

PV Boys Win by a Flip of the Coin

The last game of the regular Old Oregon League season for the Badger Boys left them with a win over Wallowa 61-29. It was a great game with some excitement over honoring the seniors Caleb Day and Jake Zink at their last home game. However due to wins and losses, they had to flip a coin with Joseph to see who was seeded second and third in the district tournament. The Badgers won the toss giving them a bye the first day and seeding them second at the tournament. The boys will be playing Friday Feb. 19 right after the girls at about 2:30 p.m. in the Baker High School Gym.

PV Girls Take Second in the Old Oregon League

Saturday night was senior night for Powder Valley it was an exciting thing to watch four seniors: Kaitlyn Uttenruther, Sami Sexton, Annalia Jiminez and Taylor Baker start on the last league home game. The girls came out strong and never looked back. At halftime the score was 29-16 Badgers and by the time the buzzer blew, the final score had reached 69-30 PV. After this win over Wallowa, they were assured the second place position at the District Tournament in Baker. The girls were given a bye on Thursday and will be playing the winner of the Thursday game yet to be determined. Game Time will be Friday, Feb. 19 at 1 p.m. at the Baker High School Gym.

North Powder FFA Competes

By Reata Youngblood

On Wednesday, Feb. 10 the North Powder FFA went to Imbler to compete in the Parliamentary Procedure contests and the Creed Speaking contest. Most of the students had never participated in either of the contests. The Green Hand team received second in Beginning Parliamentary Procedure; those people were: Logan Nedrow, Skylar Blankenship, Sonora Blair, Hollie Minor, Samuel Pointer, and Raimy Brown. They will be competing at sectionals on Wednesday, Feb. 17 at EOU. Everyone did great!



Badger Senior Players

Photos by Sam Stephens



Sami Sexton



Kaitlyn Uttenruther



Taylor Baker



Annalia Jiminez



Jake Zink



Caleb Day

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Good luck to all teams!

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Good Luck!

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Haines Native Reminisces

By Susan Proebstel Fisher

Long before Facebook, texting, or Instagram, there existed this club that met in women's houses once per month [and for several years, twice per month] for 100 years in Rock Creek, Muddy Creek, and Haines Oregon. These communities are sandwiched in a little valley between the Blue Mountains and the Eagles. It is a place where the women are strong, the men work hard, and all the children are above average, according to my grandmother, Hazel Jeanette Roethler Neill....I think she heard something like that from the radio when Garrison Keillor would tell of Lake Wobegon.

There is a gravel road named after her, called Neill-Peck Lane. She rattled around that valley in her old red pickup, cursed the dust on that road, and attended club until the day she died. She didn't get to see its 100th Anniversary, but her good friend and neighbor, Marjory Peck did, who also shares the notoriety of living on Neill Peck Lane. I am sending her a \$100 bill to present to the club in memory of my grandmother, and all we learned from the Mutual Improvement Club.

Our families were connected to Marjory's family ever since I can remember. We are the closest thing to family that you can get and not be related.

Marjory's mother, Edna Stewart, and my grandmother played together when they were girls, and their names were Edna Kent and Hazel Roethler. Marjory would run out as a little girl and meet my mom, Doris Neill, as she came home from school on her horse.

Marjory's daughter Mardean and I cannot remember when we weren't best friends. I liked to go to her house where things were calm and organized...and quiet. She liked to come to my house where we were wild and crazy, with plenty of kids running around to spice things up. We would spend the nights at each other's house.

"Your grandmother is quite a colorful character," said Mardean as we were lying in bed.

"Ya, well I just wish she wasn't quite so colorful," I said as I turned over grabbing my share of the covers.

Marden's dad was our 4-H leader and her uncle was my brother's scout leader. Now my brother, who lives on our grandmother's farm has the privilege of looking in on Marjory, and she does the same for them.

Now you would think that my grandmother would have invited Marjory or my mom to Club with her, but no, Grandmother loved to hold court after Club too much to extend an invitation. She would come up in that pickup of hers, and tell us about it, as she was ironing my dad's work shirts. Even my dad was interested in who was selling cows, and who motored to Baker. The winters were long, summers were short, and TV had not yet entered the valley between the two mountain ranges. We hung on Grandmother's every word about Mutual Improvement Club. Going to Club and 'rubbering' on her party line were two big sources of information [in which] she could clue us all in.

Names like Eldiva, Netty, Lotty, and Alice came alive for us, as we weighed in on every word. We learned what Home Extension was teaching every-

body. We learned about someone who took a trip beyond the confines of our valley, who died, and who was sending their kid off to college. It was a lifeline of our outer world before the internet and cyber space.

Grandmother fussed when it was her turn to entertain. She'd grab a broom and attack cobwebs. She'd air out the house so Grandad's cigar smoke wasn't as noticeable. She wanted to show off her newest hook rug. There was a rule that after you hit 70 you didn't have to entertain. She longed for that day to come. She'd tell us blow by blow about what she was serving. She hated chocolate, so would resort to something cheap like angel food cake with raspberries on top. She would tell us who got off the bus after school to meet their moms at Club.

Now, after Grandmother has laid her head on cemetery hill, along with her mom and dad, someone finally invited Marjory to attend so she can get the information first hand. I read about it in the Record-Courier. Now that I'm almost 70, and bring young adults camping every summer on Rock Creek, I realize that we all lived in paradise in that little pocket of the world where the women are strong, the men hard working, and the children are above average. I'm glad that this place I still call home is God's best kept secret.

I hope I continue to read about the Mutual Improvement Club in the Record-Courier until my eyes are too dim to read. Then I will have Marjory read about it to me.

It is still my window to the world. Thank you for being there.

Editor's note: Originally, to be considered for membership in the Mutual Improvement Club, members had to be residents of Rock Creek or Muddy Creek. Anyone outside of those boundaries was not allowed to join, including residents of Haines. Now the Club boasts members from throughout the area, including Baker City.

Welcome Teams, Coaches and Families



from the Record-Courier