

Hood River News

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Eagle Excellence

Congratulate HRV baseball, and consider formula for future success

The community's baseball excitement having died down only slightly, let us add our heartfelt congratulations to the Hood River Valley High School baseball team for its impressive championship in 5A.

That they did it at all is one thing; the way the Eagle diamond guys accomplished it is something else. As most readers are aware, the Eagles allowed not a single run to score in their entire playoff competition.

Taking down four other talented teams without allowing a run is a truly remarkable feat. The players and coaches have shown what comes of years of hard work and dedication.

Beyond that, there is the matter of the camaraderie and the sense of fun the players brought to what they do. The shark costume that players took turns wearing last season and again this year added a lightness to the proceedings, though it bears noting that the impromptu mascot helping inspire the players was not a puppy or kitten but a shark: an animal we all know for its sharp teeth, relentless pursuit, and large appetite.

The Eagle boys marked their prey, tracked it down, and dispatched them. You could put their dominance in non-violent terms and say that it was like sharks never letting the smaller fish out of the lagoon.

Fan support for the team reflected the love that friends and family have for the players, as well as the respect for the game and the opponents. These are parents and grandparents who have travelled with these guys for the better part of a decade through all levels of ball coming up.

Notable, too, is the way the players stood together on the field for the pre-game National Anthem: pitcher and catcher as a pair, the three infielders and four outfielders standing shoulder-to-shoulder in their sections of the diamond. Perhaps it's standard procedure for baseball squads, but with the Eagles it just fit the in-it-together attitude that helped get them to the title.

Beyond some form of personal congratulations to the teammates, the best way to celebrate this achievement is to support future teams, either next season when the Eagles start their title defense, or even sooner: youth ball games are happening now at St. Mary's complex and at Collins Field on West May.

Be it baseball or any other sport, or a musical or dramatic performance or anything else our young people are striving in, the best way to recognize efforts is to show support while skills are developing. Think of a 12-year-old athlete, artist, thespian, musician, speaker, or robotics designer as a 17-year-old, on a larger stage. You might not make it to the state championship five years out, but any of us can be there in 2015 when they're working towards that larger goal.



ANOTHER VOICE

Look ahead to celebrate Historic highway

BY LEONARD MURPHY

The Yesteryear's section of the News for the year 1915 has mentioned the great amount of auto traffic generated by the newly completed Columbia Gorge Highway.

Samuel Lancaster, the construction engineer of the highway, and his friend Samuel Hill, the railroad builder, had visited the famous highways of Switzerland and other areas of Europe and brought those designs to the Gorge for implementation.

Highway construction began in October 1913 and was officially completed July 6, 1915. To survey, remove obstacles and construct the world's most beautiful highway in less than two years was an incredible feat. The bridges, tunnels, viaducts and road across and down from Crown Point were all beautifully designed to complement the natural beauty of the landscape. The workforce reached up to 500 men in June of 1914.

Lancaster, with numerous other members of the Progressive Business

Men's Club had the vision of sharing the beauty of the Gorge with visitors of the world; not just to view the waterfalls, rugged cliffs and flora from the highway, but by making the hinterland available by foot, using trails constructed and maintained for safe accessibility. The 26 men from the Progressive Business Men's Club were energized by this vision to hike in stormy weather the 6 and a half miles from Multnomah Falls to the summit of Larch Mountain. While meeting in a small, crude shelter on that day, Oct. 3, 1915, the Trails Club of Oregon (TCO) was formed.

From that day, the members of TCO worked weekends to develop and maintain trails, some now recognized as Eagle Creek, Oneonta Gorge, Angel's Rest, Bridal Veil and Nesmith Point. Often the club members were involved in leadership roles heading up to senior and wilderness outings.

In 1915 the automobile was relatively new and the Scenic Columbia River Gorge Highway was

quickly being recognized as one of the modern wonders of the world. The Gorge being the heart, the trails the veins, and the new highway the artery that brought guests from afar and by the thousands to see, breathe in a photograph these natural wonders. Soon they would be able to park at a trailhead and with their packed lunch, be on the trail to make unforgettable memories.

Recreation in the out of doors was the major activity during the 1930s during the Great Depression. This was when Franklin D. Roosevelt, as part of the "New Deal," created the Civilian Conservation Corps under the supervision of the US Forest Service. Early on, the CCC took over the maintenance of the existing trails within the Mt. Hood National Forest.

This fall, the TCO will be recognized for its 100th year as an outdoor club. The Mt. Hood Museum and Cultural Center at Government Camp has several new exhibits depicting some of the club's history.

NIXON'S LEGACY

Celebrating the Deleted Expletive

By CRAIG JOSEPH DANNER

WTF? I may not be the deepest of thinkers — in fact, some have said my well is not just shallow but was dug with a spade — but I like to think that I can recognize and appreciate the philosophical bent in others, even in the most unlikely of circumstances.

Take, for instance, a conversation I overheard between two inmates a few months ago while working in the medical clinic at NORCOR, our local county jail. The medical clinic is essentially one large room with a few curtains for privacy, along with a small antechamber where inmates sit and wait their turn to be seen. NORCOR is a rather nice facility, as jails go, but it is still a jail, so the floors are industrial tiles and the walls are cinderblock, and so voices carry well.

The county jail is not the first place I would expect to overhear a deep and heartfelt conversation between two middle-aged men, so I was a little surprised when the significance of their words filtered into my brain. The two male inmates were sitting in the antechamber, waiting to be escorted back to their cells, and our small but hardworking medical staff heard every word as we tried to concentrate on what we were doing. As I mentioned, this was several months ago, but I think I have very accurately recorded what they said, word for word. Their conversation went like this:

Inmate 1: "Eff, man. Did you effing see that effing eff last effing night?"

Inmate 2: "Yeah."

Inmate 1: "It was effing un-effing-leavable!"

Inmate 2: "Yeah."

Inmate 1: "Some effer needed to eff the effing eff out of the effer."

Inmate 2: "Yeah."

Inmate 1: "Effing eff, man. He

was effing effed to the eff."

Inmate 2: "Yeah."

Inmate 1: "Eff... Effing eff."

At the time, I was dumbstruck by the profundity of this profanity, realizing I was in the presence of two prime examples of a particular archetypal male: The Man Of Few Words. And when I say few words, I mean about 11 of them. I was in awe of the fact that these men could express so much raw emotion and information with such vocabularial economy. But then it occurred to me that I had absolutely no effing idea what they had been talking about.

Donna, the medical clerk, had a different take on the matter. She leaned back in her chair and exasperated a most perfect stage whisper:

"Someone needs to buy that man a thesaurus."

It was Richard Nixon who really needed a more imaginative vocabulary. In fact, the lack of a thesaurus may have cost him his presidency. When the Watergate investigators demanded that the White House turn over transcripts of Oval Office tapes, Nixon insisted that all the profanity be expunged. Apparently, however, the president was such a prude that the deleted expletives were just soft-core dialectics such as "Hell!" and "Christ Almighty!" But when the American public was left to use their imagination, we all translated "expletive deleted" into the "F" word. And at the time, only thugs and hoodlums used the "F" word, so of course we wanted the toss the effer out of the effing office and into the effing tar pits!

Effin eff!

Like my buddy Richard, or "Dick" as some liked to call him, I am a bit of a prude myself. Since Dick inadvertently made the deleted expletive so famous, over the last several decades the "F" word has become less the purveyance of

high office and more the constabulary of dinner table conversation. And I really don't effing like it.

The other day I was enjoying a lovely meal with my lovely wife at a lovely family restaurant in our lovely little city. It was lovely. Loving love lovely! We were on a lovely patio, there was a loving lovely breeze, and the food was lovely and the lovely waitress was lovely and it all was really just loving lovely. Love! But at the table next to us sat a woman and two men who were also of the Few Words archetype. It was too noisy for us to understand the gist of their conversation, but the "F" word stands out to the trained ear, and it was effing this and effing that and eff eff eff all evening long. I really started thinking someone needed to eff the effing eff out of these effing effs because I was getting effing effed to the eff.

But instead I ordered dessert. Which was quite lovely.

So I've decided that it would be a good idea if the "F" word — like its biggest fan Jon Stewart — were to finally retire... And since most people who overuse the "F" word are vocabularially challenged, I've come up with a new word we can use as a replacement expletive, so that they don't effing have to.

Since it would be confusing if we used another "F" word in place of the old "F" word, I think we should move along the alphabet a little. I think the next expletive should be a "G" word. And I think it should be just as appropriate to hear at the dinner table as the word it is replacing.

What do you think about this little cutie?

"Gonorrhoea."



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