

PARK FALLS AREA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE NEWS

BY **TAMMY HASTINGS**
PRESIDENT

What do you want to be when you grow up? Do you remember that question posed to you as a child? Did you want to be a fireman, police officer, banker or a beautician? This ponderance has to be the first philosophical question presented before the mind of a youngster. What will I do? (Action) What will I be? (Character) Both questions combined, forced us to ask, "What will I become?" (Here Lies Jon Doe)

While visiting with area business owners, the greatest problem is a lack of employees. A friendly facebook thread suggested it was a lack of a fair wage. In some cases, that can be true.

Several businesses stated they cannot offer a fair wage to

people who do not apply. It is not as much a lack of employees as it is a lack of applicants. Businesses and members take advantage of the local Concentrated Employment Program office, social media and job websites to make opportunities available. However, some company's report that months can go by without more than three people applying. This was an average number, with some even companies reporting seeing even fewer applicants.

The tragic message of the statistics is self-evident. Somebody stopped asking that first important question. Did children begin to believe or see examples set that made them conclude there is no expectation or interest in their life?

As in everything, we can race to the political soapbox and blame it on free money or

government spending. That's for you to decide. What we do know is what we have personally done to encourage those under our influence. It may seem like small talk, but to that young person, they are hearing that they are acknowledged and have a role in society.

Goal oriented children are not planted by accident. They are seeds sown by the fruit others leave behind.

If you are reading this and feel you may have missed that time in your life when options were available to you, I can assure you that it is never too late. A couple of years ago I met a young man who was admittedly addicted to meth. He existed in a terrible living situation and had given up.

Recently I ran into the same man and saw a noticeable change. I asked him if remembered me. He did, and then

shared with me his journey of recovery, how well he was doing and that he loved his job. Growth can often be slow or even seem to stop, but it never ceases to be available until we are dead.

We can see an influx of applicants who want to re-enter the job of life. The challenge goes back to raising morale, something your Park Falls Area Chamber of Commerce is committed to through local family events and entertainment.

It's time to invite you to mark your calendars for the Park Falls Easter event, April 15-16. There will be a free movie at the Park Theatre on both days, along with a free basket and goodies from area sponsors for registered children under age 10. To sponsor this event email director@park-falls.com.



PRICE COUNTY REVIEW

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www.pricecountyreview.com
Published every Thursday

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ADMINISTRATION
Jeff Robischon
General Manager
715-718-6401
jrobischon@ashlanddailypress.net

NEWS STAFF
Tom LaVenture
Managing Editor
715-718-4683
tlaventure@pricecountyreview.com

FOR BREAKING NEWS TIPS CALL
715-718-4683

ADVERTISING STAFF

Matt Bablick
715-661-0282
mbablick@pricecountyreview.com

Dawn Damrow
715-718-4690
ddamrow@pricecountyreview.com

FRONT DESK/LEGALS STAFF
Mackenzie Kunding
mkunding@pricecountyreview.com
715-718-4675

Periodicals postage paid at:
USPS #047-860 Phillips, WI 54555

MEMBERSHIPS
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USPS 47860. Entered into the United States Mail as periodicals materials at Phillips, Wisconsin.

POSTMASTER
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KAREN'S KORNER

BY **KAREN DUMS** | DUMSKAREN57@YAHOO.COM

Another Windsday

Snow comes off the roof like smoke, while the wind creates gravity-defying artwork along the eaves; the swirl on the sidewalk is hard packed and will need to be 'chunked' before it is shoveled away. One piece is rocklike and thus leaves a curve in the otherwise straight lines apparent between high banks of snow. I cannot see the forest or the trees, even though they are a scant 25 yards away.

A whiteout in my very own yard. It has been a blustery February day indeed. Regardless of the fact that it is Friday and not Wednesday, or "Windsday," as de-

scribed in children's lit, the wind picked up, and fell away just as quickly. Now the snow of the yard is littered with pine needles and small sticks, the eastern windows are plastered with white, the flag is tightly wrapped around its pole.

I've no doubt mentioned it in this column before, so please forgive the redundancy, but I like wind. Not necessarily destructive wind that knocks down power lines, trees and houses, but wind in general. Forces of nature will



hold an appeal for some and wind is the one that holds an appeal for me. I've seen it do damage in its ferocity - tossed waves at sea, whitecaps on smaller bodies of water, trees littered across the landscape no more than matchsticks to its power - nature in a mood. A fierce mood. I can admire that ferocity, it's a known thing. It's been my muse, rough wind has, in poems mostly and no doubt will remain so - old habits die hard.

But in truth the gentle breezes beckon me too. The kinder winds that caress our cheeks and promise better things to come. They can be apparent at any time of year but I notice them most after spring's

blustery, kite-flying days and on into summer. They tickle and tease rather than bite or send insidious fingers of cold tracing along our spines.

I've attempted to capture the wind poetically as well. There are also what our family calls the sweet-sour winds that autumn in general and Halloween in particular bring; that mixture of one season giving way to another often accompanied by a spicy aroma. Yes, wind can be vibrant, vicious, seductive or smooth - as if it has a personality all its own - a flight of fancy.

In any case, Friday past was one of those days that, if you've read your Milne, (as in Winnie the Pooh), you can easily refer to as a blustery day, for it was that. A brief period of snow squalls and limited visibility. Quaking trees and

bending limbs, short-lived at least in our little neck of the woods.

Seed catalogs might be arriving in the mailbox. Summer clothing might be appearing in the stores. Daylight hours are quickly lengthening, but you can be almost certain that winter isn't quite through with us just yet.

As much as I don't like to recall it, March can be our heaviest snow month, and it's still more than a week away. As the old nursery rhyme reads, "The March winds shall blow, and we shall have snow, and what will little robin do, poor thing, poor thing, and what will little robin do?..."

I can't speak for the robins but I intend to do what I've always done and that's take one day at a time, blow, snow and everything in between.

LETTERS FROM MUSKY FALLS

BY **TERRI KAISER** | TERRIKAISER12@GMAIL.COM

To Dye or Not

You know, I think my hair color has been at every spectrum of the hair color wheel. Now, I don't mean some of the colors you see these days. I've never even contemplated pink, or blue, or purple, and never will. My husband is breathing a sigh of relief at that.

I started out in this life a curly headed brunette, a light shade that almost looked blond at times. The older I got the color turned to just plain old brown.

About the age of 14, I was sure that if I only had straight hair down my back of a shade of golden blond, I would be the most popular girl in my class other than the tall, lanky dork that I was. My parents said a big 'NO.' I didn't think I would ever forgive them. Therefore, I spend copious amounts of time in the summer sun hoping it would do



TERRI KAISER

the trick for me and I could blame Mother Nature.

Well, she let me down. Not only did I not tan, because that was another part of the popularity equation, I developed moles instead and my hair remained brown. Not chestnut, not sable, just brown.

When I was in my twenties and thirties, I experimented a little. The hair was generally high-lighted with blond streaks. Then I got a hankering for auburn hair. I didn't want to look like Lucille Ball or Little Orphan Annie, but just a shade of copper or rust. The first time I did it, I thought yes, this is it. Gosh, it made me feel so Irish. But before long I tried a cheaper brand of hair coloring and it turned black. Jet black.

I will never forget my husband coming in the door after a hard day's work, taking one look and shouting, "What did you do?" Yes, it was shocking.

I wasn't any happier. With my pale skin I looked a bit Goth, before there was such a thing.

A quick run to the drug store with a scarf over my head and I bought my usual brand. Thank heavens, it worked. Now I was back to my regular brown, and so grateful for it.

It was a few years before I dared dye it again. But then 50 hit and I was feeling adventurous. Mostly I kept it to a golden brown. There is a difference between golden brown and just brown, trust me. Sometimes it was more golden than brown. Every once in a while, I gravitate toward the auburn again.

Once my dad asked, "What is your natural color? I can't remember anymore."

Anyway, after several years of this back and forth I started getting it professionally done. My stylist gave me wonderful highlights that made me feel so vibrant that I was able to fool myself into thinking aging had passed me by. Silly me.

I had thought I'd be one

of those women that age gracefully. I don't know why I thought that as I always had a spare box of hair color in the closet, but I did. I thought I'd be fine with letting my hair go gray at, say, 55. Well, 55 came and went and still I had my youthful color. Then I thought maybe at 60. Maybe not.

I started noticing that upon entering a room of women, my eyes found the women with gray, silver, or white hair and I found them to be very distinguished looking. The thought crossed my mind quite often that I was ready to enter that club.

Well, I'm taking the plunge. I have a fabulous stylist who's helping the process along expertly (thanks, Denise!). For the most part it's been freeing to be me again. There are still those mornings when I stumble into the bathroom, look into the mirror, and scare myself, but those times are getting farther and fewer between.

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