

INSIDE:

Family/D3
Horoscope/D2
Comics/D4
Television/D7

Today's
weather
picture by:

Siouxie Feucht,
8, Washougal,
Hathaway
Elementary
School



Section D

WEATHER

Forecasts for the region
and the nation
Back page

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 2003



MIKE BAILEY
Bits 'n' Pieces

Lights show support for troops

Patriotism comes in all shapes and sizes. For Mike and Debbie Kroon, it comes in the glow of thousands of tiny light bulbs that again will sparkle in the night in the Hazel Dell area.

The Kroons are well-known for having one of the most elaborate Christmas light displays each year in Clark County. They also celebrate other holidays like Halloween and Easter with huge displays consuming their front lawn.

To show support for troops fighting in Iraq, the Kroons erected an American flag made of 10,000 lights and measuring 20 feet by 12 feet.

The front of their home at 8908 N.E. 28th Place also has "U.S.A." spelled in red, white and blue lights, and each division of the Armed Forces and a peace sign are aglow in lights.

It's the same configuration of lights the Kroons put up after Sept. 11.

"I'm going to leave them up for a couple of months at least," Mike Kroon said. "It's a way for us to show our support."

Winner is a dance winner

Laila Winner from Hood River, Ore., finished first in this year's Weiler Choreography Competition last month at Royal Durst Theatre.

It's the 10th year the Columbia Dance Ensemble has sponsored the competition, open to all pre-professional choreographers age 13 and older.

Second place went to **Maya Michlal** of Aloha, Ore.

The Langsdorf Laureate Winner was **Eowyn Barrett** of Vancouver. The Laureate division is for choreographers who have placed first in the past.

All three winners will have their pieces performed in CDE & Friends at 7:30 p.m. Friday and Saturday and 2 p.m. Saturday at Winningstad Theatre in Portland. Tickets are \$8-\$15. Call 360-737-1922.

A scoop of Evergreen

If Washington had a state ice cream, what would it be? The possibilities are endless. How about Evergreen pine needle (mint ice cream with slivers of coconut that look like the needles of a pine)?

If you have an idea for a special scoop that represents our home state, Dreyer's Grand Ice Cream has a contest for you.

"A Scoop of U.S.A." asks kids to create an ice cream that pays homage to their home state.

To enter, submit an original ice cream flavor name, a creative and meaningful description of the flavor and a paragraph of 250 words or less that explains why this flavor best represents the state.

Children ages 8 to 14 are eligible. Send to: A Scoop of U.S.A., Dreyer's Grand Ice Cream, 5929 College Ave., Oakland, CA 94618 by Sept. 19, 2003.

Fifteen finalists will be chosen and invited to a "taste off" in Oakland where one winner will be chosen. Finalists receive a year's supply of ice cream.

For more, visit www.Dreyers.com or call 877-437-3937.

MIKE BAILEY'S column appears Mondays and Wednesdays. If you have an item of interest, call Mike at The Columbian, 360-759-8050, send a fax to 360-699-6033, or send an e-mail to mike.bailey@columbian.com.

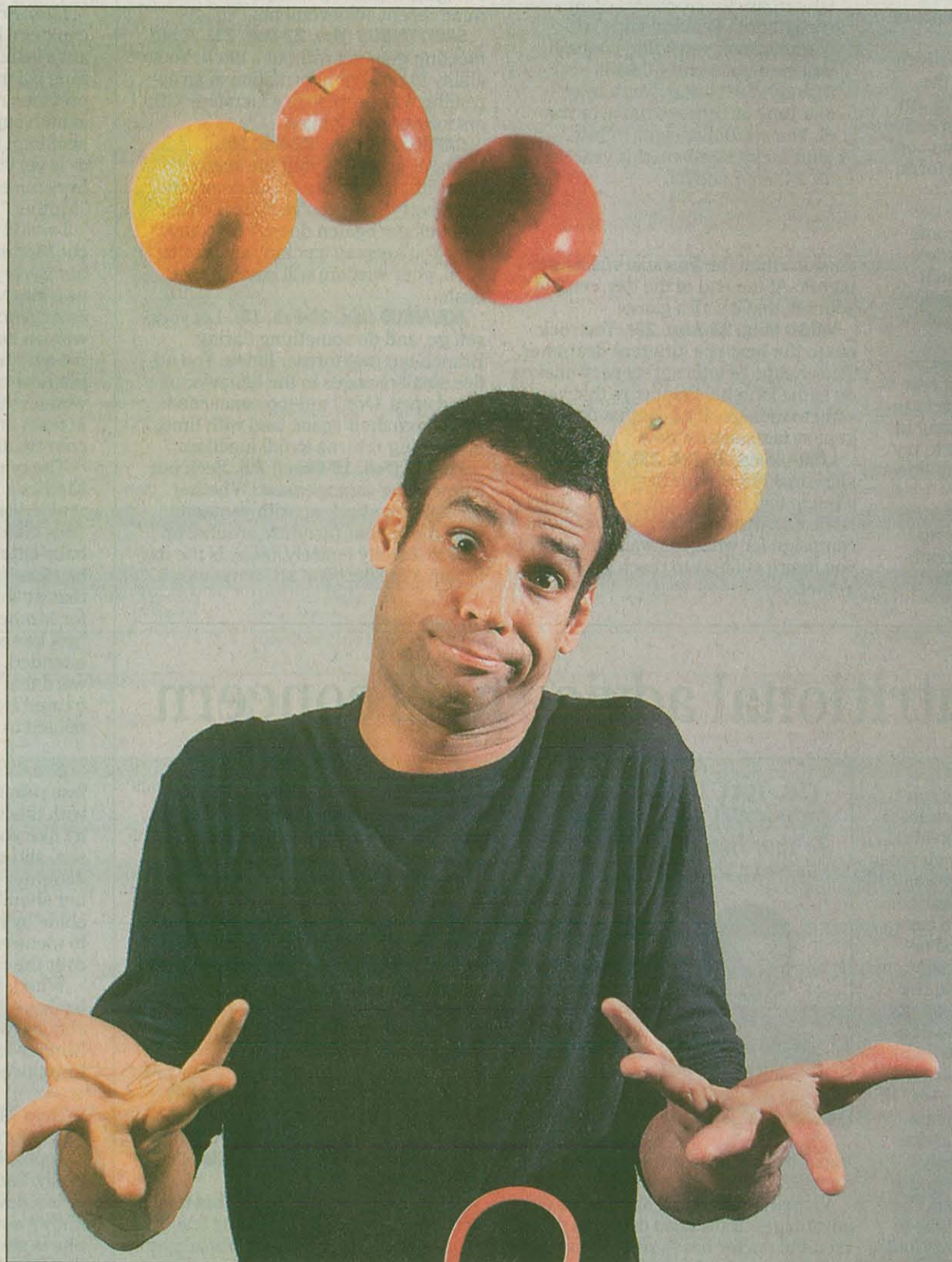


Photo illustration by **JEREMIAH COUGHLAN**
The Columbian

apples



Photo illustration by **STEVEN LANE**/The Columbian
Apparently always in apple country, Lesley Apple eventually grew to enjoy her memorable lineage.

At first, she was a sour Apple when it came to her name

Lesley Apple spent her childhood in Henderson County, N.C., one of the largest apple-producing areas of the nation.

That meant there was an annual Apple Festival in her community, and since her family was the only "Apple" in the phone book, her friends loved to share that fact with others.

Sometimes, like during the Apple Parade, having such a name had benefits, including the float participants tossing her extra fruit when they found out who she was. But most of the time, at least until adolescence was over, Apple felt embarrassed by the unusual moniker.

"It was torture as a kid," said Apple, who now works as an attorney in the White Salmon-Hood River area and is in the process of moving to Orchard Lane in Underwood, in east Skamania County. "I remember dreaming, wishing I had a normal name that people couldn't draw or poke fun at. ... I didn't like to say my (last) name and avoided using it whenever I could."

APPLE, page D5



... and clichés, oh my

By **BRETT OPPEGAARD**
Columbian staff writer

Ideas for stories like this don't grow on trees (even though they eventually get printed on them). So when my editor came searching for the holy grail — a tale that would stand the test of time — I wasn't quite the deer in headlights I might have appeared to be.

Separating the chaff from the wheat in my mind, I dug right in and decided to take a shot at grabbing for this brass ring. He wanted a story he could really sink his teeth into, something that would bear fruit, so I aimed to give him a mouthful to chew on.

I could have hit the streets or beat the bushes. But a journey of a thousand miles starts with a first step, and I did what many contemporary journalists do, copying and pasting a few things during a surf on the Internet.

To make a long story short, I might not be the sharpest pencil or knife in the drawer, but there's no tomorrow, so I let this silly little cat out of the bag: "How about comparing apples to oranges?"

Sure enough, pigs froze over and hell could fly. We seemed to be on the same page. Unilaterally playing around with hackneyed phrases must have been the chink in my editor's armor, his Achilles heel, because he lapped it up. It was like a square peg fitting in a round hole. I guess a blind squirrel does find a nut every once in a while.

CLICHÉS, page D5

oranges



Photo illustration by **JANET L. MATHEWS**/The Columbian

Orange you glad they're a-round: From left, **Brandon Michael Koch-Harvey, 16, Caitlyn Orange, 7, Anita Orange holding Zoey Orange, 2, and Herbert Orange.**

Oranges fell from two different family trees

Herbert Orange's father, Ben Orange, had to explain why he wasn't anymore.

His mother, Bea Orange, just wanted to introduce herself, not issue a command.

His wife, Anita Orange, doesn't really need one.

And during roll call in school, Orange Herbert sure sounded a lot like a frozen treat.

Dealing with this unusual name helped Clark County residents **Herbert and Don Orange** make a connection when the two met briefly at a party a few years ago. One of Don's favorite stories is about the local trucking company he used to own with the slogan "The outfit with appeal," or when he attended Orchards United Methodist church, always sitting in front of a family named the Peaches.

"Herb's the only guy I've met with my last name that I'm not related to," Don said, which is a sentiment echoed by Herbert.

"It's a different name," Don said. "And we all want to be different."

ORANGE, page D5

Portland writer portrays Iraqis' human side

Abu-Jaber's newest main character is suave, sensitive man

By PETER PRENGAMAN
Associated Press writer

PORTLAND — Hanif Al Eyad is a smart and swaggering Iraqi professor, and when it comes to the lady in his life, oh so sensitive. The main character in "Crescent," a newly published novel by Portland writer Diana Abu-Jaber, Hanif's warmth melts the hearts of all around him.

Abu-Jaber says she wrote the story to show the "human side" of Iraqis.

"Hanif is a contemporary, polished, intellectual who represents an exciting class coming out of the Arab world that we never hear about," Abu-Jaber said in an interview.

The release of "Crescent" on Monday — five days after the first bombs hit Iraq — is purely coincidental. When Abu-Jaber began writing it three years ago there was no talk of a second war with Iraq.

Now that thousands of American troops are in Iraq, however, her book is likely to attract readers because of its exploration of themes such as how Iraqi exiles view their country.

Set in Los Angeles, where Hanif goes after being forced to flee Iraq for speaking up against Saddam Hussein, Abu-Jaber creates a lively world of

Arab-Americans who all miss home.

Hanif teaches Near Eastern Studies at a local university and falls in love with Serine, a 39-year-old chef whose father was Iraqi.

Hanif is a sharp break from the stereotype of a Muslim man who orders his woman around. On his first date with Serine, he cooks her dinner.

Abu-Jaber says she sees Hanif as an Arab Antonio Banderas, a cosmopolitan Casanova with "hair, straight and shiny as black glass," "a faint tropical sleepiness to his eyes," and an accent with "nuances of England and Eastern Europe, like complicated sauce."

Despite Hanif's smooth adjustment to America, he yearns for home. And he's ridden with guilt because his political posturing in Iraq led to the arrests of relatives.

Hanif's internal tensions create an implicit question through the story: Could Iraqis like him ever flourish in Iraq the way they do in America?

Though discussions of U.S. sanctions against Iraq enter into the conversations of Arab students who eat at Nadia's Cafe, where Serine cooks up Middle Eastern delights, "Crescent" is not overtly political.

It's a love story, something Americans don't often associate with Iraq, Abu-Jaber says.

Abu-Jaber's background gives her the tools to explore cross-cultural love and longing for one's roots. Her father is



GREG WAHL-STEPHENS/The Associated Press

Diana Abu-Jaber, author of "Crescent," released Monday, sits in her office at Portland State University. Her latest novel explores how Iraqi exiles view their country.

from Jordan, her mother is American. Abu-Jaber, 42, grew up between New York and Jordan, and shifted between English and Arabic.

Though she chose America

as an adult, she misses Jordan and speaking Arabic.

Her characters, mostly Arab-American, are happy in America but also deeply nostalgic for their home countries. Their

loneliness will touch any reader who has ever been far from home.

"Crescent" is Abu-Jaber's second novel. Her first, "Arabian Jazz," got rave reviews from

The New Yorker and USA Today, among others.

"Crescent" appears to be headed down the same path. Thousands of copies were pre-sold on Amazon.com.

Clichés:

From page D1

Rome wasn't built in a day, and a story of this magnitude easily could eat up an entire afternoon. But it ain't rocket science, so my hope was to create a case of the more we learn, the less we know.

This long, strange trip began on the information superhighway. Research astrophysicist Scott Sandford used the Web to respond to a particularly dim bulb of a judge who carelessly had given one of Sandford's scientific papers a thumbs-down, saying his arguments "were like comparing apples to oranges," despite the five pages of discussion Sandford crammed into the paper just to hit that nail on the head.

Instead of using a weapon of mass destruction, Sandford, sharp as a tack, decided to show this nit-witted judge a thing or two by actually com-

paring apples to oranges through infrared spectroscopy. Surprise! Apples and oranges aren't that much different after all, at least in terms of color absorption bandwidth, or the basic combination of atoms next to atoms, or something like that.

This was all fine and dandy, but I needed to pull at least one more rabbit out of the hat to bring this to a crescendo. Catch my drift? Burning the candle at both ends as well as midnight oil, I scoured the face of the earth looking for more examples that would tell me something, anything, about apples compared to oranges. Luckily, I didn't have to look far or through smoke and mirrors. A recent full-page ad boldly offered apples for 29 cents a pound and oranges for — 29 cents a pound.

Furthermore, a recent article in this newspaper talked about how hoteliers were up in arms over the new publicly financed hotel and convention center in Vancouver. Brett

Wilkerson, general manager of the Heathman Lodge, reportedly said about the changes in the project: "We went from an apple to an orange." A recent story about the Clark College Jazz Festival had Jennifer Mahorney, vocal director at Washougal High School, saying that to discuss musicians and singers in the same breath is like "comparing apples and oranges." One pitch-perfect piece on Northwest transplants said comparing Washington to Southern California was like "apples with oranges." Another about touch therapy said lumping the various modalities of massage together is "like (comparing) apples and oranges." Another said Clark Public Utilities commissioner Nancy Barnes snapped at a critic, "Are you comparing apples and oranges, Mr. (Jim) Malinowski?" Which, I guess, was intended to shut his trap.

Seeing the forest and the trees, my pilgrimage took me

into the den of other newspapers, which had similar ideas to preach to their choirs. The pillar of our profession, The New York Times, had the bruised purple prose in a story about college football polls that claimed computers have become solid measuring sticks for "comparing apples and oranges." Along those lines, The Washington Post posted this in a story about stock yields, "you're comparing 2002 apples to 1920s oranges." Something about that seems rotten in Denmark.

It's an international phenomenon! The New Straits Times in Malaysia published a piece that said "comparing the Malaysian experience with the experiences of other countries is ... comparing apples and oranges." The South China Morning Post took a flyer by reporting that juxtaposing the pay of civil servants to private sector employees was "a classic comparison of apples and oranges." The Sydney Morning Herald had a story

about Australian politics that went out on a limb with "This is more than comparing apples and oranges. It's not even in the same fruit basket."

Yes, truth is stranger than fiction. It's enough to make you sick. Like my mother always told me, no news is good news. Wait, I seem to be peaking at the wrong time, or heading in the wrong direction.

Yet I can see the light at the end of this tunnel, and ending this exercise in futility would probably make both of us happy as a lamb, clam, lark, camper and pig in the mud. This is the way I bring home

the bacon, though, so size matters, and I've got some space to fill.

How about a nice Hollywood ending? One in which I say that clichés are the bane of our existence, or at least meaningful discourse. No, that'd be too much to swallow. But the bloom definitely is off the rose.

I don't know where to go from here. I realize, though, it's not over 'til it's over, so let's just put this thing to bed. The moral of the story: My intentions were good. Time to go back to the drawing board. It's been all in a day's (or at least an afternoon's) work.

Apple:

From page D1

Her family received a recurring prank call that went something like this:

"Hello."

"Can I speak to Mr. Banana?"

"There's nobody here by that name."

"Oh, sorry. I must have the wrong fruit."

Gradually, though, Apple began realizing that her uncommon name had advantages, too. People knew who she was. It was a great way to start

a conversation, and it made people smile or laugh.

As a teenager, she once met a boy who had the last name Orange, and the two had a good time joking about what it would be like if they were married. They eventually decided the arrangement would never work, she said, because mixing the two, so it goes, is a bad idea. In college, one of her boyfriends was named Berry, so she thought it would be clever to hyphenate the two as Apple-Berry.

When she started practicing law, Apple found that virtually everyone she ever met could remember her because

of her name. One of her favorite cases involved a Bellingham lawyer with the last name of Peach, in which "the Apple and the Peach were going up against each other."

Two years ago, though, Apple married Craig Haskell, a fish biologist. She struggled over the decision to alter her name or not, trying it hyphenated at first, then eventually dropping the Apple in casual conversation but keeping it for general business correspondence.

"It was a hard thing to do,"

she said. "I didn't want to give up the recognition that came along with it. I tried the full name thing for a while, but Apple-Haskell is a bit of a tongue twister. People couldn't say it well."

Just when she thought the whole ordeal was finally settled, and she had completely converted her private affairs to the name Haskell, including her checkbook, she was buying some groceries, when the clerk quipped, "So, are you married to Eddie?"

— Brett Oppegaard

Oranges:

From page D1

Don has traced his family back a few generations to the Dakotas, while Herbert knows of a town in France called Orange that he thinks was the origin of his branch, since his family ran a large costume shop in Paris before moving to New York City in the 1880s. The Orange Costume Company reportedly designed the inaugural gown for President Woodrow Wilson's wife in the early 1900s (no word on the color), but the business folded during the Depression.

Herbert's father, Ben, was an electrical engineer for New York's public utility district, and Herbert was raised in Brooklyn, where he became interested in horticulture and eventually served as curator of one of the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens. After earning a bach-

elor's degree from Cornell and master's degree from the University of Delaware, he was hired by Clark College in 1978 to lead its horticulture department.

The 52-year-old revels in the irony of his name related to his profession, so instead of avoiding connections and references to it, he encourages them.

The youngest of his six children, 2-year-old Zoey, for example, was named after the orange monster on "Sesame Street." When Anita was pregnant with Zoey, she put on an extra-large orange shirt and went to a Halloween party as the fruit. One of their cats, their living room couch, place-mats on the table: Guess the color?

"I always try to accent things with orange," Anita said. "It might be dorky, but that's our name. We just have fun with it."

— Brett Oppegaard

ADVERTISING OPPORTUNITY

Home & Garden Idea Fair

INSPIRATIONS FOR YOUR HOME & GARDEN



The Columbian's weekly Inspirations section will provide an in depth overview of the 12th Annual Clark Public Utilities Home & Garden Idea Fair. This is the perfect opportunity to plant your advertising message in the minds of thousands of Columbian readers and home and garden enthusiasts. Get growing in the Home & Garden Idea Fair edition of Inspirations.

PUBLISHING: Thursday, April 24, 2003

ADVERTISING DEADLINE: Friday, April 11, 2003

Call a Columbian Advertising Representative today for more information on advertising in the Home & Garden Idea Fair edition of Inspirations.

360-694-3391 or 503-224-0654



The Quest

Clue #10 3-26-03

Because the area is still too broad to search on foot, perform this little test ...

Focus only on what remains after you subtract a Grand and all that's west.

The Columbian

It's your paper

Remember, you can drop your registration form for The Quest at any First Independent Bank location. For more information call The Quest hotline: 699-6000 or logon to www.iypcontest.com. The Orb is hidden in a public place in Clark County and is not inside any business or residence, including all First Independent Bank locations.

The Quest 2003 is sponsored by:

The past, present & future of banking.

www.firstindy.com