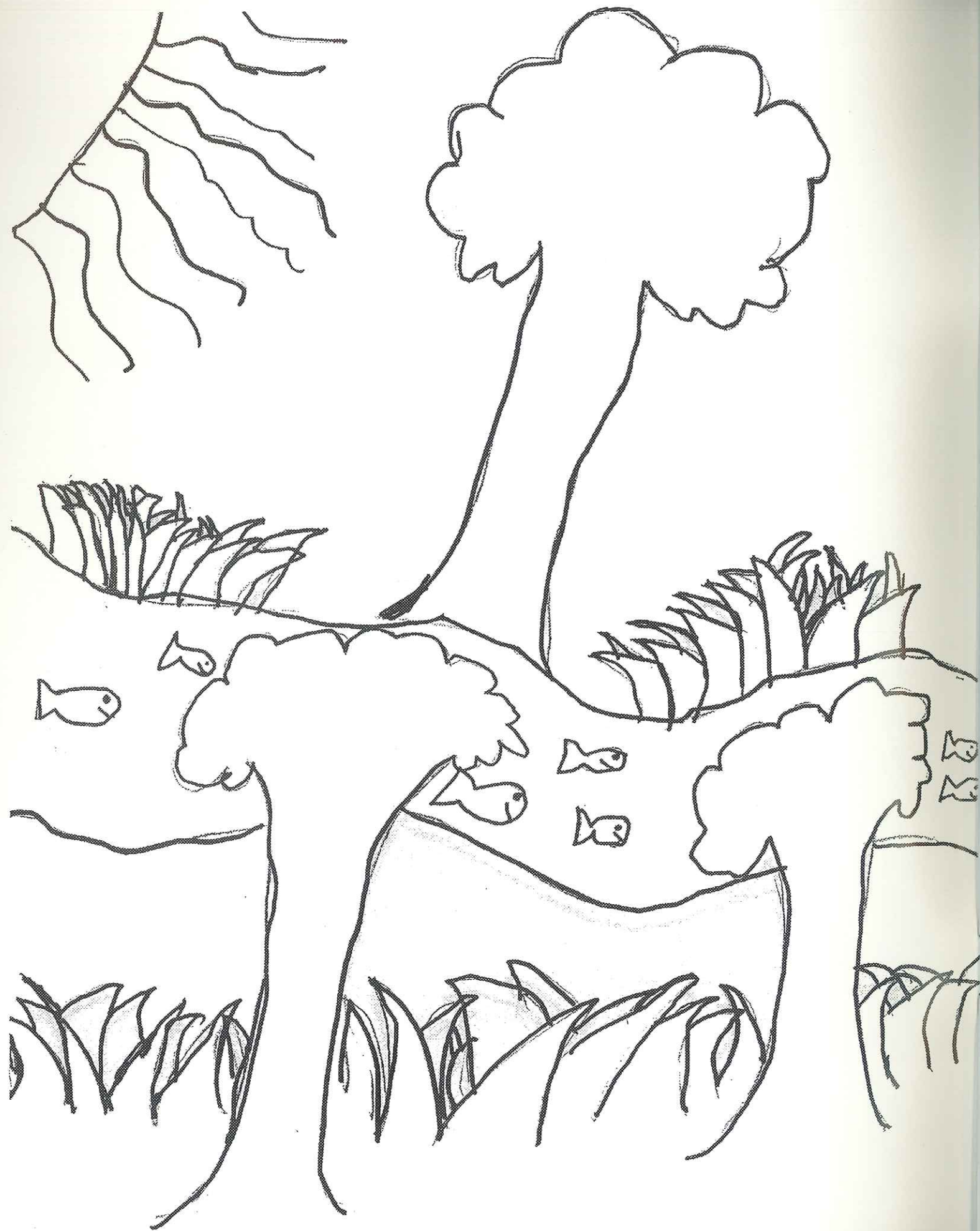


HONORING OUR RIVER:

2007

A STUDENT
ANTHOLOGY
COLLECTED FROM
THROUGHOUT THE
WILLAMETTE RIVER
WATERSHED

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



HONORING OUR RIVER:

A STUDENT ANTHOLOGY

2006

RIVERS

*James J. Lawrence, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary
(opposite page)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Honoring Our River: A Student Anthology began as an effort to stimulate awareness of an important but fragile resource, the Willamette River. 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. This project is designed to nurture respect and appreciation for the river system that connects all of us and provide a showcase for creative student writing that honors our river.

We would like to thank John Miller and Rachel Hart from Wildwood/Mahonia for producing the anthology and guiding the process. Our thanks also to Julie Schaum from EWEB for the beautiful cover design. Thank you, invited Oregon writer's: Charles Goodrich, Ellen Waterston, Clemens Starck and Henry Hughes for your literary contributions. You will inspire many young minds within these covers and all who read the pages in between. And thank you to all of the teachers who work, with dedication and determination, in their classrooms each day to educate young minds--expanding and encouraging their sometimes profound awareness--of the world we all share.

Participating Schools

ABIQUA SCHOOL: SALEM, OR
BRIDLEMILE ELEMENTARY: PORTLAND, OR
CASCADES ELEMENTARY: LEBANON, OR
CHAPMAN HILL ELEMENTARY: SALEM, OR
CHINA THREE GORGES UNIVERSITY: YICHANG, CHINA
CLEAR LAKE ELEMENTARY: EUGENE, OR
CORRIDOR ELEMENTARY: EUGENE, OR
FOREST RIDGE ELEMENTARY: KEIZER, OR
FRANKLIN SCHOOL: CORVALLIS, OR
HOKKAIDO INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL: SAPPORO, JAPAN
MARYLHURST UNIVERSITY: MARYLHURST, OR
MCKENZIE ELEMENTARY: FINN ROCK, OR
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MYERS ELEMENTARY: SALEM, OR
OAK HILLS ELEMENTARY: BEAVERTON, OR
OREGON CITY HIGH SCHOOL: OREGON CITY, OR
WARREN ELEMENTARY: WARREN, OR
YICHANG No.1 SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL: YICHANG, CHINA

OUR SPONSORS

Thank you, to the generous support of our sponsors: Portland General Electric, SOLV, The Willamette Partnership, The Eugene Water and Electric Board, and Wildwood/Mahonia. Without you, none of this would be possible. Thank you for supporting this project.



Portland General Electric

Looking at our river through the eyes of the young authors and artists represented in

this year's Honoring Our River anthology is both refreshing and inspiring. Their willingness to share their perspectives – and the excellent work they have created – have resulted in this valuable gift to our community. As members of the Willamette watershed community, and as part of our commitment to a sustainable Oregon, Portland General Electric is pleased to sponsor this collection of literary and visual arts. We sincerely encourage you to read it for yourself, then read it with a child.

Carol Dillin,
Vice President, Public Policy
Portland General Electric

Willamette Partnership

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 Partnership is very privileged to have helped frame this youthful stream of words for your viewing pleasure.

David Primozich, Executive Director
Willamette Partnership



The Eugene Water & Electric Board appreciates the value of the Willamette River watershed and the vital role it plays in providing our customers with water and electricity. The McKenzie River, a major tributary of the Willamette, is the sole source of clean, high-quality water for nearly 200,000 people served by EWEB, and the watershed provides reliable, low-cost hydroelectric power to our customers. For nearly 100 years, EWEB has recognized that the health of the Willamette River and its tributaries is vitally important to the economic and environmental success of our community. We're proud to support "Honoring Our River." It provides a great stage for students to explore and share our common connections with the watershed.

Randy Berggren, General Manager
Eugene Water & Electric Board

WILDWOOD MAHONIA

Wildwood/Mahonia is proud to be part of this wonderful publication. Our family of companies has a diverse range of activities: agriculture, urban planning and development, watershed restoration and international ventures, and all share a common commitment to sustainability. Our definition of profit includes benefits to people and the environment so we have a very active community service program that includes donating our time, dollars, materials and expertise to many community organizations and schools. 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



When People Get Together,
Things Get Done.

SOLV, A 36 YEAR OLD
STATEWIDE NONPROFIT
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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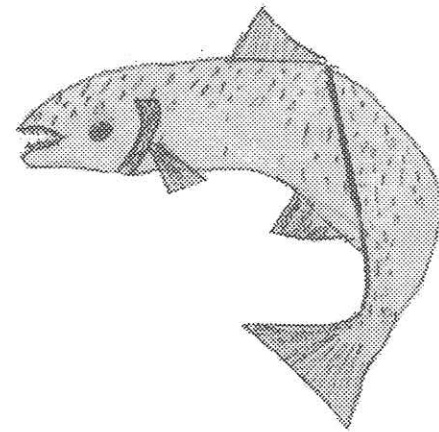
SPARKLING BLUE

*Megan Martin, Grade 4
Myers Elementary*

Sparkling blue
heavenly smelling
peaceful, lovely song,
Mist of the rainbow forming above the river.
In Oregon there are many rivers.
Oh! I can see many rivers.
I see the sparkling blue water going by.
I can smell the heavenly smell of a peaceful river.
I see the mist of a rainbow forming above the river.
I hear the lovely song of the river.
Whenever you come upon a river, remember
the sparkling blue
heavenly smelling,
peaceful, lovely song,
Mist of the rainbow forming above the river.

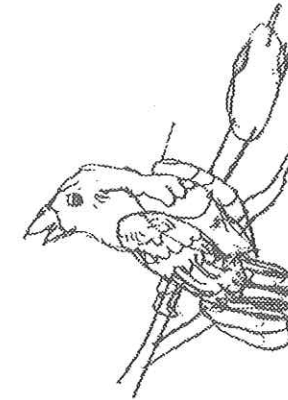
TROUT

*Marissa Meyer, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*



WREN

*Sarah Hays, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*



SHINY RIVER

*Aedynn Bradt, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

Wavy water running down the river,
sliding down a tall waterfall
Fish zigzagging over the shiny, blue river

MOODS OF WATER

*Cory Francis, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

The water has many moods.
Happy water is silent.
Angry water is powerful and
strong.
Sad water makes a shivery sound.
Excited water travels fast.
Water is powerful.
It has many moods.

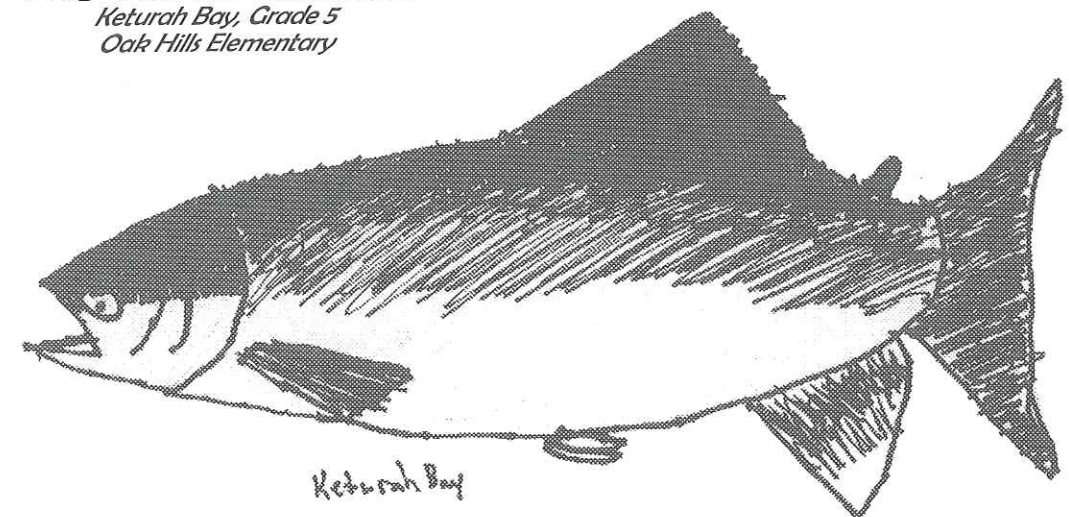


WATER FALL
*Lake Johnson, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary*

Honoring Our River, 2006-2007
7th Edition

THE SUPER SALMON

*Keturah Bay, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary*



Honoring Our River, 2006-2007
7th Edition

THE WILLAMETTE RIVER

David Magnello, Grade K
Montessori Discovery Center

Our river is really BIG!

The water is so HUGE, it almost goes up to the sidewalk!
The river should not have pollution because that is poison.

Fish swim in it and some people catch them.

The ducks swim, they lay eggs, and they hatch into little
ducklings, just like their mothers.

They want to be HEALTHY!

WE need a HEALTHY Willamette River!

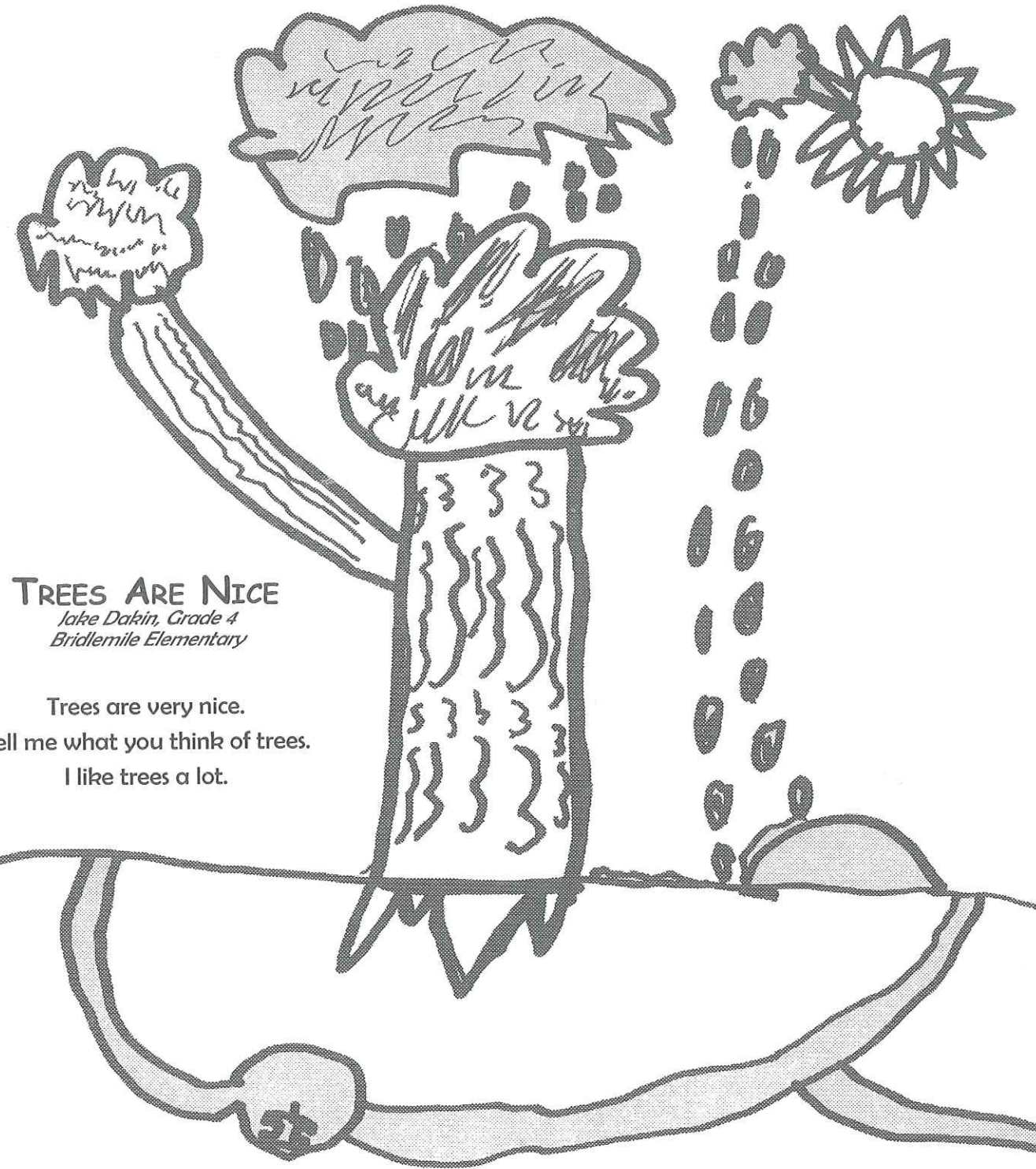
THE WATERSHED CREEK

Mikenna Spencer, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary

Water
And amazing sights
Trout
Entertaining
River
Salmon
Help the fish
Extraordinary
Daydreaming views



Honoring Our River, 2006-2007
7th Edition



TREES ARE NICE

Jake Dakin, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary

Trees are very nice.
Tell me what you think of trees.
I like trees a lot.

Honoring Our River, 2006-2007
7th Edition

RAIN

Raven Jewell, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary

I am rain. I bleed down from the gray
clouds.
When I touch you, you get spots on your
clothes.
I come most in April.
There is a saying that says,
April showers bring May flowers.
I am a friend to a lot of plants!



DOWN BY THE RIVER

Courtney Cheavthorn, Grade 4
Myers Elementary

Down by the river,
Lots of plants grow.
Daisies, grass, tulips,
I know because I've known.

Down by the river,
A lot of animals live: Don't forget fish and frogs!
Lots of people scuba dive.

Down by the river,
People have picnics.
They bring food to eat.
Have a nice time with your picnic!

Down by the river there is a big community:
Animals, plants, and even people.
It has reality.

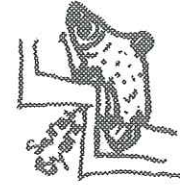
WHITE AND WET

Jesse Eaton, Grade 5
McKenzie Elementary

Mountain
Pointy, white
Snowing, melting, moving
Trees, animals, boating
Blue, cold
River

FISH LARDER

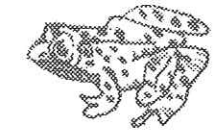
Sarah Byers, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary



HOW SALMON LIVE IN THE RIVER

Sarah Hays, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary

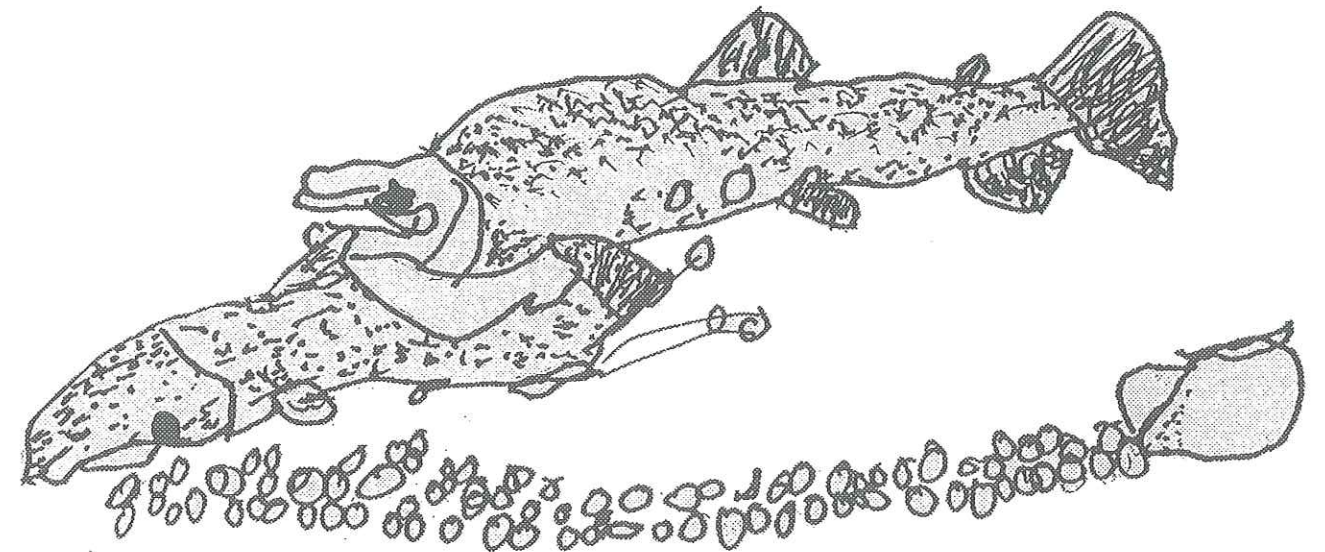
When salmon live in the river, cold and clear,
it makes sounds like, "rush rush" to the beat of the wind.
Then, later on they travel far into the ocean.
They return to the home stream,
Lay eggs of their own,
And say goodbye as they die.



Megan Rannow, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary

FISH IN WATER

Lauren Timmons, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary



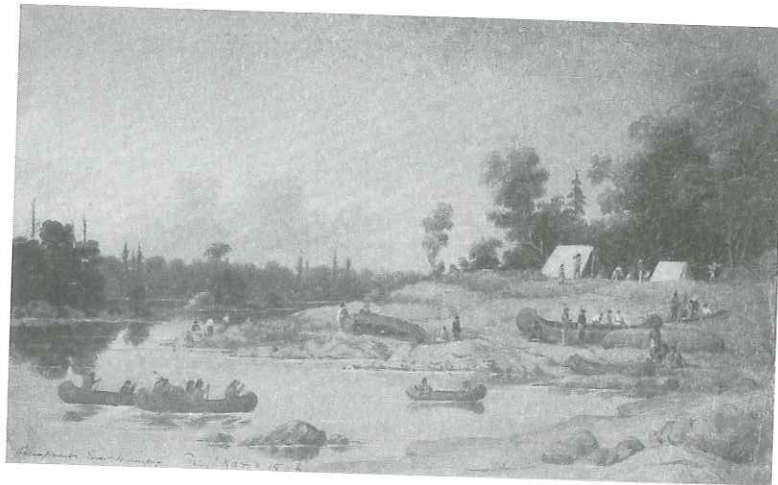
THE RIVER
Chase Johnson, Grade 3
Warren Elementary

As I look at the Columbia River I remember Lewis and Clark:
The sad moments. Some had died, some got injured.
Sacajawea felt disgraced for what the Americans had done.
The river led them here.



I LOVE THE RIVER
Karsyn Weiss, Grade 3
Warren Elementary

I love the river, so cool and blue, where natives
paddled their canoes.
Eagles soar and fly by in the big, blue sky.
I love the river, how about you?



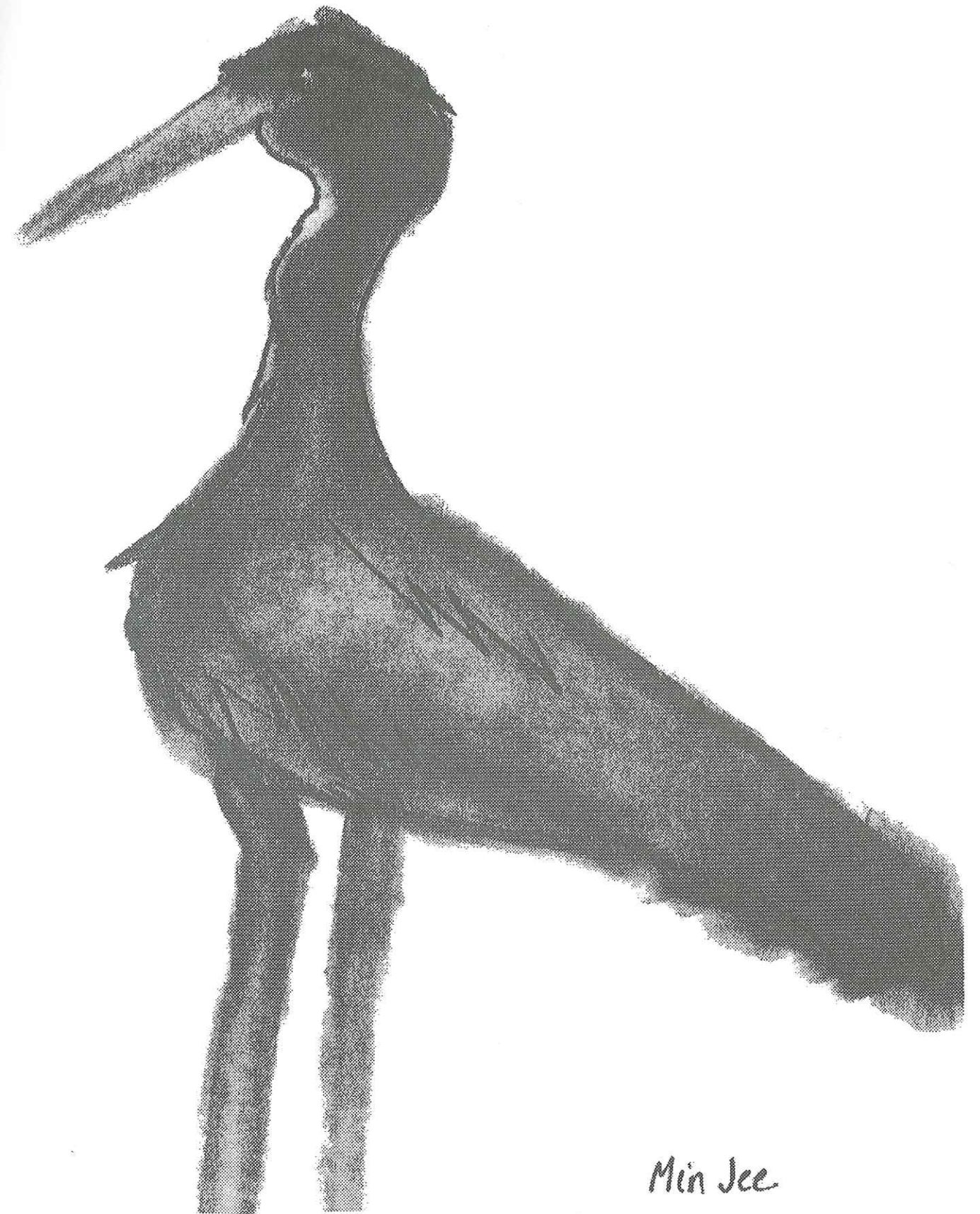
SEEING NATURE
Ryan Emery, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary

The mountains are so high that you can look over the lake.
You can see all the animals as the sun shines on the waterfalls.
The waterfalls are calm so that all the animals come
and sing a song.
The song they sing is about the stream.
The sky is clear blue and the clouds are shaped
like the animals in the river.
This is how you can see nature.

RIVER BIRDS
Maxwell Laine, Grade K
Montessori Discovery Center

Birds
Claws Wings
Flying Nesting Swimming
Birds love the river
Feathers!

THE GREAT BLUE HERON
Min Jee Choi, Grade 3
Clear Lake Elementary



Min Jee

Honoring Our River, 2006-2007
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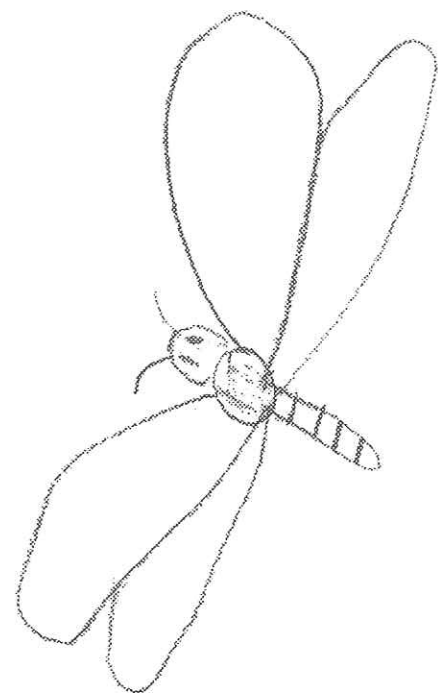
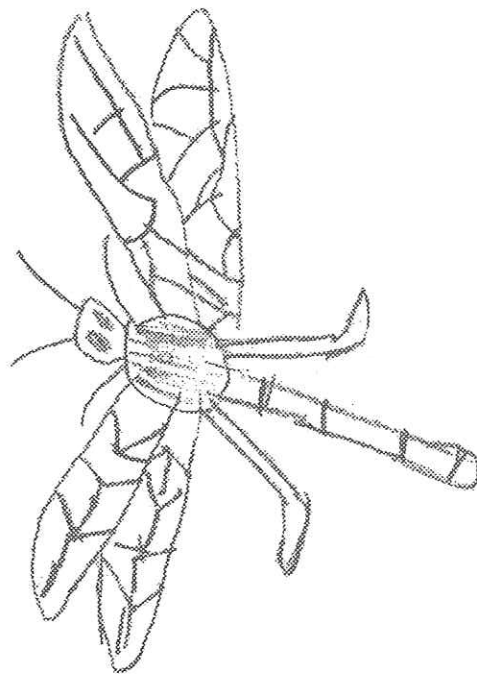
TAKING CARE OF THE RIVER

*Bridget Gann, Grade 3
Warren Elementary*

Do not pollute the river, take care of it.
Deposit every wrapper, every bottle cap,
and the river will be as clean as it was.

A clean river is blue and it smells good,
when you take care of the river,
the way that you should.

When you're rafting and kayaking remember this:
When you keep the river clean,
The salamanders and fish will be healthy!



DRAGONFLIES
*Marissa Meyer, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*

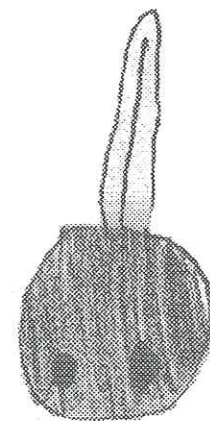
LOOK HOW I REACH THE SEA

*Neesa Khan, Grade 5
Hokkaido International School*

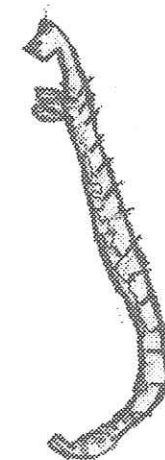
I come from the Rain
Then, I meet the Mountains
After many years
I turn into seeps

Finally, I start to flow
I start from the Mountains
Look! There is a rock,
a very big rock!
Then, I turn into a Waterfall
I come down with the Mountain's cry
Finally, I meet the ground

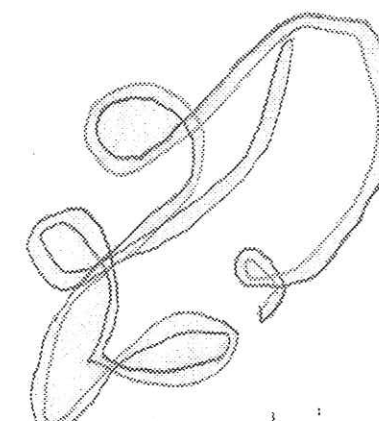
Now, I am a River
I flow and flow until I reach the Sea
Finally, I meet the Sea
I am very happy!



tadpole



midge Larva

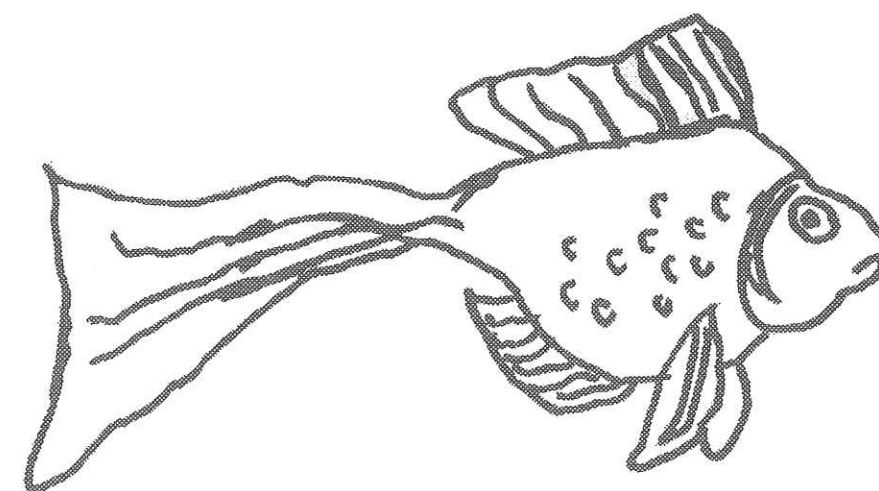


Horsehair
worm

WATERCRITTERS

*Andy Ray, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*

BORED FISH
*Ariana West, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*



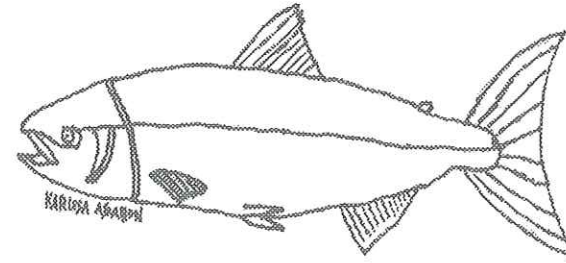


THE BEAUTIFUL SOUND OF THE RIVER
Shane Tarnoff, Grade 4
Hokkaido International School

I can hear the beautiful sound of the river.
 A butterfly and a bee and other bugs get together.
 I can hear the rushing sound of the river.
 Every time I pass the river, it makes me relax.
 I can hear the sound of the river crashing against the rocks.
 I want to take care of the river.

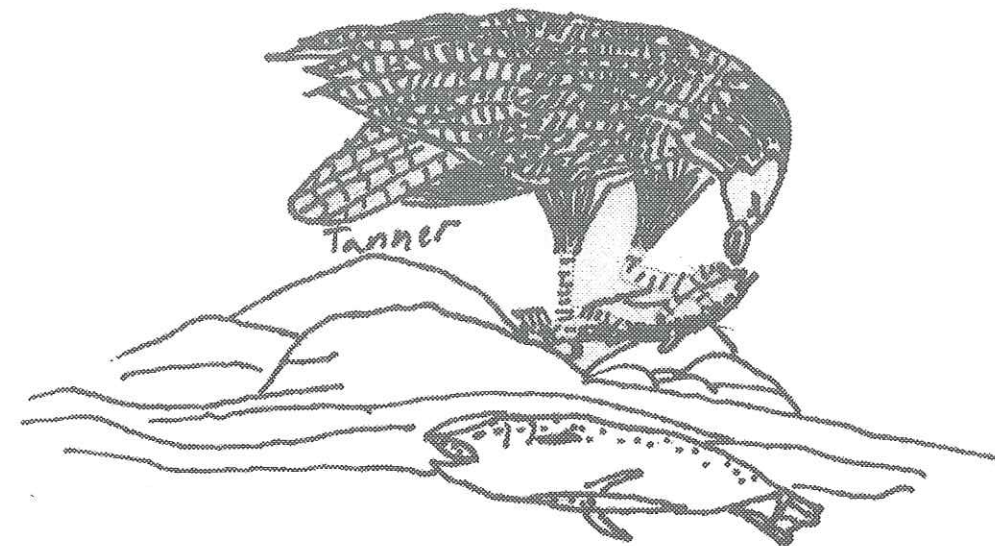
川のきれいな音
 僕はきれいな川の音が聞こえる。
 みんないろんな動物が集まってくる。
 僕は川がすきとうっている音が聞こえる。
 いつも川を見るたびに僕は川にいやされる。
 僕は川と石がぶつかっている音が聞こえる。
 僕は川をこれからも守りつつ けて行きたい。

FISH
Karison Agabon, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary



OSPREY
Justin Farnell, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary

An osprey tells a story about the Willamette River. The water is smooth and rough. The osprey is looking for fish, but all of the fish are hiding. The osprey glides over water looking for the hiding fish, but then it goes on a rock to rest. Then she sees a fish. She swoops down into the water and eats the fish for dinner. Then she must go home and feed her babies.



THE SOUND OF THE RIVER
Taylor Bennett, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary

The river is full of sound.
 Every river has sound.
 You can hear it calling the creatures to hear its song.
 Salmon are laying their eggs.
 If they were to talk, they would say,
 "Good-bye my little angels," before they die.

SALAMANDER
Eddy Casian, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary

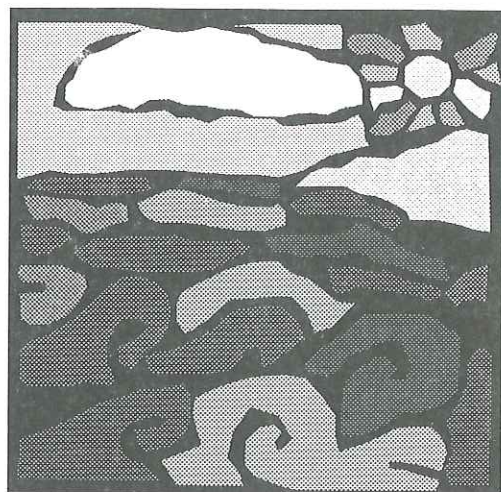
Salamander
 Slowly, looking
 Pretty tiger color
 Swimming, floating
 Salamander

EATING FISH
Tanner Young, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary

RAINBOW TROUT

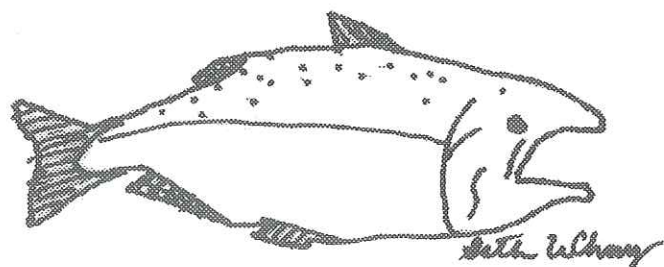
Emily Liang, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary

They are like rainbows,
Gliding through the clear water and dying slowly



CHINOOK/KING SALMON

Seth R. Whay, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary

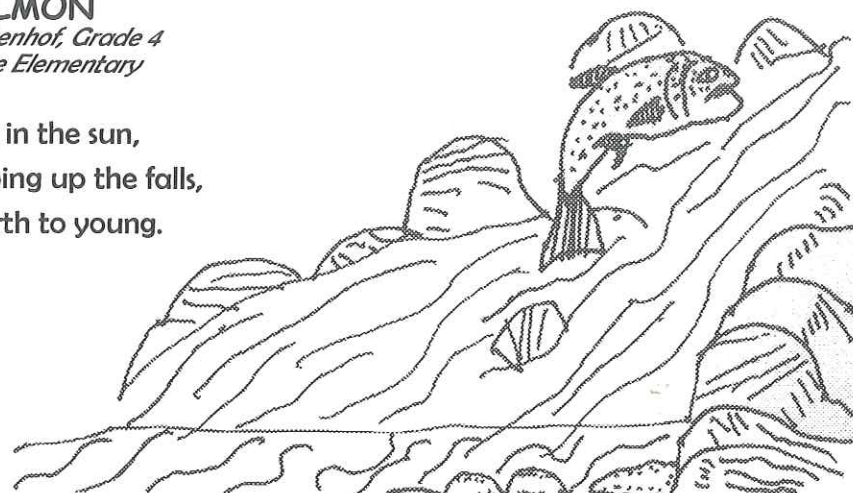


Chinook
Salmon

SALMON

Teddy Korten Hof, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary

Glowing in the sun,
Salmon jumping up the falls,
To give birth to young.



Matthew Bickford, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary

MAKE IT STAY CLEAN!

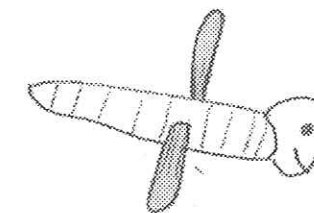
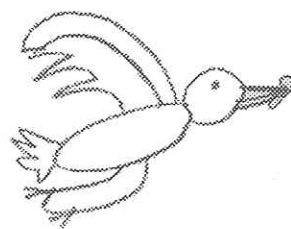
Noah Brown, Grade K
Montessori Discovery Center

The Willamette River is clean
Animals go there
People like to go there
Trees are there
There can be a rainbow there
Make it stay clean!

THE RIVER

Haley Kanske, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary

The river is quiet.
Whenever I see it, I think about fish:
The graceful salmon,
swimming through the water, and
wonder what it's like to be one.



THE WATER CYCLE

Trevor Inan, Grade 2
Corridor Elementary

CHINOOK SALMON

Laura Engle, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary

The Chuming Boiling Roaring River. Where salmon are born. They are tiny and vulnerable. The small fingerlings go to the ocean where they grow large. Then they return to the same Chuming Boiling Roaring River where salmon are born.

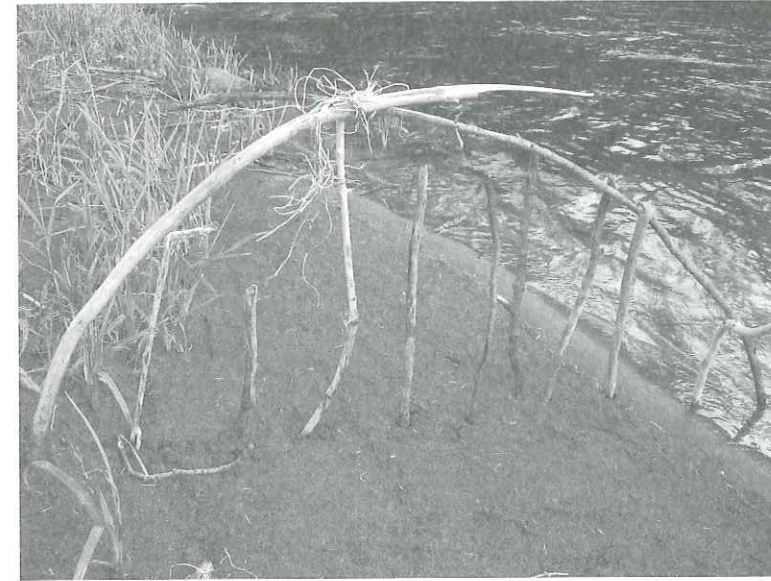
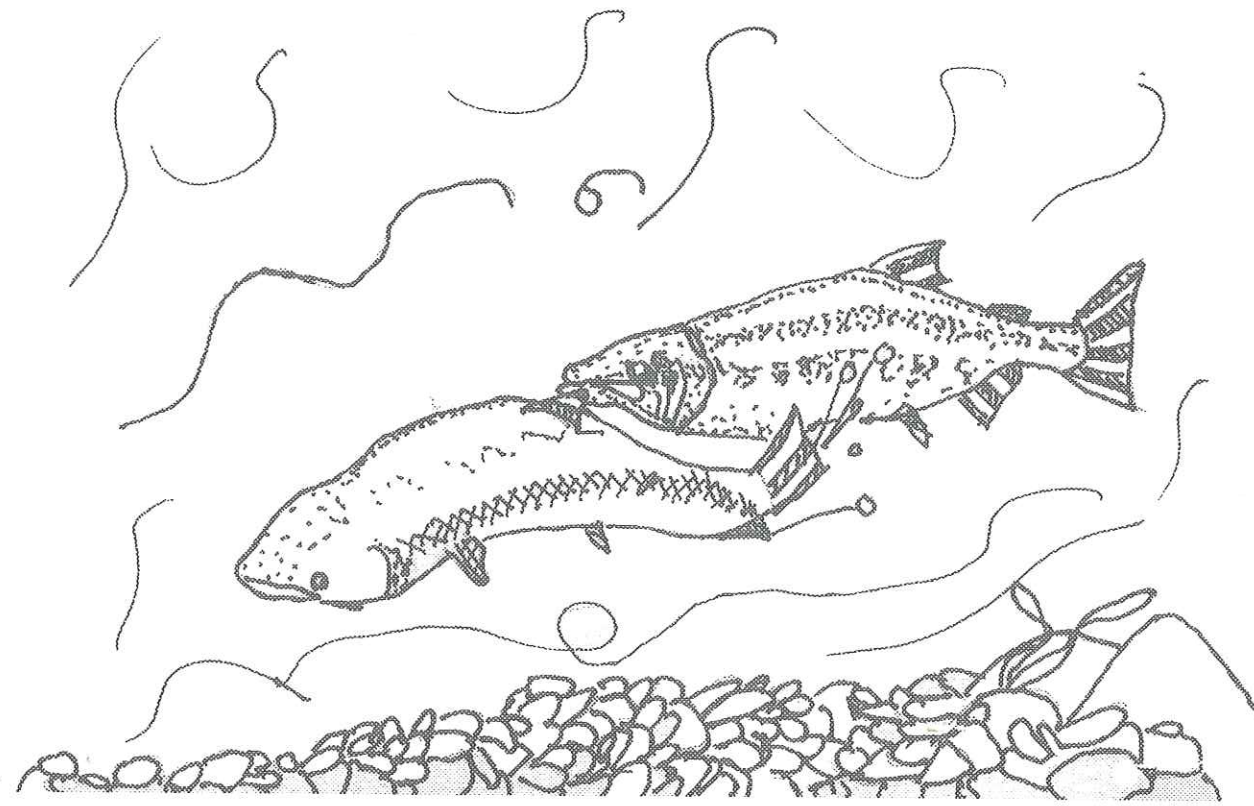


Photo by Rachel Hart

I LIKE PLAYING ON THE RIVER

Paul Ohling, Grade 3
Warren Elementary

Salmon fish eating bugs
On the shore crawling slugs
In the cold rushing water
Splashes the river otter
Cruising boats sailing by
Above the clouds the hawks fly
By the river another day
Is where I like to play

THE RIVER

Trevor Berg, Grade 3
Warren Elementary

It starts in the mountains
It flows to the sea
It flows to the river
It goes to me
It gives me fish
It gives me water
It is brain food
Water from the river makes me smarter
It keeps me healthy
That's why I love the river

WATER

Kala Bottineau, Grade 5
McKenzie Elementary

Water
Wet and wrinkly
Flowing in the stream to reach
The hard rocks in the water
Riffly

PLANTS

Garrett Feusner, Grade K
Montessori Discovery Center

Plants
Lavender Smooth
Closing Opening Drooping
I give them water
Growing

THE RIVER

Braden Palanuk, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary

Waterfalls are white
water is blue
I see you
in the deep blue

HEALTHY RIVER

Elizabeth Marks, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary



BEAVERS

Laura Shearer, Grade 3
Abiqua School

Beavers swimming quick but silent in the slow, calm river.
The sound of the river's water parting as the beaver swims along.
I hear some beavers mewling in their cozy lodge.
The beavers see lily roots and they start to swim toward them.
I hear crunching in the lodge as the beavers eat.
The beavers paddle toward the lodge and I see ripples in the water.

THE KIND RIVER

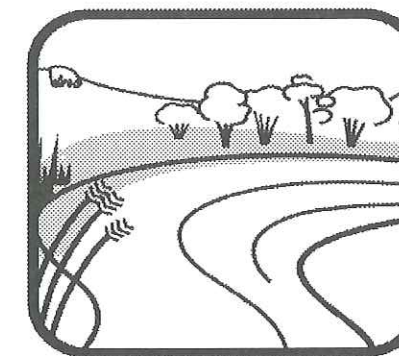
Gina Phipps, Grade 4
Forest Ridge Elementary

She is smooth,
calm,
and kind.
She will give anyone a home
if they ask.
She is as beautiful
as she is kind.
She will give you a home
if you be kind to
everyone
and everything
everywhere.

A RIVER IS A LOVELY SONG

Juliana N. Diatezua, Grade 4
Myers Elementary

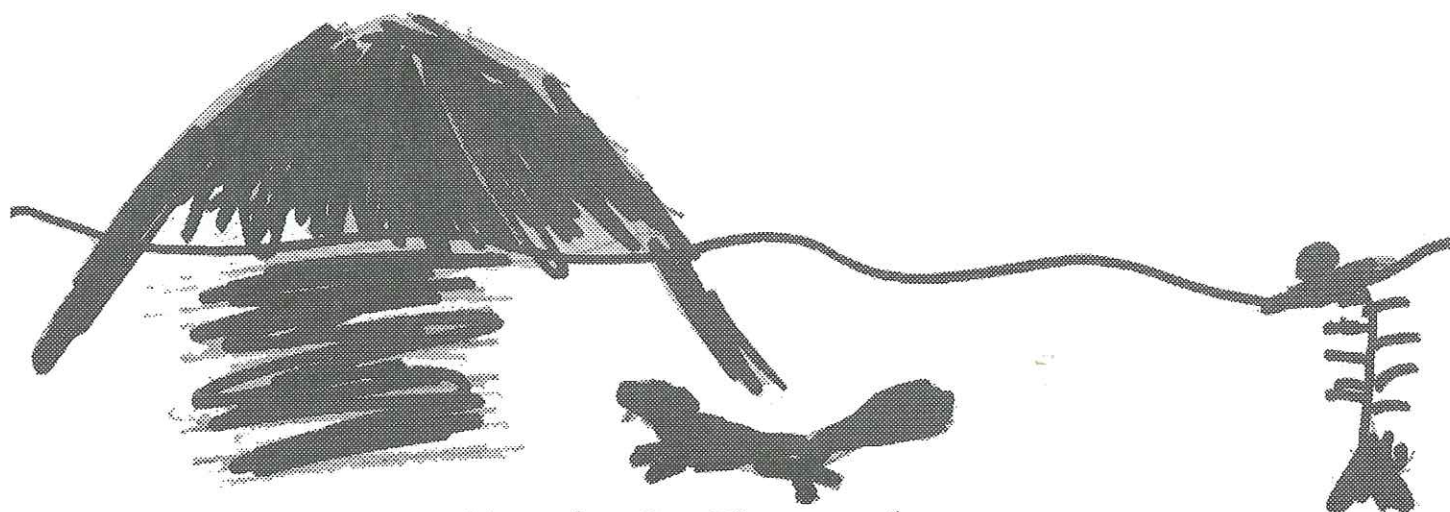
A river is a lovely song
The sun shining is a melody which wants to be heard
by any person watching, just like me.
Beautiful fish flipping and flopping are the wondrous, waving notes
wandering in our hearts
and the tipping tails of animals scratching on the rocks
are remembrances of what is now (more than ever)
and how life is a rock we must polish.
When I look back, all I can see is the sunset
closing down the symphony, for another day to come.



STREAMS

Trevor Russell Teller, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary

They are nice and blue with steelhead, salmon, and trees all
around and insects for frogs to eat. Ducks eat weeds, grass and
some eat insects. Beavers eat wood and build dams. Remember
to clean up your animal's poop and remember to recycle.
Remember to cut the plastic rings on the pop cans so the fish do
not get stuck in them and die.



CAMPING AT THE WILLAMETTE

*Cameron Anderson, Grade 4
Forest Ridge Elementary*

Me and my dad went camping by the river and
I woke up to the sound of a roar as loud as a bear but
it was the river.

In the morning I took a dip in the river and
it was as crisp as an apple,
cool as an ice cube and
as refreshing as water on a hot summer's day.

THE WILLAMETTE RIVER

*Wyatt Davis, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

Water moving cold and clean
Fish swimming upstream
Wavy trees blowing above the surface
Salmon jumping everywhere
This is the Willamette River.

DROP DRIP

*Jordan Candland, Grade 4
Forest Ridge Elementary*

drip, drip, drip, drip
the rain goes down

Down

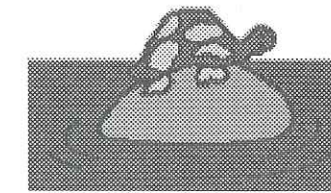
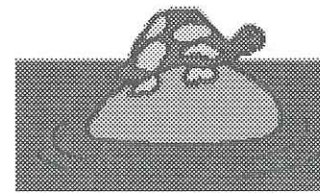
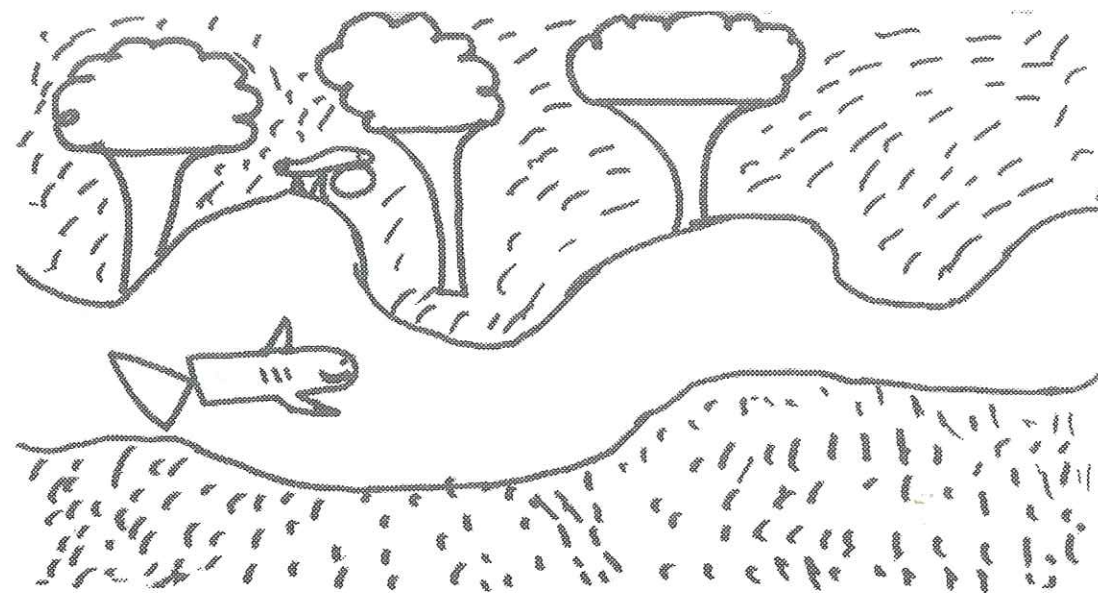
Down

Down

It flows into the river with fish and turtles.
Into the Willamette it is flowing,
drip, drip, drip, drip.

NATURE

*Wyatt Davis, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

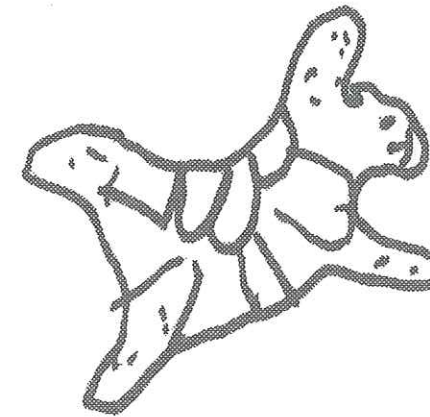


TURTLES

*Hannah Newby-Smith, Grade 3
Abiqua School*

Turtles live in rivers.
Turtles usually travel in groups
of about 500.
One of the turtle's predators is
a ferocious, nasty shark.
If a turtle happens to cross a
shark

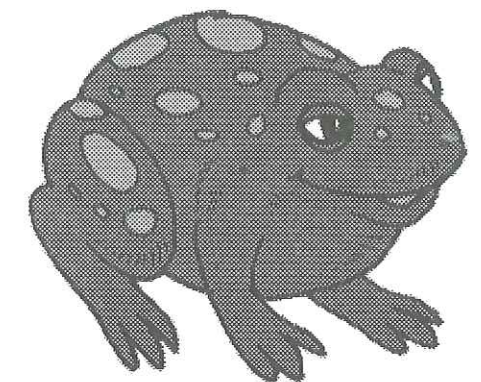
it would get gobbled up in a second!



WILLAMETTE RIVER

*Dylan Ryals, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

The Willamette River is blue.
The river is quiet.
The river is strong.
The river is a gathering place.
The river can sing.
The river can dance.
I'd like to see the Willamette River
like the animals see it.



NATURE AND ANIMALS

*Marisa Chen, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

PEACEFUL RIVER

*Eri Aihara, Grade 4
Hokkaido International School*

Fresh pure water
Splashing tumbling tinkling
It's a hot sunny sparkling day
today...
Let's go swimming!
To the
Crystal clear
River

きれいな川

しんせんできれいな水

ピシャ、パシャ、キラキラ

今日は暑いギラギラした晴れた日だ

泳ぎに行こう

クリスタルみたいに光る

川へ

相原衣里

PRINEVILLE RESERVOIR

*Savannah Brown, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

Morning

Prineville Reservoir is tired
Silvery fish swim way out deep
Soon children will be splashing around

Afternoon

Prineville Reservoir is baby blue
Children playing--swish swash--in the sand
There are lots of sounds everywhere

Nighttime

Prineville Reservoir is very silent
Lots of people are around the campfire
There is a yummy smell of toasted marshmallows

That is Prineville Reservoir

SILVER CREEK FALLS

*Mason Ross, Grade 5
Forest Ridge Elementary*

Rocks as still as stone
Water cruising like race cars
Birds chirping as loud as kids screaming
Trees swaying like a tune playing
Echos like we were in a cave
Leaves falling as slow as a slug
As many animals as fish in the ocean
As much dirt as a forest
A trail as long as my neighborhood

HUNTING IN THE RIVER

*Tess Langan, Grade 5
McKenzie Elementary*

Fast and silent
Small and clear
Big crayfish grab at small fish
They jump up and down
Very quick.

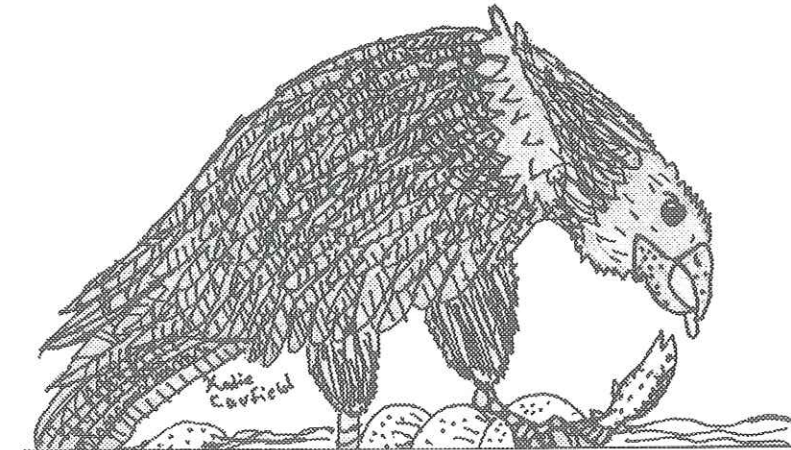
EAGLES

*Tyler Hankins, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

Eagles diving into the water
Fish squirming free
Both need the river

EAGLE ON THE WATER

*Katie Caufield, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary*



MOVIN' ON THE RIVER

*Reilly Mason, Grade 3
Warren Elementary*

The river moves quickly
The salmon move swiftly
The canoes glide through the water
The oars push it faster
The fish swim deeper
The sun shines down on the water

FOREVER RIVER

*Shiori Hishinuma, Grade 4
Hokkaido International School*

Crystal clear water
Frogs, salmon and trout live in the fresh river
Slippery coloured pebbles hide the eggs of these fish
New life is happening

Kids having fun
Throwing stones, swimming, and canoeing

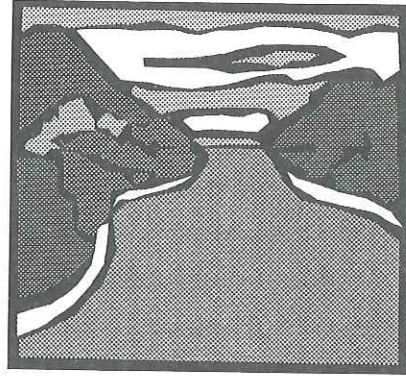
Thank you river for your enjoyment

Rivers are endless
Rivers are timeless
For everything to share

RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

*Bryson Westerlund, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

Blackbird
Red-Winged
Powerful, strong, glide
Protective nester
Blackbird



かわはいつまでも

クリスタルみたいにきれいなみず
かえる、さけ とます
しんせんなだわがだいすき

すべる、いろついた、こいし
かくれているさかなのたまご
あたらしいじんせいがはじまる

こどもたちがたのしんでる
いしなげて、およいで、カヌーをこぐ
たのしみをくれてありがとう

かわはおわらない
かわはじかんがない
すべてをくばってくれる

ひしぬましおり

RIVERS

*Dylan Trudeau, Grade 4
Abiqua School*

The graceful river flows
As the smolts go with it

As the river flows
Fast as lightning

It leaps like a tiger
It leaps on rocks

It reached its goal
Hurray!

EDDY

*Jocelyn Gudiel, Grade 5
McKenzie Elementary*

Eddy
Swirling smoothly
Flowing moving curling
Water, rocks, antlers, grass
Leaping trotting sprinting
Beautiful, Quiet
Deer

IN THE RIVER

*Katherine DeFord, Grade 4
Myers Elementary*

In the river, there are sparkling smooth stones

In the river there are flipping flapping fish

In the river there is surprisingly slimy seaweed

In the river there are puny precious pebbles

In the river there are really red rocks

In the river there is lovely laughing life

THE RIVER THAT FLOWS WITH ME

*Nick Rye, Grade 4
Forest Ridge Elementary*

The river I cannot see
The river that flows with me
I saw a star hanging over me
The river that goes into the ocean
It makes a breeze to the ocean

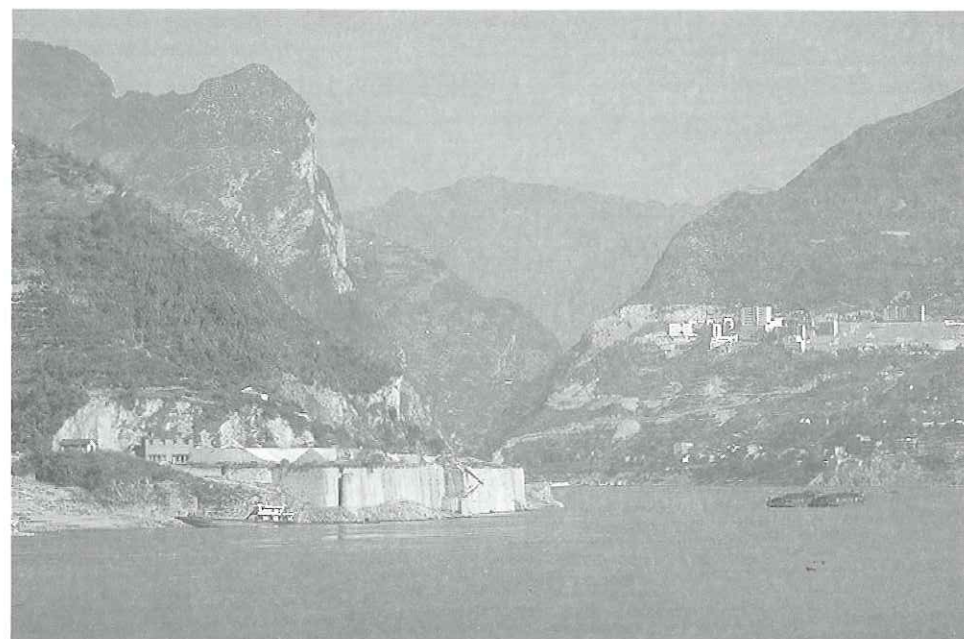
HONORING OUR RIVER, CHANGJIANG

Yuan Ye
Yichang No.1 Senior High School

When we say the river of Changjiang, we should realize that we are talking about a big system, which includes smaller rivers, plants, mountains and cities.

No matter the branches of Changjiang, it brings much fortune to Chengdu plain, Qingjiang, and brings water to those who need it. Huangpujiang, makes the most beautiful beach in our country. On Changjiang's way to the ocean, it brings much to us. That is why we call her Mother River.

However, many people have to move away as strangers because of the building of the Three Gorges Dam. They leave their home, but they will never forget the river that has helped them. They accept the move because they know the meaning of the dam to the whole country. That just shows the character, of understanding and helping, which they learn from honoring the river -- Changjiang



THE RIVER SONG

Rina Dishman, Grade 4
Hokkaido International School

The wild river . . . crystal clear

Each rapid . . . bashing, Crashing

Over the rocks . . . through the Ripples

I can hear the voice of the river

Flowing freely to the ocean . . . Hear the river's story

川の歌

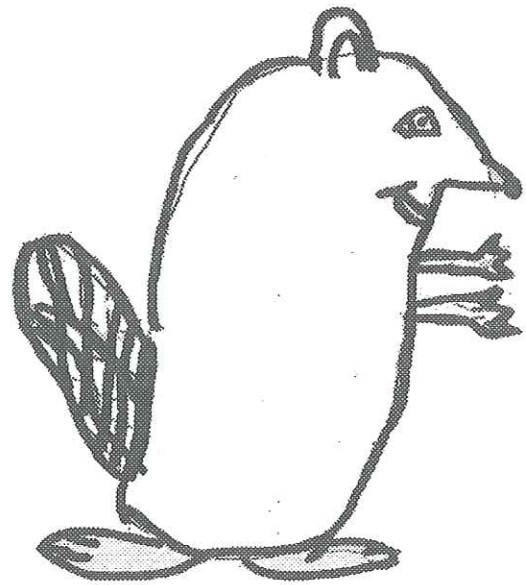
野生の川.....真珠の用な川

速い川.....パシャパシャピシャピシャ

石をこえ.....きゅりゅうもこえ、

激しく海へ引っ越す川、

川の歌を聴いてみて.....



Nicholas Bakke

BEAVER'S HABITAT

Mackenzie Reinwald, Grade 4
Abiqua School

- Mud packed with twigs
- Sticks for the roof
- Air vent on top
- Fresh air
- Beavers are clever
- Underwater entrance to lodge
- Make a barrier to make water still

BEAVERS AT HOME

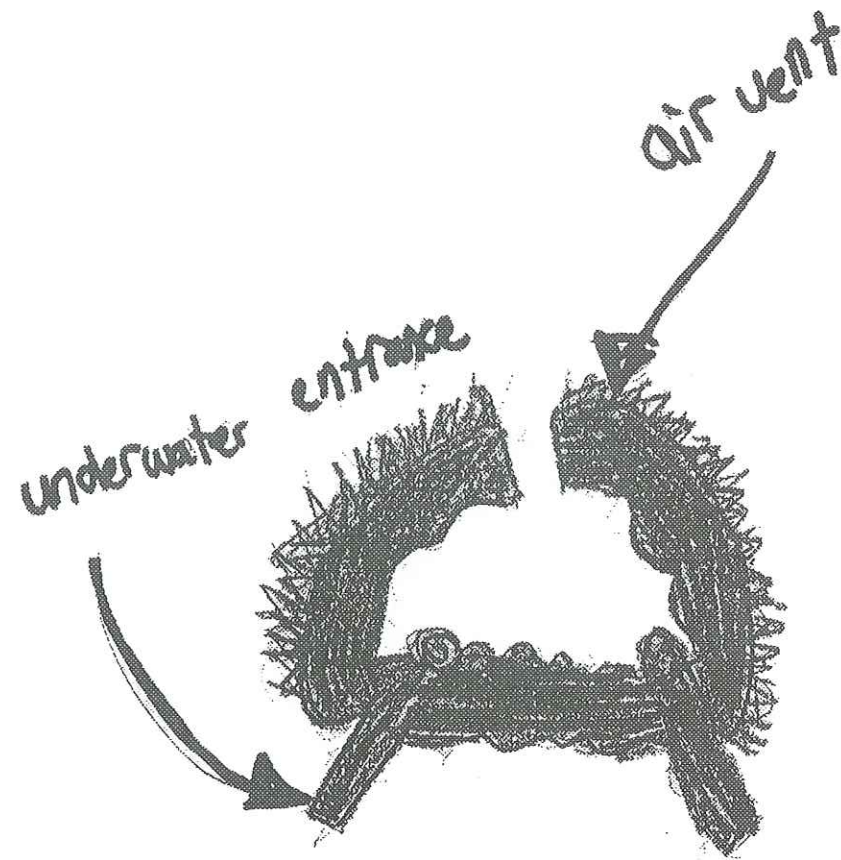
Nicholas Bakke, Grade 3
Abiqua School

Beavers live in rivers,
they find lots of trees
Beavers like rivers.
They are really deep.
They are really good to play and eat.
Beavers are cool.

They have to be careful of carnivores
or else...

If beavers see carnivores
they should go to a lodge,
or go underwater

Beavers are cool,
but they have to be careful
of carnivores.

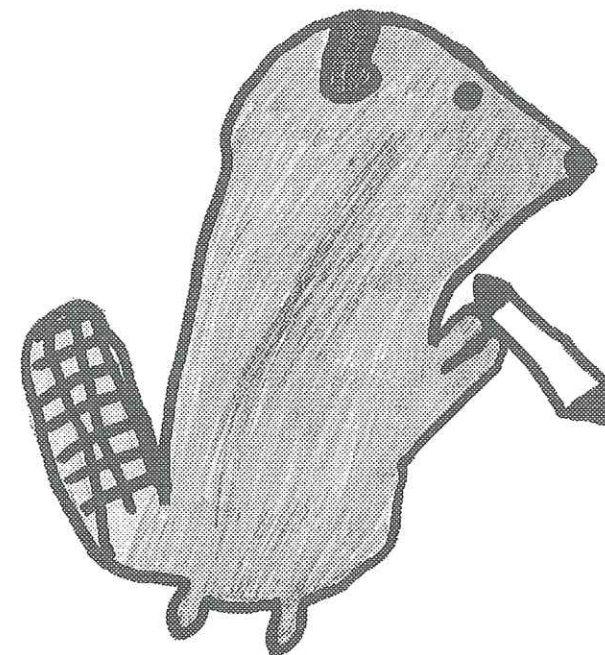


Mackenzie Reinwald

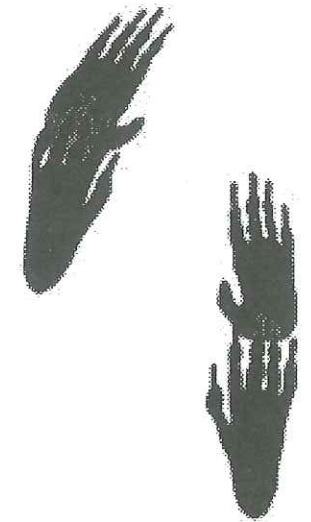
BEAVERS

Abby Hudson, Grade 3
Abiqua School

Beavers build their lodge nice and neat.
Facing up into the heat, no one watching
while the beavers build their lodge.
Beavers build lodges in the fog.
And sometimes in the summer heat,
beavers sleep nice and sweet.
Sometimes beavers are caught in trouble.
Sometimes beavers are on the double.



Abby Hudson



BEAVERS

Hunter Johnson, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary

Beavers
Beavers making dams all around
Beavers are making smacking sounds
Beavers swimming in the river
Beavers are looking for trees
for building and for dinner
Beavers

RIVERS

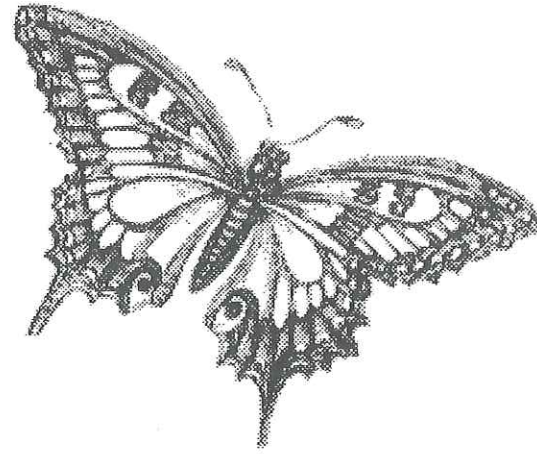
Carter Norman, Grade 4
Abiqua School

Logs in a river
Racing downstream
Bumping and crashing
Beavers made a dam out of it
A flood is coming
The dam broke

THE RIVER

Marissa McElhaneey, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary

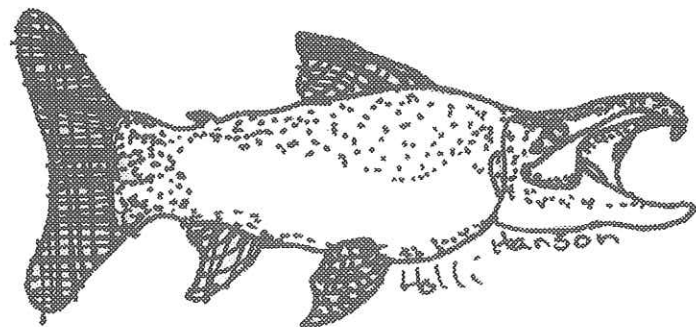
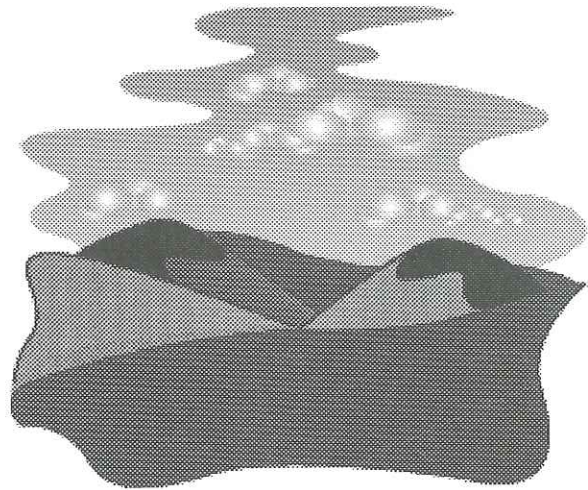
The river is a beautiful thing.
It has lots of different things,
like fish, tadpoles, rocks and other things.
Whenever I look at a river I feel like
Swaying water and swimming creatures in the river.
Almost whenever I touch the swaying river water
I imagine a crew of fish in the water.
Rivers are beautiful.



BUTTERFLY LOVE

Mikayla Wiltse, Grade 2
Chapman Hill

I would love to go and see the butterflies,
Hear a beautiful sound;
butterflies flapping their wings.
Smelling the beautiful butterflies;
sucking the pollen.
Feeling the nice sunny breeze;
going around over and over.
What a life!

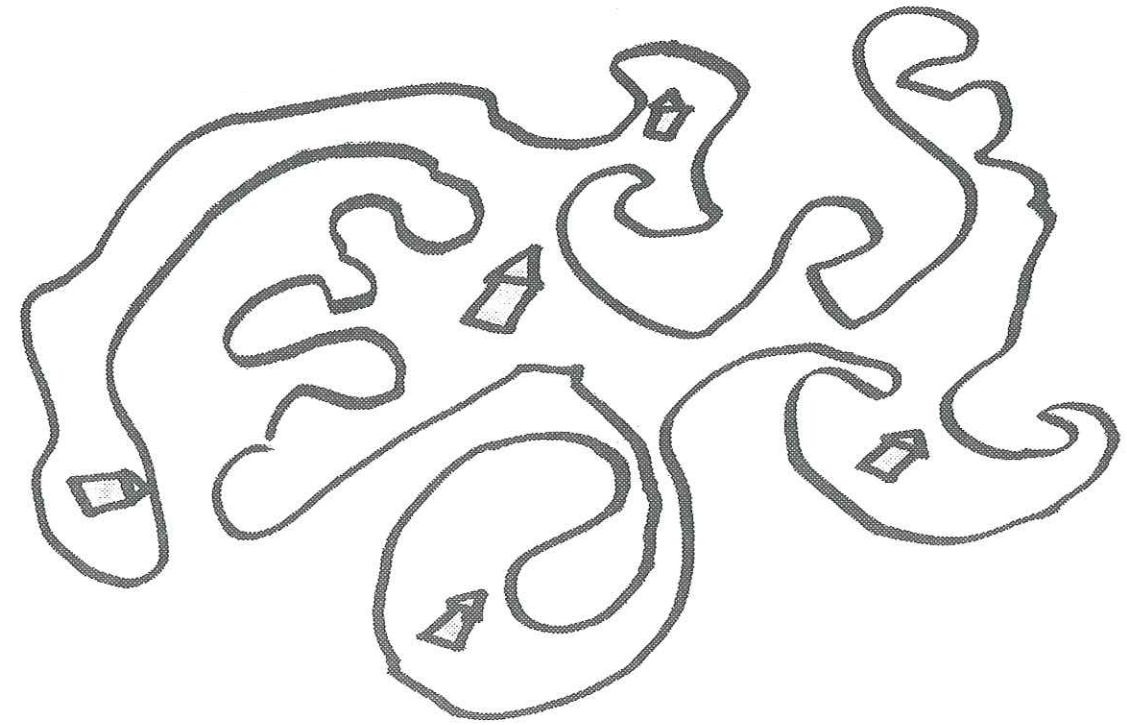


Hollie Hansen, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary

Honoring Our River, 2006-2007
7th Edition

WATERSHED

Haden Gobel, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary



FLOWING

Sydney King, Grade 5
McKenzie Elementary

Flowing is the river that will carry many into the deep depths of the sea for good.

RIVERS

James J. Lawrence, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary

Rivers
Should be clean
Everywhere
All the time
People shouldn't pollute rivers

A DAY AT THE DUNES

David Krupsky, Grade 3
Warren Elementary

A day at the dunes
So hot and so sweet
It's where all the little fish meet
As a big, big boat glides by in the water
The day just gets hotter and hotter
As the children run and play
People say, "goodbye" and "goodday"
A day at the dunes

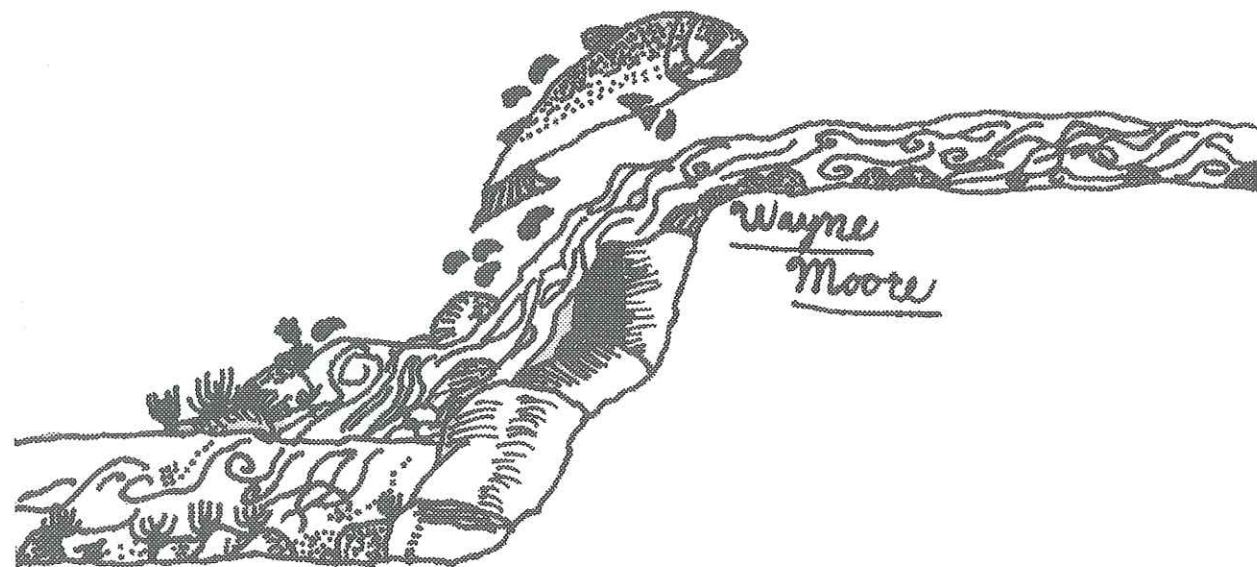
Honoring Our River, 2006-2007
7th Edition

THE RIVER
Janson Guevara, Grade 3
Abiqua School

As long as 46 miles: Its current will pull anything, with extra strength, that isn't strongly tied to the shore. The water falls, from high and low falls with strong rapids, ready to take anything down with the crashing.

There are many dams, but the river leaps over all of them, leaving them dry. Sweet, round blackberries fall from the spikey, overhanging branches. The rough current estuary turns to crashing blue ocean, filled with salty smells.

Wayne Moore, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary



FLYING SALMON
Sammy Balmer, Grade 4
Forest Ridge Elementary

Fast as darts
 What a sight
 Silent as wind on a clear night
 Jumping as torpedoes
 "Salmon, salmon, salmon," says the wind.

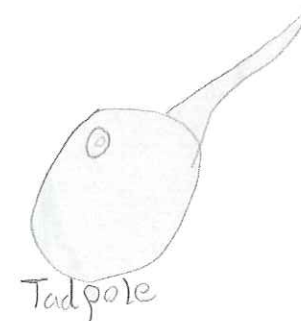
RIVER
Henry Booth, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary

WATERBUGS
Schaefer Jones, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary

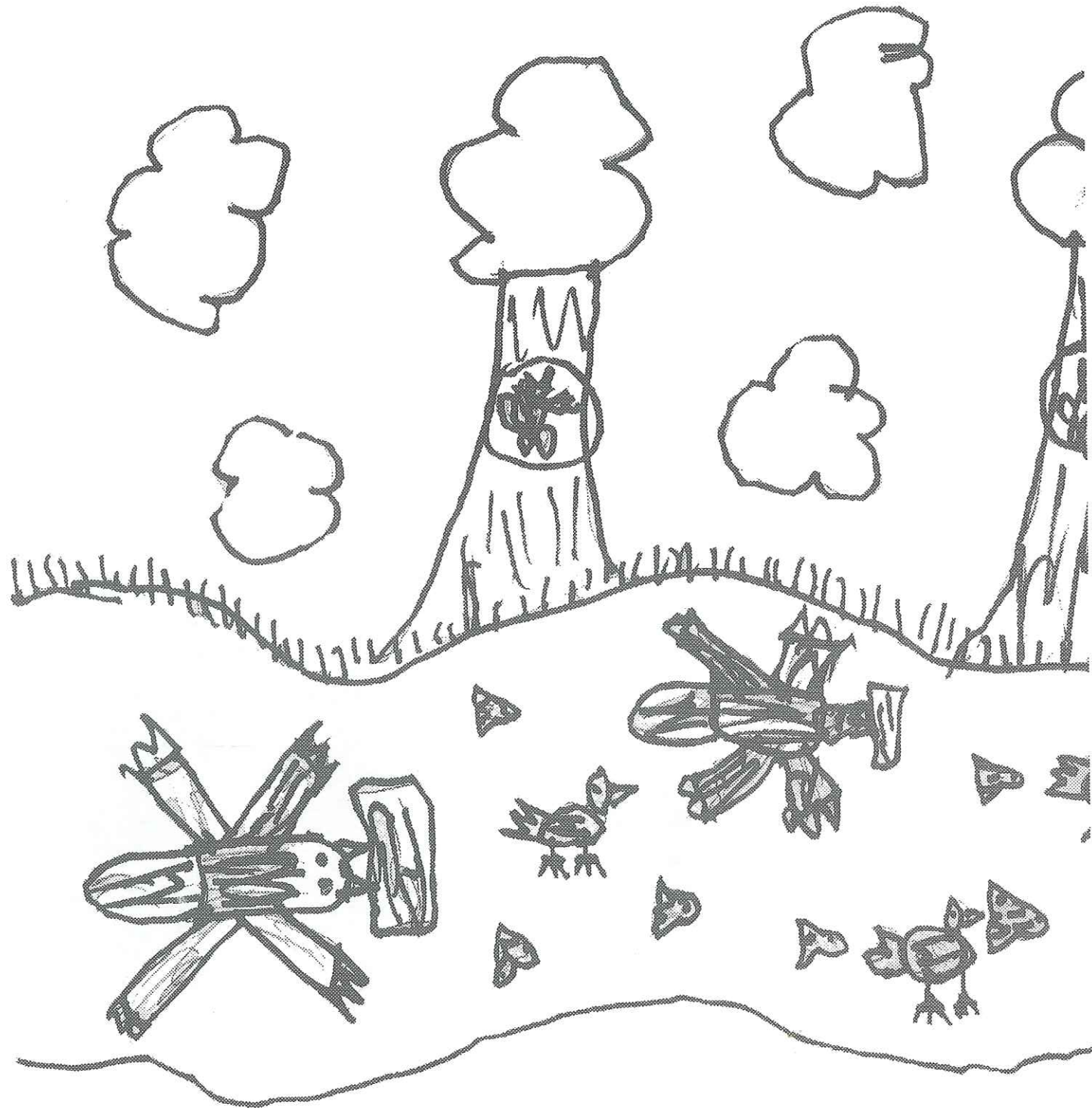
Rapids lurking where you least expect it
 Intriguing the mind
 Vehement, is what it is
 Entrancing to the eyes
 Rivulet is the antonym of it

THE RIVER
Molly Balmer, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary

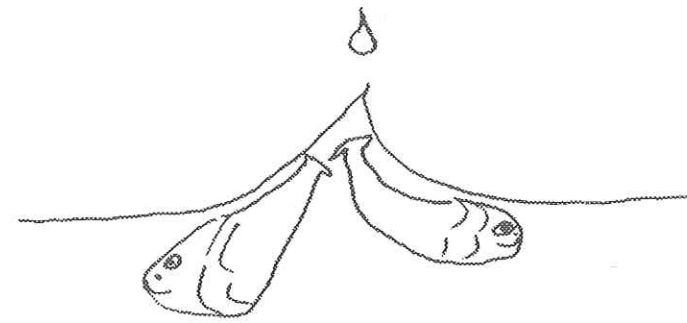
When I see the river
 I think about shade trees
 And soft sounding water
 And wonder what it's like
 To be a fish.



STREAMS
Trevor Russell Teller, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary



TWO FISH
Ariana West, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary



METOLIUS RIVER
Leannette Carpenter-Levin
Marylhurst University

As I walk down by the riverbed
so many thoughts run through my head.
Why am I feeling so down?
Looking around, I hear a soft sound,
as if someone was saying,
"Quick!" "Look down!"
There it was bright as day
a little fry swimming away, going
downstream
in water so clear.
I hope he lives to see the day when his
offspring
swim away.
As I continue downstream,
my daughter blows me a kiss across
the river.
I think to myself, I love her!

CALM WATERS

*Mrs. Phelan's Kindergarten Class,
Abiqua School*

The river is blue-ish white,
or it can be green.
I listen to the sounds of the waters.

calm waters

Swimming
I go to the big island,
where the salamanders live.

calm waters

I can hear frogs croaking
in the blue-ish blue pond.
Tadpoles live in muddy ponds too.

calm waters

I can make sandcastles covered with shells.
I see seals and rocks.
I snorkel on bumpy waters.

calm waters

I play with my sister.
I listen to the dripping water.
The blackberries sure taste good.

calm waters

Reflections are something you see on the water,
but it is really on the land.
Please don't pollute

the calm waters

BRIGHT RIVER

*Tatsuki Ikeda, Grade 3
Hokkaido International School*

The river is beautiful
The sound makes us feel good
Our rivers cool us down too
But that river is losing its brightness
And other rivers are too
So we have to work to fix their
brightness
Let's try and make our river clean.
Let's try to make it!!

THE RIVER IS NOT

QUITE LIKE ME

*C.I. Erion, Grade 4
Forest Ridge Elementary*

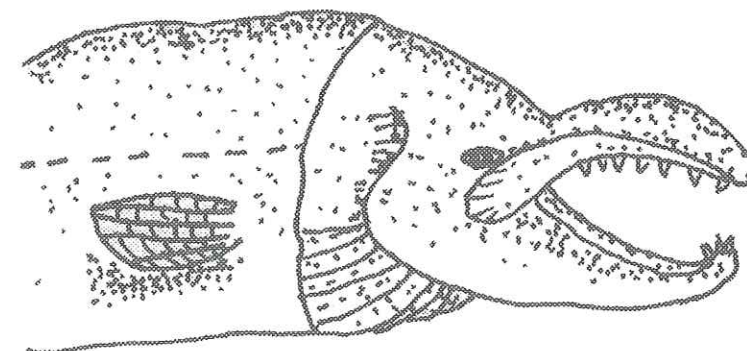
The river is so wavy
But not as wavy as the sea.
The river has lots of fish, luckily
not me
It's fun catching fish and letting
them go
And if you can't do that then
Just watch the river flow

A RIVER IS A LOVELY SONG

*Katherine DeFord, Grade 4
Myers Elementary*

A river is a lovely song that I can hear every day.
A frog croak is music that calms me every hour.
The sun is a melody that wants to be heard by anybody in sight.
Birds beating wings on the fierce rushing wind is a tune to which I love to listen.
The rushing of the sparkling clear blue river is a slow calm tempo passing by me without a sound.
Myself writing a poem is the sound of music for nature.

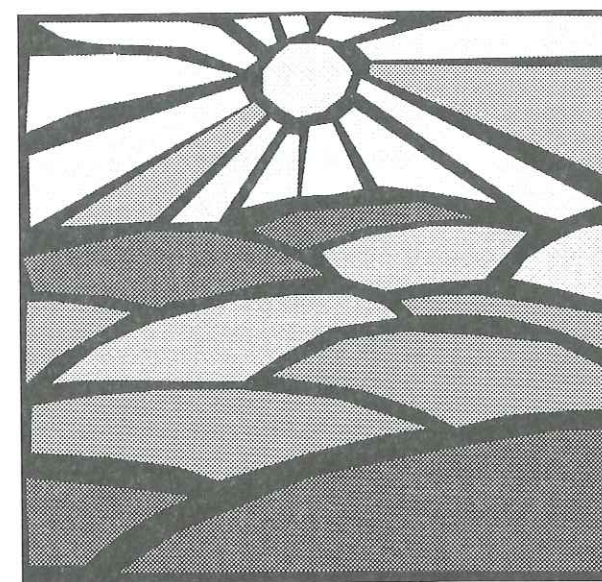
SALMON
*Julie Peters, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary*



Julie Peters

A DOG'S VIEW OF A FLOOD

*Matthew Russell, Grade 5
McKenzie Elementary*

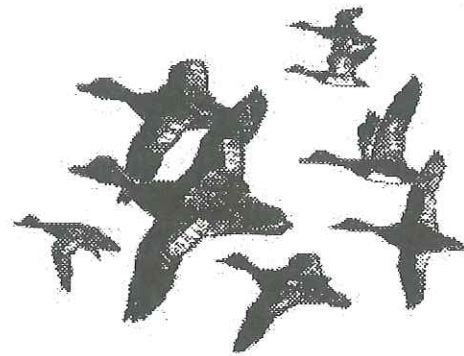


"Hey, the water is going too fast and if I jump in, I might die!" said the panicked dog.
"Uh oh, that does it, there goes my favorite sand hill!"
"Hmm," ponders the dog.
"What if I scratch it and bite it, would it stop?"
Suddenly the dog falls into the water and swims into an eddy.
Scared, but safe the dog arrives at a new stream.
Puzzled, he barks.
"I think I will run away from here and never come back!"
"Ruff! Ruff!"

WHISPERING FALLS

*Ben Biondi, Grade 5
Forest Ridge Elementary*

I see fish in the water,
they look like silver streaks of moonlight jumping from rapid to rapid.
I see ants,
they look like soldiers marching to defeat their enemy.
I see birds,
they look like arrows darting across the sky.
I hear fish splashing in the water.
I hear birds,
they sound like they're singing a happy song.
I hear the water,
it sounds like horses running.
I hear people yelling because they caught a fish
and I feel happy to be here.



APPEALING RIVER

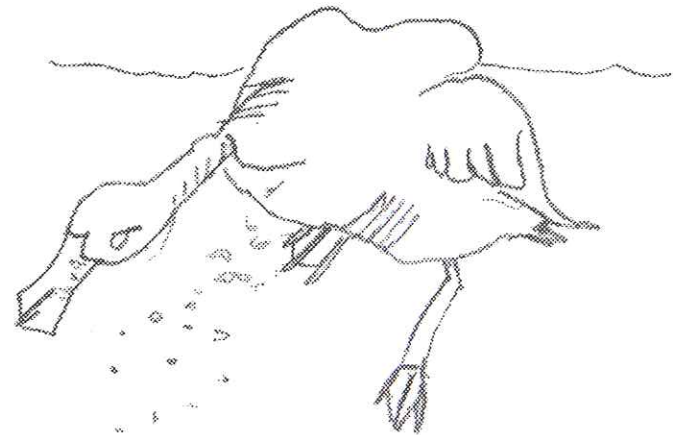
*Nana Tabata, Grade 3
Hokkaido International School*

The river is clean
Like a beautiful mirror
It is so shining

DUCK

*Bonnie Kerr, Grade 4
Forest Ridge Elementary*

I once saw a duck
So colorful,
He floats down the river very
gracefully.
Down the river he goes
Oh so happily,
He is so quiet, almost like a ghost.



*Emma Leinenback, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*

DUNGENESS CRAB

*Madelyn Sullivan, Grade 2
Corridor Elementary*

They live in the cold salt water
of the Pacific Ocean.
They feed on the ocean floor.
My dad and I love to eat them
at grandma & grandpa's house
in Florence.

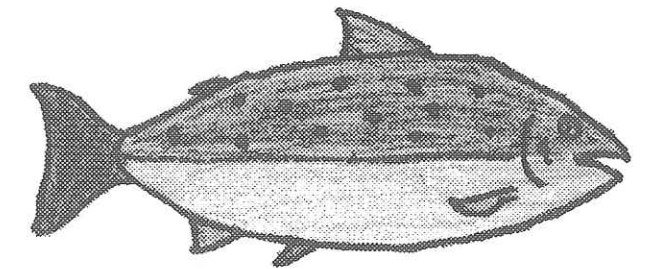
DOWN BY THE RIVER

*Katherine DeFord, Grade 4
Myers Elementary*

Down by the river
bears catch fish
Down by the river
the bear cubs play
Down by the river
the small deer graze
Down by the river
frogs leap there
Down by the river
all the butterflies fly
Down by the river
I sit on a stone
Down by the river
I watch these amazing things
Down by the river
it all has a name
Down by the river
there is life

FISHY WISHY

*Merritt A. Rosen, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary*



RIVER O RIVER

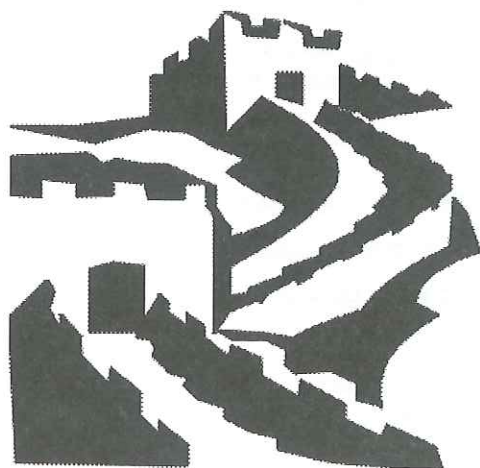
*Christian Patrick Murphy, Grade 3
Warren Elementary*

River o river your water is cold.
River o river your fish are so bold.
River o river you put a smile on my face.
River o river you are a very happy place.
River o river things come and go from you.
Just like a fly, a fish, and a canoe.

THE RAIN

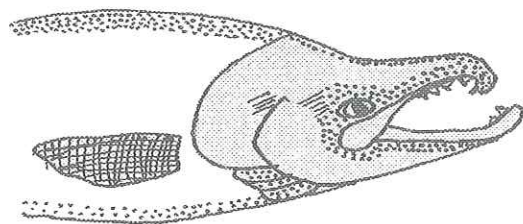
Molly Gillespie, Grade 2
Corridor Elementary

Plip Plop
Plip Plop
Listen to the rain
Plip Plop
Plip Plop
The rain brings new flowers
Plip Plop
Plip Plop
The rain makes big and little
puddles
Plip Plop
Plip Plop
Listen to the rain



FISH HEAD

Erika Farias, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary



RIVERS

Kaylen Murphy, Grade 2
Cascades Elementary

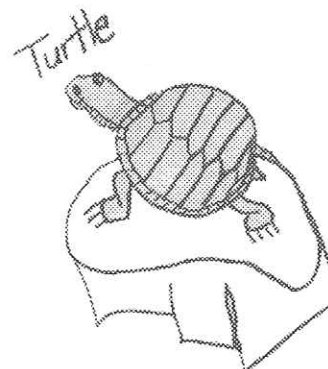
Rivers are usually greenish bluish and the animals there are harmless and it is very peaceful, calming and quiet. When I go to a river my family is camping or swimming; maybe even a picnic. People should put garbage cans almost everywhere so when people are done having a picnic they can throw it away. In that case it will stay clean. They should also put up signs that say "No Smoking".

THE CHANGJIANG RIVER

Chen Jia
Yichang No.1 Senior High School

You can see the color of Changjiang river goes from green to yellow. It indicates that water pollution is very serious. There is even white frock on the water near the paper-making factory because of foul water. This foul water brings out large numbers of dying fish. We should do our best to improve the environment, to protect our Mother River.

TURTLE
Megan Hope Rannow, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary



TURTLES

McKenzie Elizabeth Ray, Grade 4
Forest Ridge Elementary

Turtles are so graceful in the water.
They attack fish to eat,
it's their food.
But it's still a part of life.

RIVER

Emily Jaffe, Grade 3
Abiqua School

Amazing river
Rushing along
Over rocks, under trees
Clean, in the amazing river
River
Blue, green, clear
Every color
Shimmering, glistening, silver



Emily Jaffe, Grade 3
Abiqua School

DETROIT LAKE

Andrew Sevy, Grade 9
Oregon City High School

Detroit Lake
Smooth waters and massive size
Fishing and wake boarding

Camped at "Lake Front"
We caught fish and wakes
We could see Piety Knob
Watching people go by
Walking their dogs

My sister and I rode our bikes
Mom told us to stay away from the store
She knew we would spend money
So we went to explore

From A-loop
to the Z-loop
Zooming past campsites
Where people were roasting hot dogs and
marshmallows, over a roaring campfire.

GRUMPY RIVER

Zen Sugino, Grade 4
Hokkaido International School

Garbage smells

Runs wickedly

Unhappy

too **M**uch garbage

People pollute

Yucky!

Reality Time...

I need to do something!

getting **V**ery beautiful

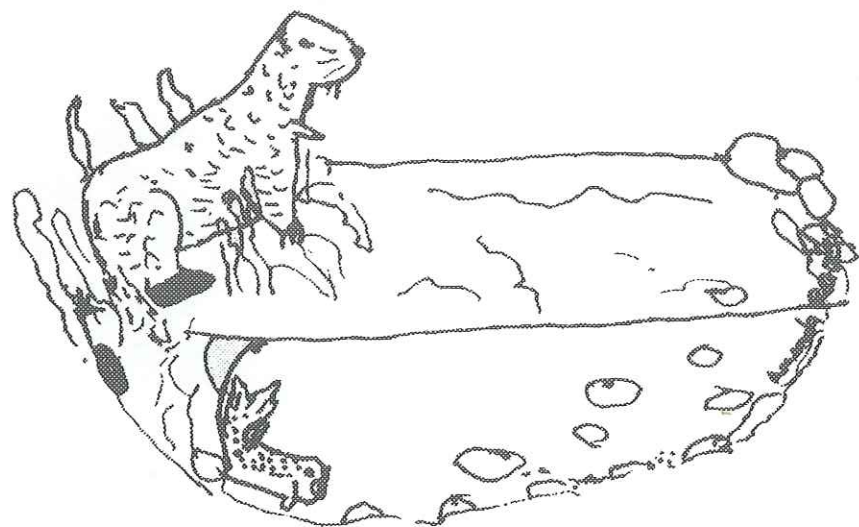
Everyone helping

now the **R**iver is clean

it is **S**o beautiful!

OTTER AND A SALMON

Amanda Rosey, Grade 5
Oak Hills Elementary



Honoring Our River, 2006-2007
7th Edition

SALMON'S LIFE ON THE RUN

Dolly Zhen, Grade 5
Forest Ridge Elementary

Nice good anchovies
with friends all swimming around me
Bubbles everywhere

Fast fish swim by quick
The pulse of the water
pushes me aside

Going up the stream,
The pressure pushing me back
Need to get upstream

Big brown, scary bear,
looking for some chow to eat
Heading to the edge

I made it back home
Free at last, to mate and spawn
I will sleep well too

THE RIVER

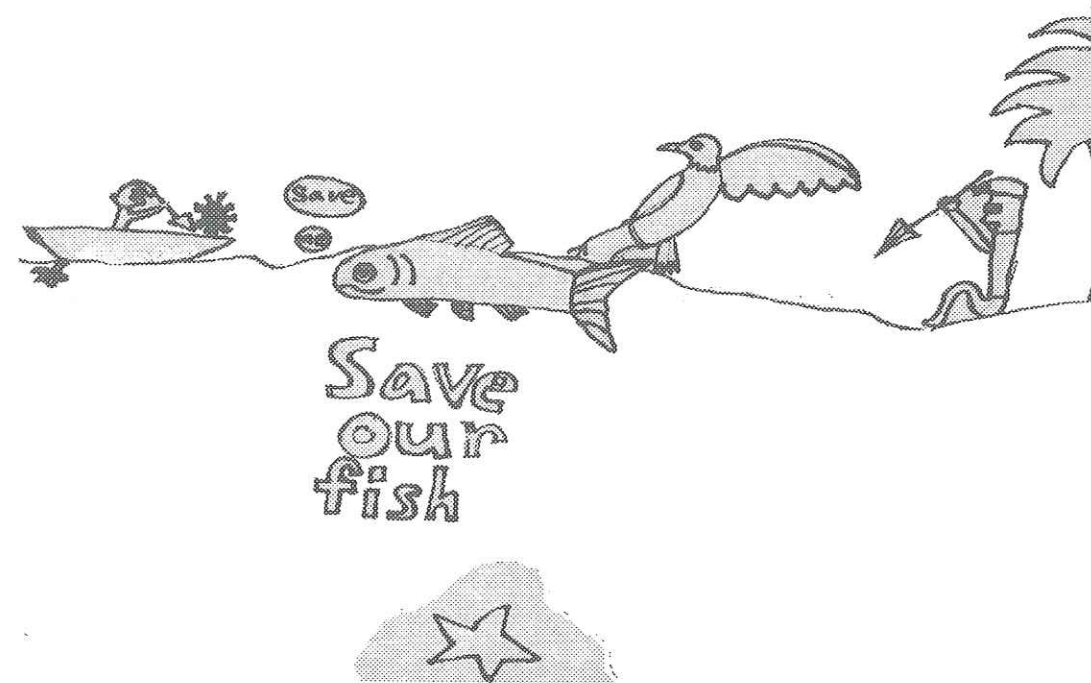
Madison Cloyd, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary

The river is like my
Dream when I sleep at
Night and salmon are around me.

THE RIVER

McKynna Berning, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary

There is a river decent and quiet
You can hear the frogs
The water is rushing really fast
You cannot see the rocks in the river
Instead of adding bad stuff to our river,
SAVE OUR RIVER!

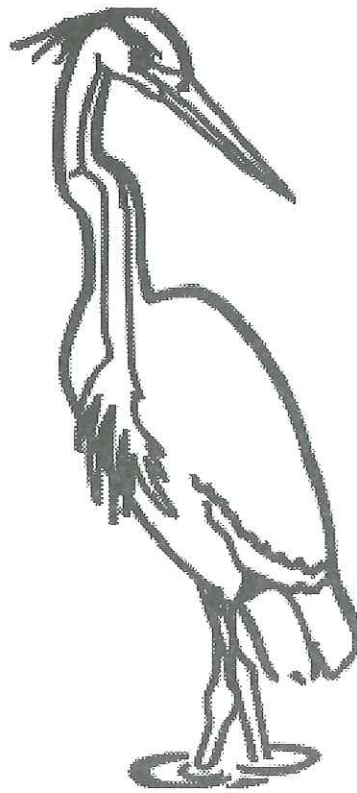


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S.O.F.
Nicholas Beard, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary

FLOOD
*Elliot Goodrich, Grade 7
Franklin School*

Two inches of standing water in my back yard.
The river is rising.
The swing set at the playground is under water.
An old rusted bathtub floats down on the muddy river towards the
Van Buren Bridge.
The First Street shops are close.
And there is only one lane open on the Corvallis Bypass.
School is canceled,
And we're having fun.
We go canoeing on the sports fields,
And we laugh as we try to jump the swollen ditches spilling murky
Water into my front yard.
We run into the house for hot chocolate,
And listen to the flood reports on the radio,
As the waters of the Willamette slowly rise.



POLLUTION
*Jessica Calhoun, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary*

Plants and trees are great
Plants and trees help pollution
Wetlands help rivers

RIVER
*Vivian Gates, Grade 3
Abiqua School*

River's blue hair surrounds her.
The fish are like lice taking over,
as she slithers down the earth.
She smells as fishy as a fishing boat,
and as comforting
as a thick, soft blanket

ESSAYS



YANGTZE-OUR MOTHER RIVER
*Zhu Jun
China Three Gorges University*

When I was a little child, my mom brought me to the bank of the Yangtze ---my mother river. I looked at the swimming fish and talked with mom happily: "Mom, you see the little fish are bubbling to me!" Under the beautiful blue sky, the river was so crystal clear that our smiling faces were reflected on its surface.

When I was 16 years old, the school organized all of the students to do planting on the bank of the Yangtze River. After we were finished planting, most of us were soaked with sweat. However, when I saw the fish playing happily in the river, it seemed like I could see their endless appreciation and profound gratefulness for us. My heart was full of joy. On the way home all of us laughed loudly and happily. Our laughing was reverberated between the banks of the river. At that moment, it seemed that our mother river, the Yangtze River was smiling, too!

At the age of 20, I stood on the top of the Three Gorges Dam to see the full view of the Yangtze River. I was amazed by the beautiful scenery. The Yangtze River looks like a green ribbon held at the waist of a dancer, it floats gracefully on the surface of our beloved land . It is immortal. It also looks like troops which are full of tremendous force. The Yangtze River contains gentleness and firmness, it makes me wonder at the magic energy of nature.

Yangtze River, I love your tender and heroic spirit. I love your unique and unselfish love. You have used your fragrant and sweet milk to nourish generations of Chinese. I love you, Yangtze River---our Mother River.

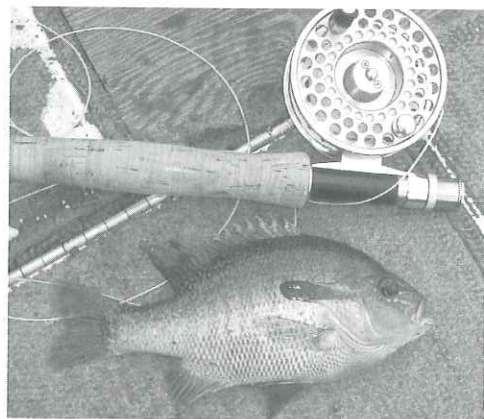
CAMPING
Justin Jeffers, Grade 11
Oregon City High School

We camped at the place where the two rivers met. I watched the oranges and yellows and greens of the leaves that were falling into the bellying pool of the river before the rapids. Pulling out the five-weight Scientific Anglers fly rod I'd received the Christmas previous, I strung the pole with the fluorescent green floating line. (Fly line comes in two different types: sinking and floating. It is not like regular fishing line. It is a type of nylon tubing. The floating line has air pockets in the tubing, and the sinking line has shreds of metal). The surface of the water was completely still. The variations of weather and water conditions inhibited the bugs from hatching.

Interrupting the watery world below, I grabbed a large clay rock and found a couple of large stone flies and one or two trichoptera, or caddis flies. I tied on a size 18 stone fly pattern and positioned myself at the bottom of the pool. Beginning to strip out line off of the reel, I noticed a good size shadow in the middle of the pool, about five feet down. I cast right above the shadow and spooked the fish, but let the fly finish its drift. Right before I picked up the tip of my pole to role cast back up stream, my pole went down and I hooked the fish. He fought strong pound for pound, even though he was only about ten inches. After I brought him to hand, I took a picture and released him back into his world below.

When I released the fish, I watched where he swam. He went straight up river, so I followed him and found a huge pod of white fish around 20+ inches. The fish were swimming in circles around a dead salmon. Putting on the flesh fly, I intently watched the fish's behavior. The flesh fly sank to the bottom approximately five feet from the pod of white fish. Stripping it twice, the flesh fly landed directly on top of the salmon. I sat with the fly on top of the salmon keeping the fly pole as still as possible. Seeing a tug on the line in the water, I set the hook into a monstrous white fish. The first thing the fish did was jet down stream and wrap itself around the tree submerged in the water. I ran down to the bottom segment of the river and got to the tangled fish. As soon as the fish saw me he broke the line and swam away.

Because I didn't have any more flies that fit the occasion, I went back up to camp to have dinner. The family and I sat next to the fire for hours talking about what we did and what we planned to do the next day. Unfortunately, we got washed out by the rain the next morning and went home.



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REFLECTIONS IN THE WATER
Penny Shepherd
Marylhurst University

I am walking along the majestic Deschutes River. As I walk its banks, I notice how strong and powerful the water is flowing through the river, like it has flowed through my life. The Deschutes River was originally named, *Riviere des Chutes*, a French name for *River of the Falls*. The Deschutes is over 174 miles long with 143 miles occupied by recreation of all sorts. The river begins at the Wickiup Dam and races through Eastern Oregon to where the river pours into the Columbia River. Located in Central Oregon, the beautiful scenery is rugged and untamed. Multiple types of animals live at or on the river: cows and horses that run loose from the local ranchers, deer and rattlesnakes, are just a few. When picking up a rock, exercise caution; rattlesnakes do not like to be scared and will strike. The deer run in herds and if I sit quietly in one spot they will come and drink from the water. During the evenings, I can see the trout, steelhead and salmon jumping out of the water to catch the evening bugs. The water skippers and mosquitoes are in abundance. I make sure a bottle of bug repellent is handy or else I could be eaten alive by the multitudes of biting insects. Because I have spent most of my life on or around this river, I believe the life of the river flows through my veins. I have camped, fished, swam, skipped rocks and been reprimanded for scaring the fish. I have drunk the cool, fresh water and visited every rapid, falls and campground that the Deschutes has to offer.

Deciding to take a rest from my walk, I sit quietly on a fallen tree next to the bank, writing in my journal about the day. I observe several animals joining me at the water's edge to quench their thirst. As I watch them, I notice particular characteristics that remind me of good friends and friends that I have lost. A gentle deer appears out of the bush and reminds me of my soul sister, Marie who has big, beautiful eyes, is kindhearted and genuine, and can be a little spooked and untrusting around strangers. While the sounds of nature are taking over my senses and flowing through my writing, a horse creeps up to the bank. Not sure of my presence, the animal keeps one eye on me. She is magnificent! She is chestnut brown with a long dark brown mane, large eyes and rippling muscles. Her equine beauty brings to mind my friend, Christy. Christy is like a horse – beautiful, strong, hard working, confident in appearance and yet, a little scared. I find myself liking this game and begin to pick out other animals. There is a cow on the ledge that reminds me of my friend Tammy who is strong, large and can get around if she really wants to. Then, out of the sky comes a hawk, diving toward the water. The bird appears to be driving straight through to the center of the earth. When it reaches just the right space, it swoops up the prey and flies up into the sky to find a resting spot to enjoy the prize.

I think back to when significant people dove into my life at just the right moment and then were gone. These friends are significant to me because of what they brought into my life – joy, laughter, secret messages, gentle, encouraging hands and sometimes hard times. I truly miss these individuals and retain many fond memories--it feels good to miss them. All of a sudden, off in the distance I hear a familiar vibrating noise. I hesitate and turn to examine how close the sound is to me. I am glad to find the sound is a distance away. I would hate to be too close to an angry rattlesnake. The snake, with little warning, grabs the ground squirrel and paralyzes the poor creature in a matter of minutes. The squirrel didn't have a chance.

I notice a stagnant pool of water. It looks like a mirror in the water and I can't resist looking at myself. From the reflection, I gaze at myself and wonder: What kind of person am I? Do people look beyond my reflection and see the true person? Do I show the true person or is there a mask in the mirror? Am I good to people? Do I love people as I expect to be loved? Am I a good life-partner and mother? I hope to achieve positive answers for these questions. As I look deeper in to the water, something moves--a fish under my reflection. I notice several different fish, including the salmon that have come home from the sea to spawn.

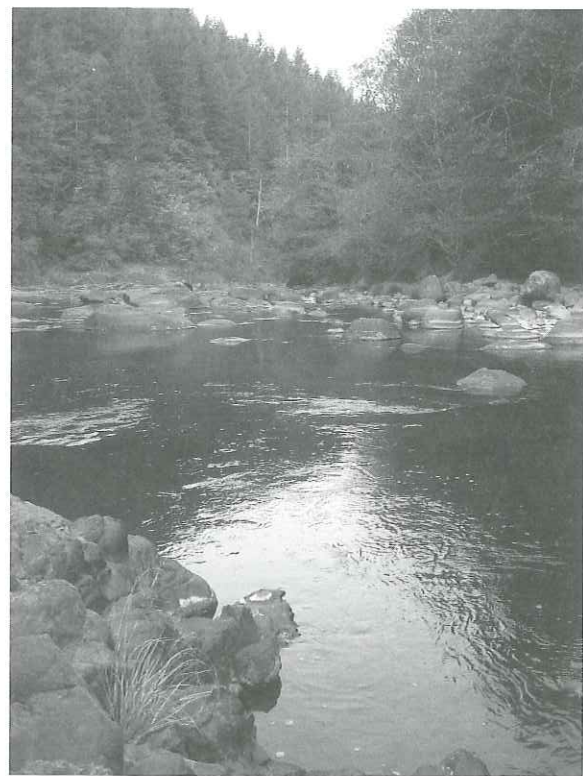
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THE CREEK
Paige Claire Mesher, Grade 4
Bridlemile Elementary

There once was a beautiful creek. Its water was crystal clear and many different types of fish lived in it. On the banks of the creek many plants, trees, and animals lived near. Deer, raccoons, frogs and many other species lived near the creek.

One day, some people discovered the creek. They cut down all of the trees and took all the plants living on the banks. The people drank and swam in the creek until something terrible happened. A terrifying storm came and it rained for three days. The rain picked up soil, silt and even a little dog poop and drained the water, full of debris, into the creek. Since the people cut down all the trees and took out all the plants, the debris polluted the water.

Once the storm was gone the people started to come back to the creek. They expected to be able to drink and swim in the creek, but what they found was not what they had wanted. They saw a dark and mucky creek, full of soil, silt and animal droppings. They thought, "Oh, this is a mistake. We are at the wrong creek!" They left to find the creek that they remembered. After a few days of searching they could not find the creek. They went back to the mucky creek and realized that this *was* the creek that they remembered, only dirtier. They decided to plant trees and plants where they had taken them out. After a year or two the creek was back to normal and they could swim and drink the water in it.



TEACHER CONTRIBUTIONS

**OCTOBER SONNET: AT
SW FIRST AND SALMON**
Kathy Haynie, Teacher
Oregon City High School

Near river's banks on autumn
afternoon

the city catches breath and
quietly listens, and watchful,
the bland eye of the full moon
intruding into daylight, gazing,
glistens.

SW First and Salmon: resolute,
the building squats oblivious
to leaves that scuttle toward
revolving doors, like furtive mice
that creep and crackle, tiptoeing
carpeted lobby floors.

Grown men avoid the leaves,
hurry for warmth, their car
keys ready, thinking of the trip
through rush hour, aim quick
keys at car's alarm, then wince,
ashamed for flinching when it yips.

The city sighs, the building gives
a shiver. The leaves lurk in the lobby,
wander to the river.

Joy
Rodney Kelly, Teacher
Hokkaido International School

a hot summer day
feet dangling in a cool stream
a special feeling

たのしみ

あついなつのひ

あしをかわにつける

いいきもち

ろどにけりより

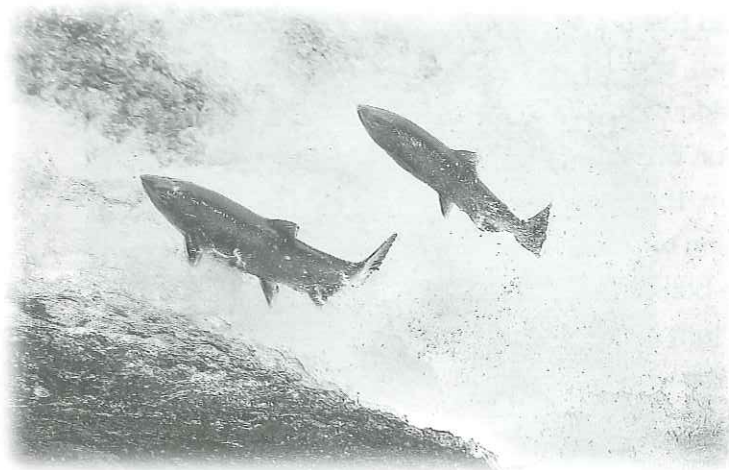
MOUTH OF THE RIVER

*Jaqui Forney, Teacher
Myers Elementary*

Where the river turns into
Ocean – the freshwater turning into
Salt before I can turn
My head

That's the place I am.
That is who I am,
The saltiness creeping into
The fresh mouth water.

I am that moment of
Unidentified identity.
I am unsure whether to turn
Back or go forward to the sea.



OREGON FEBRUARY

*Jaqui Forney, Teacher
Myers Elementary*

I wonder what the sky thinks of
seeing its reflection
In all the tiny mirrors of the world.
Does it say to itself,
when it sees how unkempt it
looks on a February morning,
“What a night!”

GUEST AUTHORS

TAKE A RIVER

A Centennial Tribute
August 27, 2005
Bend, Oregon

Listen from right here:
the muted falls, the night hawk's
call, an isolated quack, the heart's
skip, lap of paddle, the whisper
of wind through the quiet
colored end of evening.

In 1913, in Bend, on a summer's
night, *Bulletin* publisher
George Putnam said: “We envy
no one.” He is still right.

Take a river and bend it,
a dream and transcend it.
Take adventure and seek it,
an idea and build it. January
1905. In light and city years,
Bend, you are so young. Stop
for a moment to run a finger
along the dusty shelf of history,
step in the footprint of cork
boot, leather brogan, beaded
moccasin to see where we
have been, where we might go.

Ta-ma-no-has chuck, this magical river.
Skoo-kum sagh-a-lie ill-a-hee: mighty mountains.
T-ke-tie: so pretty. Pol-ak-lie: this night.

Chief Chinook, Chief Paulina, you fished
along this heron-priested shore, hunted
deer and elk on stealthy feet. Did you
not see the greed of trappers reaping
a Deschutes fat with fish and beaver?
Did you not hear the alarm of ox-cart

Ellen Waterston is a
published author, award-
winning poet, essayist and
screenwriter, and a produced
playwright. Her essays,
short-fiction and poems
have appeared in numerous
regional and national
anthologies. “As a New
Englander who married and
moved to the ranching West,
my writing is rooted in both
those cultural and geographic
landscapes.

wheels? Homesteaders, thousands
crossed a continent in wagons and carts
for land that is one third rock; for a chance
to stake their claim to hope, pulled
behind horse-drawn plow and rake.

Farewell Bend, Thomas Clark named it - 1851.
A place for these prairie schooners to port,
to clear land for dreams, to write ambition
in thin, blue flumes of river water Alexander
Drake channeled across this dry land.

Life then hard on proper women. Canned all
scorching summer over wood stoves. Tended
children, milk cow, garden, bonnet brims blown
backward by thirsty wind. They'd lift their skirts
to dodge dirt or boardwalk splinter; never showed
more than two inches of ankle; never walked
on Greenwood and Bond -especially when buckaroos
or herders tangled through town, chasing down sheep,
driving cattle through the streets. It was said
the dust didn't settle for days. When it did
the ladies of the night paid cash for their new shoes.

Bend, an outpost of hope, from range through world wars.
Before 1911 was the biggest empty in the whole country
with no railroad. Shaniko, as far as you could go. From
there a wagon-road south, nothing but rut-holes and boulders.
Passengers would lay hold to help push Cornett coaches
stuck in a bog. Seven hours to Bend on a good day.

These same downtown streets platted according to wagon
widths: Bond and Wall three across, Oregon and Minnesota
only two. Folks scrambled for seats on the rickety stage,
heady with the sense of going to ... who knew? Ah,
the intoxication of : "Who knew?" Who knew
what lay between sleeping volcano, high prairie
and bright water that traced the shores of this high
desert island adrift in Central Oregon's starry deep.

The same year, 1910, that Bend first turned on a light,
captured the electrical might of the river, Harriman
and Hill drove the golden spike, opened wide Oregon's
trunk. Remember how the hiss and steam of locomotives
scared horses and kids silly? No sooner that iron road

laid down than lumber mills rumbled in its wake.
On your mark, Shevlin Hixon! Get set, Brooks Scanlon!
On go! They felled and skidded red-chested logs out
of forgiving forests. Down the Deschutes they rogued
and jammed. 1915 - Bend, a timber town. Stirred
its coffee with its thumb! Ring up on the party line
and tell everyone. The men of Bemidji and Bowstring
heard call. Loaded their families to hob and nail,
cut and trim a better life for all of them. The din of cars
and buggies crowded the widening reach of streets
and homes. Deals were made on the porch of Pilot
Butte Inn. The glow of Mill A's wigwam lit the pitch
boats of young boys' dreams. And their fathers sang
into every day, certain their loggin' woods life was her to stay.

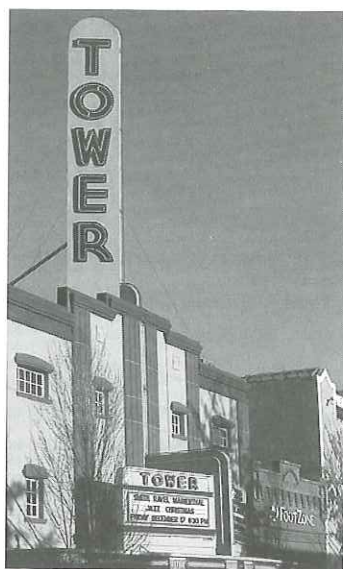
Bend was booming. Hooray and fireworks! In '33
the town celebrated with Parades of Progress. Queens
of beauty floated by, seated on the backs of papier
swan, reflected in the blackened, nighttime pond.

Oh logger, oh planer, oh sawyer did you not hear
the alarm in the mill's whistle? Heed the cry
of the owl? In '94 the last log was sawed
and trimmed, wooden basilicas all torn red
down, save three smoke stacks that reach
straight up into the eye of the sky.

Boardwalks to sidewalks, sagebrush
to lavish scape. Good-bye Masterson,
hello St. Clair Place. Old mill to new,
feast, fest, on the run. Efficiency, top
of the line, doctors and strong medicine.
Pole, pedal, paddle; person, place and thing.
Start and finish strong, right here in Bend.
A newly branded land rush is on! Now
houses, now condos, no centers of learning,
now land trust, now music, now film and writing.
Celebrate invention, amazement, and derring-do.
Harvest sun, snow and all things virtual. Bend
beckons us to regale on a cornucopia sublime
during this our allotted capsule of time.

But where now is the uncharted territory? Where is the next land of "who knew"? What cries do we fail to heed, alarms to hear as molten dreams shift the sleep of the South Sister? Are we more river than rock? More transient than not? Bend 2105. The Indian chief would advise: Find four roads that run side by side and choose the middle one. Learn to see, eyes shut, with blinding sight.

We are writing the early pages of that spacious and distant answer. It's a lot with a view thanks to you: Freemont, Todd, Reid, Putnam, Ogden, Eades, Egg and Drake; Sisemore, Overturf Sather and don't forget Ruth Stover and her square piano, her husband Dutch and his snappy banjo. Thank you for showing us how to take a dream and transcend it, adventure and seek it, an idea and build it; to take a river and bend it, to take a river and wend it deep in our hearts.



TAPWATER
Charles Goodrich

On a hot day that first cold sip
is electric. The tongue wakes up
and wags its tail.

Now nose and hindbrain
detect and aftertaste:
chlorine, alum,

and the cerebellum interjects
sad history,
river sewer.

Another swallow, a pause
to smack lips, watch bubbles
rise like thoughts

And now comes affluence -
glugging down
the entire glass

glottis pulsing,
throat rhythmically
constricting and releasing . . .

Ah, tapwater! From mountain snow,
to river, to ocean, to sky. And back
to the heat of the day.

Charles Goodrich is
a poet, a gardener, a

father, a husband, a neighbor, a
tinkerer, a builder of houses. He
makes his home in Corvallis, in
the Willamette Valley of Oregon,
located on the confluence of the
Willamette and Mary's Rivers.

THE FLUID AND THE CONCRETE
An excerpt from *The Practice of Home*

Our house is just a ten minute bike ride from here. Elliot and I have been coming to the river often this summer. We always start by skipping stones, looking for caddis fly larvae, or splashing each other. Then I leave Elliot to his construction work, and I retreat to my favorite spot under the willow, to let the river work on me. Gazing into the water, unhinged from thinking, I can sometimes feel my mind begin to float with the current, buoyant and calm. Thoughts swim through me shimmering like fish.

This quiet dreaming has competition, though: big diesel dump-trucks growl along the far bank, hauling aggregate. Morse Bros. Sand and Gravel is over there—a vast warren of strip-mining pits, settling ponds, rock crushers, an asphalt plant, bulldozers with buckets the size of our living room. The concrete for our house's foundation came from Morse Bros. and the rock in the concrete came from the river.

Not so long ago the river was the main artery of transportation in the valley. For the first fifty years after Europeans displaced the native Kalapuya people from the area, almost everything and everybody traveled by steamboat, keelboat, barge or canoe. Now that a web of roadways has been laid over the alluvial valley soils, and cars and trucks do most of the moving, we hurtle about in our personal vehicles oblivious of the river. Still, most of the rock for the roads came out of the river, from outfits such as Morse Bros. that quarry aggregate from the floodplain or dredge it from the riverbed itself.

Aggregate is what we call the whole, river-deposited mixture of cobbles, silt and sand. After it's excavated, it gets sifted, sorted and washed. Much of the round rock is then run through a crusher to give it the sharp edges that make it stay put on a gravel road, or adhere better in the concrete used for building foundations and walls, sidewalks, bridges and highways. Maybe we could better remember our debt to the river by making all bridges toll bridges—not to pay money, but to pay homage. At every bridge, we'd have to slow to a stop, pull a little pebble from the glove box, give it a kiss and toss it onto the lap of a statue of the river goddess. The statue would have a hole in her lap, and the pebbles would drop through the bridge onto a barge. Whenever the barge gets full, a tug boat hauls it back upstream, with a minimum of ceremony—maybe just a banjo player on top of the rock-heap crooning Woody Guthrie tunes—and all the pebbles get returned to the river.