

## Bob's Corner

There's a story about a college student who went to class wearing his bathing trunks and a raincoat. When questioned by the instructor about his attire, the student answered that he was sorry, but those were the only clean clothes he had left.

So it is with a lot of men. Washing clothes is as attractive to them as having their teeth cleaned by a nervous dental hygienist using an electric sander with a short cord. So they put off washing today what they'll have to wear tomorrow.

A lot of young men probably still hold up a shirt and sniff to see if it's still wearable. If it's marginal they're likely to spray deodorant on their armpits and the shirt to make sure they'll continue to be at least moderately attractive and not become the cause for a public health hazard alert.

Some guys found that by leaving their dirty clothes in a laundry basket or duffle bag long enough, the dirtiness not only was miraculously squeezed out, but "Voila!" they also were pressed during the process.

I, of course, am only reporting what I've heard and observed. Far be it from me to wear dirty clothes, even if I was only going to my least-favorite high school and college classes. They included, but were not limited to: chemistry, chemistry lab, algebra, physics, geometry, logic, and trigonometry. However, clothing notwithstanding, I always did well at English and snack bar, although not necessarily in that order.

Some might have wondered in the locker room at my pink-toned underwear. I can only say that no one ever told me, and I was not smart enough to figure it out until too late, that if one washes his dainties with a couple of red shirts, the result is ... colorful to say the least.


Also, the proper use of bleach long eluded me, until I discovered that many of my shirts were fading and becoming multicolored in some cases. As this was not quite stylish enough, I quickly (it only takes me three or four disasters to get to reality) learned when to reach for the bleach.

Washing clothes is a terrific experience for young people, especially when they use three times as much soap as needed. Talk about suds and duds. Also, using a clothes drying machine can be exciting, particularly when you discover just how hot a zipper can become on a pair of pants.

Another aspect of washing clothes involves the heart-break of mildew. This happens (I hear this; it's never happened to me) when I've left ... I mean, when someone leaves wet clothing in a washer for several days. Hot days.

Now as an adult of sorts, I have all the washing help I need at home. Ahh, life is good. Especially without men's pink underwear.

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3 P.M. FRIDAY

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## Letters to the Editor

(Editor's Note: Views and commentary, including statements made as fact, are strictly those of the letter-writers.)

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Typed, double-spaced letters written solely to this newspaper are considered for publication. Hand-written letters that are double-spaced and legible also can be considered.

Cards of thanks are not accepted as letters.

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### 'Small misunderstanding' From Jeff Mocniak Olympia, Wash.

Myself and three friends headed toward the Siskiyou National Forest during our spring break recently. We considered it our opportunity to get away and relax, although it turned out to be quite the opposite.

We were aware of some controversy concerning forest management in the Siskiyou, and loving that wilderness, decided to check out the situation. We arrived late, around 3:30 a.m. and decided to find a place to camp and explore later that day.

We headed down a road and by a small, barely noticeable "Road Closed" sign, and figuring it to be an advisory of poor road conditions, proceeded with caution.

We stopped at one of the first places we came across and set up camp, finally falling asleep around 4:30 a.m. At about 5:30 a.m., we were awakened by a pair of forest service trucks circling us with their spotlights directly aimed at us. Two officers proceeded toward us, hands touching guns like they expected us to pull shotguns from our sleeping bags.

A J. Pino did most of the talking, which included intense questioning about my friend's pocket knife, and a lecture on knives, cigarettes, and similar matters. As Pino proceeded to write me a \$300 ticket for "entering a prohibited area by special order," a steady stream of logging trucks filed down the road behind him.

We were escorted out of the forest; told there were no places nearby to camp; and sent on our way.

I had only had one hour of sleep in the last 24 hours, and was now forced to drive to Ashland in an attempt to figure out what we were to do for accommodations. Having experienced this injustice of "public land management," I ask, to who do these so-called public lands belong to anyway? Are visitors to your area to be ticketed, harassed, fined and endangered because of a small misunderstanding of a poorly posted area?

Is this a result of corporate interests taking over the reins of public entities? How are we to truly have democracy in this country if some of life's simplest pleasures are at the mercy of greed, corruption, and ignorance?

### 'Touch the world' From Fred Krauss Selma

I would like to tell the environmentalists on the Biscuit Timber Sale my thoughts in a small poem I wrote:

I never climbed the Himalayas/ I never sailed the seven seas/ But with these two hands I touch the world/ Every time I cut a tree.

Perhaps a stairway for a king/ A palette for an artist's brush, or a seat board for a swing/ An altar for the village church/ And poles that bring in city lights and holds the Stars & Stripes unfurled.

No, I have never been to Bangladesh/ And there are places I will never see/ But with these two hands I touch the world/ Every time I cut a tree.

### Amazing valley

#### From Gary 'G-Dub' Potter O'Brien

Once again, the people of this small, economically challenged area known as Illinois Valley have amazed me.

I have lived in places with neighbors like the millionaires, movie stars, rock stars and politicians you see on CNN. Areas that have the type of houses we see on "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous." Cities that spend more on Christmas decorations than our town's operating budget for a year. These places were all called communities, yet most didn't know who lived next door.

All were seemingly communal living in a broad sense of the word, relying on others for all their needs. They work, live and play in a large metropolitan area surrounded by other people like them.

You go to your job everyday because it is secure, regular pay and you know your place. Your social life is really at work because that is the largest group of non-strangers (not a stranger, but not a friend) you know. You gather on breaks and talk about important subjects like last night's situation comedy, reality or survival show. Or the stats, drug addiction/abuse, or criminal activity of the latest star of sports de jour.

These are things you need to know if you are going to have something to talk about and maybe even be bold enough for an opinion.

You don't watch world news or pay much attention to

the politicians who represent you because all that government stuff doesn't affect you, unless they tell you it does at your break meetings, the same way most decide who to vote for. (If you even bother to vote).

You want to be a part of it all, so you watch all the shows and buy the latest and greatest things that you see on TV. They tell you of your need for it, so you buy it, even if you have to use credit.

Name brands on overpriced clothing that you don't take the price tag off if you're "cool," \$50 hamburgers, \$5 shakes, \$3 a gallon gas prices, SUVs and Hummers with bumper stickers that read, "Support Our Troops," even though driving a gas guzzler helps pay for the bullets and missiles that kill our troops.

Going shopping in the supermarkets or giant mall meant walking through a sea of strangers, looking away from the eyes of others to avoid confrontation from either a villain of the law, or worst, a person trying to get you to give them some money in the name of a charity you might have heard of, or buying something because

part of the proceeds go to a "good cause."

All of this to get me to the point of my letter: the Knockers Benefit, a fundraiser to help Holly Shinerock, diagnosed with breast cancer.

Like a lot of us, she has no insurance. Saturday night, April 2, I was lucky enough to attend a true grass-roots gathering of people. These were not conservatives, radicals, activists, hippies, drugies, enviros, loggers, seniors, blacks, whites, browns, yellows, green, reds, established, transients, drunks, teetotalers, in-laws or outlaws, although all have fit into one of these categories at one time or another.

That night was the gathering of a community in the truest sense of the word. People of all walks of life, all dealing with their own needs and toils. Some with very little to give; some with more than enough -- all united in a bond of human nature so easily lost in this day and age.

A gathering the likes of which I have never seen before in our quiet little town.

(Continued on page 3)

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## Restaurante

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**This is a friendly competition to be held Saturday, April 16**  
- \$10.00 Entry Fee and "Winner Takes All" -  
- Carlos Will Match the Pot - Entries Limited to the First 12 -  
- Enter in Advance at Carlos Restaurante  
- One Crock Pot Full - Ready to be Tasted & Tested -  
- Open Rules with respect to Recipes -  
- Blind Judging to be Based on Flavor & Taste: Not Fire -  
- Peoples Choice Award will also be Given -  
- Judging between 12:00 and 1:00 p.m. -  
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