

# HONORING OUR RIVER:

2004

A STUDENT  
ANTHOLOGY  
COLLECTED FROM  
THROUGHOUT THE  
WILLAMETTE RIVER  
WATERSHED

Sponsored by Eugene Water & Electric Board, Portland General Electric, The Willamette Restoration Initiative, Wildwood/Mahonia and SOLV.

5th  
Anniversary  
Edition



## Honoring Our River 2004: A Student Anthology

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Portland General Electric



Working to preserve  
this treasure called Oregon

WILDWOOD  
MAHONIA



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Drawing by  
Sophia Hickey  
8th Grade

**Honoring Our River: A Student Anthology** began as an effort to stimulate an awareness of an important but fragile resource, the Willamette River. Our goal has been to foster basin-wide participation from students of all ages and disciplines. This project is designed to nurture respect and appreciation for the river system that connects all basin dwellers and provide a showcase for creative student writing that honors our river. Students from several other countries have submitted entries, reflecting the world wide importance of healthy rivers.

## Acknowledgments

We would like to acknowledge the Willamette Watershed educators and writers who donated their time and expertise to the anthology through their participation as editors, guest writers and/or judges.

Laurie Aguirre  
Rick Bastasch  
Robin Cody  
Roderick Haig-Brown  
Franz Dolp  
Brian Doyle  
John Femal  
Jesse Ford  
Jane Glazer

Charles Goodrich  
Micheal Goodrich  
Randi Goodrich  
Steve Jones  
Ursula K. Le Guin  
Wayne Lei  
James H. Nicholson III  
Lance Robertson

A special thank you to all the schools that participated in the creation of **Honoring Our River 2004** by submitting student entries to our contest. Your contributions were crucial to building this wonderful collection of literary works from throughout the Willamette River Basin. Please refer to the inside of the back cover for a full listing of participating schools.

In addition, we would like to thank **John Miller & Bridget Welborn** from Wildwood/Mahonia for producing the anthology and guiding the process. Our thanks also to **Julie Schaum** from EWEB for the beautiful cover design and **Ron Cooper** for the use of his amazing photographs.

---

The Willamette River Watershed is home to two-thirds of all Oregonians. The health of this precious natural resource is in great need of protection. Students, as well as other basin citizens, need to see themselves as part of a basin-wide community, sharing both the costs and the benefits of a healthy river system.

For more information on the Honoring Our River project contact  
Bridget Welborn at 503-585-8789 or email: [bridgetma@aol.com](mailto:bridgetma@aol.com)  
Please see the entry form in the back of the anthology.

## A Word from Our Sponsors



Founding Sponsor

The Eugene Water & Electric Board appreciates the value of the Willamette Watershed and the vital role it plays in the vitality and health of the citizens to whom we provide water and electricity. The waters of the Willamette have been the cornerstone of our success over the last 90 years and we believe they must be preserved and enhanced to insure the success of our community in the future. There is no better way to illuminate the importance of this vision than to hear our students speak their hearts with words of hope for a healthy and vibrant river for generations to come.

Randy Berggren, General Manager  
Eugene Water & Electric Board



Portland General Electric

Portland General Electric is committed to working collaboratively with those we serve to build a sustainable Oregon. As a part of that commitment, we are pleased to sponsor the Honoring Our River Anthology. The work of these young authors speaks to the importance of rivers and watersheds in creating healthy, vibrant, sustainable communities. We thank them for sharing these wonderful messages that touch our hearts, as well as our minds. Their willingness to share their passion and thoughts, and the excellent work they have created, are valued gifts to our community.

Carol Dillin, Vice President of Public Policy  
Portland General Electric

**WILDWOOD  
MAHONIA**



The Wildwood/Mahonia group of companies is proud to be part of this wonderful publication. Our activities in agriculture, watershed restoration urban design and development are guided by the principles of quality, sustainability and community involvement. Whether we are working in Oregon or Asia, we see the similarities in thought about our rivers that are found in this anthology. It reflects the growing awareness of our shared environment and shared future.

John D. Miller, President  
Wildwood/Mahonia

Once again, in what is becoming a Willamette tradition, Honoring Our River yields abundant proof of the depth of feeling we harbor for our river. "HOR" brings us encouraging news on at least two fronts. First, the children of our Willamette watershed--and from watersheds far away--care deeply for river places. That means if we apply ourselves and become the stewards we hope to be, the land and waters we pass on will be in very good hands. Second, art and thought are alive and well in young minds. The Willamette Restoration Initiative is very privileged to have helped frame this youthful stream of words for your viewing pleasure.

Rick Bastasch, Executive Director  
Willamette Restoration Initiative

SOLV, a 35 year old statewide non-profit founded by Governor Tom McCall, builds community through volunteer action. It is committed to involving members of the Oregon community in learning about and improving watershed health. Honoring Our River is a wonderful way for students to share their thoughts and experiences about the Willamette Watershed. Through their poems, essays and artwork the rest of us can be inspired to preserve this treasure called Oregon.

Jack McGowan, Executive Director  
SOLV

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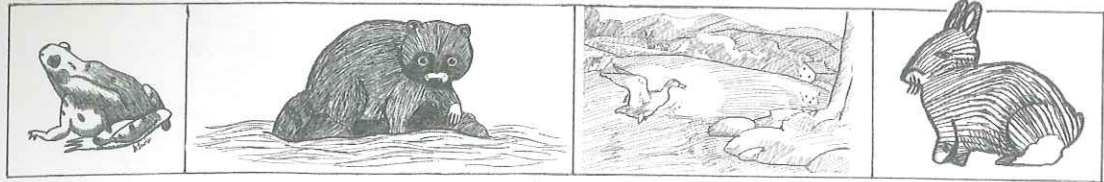
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# Student works, part I



Stephanie Lewis, Danielle Franks, Rachel Jordan, Jeana Harris

## Our River

It's that magical place,  
Where childhood memories are born.  
We played in the creeks,  
We dammed them up with rocks,  
Then wrecked it to let the water flow so we could  
Surf down them with wooden wake boards.

The rope swing flying high  
To the inevitable plunge in the dark green.  
Back flips and swan dives,  
Belly flops to cannon balls.  
Hours of our life gone by,  
Into the abyss of fun and happiness.

Then there was the rock,  
It wasn't just any rock,  
It was our rock, proud and strong.  
From the lower level jump where beginners began,  
To the running tree jump, tucking your feet,  
Hoping not to get caught in the fall.  
From Connor's tree disaster, to Gilstad's gainer.  
With the long train of high flying antics,  
To form an everlasting friendship.

It was always the first time,  
Always a good time,  
Full of many laughs,  
And sometimes painful falls.  
In the end we remain friends,  
And we will never forget the time we spent,  
At our river.

Kyle Obenhaus  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade

## The Journey

As I float down  
the Willamette River  
I ruffle my feathers  
against the winter chill.

This is a familiar journey  
And I never tire  
of  
the  
scenery.

The squirrels  
the birds  
the fish  
They are all so wondrous.

The squirrels scurry up a tree  
when something comes near.

The last of the birds  
are migrating south.

The fish dart away  
in a silvery flash.

The clouds grow dark.

It begins to rain.

Winter is here.

Seth H.W. Hodsdon  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade

## Nature's moods

When Nature wears a smile,  
she paints the joy of her embrace  
in misty blue reflections  
on the water's rippled face.

When Nature wants to celebrate,  
she sets the sky afire  
and lets its golden splendor roll  
across the mountain spires.

When Nature groans in agony,  
her wrenching cries of pain  
are muffled by the scavengers  
who gouge her heart for gain.

When Nature whirls in anger,  
she unleashes awesome might,  
determined to be given  
the respect that is her right.

Jaime Beall  
11<sup>th</sup> Grade

## By the River

By the river it's quiet and peaceful  
I step into the cool water and  
Let it wash over my aching feet.  
I can hear the soft calls of animals as  
I lay down on the bank  
It's like a soft swirl of peaceful sounds, colorful flowers and cool river water washing  
over me.  
I walk along the bank and feel the soft grass beneath my feet.  
I walk home  
I'll be back tomorrow

Lars Paulson  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade

## Little Fish

I saw a little fish  
It swam to and fro  
It was a trout  
It jumped about!

Gillian Griffith  
Kindergarten

## RIVER O' RIVER

River, o' River flowing to the sea  
Housing life, bringing joy to me

River, o' River carrying things that float  
From great big ships to the littlest tugboat

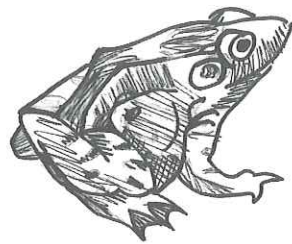
River o' River what a sight to see  
We will work hard to keep you clean and pollution free.

Jillian Werderber  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

## This River is Going to the Humans

I saw it.  
Under the pier.  
A crawdad.  
It hid in the shallow water.  
Waiting for the river to cleanse.  
Waiting.  
I waited too.  
It scuttled up the broken concrete.  
I heard it whisper.  
"The water is polluted."  
"We cannot survive."  
It said, "This river is going to the humans."  
I closed my eyes.  
I thought of the trout, Chinook and the beaver.  
Who cannot survive?  
Whose river is going to the humans?  
I thought of the sewage plant down the river.  
It pours waste into their home.  
It takes life from so many beings.  
Two years later I sit by the bank.  
I listen.  
The sick willows are chanting.  
"This river is going to the humans."  
Now we have started again.  
Let's give this river to the fishes.

Elliot Goodrich  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade

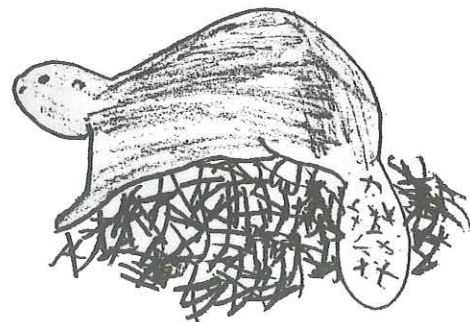


Rachel Jordan  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade

## My Mind and River

Ripples reflecting my joy  
Image of life  
Vanishing thoughts  
Easily emptied to my pond  
Restful to thy soul

Chandler Brutscher  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade



Bonnie Kerr  
2<sup>nd</sup> Grade

## HOME

A bird, a fish, their simple wish is for our river to be clean.  
A rushing noise, nothing but a whisper, night has fallen, the air is crisper.  
The band starts up, everything's glistening. A frog bellows, the crickets  
chirp, a bird sings and nothing but the river's listening. For this is their  
home, this beautiful river, with its beauty and wonder and a bit of thunder.  
Mother Nature's just doing her job, of creating a place for one and all.

Eli Wilson-Pelton  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade

## Willamette

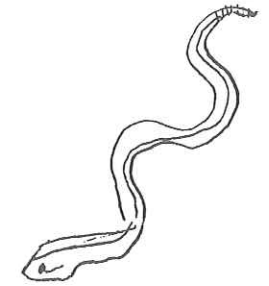
Water meanders, fish flowing in the current's wake,  
Over river-rounded pebbles,  
Like a sluggish silver bull snake,  
Gloating over small dead mammals,  
And a full stomach, that for once in a long while, no longer aches.

It slithers down the valley, full of zeal,  
Lined with lush trees and flowers so bright,  
They seem to be painted on, not real,  
Beautiful and vibrant against brown brambles woven tight,  
Shading the worms in the dark red clay from the sun they rarely feel.

There are pools along the river that seem to just stand still,  
Where nothing ever touches,  
Where no call ever issues from a kingfisher's bill,  
But if you look closely into the water's furthest reaches,  
You may see a stream of tadpoles, or a minnow in a rill.

The Willamette is a peaceful river,  
And yet so loud and full of life, a gathering place,  
For all kinds of creatures, from elk to badger,  
It is a way of life to many; a place to which all are laced,  
In a tight web, including me, and you: a home, life, shelter.

Shannon Sullivan  
9<sup>th</sup> Grade



Alyssa Andretta  
2<sup>nd</sup> Grade

## The Messenger

A dark shadow creeps over the forest  
telling the animals to curl up and sleep.  
It is quiet, nothing makes a peep.  
All but one.  
Its day is not done.  
The river.  
It carries this message day and night,  
"Everything is alright".

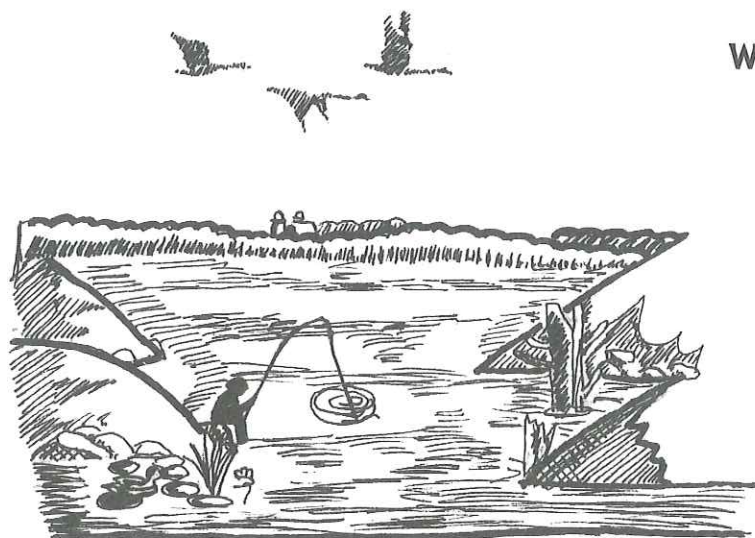
Katie Rose Lamb  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

## Helping One Another

There was a person in a boat  
He saw a fish  
The fish was happy  
There was no garbage in his river!  
The person had helped him by picking up the floating garbage  
OH NO! the person fell out of the boat!  
The fish helped him back into the boat!

Gabe Matthews  
Kindergarten

### Watching the Birth of the Willamette River from Waldo Lake



Ashley Swartwout  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade

Unless you mark  
the escaping water  
with a leaf or twig,  
you cannot see  
the same spot  
twice.

The continuous flow  
reflects a landscape  
never washing away.

The echoing silence  
grants space  
for your own  
answers.

Thomas "Gary" Rogers  
College

### Smoothing Sounds

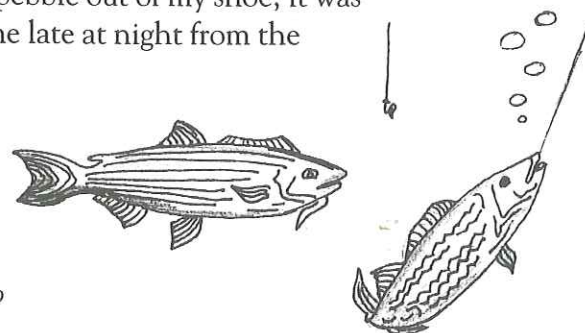
Every ringlet of water,  
Every drop of rain,  
Every fish in the water,  
Every wave of water,  
Every piece of rock,  
Every splash of water,  
Is Soothing.

Sarah Denoyo  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

### A Pebble In My Shoe

One day there was a pebble in my shoe. I was fishing; I had a bite. So, I jerked at the pole, the fish let go. I took the pebble out of my shoe, it was smooth like my hand. I kept it, we went home late at night from the beautiful river.

Nikita Bayanoff  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade



Konstantin Ratchenko  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade

### The Dream of Oregon

Sweet are my dreams at night  
When all you see is the silver light.  
The stars shine overhead  
Helping me to sleep in my covered bed.

In my dreams I see  
A great amount of beauty;  
Silver, gold and the colors of the rainbow,  
Where they come from I do not know.

Silver birds fly above me,  
Near sparkling waters of the turquoise sea.  
Golden sand beneath my feet  
Casting an aroma of flowers sweet.

The sky is a pale summer blue  
And when I see the grass there is morning dew  
The air is fresh from the night's rain  
Instead of the summer heat of the plain.

The mountains in the distance are grand.  
Radiating their loveliness over the land.  
A shimmering surface of snow  
Becomes purple in the morning glow.

Little streams flow gently  
Over rocks that are plenty,  
But they never bother about the stones  
For they are old mountain bones.

Deer walk across the grass field  
Using the trees as their shield  
So hunters with guns and more  
Won't kill them like they're not meant for.

When I open my eyes  
I lost sight of the bird that flies  
And vision of the sea was gone,  
And what's left of the sand, none.

But the trees I still saw  
Where the snow began to thaw  
Spring was here  
And the sun shown on mountains clear

My dream was gone but still lingered  
As I looked out the window I fingered  
The Cascades that were in my dream,  
stood behind my backyard stream.

Christy Sotta  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade



Rachel Jordan  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade

## A Cinquain

Known as a diamond poem, it is a form of structured poetry with a formula as follows:

- 1st line - 1 word - noun
- 2nd line - 2 words - describe the noun
- 3rd line - 3 words - actions
- 4th line - 4 words - feelings
- 5th line - 1 word - noun - another word for first word

### What Salmon Need

Salmon  
Swift, smooth  
Feeding, breathing, migrating  
Clean cold rocky water

Fish  
Claire Aguilar-Larson  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

### River Otters

River Otters  
Brown fur, teddy bear ears  
Swimming, playing, diving  
They are very playful

Animals  
Nicola Young  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

### Willamette

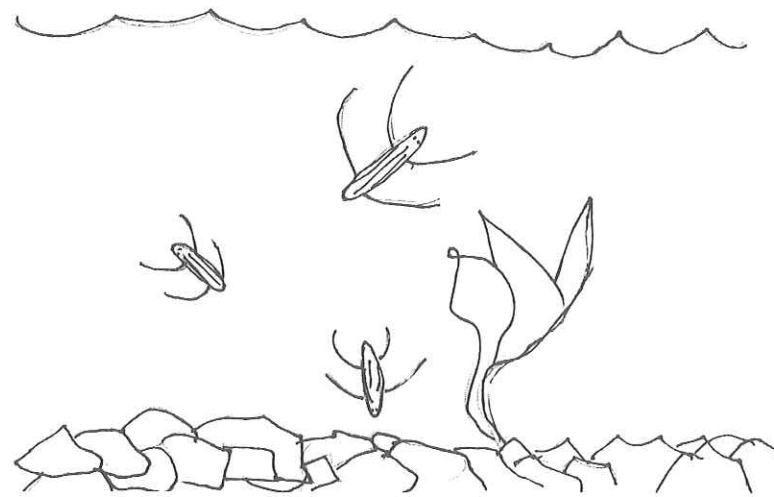
Cold, Rocky  
Running, splashing, waving  
Warm in my heart  
River

Alexis Berning  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

### Water Skipper

Water skipper  
Long, spider-like  
Jumping, skipping, swimming  
It glides across water  
Water skipper

Mackenzie Fraser  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade



Mackenzie Fraser  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

**Rocks**  
Rocks  
Hard, rough  
Tumbling, bumping, bashing  
It's all cracked up  
Sandstone.

Ian Jarvi  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

**Willamette**  
Cold, Wet  
Giving, Running, Living  
Cool to the toes  
River

Rachel Crawford  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

**FISH**  
SKINNY, SMOOTH  
EAT, JUMP, SWIM  
FREE IN THE WATER  
AQUATIC

Wesley McCabe  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade



Jason Bridger  
2<sup>nd</sup> Grade

**Cattails**  
Cattails  
Fuzzy Tall  
Growing, Blowing, Dying  
Cattails aren't cats'tails  
seeds

Harrison Williams  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

## Haiku Poetry

A poem of Japanese origins that captures a 'moment in time', usually involving nature as perceived by the poet. It is recorded in less than seventeen syllables, usually in three lines, with the center line longer than the others. Many times a 5-7-5 pattern is prescribed.

### Haiku About A River

Serene river flows  
The element of all life  
Time courses with it...

Iain Carnes  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade

### Crawdads

Crawdads swim backwards.  
They are good at blending in.  
Crawdads walk forwards.

Jasmine Marach  
2<sup>nd</sup> Grade

# A River has Many Voices

Featured below are the winning entries submitted from Yichang, China. The students were asked to write about their river, the Yangtze (Chang Jiang). One of our sponsors, Wildwood/Mahonia, has developed close ties to the Yichang community while working on watershed restoration projects on the Yangtze River. The American and Chinese students share a common future that will be greatly determined by the quality of their common environment.

## Untitled

When I was a young girl, my grandpa always took me to the Chang Jiang River, because he liked the river very much.

Now, he is very gray, but he still likes to go to the riverside. I like the river too, but I think my grandpa likes it more than me.

When I was free, I would like to go to the Chang Jiang River and I could look at him. Sometimes he played with the water like a child. Sometimes he picked up the beautiful stones and took them home, or he went for a walk by the river.

He also likes to watch the sun till it disappears in the sky, but at this time he is always very sad. I don't know why. I think maybe he doesn't like the dark, or remembers his age just like the leaving sun.

Today, my grandpa is traveling in Guang Xi. When he calls me, he always asks whether I go to the Chang Jiang River and how many beautiful stones I have picked and so on. I like my grandpa. I also like the Chang Jiang River. When I look at the river, I will remember my grandpa!

Zhang Nan  
11th Grade

当我还是个小女孩的时候，爷爷常常带我去长江边玩，因为他特别喜欢长江。

现在爷爷已经白发苍苍了，可他仍然喜欢去江边。我也喜欢长江，但我想爷爷比我更爱它。

有空的时候，我爱去江边并看看爷爷。有时他会像孩子那样戏水，有时他会在江滩上拾些漂亮的小石头带回家，有时他沿着河边漫步。

他也喜欢看着太阳从天空中渐渐地消逝，但是这个时候他总是非常忧伤，我也不知道为什么。我想或许是因为他不喜欢黑暗，又或许西下的太阳让他想起逝去的年华。

今天，爷爷正在广西旅行，当他给我打电话的时候，总爱问起我有没有去江边，我已经拣了多少漂亮的石头等问题。我爱我的爷爷，我也爱长江，每次见到长江，我总会想起我的爷爷。

## Chang Jiang River

I used to live near the river 4 years ago. Everyday I went to school, I saw the river running and running without feeling a little tired.

When I had something to do, I like to sit on the bank near the river; wind from the river blew past my face, which was very comfortable.

At that time, in my mind, Chang Jiang River is a very clear and beautiful river.

Several years later now, I'm a senior school student. There is a very short distance between my school and the river. I want to have look at the river again.

When I come to the river, it has changed a lot, not more clear and beautiful. Polluted waters and rubbish is everywhere. The river is crying, although I know it's not the fault of the river. I want all the people to protect this river.

Liu Ye  
11th Grade

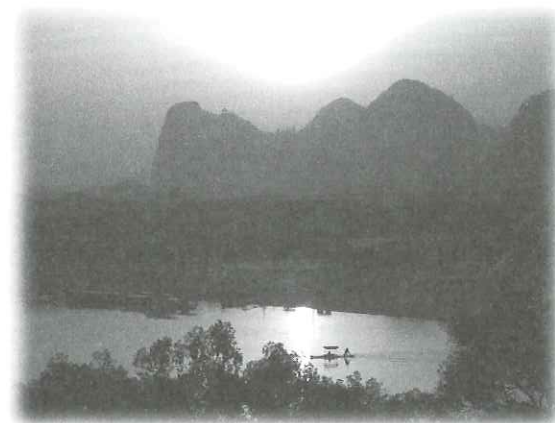


photo by John D. Miller

## 长江

四年前我住在长江边。每天上学的时候，我总是看到江水不知疲倦地流淌着。

当我要有事要做的时候，我喜欢坐在临江的河岸上，风从河面吹过轻抚我的脸庞，真是舒服极了。

那个时候，在我的脑海里，长江是一条又清澈又美丽的河流。

几年后的今天，我已经是一个高中生。我的学校离江边很近，我又想去看看长江了。

来到江边，我发现长江已经发生了很大的变化，江水已不再那么清澈美丽了，污水和垃圾随处可见。江水在哭泣，尽管我知道它并没有什么错。我希望所有的人来保护长江。



## A River has Many Voices cont.

Featured below are the winning entries submitted from the International School in Hokkaido Japan. The students were asked to write about water.

### Playing With The River

I tried to cross the river,  
but it was too far.  
My feet splashed into the quiet river.  
The salmon licked my feet.  
It tickled.  
I was patient waiting until the salmon stopped and swam away.

Kasper Watanabe  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade



### 川あそび

川をわたろうとしたけど  
ちょっと遠い  
しずかな川に足をチャプンと入れる  
サケがぼくの足をなめた  
くすぐったい  
じっとしていたら なめるのをやめて 行っちゃった

キャスパー ワタナベ

### Waterfall

Waterfall Waterfall  
come down come down.

If the Mountain cries, the waterfall will come down.

But if the Mountain stops crying, the waterfall will go back to its home.

Rica Imafuku  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

### 滝

滝よ 滝  
落ちてこい 落ちてこい  
山が泣くと 滝になって落ちてくる  
山が泣きやむと 滝は自分のふるさとに帰っていく  
りか いまふく

### 小さな川

小さな川よ おまえの水はきよらかで新鮮だ  
小さな川よ おまえは私の肌にここちよい  
小さな川よ おまえはみな潤いのもと  
小さな川よ おまえは春から秋までここにいる  
小さな川よ 陽の光がおまえに照りかえる  
小さな川よ 夜がくればおまえは闇に溶け込んでしまう  
なんと美しいのだ 小さな川よ  
むだなところなんてこれっぽちもない ほんのこれっぽちも

フランシー マイレット



Francie Mylet  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

### Little River

Little river your water is so clean and fresh.  
Little river your touch is cool to my flesh.  
Little river you provide for all.  
Little river you're here spring to fall.  
Little river the sun shines on your back.  
Little river the night makes you look black.  
How beautiful you are little river.  
Not one bit is useless, not a sliver.

Francie Mylet  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

### 川

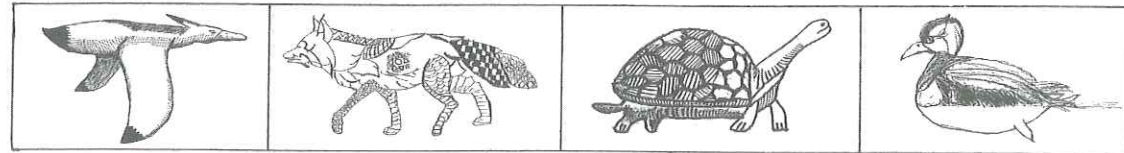
水の流れる川 川よ 青く流れよ  
まっすぐに流れる川 川よ 清らかに流れよ  
深くはない川 川よ 先へ先へと流れよ  
魚が住む川 川よ 静かに流れよ  
アリスタ スケーランド

### River

River is a stream of water. Go river, go blue.  
River is straight ahead. Go river, go clean.  
River is not so deep. Go river, go ahead.  
River is a place for fish. Go river, have peace!

Alistor Skaelund  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

# Student works, part II



Jordan Stroy, Dana Harvey, Jeana Harris

## Indigo Dream

Enveloped in a sparkling glass bauble  
That is the deep indigo night  
The darkened river flows  
Rolling smooth and swiftly like oil  
Glimmering with iridescent rainbows  
Over the black vinyl rocks.

This river, seeming unreal in its perfection  
Shining under the cold-bone moon  
Which combs silver strands  
into it's liquid hair.

The surface of this chilling painting  
Is all that I choose to perceive?  
And the twinkle, twinkle, little stars  
Straight out of my childhood eyes  
Are sprinkled across that indigo sky  
Like shimmering white glitter.

This river...it is not just a river  
It's inside me like a vivid blue dream  
Never to leave  
(Unless I let it go)

The river... it sings like beautiful nymphs  
The size of a spark  
Little lights from different worlds  
This river is the core of the things  
That people search for their entire lives  
Don't tell a soul.

Sarah Brinkley  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade

## Magic Image

I am in a river of humanity.  
Trying to find myself,  
Somewhere in these blue-green depths  
I am hidden.  
That I know I can only choose the current I  
swim in  
And trust my heart to find me.

Malaena Waldman  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade

## River of Life

Life is like a river,  
flowing here and tither,  
Life is like a mountain peak,  
Climbers turn the other cheek  
Black as coal, white as snow  
All the world needs to know  
That life is like a river.

Life is like a river,  
I think of it and quiver.  
It holds the future and the past,  
Sometimes slow, Sometimes fast.  
Black as coal, white as snow  
All the world needs to know  
That life is like a river.

Ariel Young  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade

## The Stream

As I walk along this path,  
I see a little stream,  
I walk over and see not blue,  
but a deep dark green.  
I wonder what has made it green  
and why it is not blue.

Is it the pollution, or maybe just  
some people that aren't careful  
with what they do.  
There is no fish but trash in there.  
I pick it up and throw it away,  
hoping to see fish one day.  
Years later I come back to that same stream  
and see not trash, but fish!  
It's that trash that changed the stream  
and made the water green,  
so I leave with a smile  
thinking that if all the world picked up trash  
that all the streams could be blue.

Karli Watson  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade

## Labor Day

One Drop merged with a well  
Contained by silt and trees  
Sun catching the many ripples  
Created by unexpected rain

The air imbedded with river smells  
A glimpse of smooth, cold stones  
The rushing river around my knees  
Amidst a blue green frame

My toenails like tiny seashells  
Held by this rushing, river dame.

Nicole Ashley Maust  
College

## Possibilities

Have you ever waded in a quickly flowing creek?  
Have you ever seen a whale's splendor, or a fish so wet and sleek?  
Do you take the time to wonder how the seal finds its way?  
Or do you spend your time in buildings, missing out on this fine day?

Please come with me, my new found friend, and together we shall see  
The possibilities in nature, made for you, and for me.  
For example, take the shellfish; his whole life is an adventure,  
Or would you rather see the dentist to repair your favorite denture?  
See those ripples in the water? They're made by fish in strife.  
See that? No you don't sir, its microscopic life.

Imagine leaving all the stress you find at one day's work,  
To sit and think and ponder near where crayfish lurk.  
To find the job that strives so hard to stand in nature's name.  
One that helps our poor environment, and maybe brings you fame.

So do us all a favor, and push for nature's rights  
And become one of the warriors that fight in nature's fights.  
Don't throw away your old Coke cans, remember to be kind  
To the fish and snails and crayfish, for, though small, they have a mind.

Stephanie Stromberg  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade

## The Steward and The Land

Beneath an orange and yellow sky,  
the aspen leaves crackle  
and a rabbit scampers by.

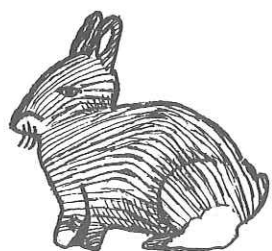
Waterfowl appear beyond,  
eating corn of which they are so fond,  
scattered after the farmer's harvest,  
who with abundant yields is blest.

Darkness falls  
and the water shimmers in the twilight.

The bats take flight,  
in the crisp moonlight,  
among the trees so tall.

The steward looks upon the land,  
wild yet quaint:  
not his, but God's alone.

*Kenneth Strawn*  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade



*Jeana Harris*  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade

## River Ways

Rivers so graceful  
Full of beauty  
Falling, Turning,  
Flowing, Growing,  
Rivers so graceful  
Big, Wide, and deep  
Rivers floating  
In the sky  
pouring D  
O  
W  
N  
like someone's cry.

*Jacob Braun*  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

## REFLECTIONS ON THE RIVER

I stare at the rushing Willamette River.  
The swift current catches my attention, and as the river flows downstream,  
My eyes follow.

I see the riverbank at the river's edge,  
With its lush, green plants, fern and wild rose.  
I take a seat on an old, decaying stump and close my eyes,  
feeling calm, relaxed, and light.

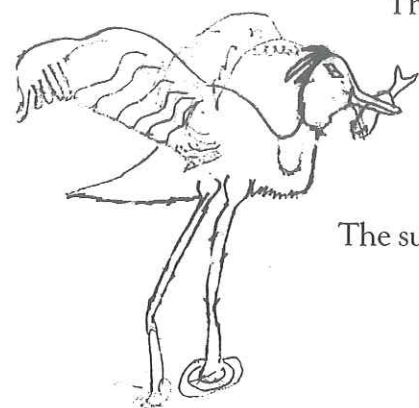
The sun has come out and I feel warm, as if a campfire has been started beside me!

When my eyes open,  
I see a great blue heron, wading at the river's edge,  
waiting patiently for his morning meal.

Suddenly, I am startled by a splash, and I turn just in time  
to glimpse the osprey, a fierce hunter,  
with a fish in its mouth.

In a moment he is gone  
And I find myself, staring, once again, into the Willamette River.

*Alani Cascade Witkin Stuart*  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade



*Jason Bridger*  
2<sup>nd</sup> Grade

## THE RUSHING RIVER

The rushing river is as old as time  
The rushing river can't be claimed as yours or mine  
The rushing river runs its race  
As fast as greyhounds giving chase  
The rushing river will run and run  
We hope it shall never be done with its fun

*Sam Anderson*  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade

## The River Flows

The River flows at a steady pace.  
You can throw a stick in for your dog to chase.

It rushes past lush green trees.  
When you're by it you can feel the breeze.

The river flows swiftly downstream.  
It can be dirty and it can be clean.

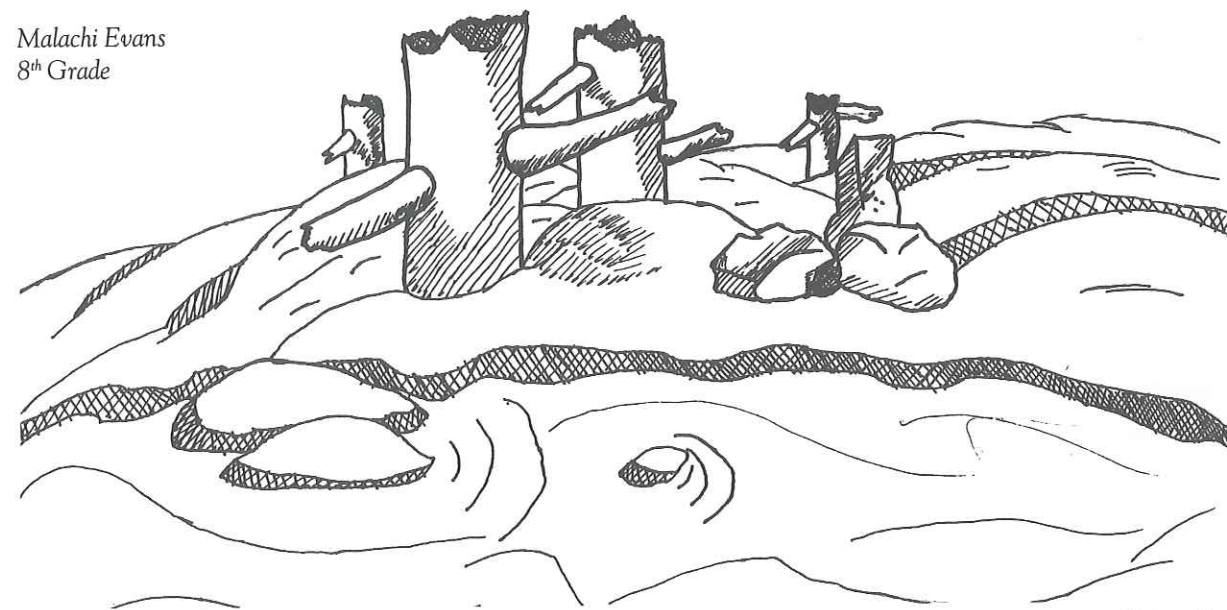
The river is a thirst-quenching solution.  
So let's protect it from pollution.

*Alex Hugie*  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade

## The Willamette River Poem

Flowing and flowing the Willamette is going.  
It shows no sign of slowing  
Except when there is a boulder showing  
Out of the water it sticks,  
As the river kicks white water into the mix.  
You never know how fast the current is below,  
But on the top it is very slow.  
Nature on the shores.  
On the surface an eagle soars.  
I hope I get my opinion across,  
Let's Hear Yours.

*Malachi Evans*  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade



*Celeste Servo*  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade

## All Was Quiet

All was quiet. The night was still, the black sky looming over the irregular trees of the forest, stars scattered across its vast, black canvas. Spots of pale yellow light flickering through the woods indicated the presence of fireflies, darting through the branches, whisking past the leaves. The steady, high-pitched sound of the crickets' night song resounded through the quiet trees, giving a feeling of peace and tranquility into the moonlit land. An occasional croak would suggest that a bullfrog or two were enjoying themselves as well, crouched next to the many sources of water throughout the forest.

Silver light danced over the surface of a placid river, the small yet many waves rippling over the surface. Beneath the water swam fish, darting here and there, sending flashes of scales through the water. Distorted images of the fish seemed to fly along underwater, sweeping just over the muddy river's floor, sending plumes of waterlogged soil up away from its bed.

The noise slowed slightly, giving once again an even more tranquil scene, as an occasional bird, disturbed from its sleep, gave a weary chirp. The dark sky lightened to navy, and then to a dark cerulean blue, the stars vanishing one by one. A golden ray of light suddenly pierced the clouds, sending a brilliant red-orange flame across the wispy clouds that hung precariously overhead. A steady, fiery glow hovered above the horizon, as more spears of light struck the dark skies, eliminating the darkness that remained.

The birds were all awake now, driven to the urge to rise with the new day. The air was full with the serenade of songbirds as they rose their heads from under their wings, their feathers flicking back to their sleek form, sharp little beaks parting as their songs of threat poured out, though the sound was both sweet and sorrowful at the same time.

A sliver of the sun shimmered over the horizon, blinding white in color, seeming to waver in an unreal way in the sky. The sky was turning a pale blue, and the light of the sun replaced the moonlit waves, creating a river of fire. The waves rippled as the light flashed off in a fierce incandescence, flashes of red and gold flicking over the water as it reflected the mighty skies and the dawn of a new day. The sky was now gold, gold with the light emanating from the sun, the vivid display of lights that only the sun could create.

The birds' songs died down as the sun rose more into view, the sky dimming slightly and turning back to a peaceful pale blue. A swift breeze flickered through the trees, the leaves rustling against each other in a soft *whooooohjhjh* of sound. The water chuckled up against the shore, chuckling at the peace of it all, and the fact that it may not last very long. Though still tranquility remained at the moment, the water lapping at the shores, splashing against the rocks, diving down behind them and leaping over them in its own acrobatic stunt.

Pacing through the trees on legs like stilts came a tawny doe, her cloven hooves delicately prancing over the lush grass. The sleek, graceful head lowered towards the river's life-giving water, her large ears flicking round constantly, her large black eyes glancing about, ever on the alert. Her maw sipped into the water as she took a drink, though soon her head jerked up, raised by the strong and slender neck. A flick of her short white tail and a kick of her strong hind legs, and she bounded out of view, springing off into the trees from which she'd come.

Roaring through the skies, shattering the peaceful aura that surrounded the trees, was a large red 'bird.' Its metal wings tore through the air, its propellers ripping away the very tranquility that hung so quietly in the air. Clouds of toxic smoke followed close behind the airborne menace, shrouding the trees, strangling them of their own air source. Birds fled from the trees in a panic at the sudden sound, flocking away in large groups, in an explosion of frantic feathers. A fox wheeled around in his tracks and bounded alongside a rabbit, which would have been his prey, as they both ran in terror away from the beast in the skies.

Eventually the plane vanished into the distance, its earsplitting scream echoing away into the deep skies. Silence fell over the land, as the air cleared. Only the wind and the water spoke, soaring through the trees and flowing across the land, on its continuous journey to the sea. Soon, though, the sounds returned, and peace returned as well, to thrive in a land which would soon be permanently silenced of nature. For, off in the distance, alongside the mountains, remained a toxic cloud and the jagged tops of buildings. Objects made of steel and fabric rumbled down the flat black rivers that never flowed, belching their poisons to the air, as engines roared and trees collapsed down upon the ground from which they had been born.

The deer would never return, nor would most of the birds, as they would flee to yet another place, away from the land that would soon belong to others, who threw their wastes upon the ground and in their water, where smoke and steam would envelope the land, where the river would nearly stop completely, held back by a looming, grey tower of stone.

The river chuckled against the shore, laughing at the irony of it all, of the loss it would experience. It laughed in sorrow, as it would never see the full sunrise again, or hear the melody of birds rise into a piercing crescendo above the trees, or see the graceful deer that leaped about the trees. It laughed, in its pain, as its waters rushed round the rocks and to the sea beyond, through the dying earth and foliage, past the animals that had once lived so serenely in a land of peace...

Brianna Smith  
9<sup>th</sup> Grade



Nallely Vidana  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade

## Pollution

A river ran wild  
Ran free.  
Animals basked in its cool waters.  
Trees grew along its rich banks  
Throwing their leaves into the river.  
Indians settled there  
Killing animals  
But only taking what they needed  
Never any more  
Helping nature.  
Their life depended on the river.  
One day  
A rowboat passed through its peaceful waters.  
A man made friends with the Indians.  
Soon more and more white people came.  
They made houses and killed more and more animals.  
Soon it became a town  
A small town,  
But growing bigger every day.  
Soon machines came and polluted the waters  
Turning the river brown  
And it had a horrible stench  
Like thousands of rotten eggs.  
Soon the trees died  
Letting the dirt fall into the river and caused erosion.  
The animals got sick and went away.  
Soon even the fish swam upstream  
But the town still polluted the river  
Even the birds took a detour because of the stench.

### THE RIVER

I like the river because  
you can throw rocks into  
the river and you can  
swim  
in the river. In the river,  
I see fish and green moss.

Abigail Cook  
1<sup>st</sup> Grade

### THE COLUMBIA RIVER

Starts in the mountains  
Travels to the sea  
It's the Columbia River  
That brings joy to me

Its waters full of fish  
Its sky full of birds  
Ponder its gifts  
As you read my words

Kelly Carpenter  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

### THE RIVER AND ME

River, River, you're so shiny  
I see myself in the ripples  
They make me look so tiny  
I wonder how the fish see me  
Do I look like me?  
Or do I look like another fishy?

Kate Johnston  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

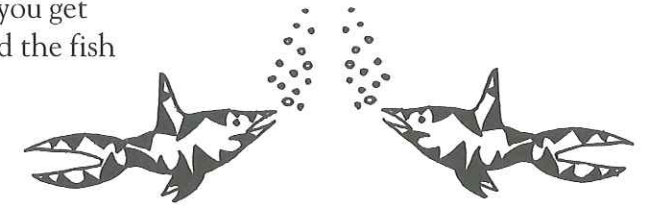
One day  
A man took a hike down the river  
And he walked to a house  
And asked an old lady  
Why the water is brown and has a horrible stench,  
But upriver the water is crystal clear?  
And he said that now it was his dream  
To help this stretch of the river be as clean as upriver.  
He found a crew and worked  
And soon the water got its glory back.  
The oaks, the weeping willows, the spruces  
And with the trees came the animals  
Beaver, muskrat, elk and deer  
And finally there came the fish  
Trout, salmon, bass  
Jumping in and out  
Their scales shimmering all different colors.  
The light dances on the water like little sprites  
First there  
Then over here  
And then gone.  
The smell is a fresh smell,  
And freshly cut wood to make beaver dams.  
And of course the river,  
A clear cold smell.  
It has a music ever-changing,  
Like the trumpets  
to the gates of heaven.

Julianne Johnson  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

## The Stream

The stream moving faster and faster, the fish jumping,  
the beautiful bird whistling, the crickets jumping, an egg  
is hatching.  
So silent, so peaceful as the sun shines on the water.  
Rapids moving. You can try to swim across but you get  
pushed away by the water, and the fish too. And the fish  
live in peace.

Bailee Archer  
2<sup>nd</sup> Grade



Brittany Johnson  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade

### Where Does the River Go?

The river is always moving down. It moves  
down until it goes right into the  
ocean.

Angela Estep  
1<sup>st</sup> Grade

### The Great River

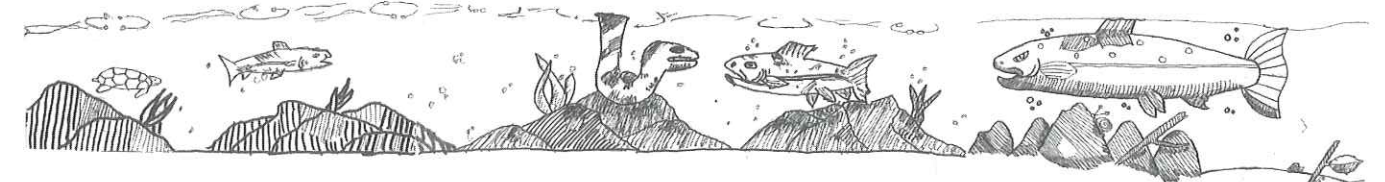
The Salmon egg is ready to hatch. I spin and spin and... I'm FREE!  
Now I am an Alvin. I have a small yolk sack. Then I wake up  
one morning and... I grew into a FRY! Now my yolk sack has  
buttoned up. I can swim around more. HHHUUUUUMMM  
I'm getting tired... I fall asleep. Now I wake up oh...I'm a  
fingerling. I swim around like crazy! In some time I grow and  
grow. I figure out I'm a Smolt. There's a feeling in my scales,  
need to go to the estuary. I go to the long journey. I swim for  
days, weeks maybe even a month. I stay at the ocean for  
years. Then I start to feel strange. I'm an Adult salmon. I  
must get back to my home river! I go past bears and blue  
herons. I find a male, we mate. We get back to my home  
river. I make a redd (salmon nest). I start to spawn, the  
male fertilizes the eggs. Soon we turn white.  
We die together floating in love.

Cassidy Wigham  
2<sup>nd</sup> Grade

### WILLAMETTE

Willamette  
is  
lovely  
light  
and  
mighty  
enormous  
time  
to  
eat fish

Tyler Roofener  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

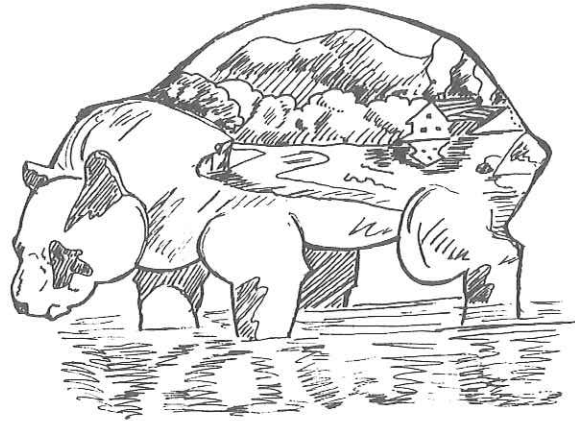


Steven Wolf & R.J. King 8th Grade

## The Importance of Rivers

Rivers are roads of water.  
Rivers rock and rivers roll.  
Rivers hold food, water and shelter for living things.  
Rivers carry life and bring adventure.  
Without rivers, fish would have no place to swim.  
People used to mine gold in rivers;  
    when it's gone, they can fish.  
Usually dogs prefer river water to toilet water.  
Rivers keep land healthy.  
Trees drink from rivers.  
Without rivers, everything would go haywire.  
Rivers often define borders.  
Rivers bring fresh water.  
Without rivers, life would be no fun.  
Rivers helped Huck Finn escape from home.  
Rivers give bridge builders work.  
Rivers inspire artists; French rivers  
    have artists sitting and watching them at all times.  
We share long lives, journeys and trouble with rivers.  
Rivers give life and death.  
Rivers provide a great place to ditch incriminating evidence.  
Without rivers, fish would have to live on land, where they  
    would sorely overpower and enslave the human race.  
What else would old timers do if they couldn't feed the ducks?  
Rivers carry millions of tons of cargo.  
Rivers accept whatever is offered.  
Rivers carry our history.  
Fish spawn in rivers.  
Rivers give us hydroelectric power.  
Without rivers, Oregon would be brown and sere.  
Rivers are relaxing and entertain old men fishers.  
Rivers treat all equally.  
Rivers are God's mirrors.  
Where dream-givers wait – just around the river bend.  
Rivers, salmon sweep their crystal floors.  
Rivers are a world unto themselves.  
Rivers provide a soft, trickling lullaby.  
Rivers provide natural boundaries in a disorderly world.  
Bears eat from rivers.  
Rivers provide a breath of life and source of creation.  
Lastly, rivers irrigate farms so people thrive and survive.

*West Salem H.S. Creative Writing Class  
Group Project 10-12<sup>th</sup> Grades*



*Ashley Swartwout  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade*

## Willamette River

W is for water  
I is for icy  
L is for leaves  
L is for lovely  
A is for animals  
M is for mud  
E is for exciting  
T is for turtles  
T is for trees  
E is for energy

R is for ripples  
I is for insects  
V is for viper  
E is for eels  
R is for rocks

*Abiqua Elementary School  
Group Project Kindergarten Class*

## Invited Oregon Writers

The authors featured in this section of the anthology were invited to contribute to our publication because of their passion for education and our river. They are people deeply connected to the river through their writing and storytelling.



Photography by  
Ron Cooper

**Ursula K. Le Guin** grew up in Berkeley, California. She went to Radcliffe College and did graduate work at Columbia University. She married Charles A. Le Guin, a historian, in Paris in 1953; they have lived in Portland, Oregon, since 1958, and have three children and three grandchildren.

Ursula K. Le Guin writes both poetry and prose, and in various modes including realistic fiction, science fiction, fantasy, young children's books, books for young adults, screenplays, essays, verbal texts for musicians, and voicetexts for performance or recording. She has published six books of poetry, twenty novels, over a hundred short stories (collected in eleven volumes), four collections of essays, eleven books for children, and four volumes of translation. Few American writers have done work of such high quality in so many forms.

"The Molsen" is from *Wild Angels*, 1975. "Last of August" and "Drouth" are from *Going Out With Peacocks*, 1994. "Noisy" and "Quiet" are from *No Boats*, 1991.

### The Molsen

I made a river, braiding together  
the Rhine and Seine and Hudson,  
weaving the grey with green, water  
and weather, bridges and reeds, another  
reflecting flood downrunning forever  
towards – Ah! to what sea?

Out of wet meadows rising  
in rivermist, the city  
spire over roof over bridge, distant  
stands; the streets are full of men;  
children gaze from windows at the river.  
What matter? All seas are bitter.

## Four McKenzie River Poems

### Last of August

In what meter does the wind blow on a river?  
Can I know the clear feet of the water?  
An older measure, longer yet suddener.  
Boulders under the bright flood mutter  
of the mountain, imitating thunder.  
A dead tree on the other shore falls in one slow drumbeat.

### Drouth

Many people have put their heads up out of the river  
to look at the year with no rain.  
They have tufts of dry hair  
and look surprised, but peaceful.

### Noisy

I knew a creek once full of singing children,  
children singing loudly, spring nights, way upstream.

This river now, over the knock and rumble  
of rocks deep in the rush of the current,  
is full of women's voices, conversations  
I almost understand, but the wind whispers  
in the leaves in the opposite direction  
and cancels what they're saying,  
the women in the river gossiping  
and grumbling, easy and urgent, and the distant laughter.

### Quiet

There is a river above the river  
like the dreaming or the breathing of the river.  
Only as the sun rises over the cedars  
can you see the spirit river flowing slowly,  
but listen as you will, you will not hear it.

**Robin Cody** was born on the Columbia River at St. Helens and grew up in Estacada, Oregon. A graduate of Yale, he taught at the American School of Paris and was Dean of Admissions at Reed College in Portland before taking up freelance writing in 1984. Cody is the author of *Ricochet River*, a novel, and *Voyage of a Summer Sun*, both published by Alfred A. Knopf in hardback and currently available in paperback. *Voyage* is the account of Cody's 82-day solo canoe trip down the Columbia, from its source in Canada to its mouth at Astoria. With *Voyage*, Cody won the 1995 Oregon Book Award for literary non-fiction, and the 1996 Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association Book Award. He lives with his wife, Donna, in Portland. The following are excerpts from *Ricochet River* (1992).



## Chapter 16

In a broken-top fir below the dam, a pair of ospreys took up residence. The ospreys scavenged branches and limbs at riverside and ferried them to the top of the snag. The male was the fetcher. The female was the builder. She stuffed and wedged limbs into place to form a nest that topped the fir snag like an upside-down straw hat.

From the dam, in summer, I could look down on their nest.

Ospreys are fishers. They're a fish hawk, actually, and I liked to watch old man osprey work. He perched motionless on a tree branch overlooking the river. He'd sit there half an hour without rustling a feather. Then he swooped down narrow as an arrow and came up with a trout in his talons. With his beak, he bit through the trout spine behind the head. Then he flapped up to the nest to deliver his prey.

This October, when salmon reached the dam, a bald eagle arrived with them. The ospreys went nuts. They screeched and squawked, scolding this eagle. Faster and more maneuverable than the eagle, the ospreys rose above him and dive-bombed him whenever the eagle cruised near the dam. The eagle couldn't outfly them, so he flipped over and flew upside down - talons up - when attacked from above. It was quite a trick. I never knew an eagle could fly upside-down.

They couldn't run him off. The eagle was after dead fish. More a vulture than a fisher, the eagle nabbed salmon that bellied up at riverside. He'd drag a carcass only far enough to take a leisurely meal of it on the rocks. Which is a sorry sight to see, for your National Bird.

\* \* \*

## Chapter 18

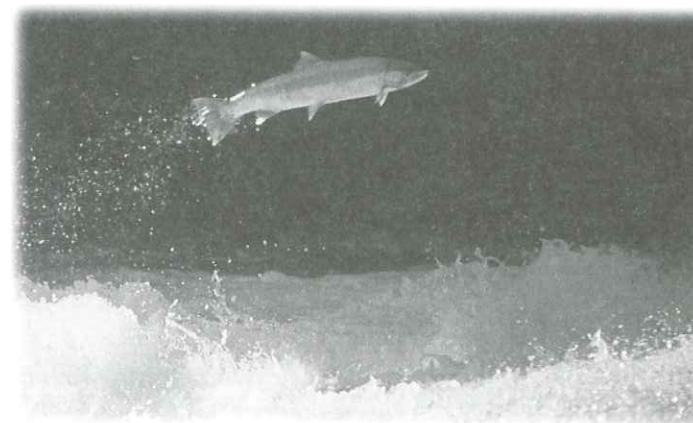
Of the three thousand or so salmon eggs that hatch from a single spawning pair, maybe half escape the jaws of trout, birds, and streamside feeders. Then they have to make it past turbines at the dam. At the Columbia River mouth, where the smolts feed and adapt to salt water, gulls and pelicans take their toll. In the ocean lurk bigger feeders and the nets of trawlers. If a salmon survives three or four years out in the ocean, he then has to pass seals and fishermen at the mouth before fighting back up the river - in our case from the Columbia into the Willamette and the Calamus - to the dam. And up the fish ladder.

If only two - of the original thousands - make it back to Tom Creek to spawn, the salmon are breaking even. Say five or six get back, from three nests, nine thousand eggs. Pretty slim odds.

One thing in a salmon's favor, though, is coloring. Because a salmon is dark on top, he's hard to see against the dark background of watery depths. Because he's light and slivery underneath, he's hard to see from below, against the sky-lit surface of the water.

Which is no big deal, I guess. You take any wild animal, he's going to blend with the surroundings. But it depends on your angle, with salmon. I don't know. I just thought it was pretty slick the way that works.

\* \* \*





**Jesse Ford** is an ecologist, writer and Associate Professor at Oregon State University who lives on three acres on the eastern knuckles Oregon's Coast Range. In addition to her partner, her family of choice includes a wonderfully bewildering diversity of plants and animals that live in and pass through the neighborhood.

## KIDS AT A RIVER

for Ryan

Many pairs of legs  
twice as many restless feet  
several arms, chucking rocks, splashing —  
Kids, at a river.

Once I asked him why  
he liked throwing rocks  
into rivers. "I don't know"  
he said much later, puzzled  
"Maybe something about the splash"

The Splash! That SPLASH!!  
especially when it's hot  
bright water slashing holes  
in the heavy heat  
but then again even when it's cold  
fat drops thudding, thieving  
warmth from cotton-cold skin

Splash! SPLASH!! Do it again!  
Make the river writhe  
and twitch with life! I remember  
school, and the living muscle  
of a dead frog, how it jumped  
and twitched with invisible volts  
on, and off, on, and off.

And how today there are  
kids, yes many kids  
at rivers, splashing, still  
hitting the river with rocks  
because there are no salmon there  
to teach them how it's done.

## Willamette Wordpebbles

marshmaker  
heronholder  
sunflasher  
          beaverbearer  
                          palette-of-sky

snakehider  
                          moonbender  
winnow of rushes  
of sedge

leaffloater  
                          twigstealer  
floodspreader  
                          tickle-my-toes

slacksleeper  
          fishkeeper  
          bearer of bones  
and scree

                          rocklicker  
pebblelicker  
                          soilseeker  
          secretkeeper  
                          camasgreeter

                          raintaster  
          makehaster  
sun-on-the-shoals

**Franz Dolp** is a retired professor of economics who now devotes his time to writing and to stream and forest restoration in Oregon's Central Coast Range. He is a co-founder with Kathleen Dean Moore of the Spring Creek Project for Ideas, Nature, and the Written Word, Department of Philosophy, Oregon State University. His forty acres of forestland, trails, and cabin on Shotpouch Creek west of Corvallis provides the natural home for the project and, together with property on Ten Mile Creek at the coast, the focus for his work in restoration.



I will be with you, this night,  
not in the shallows, in riffles, laughing,  
but deep in your pools  
under the wild debris of you,  
remnants of your winters where currents hold.  
Night shadows thin.  
The moon prepares to die, again.  
Its light is lost, the moon is drowned.  
The river turns inward on itself.

River of dark before dawn.

The river flows on polished rock,  
against the canyon's moist and shadowed walls,  
cliffs of moss, of maiden hair and springs,  
swelling and aroused.

Listen as it shears against the rocks,  
white with anguish, how it bares  
the secret passions of its soul.

In summer sun, I feel a river's cold.  
It would have me like the trees it holds.  
Yet where the river pools,  
spreads, turns amber, light upon its gravels  
here, before its narrows where it smooths,  
calms

it lets me cross.

There is a terrible silence  
in a river running deep and cold before  
it finds a voice like thunder.  
I stand upon the edge of what I do not know

this white water.

**Jane Glazer** lives and writes in Portland, Oregon. She taught English and Humanities for over twenty years and has also taught adult classes in poetry. Her poems have appeared in numerous literary magazines, including *Antioch Review*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, *Calyx*, *Fireweed*, *Sojourner*, etc. She was awarded the William Stafford Award from the Washington State Poets Association in 1990, and her first collection of poems, *Some Trick Of Light*, was a finalist for the Oregon Book Award in 1994. The following poem is from *Go Where the Landshed Takes You* (2003).

### To Water Drawn

To the silence of thistles and blackberries  
edging the island, I have come to the river  
alone, seeking the solace of water  
where ospreys nest in tall cottonwoods  
and wind caresses the grass.

At road's end, on the bank of the backwater  
channel, an old woman fishes. Among green teasels  
and tall wild parsnips, she is sunk in the sand,  
her bent chair a miracle  
of mended webbing.

In stretched-out sweatpants, worn and  
comfortable, bunion holes cut out of old canvas  
shoes, she sits easy, does not move,  
her bamboo pole drawing deep peace  
from the placid water.

With large-knuckled hands, uncombed  
hair a mat of gray wire, she has come  
here as I have to settle her spirit  
in the summer blue of afternoon.

In my mind's eye I see Varanasi: a thin man  
sits cross-legged on the steps of the ghats,  
erect as a ladder, clothed only in a dhoti,  
praying to the sunrise  
over the sacred Ganges.

His hair is swirled in the turban  
of Sikhs, his black beard combed over  
his chest. The river, dyed red by morning,  
is flat and calm, as he is, his still hands  
at rest on his knees.

Are we not all drawn to water, pulled  
by the ultimate mystery?  
Are we not all desert travelers, thirsty  
for deeper and deeper drafts, calmed by  
the lap, lap of water?

**Brian Doyle** is the Editor of *Portland Magazine* at the University of Portland, and author of four collections of essays, most recently *Leaping: Revelations & Epiphanies* (Loyola Press). The following is from the Summer 2003 edition of *Portland Magazine*.

### WHAT THE RIVER THINKS

Salmon and steelhead and cutthroat trout. Fir needles. Salmonberries dropping suddenly and being snapped up by trout who think them orange insects. Alder and spruce roots drinking me always their eager thin little rude roots poking at me. Rocks and pebbles and grains of stone and splinters of stone and huge stones and slabs and beaver and mink and crawdads and feces from the effluent treatment plant upriver. Rain and mist and fog and gale and drizzle and howl and owl. Asters and arrow-grass. Finger creeks feeder creeks streams ditches seeps and springs. Row-boats and rafts. Canoes and chicory. Men and women and children. Dead and alive. Willows and beer bottles and blackberry and ducklings and wood sorrel and rubber boots and foxglove and buttercup and rushes and slugs and snails and velvetgrass and wild cucumber and orbweaver spiders. Baneberry and beargrass. Thrush and hemlock and coffee grounds. Thimbleberry and heron. Smelt and moss and water ouzels and bears and bear scat. Bramble and bracken. Elk drinking me cougar drinking me. Ground-cedar and ground-ivy and ground-pine and groundsel. Sometimes a lost loon. Cinquefoil and eelgrass. Vultures and voles. Water striders mosquitos mosquito-hawks. Dock and dewberry. Moths and mergansers. Huckleberry and snowberry. Hawks and osprey. Water wheels and beaver dams. Deer and lupine. Red currant. Trees and logs and trunks and branches and bark and duff. I eat everything. Elderberry and evening primrose. Bulrush and burdock. I know them all. They yearn for me. Caddis fly and coralroot. I do not begin nor do I cease. Foamflower fleecflower fireweed. I always am always will be. Lily and lotus. Swell and surge and ripple and roar and roil and boil. I go to the Mother. Madrone and mistmaiden. The Mother takes me in. Nettle and ninebark. Pelt and peppergrass. She waits for me. Pine-sap and poppy. I bring her all small waters. Raspberry and rockcress. I draw them I lure them I accept them. Salal and satin-flower. She is all waters. Tansy and trillium. She drinks me. Velvetgrass and vernalgrass. I begin as a sheen on leaves high in the hills, a wet idea, a motion, a dream, a rune, and then I am a ripple, and I gather the small waters to me, the little wet children, the rills of the hills, and we are me and run to Her muscling through wood and stone cutting through everything singing and shouting roiling and rippling and there She is waiting and whispering her salty arms always opening always open always o.



**Roderick Haig-Brown** was born in England but lived his adult life on Vancouver Island, along the banks of the Campbell River. He is the author of *To Know a River*, *A River Never Sleeps*, and *Silver*. The following excerpts are from *Return to the River: The Classic Story of the Chinook Run and the Men Who Fish It*. Copyright 1997 by Valerie Haig-Brown. Reprinted by permission of The Lyons Press.

*Return to the River* is not about fishing per se, although many kinds of fishing play apart in it; neither is it about people, although it has human characters whose actions, thoughts, and words are vital to the progress of the story. It is about salmon, and they are the principal characters—the mighty spring-run chinooks that once ascended the Columbia River and its tributaries in countless thousands, their migration one of the great wonders of nature.



The water was a little colored, not muddy but less clear than during the brilliance of its summer flow, and brought with it fallen leaves and twigs and dead fir needles. Most of the leaves twisted and swam and swirled a few inches below the surface—alder leaves, some black and rightly fallen, others still green, torn from the trees by winds that had brought the fall rains; maple leaves, sodden dark brown and fast breaking up; willow leaves, long and slender, some yellow, some black. Under the leaves, deeper in the water, were the salmon. The white patches of worn fins and scarred backs showed up first in restless movement, out of time with the rhythm of the stream's flow. Then looking more closely one no longer saw the surface of the water or the leaves or even the decaying whiteness, but only the salmon, long gray shapes over the round gray rocks and stones of the river bed.



The rain had stopped and the sun was out, not a strong sun but enough to make the mild day comfortably warm. The old man liked the light of it among the alders; it was on the leaves, not slipping through the frail green of them as it did in springtime—less lovely now perhaps, less delicate, less promising, but still a good thing, with its reminder of frost and ruffed grouse and the winter strength of the river. He walked slowly, looking about him, drawing the last sap of pleasure from the familiar things, the blue of sky between the living leaves, the brown of last year's leaves underfoot, the sound of the river, the dusty purple of the Oregon grape clusters against their stiff and glossy leaves. But his mind was still on the chinooks. One must love them for their fine strength and beauty, for the simple complete pattern of their lives, for all they are and all they represent. But more than anything else is the mystery of their movement, the carrying of the river out into the unknown parts of the sea, the long slow return, straining back to the source that bred them, bringing the fullness and might of the sea to the clear confining channel of the river.



The streams hurried tumbling pace slowed a little, but it carried on, clear and rippling, through flowing pools and broad bright rapids, until its valley met the finest farm valley of Oregon. There it slid easily into a greater stream, joining without fuss or spectacle, creasing the surface for a few yards, then lost in the breadth of the smooth quiet flow.



Light comes before sunrise, coldly, intensely reflected from an eastern sky deepened away to vast distance. There is a sudden shiver in the time that shakes away the things of night before the coming day. On the West Coast salmon banks at those times was a great stirring of creatures; different forms of plankton were moving vertically up towards the light or down away from it as their needs directed them. The plankton feeders followed and big active predators, salmon and cod, the sharks and the night-feeding dogfish, kept close after them. Much of the movement was towards deep water, but in the pre-dawn both fish and feed were, for the most part, still near the surface.

The salmon especially were always well up in the water at this time, nearer the surface and more active than at any time through the day until dusk. All generations of salmon before Spring had moved to feed by the early light, matching the activity of other creatures stirring to the change. Even when there was little else near them to move or when, on their spawning migration the desire to feed had left them, the salmon still moved, for the change of light itself touched them directly.



The warm wind passed upstream, sighing with its freight of rain, finding always a stronger gust of itself to shatter the big drops from leaves that still held them. It swayed the tall firs almost gently, loading them with water, trembling the water from them again minutes later. Drenched with water the dark leaves of salal and rhododendron shone and quivered and dripped in penetrated shelter down under the tall trees. The clouds rolled up, white and gray and soft, climbing the valley and misting into the mountains. The black roads splashed the great drops and ran off water in their ditches. The creeks talked on the hillsides, turning brown and foamy and tumbling faster in their rocky beds. Far up the valley the windy rain found little pine trees, fell from them to soaked ridges, seeped from those into brimming swamps. It bowed the white bloom of the mountain laurels and melted the needle-covered patches of old snow. Last of all it found the piled snow exposed on sloping rock. It blew warmth and rained warmth, weighing the snow, turning it to coarse translucent grains, rotting it. Snow broke away from the hanging slopes and crashed downwards, melting in the warm air as it fell. It packed down as though huddling from the wind's kiss, but even where it huddled in shelter the dropping rain found it and washed it to its own mobility.

**Michael & Randi Goodrich** are authors, educators and speakers. Mike Goodrich received his MST from Portland State University with an emphasis on teaching science. Randi Goodrich received her Bachelors Degree from Marylhurst University with a focus on communication.

*Hydro's Adventure Through the Water Cycle* is the second book in their GeoScience Series. The Goodriches are also the authors of *A Rock Grows Up: The Pacific Northwest Up Close and Personal*. "We create friendly earth science for readers of all ages," say the Goodriches. Their approach, the integration of art and science, provides easy access to complex subjects and honors both the scientific content and the process.

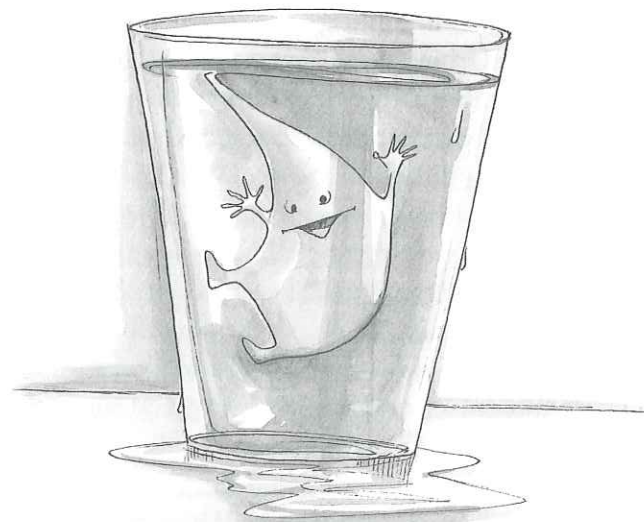
The following are excerpts from *Hydro's Adventure Through the Water Cycle*, Copyright 2004 GeoQuest Publications.

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**H**i! My name is **HydrO!** You can find me everywhere on earth — in oceans, in puddles, and in your glass of water! I'm not very big. Billions of water **molecules** like me fit in a single drop of water.

My parents are the Elements. Their first names are Oxygen and Hydrogen. Both of them are gases, but each looks very different. Oxygen is round and a real heavyweight, while Hydrogen is not only round but a definite lightweight. When the earth was young and matter existed in three states — solid, liquid and gas — my parents **bonded** and married.

I am their child. My real name is Molecular (mo-LEK-y-ler) Water, but everyone calls me **HydrO.**



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**O**ne day I received a letter from Sea Star. She has missed surfing with me and asks when I planned to move back to the beach. I miss Sea Star too, so I call her.

When Sea Star answers the phone, I say "Hi! It's **HydrO.**"

"Hey! Where are you?"

"Aquifer."

"When are you coming home?"

"I don't know."

"Why?"

"Sea Star, remember I am a water molecule and part of the hydrologic cycle. My home is everywhere. I never know when I'll return to a certain place."

"Can you speed up the process in the cycle?"

"No, that's the Sun's job."

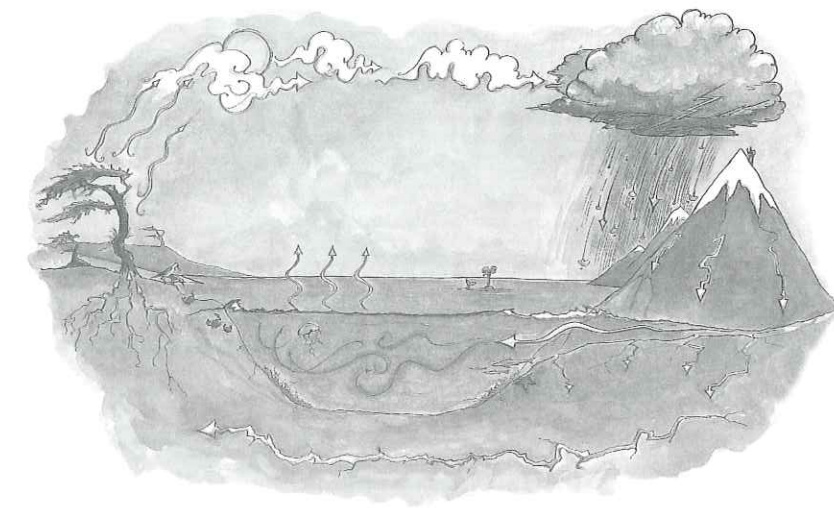
"But I want to celebrate your birthday with you. I thought we could go surfing together."

"Sounds good," I said. "But the most I can promise is a strong maybe."

"What do you mean?"

"Since I'm part of a cycle, there's no beginning. There's no ending. For awhile I spend time as a liquid molecule swimming and surfing with you in the ocean. Then I evaporate into a gas molecule and play bumper cars with my drippy friends on the cloud. When the time is right, I catch the Gravity Express heading back to earth, where I turn into a solid piece of ice. I land on the mountain and slide back through a wintry life."

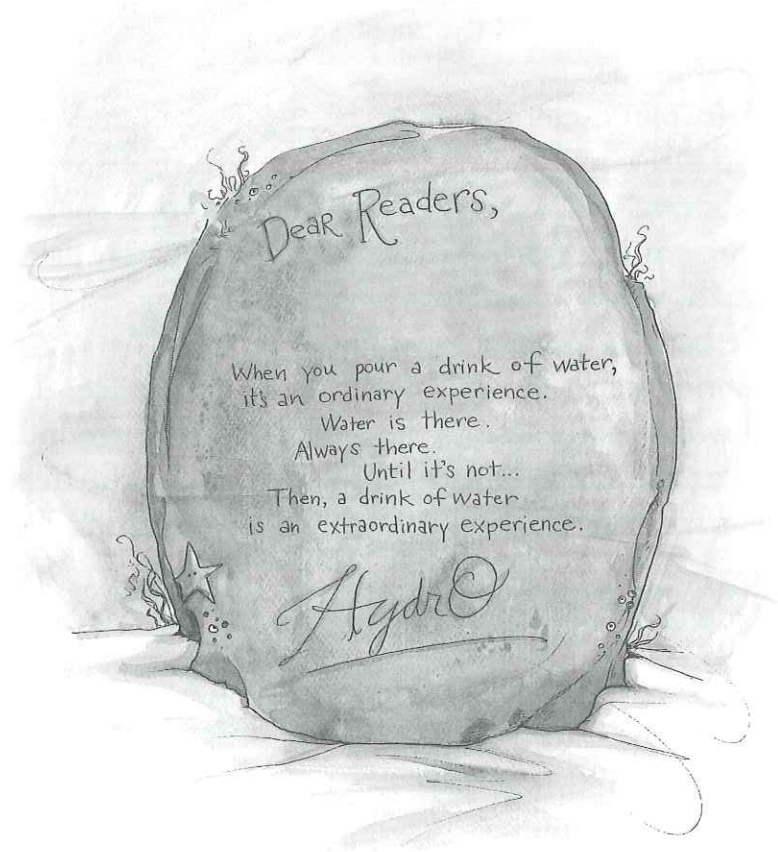
"Then one spring day, I loosen up and shake off the ice. I melt into the river and either flow into the ocean or get pulled into the ground as part of an aquifer. When I'm at the surface I get whooshed away by the heat of the sun. That's when the earth's hydrologic cycle starts all over again."



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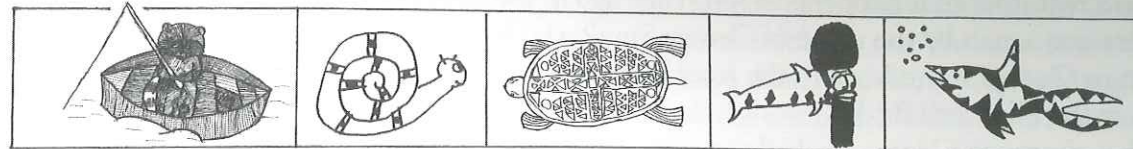
**R**ight then and there it occurs to me! All the **gazillions** of tiny water molecules like me make the Earth different from other planets in the Solar System. It's the water! The water! It's the lakes, the rivers and the oceans! It's the rain, the snow and the hail! It's the condensation, evaporation and **precipitation** (pre-sip-i-TAH-shun)! Without water, Earth is a planet where nothing can live. Without water, there are no oceans, no clouds, no snow-covered mountains. Without water there is no me. Without water there is no you.

"Well, HydrO," says Sea Star, I'll see you around when I see you."  
 "Molecular Moment!"



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## Student works, part III



Kelsey Betts, Jordan Stroy, Jake Geiszler, Brittany Johnson

### AS I WALK

As I walk along the riverbank,  
 I hear the soft lapping of waves against the shore.  
 A pair of birds soar above the treetops,  
 Singing.  
 I see the green, lush forest.  
 I feel peaceful.  
 And I smile.

Emma Young  
 5<sup>th</sup> Grade

### The Silent River

The river shares its silence and beauty with the sky.

The river's silence drifts upon the ripples that make their way to the shore.

The shore holds those who look over its banks and see their reflection.

The river cannot speak, it communicates with its beauty and silence, never ending.

The river calls us to remember that it has been with us for many years. With our fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers. Never aging, always changing, never ending.

Remember the river and what it gives us. Remember not to pollute these precious waters. The river gives life to each and every living creature.

Shannah Dibb  
 4<sup>th</sup> Grade

### The River

It is silent  
 But comes as a coyote  
 The River.

It is peaceful  
 But comes out fighting  
 The River.

It is known  
 but it is a stranger  
 The River.

It is home  
 But also a journey  
 The River.

Madeline Halewyn  
 4<sup>th</sup> Grade

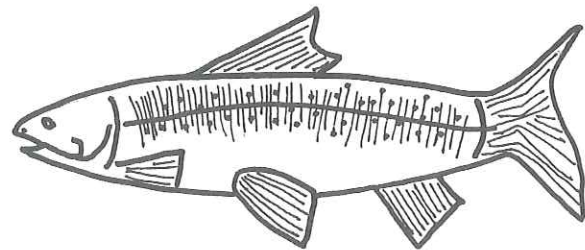
## The Big Fish

This was a real story that happened a long time ago in the Willamette River. There once was a man by the name of George Small who lived in North Albany. One evening George went down to the river bank on the North Albany side about a block up-stream from the Ellsworth Bridge.

Well, that afternoon George hooked something "Big"! It pulled his line out real hard. The line went upstream and kept going! George set the brake on his reel but pretty soon all his line ran out and the line "broke"! At home George told his brothers what happened. The next day one of them named Ephrain a farmer, went down to the river with him. They were pretty sure that a huge "Sturgeon" was swimming up and down the river breaking their lines, because when they got it on, sometimes it would swim up the river.

So George and Ephrain kept on trying and trying no sooner had George hooked the sturgeon and set the brake on the reel the line would break with no gear left. Then Ephrain would have his turn trying to hook the big fish but the same thing would happen, the line would break again and again.

Pretty soon word got out that a "Giant Sturgeon" was living in the Willamette River and that no one could catch it. The next day, George gets another brother, Burley, and a friend, Hiram Parker, a farmer to go down with him to the river. A reporter from the Democratic Herald also came along; he was hoping to be able to witness "the catch" of the enormous fish. So they fished and hooked something. It ran down the river and broke loose, hooked it again, swam upstream and broke. Hooked it again and the line would brake. Now it was a coincidence that while they were pulling, the whistle blew at the "Sand and Gravel Company", which was on the opposite shore, and the fish stopped pulling. Then the men realized what it was that they were hooking the whole time. They were hooking their lines on the dragline from the Sand and Gravel Company. How that worked was that there was a cable that ran straight across the river hooked to a pulley on a big raft, then hooked to another raft and pulley 100 (hundred) yards and came back to the gravel company. George would be out in the river fishing while the cable was going back and forth; and then I solved the mystery! The reporter reported it as the "Sturgeon that belonged to the Union". The end



Josh Rollins  
8th Grade

Elisa Marie Olsen  
6th Grade

## THAT SOUND

As the river moves slowly, you hear a beautiful sound, not a crashing sound, a smooth sound. And then you know, this is not ordinary river, it is the Willamette River.

Jade Smith  
5th Grade



Sam Householder  
8th Grade

## One Drop

It all starts with one drop.

One  
Tiny droplet  
From the sky  
The drop freezes  
More drops fall on,  
And freeze. They  
Form a glacier, a  
Giant glacier. Slowly,  
Very slowly, it melts  
It forms a creek. Animals  
Live in that creek. The  
Salmon and the frogs  
The salamanders and the ducks.  
They all live there. The  
Creek becomes a river  
More fish live there. Finally,  
The river opens out to  
The sea, the mighty sea. The  
Sea is home to crabs,  
Whales, and more fish.  
People come to see  
It. People come to  
Play in the surf.

It all starts with one drop.

Grant Thackray  
5th Grade

## Willamette River

The Willamette River is important because it is one of the main habitats in Oregon. If we didn't have the Willamette we wouldn't have deer, fish, elk, osprey, bald eagles, and all the rest of the Willamette's animals.

Another reason the Willamette is important is that it is the trademark of the valley. If a person from Sisters came they would come here to see the Willamette.

A lot of river fish from Oregon live in the Willamette, like salmon and trout. Also, if we didn't have the Willamette we wouldn't have our state mascot the beaver.

Lots of farmers' water for irrigation comes from the Willamette and if we didn't have the Willamette the farmers would go somewhere else, which means that we wouldn't get any locally grown crops.

People also have fun in the Willamette. Our family every year goes inter tubing and water skiing in the Willamette.

If I got to show a friend one place in the valley I would probably show them the Willamette.

That is why the Willamette is important!

Christian Meunier  
5th Grade



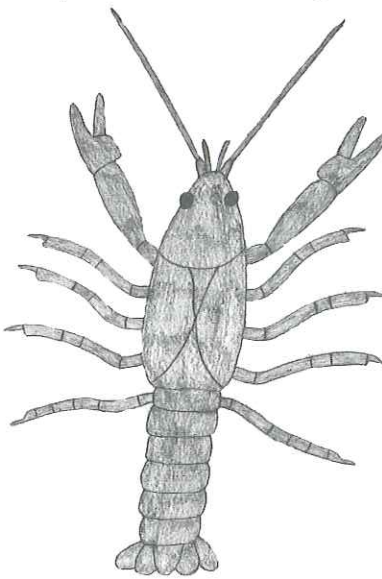
T.J. Wilson  
7th Grade

## Miniature Monsters on the Riverbed

If you scan the shallows of the Willamette River, or one of the many other rivers and small streams in the surrounding area, you might see an animal that looks like a small lobster crawling over the bottom. Lobsters, however, live only in salt water, and the creature in the river would really be one of their freshwater relatives - a crawdad.

Like a real lobster, a crawdad - which can also be called a crayfish or crawfish - has a shelled body with a thick tail at the end. Near the animal's head is a pair of lobster-like claws that it can use to defend itself, and further back on the body are four pairs of thinner limbs which are used to crawl across the riverbed. Crawdads never get as big as their lobster relatives. The largest ones are only about seven inches long.

Crawdads make rather slow progress as they walk over the bottom of a river or stream, and it might seem as if they would be easy for a person to accidentally step on. This would obviously not be good for the crawdad, but it would be bad for the person, too. A crawdad can deliver quite a pinch with one of its big claws. Luckily, if you step near one of these clawed creatures while wading in the shallows, the crawdad will probably shoot through the water and out of the way, seeming to vanish in a puff of stirred-up river mud. The animal does this by folding up the flattened end of its tail, and paddling with small limbs, or swimming appendages, which are situated under its tail. Crawdad can move very quickly in this way, although they travel backwards, and don't usually go very far. A frightened crawdad is likely to swim a yard or so away from the thing that alarmed it, and then settle back to the bottom of the river. They would much rather escape in this way than use their claws to defend themselves.



If it is really alarmed, a crawdad will probably look for a hiding place. In fact, they remain hidden much of the time, under rocks or in holes in the riverbed. A good way to find a crawdad, if you don't see one crawling along the bottom, is to turn some underwater objects over. However, any rock or sunken piece of wood that you lift up should be put back the way you found it, so as not to disturb the many small river creatures that might be making their homes beneath it.

If you watch a crawdad emerging from a hole in the river bottom, the first parts of the animal to poke out are likely to be two long antennae. These antennae are covered in tiny hairs that the crawdad uses to sense its surroundings. The hairs are also found on a crawdad's claws, which are usually held out in front of the animal as it walks.

Although the long pair of antennae is useful when it comes to investigating things that are a few inches away, a crawdad has a much shorter pair, called antennules, which are used to sense things close at hand. The antennules, too, are attached to the crawdad's head, but because of their small size will be more difficult to see than the longer antennae.

Despite their ferocious appearance, crawdads are not among a river's major predators. They may kill and eat a small aquatic animal from time to time, but much of their diet is made up of already dead fish, tadpoles, and other small creatures. They are some of the scavengers which help keep the river clean by feeding on the remains of dead animals that would otherwise pollute the water.

With their hard-shelled bodies and powerful pinchers, it might seem like few other animals would dare to attack crawdads. Still, there are some river predators that can make a meal out of one of these monster-like creatures. Great blue herons-big wading birds with long necks and sharp beaks-stand in the river shallows, waiting for small water animals to come within striking distance. They often catch fish or frogs this way, but will grab a crawdad if they get the chance. Other animals that eat crawdads include river otters, and even some large fish. The clawed creatures are especially vulnerable at night, when they may come out of the water and look for food on the riverbank. At this time, a crawdad might be seized and eaten by a raccoon-an animal that wouldn't be able to reach it in the middle of the river.

An animal that has just eaten a crawdad might leave behind some of the victim's hard parts. However, if you see a small pile of claws and shell-fragments lying on the creek bank, it doesn't necessarily mean that you have found the site of a crawdad's death. Like crabs, lobsters, and other related hard-bodied animals, crawdads have to molt, or shed their outer covering, from time to time. This is because their hard coverings-or exoskeletons-don't grow with the rest of their bodies. As it grows bigger and bigger, a crawdad's exoskeleton becomes too tight, and has to be discarded. The old covering is left behind, and may be washed onto the shore, where a curious person might find it.

Meanwhile, the new and much looser exoskeleton that was growing in under the old one will be revealed on the crawdad's back, and the animal will be able to grow some more. However, when the new covering becomes too tight, the crawdad will have to molt again. A crawdad will molt many times in its first year of life, when it is growing quickly. As it gets older, though, it will grow more slowly and molt less often.

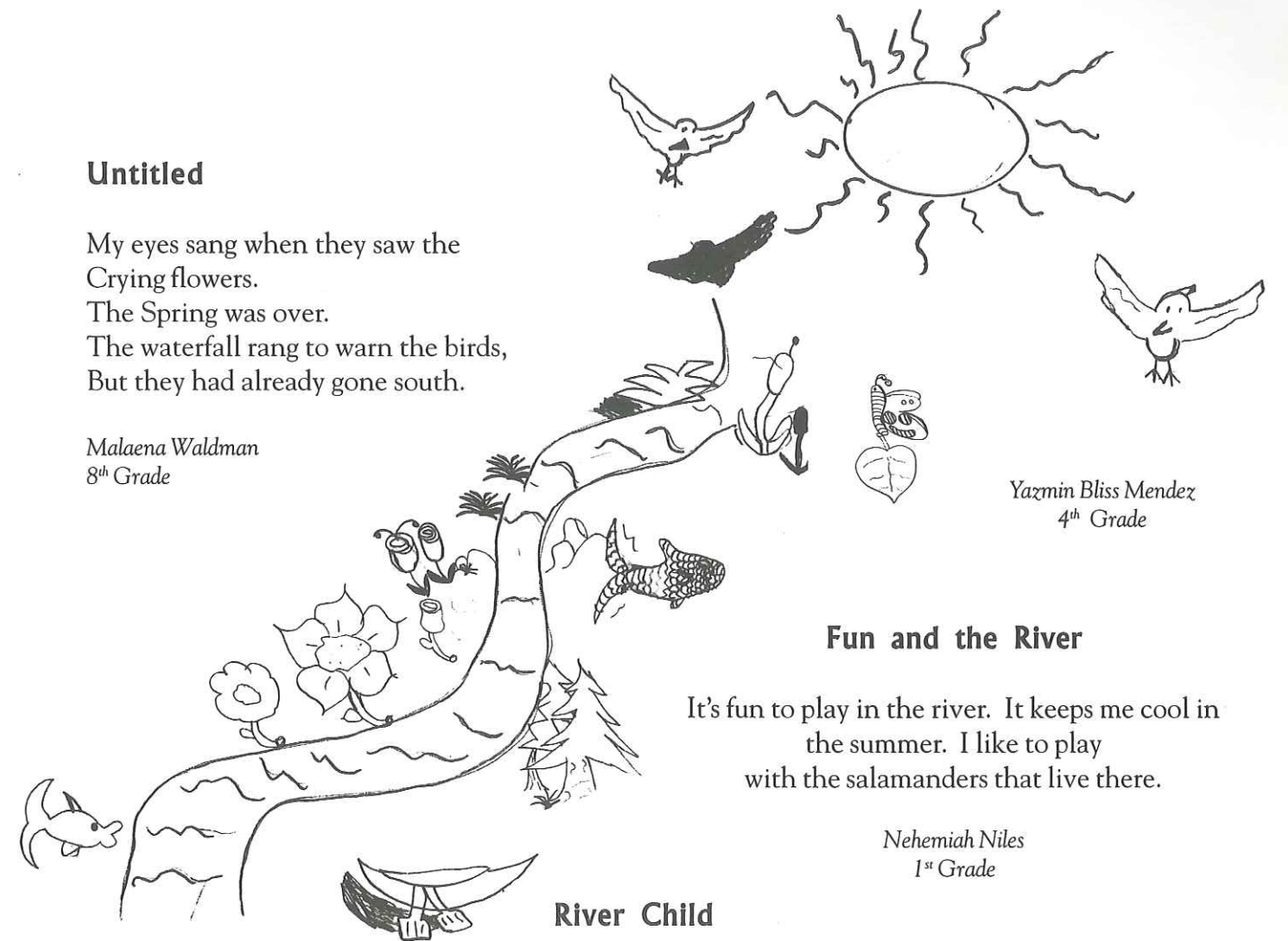
Crawdads are some of the strangest-looking creatures that you might see in the river, and they aren't difficult to find. If you take a walk along the shore on a summer day, you are likely to see one in the shallows. It is best to keep your distance from them, since a pinch from one of their claws would be very painful, but they are quite interesting to watch from the shore. Crawdads may be common, but they are not like most creatures that you see every day.

Nick Engelfried  
10<sup>th</sup> Grade

## Untitled

My eyes sang when they saw the  
Crying flowers.  
The Spring was over.  
The waterfall rang to warn the birds,  
But they had already gone south.

Malaena Waldman  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade



Yazmin Bliss Mendez  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

## Fun and the River

It's fun to play in the river. It keeps me cool in  
the summer. I like to play  
with the salamanders that live there.

Nehemiah Niles  
1<sup>st</sup> Grade

## River Child

I have a strange name. In fact, I've never met anyone with the same one. Most people are confused when I tell them my name. They scrunch up their face with perplexity, or just simply ask me to repeat it, in case they heard wrong. I have lived in America since I was five, but my parents claim they named me after a river in Japan, where I was born. They say that the river is a beautiful one, with the clearest blue water and a slow, patient current. It is not a harsh or demanding river. It runs down between two of the most pristine mountains, and that is why the water is so pure.

My father was in the military. He was stationed in Japan. That's where he met my mother. She was the only daughter of a wealthy bank owner. My father was drawn not only to her angelic beauty, but to her intelligence as well. She had studied English for many years and in addition had attended a prestigious university. The first time my father saw my mother, she was walking over a little bridge that connected her family's backyard to a garden. Soon after they met, they were wed. They had a traditional Japanese ceremony and after that, one in America. They decided to live in Japan since my father was still stationed there. A year later, I arrived, and five years after that, we left.

We live in Iowa now. Although I was young when I left, I know Iowa is nothing like my homeland. It is a great flatland that spreads on and on. At times, I feel like I cannot possibly hide from anything here. The land is so open and revealing, it never ends. Often I have the feeling of being out of place. Maybe because there are no places here like me, no mountains that yield a calm, deep, blue river.

Sarah Dunford  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade

# Ripples & Eddies

Ripples and Eddies are small snippets of larger entries that contained language that was too exceptional to pass up. ENJOY!



Your waves jump like me on a trampoline  
Cristopher Jones  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

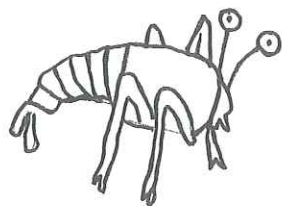
Priscilla Sol  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

The river is a bus to the fish  
Taylen Hanson  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade

Because in truth the Willamette unifies us in this time of great divide  
Zach Jordan  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade

I watch as an osprey preys on Salmon,  
Like a surfer on his surfboard,  
Then he grabs his catch and is off!  
Eva Roberts  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade

Lazy people pollute  
Rachel Polacek  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade



Sarah Miller  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade

The fisherman's stories get longer and better and change all the time  
Just like the river  
Blake Sofich  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

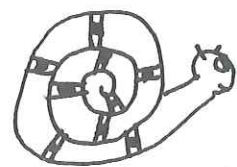
You melt down from the mountain  
And splash in the sea.  
Greg Holmes  
3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

See you tomorrow little fish  
I hope I do, I really wish.  
Abigail Loverde  
2<sup>nd</sup> Grade

The fish wish  
That they aren't going to be  
Put on a dish  
Nicole Soreng-Robbins  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade

Out of my open window I see,  
The River giving its glittery wink to me.  
Taylor Applegate  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade

You feel the wind drive through  
your hair and the spray of the water in between your fingers.  
Cody Bloom  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade



Jake Geiszler  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade

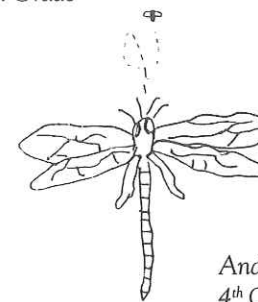
A river is a story reflecting our passage through life's landscape

Thomas "Gary" Rogers  
College

A rapid that turns water white  
And rafts upside-down  
Blake McCord  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade

A water drop falls on the street,  
Going to the people's feet beat.  
Finn van Donkelaar  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

When the sun falls down, the sunshine goes into the river and makes it clean  
and beautiful. Sometimes I take a paper and draw pictures of people with the  
river. I like to do this only because it makes the river close to me.  
Xiang Mengning  
11<sup>th</sup> Grade



Andrew Drane  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

There are Three Gorges. They are gorgeous.  
Liu Jiangchao  
10<sup>th</sup> Grade

There once was a fish called Scales.  
He lived all alone in a little wave.  
Michael Sherman  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade

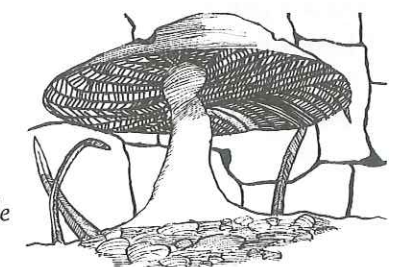
Nymphs are dull so they can hide in the sand from predators like frogs or fish.  
Sometimes I wish I could blend into my room so I wouldn't have to go to school.  
Andrew Drane  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

When you smile at a river on a warm sunny day, it will always smile back.  
Maison Stradley  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade

Every night her family had the same thing:  
canned beans and a glass of dirty water from the nearby river.  
Alexandra Lianopoulos  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

Crystals, like my imagination,  
Gleam brilliantly  
Beneath its shimmering transparency.  
Jennifer Smith  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade

Katie DeSemples  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade



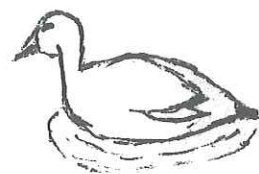


I, SALMON  
NEW BORN FRY  
STRETCHING MY MUSCLES.

Raymond Goeser  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade

Sweet candy river  
Sarah A. Koski  
College

Tumbling, rough, or smooth with flow  
It carries a pattern we'll never know  
Caitlin Nelson  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade



Liliya Marchuck  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade

When you are happy and calm you will always float.

Martin Banek  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade

You give us water to drink, you give us food to eat, you  
make a pool to swim in, you cool down our  
hot feet.

Kiran Dixit  
3<sup>rd</sup> grade

Round, pink droplets  
That are tiny salmon eggs.  
Glisten in the dark shallow waters.  
Pure, soft round pebbles that  
Roll around  
Bulging for mercy.

Meghan Ross  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade

The winter moon begins to glow  
lighting the waters to the fish below.

Victoria Schuster  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

Sit by the river and smell the smell of new  
LIFE OF THE FISHY FISHYS.

Stephanie Willyard  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade

The river is beautiful.  
It is life to many.  
Amgalanbaatar Uugarbayar  
5<sup>th</sup> grade

The howl of the wind bristling through the soldiers of the forest

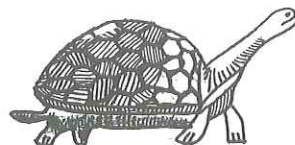
Jeffery Pinkerton  
12<sup>th</sup> Grade

Land without the river is like a fish out of water.  
Ella Aguilar-Larson  
5<sup>th</sup> Grade

I know a place,  
Where you can hear the water shiver  
All the way down that very river

Emily Smith  
4<sup>th</sup> Grade

Jeana Harris  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade



**The End**

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# Become a published author in Honoring Our River: A Student Anthology



The Honoring Our River Student Anthology is a compilation of literary work selected from student entries submitted from throughout the Willamette River Watershed. **Students from kindergarten through university level** are invited to participate. The Anthology also **features selections from respected Northwest authors**. We provide students the rare opportunity to have their writing published with professionals. This project is designed to nurture respect and appreciation for the river system that connects all basin inhabitants and provides a showcase for student writings that **honor our river**.

**Student entries should focus on the relationship between people and our watershed**—the waters, land, plants, animals and habitats that make up this beautiful and fragile

river system. "Literature" is broadly defined to include fiction, poetry and essays in any area of study, including history, science, philosophy or the arts. Students may wish to **write about experiences participating in a restoration or clean up effort**. We welcome **entries in foreign languages** with translations provided. Students are encouraged to submit **accompanying photos and drawings**.



## Getting Started: Open to all students (K - college)

Submissions should follow the theme of *Honoring Our River*. We want to encourage works that reflect creativity and awareness of the values inherent in this precious resource.

### Manuscript Guidelines:

- submitted material should be typed (double-spaced) or handwritten in black ink
- one entry per student
- please edit and check spelling carefully
- maximum length of 3 pages
- keep a copy of your work; we cannot return manuscripts
- accompanying photos/drawings must be black & white, camera ready and no larger than 8.5 x 11 inches

## Reasons to participate:

- All selected entrants and participating schools receive a free copy of the anthology.
- Selected entries will be published in *Honoring Our River: A Student Anthology*.
- **Order your school's free watershed toolkit today!** Call 1-503-585-8789 and ask specifically for the Honoring Our River Toolkit K-4 or 5-HS. Toolkits include educational information on the Willamette River Watershed, a copy of the *Willamette Legacy* video and a previous edition of *Honoring Our River*.

Application Form please fill out and send to: Honoring Our River • 4985 Battlecreek Rd. SE #200 • Salem, Oregon 97302.

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_ Year (K-college) \_\_\_\_\_

School \_\_\_\_\_ Instructor's Name \_\_\_\_\_

School Address \_\_\_\_\_

Title of Work Submitted \_\_\_\_\_

I certify that this is my own original idea and work: \_\_\_\_\_

I am satisfied that this is an original work: \_\_\_\_\_

For more information: call 503-585-8789 or email: [bridgetma@aol.com](mailto:bridgetma@aol.com)

## Participating Schools

A special thank you to all the schools that participated in the creation of *Honoring Our River 2004* by submitting student entries to our contest. Your contribution was crucial to building this wonderful collection of literary works from throughout the Willamette River Basin.

Abiqua School, Salem  
Adams Elementary, Eugene  
Arbor School, Tualatin  
Ashbrook Independent School, Corvallis  
Candalaria Elementary, Salem  
Chapman Hill, Salem  
Corridor Elementary, Eugene  
Crow High School, Eugene  
Cummings Elementary, Keizer  
Edgewood Elementary, Eugene  
Englewood Elementary, Salem  
Estacada High School, Estacada  
Forest Ridge Elementary, Keizer  
Happy Valley Elementary, Happy Valley  
Hokkaido International School, Japan  
Home school, Brooklyn, NY  
Home school, Hillsboro  
Home school, Salem  
Inavale Elementary, Corvallis  
Jesuit High School, Portland  
Judson Middle School, Salem

Keizer Elementary, Keizer  
Leslie Middle School, Salem  
Lorne School, Eugene  
Marylhurst University, Marylhurst  
McKenzie Elementary, Finn Rock  
Monroe Middle School, Eugene  
Montessori Discovery Center, Salem  
Myrtle Crest School, Myrtle Point  
North Albany Middle School, Albany  
North Salem High School, Salem  
Oregon City High School, Oregon City  
Robert D. Clark Honors College, Eugene  
Roosevelt Middle School, Eugene  
Rowe Middle School, Milwaukie  
Shasta Middle School, Eugene  
St. Cecilia School, Beaverton  
Waluga Jr. High School, Lake Oswego  
Warren Elementary, Warren  
West Salem High School, Salem  
Woodburn High School, Woodburn  
Yichang Middle School, China



Each star on the map represents a city in Oregon that contributed to the 2004 anthology.



...winding snake, stretching for miles. It also  
...keeps fish from drying out. Everything is moving, Ricocheting off  
...ing with chores. So hurry, my river, become true. What would I do without this stream  
...adful dream about all these fish who'll end up on a dish. The salmon swim free, like feathers flying  
...and how hard it is for a salmon to get upstream? It's very hard. Splish splash trickle and kaplop is the  
...y river. The river sounds like birds in the woods. Little kids get the joy of running with their little legs and screa  
...ch joy that they fall down and laugh until they can laugh no more. The flowing river you run within me. The river  
...a rapidly winding snake, stretching for miles. It also calms people. We crown the earth with our structures and trash,  
...gs fish from drying out. Everything is moving, Ricocheting off the earth. The river is the oceans daughter, helping with  
...res. So hurry, my river, become true. What would I do without this stream? I wonder as I drift into a dream of a dream  
...ut all these fish who'll end up on a dish. The salmon swim free, like feathers flying in the wind. Do you know how  
...for a salmon to get upstream? It's very hard. Splish splash trickle and kaplop is the sound of a happy river. The  
...nds like birds in the woods. Little kids get the joy of running with their little legs and screaming with such joy  
...dou... until they ca... The flowing river... The river is...

Everything is moving, Ricocheting off the earth. The river is the oceans daughter  
...ome true. What would I do without fish who'll end up  
...thers flying in the wind. Do you know how  
...hard. Splish splash trickle and  
...get the joy of runn...