

VOICES

ANYONE CAN WRITE

Nearly 40 years in the business have taught me that readers long for meaning and a connection at a deeper and more universal level. And that's why the East Oregonian will be running, from time to time, stories from students who are in my writing class, which I've been teaching for the past 10 years in Portland. I take great satisfaction in helping so-called nonwriters find and write stories from their lives and experiences. They walk into my room believing they don't have what it takes to be a writer. I remind them if they follow their hearts, they will discover they are storytellers. As we all are at our core. Some of these stories have nothing to do with Pendleton or Umatilla County. They do, however, have everything to do with life. If you are interested in contacting me to tell me your story, I'd like to hear from you.

Tom Hallman Jr., tbbhook@aol.com

Tom Hallman Jr. is a Pulitzer Prize-winning feature writer for the Oregonian newspaper. He's also a writing coach and has an affinity for Umatilla County.

Special moments only happen once

By CARLA KELLEY
Special to the East Oregonian

I remember Camp Pine Valley because it was the site of my first kiss, delivered by a sweet nerdy guy named Frank.

He was 12. I was 11 but working hard to look older.

Frank was a skinny guy who wore thick glasses. His real name was Franklin, but at that time in his life he preferred Frank. We both longed to be reading books instead of choosing up ball game teams, but books were in short supply at Camp Pine Valley. He was not interested in sports, which endeared him to me. I could swim and paddle a canoe, but I couldn't catch or throw a ball or run fast, which guaranteed that I would be chosen last in the frequent team selections endemic to summer camp.

Most of summer camp for me was about these daily rejections and other athletic failures, like my first horseback riding experience when the horse lay down and tried to wipe me off its back. But amidst these juvenile humiliations, Frank picked me to experience a first kiss, his as well as mine.

I recall that he held my hand at campfire sing-alongs. I felt loved. Suddenly I was not all alone anymore. That was special. That was very special indeed.

After the eight-week summer camp session ended, we campers left the woods and hills of the Laurentian Mountains and returned to Montreal where most of us lived. Frank and I "dated" a bit after camp, although "dating" is a big word for what we did. We had absolutely no private time together.

A date with Frank meant his father drove him to my house. Frank and I would climb into the back seat of his dad's big sedan and hold hands, while both his parents sat in the front. Then we would all drive to see a movie.

This in itself was exciting: not because Frank was holding my damp hand in his, but because it was illegal for anyone under 16 years of age to attend most movies in the puritanical Quebec Province of 1957. His nice parents would attend the movie with us to bolster the lie about our ages as we bought our entry tickets.

I have no recollection of what movies we saw, but I recall several of these dates. Best of all, I could now brag that I had a boyfriend, which vastly improved my social status. Frank was definitely a good thing in my life in the autumn of 1957.

A few months later, our little romance came to an abrupt end when my father took a new job — in Iowa. In 1958 our nuclear family did what no one in Montreal's close-knit community ever did back then: We moved more than 1,000 miles away from Montreal and all our relatives.

I recall a few letters back and forth between Frank and me, but soon the intervals

between them lengthened until the correspondence stopped. Kids our age had no access to expensive long-distance phone calls. Letters written on paper and ink took a long time to arrive. I got busy adjusting to my American high school and I never saw Frank again.

Or did I? Flash forward to April 2021. I am living in Portland, Oregon. This is my 11th city since leaving Montreal in 1958, but I have been here 40 years. I moved here in 1980 from city number 10, which was Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I have a career and a life. Camp Pine Valley is a distant memory; I have to do research to even recall its name.

I'm still in touch with a couple of people who live in Pittsburgh. One is a professor at Carnegie-Mellon University. My friend contacts me when there's news about someone we both knew back in the 1970s. Last April, my professor friend sent me an obituary from a Pittsburgh newspaper. On the same day, I received a second copy of the same obituary, from someone else in Pittsburgh whom I had not seen in decades.

The subject of the obituary was a well-known professor of the history of art and architecture in Pittsburgh. He had degrees from McGill, Oberlin and Harvard. He had published nine books in his field, many of which recorded his findings from excavations of famous cathedral sites in Italy. He had won a Guggenheim Fellowship among other prestigious prizes. He was internationally famous for his writings on architectural and cultural history. His name was Franklin.

There was nothing in the obituaries about his attendance at Camp Pine Valley, but this was definitely Franklin of the first-ever kiss.

By some trick of memory, I do not recall meeting Frank when we both lived in Pittsburgh in the 1970s. Frank was then a young professor at Carnegie-Mellon University. He was married; I was newly single after a painful divorce. Somehow, 40 years after I left Pittsburgh permanently, both of my friends from the '70s who sent me his obituary retained the memory that I knew Franklin.

Maybe Franklin's name came up when I lived there. Maybe we met, disliked each other and I deleted the meeting from memory. Maybe I met him and told other friends who taught at Carnegie-Mellon about him. Maybe he never forgave me for dropping our teenage correspondence. Any of these scenarios is plausible; I just don't recall.

Thinking about Camp Pine Valley after all these years reminds me that the camp put on a production of "The Wizard of Oz." I was cast as the Tin Man. My solo song was "If I only had a heart." I hold Franklin's memory dear because his kiss awakened my young heart. That only happens once.



Ryan Brennecke/The Bend Bulletin

A small amount of snow remains on South Sister as a vehicle travels July 30, 2021, along the Cascade Lakes Highway in Central Oregon.

Snowy summer skyline fades to brown peaks

Central Oregon glaciers, snowpack feel the heat of climate change

By MICHAEL KOHN
The Bend Bulletin

BEND — Winter brought above-average snow to the Central Cascades. Then a summertime heat wave melted most of it away.

Now Central Oregon's glaciers could experience significant melt as the snow that normally protects them in the warmer months disappears.

The rapid snowmelt that occurred in spring and early summer has left midsummer snowmelt at historic lows, said Larry O'Neill, an associate professor at the College of Earth, Ocean and Atmospheric Sciences at Oregon State University. What's more, this snow season — with its unusually rapid melt-off — is going to become the new normal, he said.

When snowpack melts early in the year, it can have negative consequences on water resources and the health of the glaciers. Reservoirs struggle to fill, river levels remain lower than normal and rangeland can deteriorate. For those who enjoy scaling Mount Jefferson, North Sister and other Central Oregon peaks, it can mean an early end to the climbing season on

several mountains. "The slightly warmer than normal spring and the June heat wave melted nearly all the snowpack," O'Neill said. "We entered spring with near-normal snowpack in the Central Oregon Cascades, but unfortunately it melted out about three to four weeks earlier than normal."

The impact of this is less snow in late summer to melt into streams, causing streams to flow at lower levels than normal. That can impair habitat for fish and wildlife. The weak snowpack in late summer also dries out forests, creating conditions for wildfire.

"This snow season is a perfect example of what the future will look like," O'Neill said.

Glaciers melt off more rapidly when the protective snowpack that covers them disappears, said Anders Carlson, president of the Oregon Glaciers Institute, a nonprofit that works to preserve glaciers through science and education.

"This will be a very bad year for them," Carlson said. "With the snow retreating and disappearing so quickly, this exposes the underlying glacier to melting sooner than in more normal years."

The melt-off comes amid historically hot weather in

Central Oregon. Temperatures recorded in Bend reached all-time highs in late June, culminating in 107-degree weather on June 30. At Warm Springs on June 27, the temperature soared to 119 degrees, tying a state record.

June this year was the second warmest June on record, dating back to 1895, O'Neill said. June this year was 8 degrees above normal compared to the record of 8.3 degrees above normal recorded in June 2015.

The threadbare snow cover, combined with the hot temperatures, is a double whammy, Carlson said, potentially driving glacier melt at a rapid rate.

"This can be a force multiplier but in a bad way," Carlson said. "Longer periods of time with more glacier ice exposed to hotter temperatures all equals a bad year for glaciers."

In years past, even in summer, Mount Bachelor, Broken Top and Three Sisters are covered in snow. Collier Glacier on west slopes of North Sister would also be blanketed in snow.

While the sight of so much exposed mountain may be jarring for some Bend residents at this time of year, experienced mountain climbers say they are getting used to the snowless skyline

west of the city. "It doesn't surprise me," said Cliff Agocs, co-owner of Timberline Mountain Guides, which runs mountaineering trips in the Cascades. "I have been working in the mountains in Oregon for 12 years now, and I have just seen the slow progression or fast progression depending on how you look at it."

Agocs blames climate change for the rapid loss of snow in the Cascades each summer. Temperatures have warmed, on average, by 2 degrees over the past century in Oregon, and the snowpack is down by 20% since 1950, according to the Environmental Protection Agency.

A report from the Oregon Climate Change Research Institute, released in January, states that temperatures will rise by 5 degrees by the 2050s. It adds that snowy days will be cut in half by the mid-21st century compared to levels at the beginning of the century. Snowpack will decline by 60% by the middle of the century, the institute projects.

Because it's safer to climb when loose rocks are still frozen together, Agocs' guided climbs end when the mountaintops thaw out. Ten years ago that meant climbing into early August. The trips now end in early July.

"That kind of change shouldn't be recognizable to one person over a decade," Agocs said. "It's really fast."



VISIT US ON THE WEB
EastOregonian.com

Your home is only as smart as your Internet.

AT&T Internet \$40/mo. (includes taxes, fees, and equipment)

- Plans up to 100 Mbps*
- Free Smart Home Manager App with Parental Controls*
- The bandwidth to power multiple devices at once.
- Get a seamless whole-home Wi-Fi experience with AT&T Smart Wi-Fi.*

Cut cable internet and switch to AT&T Internet. Call now! 888-486-0359

Have executive leadership experience and a commitment to restoring salmon and protecting tribal treaty fishing rights?

The Columbia River Inter-Tribal Fish Commission is seeking a dynamic, high-level strategic thinker, a great spokesperson, and an effective manager to serve as its **Executive Director**.

Help guide the organization tasked to provide technical assistance and coordinate the fisheries management responsibilities of its four member tribes—the Yakama, Umatilla, Warm Springs, and Nez Perce.

Be a part of the tribal effort to put fish back in the rivers and protect the watersheds where they live.

To see complete position details, visit: www.critfc.org/executive

Position closes August 31.

COLUMBIA RIVER INTER-TRIBAL FISH COMMISSION
YAKAMA · UMATILLA · WARM SPRINGS · NEZ PERCE
Portland, Oregon · www.critfc.org · (503) 238-0667