

Bob's Corner

Every so often it feels as though we are surrounded by cats and dogs; or at least by cat and dog hair, or the quite visible signs of our hairy companions. I mean, there are only two of each living with us in our casa, but sometimes it seems like a herd.

Of course, one cat galloping down a hallway, followed by a dog in hot pursuit definitely constitutes a herd. Noisewise, anyway.

Speaking of noise, anyone who has ever been awakened at 3 a.m. by the entertaining sounds of hacking, gagging and coughing (from a cat, not your spouse) knows of what I speak. Yes, the dread ailment known as hairballs rears its ugly head, so to speak. And later that morning, perhaps only a short time later, when heading for the bathroom, one may discover the location of said hairballs. With their bare feet. Icky.

Other signs of feline habitation are the scratch marks on various pieces of furniture and the inside of the front door. We can't seem to find a scratching post that is better than our furniture. We've tried. Even purchased a tall tower, designed for cat climbing and scratching. Unfortunately, it was not well-made, and we had to take it back after 16-pound "Bubba" nearly took an unplanned dive because the tower wasn't strong enough to hold tight between the floor and ceiling.

Because of the feline skill at opening the bottom doors on our dresser, and the folding door to our pots-and-pans cupboard, we had to install child-proof latches. They work, except that our nocturnal guests keep trying to open them, making banging noises. Usually at 2 a.m.

Another cat factor involves the frightful item known as a litter box. Although the one in our bathroom for "Bubba" and his mom, "Maui," has a high bottom lip, they still scatter litter onto the floor in substantial quantities. Crunching underfoot, it always reminds me of going to the beach. Except for the aroma.

Moving rapidly from this area, we come to our two dogs. They're the two critters who bark. But they do not hack up hairballs. No, they just barf now and then. Sometimes we can tell the source; often not. And it almost always happens at night after we're asleep. Sometimes on the bed. A most exciting life for us, never knowing what's going to happen next.

Again moving rapidly from this area we must touch on dogs barking. All I can say about this is that I used to think Pomeranian "Rocky" had a brain the size of a walnut. But because of his barking without reason, except that he thinks he should because maybe there was a reason, I have changed his brain size to a pea. What happens is that he hears himself barking and thinks, "Hey, I hear barking; I better challenge that and sound the alert."

Have to stop now. I hear the sounds of an approaching herd.

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. Handwritten letters that are double-spaced and highly legible also can be considered for publication.

Cards of thanks are not accepted as letters.)

Pretty city From Ruth E. Wick Cave Junction

Our little town is really looking good; don't you think?

Business buildings (are) all painted or cleaned (and) streets are clean.

Robbing schools From Pamela Tenny Selma

I remember a poster I hung in my kitchen in 1970: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had all the money needed for our schools, and the Pentagon had to hold a bake sale to buy a new bomber?"

More than 30 years later, we are still robbing our schools and social programs to pay for a military that is growing out of proportion to the need. The Vietnam War was a mistake -- so is the war in Iraq.

Star Wars doesn't work, and we're paying billions for a system to protect us from missiles that no longer are a threat. Bush and his administration have introduced preemptive war against world opinion. (Remember that millions marched in the streets all over the world against the war in Iraq.)

Homeland Security spends millions on four-year-old threats, keeping us fearful in our own homes to satisfy their own political agenda.

If we spent a tiny percentage of the military budget on alternative energy, we wouldn't have to invade other countries to feed our power hungry people.

I will vote for John Kerry because he understands the environmental, social and health-care issues crucial to the future of this country.

'Monkey Business' From William Schnieder Cave Junction

Remember Curious George the monkey and the man with the yellow hat? Ah yes, what a little scamp that monkey was; and the man in the hat was pretty cool too.

Speaking of monkeys, I can imagine a little town, let's say, back east somewhere. A dirty little town with the worst of slums and some of the cleanest, well-scrubbed, white-washed if you will, streets and buildings in the world. "Capital, old chap," one might say upon seeing the array of columns, domes and phallic symbols; some bananas please.

In this town lives a bunch of over-dressed, chittering-chattering chimpanzee, wanna-be-gorillas and a bunch of spider monkeys running around, messing up everything that they get near as spider monkeys without diapers will do.

Funny thing though. They create this mess and blame it on the ostriches, steal the bananas, rip up the trees, chitter screaming loudly; demanding that the ostriches bring them more bananas.

"Ahem, we are getting rather low on bananas," one might say while gazing past columns and domes -- into the littered streets of the dirty, down-trodden side of a good idea. And one might wonder how this dirty little town got the name of "Washing Town." Go figure.

The wish-he-was-King Kong in this two-faced, plugged-nickel "Washing Town" is also (and aint it phoney but we're not laughing), George; imagine that.

"Curious chap," one might say, while pondering the political possibilities of posturing chimps being replaced by actual, intelligent, more highly-evolved humanoids.

First though, what is needed are scoop shovels, hip waders and some honest hard work at removing all the bovine scat from the monkey house and some progress in real time shown by the scrubbing 'til it shines on both sides of the tracks of "Washing

Town."

"Nah. Too much work," said one ostrich to another.

Well, as Curious George and the man in the yellow hat paddle their canoe out of my mind, I got a glimpse of the book they were reading when not paddling, titled "The Rabid Dingo of Ostrichville." Below in smaller print, "The Death of a Democracy." Imagine that.

Logging response From William Reid Cave Junction

In her letter on "Logging 'politics'" (in last week's issue of "Illinois Valley News"), Catherine Austin com-

ments on all the thoughtful letters regarding the Biscuit Fire sale. From the tone of her letter it is apparent that in her opinion, only the letters opposing salvage logging are "thoughtful."

If she had read what was proposed in Environmental Impact Statements from the Forest Service and the final Record of Decision, she would know that no logging was ever proposed for the wilderness area.

If she would read the Records of Decisions -- regarding Late-Successional Reserve (LSR) Salvage & Planting,

(Continued on page 3)

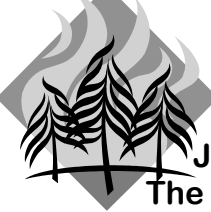


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(Classified ads & uncomplicated display ads can be accepted until Noon, Monday with an additional charge.)

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