THE OREGON PIONEERS

Paper Read Before Woman's Club by Mrs. G. P. MacGregor, Feb. 4.

(Continued from Friday's paper)

And now I am coming to a tiny house, literally smothered in vines and shaded by big trees. Its tiny mistress is a dainty, pretty woman today, and one wonders when seeing her if in her youth she was not a beauty. Like Mrs. Collins, her pride is centered in her father. This father with his family and belongings was one of a big train that left Iowa March 26, '47, and reached Oregon December 24, '47. Their experience was not a placid one. Births, deaths, hostile indians, and the final loss of their movable property did not argue for great happiness and comfort the first winter spent in the valley. There were 127 wagons, but not all were bound for the Northwest. Some were headed for California, and some for the Mormon country. Their first captain was one of Fremont's guides, Starr by name. They came through Fort Bridger, by what is now known as the Northern Pacific. They saw one house between the Missouri river and Lane county. A sister was born somewhere in Nebraska, but the train did not stop. Cows were brought from Iowa, but I doubt if any reached the valley. The usual supply of flour, bacon and corn meal made up the meals cooked by means of buffalo chips. Crossing the plains in a frightful storm a little two-year-old was killed by lightning. This little pioneer girl of whom I am writing, walked the plains, as did many other children. The big train was moved by schedule, and on each Saturday morning they went into camp over Sunday. On Saturday the women baked and washed, and on Sunday there was preaching. They stopped every night, and broke camp early. Going through the desert they were without water for a long time, but an old cow came to their aid, and by instinct found that, the lack of which would have ended this story, many years ago. They came into the valley by way of Klamath Lake and Grants Pass. She walked into the valley. The Digger Indian country was not friendly, and because of the stealing of cattle, every movable object that could be destroyed was destroyed. Plates and crockery of all kinds were dropped by the women in the wagons and broken rather than let the Indians have them. They crossed Green river, and as you might surmise, were not pleased with Oregon. In '48 Mr. Frederick bought his claim, naming the place Salt Creek after his Iowan home.

My notes seem confused here, but I gather that Mr. Frederick was killed in the Whitman Massacre, and that Captain Gilliam headed the rescue party. It was Tom Lovelady and Mr. Embree who located and named the county seat Cynthia Ann and afterward changed to Dallas, Polk county, after the vice president and president. Teaching in the first school house of Dallas, the only woman teacher of those days, Lizzie Boyce never married. This particular part of the enormous valley was a place of magnificent distances, since the trip with oxen was made from Eugene to Ellendale for flour. And when the community began to congregate and form a town, for the general merchandise stores, Oregon City was the source of all supplies. From Oreogn City stocks were either freighted by oxen, or a little later by way of the Willamette river. On the Lyle place the first religious services were held. It is easy to picture the gathering of the settlers; the oxen, the ponies, the many children, the stern faced men, battling with problems unforseen and fraught with danger as to conclusion, the tired, worn, brave mothers who looked upon this "meeting day" as the one event in their too-busy, too-full lives; the budding romances of the coming generation, all these gathering from near and far to publicly give thanks to the Giver of all good.

There was something in my little lady's manner that made me doubt the accuracy of her reply to the question, "At what age were you married?" She said at 14. She was married by Hugh M. Waller an uncle of Mrs. Holt McDaniel. Her wedding dress was of dotted white lawn made with a plain straight skirt, a plain tight waist, and bell sleeves, black cloth shoes, white silk gloves, and an embroidered handkerchief of fine sheer linen costing seven dollars, completed the wedding costume. They rented a farm, did not buy, and when the first store building was erected the husband of this little girl put in the first stock of drugs carried in Dallas. I think they both went to the college at Monmouth. She has lived to see the dream of her life fulfilled, for this little lady and one other were the first advocates of equal suffrage in Oregon. Her husband was bitterly opposed to the question, although before his death he changed his mind materially. He and Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway were early sweethearts, daneing away many evenings, and if Mrs. Duniway was then an advocate of the woman movement and this gentleman opposed it, one can picture the trend of conversation between or during the dances. However, he did not marry Abigail Scott. My pretty little lady is the mother of seven sons, no daughters. On the porch stands a portion of what I thought was a forest tree. Jessie Applegate in '43 brought apple seeds across the plains and this big trunk is part of a seedling tree planted at that time. Vancouver, Washington, was at this early date a trading post, and I surmise divided with Oregon City the trade of the Northwest. Do you recognize Martha J. Frederick, as the subject of this sketch in Mrs. David Cosper?

And now the story changes; the placid life of six or eight months of travel, the final arrival in a new country, the peaceful adjustment of changed conditions is no longer the rule. Many deaths marked this pathway of emigrants; danger to life and property because of Indians and Mormons, together with a lack of fresh meat throughout the journey, all these changes are noted in the following sketch. The first of April, 1852, saw the starting of a forty wagon train from Pittsfield, Southern Illinois, by way of Omaha. There were six in this family, and the little slender girl of seven is the subject of this story. There were three other children, boys, and they started well equipped for the long journey. There were two teams of oxen, and double decked schooner wagons, two splendid brood mares, and two fine milk cows started with the family. The big supplies of this particular family were thoroughly enjoyed, and, once in a while, a stew of dried apples or peaches, cooked with dumplings were enjoyed as a treat. By this time, '52, there was a scarcity of fresh meat; a few antelope and prairie chickens furnished the train with the change they needed from salt meat, but there was no bison. This little wiry girl did much walking, and she remembers the frightful heat they endured, and also that by following in the tracks of the wagon her bare feet were not so burned, because the sand was a little cooler. Where Omaha now stands was an Indian village, and here the first Indians were seen, and the little girl was frightened. The train crossed the Missouri above Council Bluffs. First, the emigrants built a raft of canoes, but this raft sank and one man was drowned. The train had to wait for a scow from up the river, and as it waited other trains gathered, so that when they were finally ferried across there was a total of 500 wagons. Five dollars a wagon was the ferry toll. The captain of this train was a man far in advance of his age. In '49 he made the trip, first going to California to the mines. He came from a pioneer family, and his quick wit and mature judgment saved the train in his charge from annihilation. He always rode in advance and selected the camping ground for each night's rest. Because of the danger from Indians, the wagons were all drawn within a circle, the tongues pointing outward. A guard was set each night to watch both the grazing oxen and cattle, and the sleeping train. Bands of Indians went whooping and shouting by, but this wise leader knew by their dress and their cries what to expect. Once a band of eight, in their war paint and feathers came shrieking toward them, dividing at one end of the train and careering down the long length of the wagons. What they saw discouraged further effort on their part, because each man of the train was heavily armed, and many of the women were equally well armed. Had the train presented an unarmed front the savages would have made an attack upon them, hoping to plunder them of their possessions. Another time the whole train was upset by the weird moanings and shoutings of the Indians. They feared an attack and were preparing for it, but this well-informed pioneer listened and finally decided that the cries they heard were cries of mourning. Sending scouts to verify his surmise, it was found to be true; some Indians had come upon a dead cow, eaten it, and the remnant were lamenting the deaths due to ptomaine poisoning. Fifty years ago there were no germs. With knowledge of germ life different kinds of germ life have multiplied. However that that statement be argued, this emigrant train captain was able to help his people when the necessity arose. His knowledge was not gained from books, nor within college walls, but his methods of procedure were as efficacious as though a half dozen letters following his name testified to scholarly attainments. On the 8th of June, the birthday of our seven-year-old, her grandfather died of cholera. From where did Asiatic cholera come to the Central West? The captain soon found that the trouble was in the water. He issued the command that everyone should drink only boiled water. Those obeying escaped. But not all obeyed, since more than 40 deaths occurred. Once again this wise man helped where help was needed; his own son, Breese, falling ill of the disease, was promptly dosed with blue mass, camphor and opium. He was unconscious two hours, but on awakening weak and sick from the seizure, he made a rapid recovery. No other member of this family fell a victim. There were from two to three deaths a day, and later on there were many deaths from mountain fever. The grandfather was wrapped in a blanket, and with bark taken from trees as a coffin, was buried deep in the earth. The others dying so fast, and the train demoralized by fear, were just wrapped in blankets and put into shallow graves dug in the sand. It was the testimony of those following the next year that the trail of this stricken train was marked by the naked bones of the dead, eaten and gnawed by wild animals. There were several new-born babies that survived the trip, but one mother and baby girl died because of lack of care. As women, you will be interested in what our little girl had to wear; one dress was a linsey woolsey, hand woven, with blue and brown stripes, and made so that the stripes went round and round instead of up and down. Because it was so very hot she had to have a change, and so on the 4th of July she presented a brave front in one made from hickory shirting. She was very shy in this "man's cloth" until assured that it was the thing for little girls, after which she was content. The cooking was done at night. There were no stops for worship or household tasks. The oxen became so travel-worn that by order of the captain the wagons were lightened from time to time, and buried or just thrown out were many household utensils and much food. The captain lost by thievery, he thought through the Mormons, one of his splendid brood mares and also one of his good cows. He brought the remainder with him. They crossed the Cascades south of Mt. Hood, coming into Oregon City on October 1. I am glad to say it was not raining. The weather was faultlessly beautiful, and this in itself was a gleam of fortune to the weary, wayworn group. They came almost empty handed since provisions and tents had to be left on the road. This train, like almost every other one, was met by a relief train. One can easily picture the satisfaction in the good things to eat that were given the travelers by the thoughtful friends who had made the journey before them, and knew their necessities. The train captain did not homestead, but bought a claim. Hard times followed and provisions were scarce and high. Flour was 19 cents a pound, potatoes $5 a bushel. This little girl is a tall, slender, active woman today, a woman known and loved by many. The medical ability of her own father has been passed along to her own son, whom we know as the "big doctor," but his sister calls him "the small boy." It is easy for you to place her as Myra Gibson. We know her as

Mrs. Thomas Starbuck.

April, 1847, from Platt county, Missouri, saw the starting of another train of 50 wagons. This time a boy of seven tells the story. His father was well-to-do, and came with three yoke of oxen, six in a yoke, one prairie schooner, and one commissary wagon. Flour, bacon, sugar, coffee, dried fruits, syrup, soda, etc., made up the menu of this family of seven. Three milk cows and two brood mares followed the fortunes of this family, and reached the coast with them. This train antedated Mrs. Starbuck's experience by five years, and while she never saw a buffalo, my little boy saw them by countless thousands. They stretched to the horizon. Antelope and deer varied the meat diet with the bison, so that all the way they had fresh meat in abundance. There were several deaths during this journey, and coffins were made out of some of the wagon sides, and buried deep, the graves marked by a stone. There was no fear of the Indians as to life, but they were very thieving, and guards had to be placed to protect the train's animals. Eight to 15 miles was a day's journey, and it took them six months to make the trip. Theirs was the first train to cross the Cascades. Others came down the Columbia from The Dalles, but this train crossed Laurel mountain, and came by the Barlow route. So steep was the trail that the oxen were unhitched, and the wagons were held by stout ropes, one end of the rope being secured to a tree. By letting out a little of the rope at a time the wagons were safely lowered over the steep trail. A trip long years after to Eastern Oregon, showed to this little boy, then a grown man, the marks made by the ropes on the trees that held as anchors while the wagons were being lowered. The first stopping place in the valley was not at Oregon City, but at Dixie. From Dixie to the Luckiamute the father drove 12 miles and saw one house. Not all the 50 wagons came through to Dixie because the train divided at Ash Hollow. This pioneer, like all the others, is reminiscent of the early days after reaching the valley, and recalled one fact that was amusing. His father wanted to buy some material for dresses. Oregon City was the trading place, and he made the long trip returning with a half bolt of paper muslin, what they called glazed cambric, light pink and light blue. Think of making a dress of such stuff! It was all he could get. The discovery of gold in California made a big market for all produce that was raised by the settlers and one of the fine brood mares sold for five hundred dollars. In answer to my question "What did the boys wear?" he said "Buckskin. When it was wet the pants were over our feet, and when we stood before the fire they shrank above our knees." This man is the father of seven children, and is an honored and respected citizen in the town that he has seen grow from nothing to what we call Dallas. Do you know him as

Hardy Holman, J. P.?

You will notice the marked similarity of experience in all these sketches starting from 1844 and ending in 1852. When this paper was first planned it was the desire to get at the family life while crossing the plains. The same motive power was employed, the same kind of food was eaten, the same experiences of deprivation, discomfort were common to all the emigrants. Each one of the people interviewed was a mere child, and you will notice the feeling of careless freedom that shows in every story. Although these narrators are today old men and women it is the child's story, care-free attitude as regarded the big undertaking. What could a child of five or six or seven know of the breaking up of an old home, of saying "good-by" forever to those friends and relatives who were left behind? The father providing safe conduct and provisions for wife and children must have had many moments of troubled thought when he left the ills he knew and ventured forth to ills, the nature of which he could only surmise. The danger from Indians and Mormons, the always haunting fear of death by illness or plague, hundreds of miles from even a pioneer civilization, must have risen like ghosts to drive sleep from brains already weary with much contriving and wondering as to the "how" and "wherewithal" to make the journey. That more disaster did not follow these brave men and women and their equally brave and uncomplaining children, is surely due to the ever watchful care of the All-Father.

Today this great valley is peopled with men and women as ready to uphold the hands of representative government as were the 13 states that combined to make us a nation. The valley is leaping forward in her strides for development and progress. Happy is the man who owns acres, few or many, within the Valley of the Willamette so that he can carry onward the work begun by our brave pioneers.

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CONRAD STAFRIN

HEREDITY AND THE EYES.

Blue or Gray Eyed Parents Cannot Have Brown Eyed Children.

Since blue and probably gray eyed parents have no brown pigment in the outer surface of the iris they cannot transmit brown to that portion of their children's eyes. This absent characteristic may be one that has been lost or it may never have been acquired. It is known in heredity language as a recessive. Hence, to repeat, two recessives produce in their offspring only their recessive condition.

The hereditary behavior of brown eye color, however, is very different. In brown eyes actual pigment occurs in the iris. Here there is something accumulated to hand on down to subsequent generations. The amount that can be transmitted, however, depends on one's own hereditary history as well as that of one's consort. If both of Smith's parents belong to brown eyed strains, then Smith can have only brown eyes. And since Smith has been given, as it were, a double dose of brown his eyes will be dark brown.

Smith will have, in his turn, only brown eyed children, whatever may be the color of his wife's eyes. In the language of hereditary, Smith's brown eye color dominates over blue or gray. When Smith's brown eye color has been derived from one parent only, then his own eyes will tend to be lighter in color and only half of his germ cells will have the potentiality for making brown eyes. Hence, if he marries a blue or gray eyed wife, only half of his children will have brown eyes, and a light brown, too, because of two generations of dilution. In case Smith's wife also has brown eyes derived from one of her parents only, then three out of four of their children will have brown eyes, but only one of the three will get a double dose of brown; hence Smith's brown eyed children will not all transmit brown in the same degree.

Thus it is possible for a brown eyed parent to have one-half or one-quarter of his children blue or gray eyed. But it is never possible for two blue or gray eyed parents to have brown eyed children.—Independent.

FREEZING WATER.

Conditions That Cause the Bursting or Cracking of Ice.

Ice never bursts from freezing. As soon as the liquid of which it is composed is frozen solid expansion ceases. The cracking or bursting of ice is brought about in this way: When water is subjected to extreme cold ice crystals will gradually form on its surface until the same are covered with a thin coat of what appears to be wet snow. From this outer coating of ice crystals all subsequent freezing goes downward, the ice thickening according to the degree of cold. The water which is being converted into ice now begins to expand, creating a pressure upon the unfrozen water below. This pressure is both downward and outward, and in case the water under observation is in a vessel the sides and bottom of the receptacle supply the resistance.

As the freezing process continues the pressure upon the confined water and air in the interior of the bulk increases until something yields. If the vessel be stronger than the ice stratum that has formed over the surface the layer of ice will be bent upward at the center, that being the weakest point, on account of the fact that the outer edges of the congealed mass are frozen fast to the sides of the vessel in which the experiment is being made. In this condition the center of the ice continues to rise or bulge until it bursts from the resistance of the water below. Could the vessel be tapped from below and the water drawn off no amount of freezing would be sufficient to crack or bulge the ice layer on the surface.

At a Disadvantage.

"A newly married man always has great confidence in the superior wisdom of his wife."

"Naturally," replied Miss Cayenne. "A man who has been accustomed to eating with plain knives, forks and spoons is likely to feel pretty humble and subdued while he is being instructed in the use of all the silverware that came with the wedding presents."—Washington Star.

Breaking It Gently.

"Whom have you there in tow?"

"This is Rip Van Winkle. He just woke up."

"Why guard him so carefully?"

"Well, we're letting him see the women's styles gradually, don't you know."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not Encouraging.

"Madam, do you think you can use your influence with your husband to induce him to support me in the coming campaign?"

"I don't know, sir. I've never yet succeeded in inducing him to support me."—Baltimore American.

Stingy.

"She's the cheapest woman I know of."

"Why do you say that?"

"The other day we got on a car together, and I insisted on paying my own fare, and she let me."—Detroit Free Press.

Pecan Nuts.

Try cracking pecan nuts by placing them on end in the nut cracker. One vigorous crushing of the cracker will split the nut open through the center.

Giving Advice.

Sillicus—Do you ever give advice Cynicus—Not unless I'm pretty sure it won't be followed.—Philadelphia Record.

STYLES IN HANDCUFFS.

The Old Time "Twisters" Were Instruments of Torture.

It is in the Aeneid that we find the first reference to the handcuff. Vergil informs us that Proteus was, by means of such a device, fettered and rendered helpless by Aristaeus.

It is of record that about 400 years before the Christian era an army of victorious Greeks came upon several chariots of Carthaginians which, among other things, contained a large number of handcuffs.

Our term "handcuff" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "handcop." In the Saxon days these handcops were used in the case of nobles, while "footcops" were reserved for kings. The terms employed in the fourteenth century were "shack bolt" and "swivel manacle," and the specimens thereof which have come down to us show that the instruments were as cumbersome as their names.

Only two kinds of handcuffs were employed previously to the nineteenth century. One, the flexible, was very similar to that now in use, and the other, which was called "the figure eight," was utilized to restrain violent prisoners. This "figure eight" was greatly dreaded, since severe pain was occasioned the fettered person did he attempt to move a limb.

There used to be a form of handcuff, now happily abolished, called the "twister." This consisted of a chain with handles at each end. This chain was placed about the wrists; the handles were brought together and twisted until a firm grip was obtained. The least struggle on the part of the unfortunate captive resulted in the greatest suffering, for the chains bit deeply into his flesh. A similar form of handcuff was that called by the French "la ligote."

In some parts of Europe there is still used an exceedingly primitive form of handcuff. It consists of a V-shaped piece of metal, wherein the wrists are inserted, the open ends being drawn together by means of a cross hook, which, however, must be maintained taut during the whole time the captive is held.

The most ingenius and effective of all handcuffs is that used in the United States and, indeed, adopted by the police of most civilized countries. It is much lighter and much less clumsy than the old flexible handcuff and is not painful to the wearer.—Harper's Weekly.

A ROYAL INSULT.

Lord Brougham Bided His Time and Repaid George IV.

With all of his knowledge and talent Lord Brougham was eccentric and slovenly in his personal habits. While he was a young and comparatively unknown barrister he was asked to a dinner at which the prince regent presided. Mr. Brougham's hands needed washing. The regent's keen eyes rested on them. He beckoned to a waiter and gave him an order which the man heard with a scared face, and then going out he speedily returned with a ewer full of water, soap and a towel.

He carried them to Brougham, presenting them with the prince regent's compliments. The barrister instantly withdrew and never afterward referred to the insult.

Years later, when the prince, now king, tried to divorce his wife, Brougham as her defender so vehemently sustained her cause that she triumphed. The king's name was not mentioned during the trial, though the nation knew that he was secretly the prosecutor. Brougham in his speech declared that he saw in the distance the nameless persecutor of his innocent client, quoting with terrific effect Milton's words:

The other shape,
If shape it might be called, * * * black it stood as night,
Fierce as ter furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

George IV. felt seriously this savage attack. The nation sided with the queen, and her defender had paid his debt with interest.

TO SOLVE FUEL PROBLEM.

English Professor Pins His Faith to Alcohol.

London.—Alcohol is to solve the fuel problem, said Professor Lewes. "There is only one way," he says, "to regenerate the sun's energy to make it available for power, and that is by alcohol. In vegetation we can find energy absorbed by a plant from the sun. That energy can never be regenerated as coal or oil, but it can be as alcohol. At present, however, this is practically out of the question."

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Mrs. Ella Rogers, 603 Grant St., McMinnville, Ore., says: "For some time I suffered from kidney complaint. It had such severe backaches that I could hardly get around and sick headaches often laid me up in bed. I was not certain as to the cause of my trouble but finally began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was greatly relieved. The contents of two boxes restored my kidneys to a normal condition and relieved my aches and pains. I am now in good health and for that reason gladly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

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HE PASSED IT ON.

The Diplomat Saved Himself by a Quick Witted Ruse.

The passing of the court fool as an institution did not mean that kings had ceased to take pleasure in the sort of nonsense that the jesters had been licensed to perpetrate. King Frederick William I. of Prussia was an incorrigible joker and greatly enjoyed testing the cleverness of his ministers and advisers by planning embarrassing situations, from which they could extricate themselves only by the exercise of the quickest wit. However, "Das Buch Fur Alle" declares that the king was almost as ready to enjoy his own discomfiture as that of his intended victim.

One day at a small dinner the king, happening to be in the mood to play a prank, chose as his victim one of his ministers seated at his left. After a moment's thought his majesty leaned toward the courtier on his right and, giving him a gentle slap on the cheek, said, "Pass it."

As the tap was passed from guest to guest round the table, the king's intentions became apparent. The minister at Frederick William's left would either have to commit lese majeste by slapping his sovereign or admit himself beaten and be the laughing stock of the table.

Although the company was already in a gale of merriment at his expense, the minister was not at all ready to acknowledge a defeat. Just as the blow was passed to him he let a knife fall clattering to the floor between the king and himself. Immediately a servant sprang forward, picked the knife up and handed it to the minister, but what was the lackey's astonishment to receive, instead of a word of thanks, a tap on the cheek. The minister by his wit had saved the situation without violating the rules of the game. The king was the first to join in the laughter and applause that greeted the minister's cleverness.

Australian Names.

Mark Twain, native of a country whose place names won the admiration of Robert L. Stevenson, was himself delighted by the place names of Australia. As amusement for a hot day he collected a list of eighty-one, including such soul satisfying polysyllables as Murriwillumba, Yaranyackah, Koondoparinga and Jamberoo, and put sixty-six of them into a poem of forty-eight lines. "These are good words for poetry," he says. "But the best word in that list and the most musical and gurgly is Woolloomooloo."—London Chronicle.

Couldn't Get to Rehearsal.

An actor, being unable to find work on the stage and needing his meals, finally obtained the promise of a conductor's job on the street car lines.

"When do I report?"

"At 4 a. m. sharp," said the manager.

"Shades of Booth!" exclaimed the Thespian. "I couldn't stand such hours. The fines would offset the salary. Why, I'd be late for rehearsal every day."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pardons Soldier Who Didn't Kneel.

Madrid.—The government has canceled the punishment inflicted on a Protestant soldier for refusing to kneel during a mass at Ferrol and will publish a regulation drawn up in such a manner that a repetition of the incident will be impossible in the future. The soldier had been condemned to six months' imprisonment.

—Headquarters of the Oregon Fire Relief Association will be found in Room 21, New Bank Building, at the head of the stairs.

—Tresspass notices, weather proof, for sale at Observer Job office.

LODGE DIRECTORY

REBEKAHS—Almira Lodge No. 26 meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall.
NOLA COAD, Noble Grand.
ORA COSPER, Secretary.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—Dallas Camp No. 209 meets in W. O. W. Hall on Tuesday evening of each week.
TRACY STAATS, Consul Com.
W. A. AYRES, Clerk.

A. F. & A. M.—Jennings Lodge, No. 9, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month, in Masonic hall on Main street. Visiting brethren welcome.
E. A. HAMILTON, W. M.
WALTER S. MUIR, Secretary.

UNITED ARTISANS—Dallas Assembly, No. 46, meets on first and third Mondays of each month at Woodman hall. Visiting members made welcome.
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