

July 15, 2001 Issue

## Driving The Backroads



How can time fly by so fast? A day still takes 24 hours by the clock, but, then, why is it that when the sun goes down it is too soon? When the clock radio comes on in the morning, it is too early? The needs of the day consume the daylight and then it is dark again. I'm not complaining. I relish the hours speeding by. The accomplished tasks leap exponentially. I've spent most of the summer in my yard, yanking weeds, destroying blackberry roots, building rock walled gardens, and planting, pruning, watering, and, well, you get the picture. That is the reason, of course, for all the time spent in the yard. I will paint the scenes of flowers, walls and trees and publish them so you can enjoy the pictures. Happy summer!

Next issue: Stolen Art, Stolen Money

A recent interest in Americana has taken my husband and I on new backroad adventures. On a drive to Eastern Washington, (Palouse country) we discovered a working windmill. We stopped alongside the road and I photographed and sketched the windmill and surrounding hills, making notes and locking the scene into my memory. Thus began a quest for more windmills

**"I spotted an old, colorful windmill in the distance."**

On a winding mountain road from the Oregon coast to Eugene, I spotted an old, colorful windmill in the distance. Again, we pulled over and I thoroughly researched the subject. California held a fascinating farm with windmill, sheds, barn and mailboxes. Those were the beginnings of the backroad journeys. Leaving the busy four lane highways, we have discovered covered bridges, pastures of sheep, herds of cows and horses grazing in quiet meadows. There are elk and deer that barely lift their

magnificent heads to glance at intruders. We have taken the time to wind up and down, around and around on a mountainous road to find an obscure lighthouse at the end.

**"I am excited about old buildings, Victorian homes, old farm implements"**

As we continue our backroads adventures we find research material on various other subjects as well. I am excited about old buildings, Victorian homes, old farm implements, boats, harbors and people. I'll always paint the sea and it's surroundings, but I can't help being enchanted by whatever subject pops up on a backroads trip around the next corner of my world.

*Carol Thompson*

## Featured Artwork

**Old Pals (Gouache)**



"Nearly lost in a tangle of blackberry briars, an aging piece of farm equipment rests beneath a faded windmill. These 'old pals' once worked together to produce bountiful harvests on a now long neglected farm."

**Winter Mailboxes (Pastel)**



"The snow had been falling all night and when the new day dawned, a crisp, clean mantle of snow covered trees, shrubs, road, and mailboxes."

**Windmill (Gouache)**



"South of Eureka, California, U.S.A., on a golden summer day, an old windmill stands sedately. It seems to be patiently waiting for the wind to pick up so it can get back to the work it has been doing for so long."