

## "My Town"

Something's always going on in Canby, Oregon! This bedroom community, bordering two rivers, may very well be described as a melting pot of agriculture and horticulture.

Two years ago, driving into Canby a visitor first gazed upward 500 feet to an old steel-gray grain elevator silhouetted against the blue sky. Even though the grain tower has been removed, the feeling of a farm town still prevails.

Your first stop in the morning might be at the Hometown Bakery for a gooey danish and a little eavesdropping on the local town gossip. The baker always manages to turn on the oven exhaust so that the "just out of the oven" smells of the bakery blow outside, luring the prospective customers to his shop for a doughnut or a twist. Before you leave downtown Canby, drop into Filberts and purchase a pound of filberts dipped in dark Bavarian chocolate. Slowly plop the candy into your already salivating mouth and relish the sweet nutty taste of the filberts as they mix with the not-too-tart dark chocolate. And be sure to swing by Wait Park, you may catch the end of a wedding being held in the town's new white gazebo, a favorite place for evening lovers, dirt-faced children, much too vocal politicians, and old-time musicians.

If you visit Canby in August, stroll on down to the Clackamas County Fair and Rodeo. Drink some lukewarm ale in the beer garden, gobble up an order of curly fries as you view the exhibits, and then sit down for the evening rodeo. Be prepared to ingest a little dust at the rodeo and be sure to carefully maneuver around that cowpie as you saunter through the stables!

Visiting Canby in the spring may be somewhat chilly, so put on a warm jacket and your shivers will subside as you drive south on Barlow Road to the Havens' Daffodil Bulb Farm. In March and April, 30 acres of daffodils, bending

slightly with the wind, form sunny yellow blankets covering the rolling hills. The narcissus are so fragrant that it seems like someone sprayed cologne into the air. If you return to the Canby area in August, there are acres of deep red, orange, and yellow lilies bordering the county roads. A special treat is a visit to Swan Island Dahlia, where the color of the dahlia fields include every hue of the rainbow and the size of the flowers might be as small as a button or as large as a dinner plate.

Any time of the year is a good time to drive by the local ornamental nurseries around Canby. Passing by the area nurseries, you'll see that the color green takes on a multitude of shades. Each ornamental has its' own color and texture. It's enjoyable to walk through a well-stocked nursery and feel the variety of textures in a slick leaf, a sticky pine needle, or a gnarled branch.

If you're not into flowers and bushes, take a leisurely raft trip down the slow-moving Molalla River. Be very quiet and attentive and you might surprise a leggy Blue Heron as he carefully tiptoes at the edge of the river bank. The only "city" sounds you'll hear from the raft is Amtrack rumbling over the railroad bridge at four in the afternoon.

As you bundle up the raft and return to Canby, don't get stuck behind the odoriferous chicken manure truck that frequents Canby's back roads! Canby possesses some of the greenest and most productive farmland in Oregon, thanks to that manure spreader!

Upon leaving Canby, make one last stop at the roadside fruit stand and taste some of the local fresh fruit. The strawberries just ooze of sweetness and juice from the peaches drip down the corners of your mouth as you take a bite.

Anytime is a good time to visit my town, Canby.

by Carol Pienovi

## "Choices"

I didn't immediately recognize him when I saw him for the first time after I returned to Oregon. The last time I had seen him before moving east, he had been wearing a cowboy shirt, jeans, and cowboy boots. Now he was dressed in sweats and running shoes. He still had his horses; but, as he explained, "I didn't want to be classified by the way I dressed, so I'm changing my image." A change in a person's apparel does cause a change in the way people see him or her, maybe even in how that person sees himself. I may appear as much the same individual in the way I dress at home, at college, or at work. Yet, two totally diverse entities are projected by my attire when I go to a cocktail party and when I go for a motorcycle ride. I'm one person, but my closet contains more than one personality.

At home I'm wife, mother, sister, daughter, neighbor or friend, depending on who sees me. I dress comfortably, often in jeans and sweatshirt, or, for hotter weather, in shorts and a tee shirt. Preferring to go barefoot, I seldom wear shoes, but there's usually a pair of sandals by the door to step into to go to the mailbox or to run to the store. In winter, I'm known to go scuffing about the house in my socks. The rings on my

fingers and the small post earrings in my pierced ears are my only jewelry. Except for the addition of shoes, my attire is similar when I go to college.

When I'm in shorts and a tee shirt for P.E. class at Clackamas Community College, I'll have Nikes on my feet. In other classes, I have been known to sit at my desk with a flat or sandal dangling on my toes, or to have slipped my feet out of the confines of my shoes. You'll recognize my choices of clothing for classes as comfortable and I enjoy that freedom. My clothes are sometimes spattered with paint or glue from an art class. There may be bits of styrofoam from a basic design project in my hair. I have even been all wet after the sprinklers came on while I was drawing in the Environmental Learning Center. Before I go to work in the Public Information Office, where I work part-time on an independent study program, I comb my hair and check my lipstick; still I would not be appropriately attired for my usual job.

My work as an executive assistant five years ago required more professional attire. I wore dresses, suits and blouses, sometimes pantsuits; I wore heels—but comfortable ones; and I always wore nylons. It was a "must"

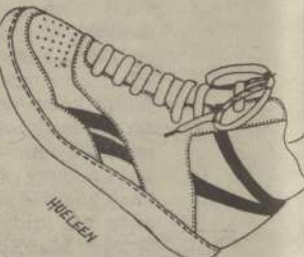
to appear business-like and professional. I had to be both subordinate to the executives and authoritative to others. I was required to be expert about office procedures and knowledgeable about the products. Sometimes a trip to one of the plants called for more casual clothes, but not too casual, definitely pants and walking shoes.

Occasionally, business dinners were a part of my job—a pleasant part. I dressed more carefully: a dress, a jacket, matching necklace and earrings, nylons, and dress pumps. I hope I looked smart; I was dressed up; but not as dressed up as I would be for a cocktail and dinner party. I talked business and current events; I smiled and laughed at comments and jokes made by the right people. I enjoyed myself, yet it was a business affair.

For one social gathering, I dressed in a sleek, black shift, slit on the sides, with tiny spaghetti straps on the shoulders. The ivory, short-sleeved jacket was trimmed in the same black. On my feet I wore shoes consisting of only tiny, black straps and soles balanced precariously on high, narrow heels. Ultra sheer, black nylons enveloped my legs. My earrings were clusters of pearls like grapes with leaves of gold and a matching pin

adorned my jacket. I checked my black, fake fur jacket and tucked the claim-check into my black beaded evening bag. I sauntered about the room with a long-stemmed, crystal glass in my hand—laughing and sharing witticisms with some friends and acquaintances and having semi-serious conversations with others. These same people would scarcely recognize me dressed for a ride on a motorcycle with my husband.

When I go motorcycle riding on the hottest days, I may ride wearing cut-offs, a sleeveless top and tennis shoes—sandals being totally inappropriate—letting my hair blow in the wind. Usually, I wear full-length jeans, cowboy boots that have been comfortably broken in, knee-high socks with the tops turned down over the tops of the boots and hidden by the jeans, a blouse, and a leather motorcycle jacket. Because of the helmet, I wear only the smallest earrings and no barrettes, pins or even a rubber band in my hair. It is just too uncomfortable. When we stop for coffee or to eat, if I have been wearing the helmet, I take it off and toss my head before I throw my right leg across the back of the bike and step away from it. Whether my hair is wind-blown or has been closely squashed to my skull by the



the helmet, I pull a pocket comb out of the small shoulder bag I carry and run it through my hair. Some people look at me as if I am crazy. Often women look at me as if I am some kind of wild thing to which they want to give a wide space. I know I feel free and I enjoy the wind in my face when I ride. I feel a bit rebellious and maybe even a little wild.

I'm the same individual that was at the dinner party. I'm still the same woman who is a wife, mother, friend, and neighbor, the one who goes to college and has been a professional executive assistant. I'm the same person, but the people who see me in these different attires see totally different individuals. I open the closet every morning and see those strappy high heels next to the well-worn cowboy boots and smile to myself as I make a choice of clothes to wear.

by Becky Bontrager

