



SPECIAL CANDIDATES EDITION

Meet Scotia's CSD Candidates

On August 30, registered Scotia voters will be asked two very important questions: One, should a Community Services District be formed, and two, who should be elected to lead it?

The first question's easy. A YES vote on MEASURE T creates the CSD and preserves the town of Scotia much the same as it is now. But the task of choosing just

five directors from among these nine excellent candidates may be a more difficult challenge for voters.

Some of the nine candidates have lived here all or most of their lives. Others tried out a number of other places before choosing to call Scotia their home. What they all have in common is a desire to preserve what is best about our little town—its

history, its pride, its sense of community—while leading Scotia into a new era of independence and self-sufficiency.

We hope this special edition of the *Scotia Independent* will assist voters in making this very important decision. In these few pages you will get a glimpse into the lives, values and goals of the CSD candidates. Who are they?

What do they care about? What does Scotia mean to them? Read on to find out. But also talk to the candidates when you see them around town. They'll be happy to share with you their vision for Scotia's future and answer any questions you may have.

All of the profiles were written by Scotia resident Lisa Baney. Thank you, Lisa! ●



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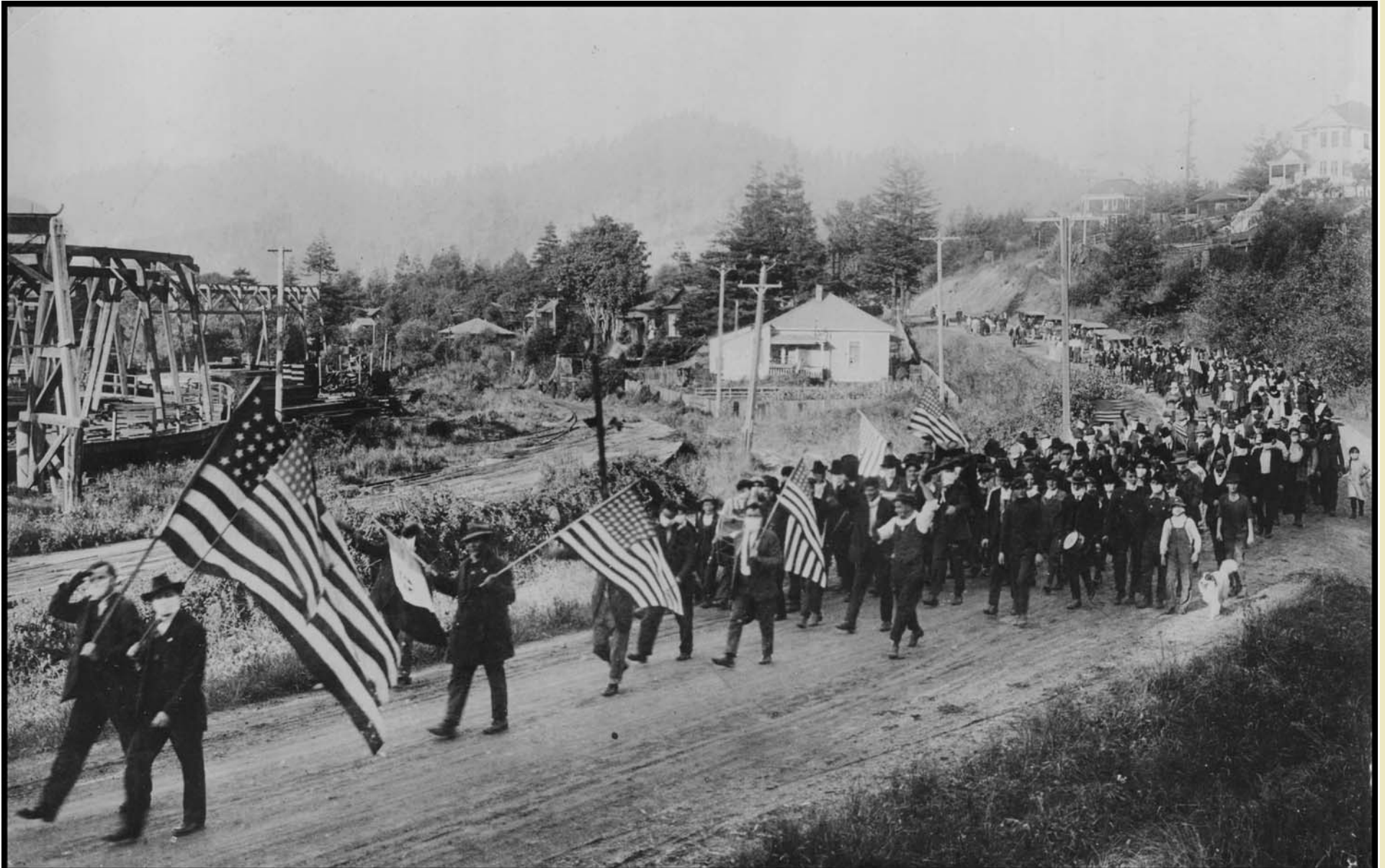
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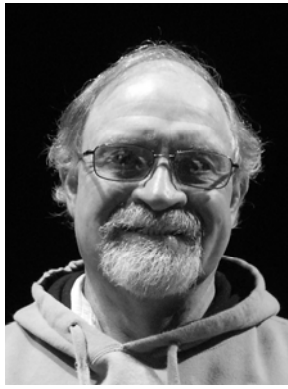
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ELECTION DAY IS AUGUST 30, 2011

VOTE YES FOR AN INDEPENDENT SCOTIA



JIM BARNES



If there's one candidate running for the Community Services District Board whose life is an illustration of the ups and downs of the last almost-50 years of Scotia history, it's Jim Barnes. Known as JB to his friends, Jim's been working here—

for the Pacific Lumber Company, for PALCO and now for the Town of Scotia Company—since 1969, a total of forty-two years. For the newcomers among us, the history of the last fifty or so years of this town is something we have to learn, either by reading about it or talking to people. Not so for Jim. "I lived it," he says simply.

Jim's family was living in the town of Elinor when the flood of 1955 wiped it off the map. The family moved to Rio Dell and then, after a year's wait, to North Court in Scotia. Jim hadn't been out of high school long before he landed his first job in the plywood mill in Mill A. That job lasted two years; he was laid off when one of the shifts was cut. He was rehired in the shipping department, and, after a year, laid off from that job as well. Then he was hired in remill for about seven months and, again, laid off.

It's at this point that one could be forgiven for concluding that the life of a forest industry worker is fraught with insecurity. While it's true that Jim's next job was considerably longer-lived (he was hired on in the factory and worked there for 27 years) it is also true that Scotia was undergoing a profound change, from the 1980s through the first decade of the 2000s. Layoffs increased, people left town. "Then the protests started, and there were hard feelings," Jim says. "It was a bad time for everybody. I knew the mill was coming to an end."

It was somewhere around 1999 or so, in the middle of this upheaval, and working now at the company garage, that Jim decided not to worry about his employment any longer. "I decided not to feel insecure anymore, that it wasn't worth it," he says. Shortly afterwards he took a job at the town's water department, and works there still.

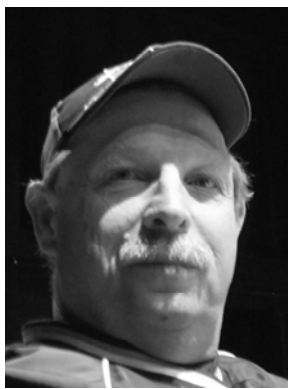
Jim has strong feelings about what a position on the CSD board would mean. "Our first priority would be to get the town on its feet," he says. "We'll be like newborns. People don't realize how much work it takes to keep a town running." He points out that his experience with the water department, interacting as he does with the various town departments that comprise the day-to-day operation of Scotia, qualifies him to understand just what the new Scotia will be needing to run smoothly.

"Scotia isn't just a place to live," Jim says. "I had a great childhood here. I love living here—the river bar, the mountains—and I'd love to see other people living here and have their children grow up the way I did." ●

"The longer I live here the more I realize that this is the place I've been looking for all along."



JOHN BROADSTOCK



In every town there's a place people naturally make their way to when the lights go out, the ground shakes, a tree crashes onto a roof, a cat gets stuck in a drain. In Scotia it's the fire hall. And in Scotia, "fire hall" is synonymous with "John Broadstock."

To anyone paying attention, the facts of John's life are well known: He graduated from Fortuna High and worked at the mill in Carlotta before coming to Scotia. He started as a lumber handler in Mill A, worked as a tallyman, was promoted to assistant foreman, and then was a grader machine operator. In 1997 he was offered a full-time job in the fire department and was promoted to chief in 1999. Overall, he's been here in Scotia since 1985.

But none of these facts give a complete picture of John's role here in town. Besides the obvious (showing up for emergencies, keeping his 21 department volunteers in tip-top shape, rescuing creatures, etc.) John keeps close and protective watch over the community. Spend five minutes standing still on Main Street and you'll see John driving by at least once. Spend a half hour and he'll stop and ask you if you're okay. If there's one person who knows the residents here and what they think and feel about their community, it's John.

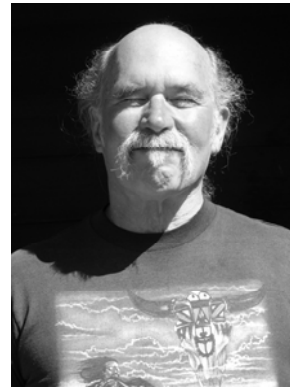
"I've been riding the train up and down the mountain since 1987," John says, in his unique vernacular, referring to the ups and downs Scotia has gone through since the mid-1980s. "This"—the formation of a community services district—"is the best direction."

"I don't think anyone is ready for this," John says. "It's like a new toy, brand new out of the box. Are we ready? No, we're not ready." But it's in the nature of John's job to problem solve, to think on his feet. "I work off issues as they arise," he says. And it's a given that issues will in fact arise as the CSD board organizes and starts taking over the day-to-day workings of the town.

John stresses that the community needs to be involved in this self-governing process. "I liken it to coaching Little League," he says. "There are a handful of people who work in it, but most people sit back. As Scotia changes people need to at least hear the facts. That's what adults do to make good decisions. You don't want to make a decision before you understand."

John acknowledges that there's fear about the upcoming changes, and distrust. "Look at Samoa," he says, a distressingly run-down example of a former company town abandoned by its employer. "People are scared of the collapse." But, he says, "I look forward to these challenges. Scotia already runs pretty well as it is. If I'm elected, I think, with the other members of the board and with input by the community, we'll keep this thing going." ●

JOHN CANESSA



At first glance, John Canessa wouldn't appear to be your idea of someone who'd be interested in running for the position of CSD board member—or anything else. With his motorcyclist's boots, leather vest and shoulder-length hair he seems more the kind of guy who's just passing through than someone who wants to put down roots and contribute to his community. But that's the thing about John: he's not what he seems to be.

John grew up in Bakersfield, California, and left when he joined the Marines. He served in Viet Nam as a rifleman--the Marine equivalent of an infantryman. The experience, he says, taught him that "there are no challenges that can't be overcome."

And there are definitely challenges ahead for Scotia.

John envisions a thriving business community for Scotia, with lots of diverse economic activity. He draws comparisons to Arcata with its plethora of small, successful businesses, rejecting the idea that Scotia is destined to mimic Rio Dell. "Scotia doesn't have the economic handicap to get out from under that Rio Dell has," he says. This makes all the difference.

"Crime is very low in Scotia and I'd like to keep it that way," John says. But crime, he points out, especially drug crime, tends to gravitate to areas of low rent. There's a fine line between keeping the cost of housing low enough for workers to live in their community, he says, and at the same time keeping the criminal element out. This will be one of the challenges Scotia faces.

But John's vision for Scotia is not just about what to avoid. There's work to be done, sure, but lots of fun to be had, too. One of John's greatest loves is motorcycling and he owns two motorcycles—a 1945 Indian Military Chief and a 1936 Indian Chopper Chief. He's enthusiastic about bringing motorcycle events here to Scotia,

some in conjunction with veterans' organizations: Toys for Tots, Goodies for Grunts, poker runs, for example. Pointing out that there's lots of room here for large-scale events, he thinks Scotia could host an old-time fiddlers festival, or a cowboy poetry gathering. The

"I love living here—the river bar, the mountains—and I'd love to see other people living here and have their children grow up the way I did."



possibilities are limitless.

"I know I'm overcoming a block here," John says. "I've only lived here four years"—no time at all, by Scotia standards. "But," he says, "I've lived all over California, I've boomed all over the northwest, I've lived the life of a gypsy, in a camper, and I've seen lots of examples of how not to run a town. The longer I live here the more I realize that this is the place I've been looking for all along." ●

CAROLYN DEPUCCI



It wasn't all that long ago that the Pacific Lumber Company had an office in Mill Valley, about three miles from the Golden Gate Bridge and the chaos of a big city. Young Carolyn DePucci, a single mother of two, was an employee in the office, working hard to support herself and her family and worrying, as all urban parents do, about the influence of the city on her impressionable kids. Then, it was announced, the office was about to close and everyone who wanted would be able to move to Scotia, the company's headquarters.

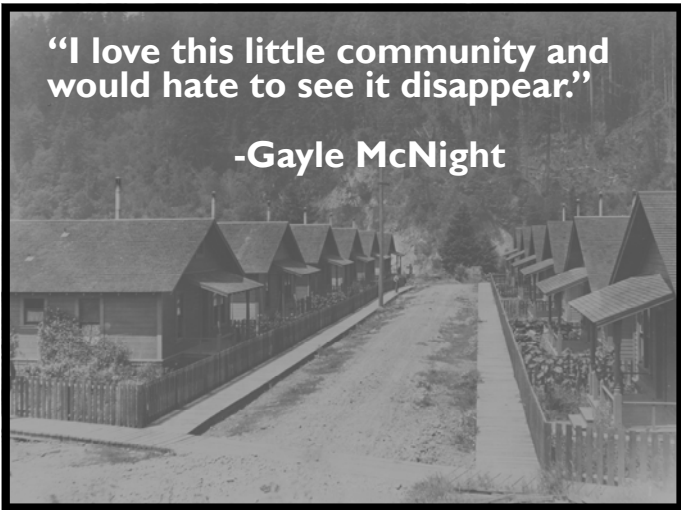
For Carolyn and her kids it was an opportunity of a lifetime. She packed up the kids and, along with six of her co-workers, moved to Scotia to begin a new life.

"This is where I need to be," she remembers thinking. "This is where I should always have been." And her kids absolutely loved it.

Carolyn quickly got settled into a regular routine; her kids thrived on it. In 1995 she met Tony DePucci, ("the love of my life," as Carolyn describes him) and they married in 1998. Between them they had four kids—a large ready-made family. But by 2001 it became clear that things were not going well with PALCO, and they made the difficult decision to leave Scotia for Idaho. The move made it possible for both Carolyn and Tony to find steadier, more stable work than PALCO could offer at the time.

But it's not that easy to quit Scotia, as the DePucci's were to find out. Within six years they were back.

Carolyn's concern from the beginning has been about kids—hers, as they were growing up, and the kids living here now. "If I had it my way," she says,



"I would love to see a lot more for kids to do." Her ideas include opening the gym up to year-round activities, especially basketball;

creating a safe area for skate boarders; re-opening the sports fields; and re-starting Little League. "I really want to make Scotia a safe and friendly environment for the children," she says.

When asked why she's running for CSD board Carolyn laughs. "Tony calls it nosy," she says. "But I'm running for CSD board because I really want to be involved in things here, not just for the children, but because I want to feel satisfied with where I live." ●

KEVIN LALOLI



The town of Scotia, California, would never have come into being without a heck of a lot of plain ol' garden-variety hard work. There's no other way to put it. From the moment the first settlers got here, and continuing right up through the present day, the town, the mill, the power plant and all the other businesses were built and maintained by its residents with classic elbow grease, regularly and steadfastly applied. As the saying goes, "No one ever drowned in sweat." You can tell that to anyone in Scotia and they'll know exactly what you're talking about. Tell that to Kevin Laloli and he, too, will know exactly what you're talking about.

Born in Sonoma and raised in Ferndale, Kevin took a year after graduating from Ferndale High School to learn diesel mechanics at College of the Redwoods. And he's been working ever since—first as a mechanic at a farm shop in Ferndale, then as a driver-mechanic, then as a dairy systems mechanic, a tractor mechanic, a heavy equipment mechanic—the list is long. Currently he works two jobs—as a heavy equipment mechanic at R.P. Rice Construction, and as a truck driver for D. Grandy Logging.

In addition to his two jobs and his dedication to his family—he's married and has two young children—Kevin has a solid commitment to the Scotia Volunteer Fire Department, where he holds the rank of first lieutenant and is one of the duty chiefs. By any objective standard Kevin would seem to have his hands full. So, what would drive a man as hard-working and busy as Kevin to seek a seat on Scotia's first-ever CSD board?

"Right now," he says, "the kids can go outside and run around and everybody seems to keep an eye on them. The community is pretty safe. I'd like to keep it that way."

Like pretty much everyone else in town, Kevin is also concerned about the houses—what they'll be selling for, if he'll be able to afford one, how the process of buying a house will go forward. "It'll be up to the board to keep the CSD costs as low as possible," he points out. "I don't want to see a huge extra expense on top of the mortgage. That's one of the reasons I wanted to get in on this—I want to keep an eye on things."

Ideally, he says, when things get up and running, the townspeople will become more involved with issues concerning the town, coming to board meetings and having their say. Kevin looks forward to that. "I've never been involved in politics in my life," he says with a laugh. "This could be a heck of an adventure." ●

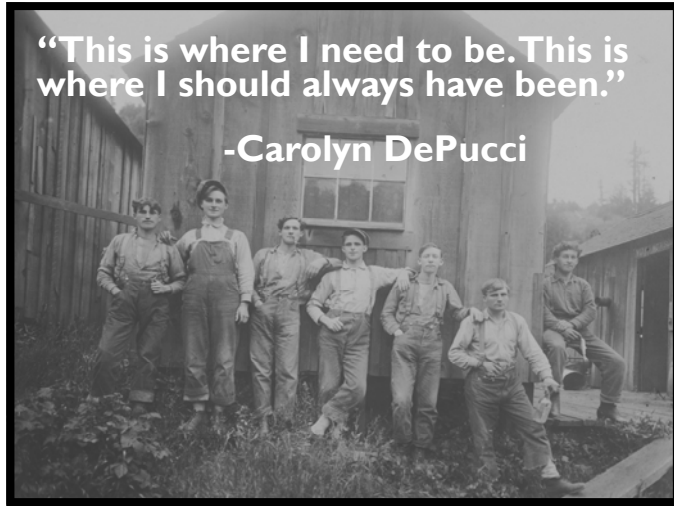
GAYLE MCNIGHT



April 25, 1992, was a warm spring day in Scotia, a Saturday. Neighbors were out mowing their lawns that morning, kids were riding their bikes or playing basketball in the gym, and everywhere people were reveling in the end of the long wet winter.

Then, with awesome and terrifying force, the first of three powerful earthquakes hit—and Scotia was suddenly in the middle of one of its most difficult tests as a community.

That day Gayle McKnight was at home with her boys. The first shock brought bricks tumbling down from chimneys on her street, Pond Street, miraculously missing the kids playing outside. After the shaking stopped and she got her boys all settled, she did what came naturally to her: she headed straight for the fire hall to see how she could help out.



Throughout that day and night, and the next two days and nights, through two more powerful jolts and the fire that destroyed much of downtown Scotia, Gayle worked tirelessly side by side with others to help feed,

shelter and comfort her frightened and displaced neighbors. There was much to be done: huge cracks were discovered in the fire hall's structure, and on Chief Kendall Mangrum's order the people who were sheltering inside the hall were settled outside. Night had fallen, it was cold, and just keeping everyone warm was a challenge. Food was also a challenge: Hoby's had been damaged extensively and everyone there had left the now-dangerous building. The volunteers had to force their way through the broken doors and around the piles of goods scattered on the floor to pick out what they'd need to feed everyone. They left a note for Herb.

"It's amazing how the community came together and helped each other," Gayle remembers. It's an experience she's never forgotten.

"We have a big potential for being cut off here," she says. It happened during the 1964 flood and it almost happened in 1992. So now Gayle is helping to set up a Red Cross emergency center, getting supplies and arranging for emergency response training ahead of the next disaster.

Scotia has gone through a lot of upheaval in the last several years, and it concerns Gayle. Wide-scale unemployment, friends moving out of town, the loss of the unified feeling of a family community—she feels a tremendous urge to bring the sense of unity back to Scotia, which is why she's running for CSD board member. She envisions a future where Scotia again is full of the activity it knew in the past combined with a reinvigorated sense of belonging: baseball games in the ball field, basketball games in the gym, new homeowners contributing to their adopted town. "I feel like it's home here," she says. "I love this little community and would hate to see it disappear." ●

MARILYN SANDERSON



Next to food, drink, and, it can be argued, deep, uninterrupted sleep late on a Saturday morning, the quest for a permanent home is a universal human need. This country was based on that need, and continues to be a symbol of all that the word

“home” means to millions of people around the world, especially during times of great upheaval. One of those times was the period during and just after World War II, when immigrants from Germany and other European countries came to the U.S. and settled in this country’s heartland. These intrepid people had the motivation and courage to leave behind everything they knew and loved, all for the chance of finding home.

One such family was Marilyn Sanderson’s. Her parents left the small town of Netphen, Germany, bombed into rubble during the war, to eventually settle in Cleveland, Ohio, and start a new life. They embraced their adopted home with hopeful enthusiasm: Marilyn’s father became a partner in a bakery; and her mother was so eager to better her future children’s lives that she diligently studied English even before she left Germany. The couple settled down, happy in their new home, to raise their family.

A big city like Cleveland, however, was not for Marilyn. When she graduated from high school, Marilyn took off in search of home, and found it in Traverse City, Michigan. At that time it was a small, pretty town—“400 miles northwest of Cleveland and a million miles different,” she says. She stayed for almost thirty years, marrying, divorcing, and raising two kids. By 2006, though, the small, pretty town had become a large, congested one, and Marilyn knew it was time to move on.

With the same hopeful spirit that brought her parents to this country in the last century, Marilyn packed up her car with her belongings and her two cats and drove cross-country to her sister’s in Loleta. “I couldn’t believe how beautiful everything here was,” she says. “I would just stand and stare at it. It was breathtaking.” She knew she’d found home.

In the next few years Marilyn moved to Rio Dell—and fell in love with Scotia. She also fell in love with Ron Sanderson, and the two married.

At first sight, Marilyn instantly recognized Scotia’s strengths as a community. She and Ron applied for and were offered a house in Scotia last year; and, as eager and grateful as her parents were in their move to the States, Marilyn embraced her new life. “Everything’s within walking distance,” she says. “The post office, shopping, the park. There’s a sense of community here.”

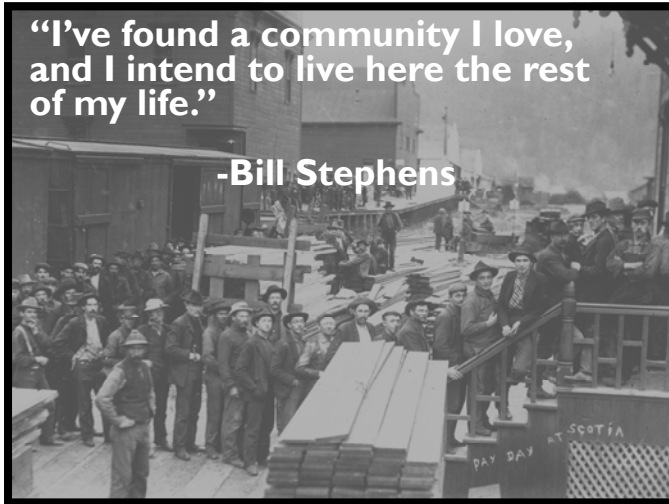
And this is why she’s running for CSD board member. Having lived in a small town that got large, Marilyn says, “I feel like I would be a fresh viewpoint. Expansion has a cost. You lose the intimacy. Scotia is the way it was intended to be: you work, you recreate, you raise your family. You just don’t find that everywhere.” ●

BILL STEPHENS



“I love Scotia and want to keep it alive,” says Bill Stephens. But, he adds, “It’s one thing to keep it alive. It’s another thing to maintain its character. I want to keep the character of Scotia alive.”

Bill knows something about the character of lumber towns. The youngest of four boys born to a millwright father and his wife, he was raised in the tiny company town of Westfir, Oregon, where his father had moved the family in the early 1940s. Bill still has memories of the six of them spending their first winter in a one-bedroom log cabin with an outhouse. The life he had as a child was “paradise,” he says—a life much like the life children have here in Scotia.



In fact, the reason he’s decided to settle here in Scotia is that the town is so very much like Westfir. Like Scotia, the company that owned Westfir, H. J. Hines Company, fell on hard times. Unlike Scotia, however, the company decided it was much cheaper not to have to maintain a company town, so they removed it. All of it. The houses, the store, all the residents—everything and everyone, gone. The area where the town used to be was given over completely to the company’s timber operation.

It was a prudent economic decision, Bill concedes, but “the people of Westfir had no say in the matter.” Thankfully, he says, the same is not true of Scotia. With the upcoming election Scotia residents have a chance to decide what to do with their town. “I don’t like politics,” Bill says, “but we have to stand up and do things, otherwise somebody who doesn’t have our best interests in mind will do it.” The first order of business, he says, is the formation and organization of a Community Services District. But that would be just the start. After that, he says, Scotia needs to bring in more income: tourist amenities, more local businesses, outdoor activity facilities—the list of possibilities is long.

Bill served with Special Forces during the Viet Nam era, assigned to community-building for some of the poorest villages on earth. Over the course of his work he found that the villages that survived were the ones with the strongest sense of identity. He wants to help build Scotia and keep it strong. “I’ve found a community I love,” Bill says, “and I intend to live here the rest of my life.” ●

RICK WALSH



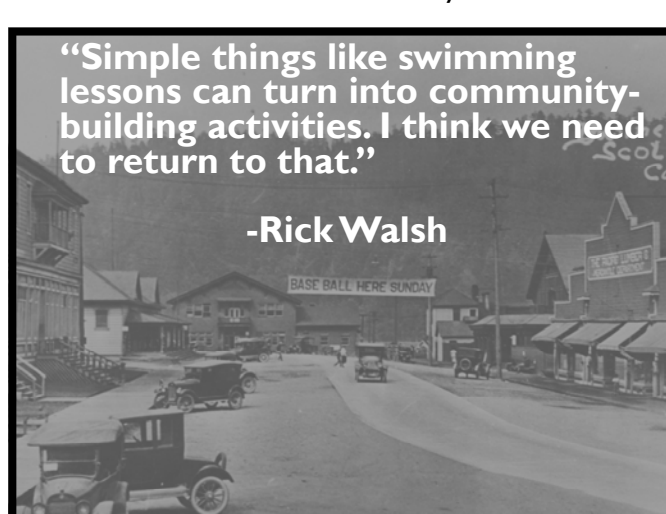
Scotia has a way of calling her native sons back home. The surrounding forest, the river, the endless blue sky—these are the nurturing walls of a beautiful and well-loved childhood home for those fortunate enough to have grown up here; and the connection to that original home is impossible to sever.

Rick Walsh is one of Scotia’s native sons.

Rick grew up in Scotia, went to school here and graduated from Fortuna High. Like many young men, Rick joined the military—the Navy—right out of school. The Viet Nam war was raging overseas, but Rick was fortunate enough to be stationed stateside, in San Diego and Santa Ana. After his discharge he enrolled in Sacramento City College for two years, studying English, and then worked as a carpenter for a time. “I didn’t have a goal,” he says about his life then. But he knew he could go home, and get a job, and make a good life for himself. So, armed now with his education, his experience of the outside world and a talent for candid self-evaluation, Rick came home to Scotia.

For two or three years after he got back Rick worked in the mill before moving to the power plant. He started as a fuel handler there and worked his way up to his present position as operations superintendent, reporting directly to the new general manager of the plant. His job is challenging on many levels, he says, requiring personal qualities like sound judgment and patience, as well as a working knowledge of geometry and, at least on a gut level, physics. He’s seen the plant evolve from its original role as the Pacific Lumber Company’s dynamo to its present position as an independent, forward-thinking private power company—and an important long-term industrial tenant of the new Scotia.

Rick reminisces about what life was like when the Pacific Lumber Company was in charge. “What we’ve had here in Scotia in the past is a small tight-knit community,” he says, with activities that involved the



whole town. For instance, there used to be a designated swimming area in the river. “Simple things like swimming lessons can turn into community-building activities,” he says. “I think we need to return to that.”

But he holds no illusions about the difficulty of the task ahead for creating a new Scotia. “We need a structure that will work for us; there’ll have to be some hard decisions made and we need to make them clear-headedly and without bias,” he says. But he cautions against hurtling blind into an unknown future. “Everything modern isn’t necessarily good,” he says. “I’m not advocating we go back to the values of the ’50s, but I think a small community that is informed and has a sense of itself will take some work.” ●