

Bob's Corner

(Editor Bob's Note: This is the last column that I'll write about this time of my life. Meanwhile, the psychological implications of my returning to this theme periodically will be examined by a qualified counselor.)

I've never seen one, but have always thought that if one existed, I'd buy a T-shirt that read, "I survived 18 hours on a Greyhound bus." Yeah, I still remember those almost non-stop runs from San Diego to El Paso, Texas.

Every summer my mom and I, and later my younger brother, would go to her hometown to visit her sisters, other relatives and friends. Usually we were gone for at least three weeks. Although it was mostly a fun time, despite the intense, dry heat (in El Paso), I especially enjoyed the trip aboard a glass and aluminum, streamlined-looking, blue-and-silver, hell-bent for leather, air-conditioned Greyhound bus that wouldn't stop for anything.

These trips were so long ago that long-haul buses weren't yet equipped with rest rooms. So we were forced to use the gruesome facilities at the dubious rest stops. I accidentally discovered during one trip that the bus drivers almost always slipped out a side door of the bus terminals and went to the closest greasy spoon. With good reason, unless you like high-priced, green-tinged sandwiches.

Not all the stops were that bad, but many were. Occasionally we'd get a driver who somehow was able to stop at restaurants that were pretty decent. Decent meaning clean, well-lighted and with food that you weren't afraid to put in your mouth.

Our trips always began in late afternoon from the Broadway terminal in San Diego, a veritable zoo of all sorts of people. After climbing out of San Diego County, we'd eventually roar through Plaster City out in the middle of nowhere, eventually reaching El Centro, our first rest stop. The driver also urged us to remember our bus number and how long the stop would be.

Nothing stopped our momentum, as we rolled on, high above the cars and pickup trucks, and at about the same level as the semi-trucks pulling their trailers. We'd stop in Yuma, Ariz., home of the Yuma Territorial Prison; and our diesel exhaust fumes would leave their scent in towns including Gila Bend, Tucson, Wilcox, Lordsburg and Deming.

And somewhere around 9, 10 or 11 a.m. of the day after we left San Diego, we'd maneuver into El Paso, and make our way to Grandma Vicky's stately brick house sitting high above N. El Paso Street.

On these trips I usually managed to get the seat immediately to the right, rear-side of the driver so that I had an amazing view through the huge windshield. I thoroughly enjoyed those rides, rolling through the deserts, passing everybody going the speed limit, seeing new sights in strange cities, some of them small and with more cockroach residents than humans.

The passing scenery fascinated me. Especially the dry simplicity of the deserts, and the lights and shadows in black-and-white, and garish blues, reds and greens. Houses and stores of many architectural types; people of many architectural types; early morning people and late-night people. The utility poles flashed by as we sped forward, and we sometimes encountered desert storms that would cover the windshield with momentous sheets of water, and spectacular light shows from above.

Once, just before dawn, we came upon a rolled-over car. There were two families in that one car, and it looked as though at least one person was dead. Our driver stopped and told the people that he couldn't stay, but would get help at the next town. But after driving only a few miles, we saw a sheriff's deputy and an ambulance already responding to the wreck.

Sometimes at rural stops we'd pick up cowboys carrying their saddles, or Mexican women with their bolsas. They were interesting people.

When not sleeping, sometimes across both seats if I was lucky, I'd usually trade comic books with the Sailors riding the bus, and sometimes strike up conversations with fellow passengers. I thought that some were weird, but they probably thought that I was an odd kid.

On those trips I was an adventurer, an explorer, a man of the world. Kinda' miss that.

Letters to the Editor

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

Typed, double-spaced letters are acceptable for consideration. Hand-written letters that are double-spaced and highly legible also can be considered for publication. Cards of thanks are not accepted as letters.)

**'Please understand'
From Terry Cain
Selma**

Please be clear: Those of us opposed to war, and its attendant attitudes and atrocities before and after, do not turn our backs on the men and women in the armed services - we want them safe and back home.

It is the U.S. government and its woefully misguided choices that we do not support. No war is worth the wrath of the world, or the lives of its inhabitants. And when dissent is disavowed, polarization arises - fostering further destruction.

**'Thorn in flowers'
From Ann Reser
Cave Junction**

The other day I had some time to kill so I started a walking tour of our small town.

I automatically homed in on Bebe's to let my eyes feast on all the incredible art found in that little store. As I walked I viewed the new benches and trash receptacles -- such a great addition to the town. Within the proximity of the trash can I picked up discarded trash left by some uncaring individuals. I hope others will do the same.

As I progressed up the street, I again was delighted by all the rock planters and sculptures that are popping up along the business section -- such a unifying feature. We do owe Sandy Kaminsky and his helpers a wheelbarrow full of appreciation for all their creative work.

One of the newest additions is a seating area at the Dairy Queen. I was tempted to buy a soft serve, seat myself in this spot and watch the world go by while enjoying a treat. As I worked my way south, I noticed little daffodils in the tree wells waving their yellow heads at the cars. They could have been shouting, "Hey, look at me!"

Since these flowers are not "native plants" you know they were planted by loving hands for all to enjoy. The Illinois Valley Garden Club has contributed so many hours and drops of sweat to add the beauty of flowers to our town.

The "Welcome" structure at the south end of town was built with many hours of donated labor and materials. This all happened because so many good people are proud of this town and want all who enter to know it.

And then I read that someone wants to put a sex shop in the heart of our town. I don't think so. I would hope that this idea is opposed in every civil, peaceful and legal way possible. What a blight. What a thorn in the beautiful spirit of the good people of our community. It should not be allowed.

**'Why the fuss?'
From A.R. Vandolay
Cave Junction**

I am writing in response to the article in the March 19 edition of "Illinois Valley News." I have a couple of thoughts I want to pass on.

My first point is that if Motley and his partner stay true to their word and do not

allow minors in their store and do not display the merchandise in the window, why would anyone have objections? The surest way to run a business out of town is if there are no customers.

It also seems to me that there has been a bigger "stink" raised than there was when a "head shop" moved into the downtown area. This defies logic. Or maybe, only my kind of logic.

In this day and age, when more than a few churches are accepting, if not embracing homosexuality as an acceptable lifestyle, why such a fuss over an adult "toy" store, for adults only?

It seems to me that there are far greater dangers out there, such as drugs of all kinds and their related crimes. I, myself, have never heard anyone say, or use as their defense, that they needed to rob, steal, kill, to get money to buy lotions, magazines, "toys" or anything else Motley might have for sale.

**'Rights and responsibilities'
From Steven Coley
Cave Junction**

The time for all the politicking and demonstrating, all the "ayes" and "nays," all the "this is or is not rights," is past.

Now it is not our politics that is over there. Now it is our fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers doing the best they can to carry out the orders given them by our leader; and elected by, possibly, the majority of us.

If you do not agree with the politics that got us there, when this is over, write your senator, congressmen, and president and let them know. Better yet, vote them out of office. Yes, in America we have that right. Due largely to our readiness to defend it worldwide.

Right now, our only responsibility, as part of the greatest nation in the world, is to support our fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers. To say, "We are proud of you and are thankful for you. We wish you Godspeed, and a quick and safe return."

As for me, I wish them a speedy and total victory. I thank them for being ready to help to keep this the greatest nation and the greatest place to live in the entire world. To our United States and Allied armed forces, I and the majority of the free world, support them and thank them with all of our hearts and souls.

In closing, I wonder how many of the people "politically" opposed to this war, voted in the last election.

(Continued on page 3)



PRESCRIPTION FAIR - Three Prescription Help Fairs were held recently in Cave Junction, Grants Pass and Central Point to help Oregonians learn about opportunities for receiving free and reduced priced medications through pharmaceutical companies. The fairs were sponsored by Sen. Jason Atkinson, Reps. Gordon Anderson and Dennis Richardson. Atkinson, along with Southern Oregon Federal Credit Union (SOFCU) spearheaded the organization of the event. (Photo courtesy of SOFCU)





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and Chinese Herbs

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at Wild Iris Gallery, Kerby
(24563 Redwood Highway)
Jo Anne Stone, M.S., L. Ac.

All life is an experiment. The more experiments you make, the better. - Ralph Waldo Emerson -

Siskiyou Community Health Center 30th Year Anniversary Open House

Siskiyou Community Health Center in Cave Junction is having an Open House celebrating our 30th year and introducing **Lucinda Kolo, M.D.**

Please come join us and meet Dr. Kolo, the staff, and some of our board members. We look forward to seeing you.

We will have the latest information on our new clinic building planned on the north end of town.

Date: Friday, April 11
Time: 4 to 7 p.m.
Location: 319 Caves Hwy.
Cave Junction, OR