

Williams School Music Program

BY CONNIE LINDLEY

Since 1998, Williams Elementary School has had the great fortune of providing students with stringed music instruction under the excellent tutelage of Warren Whistler, a professional musician gifted with the endless patience, encouragement and enthusiasm needed to teach violin and guitar to classrooms full of third-, fourth- and fifth-graders. Bringing music into the lives of children is a wonderful gift and, over the years, the children in the Williams School program have developed their playing skills, learned a deep appreciation for music, and gained tremendous self-confidence as they experience performing in front of others. As Warren is fond of saying, "Music self-played is happiness self-made." Sue Morgan, Title 1 teacher and coordinator at Williams School, and avid supporter of the program, told me, "The atmosphere of the school changes when Warren is in the building. Students look forward to the days that are 'music days' and there

appears to be lightheartedness among all. Music makes a huge difference in the lives of kids. We see the impact it has in their ability to focus, their attitude about school, and their self-confidence." On a personal note, I love that these kids are playing and singing and loving bluegrass music!

Since inception, this program has been funded exclusively through grants and donations, and a small tuition paid by the students. An early grant, obtained from Seven Feathers through Communiiversity of Williams, funded the purchase of instruments. At this time, however, there is no grant money for the upcoming 2009-2010 school year. Various fund-raising events are being planned. The first one, held May 9 at Out of the Way Café in Williams, was an evening of music donated by Williams musicians, which brought in over \$1,200.

The program needs to raise another \$8,000. Tax-deductible donations for the program are being gladly accepted by the



Williams School, and 100% of the money will fund the program. Donations can be sent to Williams Elementary School, 20691 Williams Highway, Williams, OR 97544. We invite you to become a part of this marvelous musical movement in our community and keep the music playing!

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Students in the William's School's Stringed Instrument Program, accompanied by teacher Warren Whistler and assistant Alison Huber, playing at Pacifica's Open House, Art Fair and Wine Tasting, on May 2, in Williams."

Students from left: Brendan Thompson, Rowdy Garoutte, Lindan Burns, Jasmine Sherman, Sofi Hart, Lindsay Northrup, Azrael Maujean, Alice Holcombe



Bottled Water with Bob Quinn

Are you as amazed as I am about the world we live in today? Cell phones with cameras, computers the size of an old phone, gas at \$2.80 a gallon and people actually paying about \$3 a gallon for bottled water, **WOW!** What would you think if I told you that here at Quinn's we could provide you with bottled water right at your tap for mere pennies per gallon!

Did you know the average person uses 100 gallons per day? So a family of 4 would average about 400 gallons. Now we know you're not going to take a shower in Evian, but what if you could afford to cook, shower, do the wash, have ice cubes that taste good and wash the car with purified water? Call us today for a free water test and a no obligation estimate on how you too can enjoy the GOOD LIFE.

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Would You Believe...

Penguins can convert salt water into fresh water.

Bob Quinn is the owner of **Quinn's Well Drilling and Pump Service** located at 6811 Williams Hwy. He is a former board member of the *Oregon Ground Water Association*. As part of a tradition of information that began more than 50 years ago, these columns are provided to help take the mystery out of well drilling and ground water.

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APPLEGATE OUTBACK: MY OPINION

South of the Border

BY BOB FISCHER

When I talk about "South of the Border," I am talking about Oregon's south border. For all you thrill seekers out there, instead of bungee jumping, running speed boats, sky diving or talking to liberals, I would suggest you take a leisurely drive down to southern California. I would put this trip in the same boat as scuba diving in a shark tank with a Big Mac strapped on your belt.

The wife and I went south a while ago to visit family and attend a funeral. We went all the way down to the Mexican border and then back up to Long Beach, which is 30 miles south of Los Angeles.

Coming into California we stopped at the agricultural checkpoint where an officer greeted us with a smile and a "Welcome to California!" After receiving a bunch of brochures on what to see there, we pulled away. That's when I noticed the outline of a bulletproof vest under his uniform shirt. Interesting, the biggest crime out here must be a flat tire with no spare!

We began traveling along at the posted speed limit of 70 mph, and cars and trucks were passing us like we were standing still. I felt like I should get out and check to see if we were still moving. We pulled into a motel off of I-5 near Santa Nella. My wife had to pry my hands from their death grip on steering wheel and then I staggered in to the office to sign up for a room. The 19-year-old young lady who was checking us in said fewer than four words to us, even when I attempted to make small talk as the whooshing in my ears died down. This young person had as much conversation skills as a box of Fab. But we were too tired after our speed run down I-5 to worry about her conversation skills.

The next morning we were refreshed and ready to go, ready to jump back onto this two-lane speed funnel. I was starting to get the hang of it and was running right up there with the big boys. Yes, sir, ran it up to 80 mph. But the average speed that morning was over 90 mph. And I noticed

how friendly a lot of those passing us were as they sailed by giving us one-half of a peace sign. Must have been my Oregon license plates.

As we approached Los Angeles, our speed suddenly dropped from 80 mph to a rip-roaring 5 mph. We were surrounded by a sea of cars going nowhere. Some drivers were reading the morning newspaper, shaving, putting on make-up or watching TV. We inched along for several hours and got to make some new friends. The people in the car next to us were from Montana and we watched a morning show together. Then about 30 miles later we broke into second gear and went the last 40 miles at 25 mph. Yes, sir, we were flying now. We arrived in LA at lunchtime and exited LA at dinnertime!

When we left the Los Angeles area more than 17 years ago, there were multiple freeways in every direction. If one was full, you took another. Now there are three times the freeways and they are all full of cars and trucks 24/7 going 100 mph or 5 mph with no in-between.

The air down there is so polluted that when the sun goes down, you can watch this beautiful orange ball drop out of sight without wearing sun glasses.

The farther south we went, the drivers were still just as friendly—giving us that one-half of a peace sign. It's gotta be the plates. We inched along for three hours and finally made it to Long Beach. We were so ready to get away from our big black Dodge pickup. Did I mention the freeways down there are made mostly of cement slabs? They have these nice little strips that separate the slabs. When our tires hit them we bounced like a beach ball. It took me four hours to get my eyeballs to stop bouncing.

The traffic in California is amazing. Honking horns, yelling, roaring of car engines and burning rubber just so someone can get to the next traffic signal. Stop-go, stop-go, no wonder it takes you 30 minutes to go one mile. Oops, almost forgot the BOOM BOXES. The wonderful

people who want to make sure you have something to listen to while you wait your turn to move. God bless!

The only time we did the speed limit and everyone got out of our way was in the funeral procession.

After visiting relatives it was time to hit the road back to Oregon. We ate breakfast in the truck and joined the going-to-work crowd. This time it was amazing to watch people in their cars changing clothes and combing their hair—and they were the drivers! Then there was a passenger holding the steering wheel while the driver adjusted the paper around his Breakfast Jack and sipped his coffee.

We finally got out of Los Angeles a little after lunchtime. It was a little strange to be going 65 mph. I was getting used to 5 mph, kind of like riding my tractor.

Staying in the right lane going north was interesting. Oregon license plates were going over the speed limit only a couple miles per hour and waved at us using all of their fingers. California and Washington plates would zip by at or near 90 mph.

But California was not giving us the one-half of a peace sign anymore. Must be because we were heading north.

We stopped at the same motel and found a friendly gal behind the counter who said, "Oregon! I'm going to move up there!" I let her know that southern Oregon is full up, but north of Salem has a lot of land for sale. I am the official "Oregon Border Control" and have the hat to prove it.

After doing this speed run all over again to get home, we finally made it to our beloved Applegate Valley where we only have to watch out for an occasional deer and people on the wrong side of the road around a curve. But they use all five fingers to wave.

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