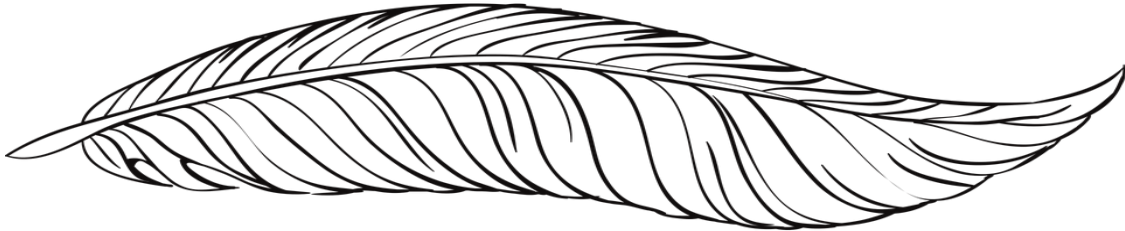


# DEADWOOD DITTO

**APRIL 2020**



<b>Deadwood Food Coop Order due</b>	<b>Sunday April 5, 5:00</b>
<b>Distribution</b>	<b>Thursday, April 16</b>
<b>Swisshome/Deadwood Fire Dept Board Mtg</b>	<b>Thursday April 9</b>
<b>Mapleton Food Share</b>	<b>Thursday April 9<sup>th</sup>, Saturday April 24 10-2</b>
<b>Triangle Lake Food Box</b>	<b>Friday April 17 11am- 2pm</b>
<b>Third Saturday</b>	<b>Cancelled</b>

## **Deadwood Food Coop Standard Information**

The Deadwood Co-op is a food buying club comprised of Deadwood area members. Established in the 1970's and run by volunteers, we bring natural, whole, organic, and local foods to Deadwood. We order six times yearly: February, April, June, August, October, December. Ordering information can be found in the Deadwood Trading Post under Food Coop tab. If you are a new member you will need the passwords to the catalogues. Contact Cathy Barr (541-964-5371) for those.

## **Food Coop News**

Yes! We will have an Azure order in April. See above for dates. You can use Ami's online form or the hand written form.

Both are available on our Coop webpage @ [deadwoodtradingpost.com](http://deadwoodtradingpost.com). As always, I need 2 copies. Be sure to submit the front & back of the form. You will need to bring your orders & checks to me because our Community Center is closed. You can leave them on the chair on my porch. Put a rock on top. Call 1<sup>st</sup> & tell me when you will be coming so I can be sure to collect them.

Typically, Azure is out of stock on many items. Due to the pandemic, shortages will increase, so be prepared to not receive many items.

Good news about the March Hummingbird order! It totaled \$2,500 so Nancy will adjust the % fee down from 9 %. Our Coop will not be stopped! Denice's great idea to divide the orders under the covered bridge worked very well. Special thanks to her, Chuck, Opal & Jan for distributing & delivering the orders. Extra special thanks to Lou for picking up the order, helping with distribution & delivery. They & those who ordered made it successful.

Please stay safe, healthy & sane during these very difficult times.

Call or email me if you have questions or ideas. *Submitted by Cathy Barr*

## Community Center News

The Deadwood Community Center is closed to public use until the CoVid19 viral restrictions are lifted. This means that all of the regular and scheduled events are cancelled. This includes Third Saturday, Second Sunday Social Gathering and Market, Thursday Night Open Mic's and Food Coop distribution. Keep your hope alive!



## UDIG

If April showers bring May flowers,  
What do May flowers bring?  
June bugs!

We started UDIG (the Union of Deadwood Independent Gardeners) in 2007 in order to offer a CSA weekly box of food. That first year we had 20 customers. Over the years we've expanded to include the Deadwood Sunday Market, the May Day plant swap and support for the Florence Area Food share. The CSA was discontinued but the Market and May Day plant swap flourished. And we've always encouraged gardeners to share ideas and advice.

In these dire straits, we now need to expand our goals. Let's focus on growing more food, not necessarily for selling, but to help with community needs.

If you're prepping for spring planting, think about expanding your garden's size.

I hope to have lots of plants in 4" pots around the middle of May. Check the May Ditto for availability. Consider taking on an apprentice to pass on your years of garden experience. (Remember to keep your six foot distance and work only outside.)

*submitted by Billy*

[bilnymilkweed@gmail.com](mailto:bilnymilkweed@gmail.com)

## new curmudgeon

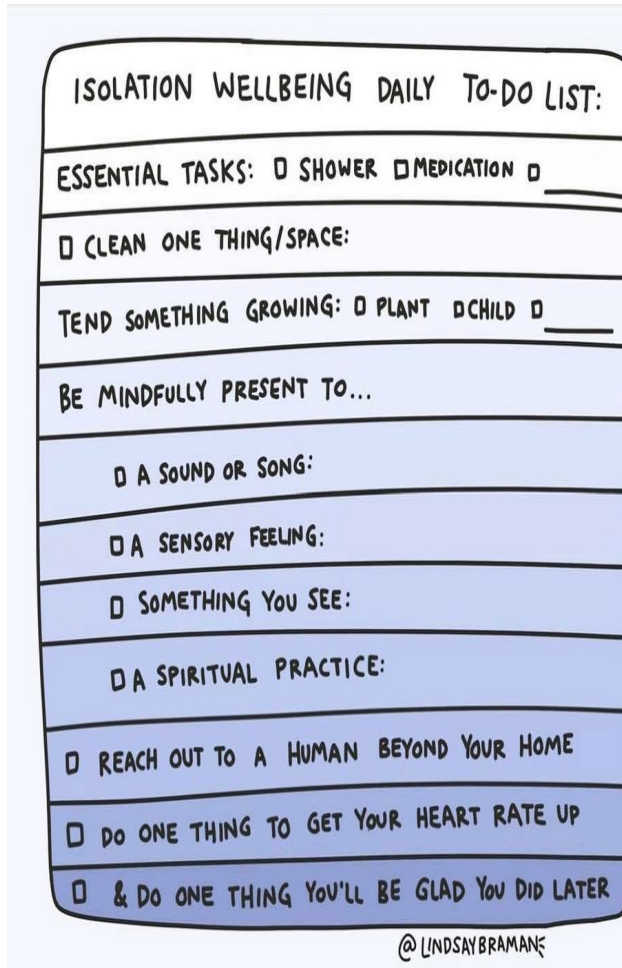
Alone together....Time and the opportunity to choose one's attitude for a given set of circumstances. Crazy is the price you pay for having an imagination, yet humor can afford an ability to rise above any situation if only for an instant. Time creates duality..past/present, dead/ alive, being/non-being. I am concerned with how I should live my life...what matters, what is my path. My will is a strength that enables me to motivate my thoughts and actions. A person's tasks forms his destiny, which is different and unique for each of us. No one's destiny can be compared with another's.

The best things can't be told  
the next best are misunderstood  
because they are trying to explain  
what can't be.

The rest is what we talk about.  
It's not a race...the only important  
moment is this moment.

*Submitted by james Webb*





Submitted by Kaki Burruss

### Siuslaw Watershed Message to Members

In these uncertain times...

At the Siuslaw Watershed Council, our primary concern is the health and well-being of our watershed - this includes staff, contractors, partners, and all members of the communities we serve. We are monitoring the developments of the

Coronavirus (COVID-19) and making changes to how we work and serve our communities as recommended. One recommendation is to telecommute as much as possible. Management staff are briefly in the office at staggered times, therefore our Mapleton office is currently closed to the public. Also, many of us are out in the field continuing to manage current projects. Should you need to reach us, email is best either directly or via [watershed@siuslaw.org](mailto:watershed@siuslaw.org) - Your message will then be routed to the best person for response.

You may have already heard that the Council's Board of Directors have made the decision to cancel both the March and April watershed gathering events. We hope to share the educational material we had prepared at some point in the future. Events scheduled after April will be evaluated and communication will be forthcoming at a later time.

Until then, please know that we recognize that as local events and activities are cancelled, and socialization is limited, some community members will feel

isolated. We will strive to stay connected with you about our watershed via email and social media. As a reminder in these stressful times -- we are lucky enough to live in one of the most beautiful places on earth where we are all blessed to serve as stewards. Spending time in our watershed's great outdoors is an excellent way to relieve stress and get a small break from indoor isolation. If you have some great pictures of your time in our watershed, we encourage you to share them with us to share with our community! Take care and we will talk soon!

*Submitted by Mizu Burruss*

### **Interesting Times**

These are interesting/disturbing times for many reasons. The causes for the strange occurrences, the worldwide pandemic for instance, appears to be nature's wrath toward the people. But a closer look might reveal many viral and mutagenic destructive forces are created in human laboratories. For example: tens of thousands of gallons of herbicides have been aerially sprayed on forests, on plants

and animals, soils, waterways and people. Yes, people directly attacked by inevitable drift from helicopter rotors, causing spasmodic coughing, nose-bleeding, skin rashes, and many more diseases and maladies. According to numerous studies, and in my own conversations with neighbors, friends and acquaintances, many people experience compromised lymph, endocrine, and immune systems for their lifetimes resulting from exposures such as cancers and viruses, such as Corona viruses.

All farming was organic before WWII. After the war, unused toxic chemical's cousins developed for wartime "found" a market in farms and forests of the 21st Century. Non-chemical, organic farming and forestry, has been proven economically sound, practical, and sustainable.

The old model of clear-cut and spray forestry is critically obsolete and in this time of a life-taking pandemic, extremely dangerous.

*Submitted by Richie Gross*



## ***FUNNEL TUNNEL***

A friend walked down the street  
to find something to do.  
A sign announced a "LABYRINTH: Just  
Ahead"  
Her pace picked-up, excitement grew.

The street turned into a Dead End  
With only two ways out:  
back the way she came, or  
choosing "Dead" and turning all  
about.

She was no fool and wasn't really  
lost,  
Everybody gets to die someday,  
so, what's the rush, it cannot hurt  
to stick around and find another way.

First to the left, then to the right,  
It all seemed just the same.  
Until she spied a hole in the ground.  
Behold, it was a tunnel without a  
name.

She dove into the opening like Alice  
going through the Looking Glass.  
It turned into a funnel and she was  
stuck.  
No way out. It had trapped her ass.

It was dark in the dirt-walled space.  
Her hair was plugging up each ear,  
but there was something going on,  
and in  
the ground, thunder thumps were  
near.

She screamed, hoping to be heard,  
but her mouth was clogged without a  
sound.

The earth above was shaking now,  
and  
a muffled voice came through the  
ground.

Her legs were sticking out above the  
opening  
as she kicked them every which a  
way,  
then felt two strong hands grab her  
ankles  
and pull and pull, but nothing pulled  
away.

A rope was looped and tied around  
her boots.

She felt tugging and the strain upon  
the knot.

Would her legs be broken by this  
force?

Or would they stay strong while she  
fought?

The Cowboy and his horse were  
ready,  
tightly stretched was the lasso-rope.  
With gentle words and an easy tone,  
he urged his horse back one step with  
hope.

And then one more backward move  
to pull  
and see the legs and their person  
begin



to emerge from that stuck place at  
last.

This contest would surely end in a  
win.

Suddenly arms appeared above the  
ground  
And then her head and face showed  
with relief.  
The horse stepped forward to loosen  
the knot,  
and the man bent down to offer his  
neckerchief.

She shook her hair and cleared her  
mouth,  
wiping the dirt away from both her  
eyes.  
The handsome Cowboy smiled and  
cheered.  
To see it was this woman was such a  
surprise!

When on command, the animal knelt  
low,  
the two of them could help each  
other climb aboard,  
and now at last, with true love riding  
on its back  
the horse could fly, and across the  
sky they soared.

*Submitted by Johnny Sundstom March 2020*



## Dear Deadwood Neighbors,

Please insert your name here  
\_\_\_\_\_. This letter is for  
you.

As I think about us in this strange  
time of “social distancing” I run  
through in my mind all the ways we  
help each other. The First Responders  
and Volunteer Fire Department come  
first to mind. Then there are the  
Deadwood Care Team, folks who  
deliver food, rides, and care. Of  
course, the Deadwood editors and  
distributors make our ditto happen.  
Our rock is our beautiful web of  
relationships, of unsung phone calls,  
drop-ins and FB to give each other  
support and comfort.  
So, thank you. We’ll get through this  
time together.

*Submitted by Kaki Burruss*

**JUDICIAL DECREES MAY NOT CHANGE THE  
HEART; BUT THEY CAN RESTRAIN THE  
HEARTLESS.**

**- MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. -**

Submitted by Michelle Holman

## WHERE DID ALL THE TP GO?

Where did all the TP go                      Short time passing

Where did all the TP go                      Not long ago

Where did all the TP go?

Gone from store shelves case by case

When will the hoarding end? When will it ev-er end?

Where did all the waitresses go            Short time passing

Where did all the waiters go                Not long ago

Where did all the good cooks go?

Unemployment most of them

When will they come again?                When will it ev-er end?

Where did all the children go Short time passing

Where did all the teachers go Not long ago

Where did education go?

Gone home alone all of them

What will they ever learn?                When will they learn a-gain?

Where did all the old folks go Short time passing

Where did all the wisdom go Not long ago

Where are all the gramps and grams?

Isolation got to them

What will we learn from them?            When will it ev-er end.

Where did all the music go                 Short time passing

Where did all the concerts go Not long ago

Where did all the fine arts go?

Gone to silence and on-line

When will we hear again?                 When will enjoyment come?

Where is all the milk and eggs            Short time passing

Where did all the bacon go                 Not long ago

Where did all the good food go

All ate up and digested

Where is my TP now?                        When will it ev-er end?

Set to the tune "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" by Keith Strom

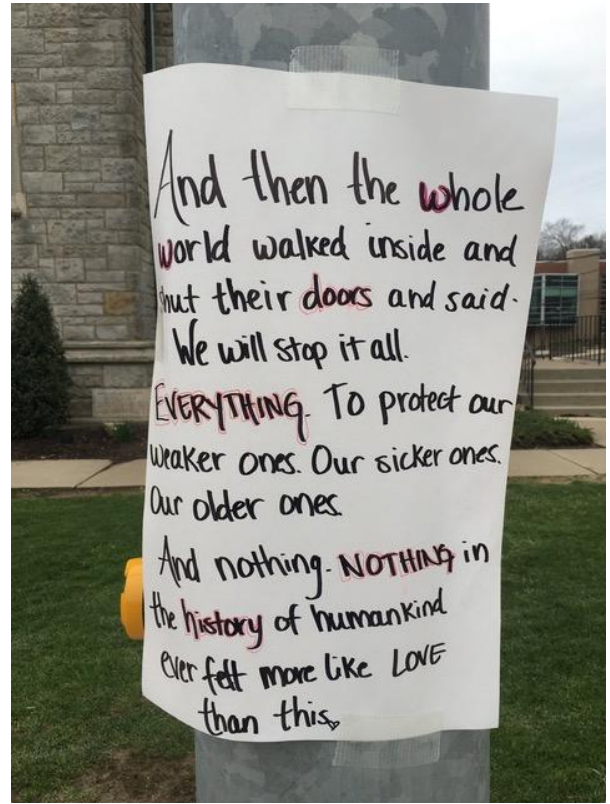


And the people stayed home. And read books, and listened, and rested, and exercised, and made art, and played games, and learned new ways of being, and were still. And listened more deeply. Some meditated, some prayed, some danced. Some met their shadows. And people began to think differently.

And the people healed. And, in the absence of people living in ignorant, dangerous, mindless, and heartless ways, the earth began to heal.

And when the danger passed, and the people joined together again, they grieved their losses, and made new choices, and dreamed new images, and created new ways to live and heal the earth fully, as they had been healed.

~Kitty O Meara



Submitted by Michelle

*April eruption  
Shot hole borers and bikers  
Break out the vodka  
Billy*

*Forty and drizzle  
More gray, more gray,  
more gray and  
The swallows come back  
Kaki*



*We experience ourselves, our thoughts and feelings as something separate from the rest. A kind of optical delusion of consciousness." — Albert Einstein*

*Submitted by John Forbis*

## Classifieds

I, Neila Crocker, plus my animals (chickens, goats, 2 horses & my dog) are seeking land, preferably with a house, barn and shop space. I really want to stay in the Deadwood community. I have been here for over 15 years. I want to continue being an organic farmer, doing dairy and supporting the farmers markets. I am an artisan and a musician. I need to find a for-sale-by-owner/rent-to-own, or a sub-divide rent-to-own situation. My current living situation expires in August. I would love to hear from anyone who has a lead or possibility. Thank you for your consideration. Please contact: Neila Crocker [541-927-3077](tel:541-927-3077)

Local help is available: garden/greenhouse care, harvesting/weeding/trimming, watering while you are away, household assistance help, typing, editing, proofreading, personal driver, errands, home & office organizing, tax help, grocery shopping, laundry, eco-friendly house cleaning including de-cob webbing your entire home & organizing, dump runs (\$25 + dump fee), landsitting, and more! Highly skilled at many things. Stellar local references, squeaky clean driving record, OR DL, full insurance, small

truck, can pass background check. \$15-20/hr. Contact Sequoyah #964-5838 or [Walkingfeather42@protonmail.com](mailto:Walkingfeather42@protonmail.com)

Professional pet and farm animal care services available in Deadwood, Blachly, Triangle Lake, Swiss Home, Mapleton (30 yrs exp) - dog walks, elderly/convalescent care & baby animal care, overnights, daily visits (includes feeding, potty breaks outside, cleaning litter boxes, poop scooping, etc), 1/2 day or full day care in the pets' home, medication administration (IV fluids, insulin, pills), nail clips/trimming for cats, dogs, goats, etc, farm sitting while you go away, horse exercise/training (riding, lunging), holding animals for sheering/clipping or the farrier; goat milking, and more! Specialized in working with canine leash aggression, food aggression & all species rescues! Stellar local references, plus testimonials on my website; flexible rates & availability, holiday coverage, available for emergencies. Contact Sequoyah #964-5838 or [Walkingfeather42@protonmail.com](mailto:Walkingfeather42@protonmail.com) ~ [www.sequoyahwalkingfeather.com/animal-care](http://www.sequoyahwalkingfeather.com/animal-care)

Submitted by Sequoyah  
Walkingfeather

## Recycling News

Like many other upcoming community events and gathering, the Florence United Methodist Church and the Master Recyclers of Florence will be canceling the April 18th Plastics Community Collection event which was to take place at the United Methodist Church parking lot (333 Kingwood Street) from 1 until 3 pm. There was also a Collection Training Session scheduled for April 4th starting at 3 pm at the United Methodist Church Fellowship hall, but that too has been canceled.

“We will definitely have another collection day and training as soon as we are able, so please don’t stop collecting your clean, label-free # 2, 4 and 5 plastic tubs, jugs, bottles and lids. The community members in Florence do a wonderful job of sorting and cleaning their plastics so keep it up!” said Nancy Rhodes, Master Recycler and co-coordinator for the event.

As a reminder, all types of the opaque #2 HDPE bottles and jugs (vinegar, cat litter, milk, water, etc) can be dropped off at the transfer station in the comingle bins. They do NOT take ANY #1 drink bottles or pure white #2 jugs. If you have curbside recycling pick up from one of the local hauling companies, you can put your clear drink bottles (up to a half liter) and

white and opaque #2 milk bottles in your comingle container. Please contact your hauler or the transfer station if you have any questions or need more information.

Volunteers will be needed for future events so stay tuned for more information. Volunteering is a great way to learn the ins and outs of proper plastics recycling.

Please contact Nancy Rhodes for more information on how you can help or any questions about the upcoming events. (Email address: [banjogirl57@gmail.com](mailto:banjogirl57@gmail.com)).

For more information about the ongoing Lane County Special Plastics Collection and how to recycle plastics, please visit the website: [www.lanecounty.org/plasticscollection](http://www.lanecounty.org/plasticscollection)

You can also find Master Recyclers of Florence on Facebook for additional information at:

<https://www.facebook.com/FlorenceRecycles>

DW Ditto Editor for April- Jan Kinney

DCS Board Members- Ami Levy, Mikelle Loar, Danell Sundstrom, Kristie Guse, Anna Metz/Kinou Sumpa

Regardless of whether there is a global pandemic or not, the Earth needs protection from the human species. When we “locals” advocate for the places we love, and folks in different places work to protect the places they hold dear, we can create a patchwork of active safekeeping that has the potential to create a MOVEMENT! #CommunityRights

The Covid-19 virus has created for us, a “timeout” opportunity to do some very necessary soul-searching. Let’s re-examine the roles we must play as stewards of our planet home... and work to create a world worthy of our elders, children, and future generations.

[CELDF.org](http://CELDF.org)

[ORCRN.org](http://ORCRN.org)

[CommunityRightsLaneCounty.org](http://CommunityRightsLaneCounty.org)

*Submitted by Michelle Holman*

### "THE NEW UNARMED SERVICES"

Was there not enough misery in the world already? Were there no hordes of lost children and adults in the world, facing a life without homes or food or water, or anything needed? Was there not starvation with diseases, with wars and invasions; was there not enough of fear and weeping? Were not enough people dislocated by the ongoing, rabid

violence of humans towards each other, perpetuated through time? Was there not enough sorrow? And now there are new heroes, but they have no weapons. They are saviors and not those who slay others. They have no protection for their bodies, no armor, yet they care for the ill and dying without means to save themselves and those in their care. What is happening? Has everyone gone mad? What kind of country is this that we have let things slip so far and for so long that no one here was prepared? Yes, disease was inevitable perhaps, it comes in cycles...but not the lack of preparation. We face a world no longer recognizable where ultimately silence will dominate and now only the rustle of nurse’s gowns and doctor’s soft steps creates a sound to blend with the gasping immobilized who cannot breathe alone. Did we need this to happen? Have we ravaged the planet so badly that everything is out of balance? It has happened before; the monstrous destruction of huge populations from battles and bugs and unseen killer diseases. But now we are supposed to have science on our side. We are both perpetrators and victims. Natural disasters are part of our inheritance; part of the world’s organic shifts. Have we ourselves produced the worst of the plagues still? Perhaps humans tipped the scales of survival

even more quickly than the damage already done to our sadly abused planet. Perhaps this sorrow just speeds things up even more. Was there not enough weeping and wailing throughout our short history on earth? We cannot even hear those who are sick and dying for they are locked away from us, and we cannot reach them in

our own isolation. Only the doctors and nurses - the health care givers and other human services can hear and see the bodies being destroyed, can be direct witness to what is abstract for the rest of us, however we empathize.....

submitted by Yvonne R. de Miranda

"INCOHERENT PERCEPTIONS:"

I look out the windows in the living room the hills and bend in the creek

are still there still the same except for natural variations of temperature and weather

Inside everything is as it ever was if I lock out the new reality of our world

I would never feel any different about sitting here moving around here it is all in my mind (of course it

always was) but it is not only my personal reality for it is everyone's these days

It is what we know from TV and computers and people sending messages I am told

of the great pandemic elsewhere there is danger and I (we) can no longer

go to restaurants but then I rarely ever did anymore this is different I cannot

make my doctor appointment or go to the dentist or take

my dog to the groomers

Now I can no longer start looking at my mail after getting it from the street mailbox

it has to sit for 24 hours until some unseen indescribable contaminant no longer  
inhabits the surfaces of bills and magazines    The New York Review of Literature  
has

become a perilous adventure    an item to avoid touching until it has been 'cleared'  
after

a period of time    spontaneity on many levels is at a stand-still    tasks are  
carefully

executed with serious thinking about safety and economy

of movement    and strange elements are added to the  
days    gloves    masks    which I acquired

in the last viral uprising    enough for a while still

coverings of all kinds in case I need to leave

Spontaneity is forever a thing of the past    so much to remember first

that is the strangest thing of all    living here with nothing changed knowing  
everything has    and permanently so

I have encapsulated myself in the former familiar and in safety (also an illusion)    it's  
been over a month    while outside

the property everything hides great dangers

I float time in my brain and my sensory equipment

to call this cognitive dissonance is only part of it    it is emotional dissonance    spirit  
dissonance

the dissonance in hopes and dreams which seep from my interior reality into a  
foreign external one

where nothing fits together and all those things which were so comforting and familiar now

have to be seen in contrast to the displacement which has come to us and which with one careless moment can sneak underneath the front door and snatch us away it is a child's

nightmare but there is no comforting reality to give solace on awakening not any familiar reality which gives relief

That which looks and seems the same as before things which are the same as before now hide possible perils

And so there is no change from the bad dream

The stomach churns the legs are weak the heart beats unevenly the nights are dampened

with an undefinable moisture of internal events it is too much for the system to absorb I can not dry out.

(c) 3.28 20

submitted by Yvonne R. de Miranda

(don't worry I'll feel better tomorrow)