



## Proper Prepping is Preventative!

From Bob Quinn, the Water Doctor

Now that the rain has come and the trees are changing colors, it is time to prepare for winter weather. Save yourself from future head (and wallet) pains by taking a good look at your pump house.

- Is it insulated or equipped with a heat lamp?
- Are the pipes at your well head insulated?
- If you were suddenly out of water, could a heavy service truck get to your well?
- Make sure there is adequate access to your well and pump house.
- If you have a lot of rain water accumulating around your well, look for a way to drain it away as far as possible.

Call your favorite pump company for their suggestions on how to best ensure that you are prepared for winter.

**Water is a geological cocktail so DRINK MORE WATER!**



### Did You Know...

Quinn's guarantees that if you have an out-of-water emergency, they will respond within 8 hours, or your labor is **FREE!**

Bob Quinn is the owner of **Quinn's Well, Pump and Water Filtration** located at 6811 Williams Hwy. We install, maintain and repair complete water pumping systems, and we offer a complete line of water filtration equipment. Contact our professional staff by phone, e-mail, or visit our office. [quinnswell.com](http://quinnswell.com) CCB #192047

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Sally Buttshaw  
541-646-8418  
[sallybuttshaw@ymail.com](mailto:sallybuttshaw@ymail.com)



## TALL TALES FROM THE EDITOR

# Graduation gown or SF party

The following is an excerpt from the short story titled "Graduation gown or SF party" about flying to the Bay Area for Applegate student Eric Rissler's graduation from the Academy of Art University in San Francisco. The excerpt begins late in the evening after graduation ceremonies when Eric and J.D. are celebrating an epic night in San Francisco, the land of the strange and oh so much fun. To enjoy the beginning of this adventure, read it online at [www.applegater.org](http://www.applegater.org).

I could hear the music pulsating out of a club named Ruby Sky as we approached it. The line to get in must have been over a block long, not to mention all the people just hanging out front. I couldn't believe some of the girls there weren't frozen stiff—whoever said the micro-miniskirt would never return. Thank god they were wrong on that prediction.

As we walked past the wall of people waiting to get into the club, Eric was collecting kisses, high fives and "right-ons"—apparently, his graduation gown was quite the draw.

An armload of girls went gaga over Eric and his gown, practically climbing into his arms. One girl is giving him her phone number by programming it into his cell phone, only to find out that high tech was down (dead battery) and no one had a low-tech pencil.

Two of the girls walked over to me. One said, "Hey, I know you, you're that guy, right?"

"Which guy's that?" I said.

"You know, that guy. Come on, what's your band called?"

"Well, there was Papier Maché, Shaliko..."

"See, we knew it. You are very famous, yes?"

I just responded with, "Maybe ten feet either side of my mailbox."

With that, the girls giggled and said,

"Oh, and he's funny, too."

The girls tried to drag us (you bet, drag us) into the Ruby Sky through the exit door. The bouncer, whose wrists were bigger than my thighs, said, "I don't think so."

When he checked everyone's hand for a re-entry stamp, secret tattoo, handshake, whatever it was, Eric and I didn't have it.

The girls, each hanging on Eric's arms, pleaded: "Please, he just graduated."

The bouncer said, "I can see his gown—good job, bro. I still can't let them in. Besides it's closing time in there."

As we walked on past Ruby Sky, we ran into a homeless man wearing a haggard A's baseball cap, a couple of frayed plaid shirts, and newer pants that were a little too long in the legs, with duct tape to hold the sole onto one of his shoes. Our new best friend was happy about Eric's graduation and wondered if we might help a guy out and drop a few coins into the 16-ounce Coke cup he held up.

"You know we'd love to be able to help you out, but if old Eric here doesn't have a job by, say, tomorrow, he'll be living down here with you."

Our new best friend said, "That's a tough one. I look for work all the time—there ain't no jobs."

He told Eric if he wound up down here on the streets to look him up and he'd teach him the ropes. Adding, "Yeah, baby, even if you wind up here, you got that piece of paper."

That got me to wondering how many of these homeless people we've been stepping over and around have college pedigrees. Every month when the newscaster announces unemployment figures, I'd like to hear the homeless numbers, too. I'm thinking it might be growing faster than that "no inflation" they're always telling us about.

After several blocks of traveling with our new best friend, during which we talked life on the streets, jobs all going to China, and the best malt liquors, he bids us farewell when a cutie pie walked past us and asked if we wanted to spend a hundred dollars for a good time.

All along the way there were homeless people sleeping in doorways, lined up along the grimy, stained, trash-strewn sidewalks in their unwashed bedrolls. I've never seen so many homeless people and empty storefronts. You can tell a lot of these homeless folks have mental problems when you hear them talking to imaginary people. Wasn't there some California governor—who looked like he belonged in a wax museum and later became our president—who helped balance the California state budget by emptying mental hospitals? It appears that that is still going on.

I wonder how many other homeless people are there because of the new Great

Depression we're in. I don't believe for a second that it ended a few years ago like the talking heads (that was a great band) like to tell us. Are we becoming a third-world country? Because that's what it feels like with so many beggars standing on street corners. It seems to me that all of these homeless souls add up to an army's worth of people, of which many are war veterans from Vietnam, Desert Storm, Kosovo, Afghanistan and Iraq. Is Iran next?

There are lots of unemployed folks going back to school in hopes of not becoming one of the homeless. Since we have become a country where outsourcing our jobs overseas is the preferred business model, maybe even a college degree won't keep one from living on the streets.

On we soldiered to the Sugar Club. It's way after hours when we arrive, but there's a mob of happy people out front.

One guy grabs Eric's graduation cap and throws it up in the air saying, "I never got to do that." A beautiful angel caught the cap and placed it back on Eric's head with a nice kiss. Then everyone congratulated him with

hugs and, of course, more kisses.

As we were leaving the scene in front of the Sugar Club, two of the most exquisite-looking girls, who must have modeled for *Ebony* magazine, came up to Eric and asked him, "Do you want an all-night party with both of us? Just \$200."

I pointed out that the night's long gone; the sun will be up soon. Ignoring me, one of the girls said to Eric, "We must be more than you can handle."

Without skipping a beat, Eric said, "Are you saying that because I'm white?"

"No, no," she said.

Eric's response: "You are, you are saying that because I'm white." The crowd, many of whom could have been in the famous Star Wars: Episode 1 spaceport cantina scene, was standing around us listening to the whole conversation; quite a few of them were laughing or sporting big grins.

"I didn't mean anything by that. Really. Congratulations on your graduation."

Then they both vanished into the crowd of club-hoppers.

Day 3. I feel like I just climbed into bed as I'm getting up and longing for a shot of quadruple espresso. Eric is still sacked out. I could call room service, but by the time they got here, I could have been down at the restaurant. I ride the elevator five floors down to the main lobby. When the doors open, I'm thinking, did I walk into the Hotel California? You know, the Eagle's song. There's a line something like "There's no leavin'." Maybe someone slipped something in my drink last night and it's just hitting me. I close my eyes and open them. No, what I've seen is real. There were seven dwarfs in wheelchairs staring at me. Wasn't there a movie called "Snow White and..." No, they weren't in wheelchairs. Did one of them really say to me, "You look like you need a 'hair of the dog.' Care to join us in the lounge?"

No, what I've seen is real. There were seven dwarfs in wheelchairs staring at me.



**Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from the Editor**



The Editor, J.D. Rogers  
541-846-7736