

MORGAN'S MOMENT...

I embarrassed myself (again!)...

The entrance kiosk said "STOP"...

Pay \$5.00.

I did a U-turn to leave.

The sign says STOP! a lady shouted...

I pleaded my excuse...

"It used to be free!"

Her grumpy invitation

had us going in free

for a picnic lunch and nap.

My fuss over \$5.00 surprised me...

why all the emotion...

all through lunch...and my nap.

News of political plans to raise fees

to finance tax reductions

promising a "trickle down."

Parks used to all be free...

memories full of many parks...

Depression-era wonders.

A grandson with camping plans

stopped recently by high fees

at Olympic National Park.

I went back to that toll booth

with five one-dollar bills

insisted she take my money.

I know that someone pays the rent...

I'm happy to pay my part

sorry for those who no longer can.

And sorry for a country

that no longer will.

Art Morgan

RECENT READING

I wanted some local Native American history. Our Benton County Historical Museum has a good selection. So my pre-Thanksgiving reading included:

"The World of the Kalapuya —

A Native People of Western Oregon" and

"Fort Hoskins — An Archaeologist Reflects."

THANKSGIVING 2017

We live about a half hour away from Fort Hoskins. It is hard to find many who have visited that historic site.

It was built on one of three passes used by native people to cross the Coast Range from our part of the Willamette Valley. Why the fort? To keep the Indians on their newly designated home on the Siletz Reservation.

That means, of course, that the remnants of Kalapuya's not dead from white man's diseases were driven off land where they had lived for centuries as hunters and gatherers.

Some of my ancestors benefitted from a decision from Washington D.C. granting land to easterners who would migrate to Oregon. Guess whose land was being given?

Thanksgiving is a good time to remember the history of this land.

Our home is located on a hill outside of Corvallis. One of the branches of the Kalapuya people lived along Muddy Creek. Muddy Creek is less than a quarter of a mile from our house. An archaeological dig found evidence of their presence.

Our small development was called "Deerhaven" when we bought here almost 50 years ago. It is easy to see why this would have been a good location for native people to live through the winter flooding in our area.

The oaks on our property still produce acorns which we totally leave to the squirrels but which were one of the staples of original people. I'm trying to preserve some of those trees.

They knew how to take care of the land which was given away to immigrant farmers that plowed and fenced and destroyed the livelihood and culture of the native people.

I thought of the reservations which took the valley tribes away from their source of living. I remember that our politicians through decades since have isolated different people. Our country of refuge seems ready to send 50,000 people back to Haiti and millions of Mexican and central American refugees from political persecution back to "where they came from." They will be like people sent to the Siletz Reservation away from their place of living. Anyone can become "undocumented" by political mandate.

I read this history because it is discomfoting. I guess it should be.

We're here at our Cabin on Puget Sound (the Salish Sea), another place where land was "discovered away" from native people.

— Art Morgan Thanksgiving Day 2017