

Christmas Tree Hunting...

Back when we first moved here, my brother and I would walk up on Terrace and to Ashland Loop Road, continue up for about 2 miles and cut our Christmas Trees. We would get two as we had an elderly neighbor that we would get one for. We would have to climb up the tree as to not cut down the healthy tree and take to top out of it. Most were 25-foot trees and we took 5 to 7 feet off the top.



We would then carry the tree all the way back to our house. We would get back very late in the evening. Our mother would have stew and hot coco waiting for us.

We both had paper routes and during the snowy season, we took our old single speed bicycles out as they had foot brakes. We would wrap the tires with dog leash chain so we had grip on the snow and ice. We had the hill routes and they were way too long to walk. Our morning routes were on the flatland areas of Ashland and we could walk them if necessary. Here the single speed

bikes worked ok. We had to push them up the hills on the evening routs in the winter and ride them down. Talk about a rush. Especially when you were approaching Siskiyou Boulevard and were still moving at a good clip.

One year we went with the church group to the lower part of Mt. Ashland. We had an old toboggan and we were experienced in running it during the years that we lived in Minnesota. I loaded up a bunch of girls that wanted to go off the road and get some air. We went above the road to get some speed and when we went over the edge of the road, I had told them to all lean back. Well they all leaned forward and we did a nosedive into the snow below the road. There were girls all over the place with just their feet sticking out of the snow. Luckily, no one was hurt.



When I got the toboggan back to the top of the hill, my brother and I tried it by ourselves. We sailed for what seemed like many minutes before we hit the snow below. We had

gone farther than the skiers had and they had a designed ski jump. It took us 20 minutes to climb back up from the tree line where we finally got the toboggan stopped, but it was a ride to remember. I do not remember any inner tubes being used on that snow trip. The sleds worked on the roadway only.

I have, since, taken my children up on the lower parts of Mt. Ashland and we used inner tubes and saucers to ride in the snow. In Minnesota, we use shovels and ski runner sleds. The sleds had runners like a ski but were like a tricycle. Of course, we had steel runner sleds that we used on the city streets back there. Trying that here was dangerous. The streets never had a thick coating or ice on them so if you hit bare pavement or dirt, the sled would stop but you did not. Now there is a thrill.



I had my own skis in Minnesota but left them there as my dad told us that there was no snow in Oregon. I never got back on skis until I went to Germany and was stationed on a hilltop called Wasserkuppe. This is the same hill that Don Simpson had some war game maneuvers on. There was a 1000 meter hill that took us about 2 minutes to ski down. We had to wait for the truck that ran up and down the hill to get back to the top. This took about 30 minutes of waiting time so we spent it in a gasthaus. We would sip a liter or two to get the courage for another run. We would sing some good old German songs with the locals and have a nice visit.