

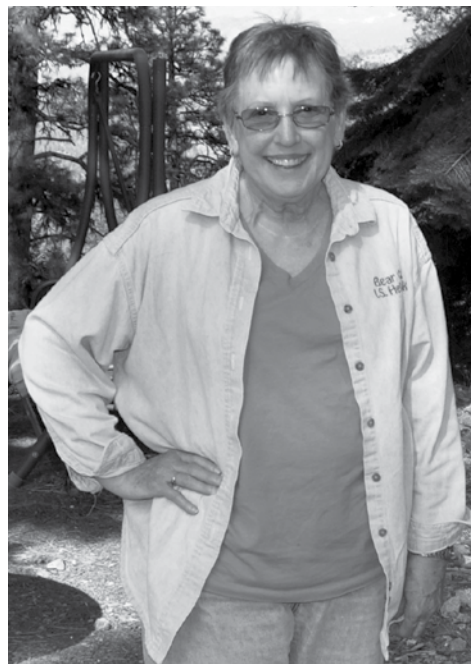
Andrea Wilson 1941 - 2016

Andrea Kay (Ridenour) Wilson, 74, passed away on July 16, 2016, at her home in Applegate, Oregon, with her family by her side. She was born on December 10, 1941, in Letts, Iowa, to Leslie C. and Zora E. (Wherry) Ridenour.

After fifth grade, Andrea grew up in Lindsay, California. She graduated from Lindsay High School in 1960. After high school, she attended various college courses with ranging topics, but with a special affinity for anthropology. Most recently, Andrea worked at Harry & David's in help desk support for 10 years, retiring in 2002. Prior to that, she worked a variety of jobs from meat wrapper to realtor, while additionally working in the home as a mother and wife.

Andrea married Clyde Clarence Wilson in 1960 in Reno, Nevada. They were lifelong soul mates and friends, meeting first in fifth grade and staying happily married for 55 years.

Andrea was an active member of the Rogue Gem and Geology Club in Grants Pass, Oregon. She also enjoyed fishing, camping, hiking, rock hunting, jewelry making and working with clay,



pursuing every hobby with passion. She was an avid lover of nature and animals as well as a consummate world traveler who loved to experience the people and culture rather than merely be a tourist. With her husband in tow, Andrea visited at least 19 countries in her life.

Andrea was preceded in death by her parents, Leslie and Zoe Ridenour. She is survived by her husband, Clyde,

of Applegate, Oregon; her sons, Eric (Deanna) Wilson, of Portland, Oregon, and Chris (Kristine) Wilson, of Lynden, Washington; her sisters, Florence Fix, of Iowa, and Audrey Garner, of Coos Bay, Oregon; her brother, Leslie Ridenour Jr., of Coos Bay, Oregon; her grandchildren, Elizabeth, Ashley, Katherine, and Robert; and her nieces and nephews.

While no memorial service will be held, the family appreciates those who have been a part of Andrea's life. In lieu of flowers, the family requests memorial donations be made to the American Cancer Society.



Andrea, my friend

It's difficult to say "Andrea" without saying "Andrea and Clyde," because they were rarely apart. We met each other at a folding party for the *Applegater*, in the old days, before the paper was folded by the printing company. You remember those days: when we all stood around long tables in one of the local libraries, telling neighborhood stories and getting to know each other in ways that seemed especially important.

At that time Andrea and Clyde owned llamas, and I was interested in their hiking adventures with the llamas. But not long after I met them, they sold the llamas, so I invited them to walk with me instead on our property on Thompson Creek. They brought along their two miniature schnauzers, Wilson and Winston, who romped and played with my border collie.

Since Clyde was in the military, Andrea had adapted to many different environments and lifestyles. I loved hearing Andrea's stories of their life in England in a 450-year-old home in Milcombe, Oxfordshire, near the village of Banbury, and about their adventures in Rapid City, South Dakota. And who but Andrea would take on a litter of abandoned piglets and raise them on baby bottles, feeding them every two hours for who knows how long?

Andrea and Clyde enjoyed making jewelry and camping while hunting for gems. Both of them became quite accomplished in their art, and I cherish the pieces that Andrea gave to me over the years.

I feel very fortunate to have known Andrea (and Clyde) over the past several years. It's this kind of friendship that makes good neighbors and, therefore, a good community.

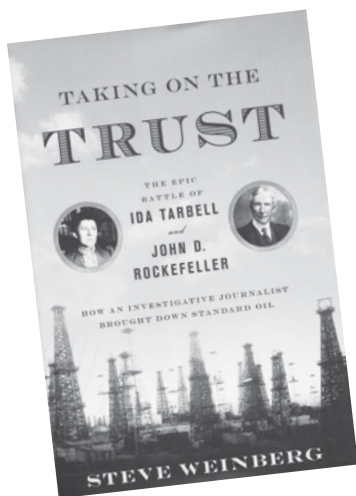
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BOOKS & MOVIES

— Book —

Taking on the Trust

Steve Weinberg



I had three books picked out to read for this book review and planned to review the one I thought was best. Well, it was summertime, and with all the troops—both family and outlaws—visiting us, along with all the planting, weeding, trimming, and mowing that needed to be done in our extensive gardens, I managed to read only one of my chosen books. It turned out to be a great choice.

Taking on the Trust by Steve Weinberg is an historical biography about Ida Tarbell, the first great modern investigative journalist, and about John D. Rockefeller (America's first billionaire) and Standard Oil. Originally, Weinberg was writing a biography only on Tarbell. However, her story was so interwoven with Rockefeller and Standard Oil that Weinberg combined both

stories into a dual biography.

I really like books on history because I find real life better than fiction—you just can't make up this stuff! That said, I've read many books on history where the author put me to sleep. This wasn't the case with *Taking on the Trust*. Weinberg fashioned this double biography into a fascinating and easy read.

The family of Ida Tarbell (1857 - 1944) went into the oil business in Titusville, Pennsylvania, during America's first oil boom. Ida started life in those oil fields of Pennsylvania. Her father, Franklin, produced storage receptacles for shipping oil. By the time of that first oil boom, John D. Rockefeller (1839 - 1937) was already a successful businessman in Cleveland, Ohio. He started Standard Oil when he saw there was money to be made refining oil.

When Tarbell put her pen to paper to reveal what she had found out about Rockefeller and his unscrupulous business practices—international espionage and sabotage, undercutting prices of competition worldwide, bribery and conspiracy, receiving intelligence from the railroads, just to name a few—Rockefeller couldn't believe that the written word had more power than his wealth. After Tarbell's book was published, the government, with Teddy Roosevelt as president, had the information to successfully prosecute Standard Oil for its monopoly of the oil business, a decision upheld by the Supreme Court. Standard Oil was forced to break up into 33 different companies. Ironically, this served to expand Rockefeller's wealth.

Like an artist, Weinberg paints a colorful road of dreams, mud, tears, and oil on which Tarbell, Rockefeller, and his Standard Oil Company collide, resulting in very little justice.

Taking on the Trust is one of the books that now rests in my small pile of read-it-again history books.

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— Movie —

Lights Out

Reviewer rating: 2 Apples

Genre: Horror

PG-13

Opened: July 2016

Cast: Teresa Palmer, Gabriel Bateman, Maria Bello / Director: David Sandberg

I love horror movies, people! Love them! After seeing *Silence of the Lambs*, which totally got under my skin (pun totally intended), I was hooked on psychological horror thrillers. So, on a hot summer afternoon, with my daughter and our visiting friend in tow, I stepped into the cool darkness of a movie theater to watch the newly released horror flick *Lights Out*.

With fresh popcorn, cold water, and a blue raspberry Iced, we sat down in our



1 Apple—Don't bother

5 Apples—Don't miss

seats anticipating some good heart-pounding scares and maybe a blood-curdling scream or two. As the theater lights lowered, we all looked at one another with nervous, yet excited smiles on our faces and proceeded to prepare ourselves for a proper mind-twisting, hair-curling, armchair-grabbing experience!

The plot, if there even was one: Martin (Gabriel Bateman), a little boy, living with his crazy, yet loving mother (Maria Bello), experiences terrifying events nightly after the lights go out. Martin's older sister, Rebecca (Teresa Palmer), was also traumatized by similar



events when she was a little girl and is now forced to face her fears in an attempt to save her family.

About five minutes into the film, as we were getting acquainted with the main character, I was startled. A little. Sadly, not by the movie, however. A young woman in the audience two rows ahead of us dropped her popcorn onto her lap and squealed. And that, folks, was the only time I jumped. In fact, it was the only time my heart raced. For me, this movie was a total dud. Everything about it fell hard—like a dead body on a hardwood floor. Thud!

Now, in all fairness, my daughter and our friend were, at times, on the edge

of their seats. I stole a few looks at them—they were wide-eyed and anxious. I rolled my eyes, shoved more popcorn into my mouth, and thought "bloody amateurs"! This movie was predictable and just downright insulting. I mean, c'mon, we all know that you never go into the basement, right? And what did Rebecca and Martin do? Yep! Dumb, dumb, dumb!

So, I leave you with this: if it's your first horror movie, this is probably a good one to get your feet wet (although the storyline is weak at best). If you are a self-proclaimed horror-flick queen, don't bother. I'd rather file my nails...or drag them across a chalkboard.

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