

# DEADWOOD DITTO

DECEMBER 2024



Third Saturday dinner and dance, and 2025 Calendar release.	December 2st, Saturday Deadwood Community Center	Potluck Dinner Taco bar potluck 6:30 Music 7:30
Swisshome/Deadwood Fire Dept Board mtg	December 12th, Thursday at 7 pm, Swisshome station (next to the Post Office)	Contact Mona Arbuckle @sd.rfpd.@gmail.com
Mapleton Food Share- contact 541-268-2715 or 541-268-2919	December 12th, Thursday and December 28th, Saturday	10am-2pm
Triangle Lake Food Box- contact Cyndie Blake 541-925-3254	December 20th, Friday	10am-2pm
Deadwood Creek Services Annual Meeting	Friday, January 31st, time TBD	Deadwood Community Center
Deadwood Ditto deadwoodditto@yahoo.com	Submissions due the 26th of the month, with distribution very close to the first of the next month	Editor Jan Kinney kinneyjan1@gmail.com
Deadwood Food Coop	Every other month  Info available on Deadwood Trading Post under Food Coop tab	Yvonne Pappagallo contact yvonnpappy@gmail.com



**Support Mapleton Youth Afterschool Sports**

With Your \$.10 Bottle Drop Returns

Two Ways to Donate:

Get Green Return Bags and stickers from Lou Burruss by calling 541-964-3981 or emailing at

lburruss@Mapleton.K12.OR.US

OR

Go to your account at BottleDropCenters.com and donate your balance to Mapleton S.D. Youth Sports.

*Submitted by Kaki Burruss*



**Notice of Regular Board Meeting**

The Swisshome Deadwood Rural Fire Protection District Board of Directors will hold their regular meeting **7:00 PM on Thursday, December 12<sup>th</sup>, 2024** at the Swisshome fire station (12) - 13283 OR-36, Swisshome, OR 97480.

The meeting agenda will include:

**APPROVAL OF MINUTES and BILL:  
PUBLIC COMMENT:**

**OLD BUSINESS:**

Board-to-Board meetings  
Station 13

**NEW BUSINESS:**

Website ADA compliance  
Safety committee  
Board authorities policies

Ethics policies  
OSHA compliance  
Record-keeping  
.gov domain/Board email addresses  
Cybersecurity

**CORRESPONDENCE**

**FIRE CHIEF REPORT**

**SAFETY MEETING**

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This notice is provided in accordance with ORS 192.640(1) Regular meetings of the fire board are held at 7 p.m. on the second Thursday of each month at the Swisshome fire station

*Submitted by Mona Arbuckle*

### New curmudgeon dec 2024

Looking back "play it again Sam"

Got to start somewhere...usually it's with what's on my mind but this time I'm not sure I want to go there. Let's start with something nicer. Since I've not been continuing my outside morning coffee, it's caused me to focus on getting my ancient red Francis Francis back in operation. In case you may not know, the FrancisFrancis x1 is an iconic '90's, Italian, retro style espresso machine. The Ferrari red looks incredible on the very crowded kitchen counter, anchoring the gaze with it's immediate attraction. It was never more than a mediocre coffee maker, even though well made and heavy duty, but I like the ritual required in the process. Don't ask me how it got such a ridiculous name. The pressure gauge and portafilter both have the visage of a young female with her tongue out??? Lot's of them are out there because of their stunning array of colors, but I never heard any raves about the quality of their issue. I find it amusing that the color rather than the coffee seems the dominating factor in it's popularity, an interesting twist of the imagination. Since years end is always a time for that old redux, let's jump way back...just for stark contrast. The end of WW2 made many expats attracted by romanticized locales...Casablanca, Algiers, Rangoon, Malaya...all wartime locations of high drama in the pacific theater. Indeed, "Some enchanted Evening"...where were you in 1949 when, already, the recent world war was being memorialized by musicals like South Pacific. Names like Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza mean little to but a few of us, but even Bob(Zimmerman) Dylan sang this song. It evokes the imagination in fairy tale fashion, setting a romantic scene into which we can insert ourselves and swoon at the possibilities. Hear the version sung by Jane Olivor on utube <https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=422341698562671> ...it's a real knockout. Two facets of human nature, both involving imagery as a fundamental mover...the bright red of the espresso machine holds out the promise of good coffee even though you know it's mediocre. Your image-ination is a force in its continued use. Transporting yourself as the hero in this song engages your imagination in a most popular way, perhaps enabling you to "stand tall in your own light" as the Irish would say. What a useful tool to get us through a dreary winter's day. Mine must rise to the challenge this winter to create an attractive future each and every day. Without an appreciation for art I don't know if I could do it. To be an artist in any modality, one must possess an extreme sensitivity and an accompanying vulnerability. Our history is replete with artists who have not managed this combination well. In reaching for that edge...the one that is perpetually beyond the grasp of endeavor, they fail to protect themselves. The temptation to push farther is insurmountable...how else will you know how far you can go. To wring out that last amount of physical or mental/emotional energy, one ignores the risk of no return. We live life like a leaf in the wind. Our struggle for control is both mythical and futile, dominating our entire lives in a cold and indifferent universe. Objectively, the artist is a flash of light visible only to those who are paying attention. Enter the para-doctored contradiction between the human mind and the unreasonable world. Constant rebellion is the only way to be present in the world. Passion is the driving force behind rebellion and the artist makes maximal use of this resource. Without it there is no art. This, then, if there is meaning, becomes each individual's approach to that edge. It will always exist in a perpetual future and as many times as you push that rock up the hill, it will always roll back and you make a conscious choice to push again, and again. Keep pushing brother and sister, knowing that the world will turn.

*Submitted by James Webb*

## Mapleton School Calendar- December

DECEMBER						
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1	2 MS Basketball @ Alsea 4-730pm	3	4	5 High School Basketball Tournament @ Mapleton	6 Friday & Elem School 9-1am HS Basketball Tournament @ Mapleton	7 High School Basketball Tournament @ Mapleton
8 Lion's Club Breakfast 730-1030am	9 MS Basketball vs. Siletz @ Mapleton 4:30pm	10 HS Basketball @ Oakridge 6pm	11 3pm - District Board Mtg MS Basketball hm vs Mohawk 330pm	12 MS Basketball @ Falls City 4pm	13 District PD Day HS Basketball @ Perrydale 530pm	14
15	16 MS Basketball @ TLake 430pm	17	18 MS Basketball hm vs McKenzie 4pm	19 Value this Place Elem Awards Assembly HS Basketball Tour @ Union HS	20 Friday & Elem School 9-1am HS Basketball Tourn @ Union HS	21 HS Basketball Tourn @ Union HS
22	23 Winter Break	24 NO SCHOOL	25 Winter Break	26 NO SCHOOL	27	28
29	30 Winter Break HS Girls Basketball hm vs Bonanza 3pm	31 NO SCHOOL	1 Winter Break	2 NO SCHOOL HS Basketball hm vs Mohawk 530pm	3	4 HS Basketball hm vs Siletz



Winter solitude -  
 In a world of one color  
 The sound of wind. *Submitted by Kaki Burruss*

## The Things We Forget

Strange. Isn't it?

How we stand inside answered prayers  
Without recognizing the walls.

How we cook in the kitchen  
We once dreamed of.

Absent-mindedly stirring the pot.

How we lay on a couch  
We once hoped for, blindly looking  
Into a life we begged for.

See the girl on the bus,  
Pressing her forehead against cold glass,  
Whispering please, please, please into the  
universe?

She didn't know the coordinates  
But she was mapping this exact moment.

That job you have?  
The one you sometimes grumble about  
On Monday mornings,  
It paid for those shoes by the door.  
The ones you barely glance at now.  
But once, you walked miles in worn out soles.  
Dreaming of stability.

That person who loves you?  
The one sleeping soundly beside you.  
Their gentle snoring a familiar song  
You used to write letters to them  
Before you knew their name.  
Folding loneliness into paper planes  
And launching them into tomorrow.

Even this ordinary day  
With its dishes in the sink  
And bills on the counter

Is matted with the flickers of old wishes.  
The mundane miracle of having  
What you once yearned for.  
Now turned comfortable as old sweats.

Pause.  
Take inventory of these answered prayers.  
The roof that keeps you dry.  
The friend who knows your aches.  
The peace you've finally made  
With your own reflection.  
Once, these were desires that marinated  
Now they're just the lights you live by.

Darling.  
When did your miracles  
Start wearing everyday clothes?  
When did your answered prayers  
Begin disguising themselves  
As ordinary moments?

Stand still.  
Let gratitude catch up to you  
Like a forgotten friend  
Running down the street.  
Arms full of remembered wishes,  
Shouting:  
"Look! Look where you are!  
You made it.  
You're here."

Jocelyne Jam  
ThePosterandPostcard Etsy Shop  
Printed with permission  
*Submitted by Kaki Burruss*

C.R.O.W.  
Presents  
**SWEET  
DREAMS  
A NORTH POLE  
NUTCRACKER**

**The 2024 Holly Jolly Follies**  
Written & Directed By: Melanie Heard

December 6 & 7 at 7 pm  
December 8 at 2 pm  
Florence Events Center

Tickets & Info:  
(541) 997-1994  
[www.crowkids.com](http://www.crowkids.com)



**Hot tip!**

I had my truck worked on by Ian Bender. Ian is skilled, communicative and a man of his word. He takes pride in his work and aims to please. I couldn't be more satisfied!  
He specializes in: General Maintenance/repair: Oil changes: Brakes: Diagnostics: Suspension rehab

Give him a call 541 632-0976

Submitted by Michelle Holman



Come out for Third Saturday December 21st - this month will feature a taco bar potluck dinner with Jack and Jacquie Román providing a main dish. For music we welcome back to Deadwood... the band Stuff!

Stuff is an acoustically-rooted Eugene band that energetically explores eclectic eras of American music - like alt-folk, 60's rock, bluegrass, and blues - and then stirs it all together with a heavy dose of groove to brew something new that will pants your dance off! What is stuff? It's in our pockets, our houses, our heads, but it comes in too many sizes, shapes and descriptions to define. We know the good stuff when we see it, touch it and hear it though. Like the stuff that fills our lives, the origins and influences of the band STUFF are

diverse and difficult to neatly summarize.

Founded in Eugene, OR in the landscape of a fractured post-20th century culture, STUFF explores American roots music and gives familiar sounds and styles room to breathe and converse. From an ever-expanding list of originals and cover tunes drawn from and inspired by the 1920's to present, you won't regret a night of sticking STUFF in your ears. *Submitted by Kate Harnedy*



### Shorts

Oh, these cold winter days. Every year I forget that winter is a favorite. This also happens in the spring, summer and fall, but I anticipate those. Now, it is a surprise to appreciate the tree skeletons. To be flashed by the ruby crowned kinglet. To be brought to my figurative knees by the pine siskins falling like leaves to the next alder cone, chattering away the entire time. (What are they talking about?) To watch the early mist define the contours of the hills, so much better than a topographical map. To warm your hands in the cozy house after picking frozen mushrooms. To be blinded by the full spectrum of light flashing from the millions of drops hanging from the trees. To know that after the days begin to lengthen the plants will start stirring. So many opportunities to recognize gratitude.

I give thanks.

*Submitted by Jan Kinney*

**MUSIC & RAFFLE**  
**FUNDRAISER**

PROTECT LANE COUNTY WATERSHEDS

Your donation will help protect our waters!

A Benefit to help fund the  
**LANE COUNTY WATERSHEDS BILL OF RIGHTS**  
 Initiative Campaign

FEATURING GREG NESTLER BAND WITH CHARACTER WE

THURSDAY DEC.12 | \$10  
 WHIRLED PIES  
 199 W. 8TH | EUGENE | DOORS @6PM

TICKETS ONLINE

PROTECTLANECOUNTYWATERSHEDS.ORG/FUNDRAISER\_TICKETS

If you have something you would like to donate to our auction, contact Michelle @ 541-964-3981

*Submitted by Michelle Holman*



### Deadwood Creek Services Board Updates

Third Saturday on 12/21 featuring **Stuff** and the **release of the 2025 Deadwood Birthday Calendar - The Beauty of Deadwood!** Bring side dishes to supplement a taco bar provided by Jack and Jacquie Román and donations for DCS and the band.

**Save the Date for the DCS Annual Meeting on Friday, January 31st**, time TBD - hear updates from all of our community partners and Community Center news, then weigh in on plans and priorities for the coming year.

A deadbolt has been placed on the back door of the Center and latch on the front door, but unless the Center has been privately rented, **the Center is open and available for public use**. Security cameras have been installed due to theft both at the Center and in the immediate vicinity. We are working with law enforcement to support their efforts in identifying those responsible.

*Submitted by Courtney Stone*



### Deadwood Bathtub #3

I first fell in love with Carol Schlanger's bathtub while scrubbing it, during a stint cleaning for her in my mid twenties. Or as she describes it whenever it comes up, "Holly's an intellectual, but not much of a house cleaner." The comment does smart a bit, since at the time I took great pride in the work, my intellectualism notwithstanding. In the years surrounding my brief period of intimacy with her baseboards, I was thoroughly unsuccessful in finding anyone who'd offer me a decent living in exchange for analyzing everything Dostoevsky ever wrote, so I've had to sustain myself by other means. In Deadwood I always envied the strapping young fellows that came and went through the valley, equipped with the brawn that meant they'd never go without work. Soon, however, I found house cleaning to be a perfectly suitable substitute for chopping wood, bucking hay, and whatever it is men get up to with tractors.

But of course Carol is right. She usually is—it's why her zingers, no matter where they're sent, are so funny. I'm sure I was a terrible housecleaner. I'm still not particularly meticulous, even now after years of valuing the skill enough to make a concentrated effort to pay attention to what goes on around me. Back then something really had to fly out and hit me in the face for me to notice it, so I can only imagine the giant dust bunnies proliferating in the corners of her house on my watch. But I did what I could and scrubbed her tub as best as I knew how, admiring it all the while. I promised the little beauty that when I next returned, my errand would be one of pleasure, not business.

The bathroom owes its elegance to Clint's architectural sensibilities—his manner of capturing peace and beauty seems effortless. All told, the bathroom is a study in quiet luxury, from the smooth tiles of the spacious shower tucked into the back corner, to the antique vanity that fits the space just so. The size of the tub is standard, but there is a subtle extravagance to the tiling around it, and the way it juts out at an angle to catch the light from an opaque glass window right above it. For this reason I recommend it for daytime baths—there's no better moment to bust out the bubbles than when the sun slants across the tub in the afternoon.

But it was nighttime when last I bathed there, a week or so before I returned to the swamp I call home. I had spent morning till night at Siltcoos Lake (which appears to be the closest thing to a swamp on offer in the land of sparkling waters), paddling the ancient course from lake to sea with Florence adventuresses, and my arms were absolutely killing me by the time I made it back home, happy and exhausted. It was a hot water emergency, no question. Carol had invited me to use her outdoor shower (another little architectural gem) anytime without asking, but I thought taking her up on it late at night was still a little creepy, so I poked my head into the living room to let her know. "Don't be silly," she said, knowing my predilections. "Come in and take a real bath."

Her casual (and selective) generosity is as classic Carol as her witty ripostes. Because while she sure can dish it up, she can also take it, and the repartee is, in the end, a ritual of love. Like when she offered me some homemade apple pie before my bath, which I accepted so enthusiastically I took healthy seconds, and she accused me of eating her out of house and home, but I understood that what she really meant was, "help yourself." So, full of orchard-fresh pie, I eased my aching bones and sunburned behind into one of the first Deadwood bathtubs I ever loved to a soundtrack of Carol's cackling at the television, the sweet and unmistakable sound of my very favorite off-off-off-off-off (multiplied by however many of those it takes to get to Deadwood from New York City) Broadway comedienne. *Submitted by Holly Devon*