

Friday, April 24, 2020

Thank you, everyone, for your cooperation.

Financial Update

Making Masks

by Paula Kilgore, Woodburn Estates & Golf Treasurer

During the closure of the buildings at WEG we have continued working behind the scenes. The office (2 of us during the week and 1 working remotely) has continued with the daily work that has to be done, from receiving ad money for *News & Views*, to maintaining all equipment and personnel. We are supporting the realty companies in selling homes and the purchasers who buy them all through title. We continue to ensure all employees are operating with OSHA compliance. In addition to the normal safeguards these employees take, we are enforcing the 6’ safe distancing and wearing masks and gloves and safety glasses where needed.

There are no Reserve projects going on, rather maintenance work as in the deep clean of both wings, and Health Center, Cart Barns, our carts and the Maintenance building. The Pro Shop did get a coat of paint and redesign by Barb Lucas and looks much better than I’ve ever seen in my 6 years here. The carpet that had been purchased and was to be installed last year finally got installed as well.

I want to assure you, we are financially stable and that the Directors are receiving monthly statements showing as such. If a Director, or WEG member has any questions regarding the budget or P&L statements, you can send their financial questions directly to me at: Treasurer@woodburnestatesgolf.com

Hello, Neighbors

by Sharyn Cornett and the Activities Committee

The ideas from the Activities Committee just keep coming, even while we are on hiatus. The latest idea being for us to weekly spread a little cheer and some waves once a week.


On Wednesday, April 15, the Activities Committee held their first weekly Sunshine Caravan around the south side. On April 22, we were on the Clubhouse side of the neighborhood (north side of Hwy 214).

These Sunshine Caravans are planned for every Wednesday, between 3-4 p.m.

The Activity Committee members hope to continue our rides through your neighborhood while we wait for events to safely start back up.

Please make a point to come out your front door, wave and help us cheer. For safety reasons, caravanning is limited to the Activities Committee only. Your part is to cheer us all on.

We enjoy great blessings living in our community and we want to show it. See our posters, including a map of the routes, in this *News & Views* for more details. We will all get through this.



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Rules Committee 12/12/2016



by Linda Hanson

A neighbor, Sharen Rae, started sewing masks and I decided to do the same and join her. I had some fabric that I wanted to use up and I also put a note on Next Door asking for elastic and pipe cleaners for the nose pieces.

I've had more than enough donations to keep me busy for weeks. I feel productive and creative, and sane! I've given them away to whoever asks, including our own neighborhood and the fire department. If you've walked by and I've offered you some, it's not because I think you personally are at risk but because I happened to see you when I had some extras!

Thanks for everyone's generosity. I've had fun using a variety of your fabrics as well as colored pipe cleaners and even colored elastic. I think Sharen has made over a hundred and I'm not far behind. Many of hers went to Meals on Wheels.

As a reminder, masks should be washed before they are worn. They should also be washed daily, at least in hot soapy water with a little bleach if not in the washing machine and dryer. The side that faces out should never be flipped and put next to your face. Once you put it on, you should leave it there. Every time you touch it to adjust it, you are putting germs on your hand that you are trying to keep from entering your body. It should go without saying that they do no good around your neck, or just on your mouth and not your nose. When you take it off you should move it away from your body and drop it into the laundry, not put it in your purse, your pocket or your kitchen counter.

No one guarantees these masks, but they are slightly better than nothing. Keep washing your hands every time you're out in public and then go home, every time you cough into them, or every time you touch things that other people have touched. Blessings to everyone, and I pray we all stay healthy.

My Recent Activities

by Sharyn Cornett

Hi everyone. Hope all of you are well and safe.

I wanted to say a GIANT THANK YOU to everyone for the big birthday parade surprise. I was shocked, just like Sally Fields, who said, “You like me! You really like me!” 35 cars and golf carts went by my house on Tuesday, April 14th, to help me celebrate my 75th birthday since my party was cancelled. Wonderful signs, cards, rolls of TP and paper towels were thrown in my yard. People brought chairs and sang to me and then we sang "Sweet Caroline" together. It was fantastic. I cannot say thank you enough. Love to you all.

I also wanted to mention we had an Activity meeting in the clubhouse parking lot. We had chairs 10 feet apart and it worked well.

I also had a lunch date with a friend in the parking lot. We each brought our lunch and talked from chairs. All the precautions were observed. The sun was wonderful. So great to get outside.

Our Sunshine Caravan did a test run this last Wednesday and it was fun. Just a spot of sunshine in a sad situation. We will do this again and again to reach all of you. Saw many green cards in place; please put them in your windows. A red card was missed for three days and a person needed help. We need to take care of one another just like neighborhood watch. You are responsible to take care of the three neighbors across from you. You know who belongs and who does not. Do not hesitate to call 503-982-2345 non-emergency for any unusual sound or action or people around you.

Hope to see you all again one day, until then smile and know how lucky we are to be here for each other. Afterthought: House sales are steady during this time.

In Memory of...

Dreyer, Florence – April 2, 2020

Life During the Virus 'Blitz'

by Betty Judevine

A good part of my life has been spent alone. But since this 'shelter-in-place' business, things have taken an unexpected turn. For example: today is my birthday, which demands (now) my identity as an Elder, but one without distinctive disabilities. The exception is a bout with a heel infection, which means to me, staying off my right foot heel. Unable to bandage this heel I am depending on Home Care nurses I have gotten through my insurance. But using them means no driving or walking until the heel is declared well.

When my TV remote would not work today and my nurse did not show up and despite beautiful birthday cards, I started feeling very sorry for myself. Then, quite suddenly, providence would have it and I remembered what my son had told me some time ago. I have double AA batteries! Voila! I loaded the remote and the world lit up again! It turns out to be the best birthday ever.

This reminds me of how different the world would be without our precious electronic devices. Monks in caves and the very religious could endure, but one thinks about our current generations and their capacity for life without them. I am grateful again and can look forward to more years with comparable safety. Kudos for bad movies and medical alerts!

In My Own Words

by Judi Slack

It's been nearly a year (May 16, 2019) since I had two heart attacks. I died in the ambulance for what they said was three minutes, but I was revived. No, I didn't have a "life after death experience" but I wish I had... and now...the rest of the story...

My first heart attack was in the ambulance, the second, as soon as I arrived at the Legacy Meridian Park Medical Center in Tualatin. I spent 6 days in the hospital and 6 weeks in the nursing home rehabilitation unit.

I could have sat around in the rehab unit feeling sorry for myself – big time – however, I chose instead to get out of that miserable hospital bed as soon as I was able. I attended most all of the music events, bingo, art classes, physical and occupational therapy and even involved myself in all the games, animal petting events (dogs and rabbits), and became quite a "social butterfly" – meeting so many nice people.

I made sure I "flitted around" like a butterfly, room to room, urging other patients to get out of their beds, out of their rooms, and participate in activities as I believe we all would get well faster and have a better recovery if we meet up with others and have a fun time together. (Some of us had allowed ourselves to become depressed, angry, and feeling sorry for ourselves.)

I even learned how to paint watercolor flowers and other subjects. I also made occasion cards for veterans on Veterans Day. We sang old songs from yesteryear, such as "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue", "Don't Fence Me In", and even a few Elvis Presley songs: "Don't be Cruel" and "That's alright Mama". I would have gotten up and danced, but at that time I was bound to a wheelchair. Yep, you can even have a good time after a heart attack! You just have to put your mind to it.

I have to say, I love it that both of my doctors say I am a miracle – surviving two heart attacks, back to back, and recuperating so swiftly. I also have belonged to a self-help program for 50 years and all of its members are miracles in their own right. So now I feel like I have a "double-indemnity" policy!

It must be the time in our lives where electric items just don't last like they used to. These past two weeks were nothing to laugh about. First my computer shut down. My brother brought me his old one but he couldn't hook it up. Then my telephone in my family room quit working. I have to stumble, with my cane, all the way to my bedroom to answer my second phone. Then... my front porch light went out. Then... I am watching my favorite TV program on OPB and my television goes out! I have two bathrooms and "Lo and behold!" one overflows! So now I use the second one. My washing machine is releasing water from the wash cycle and – no kidding – the water backed up in that toilet like a volcano, flooding not only my laundry room but reached the garage! Well, I thought about sitting down and crying! Instead, I got angry at my landlord. I was in a real dilemma. I could cry or get up and do something about it!

Would you have thought, here comes a TV repairman, and a plumber? Oh yes, my Life Line had been unplugged and I couldn't call for help if needed. Only the week before I had needed meds due to a severe case of Meniere's disease (vertigo). The Life Line repairmen came to my rescue, some were wearing masks and of course, I sat across the room, practicing "social distancing" like we all need to do.

My doctors put me on home quarantine nearly six weeks ago. No sign of any symptoms thus far. I am worried due to my age (80 years "young"), my heart condition, and immune disorders of lupus, fibromyalgia, and diabetes. However, on a recent day, I put on my mask, and my caregiver and I snuck out to get a yummy ice cream cone at Bauman's Nursery, then we went over to Walgreen's to get supplies and, oh yes, the much-needed hair dye because I've been looking pretty drab lately. We even managed to drop off a couple bags of food supplies for the food bank, plus a few rolls of toilet paper! Giving to others gives me "warm fuzzy" feelings.

P.S. If anyone would like to connect up my computer, call me at 503-981-1194!



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Traveler's Report



by Dagmar Dettinger & Alan Artman

Thought I'd send you a little springtime surprise from Palm Desert. We are helping our friend down here who just got out of rehab a week ago after a pelvic fracture. All is getting better, but friends are good to have around while mending.

We have not been able to see the Mountains in the "Valley" since last Sunday when we went hiking along the White River with masks and social distancing.

Then came flood warnings for the next day's evening (April 6). It rained cats and dogs all night for the last 2 nights. Since California does not know about rain gutters (just joking) the rain splattered so hard onto the patio tiles it hit the windows/doors 12 feet away. Of course, I had just cleaned them on Monday!

Hope you all stay well and keep it that way.

Dinosaur Birthday



by Jacqueline Benham

We saw these dinosaurs on Dogwood Drive and followed it to a lady's house on Camellia Way who was celebrating her 87th birthday. FUN!

I was told by some homeowners that I should send this to the *News & Views*.
[We are so glad that you did! Happy belated Birthday to the unnamed Birthday lady! Ed.]

BRUSSELS SPROUT AND DOG FOOD

by Rick A. Wehler
Preface: In this story, I'm sharing two early chapters of my novel relationship with Cora's family: her parents Ma and Pa Johnson, brothers Richie and Glen and their mongrel farm-dog L-Mo. Ma and Pa are gone, but they live on in my memories of our times together.

Our first trip as an engaged couple to visit Cora's family at their 1890s farmhouse in Henning, Minnesota, population 800 on a good day, happened late on October 30th, 1970. I parked our car in the driveway, and we waded through snowdrifts, entered their side-porch, knocked, opened the kitchen door, and stepped onto a rippled, slanted, linoleum floor. I spotted old-creaky cupboards and a 1950s Formica table with matching chairs. I thought, "Man, this place is cool."

Cora's five-foot-eight, well-muscled, nine-year-old little brother Glen stood just inside the door. He looked at me with a questioning gaze as I took off my stocking cap, keyed in on my long hair, and mocked, "Hippy, hippy, hippy."

I looked back at him and replied, "If you say that again, I'll dump you in a snowdrift."

Glen, due to his size, didn't take guff from anybody. He replied in a sing-songy voice, "Hippy, hippy, hippy." I picked him up, slung him over my shoulder, walked outside, and pitched him into a snowdrift. I returned and introduced myself to Ma, Pa and Richie who were seated at the kitchen table. Ma took it in stride. Pa and Richie were cautiously amused.

Bedtime was close at hand so we didn't spend much time visiting. I planned on collecting a goodnight kiss or three from Cora, but Ma wouldn't let me anywhere near her. Ma assigned me to an upstairs bedroom where the only available heat floated up from downstairs through a ceiling grate.

Cora slept on the living-room couch by the floor furnace while I slept on a thin mattress laid out on a wire-mesh bed frame. I covered up with two quilts, wore all of my clothes, and my coat, stocking cap, gloves and boots. I laid back, took note of the frost-covered windows, watched my breath drift in the room, and imagined Ma laughing at that pansy city boy.

The next day, Halloween, Ma costumed Glen as a girl. I objected strenuously. She didn't tell me to shut the hell up, but I could see it in her glare, a trait that Cora inherited.

II
I graduated from college May 6th of 1971, and accepted a full-time job as a produce clerk at a big grocery store in Brooklyn Park, Minnesota. On that day, Cora leveled Ma's glare and claimed, "You said that we'd get married at the Lutheran church in Henning after you graduated."

I replied, "You're right. How about six months from today?"
Cora said, "November 6th. That works. I'll let Ma know."

I worked a crazy amount of hours, daytime in the produce department and overnight in the grocery department stocking shelves. Along the way, I made some friends who were willing to help me out with an idea.

While stocking shelves, we turned up unsaleable cans, dented or without labels, and put them into empty apple boxes that I'd saved from working in produce. We emptied torn bags of flour and sugar into five-gallon buckets that the bakery folks had given me. I stacked the boxes and buckets in an out-of-the-way, back-room hallway.

Not long after we got married, the collection of damaged groceries looked as if it would max out the hauling capacity of our 1968 Ford Torino sedan. I approached the assistant store manager and haggled over a price. We agreed upon two dollars per box or bucket. After I showed him the receipt, Cora and I crammed every available space in the Torino.

Before we left, I checked with the produce manager to see if he had any damaged fruits or vegetables that I could buy. I purchased several over-wrapped trays of Brussels sprouts with some yellowed leaves for a quarter per package. We found room for them somewhere, and took off on the three-hour drive north to the Johnson home.

Pa and Richie worked for a traveling construction company that did business in the warm months of the year. During the winter, they were both laid off. Ma worked part-time at a local bar, Boo and Ruby's, pouring fifty-cent beers and frying burgers. The winter months were lean.

We arrived at Ma and Pa's place Friday evening, and sat around at the kitchen table. I listened to stories about recent Henning happenings: who died, who didn't, who moved from one place to another, who's romancing whom, and more.

Ma and Cora were the talkers. Pa and Richie, per normal, sat impassively, and I enjoyed the ambiance. When the conversation centered on town, about five miles distant, Pa pointed his right thumb back over his right shoulder, and spoke when the women acknowledged his gesture.

After a fun visit, Cora told the family about the groceries in the car. Ma watched as the rest of us unloaded the boxes and buckets, and set them on the uneven kitchen floor.

We sat at the table while Ma pulled the lid off of the first apple box. I've seldom seen anyone as excited as she, like a five-year-old opening a gift from Santa on Christmas morning.

Ma opened the rest of the boxes, with Glen's help, and began sorting the cans into categories, and planning future meals. Ma held unlabeled cans close to her ear, gave them a shake, made her best guess as to the contents, and added them to the proper stacks. Glen loaded the goodies not needed for the next couple of weeks back into the boxes for Richie to move to the root cellar.

Finally, Ma opened the box of Brussels sprouts. She took out the packages and set them on the table. Pa's face lit up. He opened one of them, grabbed a Brussels sprout, and peeled off the yellowed leaves. Pa looked over his shoulder at me, smiled broadly, even his eyes smiled, displayed the Brussels sprout, and took a careful bite with his remaining teeth. I could hear the crunch. He looked back at me again and smiled as he finished the first sprout and went after another one.

Ma kept sorting cans, and Pa kept smiling and crunching Brussels sprouts, while I sat back enraptured by the scene.

The root cellar was a big hole in the ground beneath the side-porch. Richie opened the trap door, climbed down the dirt-covered, rickety stairs, flipped on the dangling lightbulb, and positioned the cans on shelves mounted into the earthen walls that already held Ma's homemade canned goods. He set the extra buckets of flour and sugar on the floor next to wash-tubs that were filled with apples from their ancient trees, squash from Ma's gardens, and potatoes gleaned from farmers' fields, all buried and preserved in sand.

Saturday evening, as we sat at the kitchen table, Ma latched onto her hand-held can opener and began cranking open the cans that she had set aside for dinner, three each of small, whole potatoes, green beans, and unlabeled, best-guess, corned-beef hash. She emptied the potatoes and beans into their own pots on the gas stove. Meanwhile, Pa was happily munching on Brussels sprouts. Ma opened the first unlabeled can, sniffed it, and unfazed, dumped the dog food into L-Mo's bowl.

Rick A. Wehler is the author of "North of Normal Minne-Sconsin Stories", "South of Superior More Minne-Sconsin Stories", and "East of Excelsior a Senior's Minne-Sconsin Stories".

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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO: The Sinatra Children

by Karen Linton

Everyone over the age of 50 remembers Frank Sinatra and how he was teenagers’ obsession before Elvis. But even those people, and definitely those under 50, might not know how large a presence in the entertainment business he was. His affair with Ava Gardner, resulting in his divorce from his first wife Nancy, was huge tabloid news, similar to the Brad Pitt/Jennifer Anniston/Angelina Jolie news. So there was a lot of interest in the three children he had with Nancy. After awhile, that interest waned, especially after Sinatra’s death in 1998. So here’s the “skinny” on those children.

Nancy Sandra Sinatra, “Nancy, Jr.”, was born in June 1940 in New Jersey before her father hit the really big time. The family then moved to California to assist her father’s career. She had a typical rich girl’s life in California taking music, dance and singing classes. She dropped out of college after her freshman year to pursue an entertainment career, beginning with her debut performance in 1960 on her father’s TV special celebrating Elvis’ return from Army service. That year she married singer/actor Tommy Sands, himself a teenage heartthrob. They divorced in 1965 and Sands’ career stalled, he says because Sinatra blackballed him.

Her singing career wasn’t inspiring in the U.S., but she had some success in Japan and Europe. She then teamed up with Lee Hazlewood, a successful songwriter/producer/arranger. He had her lower her voice and change her image—very bleached blonde hair, heavy makeup, miniskirts and boots. She then had a huge international hit with “These Boots Are Made for Walking”, written by Hazelwood. After that, she had two top ten hits until her duet with her father, “Something Stupid” which earned a Grammy for song of the year and remains the only father-daughter duet to become number 1 in the U.S. She also recorded duets with Hazlewood that had good success. She sang the theme song for the James Bond film, “You Only Live Twice”, which became a huge hit in the U.K. Nancy, Jr. made many appearances on TV shows and movies, notably “Speedway” with Elvis (her final film) and appearing as herself on “The Sopranos”. After marrying Hugh Lambert, a dancer/choreographer, in 1970, Nancy quit acting and slowed her singing career to concentrate on raising her two daughters, A.J. & Amanda Lambert. (Each girl received \$1

million from their grandfather’s estate) A.J. is a singer and has one daughter. Amanda is an artist.

In 1985, she wrote a book “Frank Sinatra, My Father”. She posed for “Playboy” in 1994 – at age 54. She continued recording albums, none of which were successful here, but did quite well in the U.K. She received a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame in 2006. In 2017, the retail store H&M used her 1967 duet with Hazlewood, “Summer Wine” in their ad campaign. As a result, the song debuted at #1 on “Billboard” magazine.

Today, she hosts a weekly show called “Nancy for Frank” on Sirius Satellite Radio. Single since Hugh Lambert’s death in 1985, she lives in Palm Springs and still performs occasionally.

Frank Wayne Sinatra, always called Frank, Jr., even though technically, he wasn’t, was born in New Jersey in 1944. By his early teens, he was performing in local clubs. At age 19, he became the vocalist for Sam Donahue’s band and spent time with Duke Ellington, learning the music business. It’s said that he didn’t see much of his father growing up. Also, at age 19, he was kidnapped from Harrah’s Lake Tahoe and held for \$240,000 ransom (equivalent to over \$2,000,000 today). The kidnappers insisted all calls be from a payphone so his father, the rest of his life, carried at least 10 dimes on him and was actually buried with 10 dimes in his pocket. There was a lot of press at the time stating the kidnapping was really a publicity stunt, but four men were arrested shortly after the ransom was paid and sentenced to long prison terms, although they served only a small portion of their sentences. Sinatra, Jr. spent most of his early career on the road, performing in 47 states and 30 countries. He had his own band and performed frequently in Las Vegas. He also acted in several TV shows, played himself in “The Sopranos” and was in several movies, notably “Hollywood Homicide” with Harrison Ford. He appeared in several episodes of “Family Guy”.

Starting in 1988, at his father’s request, he placed his career on hold to become his father’s musical director and conductor. After his father’s death, he continued his musical and acting career. His voice was really good, but not as distinctive as his father’s. He wrote several songs including “Black Night”, written and sung by him as the theme song for the movie “Entertainment” in 2015.

He didn’t marry until later in life at age 54, the year his father died. His marriage only lasted a little over a year, but produced a son, Michael who is now 21 and a college student. Frank, Jr. had prostate surgery in 2006. He unexpectedly died of cardiac arrest while on tour in Florida in May 2016.

Christina “Tina” Sinatra was born in Los Angeles in 1948. She started singing on the Sinatra Family Christmas album in 1968 and appeared on an episode of Dean Martin’s TV show along with Martin’s children and her siblings. She never wanted a singing career, but took acting classes before moving to Germany for several years. Upon her return, she again took acting classes and appeared in episodes of several TV series.

In 1974, she married Wes Farrell, a musician, songwriter and record producer. That marriage lasted two years. In 1981, she married Richard Cohen. That marriage also lasted two years. She has no children.

In her memoir, “My Father’s Daughter”, she stated that although her acting garnered favorable reviews, she didn’t have the ambition to be an actress. She remained in the entertainment business, however, becoming a theatrical agent and a producer. She is also an executive for her father’s businesses (the children received almost all of his recording rights).

She still lives in California.

The three children from his first marriage are the only legal children of Frank Sinatra. However, three others filed suit claiming to be the children of his with as many mothers. The Sinatra estate settled \$100,000 on one of them without confirming paternity so it remains to be seen if the woman is really his daughter. Supposedly, Ava Gardner was pregnant when she and Sinatra ended their short-lived marriage and she had an abortion. Recently, actress Mia Farrow, Sinatra’s third wife, has stated that her son Ronan Farrow, an acclaimed investigative reporter and author, is probably Sinatra’s son even though he was born during her marriage to Woody Allen.

As an aside, the Sinatra siblings did not have a good relationship with Barbara Marx, their father’s fourth and final wife. She evidently didn’t call them to let them know their father was dying and/or had died. There was some legal wrangling over the estate as the children said she kept him incommunicado for the last two years of his life and exerted undue pressure on him to leave more of his estate to her rather than his children.

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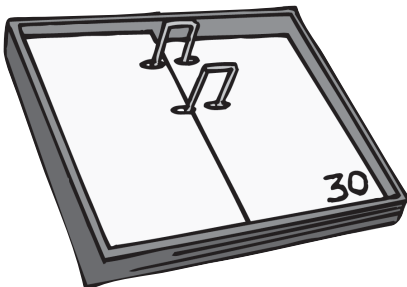
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CALENDAR POSTPONED

Due to the extension of the *Stay Home, Stay Safe* mandate, all activities are still currently postponed. We will resume our activities around the community as soon as it is safe to do so. Until then, we all must continue to do our part to flatten the curve.

WHETHER YOU HAVE COVID-19 SYMPTOMS OR NOT, IF YOU CAN STAY HOME, PLEASE STAY HOME! WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER.

Attention Golfers

from the Golf Tournament Crew: Kevin & Donna Burnside, Ron & Margo Sartin, Ken & Jo Bloedel, and Vickie Hibberd

Due to the Covid-19 shutdown and social distancing we have decided to cancel the Memorial Day mixed 4 person scramble. We will also postpone our Over 80 Tournament and reschedule at a later date. For our June 20 mixed 4 person scramble, we will take a look later into June to see where we are with the situation. Thanks to everyone for their understanding.

Dances Cancelled

by Bill Coleman, Chairman

In our last press release, the Woodburn Estates Dance and Social Club hoped that the current pandemic threat would pass and we could host our April dance as scheduled. However, with the extension of the quarantine through April 30 or longer, we must cancel all our dances until further notice. Continue to watch the *News & Views* for more information as we gradually transition back to normalcy.

From the Pro Shop

by Mark Jorgenson, Pro Shop Manager

With all the uncertainty surrounding the Covid-19 guidelines, we cannot post a reliable schedule more than a few days in advance. I strongly recommend that all golfers, associates included, call the Pro Shop at 503-981-0189 for tee times and current schedules. All the major spring maintenance projects are now complete and the course will be open for play as close to normal as possible. Wednesdays remain Ladies Day and the ladies have priority for tee times until *at least* 11:00 a.m. All regular Women's Club, Men's Club, and Tournament Events are on a suspended schedule and subject to change weekly until Social Distancing rules are amended.

Keep in Mind for the Future

by Linda Hanson

I recently learned about TMK Creamery, through a page on Facebook, like Bauman Farms has gone beyond simply selling plants and produce. This dairy has opened its own storefront and sells milk products, beer and wine, t-shirts, gift items and other things. On recent Saturdays, they have hosted free cheese curd tasting, all-you-can-eat fondue for \$10 per person, and free samples of fried cheese balls. It is an experience to go out there and try something new. It is a beautiful short drive just out of Canby to Dryland Road. Besides the store, you can go outside into a covered barn, see, and pet the cows and calves.

I recently took a couple of neighbors and enjoyed petting the cows. After washing up, we enjoyed a big bowl of ice cream with all the toppings. At a time when small farmers are all too often going out of business, it is well worth it to support a local family who is inviting us to come for a visit! Right now, they are offering curbside pick-up for any of their items, and on Saturdays, they are offering \$3 grilled cheese sandwiches! Look for their page on Facebook, or their website, you will be glad you did.

Thank You to Police and Fire Personnel

by Kathy Saunders

Standing outside at 7 p.m. with only three other people didn't seem like the best way to say "thank you" to everyone in the community who is working on the front lines during this pandemic. So my neighbor and I were brainstorming last week (from 6 feet apart), and came up with what we think is a great idea.

We want to encourage all residents of Woodburn Estates & Golf to send a thank you card or a note of appreciation to both the Woodburn Fire Department and Woodburn Police Department. Each and every day they put their health and safety on the line for us. Let's say thank you!

Woodburn Fire District
1776 Newberg Hwy
Woodburn, OR 97071

Woodburn Police Dept.
1060 Mount Hood Avenue
Woodburn, OR 97071


One more idea: please join the residents on Umpqua Road and hang your flags proudly. This is a trying time and we need to unite and show our love for our country.

Stay safe and stay healthy.

Photos and Articles

by Allan Lindberg

Your *News & Views* is published and delivered to your home twice a month bringing you articles, advertisement, calendar of events and on and on. With the community complex closed and events and scheduled activities curtailed for health safety, *News & Views* invites you to submit photos and short articles telling everyone how and what you are doing during this crisis. Please send photos and articles to NV@WoodburnEstatesGolf.com.



Please continue to stay home as much as you can, practice social distancing, wash your hands often, cover your cough and do not touch your face. Help flatten the curve!

Jim Ferraris,
Woodburn Chief of Police



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In Case You Were Wondering



by Dawn Cole

Tuesday night, April 14, at 4:45 p.m., one of our neighbors on the corner of Princeton (thank you Linda Hanson), called me saying “I just watched a guy in a white pick up truck run over our sign at the entrance to the clubhouse parking lot. He’s still in there, I can see him driving around”. Immediately after that was the call “you need to get over to Princeton and Rainier NOW, there’s a guy in a white truck and some side-swiped cars, and it stopped in the road”.

When I arrived, there were at least 4 WPD SUV’s already there and an ambulance just arriving. The driver was sitting at the curb of a house and I watched them put him on a gurney and take him to the hospital. Several of our neighbors were there telling me about his erratic driving and what they’d witnessed. As you can see in the upper picture, and all the transmission and oil found all over our lot. I would say the final score was Sign=1, Truck=0. We are awaiting additional information so that WEG can make a claim against the driver’s insurance.



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