



FRIDAY, APRIL 17th, IS THE LAST DAY TO WITHDRAW WITH A REFUND!!!

COMING EVENTS

- TODAY!! 3 p.m. Barre Toelken, Folk Singer & Humorist will be at the College Center.
- APRIL 16 - OCCSA Convention, Clackamas Community College.
- APRIL 18 - OSU Concert featuring the Rascals at Gill Coliseum, 8 p.m. Mail-Order forms are available at the College Center.
- APRIL 20 - Classified meeting, 5 p.m., Conference room.
- APRIL 20 - AS-LBCC Candidate Speeches, College Center, 12 noon
- APRIL 21 - 22 - AS-LBCC ELECTIONS
- APRIL 22 - Film: "The Animals" College Center, 7 p.m.
- APRIL 23 - Concert, Maureen Forrester, Contralto, Gill Coliseum, 8 p.m.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING - The rates are reasonable, and the results are great! You can afford to advertise many smaller and interesting items ... never know who might need a slightly used bathtub! (?)

All you have to do is type the information on a sheet of paper and put in my mail box.

Editor's Note:

My husband and I, together with another couple, spent a delightful Sunday as participants in the Annual White Water Parade on the McKenzie River. It ended tragically, however, and I still have not fully recovered from the shock of witnessing and participating in the events that followed. I wrote the attached feature for the Eugene Register Guard, and I thought that by sharing it with you, you might gain a greater understanding of an almost historic event that may never happen again.

In case you are not familiar with this Boat Parade, it began 32 years ago as a get-together of the River Guides and their families. It has out-grown both the river and the highway.

Because of the general disregard for safety measures, the tremendous litter-problem and the "booze abuse", I believe the Guides have withdrawn their support of the event.

And, there were few rescue units available - and because of traffic, what there was couldn't get to the scene or get emergency supplies, etc.



Peggy Toftdahl

"This can't be happening. Not in the White Water Parade."

No one had ever drowned before...it's all laughter and crowds and booze and wise cracks.

We were the squares. We went down the river in McKenzie River boat! A young woman drifting casually by us on a flimsy raft had quipped a short time before: "It's a lot more fun on a raft!" I wonder if she made it safely.

No one was prepared for disaster - even us. And we had a healthy respect for the river. We should. My husband is a river guide and we were well aware of the danger in the hidden rocks and tricky rapids.

We had just passed "the rock" at Bear Creek. The boat ahead of us had taken on a lot of water and nearly capsized - we had a little more speed and just got wet. (Although I thought for a terrifying moment I was going over the side myself.) We were on the opposite side of the river emptying the water from the McKay's boat, and watching those daring people on rafts take dunkings. We had our fingers crossed.

A group of spectators sat just above it all watching and enjoying the sport. They had a vantage point of disaster, and I marveled how they urged unsuspecting adventurers into the churning, tearing water - then laughed whenever a craft got caught in the wicked whirlpool. Didn't they know that life and death struggle was going on in the icy water below?

Don had just taken out the movie camera and was recording the spot where we nearly "got it", and a large raft with four hearty souls approached the rock...then capsized. Three emerged directly in front of us grasping for anything to keep them afloat. They made it to the safety of the opposite bank. The fourth was swimming for the rocks just beyond the rapids. We thought he was going to make it.

Then we knew.

"Help him. He's drowning" we screamed. All five of us screamed - and pleaded.

They just sat there - not forty feet from where the bobbing head was disappearing in the swirling water. They didn't understand. No one drowns in the Parade.

The next thing I knew, we were in the boat racing for the other side.

He was gone.

"He was a strong swimmer" said one of the men who had survived.

"Was he wearing a life preserver?"

"No."

"Was he wearing a wet suit?"

"No."

It's impossible to describe the despair we felt as we answered questions and assisted the divers and deputies. For us, the Parade was over. Over forever.