

# The Archive Zone:

by Hillary Mohr from the *Illinois Valley News* archives

This week we take an adventure back to June 6, 1952. Explosions, highway mishaps and mysterious fires was the how the Valley kicked off the start of summer. "Tuffy" Chokers were on sale at Illinois Valley Hardware, and you could fill your shopping cart with all the necessities for your family for under \$7. Get ready to have a blast this week in the Archive Zone.

**Potent brew explodes bottle, cuts arm of IVHS Freshman.** An exploding bottle of beer obtained from the son of a man believed to be manufacturing "home brew" sent James Scott, 16-year-old Cave Junction freshman at IVHS to the hospital Tuesday afternoon with a severed artery and biceps in his upper left arm. According to town and county authorities still investigating the incident, young Scott and an unidentified youth had a cache of three bottles of homemade beer which they visited Tuesday afternoon to find one bottle had exploded. Scott reportedly had the other two bottles in his hand and was walking north on Main Street near the C.G. and E. garage when one bottle exploded, leaving the boy uninjured. Observers say Scott crossed the street continuing north with the second bottle beneath his arm when

it, too, exploded tearing a deep gash in the boy's upper arm.

**Abandoned cabin burns to ground.** An abandoned log cabin across the east fork of the Illinois River burned to the ground at about 1 a.m. Sunday morning, the owner is unknown. Clarence McDaniels, Don McClure and Ed Jankovich turned in the alarm to the Kerby Guard Station which sent a truck out to keep the blaze from spreading. The building was enveloped in flames on arrival of the pumper. Only the chimney remained standing. The fire's origin is unknown, except that some kids were known to be playing around the nearby swimming hole earlier Saturday.

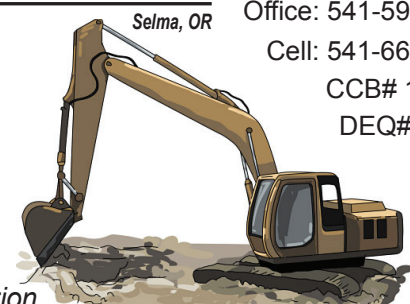
**Exploding truck tank burns man.** A gasoline tank dropped from a truck about three miles north of Kerby Wednesday morning exploded sending the driver of a passenger car behind to the hospital with third degree burns over his entire body. Robert A. Reed, 36, Grants Pass partner of the Illinois Valley Logging Co., was following a truck heading south when the truck's gas tank fell, was crushed by a truck wheel and exploded, bursting into flames. Reed headed his car for the ditch to avoid the tank, was thrown clear, rolled through the

burning gasoline and was found lying in a ditch by the first person on the scene, Gordon Leonard of Cave Junction. The truck's driver and owner was Harold L. Edmonds, 24, of Ashland. Leonards and Edmonds extinguished the flames on Reed's clothing and called Valley Ambulance Service which took him to Josephine County hospital. At last report, Reed was expected to live even though his entire body, excepting a narrow strip directly underneath his belt and his hip pocket where he carried a wallet, was burned badly.

**Jimmy Quinn injured in highway mishap.** Jimmy Quinn, son of the J.D. Quinn family of O'Brien was thrown from a truck and critically injured Sunday night near Redding, California. Quinn, a Navy seaman returning to the Alameda Naval Air Station after a leave spent in the Valley, was riding in the back end of a pickup truck driven by Harold Gump, of Goble, Oregon, when the driver swerved to avoid striking a dog and Quinn was thrown to the highway. The Quinns left immediately for California on hearing of the accident. Young Quinn's arm was broken in several places and he sustained some broken ribs as well as other injuries.

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# Gun Control:

by Robert Hirning

It was the spring of 1972, or the fall, I can't remember which since my journal didn't start until a year later. "Wolf," or so he called himself, was one of those hangers on around the old Funky Egg Company who usually could be counted on to show up conveniently in the late afternoon when Sheila made something especially good for dinner. But on this day Wolf came by in the morning.

He was one of those "Acid Cowboys" who fancied himself as some throw back to the 1880s old west. This young man, in his late 20s, was rather slight of stature, but the monstrous 44 caliber six gun that he slung from his skinny waist must have given him a feeling of powers bigger than life.

I had two rules in those days (which were continually broken behind my back), first, no intravenous drug use and second, no guns. On more than one occasion Wolf had been told not to come around slinging his gun and, from time to time, he seemed willing to cooperate; particularly if there was an incentive of a hot dinner.

On this particular morning, Wolf came by and proudly announced that today he was going to drop acid, oh and by the way, would I hide his gun. Immediately my first thought was to throw the bum out, but then dealing with this hostile punk, still packing his 44 after taking LSD, did not at all seem like a favorable scenario from my point of view, either. So grudgingly I took the gun, belt, holster and all, and proceeded to take it up to my loft (probably the

only place considered my space as opposed to everybody's) and stash it in a laundry bag. This seemed to settle Wolf down, after commenting to me that he "didn't know what he would do" in his psychodelicized future condition. I headed off next door to play Pinochle wondering why all the nut cases had to come down to my place in order to act out their fantasies.

For some reason Pinochle had become the game of choice. It was cheaper than the board games like Monopoly, or even chess, with lots of little pieces to lose and decades before video games came into use, so it was played fanatically often with several games going simultaneously. As more hippies came by and learned the rules and strategies of the game, almost everyone had become hooked on these daily tournaments. After an hour or so, I had forgotten about Wolf and his LSD trip and was deeply absorbed in the game when shots suddenly rang out from next door.

Instead of fear my, first reaction was to fly into a towering rage. This lowlife piece of @#!%&, had the temerity to search my private quarters, locate his blunderbuss and deliberately violate my rules! Ego here spoke louder than prudent reason, and I flew down the stairs to confront this unacceptable behavior. "Pow," "Blam," "Bang," the shots kept coming; I should have counted them but in my fury the number six was not registering as it should have. I stepped into the breezeway and there

stood Wolf at the cabin door grinning crazily while waving his gun. Without thinking I took a few steps forward and, now less than 10 feet away, he pointed the 44 directly at me and pulled the trigger.

Obviously since I'm here to tell the tale there was only a loud click, probably because all six shells had been discharged and the revolver was empty. Whether he knew that was the case or not I'll never know but the crazy grin never flinched. I stood there and stared, incredulous at the fix I so stupidly walked into, trying to process what had just happened. A few seconds passed like hours and then an adrenaline rush took over my body and the anger again overwhelmed my mind. Rushing forward I grabbed the barrel as another ghastly click rang from the hammer releasing on another spent shell and, with a powerful jerk, the gun was out of his hand. "You aren't gonna get this back," I growled and headed for the outhouse where I promptly dropped it down the hole.

Wolf was observed a couple of days later with a hooked pole and a flashlight fishing his gun out of the disgusting outhouse pit, but he never came by my place again from that time forward. Mercifully, I never found out if the gun ever worked, but what lessons were learned from the whole hideous experience were never forgotten. For one thing my big fat ego had almost put me in the grave at 28, and that nut cases should never have access to firearms.

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# The Farrier's Corner:

## Neglect of Hoof Care

All equines require regular hoof care. At the very least, this entails frequent cleaning of the hooves and hoof trimming approximately every eight to 10 weeks. Without a regular maintenance schedule, any horse will eventually develop some very ugly hooves. However, it is more than just cosmetic. The longer the hooves are neglected, the more damage is done to the foot and lower limb. Some of this damage may be repairable if caught in time, some is not.

Overgrown hooves will eventually begin to "prune" themselves, breaking, chipping and fracturing at the point(s) of greatest stress. Often the quarters (sides) of the hoof break first, as the wall is usually thinnest in that area. Thin hoof walls will break down sooner than thick walls. However, thick walls provide considerable leverage when long, resulting in large flares and dramatic breaks.

As growth continues, toe walls become longer while heels often roll, curl under or run forward. Eventually, the horn tubules of the hoof succumb to stress and crack. Toe cracks are generally vertical and multiple cracks may occur. With continued growth, cracks may lengthen

and widen, often extending through the entire wall and/or reaching the hairline. Entire sections of hoof may even break off between cracks. Heel cracks may be horizontal or vertical. Occasionally, the entire heel fractures off. Serious cracks can lead to lameness. Additionally, cracks provide pathways for bacteria to invade and cause abscesses.

Just as the hoof wall grows, the sole also grows and accumulates. Some animals shed their sole easily, others do not. During trimming, soles are carefully pared with a hoof knife to remove excess growth. Untrimmed, the sole can build up into thick uneven cakes or even form a double or "false" sole. Thickened and uneven patches of hardened sole can lead to painful bruising.

The frogs also require regular checks. Excess frog growth, shredding and partially shed frogs should be carefully trimmed. If loose flaps and pockets are present, bacteria can become trapped in these areas resulting in nasty thrush infections.

Horses with injuries to the lower leg, arthritis or any condition affecting the lower limb are particularly in need of regular hoof care. For example, foundered animals commonly develop an abnormal hoof growth pattern which requires regular maintenance. Without consistent trimming and

balancing, these hooves rapidly develop long curled rockers.

What are some reasonable expectations for a trim on extremely overgrown hooves? First, don't expect the hooves to look textbook perfect following the first trim. It takes approximately one year for a new hoof capsule to grow down from the hairline. While the hoof will be visibly improved after the first trim, it may take several trims for serious damage to markedly improve.

Do not expect the first trim to be easy or brief. Overgrown hooves can be challenging to trim depending on the amount of hoof present and the degree of damage. Additionally, neglected horses may be physically uncomfortable standing for trimming or be unruly due to a lack of consistent hoof handling.

Some farriers will charge extra in extreme cases. This is not unreasonable. They may need to do twice the work (or more) than they would normally do for a regular trim.

Will severely overgrown horses be sore following a trim? Maybe. Many of them are lame or in some degree of discomfort prior to the trim. In some cases, this may improve following the removal of pressure points, uncomfortable flares and excess growth. However, when a horse's pastern angles

have been altered by excessive hoof growth, the stresses on the tendons and ligaments of the lower leg have also been changed. During trimming, you will try to realign the weight bearing surface of the hoof with the bony column of the leg. In doing so, you affect the stresses on the tendons and ligaments of the lower leg. Although it is necessary to address these issues, temporary soreness may result. In human terms, imagine wearing stiletto heels 24 hours a day for months. One day, you switch to wearing flats. Your tendons and ligaments would notice the changes in stress as well. In some cases, it is possible to gradually cut the hooves down. In other cases, the necessity of getting an animal back up on its feet and/or halting massive hoof damage requires the removal of large amounts of hoof.

Many people who own horses with overgrown hooves put off calling the farrier due to embarrassment. However, it is a farrier's job to provide hoof care. That job is not limited to animals with perfect feet. Most farriers routinely work on overgrown hooves.

Once the animal's hooves are in good shape, don't drop the ball. Keep them on a regular schedule. The horse's hooves will be more comfortable and future trims will be less taxing on them, the farrier and you.

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