

People walked in and began operations ... meanwhile ...

VOLUNTEER CARPENTERS 'MADE OVER' AUMSVILLE CENTER

It's not a cathedral, not a school, not a city hall, and not a fortification. Yet it has something of each. What is it?

A VML opportunity center.

It's like a fortification, because it is a stronghold in the war against poverty.

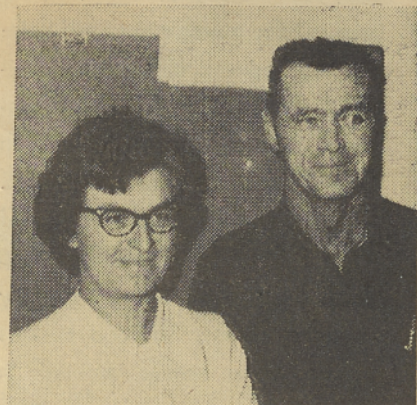
It's like a city hall because it is a place of administration, where directions are issued, civic work is done, and results are reported and recorded.

It is like a school because it has classes, recreational activities, a library, and assistance toward a vocation.

And it is like a cathedral, because it is a place where people wish to come for comfort of the spirit.

The way the center at Aumsville began reminds us of stories we have read about the old cathedrals in Europe — how they were already being used while they were still being built. Sometimes it takes centuries to build a cathedral. Opportunity centers require a few weeks.

When Henry Woods, the supervisor, told us last August that the center was going to move from



MR. AND MRS.

EDMUND

KIRSCH

(LEFT)

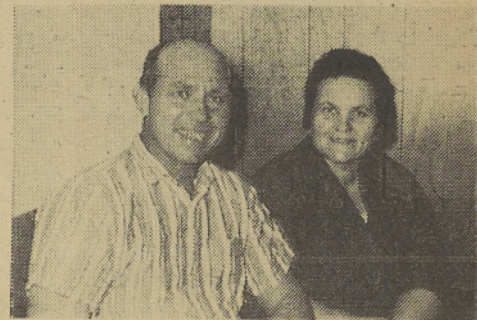
AND

MR. AND MRS.

KENNETH

BREEDING

(RIGHT)



West Stayton to Aumsville, we envisioned an opening ceremony, and we asked if we could print a story on the preparations. At that time, however, it was agreed that the story could wait until everything was ready.

But, as matters developed, getting everything all ready wasn't as important as going right ahead, using the center in whatever state it was. Now the plant has actually been in use for four months—and all the time physical improvements have been going on.

The VISTA Volunteers helped extensively. Staff members, too. Mr.

Woods had plans to work from.

Everyone who recalls the making-over operation speaks of two volunteers who did the carpentry: Edmund Kirsch and Kenneth Breeding.

Kirsch and Breeding volunteered their extra hours to this project over a period of several weeks. Breeding is employed as a farm worker and is also a Valley Migrant League board member. Kirsch works at the Specialty Mills in Stayton. Both Mrs. Kirsch and Mrs. Breeding are employed by VML.

"We didn't keep track of the hours," Kirsch said, when he was asked about all of the carpentry

work, new partitions, repairing painting. "We enjoyed doing it."

Kirsch and Breeding recall that there was lots of activity around them, and they tried to work rooms where telephones were ringing and meetings weren't being held.

There's still more inside painting to be done and other improvements to be made.

Meanwhile, the center, with several offices and rooms for recreation and meetings, is in operation—a fortress, a civic center, an educational institution, and — for some—a cathedral.

JOSE, GET THE LETTER FOR YOUR FATHER

By Judi Jarvill

Jose: Dinner is on the table, Papa.

Papa: I'll be right there. Did you get the mail today?

Jose: No, but Mom did.

Mama: A letter came from the Jones' in Oregon. I think you should finish your dinner before you read it.

Papa: Why? Bad news ... crop failure this year?

Jose: It's worse than that.

Mama: Be still, and finish your dinner.

Papa: Where is the letter?

Mama: I will get it when you're through eating.

Papa: Get it now — I want to see it now.

Mama: Jose, get the letter for your father.

Jose: He's not going to like it.

Mama: You heard me, son.

(Papa reads the letter.)

Papa: Well, how do you like that?

Jose: All these years they have depended on us to pick their crops, and now when we need them — they tear down their camp and go to machines.

Mama: But they must have a reason.

Papa: Oh! They have a reason all right. I have seen this coming for a long time. I just didn't think it would be this soon.

Jose: Well, what are we supposed to do? We have returned to the Jones' for so many years that we don't know any other growers.

Papa: That's right son, we are on a spot. We still have to eat and clothe our children. So, we will have to face what comes along, and look for other work.

Mama: Children, will you help me clear the table?

JOSE, CONSIGUE LA CARTA POR TU PADRE

Por Judi Jarvill

José: La cena está lista en la mesa, Papá.

(Papá lee la carta.)

Papá: En seguida voy. ¿Conseguiste el correo hoy?

Papá: Pues, ¿qué piensas de eso?

José: No, pero Mamá, sí.

Mamá: Una carta de los Jones de Oregon. Creo que sería mejor que acabas de cenar antes de leerla.

José: Por todos esos años dependieron de nosotros para pisar sus cosechas, y ahora cuando les necesitamos nosotros — echan por tierra su campamento y se dirigen a las máquinas.

Papá: ¿Por qué? ¿Malas noticias ... una cosecha pobre este año?

Mamá: Pero deben tener razón.

José: Peor que eso.

Mamá: Cállate, y acaba de cenar.

Papá: ¿Dónde está la carta?

Mamá: La conseguiré en cuanto acabes de cenar.

Papá: Consíguela ahorita — la quiero ver ahora.

Mamá: José, consigue la carta por tu padre.

José: No le va a gustar.

Mamá: Me oíste, hijo.

Papá: ¡Ay! Sí que tienen razón. Ya hace mucho tiempo que veo llegar esto no pensaba que llegaría tan pronto.

José: Pues ¿qué debemos hacer? Hemos vuelto a los Jones por tantos años que no conocemos a otros agricultores.

Papá: Es verdad, hijo. Tenemos un gran problema. Tenemos que seguir comiendo y vistiéndonos. Así tendremos que hacer frente a lo que se nos presenta y tenemos que buscar otro empleo.

Mamá: Hijos ¿me ayudan a limpiar la mesa?