

Author's BAZAAR

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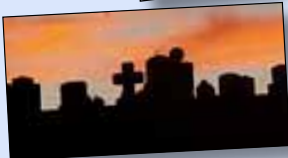
Memories of Jefferson Park/2



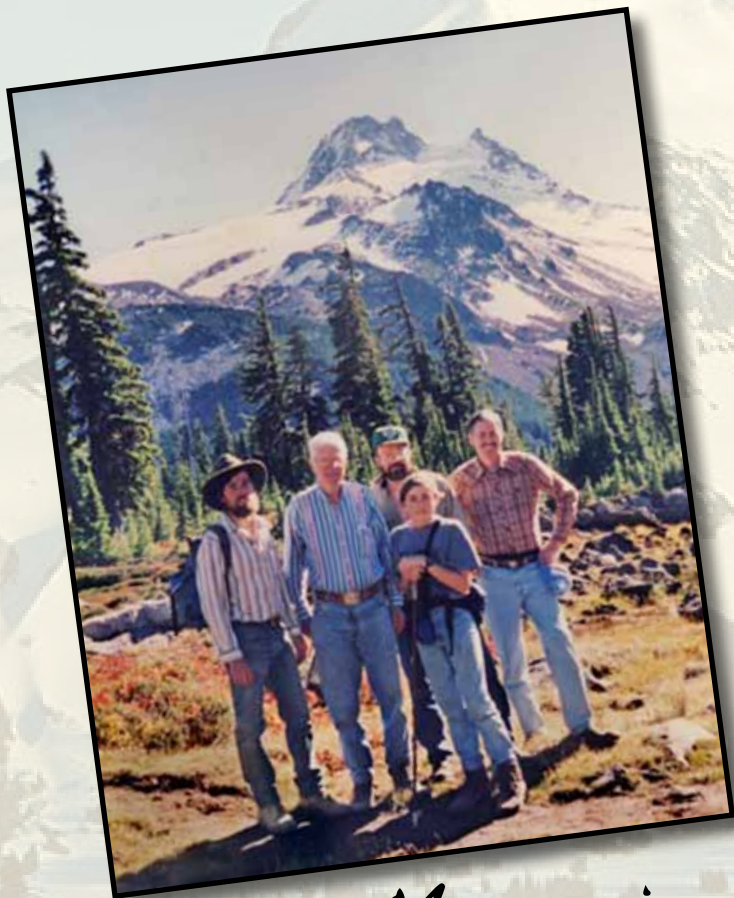
Whitewashing Twain/11



Snow verse/18



Once in the Gloaming/19



Memories of Jefferson Park

The Sullivans, from
left, William, Wes,
Dave, Ian and Steve

BY WILLIAM
SULLIVAN

F

or decades my father would take a “last hike of summer” in September to Jefferson Park. Whenever I visit this alpine Shangri-La in the Mt. Jefferson Wilderness, where lake-dotted meadows snug against Oregon’s second tallest mountain, I think of Dad.

Wes Sullivan had learned that the best-kept secret of the High Cascades is Indian summer after the crowds of hikers and mosquitoes are gone. This is particularly true in Jeff Park. In autumn, huckleberry bushes spread a four-inch-tall carpet of blue fruit and flaming red leaves across the lakeside meadows. Mt. Jefferson rises from the plain like a wall, its top often dusted with a skiff of new snow.

When I was young, my Dad worked long hours as the news editor of Salem’s *Oregon Statesman*. He stayed up until 2 a.m. to put the paper to bed. The stress of deadlines led many of his colleagues to smoke, drink and die young. Not Dad. He went hiking. Eventually the editor gave him a camera to take along. On slow news days, a surprising

number of mountain photos wound up on the front page of Salem's paper.

When Dad became the editor, he wrote a weekly column, sometimes about his adventures hiking with my mother Elsie. One headline, "50 Miles at 50," celebrated their trek from McKenzie Pass to Jefferson Park on the year of their 50th birthdays. A decade later they hiked 60 miles for their 60th birthdays. Dad suggested they might defeat age indefinitely in this manner.

One of his columns recounted the September my parents took an electronic mosquito repeller to Jefferson Park. Dad wrote:

The latest and most status-producing item in the competitive field of outdoor gear is a small, battery-operated box that emits a high-pitched sound. Its makers in Dallas, Texas, declare the sound is abhorrent to female mosquitoes. They are the ones that bite.

My wife and I took the device up 6,000 feet to Jefferson Park in search of the wily mosquito. It was a unique experience, hunting for mosquitoes instead of trying to avoid them. The weekend was a glorious success in terms of the beauty of the park and the late wildflowers but a dismal failure as a mosquito hunt.

We sighted only two. My wife swatted one in a reflex action before I could bring the repeller to bear on it.

The other insect just sat there happily next to the buzzing repeller while my wife and I argued whether it was indeed a mosquito and whether it was male or female.

A later conversation with the owner of the outdoor store where we had purchased the electronic device drew the comment that “some people swear by them and others swear at them.”

But in terms of outdoors status, the actual field effectiveness of the repellent is of secondary consideration. Until the fickle fancy of mosquito fighters moves on to a more esoteric means of disposing of the pesky bugs, we have the most prestigious repellent of them all. We are “in.”

Alzheimer’s disease stole my mother from us, bit by bit, in the three years after her 70th birthday.

The September after she passed away Dad invited every male in the family to join him on his annual visit to Jeff Park.

A framed picture from that all-boy trip to Mt. Jefferson still hangs in my living room. Dad looks straight into the

camera, his windblown hair as white as snow. My two tall brothers stand to his left. My son Ian at that time was a gangly 12-year-old. And above us all, the huge mountain looms like the memory of the one who is missing.

For my father, the best part of the wilderness was going back year after year at the same time. Jefferson Park was his Brigadoon, an unchanging haven from the terrors of age in the world below.

I rebelled against this temporal tedium by resolving to visit Jefferson Park in a completely different season.

When my father turned 79, he canceled his September trip. The 10-mile hike had simply become too difficult for him. Would I be going anyway, he wondered?

No, I told him, I'd rather try something new. I would ski there during the winter. He raised his eyebrows.

As it turns out, Jefferson Park is much easier to visit in September than in early April when I finally convinced two chums to join me on the ski trip. Not only is the park still buried by eight feet of snow in April, but the trailheads are under snow as well. The only plowed road is Highway 22, deep in the North Santiam canyon.

I calculated we would have to ski 20 miles to visit Jefferson Park. The trip would require three days, carrying a winter tent and survival gear.



We loaded everything into my Subaru and drove up Forest Road 46 from Detroit until a big drift stopped us short. Ahead the snow was too patchy for skis, but too deep for tires. So, we strapped our skis onto our backpacks and walked. After three awkward miles, alternately hiking and postholing through drifts, the snow was deep enough that we could put on our skis for good. Then we climbed another six arduous miles, constantly checking the map against the frozen terrain.

Shadows were lengthening when we finally crested Park Ridge, the 7,000-foot guardian of Jefferson Park's northern rim. Mt. Jefferson

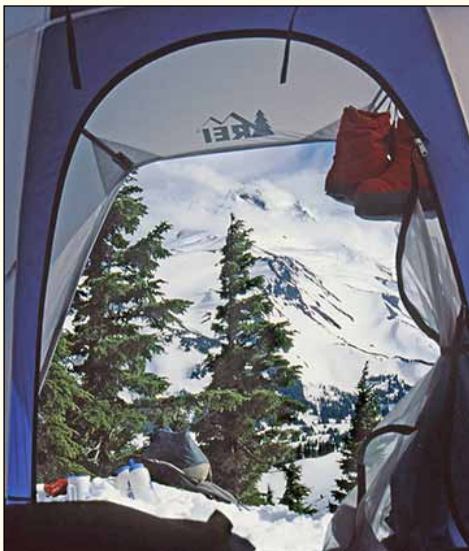
loomed before us, its pink glaciers writhing in the sunset. Too exhausted to exclaim in wonder, we skied just far enough down the slope to escape the wind, dug out a flat circle in the snow and set up our tent.

One of the advantages of snow camping is that you can put your tent almost anywhere. In summer Jefferson Park is so crowded that lakeshores are roped off for restoration. Good campsites are in demand, and rangers patrol for people who break the rules by camping within 100 feet of a lake.

In winter, if you wish, you can camp on top of a lake.

The circular ledge we constructed for our campsite, using avalanche shovels and ski boots, was perched on the side of Park Ridge 400 feet above the park's plain. The view was great, but no one could possibly have pitched a tent there in summer.

The next day dawned blue with a weird warm wind that soon had us stripped to shirtsleeves.



We slathered on sunscreen, left most of our gear in the tent and spent the day exploring Jefferson Park by ski. From the tracks we found, the only other visitors in the past six months had been coyotes, rabbits and deer.

After a glorious day in the warm sun, we returned to our campsite on Park Ridge to discover that our tent was gone.

How could our tent have disappeared? We had staked this domed structure into the snow with a dozen pegs, many of them scoop-shaped to hold snow. We had loaded the tent with our sleeping bags, pads and extra gear.

We found nothing but an empty, circular snow platform. The tent and everything in it had disappeared.

We were nine miles from our car. Night was approaching. We needed our tent.

Could someone have stolen it?

There were no tracks of invaders. Besides, why would



William Sullivan and two friends trek to the campsite near Mt. Jefferson in the Oregon Cascade Mountains.

anyone ski in 10 miles, pack up our gear and haul it away? If deranged thieves had lifted the tent away by helicopter, we would have heard an engine.

Increasingly desperate, we searched for clues.

On closer inspection, the site itself was not quite as we remembered. The tent's circular footprint was now six inches higher than the surrounding snow. Several stakes remained, lying loose on the surface of the snow.

Suddenly we realized what had happened.

The sun had been so hot that the entire snowpack had melted six inches during the day. The pegs had melted loose. Then even a small gust would have sent the dome tumbling down the slope.

We found the tent a few minutes later where it had rolled into a grove of trees on Jefferson Park's plain.

A winter visit to Jefferson Park can be breathtaking, but it is fraught with hazards.

My father passed away at the age of 86. Last November the University of Oregon recognized J. Wesley Sullivan posthumously with induction into the Hall of Achievement, the highest honor in Oregon journalism.

I honor him now with the admission that there is a best time for everything. And the best time to visit Jefferson Park is during September.

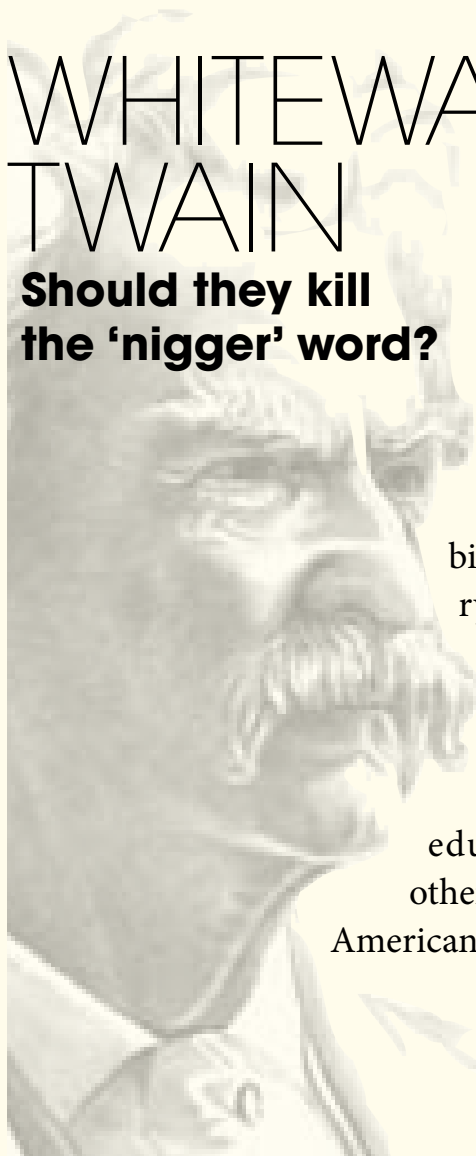
WHITEWASHING TWAIN

**Should they kill
the 'nigger' word?**

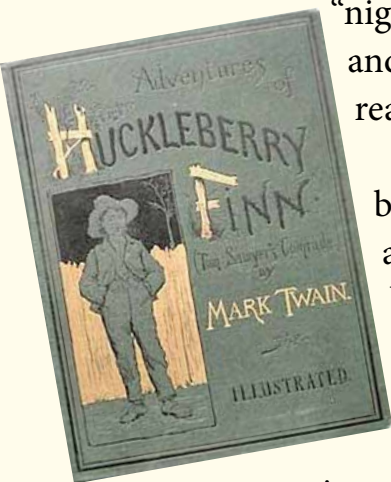
BY LEE KIRK

News that a new combined edition of “Huckleberry Finn” and “Tom Sawyer” will substitute the word “slave” for “nigger” has raised a ballyhoo of controversy among scholars, educators, booksellers and others interested in these iconic American novels.

In fact, “Huckleberry Finn” is the nation’s fourth-most-banned book.



It has been censored for a wide variety of reasons, from atheism and antisouthernism to obscenity and lack of morals and manners. The current thinking is that the term, “nigger,” makes people too uncomfortable and that it would be more acceptable for reading in schools if it were changed.



Let's think about the context of the book. Twain wrote “Huckleberry Finn” as a protest not only against slavery, but also against the social attitudes that accepted it and the perceptions of blacks that regarded them as less than human beings. This book is not

just a boy's adventure story. It's more than a coming-of-age. It's a coming-of-conscience story. In the end, Huck has to choose between what is “right” legally and what is “right” according to his conscience and newly developed moral integrity.

If the book is properly taught, that is the message students should be reading for. That message is much more strongly carried by using the offensive language that was none-the-less standard for the time and that carried all of those social implications of blacks, and especially slaves, being subhuman creatures. Abusers, hucksters, rascals,

thieves and scallywags of all sorts surrounded Huck. The one true and honest friend he has is Jim. Does he allow Jim to be tried and hanged for murder, or does he — knowing the truth and that it will not be accepted by society — rescue Jim and break the law?

I admit that reading the book as a teenager I was uncomfortable with the language because none of this was explained. I figured it out on my own, but I'm guessing that most of today's students, who no longer are exposed to some of those attitudes and prejudices that still lingered in society in my youth, would understand the protest aspect of it.

We older white folks took a great deal of the African-American experience in mid-20th-Century America for granted, even if we did not subscribe to the prejudices of the times. Growing up in a city with a large black population, I just accepted that the jobs that they filled — railroad porters, stevedores, shoeshine men, elevator operators, maids, cooks, etc. was the natural way of things. Only later did I learn that many of those people (including some who relocated during WWII for jobs in the shipyards) were professionals in many fields who could not find work in their occupations.

I didn't really think about how difficult it was, for ex-

ample, for African-American entertainers to find lodging in the places they traveled to for performances (or restaurants or bars to serve them), or for a black family to travel across the country by car and to find accommodations and meals and garages and other services along the way. A recent article in the *Ephemera Journal* about the “Negro Motorist Green Book” — a guide that served the black community for many years — described that situation in a way that made my heart ache.

I have lived through eras in which the referencing terms changed, from “nigger” (always deprecating in my experience) to the more “correct” “Negro,” which was replaced by “colored” in some areas or was used more informally, to today’s African-American. What has been important has not been the changing of terminology. What matters is that social perceptions have changed. Early television programs perpetuated some of those perceptions, only gradually portraying African-Americans in occupations and social situations on an equal plane with their white neighbors.

One of my favorite lines in a TV show was in an initial episode (the first, I think) of “Julia,” in which Diahann Carroll had been looking for a nursing job to no avail. She finally calls one last ad — to the doctor played by Lloyd Nolan who needs someone right away and indicates that

she is hired. She tells him that there is just one thing....she's colored (the reason she has been turned down so many times previously) and he responds in typical curmudgeonly fashion, "Well, what color are you?" In fact, Julia was the first TV show to feature an African-American woman as something other



than a domestic servant, and it became so popular that there was a Julia Barbie doll and various other themed products such as children's lunch boxes, coloring books and paper dolls and more.

That show did a lot to break down some of the stereotyped perceptions of the era (it ran from 1968-1971). The fact that Julia was the widow of a pilot shot down in Vietnam helped to make it palatable — not to mention that Carroll was an incredibly beautiful woman and a talented actress. While some decried the role as “white negro,” Julia went a long way to portray a black woman living a “normal” life but having to overcome many kinds of prejudice and bigotry that still lingered.

White Americans became more aware of the inequities and premises that were so ingrained in the culture. One other insightful scene in the show that I remember – the young son, Corey, comes home and tells his mother that his friend called him a “name.” Of course Julia immediately is certain that the term used was “nigger,” but as it turns out, it was a word that referred to Corey’s weight (he was on the pudgy side).

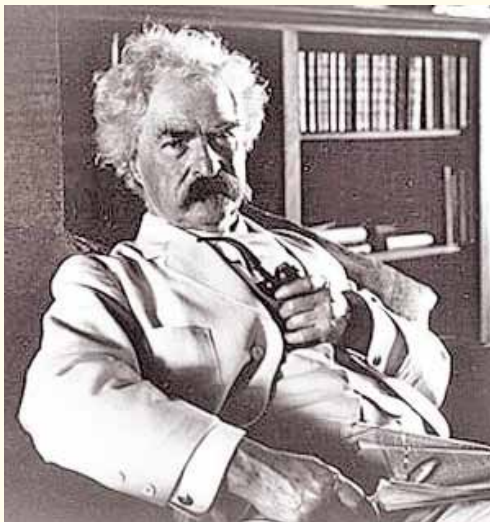
Which brings us back to Mark Twain, Huckleberry Finn, the slave Jim and the term “nigger.” Does it belong in the book? Would it be a better book without it, or would it lose a great deal of its purpose and meaning? Should that purpose and meaning be retained as part of our history and social conscience, or should it now be buried in favor of making an iconic piece of American literature less controversial?

In 2002, Oregon residents were asked to vote for or against removing some “obsolete” material from the state constitution. This constitution was written in 1857 and Oregon became a state in 1859, but nearly failed in its bid for statehood because of what has been called the “Negro exclusion act.” This was a complicated matter, put to the citizens who were voting to adapt the constitution, and with two articles (one dealing with whether slaves should be al-

lowed in the new state, the other whether suffrage should be allowed to free negroes.)

People were uncomfortable that these issues were in the original constitution and voted to expunge it. I felt strongly that it should be left. It was a piece of our history and for better or worse, it reflected some of the social issues that were prevalent at the time Oregon became a state. How can we understand our present if our history is cleaned and polished to reflect a later period in time?

For these very reasons of historicity and social implication I am against changing the terms that Twain so thoughtfully and carefully used in his books.



Snow with all its beauty
Much poetry inspires
As long as thoughts may circulate
Around a cozy fire

— Dean Rea





BY HUGH SINGLETON

Once in the Gloaming

The sun's bright rim had just dipped beneath the horizon as Sam led his mule into the barn, slipped off the bridle and patted "Ole Maude's" rump as she made a beeline to the hayrack and feed trough. It had been a long day with the plow, and Sam still had a mile to walk before he could rest. He hung the bridle on its peg and headed home.

This part of the day was Sam's favorite "quiet time." Work in the fields was over and nothing stirred except the sparrows and brown thrashers that flitted among the bushes and small trees that

lined the deserted dirt road; darkness was still a few minutes away and the night creatures had not yet started to move about. The world seemed to be his as he stepped lively toward home and a supper of peas, butterbeans, cornbread and maybe a sweet potato. Since being hired to work for Mr. Quattlebaum, he had put away his wages for three weeks; he felt enormously proud, thinking of his three half-dollars.

He was passing Mt. Zion Church when a flicker of movement in the church cemetery disturbed his reverie. He continued walking but stared hard toward the burial plots; he was certain that he had seen something move over there. He paused and was on the verge of walking off when he saw it again — a brief flicker of white just to the right of the Wilkins family plot.

The hair on his neck and arms rose as he fought off a mounting panic. Instinctively he squatted, making himself smaller in the fading light. After several minutes passed, he began to realize how silly he would look to anyone passing. So, he stood and took a few steps toward the cemetery. By this time he could barely see the low grave markers; he would have to move closer.

Listen! From the cemetery came a sort of rustling

sound. He moved nearer and thought he heard a scraping. Could someone be digging his way out of a grave? There was no use telling himself that he wasn't afraid, but in all his 12 years he had never run into a situation like this one. He probably should light a shuck out of that place and get home where he belonged. He looked toward the road and wished himself there but knew that he could never live it down if he were caught running from something he couldn't even see.

His older brothers would laugh without mercy. Then saw the same white flicker of white barely visible off to his right. He reached down and picked up a large rock, the footstone for some ancient grave. Never mind, he would leave his mark on anything that attacked him. He crept slowly toward the spot where he had seen the white flash.

He remembered reading somewhere that the best defense was a good offense, so he crouched to gather his courage, then stood and dashed wildly forward, holding his rock as a weapon. He reached a collapsed grave just as a huge white gander made another attempt to fly out of the depression.

Sam yelped and threw his rock while the goose flapped its wings in a frantic effort to escape not

only the grave, but also the looming monster. They collided in a tangle of arms, legs, wings, yells and squawks; feathers littered the graveside and Sam's brogans dug deep gouges where he scrambled to avoid falling into the grave.

When the melee ended, the huge gander disappeared into the darkness, his wings flapping. Sam's adrenalin rush had taken him back to the road from which he could no longer see the cemetery. He looked cautiously about the area, hoping that his adventure had gone unseen. With the return of early evening stillness, he stepped off briskly toward home, knowing that his mother would want to know why he was late for supper. He thought he would tell her that he stopped by the church for a little while, which wasn't a lie, was it?



Authors

William L. “Bill” Sullivan is the author of several novels, two adventure memoirs and a dozen books about Oregon. He and his wife Janell Sorensen live in Eugene but spend summers in a log cabin they built by hand on a roadless stretch of a remote river area in Oregon’s Coast Range. Sullivan, who self-publishes much of his work, probably has hiked more Oregon trails than any other person in history. “Oregon Favorites: Trails and Tales,” the latest in a series of his hiking and adventure books, will be published in April. Several of his books are available as eBooks on his [website](#).



Lee Kirk has been a goat farmer, antiques dealer and bookseller. She is a published poet and spent 25 years as a freelance writer, publishing columns, articles, and photographs in magazines and newspapers. She sells used and rare books and ephemera on the Internet through her business, **The Prints & The Paper**. She lives in Eugene, Ore., with her husband Gary and a cat named Fiona. She has been working in collage media and trying to learn some bookbinding skills.



Barry Schrader took the photograph of U.S. Postal Service trucks buried in 16.7 inches of snow near Chicago during the early February storm that shut down sections of the Midwest and East Coast. In retirement Schrader writes a weekly column for the *DeKalab Daily Chronicle* and recently published a book containing 100 of his favorite columns. Dean Rea, *Author’s Bazaar* editor, penned the verse about snow more than a half century ago



before moving from the Midwest to a milder climate in Oregon's Willamette Valley.

Hugh Singleton grew up on the farm in west central Georgia during the 1930s and '40s. His education was in accounting and business administration. During four years in the U.S. Navy, he was a court reporter. He later was employed as an accountant and administrator by the NCR Corporation. He developed a desire to write fiction while in high school and joined the AAPA when he was 16. After retirement, he re-joined AAPA and published a number of amateur journals. He later switched to electronic journals and has published in that arena since 2003. You can read his journal, *Things in Motion*, by clicking on the e-journals listing on this [website](#).



Your name could appear on this page in the future if you enjoy writing. Much of the material is now produced by members of the American Amateur Press Association, a nationwide non-profit hobby organization founded in 1936. A number of members print and publish hobby journals that are circulated monthly to more than 200 other members. You need not be a member to submit manuscripts to *Author's Bazaar*, but if you are interested in learning more about this hobby group of writers, printers and publishers, check this [website](#).

