “Coffee, Jake,” he growled to the man beside him.

The younger man bent down to retrieve the thermos from its resting place on the floor. Hawk glanced down at the bulk of the man beside him for only an instant before looking back at the road ahead. A wave of shock went through him as he saw a huge dark hulk in front of the truck that seemed to have materialized out of thin air.

“My God,” he gasped as he cranked the steering wheel hard to the right. The pickup started to skid, was jerked sharply, then they were rolling. The two men were aware of papers, cups, the thermos, gloves, rope, tools and themselves tumbled together. Broken glass showered over them before the motion finally stopped. With a groan, the pickup came to rest on the driver’s side with Hawk jammed against the door and Jake in a heap on top of him.

“What happened?” Jake was dazed and confused. “Didn’t you see that bull in the middle of the road?”

He was as big as a barn. Jake, try to get off me, you weigh a ton.”

Jake moved, but the only response from Hawk was a loud “Ouch! Watch where you put those number twelves of yours, and your elbows are even worse.”

“How can I watch anything? It’s black as a pit in here,” Jake complained. He moved carefully, feeling his way, trying to take his weight

window?” Hawk asked.

Jake found the window mostly gone. He pulled away shards of broken glass, then pushed his head and shoulders out. It was a tight squeeze. Safely outside, he reached down to give Hawk a hand. The storm had moved farther away and a thin slice of moon was shining, giving enough light to assess the situation. There was a strong smell of gasoline.



off the man beneath him. Finally he managed to brace his feet against the gearshift and raise himself up, striking his head sharply in the process. His hands found the door handle. That would be the way out of this mess! He pulled the handle down, braced himself and pushed up on the door with all his strength. Nothing happened. “Ugh!” he grunted. “The door won’t open.” “How about the

“You OK , Jake?” Hawk asked. “I guess so. Have a few bruises and my buckle darn near gutted me goin’ through that window. How about you, Hawk?” Jake replied, real concern in his voice. “Bumped one knee pretty good, but I’ve had worse and kept goin”

Jake put a cigarette in his mouth and was digging in his picket for a match. “Don’t light that you damned idiot,” Hawk snapped. “You want to blow yourself to kingdom come, that’s your problem. Just let me get clear of this thing first.” With that, he felt his way over the rocks to the road, safely away from the wrecked pickup.

Jake stumbled after him. “You’re right Hawk, I didn’t think about gas bein’ spilled,” he said lamely. “You mean you just didn’t think,” Hawk snapped. “Now we’ve got to find J.D.’s horses or we’re in real trouble.” Hawk headed for a dark shape across the road, down from where the pickup had come to rest. A bull bellowed near them. The two men stood still, trying to see.

“Well I just hope we didn’t make him mad.” Hawk said. They found the remains of the trailer, but no horses. Most of the top section was gone and the wheels were tipped at a precarious angle off the

edge of the road.

Jake pulled out a cigarette and lit it without complaint from Hawk. In the quiet they could hear large animals stirring and an occasional dark shape moving. Hawk listened intently. Were they horses of cattle? The bull bellowed again, this time farther away.

“What we gonna do now?” Jake asked. “I don’t know what you’re gonna do, but I’m stay-in’ right here,” Hawk answered. “There’s likely to be someone come along that can help us. If we don’t show up by mid-morning, J.D. Hamilton will be out huntin’ for us.”

“Huntin’ his horses you mean,” Jake said. “Don’t matter what he’s huntin’ as long as he shows up,” Hawk said He stretched out full length on the highway. Warmth trapped in the asphalt felt good to his tired, aching body.

Jake finished his cigarette, dropped the butt on the road and ground it out with his boot. As he looked up, a light in the distance caught his eye. “Hawk, I swear I saw a light way off there just now.” They watched as the light disappeared and reappeared, coming closer. Finally the light separated into two headlights and they could hear the purr of an engine. As the vehicle neared, they waved. It stopped and a man stepped out onto the pavement.

Jake called out “We had a wreck, can you help us?” “What the hell you doin’ way out here?” the man asked. In the limited light, Jake and Hawk made out the form of a lean man with a wide brimmed hat, and the pickup he was driving. “There was a bull in the middle of the road. When we dodged it the pickup rolled,” Hawk answered.

“I’m Willard Hyrum Tate the third,” the man said. “Most folks call me Hy.” Hawk extended a hand. “I’m Hawk and this here is Jake. We’ve got a wrecked pickup on one side of the road and a wrecked trailer on the other. The horses we was hauling gone. We’re in a hell of a fix. How far are we from a phone?”

“There aint no phones fer a hunnert miles. What you need one of them things for?” said Hy. “We’ve got to get word to J.D. Hamilton. Not that I’m anxious to tell him we’ve lost his horses, but the sooner he finds out the better.”

See Desert Dandy pg 13.



MEET AND GREET
Saturday, March 5, 2022
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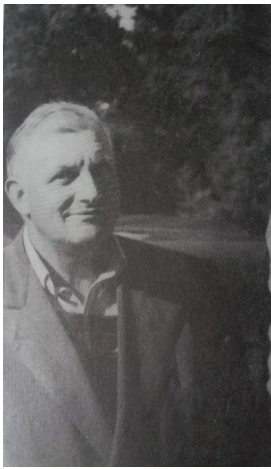
Marie Lee

Marie Lee was born on her family’s ranch near Valley Falls. She studied journalism at Southern Oregon College (now Southern Oregon University), and has published a memoir of life on the ranch, “At the Ranch Beneath the Rim.” She has also published a collection of stories about growing up, “The Way We Were in Valley Falls,” a children’s book, “Cowgirl Lessons,” and in 2017 a historical novel, “The View From God’s Country.” After growing up in Lake County, Lee lived in Texas and elsewhere in Oregon before returning to Lakeview, where she has lived for the past 30 years. Currently, Lee is researching another book about the families and history of Lake County.

Riding With the Desert Moon

By Marie Lee

It was sixty-three to sixty-four years ago that my family and I rode with the moon one night across the basin country of Fort Rock and Christmas Lake Valley. The occasion was a meeting of Lake County Pomona Grange at Fort Rock Grange Hall. Afterward we were dinner guests of Hazel and Maurice Ward. Their daughter, Teresa, and I became buddies as she attended Lakeview High School and thus the connection.



Teresa spent occasional weekends at the Simms Ranch in Valley Falls and I spent a few weekends at the Ward Ranch near Fort Rock. We never forgot that night and we talked about it for years. As the moon rose over the eastern skyline it was enormous. We felt as though we were one with it. I wished that Dad would drive Grandmo’s Kaiser Manhattan off the road and onto the moon where we could stay in that moment forever.

Some call that notion romantic fantasy, but the desert has that kind of power over those who wish to become one with its majesty.

Fred Eskelin, his wife, Marie Elise, and their son, Edwin, were long-time members of Fort Rock Grange. They were held in high regard by those who knew them and my father often spoke of his admiration for the Eskelin family. I

dug through Lake County Museum material in search of their story: Fred was born during 1877 in Iisalmi, Finland; Marie Elise was a native of Hammerfest, Norway. Fred left home at the age of nine to work and sent wages home to help his family. Early in his life he rolled logs in a river, later he went to sea working on Russian and Swedish ships. He immigrated to the United States in 1902. The Eskelins met and married in Calumet, Michigan.

He homesteaded in the Fort Rock valley in 1909, near the area known as Arrow. Fred Eskelin knew little about farming or harsh desert conditions. As with other homesteaders, Fred left to work elsewhere for months at a time



while Mrs. Eskelin and the children held down the homestead. He worked as a blacksmith for the logging camp of Pelican Bay Sawmill near Klamath and then for the Shelvin-Hixon Company of Bend. Mrs. Eskelin grubbed sagebrush to clear the land. She learned to raise chickens. By 1912 their homestead produced hay for the horses and food for the table. The children attended Clover Leaf school. Eventually they bought nine head of cattle and then they sold butter as well as eggs. In February of 1916

Kinnear Buick drove Fred, and two neighbors down to Lakeview where they received their citizenship papers. Their homestead served as proof for their citizenship status and the rest of the family automatically became citizens.

A drought in 1918 brought crop failure, and Mrs. Eskelin became ill during the influenza epidemic. Fred sold the cows and

chickens, loaded his family and left the homestead. Seventeen years later, in 1935, they returned, drilled a well, leveled the land and gradually began to irrigate. Mr. and Mrs. Eskelin are buried in the Silver Lake Cemetery while their son Edwin is buried beside his infant sister in the Fort Rock Cemetery. They were among those hearty souls who survived to eventually become one with the desert.

I also found this handwritten poem among files at the museum:

“The Desert,”
by H. E. Derrick of Fort Rock, Oregon

“You ask me to write of the desert, and the people living there,
Away from the cities madness and sickening toil of care;
Of care for the staggering masses, who toil for their daily bread,
Who struggle without ending, till the fires of life are dead.

“The people who live in the desert
And breath of the pure desert air,
Are the ones who are found doing sentry
On the edge of the world everywhere.

“The rim of the world touches Heaven,
As we gaze over mountain and plain,
And the merciful hand of The Maker
Seems aye to be near us again.

“No painter could er’r paint the picture
As the sun slowly sinks in the west,
As the wind whispers sweetly of mercy,
Seems rocking the cradle of rest.

“To sermons of men we listen
And know they are meant to deceive,
But the sermons of God in the desert
Are written and all must believe.

“We may long for the town and its pleasures,
The hum of the glittering throng,
For smiles and light chatter of fashion,
And the bright halls of music and song.

“But if we are bred of the faith that moves mountains,
The chatter will pall on our taste,
And we’ll dream of the picture and music
In the desert’s endless waste.

“Where the rim of the world touches heaven,
As the sun slowly sinks in the West,
And the wind whispers sweetly of mercy
While we are rocked in the cradle of rest.”

Information of Eskelin family from: *Portraits: Fort Rock Valley Homestead Years* by Fort Rock Valley Historical Society. Photo of Ed Eskelin from the same; photo of Eskelin homestead from: *High Desert of Central Oregon* by Raymond R. Hatton. Poem found in Lake County Museum files.

We Love Sharing Your Submissions!!

As a monthly paper *The Community Breeze* is an avenue for news and acts as a community forum where writers from throughout Lake County can share information, stories, history, art and so much more. *The Community Breeze* is open to all submissions as long as they do no harm. Opinions are welcome too as are letters to the editor.

We would enjoy seeing photos of artistic creations with stories about the artist. There is no doubt that a wealth of talented writers and artists live in the amazing Oregon Outback and we want to share their work with our readers.

The Breeze is posted on-line every month shortly after being printed and can be found by typing in: thecommunitybreeze.com. It’s that simple. So tell your friends in the County’s south end to check out what you have had published and invite them to become regular readers and contributors.

That about covers it. Stay warm, enjoy your down time, beecuzz in no time at all we will be popping the covers off our hives with huge grins of appreciation on our faces, welcoming the girls back and getting ready for the nukes and package bees we ordered. Bee safe and Warm!

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Photo © Karen Morgan

Residents of Lake County, my name is Karen Morgan and I am announcing my candidacy for Lake County Commissioner, Position 3.

I was raised in rural Southern Oregon and highly value the farming and ranching, rural lifestyle. My family are multi-generational loggers, ranchers and farmers. We raise registered black Angus on our small ranch in Christmas Valley. I graduated from Ashland Senior High School in 1980 and have a B.A. in International Relations from the International University Europe in England. I am the mother of seven grown children and have six grandchildren.

My position as Office Manager of Christmas Valley Park and Recreation District and as Office Manager of North Lake Health District has enabled me to become familiar with some of the problems that face Lake County residents.

My 30 years of Risk Management and Contract Administration for Federal, State, municipality, and private sector land use, hazardous waste clean up and remediation, and handling complex commercial insurance claims, along with managing my own residential rental, logging, and farm/ranching businesses gives me the knowledge and experience for the decisions required for county government.

I am hard-working and I will be a strong advocate and a strong voice for all the residents of Lake County. My pledge to Lake County is to be dependable, to make informed decisions and to take action and follow through on those decisions and to put my heart into every effort at being a loyal and trusted County Commissioner for ALL of Lake County.

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During these difficult times we will attempt to maintain our regular hours, however, there will be days when we may close or shorten our hours. We encourage you to call ahead and verify the plans for that day.

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Honey Cream Cheese Cookies

These are lovely, rich cookies that are just a wee bit sweet. Freshly grated lemon peel or extract would be good in these too.

Honey Cream Cheese Cookies

- 1/2 cup butter, room temp (1 stick)
- 8 ounces cream cheese, room temp
- 1/2 cup light honey
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp Vanilla extract
- 1 tsp Almond extract (or lemon)
- 1/2 tsp baking powder
- 1 3/4 cup cake flour (or regular flour with 2 TBSP cornstarch added)



Cream butter and cream cheese in mixer til smooth. Add honey and beat for 1 minute. Add egg and extracts and beat until combined and smooth. Add baking powder and flour in three additions, mixing to combine each time,

Refrigerate dough for at least an hour to firm up.
Preheat oven to 375 °
Line baking sheet with parchment paper. (can use foil or wax paper)
Dough will be sticky so flour you hands as you roll out 1 to 2" balls.
Use the flat bottom of a glass to *slightly* flatten the balls.
Not too much or they won't puff.

Bake 10- 13 minutes or until the underside edges are just turning golden. This will depend on your individual oven.

Dust with powdered sugar or drizzle with glaze

My Mother -in-law was a very good, creative cook and one year, as we were all discussing how to make game birds palatable, even delicious, she shared a favorite recipe for cooking geese. Now Gary and his friend Ron are avid goose hunters who believe in eating whatever they harvest, so this recipe was a godsend for someone (me) who would always rather have chicken...
Most of the geese they shoot are made into jerky or sausage (both yummy!) The goose LEGS are more difficult to deal with but work really well in this crock pot recipe that we lovingly have dubbed:

“GOOSE LEGS”

- 4 TO 5 pounds of goose legs, thawed (or any fowl)
- 4 medium leeks (or green onions)
- 1/2 cup dry red wine
- 1/2 cup soy sauce
- 1/2 tsp honey (or sugar)
- 1/4 tsp ground ginger (or fresh grated if you have)
- 3 carrots,(or more if you like) coarsely chopped
- 1 1/4 cups water



Trim tough tops and root ends off your leeks. Split them lengthwise down the middle and rinse out any sand or grit. Then slice. If you are using green onions, just slice them up.

Place all the ingredients into a Crockpot and cook on low for 12 - 24 hours until you can see the meat is falling off bones. Kinda depends on how tough the goose is. Strain the leeks and legs out of the sauce and set aside. Bring the sauce to a boil and thicken with a bit of cornstarch mixed with cold water to make the gravy.

That's it. The gravy is HEAVENLY served over the legs and brown rice! (Or Pasta) Add a crisp salad and you have a complete meal. Enjoy!

Marie

DRIVERS NEEDED



WE ARE IN NEED OF DRIVERS FOR OUR SPECIAL TRANSPORTATION PROGRAM

We are looking for volunteers willing to drive their own vehicles and provide rides for people for: appointments, shopping, and social outings.

We reimburse you mileage using the current IRS guidelines. You will need a reliable vehicle and are required to provide proof of a valid driver's license and insurance.

If you would like to be a part of our team please call us at 541 943 3551. We are a part of Lake County's Public Transit System.

COVID cases by county in Oregon

As of February 24, 2022 Lake County had 1362 recorded cases of the virus which is up 141 from the January statistics. The loss of 23 lives remains the same. Currently the county is seeing 35 new cases a week. We went from below 300 to the current number in just six months. When one looks at the statistics our county's numbers look pretty low compared to the rest of the state - excepting the extremely rural low-population counties. But that isn't doing the math. Multnomah County with a high population density saw 12 percent of the population being reported as having had the virus. Well that same math shows our Lake County is now at 17 percent of our population having been infected. Of course that is only numbers for people who were treated or who tested positive. No doubt the number would be much higher if more testing were to be done.

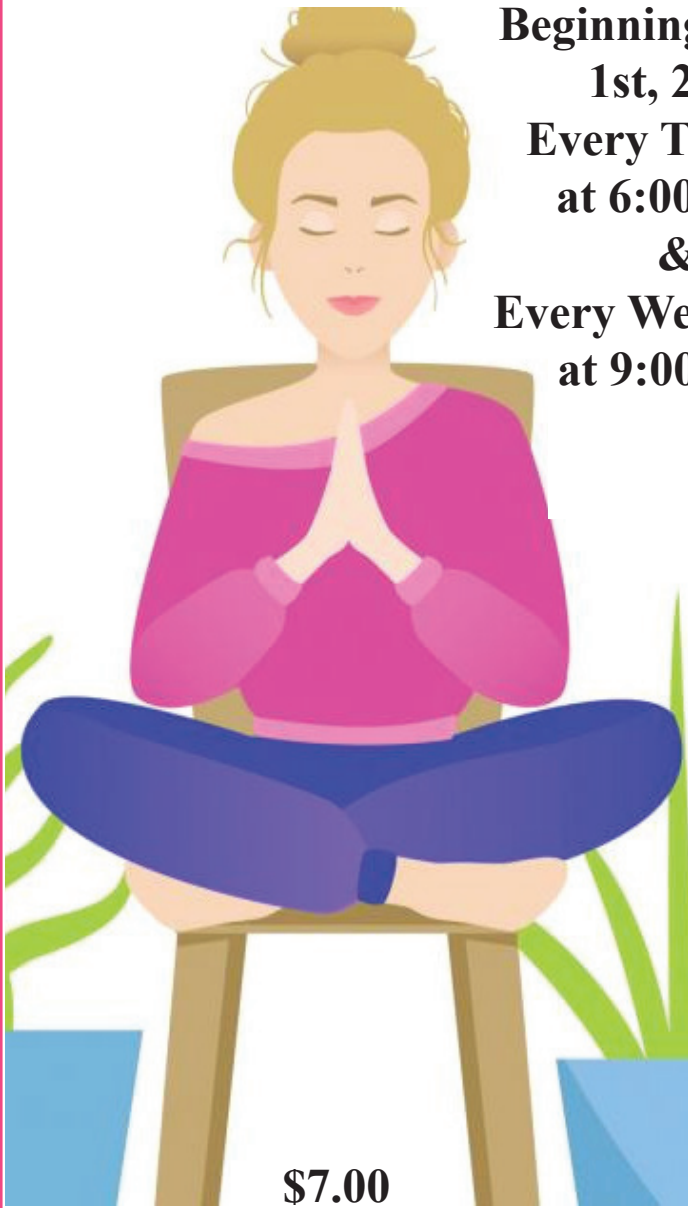
This virus is going to be around for a while and hopefully as it mutates and morphs it will become less and less powerful.

I have visited with several people who have had COVID and many of them reported it was just as if they had a bad cold. However, others told me how horribly sick they were and how frightening it was to have their ability to breath highly compromised. And of course we have lost friends, family and acquaintances.

Hopefully the current predictions are accurate and the infection rate will begin to drop significantly in the next several months. Until then, it is up to each of us to do our part to limit the spread by self-isolating if we are exposed or if we are sick.

No one should be exposed by a person who stands in line with them, and then announces to those around him that he has COVID. That cost people work hours, missed appointments and more. Some of them were high risk and had been being very careful only to have this inconsiderate person find it humorous to move throughout his community, intentionally exposing them.

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(Please use the southwest entrance.)

PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION INFORMATION

Submitted by Ann Kasbohm

Lake County Public Transit Has Two Providers To Help Those Without Transportation

Special Transportation and the Lake County Senior Center both serve North Lake. If you are confused by which service to use, check with the schedulers of both programs to see which service can accommodate your needs. The goal is to get folks to medical care and also get them to shopping facilities.

Anyone without their own safe transportation is qualified to use either service. If you are using a wheelchair, the Senior Center has ADA equipped vans; they also give scheduling priority to seniors and those with disabilities, and medical trips, and only have 2 vehicles, so that's one thing to consider before you call.

Frequently, vehicles will have more than one passenger and more than one appointment time to meet. At times, this makes for a long day, especially when appointments fall hours apart.

Special Transportation relies upon a network of volunteer drivers who use their own vehicles. When scheduling, it is important to remember that Special Transportation drivers do not work for a wage. They are paid a reimbursement for their mileage only.

Drivers may also take care of some of their own business while a rider is at an appointment or shopping elsewhere. Be patient and remember that it is just as long a day for your driver as it is for you. Be sure to bring your own funds for a meal, or bring your own lunch that will not make a mess or stain your driver's upholstery.

We all love living in the high desert, and we all know that we may have to travel 60 or 100 miles to take care of health issues and major shopping. We encourage you to use these services, and at the same time be appreciative of those who use their time and vehicles to make your rides possible.

North Lake Dispatch - 541-576-4689
Paisly Dispatch: 541-943-3551
Lakeview Dispatch - 541-947-4966 ext. 106

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to Schedule your appointment

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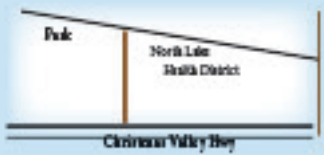
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Kristina Timmons
DNP, FNP-c, PMHNP-bc

Kristina Timmons has provided primary medical care at La Pine Community Health Center since 2014. Though Kristina has valued her time treating patients medical conditions, her passion lies in behavioral and mental health care and she has now received a Doctorate of Nursing Practice degree with a focus in Psychiatric Mental Health.

She will now be treating patients of all ages, addressing mental health concerns as part of our Behavioral Health team.

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Monday - Thursday | 8 a.m. - 5 p.m.

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LaPine Community
HEALTH
CENTER



The Prospector and his writing travel a path that has many curves and bends along the way, but in the end an interesting destination is reached. So spend a little time mulling over the journey and if you are curious like me, you may find yourself getting ready to do a little exploring.

A common trait with most geologists is that they don't like the concept of catastrophe changes in the environment. The Missoula Flood that covered three states and created the Columbia Gorge, Deschutes River Gorge and countless others thru the Northwest. Filled the Willamette Valley within minutes to a depth of four hundred feet with boulders the size of houses that originated in Canada scattered throughout the valley. A two thousand foot tall wave traveling at eighty miles per hour carrying more water than the Worlds total amount within its banks left enough evidence to cover the Northwest yet it was debated for decades until the obvious fact was accepted.

The evidence in rock as to how Fort Rock was created will be debated far longer because of the cause, centralized pressure force that machined gunned a three hundred foot tall rock into 2-3" pieces that are scattered throughout many acres.

This force, for lack of a better word, did not travel six feet past the mouth opening on each side or deal a glancing blow on the East side, rather it stayed right in one position until it reduced the Rock not only to ground level but fifty feet lower than the Bench Level.

As you walk across the Core of this exposed tuff ring you'll notice the erosion is not water worn but chiseled out of this extremely hard rock. The 2-3" pieces of the Rock in the

FORT ROCK

By the Prospector

called it Island after Wizard Island in Crater Lake. It's a volcano within the crater -- a last ditch effort of the mountain building process and is composed of a much harder and denser material

otherwise the back side of the Rock would be blown out in line with the impact. Impact is not the right word because if something 'impacted' then large chunks of Rock would be there. It wasn't destroyed by a wave because it would erode

past the opening equally. Walk clock wise thru the crater, against the flow and you'll see for yourself the erosion coming towards you and up over the top. The rocks you see around the outside rim came from the top of the Rock and pushed out from the inside when she filled up. When you reach the spot where the Island meets the Notch Flow, the spot where the flow meets head on with itself; crawl thru the dry rapids and hike thru the Bend. When you reach the high ground behind the Island and notice the



Slurry fit right in but the key word is 'chisel'.

Further investigation of the slurry will hopefully explain this because the evidence has to be there.

The Rock broke thru just left of center of the 'mouth' and the flow impacted with soft lava rock that is found in tuff rings and was forced upward as the Tub Rings show.

The pulverized rock that wasn't forced over the brim, arteries, rather the natural shape of the Rock forced the current in a counter clock wise direction striking the 'Island.' I

than the surrounding rock.

The Island shows not only the direction of the flow but how it channeled it to the lowest point in elevation we will call the 'notch', which is the same elevation as the main tub ring. The channels clearly show it going uphill directly to the notch. There is a natural bend due to the round shape of the Rock forcing the flow back to the opening, mouth. The Bend is re-forced by the same material as the Island and forced the flow back onto itself thus diminishing the 'forces' impact or

two separate islands hidden you will be convinced that something very special happened at the Rock. alkalidc26solar.com is being constructed with pictures of the evidence plus other information. There is a comment page if you see something different, post it with your evidence. Central force, machine-gunning a three hundred foot tall Rock into oblivion. You can tell I don't know what went on but I will stand on what I see.

Next: Fort Rock before the 'blast'

Collections from page three.

birthday party for Carolyn and followed the John Deere theme with a green tractor plowing a furrow on the cake. Perhaps that collection reminded Carolyn of her beloved father Joe Silveria who worked on the ZX ranch for many years.

I collect rocks of interesting shapes and colors from my walks in the hills, or shells found along the sea shore. I also collect sunrises. Sometimes the sun shouts in exuberant red and orange, sometimes molten gold pours over the rim of the Coglins. Other mornings the dawn paints delicate pastel hues of pink and blue on the clouds. My collection of sunrises never need dusting, and I don't have to worry about thieves.



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Desert Dandy: from page

“That shore is too bad you lost your hosses. A feller needs a good hoss under him out here,” Hy said. “You should’a tied ‘em up better. But you look like a couple of fine fellers ‘an I’ll juss take you with me to the ranch. My boss, ol’ George, he’s got a bunch of hosses an’ he’ll fix you up.”

Hawk hesitated. He couldn’t deny they needed help. But it didn’t seem right to just walk away from everything. Jake had no such reservations. To him, it was merely a choice of having a roof over his head or spending the night with bulls and rattlesnakes. “Come on, Hawk,” he urged. “Let’s go.”

“Taint more’n two, three miles,” Hy said. “We’s juss about there.” “All right,” Hawk agreed. “I guess that’s the best thing to do, but I’ve got to be back here first thing in the mornin’.

The two or three miles stretched into almost six before Hy swung the pickup onto a narrow gravel road that followed a fence, then wandered off through the sagebrush. After another mile or two, Hy turned on an even narrower road. A half mile up this one they came to an open gate with massive juniper posts. Hawk started a sigh of relief, supposing they were coming to the ranch. Then he saw the pickup was headed for one of those juniper posts, his side of the pickup. Hy swerved enough so only the

rear-view mirror hit the post, parting company with the rest of the pickup. Hy drove into the ranch yard. It was a neat, well-kept place with a large, two story white house surrounded by poplar trees. Further back they saw a barn, corrals and other buildings.

Hy came to a stop next to a small, snug looking building. “This here’s the bunkhouse,” he explained. “Now you fellers gotta be awful quiet ‘cause ol’ skinhead in there gets downright ornery if he gets woke up.” Hy picked up a silver mounted spade bit hanging on the gun rack, got a package out of the pickup bed and headed for the bunkhouse. He opened the door quietly, then tripped and fell flat. The bit flew out of his hand and clattered across the floor. An irate voice said, “Hy, you worthless sand eatin’ sidewinder, quiet down or I’ll stomp you.” Hy was indignant. “That aint no way to talk to company,” he said. Hawk explained. “We dodged a bull out on the highway and put the pickup off the road. The trailer we was towin’ is on the other side and the horses that was in it are gone.”

There was a rustling and the flare of a match as the man lit a lamp. He was lean and bald, in this 40s, and wearing dingy long underwear. “My name’s Carl,” he said, extending a hand. “That aint Carl,” Hy said. “Thass Curly.” Hawk took the pro-

ferred hand. “I’m Hawk and this here is Jake. We’re sure sorry to wake you up in the middle of the night.”

Curly was thoughtful. “I could take you to the big house, but there aint nothin’ George can do for you in the dark. It’s best if you just bed down here and get as much sleep as you can. George’ll help you come daylight. Just pick yourselves a couple of bunks. I’ll call you for breakfast at six.”

It seemed to Hawk that he had barely gone to sleep when Curly was shaking him awake. “Breakfast in ten minutes. I went over early and told them you was here, so they’re expectin’ you.” Hawk and Jake took their turns at the wash basin and made themselves as presentable as possible before heading for the big houses.

George Kline was a big man, tall and lean, 240 pounds of bone and muscle, with bushy hair and eyebrows that were mostly gray with traces of red. Within minutes, a short, slightly chubby woman with unruly blonde curls appeared, carrying a tray of steaming food.

Hawk explained their situation to George while they were eating. They had picked up two race horses in California that Jefferson Davis Hamilton of Kentucky and purchased. They were hauling the horses to a ranch in Idaho. One was a four year old gelding named Red Tree and the

other a three year old filly named Dancing Leaf. They had planned to spend the night in Burns but the water pump went out on the pickup. They stayed in Lakeview three days to have it replaced. Then they decided to head for Burns, even though it would mean driving at night.

Hawk looked at George. “Is there any way we can get word to J.D. Hamilton?” “There’s no phones out here but there is an emergency radio at Wagontire. Lena’ll take you over there soon as we get through with breakfast,” George said. Then he turned to Curly. “You and Hy saddle your horses and saddle Chico for Jake. You and Jake go out to the wreck an’ start lookin’ for the lost horses. I’ll have Hy help me load whatever we might need in the pickup and follow you.”

Everyone scrambled to their assigned chores. George loaded the pickup. “What happened to the rear-view mirror, Hy?” George asked. “Damned if I know. One of them city dudes must’a stole it while I was in town yesterday. Can’t trust any of ‘em,” Hy said irritable.

As they started out the gate George noticed something shiny on the ground. “That city dude was a lot more ambitious than most of them. He went to a lot of trouble to crumple that mirror and bring it way out here,” he commented.

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MARCH Crossword

Across

1. Engaged in a battle
6. Rock-band equipment
10. Complete collection
13. Baggy
14. Come in last
15. Tiresome speaker
16. Casino machines
17. Airline to Tel Aviv
18. China’s continent
19. ‘50s song, e.g.
20. Prison section
22. Historical times
24. Not very bold
25. Skillet
27. The Dalai __
30. Took another chair
33. And so on: Abbr.
34. Veterinary visitors
36. Records on video
38. Plays Pebble Beach
41. Pub beverage
42. Scarecrow filler
43. Prying person
44. Domesticated
46. Lyricist Gershwin
47. Marsh bird
49. Knights’ titles
51. St. Louis clock setting
52. Stop running, perhaps
54. Nevada city
56. Auto tune-up item
61. Prudential rival
64. Long-eared hopper
65. Window section
66. Colonel’s subordinate
67. Pinnacle
68. Middle East ruler
69. Video-game name
70. Casual greeting
71. See socially
72. Wanderer

Down

1. In addition
2. Turnpike charge
3. Traditional Dutch shoe

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9		10	11	12
13						14					15		
16						17					18		
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56	57	58					59	60		61		62	63
64						65				66			
67						68				69			
70						71				72			

4. Moving about
5. Close again, as a jar
6. Actor Baldwin
7. Burrowing mammal
8. Sacred song
9. Merchant
10. Run-of-the-mill
11. Guitarist Clapton
12. Ship wood
15. Refuses to go along with
21. Borscht vegetables
23. Maple product

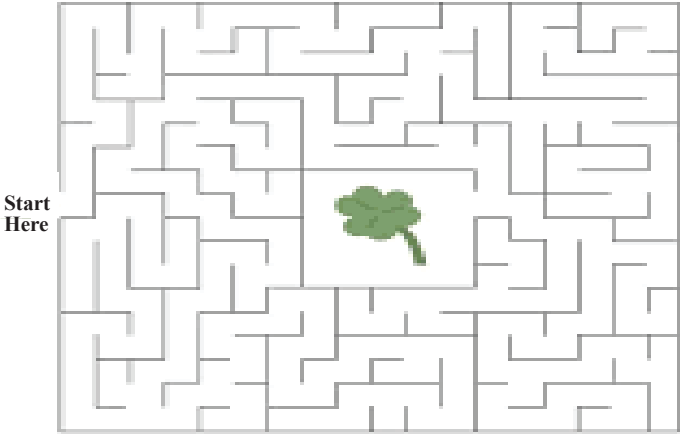
25. Wooden pins
26. Make amends
28. Butcher-shop buy
29. Collection of maps
31. Fruity toast topper
32. Signs of sorrow
35. Prefix for sweet
37. Attack, as a fly
39. At no charge
40. Talk
45. Get it wrong
48. Left 15% on the table

50. Naval recruit
53. Camel’s South American cousin
55. “Cool!”
56. Old Iranian ruler
57. Walk back and forth
58. Military force
59. 58 Across division
60. “Pretty Woman” star
62. Director Ephron
63. Dry as a desert

FEBRUARY 2022 SOLUTION

C	L	A	M		P	R	I	M	E		L	A	N	D
H	A	L	O		R	E	V	E	L		I	D	E	A
A	V	O	N		I	D	E	A	L		C	O	R	N
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T	W	O	S		A	G	E	N	T		S	T	A	S

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CV Boosters - 2nd Mon at 6pm at Booster Building	FR/SL SWCD - 2nd Thurs at noon at Silver Lake Fire Hall
CV/NL Chamber of Commerce - quarterly (watch for posters)	Lake Co. Hay & Forage - 1st Thurs at 6pm at Lodge at Summer Lake
CV Fire Board - 3rd Mon at 7pm at The Christmas Valley Fire Hall	Lions Club - 2nd Mon at 6:30 am at Silver Lake Fire Hall
NL Park & Rec - 2nd Tues at 9am at The Community Hall	NA Wednesdays at CV Community Hall at 7pm
CV Water Board - 2nd Wed at 6 pm at District office	NL Health District - 1st Mon at 5pm at North Lake Clinic
EMS - 2nd Wed at 7pm at EMS Building	NL School Board - 2nd Mon at 5:30pm at the NL School library.
FT Rock Grange - 2nd Wed at 6:30pm at Grange	SL Rural Fire Dist - 2nd Mon at 7pm at Silver Lake Fire Hall
Ft Rock Historical Society - 2nd Tues-10am at the Museum	

NO STRESS WITH



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- **No monthly service fee**
- **30,000+ Surcharge free ATMs**

* Must be eligible for membership and maintain at least \$5.00 in your Membership Savings Account. Earn up to 2.00% Annual Percentage Yield (APY) on your Rewards Checking Account. Must have 15 debit card point of sale transactions post to your account each statement cycle, be enrolled in e-statement, and have no loans greater than 14 days past due. 2.00% APY is available on your monthly average balance up to \$10,000. Average balance above \$10,000 will earn 0.02% APY. The APY is offered as of March 1, 2020 and may change after the account is opened. Fees may reduce earnings.



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