

Lecture in Truckee about whitewater rivers of the world

Squaw Valley Institute is sponsoring the Great Whitewater Rivers of the World lecture June 29 at 7pm at the Cedar House Sport Hotel in Truckee.

Laurence Alvarez Roos, a worldwide river runner and explorer, will talk about his experiences on rivers from Africa to the United States to South America.

Tickets are \$10 and limited. Call (530) 581.4138.

A no host social hour begins at 6:30pm.

Click on flyer for more information.

‘Dixie Swim Club’ at Boathouse Theatre

As part of the Valhalla Arts, Music, and Theatre Festival, the Tahoe Tallac Association and 5th Age productions present the comedy “The Dixie Swim Club” by Jessie Jones, Nicholas Hope and Jamie Wooten at the Boathouse Theatre, July 7-9, July 14-16 at 8pm and July 10 and July 17 at 2pm.

Five Southern women, whose friendships began many years ago on their college swim team, set aside a long weekend every August to recharge those relationships. Free from husbands, kids and jobs, they meet at the same beach cottage on North Carolina’s

Outer Banks to catch up, laugh and meddle in each others lives.



As their lives unfold and the years pass, these women increasingly rely on one another, through advice and raucous repartee, to get through the challenges (men, sex, marriage, parenting, divorce, aging) that life flings at them. And when fate throws a wrench into one of their lives in the second act, these friends, proving the enduring power of “teamwork,” rally around their own with the strength and love that takes this comedy in a poignant and surprising direction. “The Dixie Swim Club” is a hilarious and touching comedy about friendships that last forever.

The cast includes: Diana Arrington Evans, Ginger Nicolay Davis, Ann Swallow, Teri Levy and Amy Sando.

The production is directed by Dave Hamilton, with Dave Anderson doing set design and technical direction.

Tickets at \$18 general, \$15 seniors over 65 and children under 18. They are available online or at the door. Due to adult situations, the production is not recommended for children under 13.

The Boathouse Theatre is located at the Tallac Historic Site, 2 miles past the intersection of highways 50 and 89, just past Camp Richardson, on the lake side of Highway 89.

For more information, call (530) 541.4975.

Photo exhibit in Kings Beach

World travel photographer and Lake Tahoe resident Chris Talbot has an exhibit at the North Tahoe Event Center in Kings Beach through September.



To celebrate this exhibit and Lake Tahoe's special culture, an event on Aug. 11 will have some proceeds going to the North Tahoe Regional Park Friends of the Park Fund.

This film exhibit has an array of Lake Tahoe and international scenes on canvas.

Talbot has lived in North Lake Tahoe for the past 34 years.

Angora today: Watching a neighborhood come to life

Publisher's note: *This is the second of two stories about the Angora Fire.*

By Renee Gorevin

Fortunately for her, my daughter still had her bags packed, just recently returned from a study abroad program in Paris. Investigating the source of the smoke, my son and his friend had ventured out behind our house, creating a little angst inside my chest when I'd heard. My husband and I were at our good friends' house on Golden Bear assisting them in a home project. Our closest neighbors, John and Susan, were out of

town camping.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when my daughter called, insisting I should head home. Why, I inquired calmly, responding to her fearful tone. "Mom, go outside!" she urged. As I stepped out onto Golden Bear to view the horizon in the distance, my neck immediately flexed, carrying my gaze up, up, up, following the gray smoke column to its summit, directly overhead! That visual was worth a thousands gasps. I hung up and immediately said, "Mark, we need to get home!"



The Gorevins' neighborhood days after the June 24, 2007, fire leveled their friends' homes.

Photos/Renee Gorevin

My car, as I later found out, was the last one allowed past the sheriff's post at Sawmill Pond. Driving up Tahoe Mountain Road my eyes bounced from flare up to flare up on either side of the road, our inadequate asphalt fire line. I was mesmerized, stunned, looking in disbelief, gasping for breath.

Turning onto this cul-de-sac 12 years ago to look at a house that had just come on the market, I gasped then too; but out of joy and expectation – this is just what I had envisioned, trees, lots of them, space, lots of it and just enough

neighbors to make it a home. Twelve years ago we purchased one of 12 houses on this street, certain it would be for good as the location, house and neighborhood had everything we had hoped for moving from the Bay Area. Susan and John welcomed us as we moved in, happily discovering Susan and I were both teachers and John and Mark were both in the construction trades.

Now, smoke and amazing, frantic wind blowing in every direction and speed along with the weight of uncertainty pressing on me, I drive to our house. Driving past all our neighbors, running with arms full, placing yet another precious load in their car, I lock eyes with one of Susan and John's daughters' as we drive past each other, communicating many emotions with that gaze. Both of their daughters along with friends were transferring their family keepsakes into their cars. A sprinkler was left on next to the house in hopes of rescue. Later I was amazed and touched with Susan's recount, "I told my daughters to just come up and join us camping, what could we do there anyway?" Susan's positive acceptance of the fire, a seeming "hiccup" in her life (I take liberty here as I truly don't know the extent of heartache she experienced), impressed me again and again over the next two and a half years as they sifted, leveled and rebuilt on their lot across the street. I recall a "heart in my throat" smile as I heard Susan found a ring of her mother's in the ashes.

Both my son and daughter had packed their car with belongings and the pets by the time I arrived. We took our computers with our scanned family photos in them and I grabbed the important paperwork. They insisted it was time to go, yet I stood in the middle of our great room, looking around, what should I take? With a quiet acceptance I walked through the door and we caravanned down our street. Mark was running toward us on foot. He was not allowed by the sheriff to drive his car, instead ran the half-mile to our house, but wouldn't get in the car. He needed to go back and get his camera.

Why did our house not burn? There is no reason in this human made earthly hell that it should not have. Valiant firefighters removed flammable material from under our deck, obviously helping to save our house. Ten out of the 12 houses on our street burned completely to the ground. To this day I still shake my head and have no answer. How do you respond to the families whose homes did burn? What must they be feeling? I can't imagine. I smile and give Susan a big hug when I finally see her; she is smiling. Mark and John discuss what's left of the snowplow truck we all reaped the benefits of and look at what little is left of his snowmobiles. The four of us have a guilty chuckle over the charred trailer carcass, all that is left of the cigarette boat parked at the vacation home next to Susan and John's. Yes, we will rebuild and we'll be back she says with utter confidence and her ever present smile. We love this neighborhood, she says. I am quietly thrilled!

Mark and I were one of four households living in our greater neighborhood area of 40-plus homes, pre-fire, that first winter, the lucky ones who had a home to stay in. We even had pine trees left on our lot! We braved the loneliness, the wicked wind with no trees to hold it back and the hope for our neighborhood to return. Ruth finished her house first, then Susan and John, then Christine and Colin. The full timers on our street were all back home. We were ecstatic to have our neighbors return!

I recall many times turning on our street during the two plus years of rebuilding with a heavy heart, sadden by the loss of trees. Those trees gave our neighborhood a grounded, safe, comfy feeling. Toward the end of that rebuilding time, as I turned down our street once again, I suddenly gasped as I looked out over our neighborhood with a big smile, tears forming in my eyes. I realized at that moment that it had not been just the trees I had been missing; it was the homes and the neighbors as well! I looked around and saw all the houses

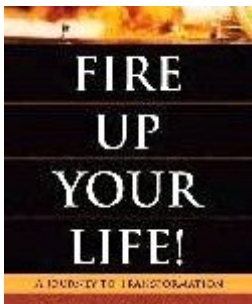
that had been built for our neighbors and, that grounded, safe, comfy feeling that I so treasured, had returned.

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Tahoe author shares life experiences in her books

By Juan Lopez, Reno Gazette-Journal

On March 1, 1978, she survived a fiery plane crash in which she was the last person to exit the aircraft before it exploded. On March 1, 2002, she was diagnosed with stage III melanoma, the most dangerous type of skin cancer. On March 1, 2006, she underwent open heart surgery.



Donna Hartley has stared at death three times, and she's walked away unscathed each time.

The 30-year Tahoe resident is now a full-time speaker and uses her experiences as the basis of her motivational talks.

"In those events, I had to survive and make choices that saved my life," said Hartley, who has traveled the world as a speaker. "So, my talks focus on trusting your intuition, being true to yourself and living your life to the fullest."

Hartley has two self-authored books coming out this week, "Fire up Your Life!" and "Fire up Your Intuition!" She also will give a talk at 7pm June 29 at the Center for Spiritual

Living, where she will have a book signing. There is no charge and the event is open to the public.

Read the whole story

Exhibit recalls early lifestyle in Nevada

By Kelsey Kloss, Reno Gazette-Journal

One spacious room displaying photography now fully encompasses Erik Lauritzen's characteristic view of Nevada's landscape. The exhibit, Stop the Car, Dad!, recently left the Truckee Meadows Community College art gallery and now is on display at Bartley Ranch.

"I loved it; it's quintessential Nevada – that's what I would call it," said writer Maria Denzler, who decided to visit the exhibit on its first day at Bartley Ranch.

The photography showcases a boom-and-bust lifestyle evident in many deserted Nevada towns by drawing attention to sometimes forgettable roadside scenes. Deserted snow cone stands marking a dry landscape or a locked gate leading to endless space present eerie reminders of past life in abandoned towns.

"We just want to provide an opportunity for the public to experience a piece of Nevada they don't typically see and to bring attention to things other than just gambling and divorce," said park ranger Bryan Harrower.

Read the whole story

Angora Fire: 'Being away during the fire was a blessing'

Publisher's note: *This is the first of two stories about people who lived through the June 24, 2007, Angora Fire.*

By Susan Baker

The North Coast is one of the most beautiful places in California, probably the reason we vacation there every year right after school is out. June 2007 was no different. We packed our car with all our camping gear, camping clothes and our dog and set out for a week of abalone diving and rest. Many times the weather on the coast can be wet and miserable, but when we arrived at McKerricher State Park the sun was shining, the weather was warm and I was happy.

Two o'clock Sunday everything changed. I was sitting around the campsite reading, John was in the ocean abalone diving with our friends, and Lola (our dog) was napping in the quiet sun. My cell phone rang and I answered it. That phone call started a chain of phone calls that would end the day with our home one of the casualties of the Angora Fire. John and I have discussed many times since that day that being away during the fire was a blessing.



Susan Baker

When we returned to Tahoe a week later and began the process of rebuilding our lives and emotions, not experiencing the fire firsthand was kind of like reading about war compared to living it. We had none of the sensory triggers like the smell of smoke or the sound of the sirens, which I feel for many handcuffed them emotionally to the experience for years.

When John got out of the ocean, with his limit of abalone, and returned to the campsite I informed him I thought our house had been lost in a fire at home. It took him a minute or so to understand what I was saying. As I think back to that conversation, I see the ocean in the background, I hear the seagulls talking, and I smell the salty ocean air and the conversation is surreal. To process and wrap your head around losing everything material you own is difficult when the loss is right in front of you. I have decided it is impossible when it is not right in front of you. John's first reaction was how did I know and was I sure. At that point I was pretty positive our home was gone, but had not heard definitively, like from the authorities. So, John in his calm manner said let's not do anything rash (not sure what that meant) until we were sure.

We continued fielding calls from our kids and friends that afternoon, until the final call from our daughter told us our home was gone. Sara had talked to a friend who is a firefighter who happened to be the one assigned to our street. It was confirmed only two homes remained on our street and ours wasn't one. John and I sat, looked at each other, hugged and continued with our camping trip. Were we in denial? I don't know, possibly, it was very easy to ignore the reality

being 400 miles away. I don't remember being sad or mad, I just remember thinking what now? The only decision we made was when we got home we would live with Sara and Brian, our daughter and her husband.

The next day we spoke to our kids and got a glimpse of the horror the town was going through. They had not slept much, watching the fire, worrying about their homes and their friends, listening to the media and trying to make sense of the whole disaster. We had decided to stay put and not come home and finally convinced them to come to the coast. In retrospect, that was the best family decision we could have made. The rest of the week we had time to try to make sense of what had happened and plan for the immediate future. The only thing I knew was that I needed to be with family. We had lost everything, but still had each other and I needed to cling onto that, so that was the plan.

The rest of our vacation was perfect; beautiful weather, friends, lots of abalone, walks on the beach and time.



The Bakers' rebuilt house was on the 2010 home tour.

Photos/LTN

The ride home after the week was over we were anxious, not really sure what we were coming home to or how we would feel. It was good to have a tentative plan, but the fear of the

unknown was real. We drove directly to our street and took in the devastation from North Upper Truckee to Tahoe Mountain. We pulled up to where our house had been and just sat in the car and looked. I was trying to remember where things had been, our deck, my strawberry garden, the big tree in the middle of the yard, the front door, my favorite spot to sit in the sun and read. Nothing was familiar. We got out of the car and walked around the lot, sifted through a few piles of ash, talked about what was supposed to be where, began to mentally label what was gone.

A while later our kids showed up and they were more interested in sifting through the ash and actually found a few things ... a few broken ceramic crèche figures, a ruby ring John had given me one Mother's Day, and a few coins. We all left and went to Sara and Brian's.

Life has an interesting way of making amends. After one day at our daughter's house we realized it wasn't going to work. Our friends that we were camping with had offered their vacation home to us right after the fire, but we had said no because I was sure I needed to cling closely to my children. We decided to accept their gracious offer and eight days after the fire moved to our new home on Lake Tahoe for the next year and a half. As we enjoyed our year and a half living on the lake, I am convinced that helped wash away so much debris in our minds from the fire. We are now in our new home which we rebuilt on our lot and back in our neighborhood. Life is good.

Susan Adams – 1950-2011

Susan Adams, a 60-year-old former South Lake Tahoe resident, passed away in Buffalo, Wyo., June 16.

Funeral services will be at Happy Homestead Cemetery in South Lake Tahoe on June 24 at 11am.



Susan Adams

Susan Elaine Adams was born July 28, 1950, in Fort Collins, Colo., to Ruth and Bill Jordan. She was the third child of five girls and one boy.

Her family spent most of her childhood in Brawley, Calif., where she graduated from high school.

As a young adult, Susan hoped to be a school teacher or writer and went to community college in California. During that time she met her husband, Robert Adams. Susan went on to raise their two children, Jessica and Ryan, as a single parent in California, eventually settling in her beloved city of South Lake Tahoe. There Susan fell in love with her longtime sweetheart David "Chas" Blake.

Susan ran a local business; Tahoe Keys Sub and Yogurt. After David's retirement, Susan joined him in establishing their home in Buffalo, Wyo, where they established friendships, set up a hunting camp, grew vegetables, made jewelry and enjoyed her four grandchildren, Ella, Aaralyn, Katrin and Daylan.

Susan is survived by her four sisters, Kathy Lines, Sandy Carter, Billie Bernard and Jill Merriman; her brother Hank Jordan; her two children Jessica Wilson and Ryan Adams; and her four grandchildren Ella Wilson, Aaralyn Adams, Katrin Wilson and Daylan Adams.

Her sense of spirituality, adventure, love and care will be dearly missed by them all.

Writing workshops in Tahoe City

A series of writing classes are being offered in Tahoe City through Tangled Roots Writing.

Monday Night Writing Workshops

Connect with a writing community and improve your writing practice. Generate new material, explore craft and get feedback. Monday nights 6:30-8pm. Cost is \$90. The six-week session is July 25-Aug. 29.

Creative Writing Workshop for Teens

If you like to write fiction, poetry, or non-fiction, this group is for you. The workshop is designed to be fun and an evening of writing in any genre. Tuesday nights 5-6:30pm. Cost is \$90. Tutoring also available. The six-week session is July 26 to Aug. 30. and Sept. 12-Oct. 17.

Weekend Escape Workshops

Fun and generative evening of writing in any genre. Connect with a writing community, generate new material, play with language and meaning in a supportive creative environment. Each workshop is different. Sundays 5:30-8:30pm. Cost is \$35 or two for \$60. The three-hour workshops are Aug. 7, Aug. 14, and Aug. 21.

For more information or to sign up for a class, contact Karen

Eye protection crucial for all ages

By Michelle Healy, Reno Gazette-Journal

If you've heeded the health messages to protect your skin by covering up and slathering on the sunblock, you're taking important steps to playing it safe in the sun.



But you'll come up short if you don't also wear sunglasses and a hat to protect your eyes from harmful ultraviolet rays, health experts say.

"Most people are not aware that long-term exposure to sunlight, with its ultraviolet wavelengths, can be very damaging to the eyes," says Lee Duffner, an ophthalmologist in Hollywood, Fla., and spokesman for the American Academy of Ophthalmology.

Although there's considerable public awareness about UV light's ability to burn and age the skin, awareness of its effect on the eyes has "fallen in the shadows," says optometry professor Jan Bergmanson of the University of Houston College of Optometry, founding director of the Texas Eye Research and Technology Center.

A 2009 survey by the American Optometric Association found

that one in three adults are unaware of the eye health risks of spending too much time in the sun without proper protection.

Read the whole story