



BETWEEN
THE ROWS

WENDY SCHMIDT

Ferns are a fine fit in any location

The beauty of ferns is appreciated by gardeners everywhere; whether as houseplants or in the outdoor landscape. There seems to be a fern for every location and occasion.

Ferns are vascular plants. They have tube systems to conduct water throughout the plant. Ferns produce no flowers or seeds. Their leaves are called fronds.

One-fourth to one-third of all ferns are epiphytes. This means they grow on other plants. The licorice fern, for example, grows on trees.

Ferns form rhizomes. They don't like drying out between waterings. On the other hand, their roots (rhizomes) will rot if kept sopping wet. Evenly moist soil is a requirement; drying out stresses them. Many ferns enjoy occasional misting.

Ferns can reproduce by sexual means (spores produce gametes that are male and female — sperm and ova) or vegetative means (with offsets or dividing the clump).

In Victorian times, ferns meant humility and sincerity. To the Maori of New Zealand the ferns meant new life and new beginnings. To the Japanese, ferns mean family and future generations. Generally ferns mean eternal youth and renewal. The fronds are also appreciated in art and design.

If you have garden questions or comments, please write to greengardencolumn@yahoo.com. Thanks for reading!



DORY'S DIARY

DOROTHY SWART
FLESHMAN

No new calendar? No problem

We all deserve a good laugh now and then — perhaps now more than ever — so I have one on myself to share in regard to our New Year 2021.

Prior to the annual changing year date, I have become accustomed to the generosity of businesses where I trade to make available an assortment of annual calendars, most with beautiful scenic pictures of nature, visits to the farm or wilds for animals caught unawares by cameras or stroked by the artist's pen, or cuddly little pets to cheer us. Or, we can find other types more to our needs and suitable to our purposes. Mine were the ones with big black numbers.

I never came home empty-handed and my choices, hanging or set-by, were handy to each room — kitchen, bedroom, bathroom, den, living room, and home office.

Why the date seemed so important I'm not real sure, but a glance at the wall where they hung somehow seemed reassuring that tomorrow would come and I should be ready for whatever duty was to be mine.

Along with these date-trackers, I have one called the Calendar Pal that hangs on the side of my refrigerator and has large open spaces in which to fill the events of the day and alert me to any duties that I may have to perform. It also has worked well for future reference if the need be.

Then came the pandemic of COVID-19 with the "stay at home" message that (at my age) I try valiantly to obey along with wearing a mask when needing to be out and about.



Abel Uribe/Chicago Tribune--TNS

Learning how to flip ingredients in your pan as you saute is a helpful technique to up your cooking game. And it's cool too.

COOKING RESOLUTIONS

James P DeWan
Chicago Tribune

Speaking of home cooking, I was strolling through a cemetery the other day, the historic Graceland on Chicago's North Side. Holy cripes on toast, you should see the monuments. This one dead guy, Potter Palmer — you've heard of The Palmer House Hotel? That's him — he's got an actual 16-columned Greek-style temple with matching sarcophagi for himself and his wife, who literally was named Bertha.

Here's my question: Obviously, Potter (or "Pooter," as he was known in grammar school) spent 37 tons of cash on his upscale tombstone, but, does that mean he also gets to be more dead than the rest of us? Like, he's up there in First Class Dead having free Champagne poured over his carcass by the horned and gnashing flight attendant while the rest of us suckers are back in Coach Dead not being able to decide between the chicken cordon bleu and the beef tips. Because we're dead.

Regardless of our seat location, though, if we're flying the Airways Styx, we're all landing on the same runway. And there, since we're still in "pre-boarding" mode — from my lips to God's ears — we should spend some time, right now, making ourselves — and, consequently, the world — a better place.

"But, how?" you squeak plaintively. "How?"
How, indeed.

Why you need to learn this

Aren't you tired of being you? Jeepers, if I had a nickel for every dejected sigh of resignation I heard in 2020 alone, why, I could spend eternity in corpsey comfort next to Bertha and the Poot. Let's make 2021 be the anti-2020, then, until it's so crammed with awesome personal betterment that it explodes like a foie gras goose. And this being Prep School, let's start with working on your cooking game.

The steps you take

When I was a kid, my mother used to tell me — a lot, actually, and usually at dinner, when I'd frown at some grim gastroterror like canned, cubed beets in heavy syrup — "You know what your problem is? I'll tell you what your problem is. Your problem is, you don't know what's good. That's your problem."

Happily, after a lifetime of experience and no small amount of therapy, I believe I have learned what's good. Compassion, for one. And non-slip shoes.

But, also an acknowledgment that self-improvement has no limit, and the quest for said is, of itself, good. Let us think, then, on ways to improve ourselves and, by extension, the world, as we at long, long last leave that 2020,

that flat and fetid roadkill of a year, receding in the rearview.

Some resolutions, then?

- Resolution No. 1: Order some carryout. I don't know if you've seen the papers, but, there's a pandemic. Among its many victims is the restaurant industry. So, here's one good thing you can do: Find a restaurant you love, then pick up the phone (call them directly — those delivery apps cost them money) and fork over some cash. Once a month would be great, every week if you're loaded. Those line cooks and hosts, those servers, dishwashers and bussers, lots of them barely scrape by, even in the best of times. Order some carryout. Seriously. Oh, and tip big. Always.
- Resolution No. 2: Repeat after me: "I, (state your name), hereby resolve that, with dog as my witness, this year I'll cook more good food."

Here's what's cool about that resolution: You can emphasize the "cook more" part or the "good food" part. If you don't already cook a lot, start. If you do already cook a lot, now you can improve your technical skills or expand your repertoire. Learn to move faster or just make your food taste and look like something you'd want to put in your piehole.

Buildings share history with their neighbor

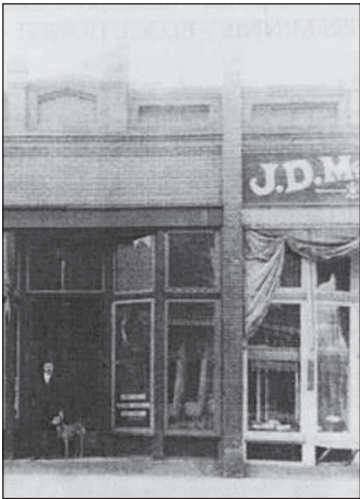
By Ginny Mammen

Traveling farther east on Adams Avenue we come to two buildings which were also built in 1892, and very likely constructed by the same builder as the building at 1110, although they were constructed for two different owners. I believe this because the three facades were originally identical on all three, including the cornices.

The first one located at 1112 Adams (currently housing Nate Conklin State Farm Insurance) was constructed for J. D. McKennon who was the owner of the grocery store next door.

The historic name of this building at 1112 Adams on the National Register of Historic Places is the McKennon Building. The earliest occupant according to the 1893 Sanborn Map was a restaurant. Ten years later the map shows a barber shop on one side of the building and a jeweler on the other. The barber was Henry A. Armstrong and the jeweler was J. H. Peare. By 1910 the entire space was occupied by a meat market in the front and a sausage factory in the rear. Over the years this building sheltered a number of various businesses.

The second building at 1112 1/2 Adams (currently housing Oregon Rural Action) has the historic name of the Grandy Building/J. H. Peare Jewelers. The owner of



Larry Fry Collection

The Grandy Building/J. H. Peare Jewelers building at 1112 1/2 Adams Ave., at left.

this building was Ben W. Grandy and his first occupants were a stationer and a cobbler. By 1903 there was a new occupant when Peare moved his jewelry business into the larger space.

The original attractive facade of these two buildings over the years has been remodeled so that they no longer have any resemblance to the original structures. But as with our other buildings, it is not the bricks and mortar that are the most interesting, it is the people who were involved.

Ben W. Grandy was 20 years older than J. D. McKennon, whom we learned about in the last article (Dec. 29). Ben was

born in March of 1838 in New York. In the early 1860s he and his family were living in Iowa and decided to head west for Oregon. They joined the Speelman Wagon Train, which started in April 1862 with 10 wagons and increased to 15 wagons along the way. (To read more about the journey google "Speelman Wagon Train Journey.")

It so happened that the emigrant train in which they were crossing the plains was a young woman named Lydia Palmer, who was traveling with her family. In September 1862 they all reached La Grande and both families camped here and decided to stay. In 1865 Lydia and Ben were married. She was 19 and he was 24. Over the years they became parents of eight children. Ben was listed as a farmer on early census records and for a number of terms he served as mayor of La Grande. During his lifetime he acquired a great deal of land. According to the 1900 census his profession was listed as Real Estate Broker.

It was said at the time of his death that "the townsite of La Grande was once the Grandy homestead and almost every deed to city property here carries in the abstract the name of Ben W. Grandy." The 1893 City Directory showed his residence as "Fourth Street northwest corner Adams

Avenue." Ben Grandy died in La Grande in 1916.

John Hickey (Jack) Peare was born in Garrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary, on Nov. 13, 1866. As a young man he found a love for track and field and was awarded many medals. In the late 1880s it was reported that "he competed in an international meet for all-round championship of the world, where he won third place in competition involving three jumps, three flat races and the high hurdles."

In 1890 newlyweds John and his wife Catherine immigrated to the United States. They arrived in La Grande in October 1890 with their 3-month-old son.

In 1891 Jack opened a jewelry store. It was reported that he said he started with only one window in 1112 and then later expanded into 1112 1/2 where he remained for over 50 years. The business in 1912 became J. H. Peare and Son — Jewelers and Optometrists, when his son William "associated with him in the business, adding optometry to the services of the establishment." Jack Peare was remembered for several things including the fact that he wore a fresh white carnation or rose in his lapel daily and that he and his son were the local "Union Pacific Watch Inspectors."