

Bob's Corner

Some people might have noticed the San Diego Ave. street sign in my office. It's a memento of my youthful outlaw days, as well as a constant reminder of my affection for the city in which I was born and raised.

But about that sign. What happened was that my aunts in El Paso, Texas were unaware that the kid across the street was a juvenile delinquent. He was nice enough to take me under his protection, and we had some fun playing kid games with plastic soldiers. He was a few years older than I, and seemed to enjoy war games, which included the use of 3-inch firecrackers, broom handles and trash can lids with handles.

However, this summer buddy of mine budded into a gang guy. So during one of our visits to the hometown of my mother and father, he had managed to get use of a car, a Frasier, believe it or not. It had a wicked backfire, and an odd black paint job. My friend (we'll call him Lance) invited me out one night in Black Beauty. I was rather excited, being all of 13, and knowing that I'd be in the company of kids at least 17 or 18. It was ("Titanic" notwithstanding) a night to remember.

We first went to somebody's house, where about eight boys and girls were waiting. I figured out that they were all members of the East El Paso Gang, but not right away, being rather a dense boy. At first, at the house where no adults were present, there was only loud music and some dancing. A bit later, alcoholic beverages appeared; and none were offered me. Not only because of my age, but because Lance was watching out for me, as he had respect for my aunts. That was fine with me. I was still in the Kool-Aid, and crème soda float stage.

Eventually we all piled into the Frasier and ended up at one of the many drive-in theaters that then existed. There was a lot of "making out," which I was intrigued to watch, especially because they were all smoking (cigarettes I think). Some of them, because of hot weather, climbed on the roof of the car to watch the movie. At least, I think there was a movie. I was so busy watching the smoking and necking that the screen could have been blank for all I know.

Finally everyone tired of the drive-in, and we bounced off into the night, ending up on a portion of the U.S. Army's Fort Bliss, where we managed to get into a minor disagreement with some military policemen. I have no idea why we were there, but the MPs made it extremely clear that we needed to get off base. Or else. We left.

By now it was close to midnight, and we roared off to a certain neighborhood, where apparently a meeting had been arranged between my "friends" and members of another "friends" group. There seemed to be some problem about a blond girl going out with the wrong guy, and the situation was pretty tense for a bit. If you can imagine 15 to 20 young people wandering around with a certain mentality, then you know what I was experiencing. If you can't imagine it, I'm really glad. Anyway, somebody announced that the El Paso cops had been called, and everyone left, tires squealing all the way.

Meanwhile, I was becoming concerned about the lateness (earlyness?) of the hour, linking this to my Grandma Vicky's heart condition, and the frayed nerves of my aunts. But the night was young, according to Lance. Next thing I knew, we were in yet another neighborhood, and this is where I acquired the San Diego Ave. street sign. Actually, I only watched the process of how they did it, and it seemed that they had a lot of experience.

Lance shipped the sign to my home in National City, Calif., in San Diego County. We knew it wouldn't fit in my suitcase, and we sure didn't want my mom, grandma or aunts to see the darn thing.

At long last, somewhere around 2 a.m., the Frasier conked out. We sat on a street corner somewhere near Downtown El Paso, waiting for a ride. We finally got one from a strange man in a Studebaker pickup truck. I was extremely glad (for the ride), because Lance had started talking about going under one of the many railroad underpasses and grabbing a freight train. I don't think I would have done it, but just the thought scared me.

When I finally reached my grandma's home, the place was in a minor uproar, because Little Robert was out way too late. I got bawled out but good, and vowed to never go out with Lance again. And I didn't.

But I still have the sign.

(Editor's Note: Views and commentary expressed in letters to the editor are strictly those of the letter-writers. *)**

We no longer will accept single-spaced handwritten letters. Typed, double-spaced letters are acceptable for consideration. Hand-written letters that are double-spaced and highly legible also can be considered for publication.)

Loves books From Pam Cooper Cave Junction

Hello, my name is Pam Cooper, and I'm addicted to books.

I've been an avid book reader my whole life. It's been a consuming habit. I remember being read to as a child, which is where this addiction probably got started. When I was a young girl I was sometimes unable to do anything at all except read, moving from carpeted floor to couch, to my room, the kitchen, the outside lawn swing, or in our tree-house, book in hand.

I read in cars and on the school bus, late at night and early in the morning.

In-between sleeping, chores, church, school, and playing with siblings and friends on our acreage, I would read whole series of books, look up all sorts of things in encyclopedias, and eventually read as many as five books a week. I loved books.

When I grew up, I continued to read voraciously, once staying up all night to read "The Thornbirds," which I finished in the morning and then had to get my children and myself ready for day-care and a full work day. Every long and sleepless hour of that day was worth every word of that book.

In my late 30s, I finally broke my fiction habit and became interested in non-fiction., opening up more worlds, more knowledge, more adventure, bigger addiction. Now, I go on rampages and check out 10 or 12 at a time from the library. I buy them at yard sales, estate sales, over the Internet and sometimes book stores.

I read, trade, and give them away, and I share good

ones that bring hope and encouragement during sorrow or soul searching.

As a result, I seem to be a pretty good speller, have a good grip on the spoken and written word, and know a lot more about the world, adventures, imagination, and people than I would have if I didn't read. And I have lots of books. They are taking over my office, hide in and under the nightstand, get piled on the coffee table, on top of my desk, most flat surfaces in the house, boxes in the attic, and in three separate bookshelves.

I am definitely addicted to books. It's a lifelong habit I never want to break.

Please vote "yes" for the library levy.

'Cracking the Code' From Peter Sparacino Merlin

The recent dramatic hunger strike of a retired police sergeant in our new JoCo Adult Jail was an eye-opener for me.

Raymond Karczewski (Big Ray), of Cave Junction bought a book, "Cracking the Code," volume 3, for \$125.

He believed its content that claimed that the UCC (Uniform Commercial Code) was a way to reclaim lost constitutional rights that had been deceptively stolen from us.

Whether the book is true or not is immaterial. What is material is that Big Ray believed that it is true. Because he swore an oath to defend the U.S. Constitution against foreign and domestic enemies when he became a police officer years ago, he believes that the oath is still in effect. Thus, as an honorable man, he had to act upon his belief at the first opportunity.

That opportunity came when a JoCo deputy sheriff stopped him because of failure to dim his headlights. Acting from chapter and verse in "Cracking the Code," the situation quickly escalated to arrest; what I believe is seizure of private property; and incarceration.

That is where the book was of no further practical use. So Big Ray began a 33-day hunger strike to protest what he believed was unlawful process.

He thought that the community, once awakened to his

plight, would realize that it was its plight too. He was wrong.

No one else showed up at his hearings except for those few friends, police, and two reporters.

Animal crematorium From Jim Enimal Cave Junction

Do people in Cave Junction know that a crematorium for animals is being installed within city limits? I should say, almost completely installed.

I don't live right next to it, but common sense is that the output will affect the whole city. Has there been public notice, public input, permits, or EP studies?

According to the Toxics Action Center on the Internet, medical waste incinerators are the number-two source of dioxin, and the number-four source of mercury. Dioxin is a know human carcinogen, and mercury a potent neurotoxin.

It is hard for me to believe that no special permit or public input or public notice is required for such a unit, especially when there is residential housing within 20 to 30 feet of the crematorium.

Can you imagine having animal bodies burned next to your bedroom window? Is there a fishy smell?

(Editor's Note: The crematorium at Crossroads Animal Hospital is allowed under city of Cave Junction commercial zoning, and underwent an approval and certification process through Oregon Dept. of Environmental Quality. The animal crematorium was installed more than a week ago, and, said Crossroads' trained personnel, is odorless and smokeless, and doesn't generate excess heat.)

Gift horse From Angell Pittman Cave Junction

With regard to "caring and concerned" valley residents, during the past few months; my family and I have spent countless hours and dollars trying to care for a horse that doesn't belong to us and is on my land. A horse that we grew to love.

For all the love, attention and money put out, my family received in return: Phone calls from others causing Animal Control to contact us; people throwing things over our fence; strangers approaching me at my place of employment; police cars at my house; my home being invaded; and pictures taken without my permission.

My family and I used to be friendly and neighborly,

(Continued on page 3)

Caring
Educated
Hardworking
Professional
Positive



Vote
Heidi Iverson
for County Commissioner

paid for by the committee to elect Heidi Iverson • 476-1865

IVHS School Menu - Sponsored



**SISKIYOU
COMMUNITY
HEALTH
CENTER**
319 Caves Hwy.
592-4111

THURSDAY, OCT. 24

Grab-n-go-salad,
cheeseburger and fries,
sub sandwich and potato
chips, pepperoni pizza,
chicken pattie sandwich,

FRIDAY, OCT. 25

Grab-n-go salad,
cheeseburger and fries,
sub sandwich and potato
chips, pepperoni pizza,
burrito supreme, or
cheese sandwich and
potato chips

MONDAY, OCT. 28

Grab-n-go-salad,
cheeseburger and fries,
sub sandwich and potato
chips, pepperoni pizza,
nachos or garden burger

TUESDAY, OCT. 29

Grab-n-go-salad, cheese-
burger and fries, sub
sandwich and potato
chips, pepperoni pizza,
chicken strips

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30

Grab-n-go-salad,
cheeseburger and fries,
sub sandwich and potato
chips, pepperoni pizza or
hot dogs and French fries

MASSAGE THERAPY

Pain - Stress - Injuries

Deep Massage - CranioSacral Therapy

Tues. - Sat. by appointment

Senior Discounts - Gift Certificates

Rachel Goodman, LMT 202 W. Lister - 592-6947

Tuesday - Saturday
3:30 to 8:30 p.m.

592-3228

355 Caves Hwy.

Closed

Sunday & Monday



TAKE OUT or DINE IN
Serving dinner only



1100
ANYTIME MINUTES
\$40/month

Your plan includes:

- Unlimited Nights and Weekends
- Nationwide Long Distance



Get a Motorola V120 for \$9.95



Winner of Outstanding Customer Service Award
— Wireless Review Magazine



U.S. Cellular
AUTHORIZED AGENT

Phone offer valid on two-year consumer service agreements of \$40 and higher. Airtime offer valid on two-year consumer service plans of \$35 and higher. Offer expires upon rate plan change. Promotional phone subject to change. Night and weekend minutes are valid Monday - Friday 9pm to 5:59am and all day Saturday and Sunday. Unlimited night and weekend minutes are only valid in U.S. Cellular® licensed markets. Roaming charges, fees and other taxes may apply. Other charges and restrictions may apply. USF charges of \$.52 will be added. All service agreements subject to an early termination fee. Offer expires November 15, 2002.

C.J. Video Mart & Radio Shack

145 N. Redwood Hwy., Cave Junction 592-2233
Mon. - Thurs. 9 a.m. - 9 p.m. Fri. 9 a.m. - 10 p.m.
Sat. 10 a.m. - 10 p.m. Sun. 11 a.m. - 8:30 p.m.