

VOICES of the APPLGATE

Voices of the Applegate will sing again

Voices of the Applegate ended their fall session with two concerts in November, one in Jacksonville and the other at the Applegate Lodge. The program was full of exciting pieces from the classics of Vivaldi and Handel to songs from ABBA and Africa.

We will be starting our spring session on January 16, 2013, with rehearsals at the Applegate Library, 18485 North Applegate Road, every Wednesday evening from 7 to 8:30 pm. The session will last 12 weeks with concerts on Friday, April 12, and Sunday, April 14. The times and places for the events will be announced in the next *Applegater*.

We are a community choir; no auditions are necessary. We love to sing four-part harmony in a variety of arrangements from classical to modern. All are invited to attend our rehearsals and become part of our energetic choir directed by Blake Weller and accompanied by his lovely and talented wife Julie.

For more information, call Joan Peterson at 541-846-6988.

Dolores Durando Short Story

Following is a short story from Dolores Durando's yet-to-be-published book about her mischievous, blue-ribbon winning miniature donkey, Tennessee Ernie.

The Christmas bells were ringing, lights twinkled from every storefront, last-minute shoppers were crowding the aisles.

We had not gone very far when I became aware that some sinister force was at work below the belt line.

Unobtrusively, I tugged frantically to restore those panty hose to their original position, but to no avail.

My steps were slowed to a crawl and to just keep my balance became a challenge.

Ernie said, "Why are you stumbling around like that? Stand up. I'm surprised a woman of your age would walk in that suggestive manner. You're embarrassing me."

"Well, Ernie," I said, "since you ask, I'm having a problem that I really can't explain to you. Ladies of my generation do not discuss their intimate apparel with the opposite sex."

"Sex, sex?" Ernie snickered. "What do old ladies know about sex? Say, did I ever tell you the one about..."

"Ernie," I gasped. "Hush your mouth and give me a hand here before I fall down."

With every step, those panty hose crept lower, coiling around me like a boa constrictor.

As we neared the feed store, a couple of wannabe cowboys were lounging on the porch. They started to laugh when they saw us. The tall, skinny one with the bib overalls and the shiny new boots said, "Lookit that. Lookit the swing on that old mama when she walks. Wisht I had a swing like that in my backyard. And lookit that fuzzy-looking dog leading her."

Ernie was furious. "Ernie," I said, "ignore that ignorant creature, I'm in real trouble here. Have I not stood by you in your time of need? Your operation? When you got your teeth floated? The farrier thing?"

In the meantime, those panty hose had sneaked down and were nudging my boot tops. I was nearly on my knees, securely hobbled. Those panty hose had accomplished in a very short time what my male companion had tried to do for years.

I staggered to the curb, sat down and cried. A man came over and said sympathetically, "Lady, you seem to be in trouble, can I help you?"

"Yes," I sobbed, "do you have a knife?"

Ernie got hysterical. "What? A knife? A knife? Don't do it. Please don't do it. I'll be good. There's always hope. Think of your children. Think of me. You know I can't stand the sight of blood. I'm calling nine-one-one."

"Ernie," I said, "turn your back, close your eyes, stop blubbing."

I kicked off my boots and with a few strokes of the knife I freed myself from the clutches of those one-size-fits-all that had

threatened to paralyze me for life.

"Free. Free at last." I skipped down the street like a sixteen-year-old. I wanted to detour the feed store but Ernie wouldn't hear of it.

They laughed when they saw us coming. The wannabe in the bib overalls said, "Hey, mama. You're a lot spryer goin' than comin'."

Ernie stepped closer. Suddenly there was a scream of pain and an outraged voice bellowed, "Lookit my boots. My brand new boots are all ruind. I think my foot is broke and I'm all messed up."

Ernie said innocently, but with a devilish twinkle in his eye, "Pardon me, I'm so sorry. Did I accidentally splatter you when your foot got under my foot? Imagine that. I can see that green is not your best color. Sorry about that. Merry Christmas to you, too."

"Ernie," I said, "I love you. Let's skip all the way home." And we did.



The spoiled Tennessee Ernie showing off—and probably winning a blue ribbon for his beloved owner, Dolores Durando.

Find Love at the Shelter!

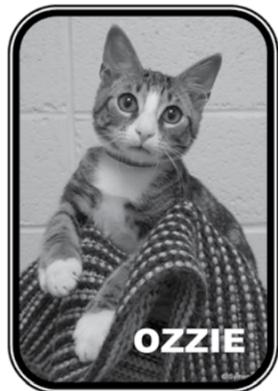
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CHAZ

Photos by June Symens



OZZIE

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Contact Sally Buttshaw at 541-646-8418 or sallybuttshaw@gmail.com. \$12 for three lines of text (approximately 120 characters and spaces). Advance payment required (payment accepted online at www.applegater.org).

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