

Winding Trails: by Al Hobart

Thursday, December 1, 1966
Illinois Valley News

A Boy's Scientific Experiment

On a wintry day many years ago I slid down a telephone pole and slumped unconscious to the icy concrete sidewalk. The pitiless pedestrians passing by barely glanced my way and hurried on no doubt to avoid becoming involved in a possible police investigation. Some doubtless thought I was dead, others, that I was drunk. All were right – I was dead drunk. I was, in fact, so saturated with alcohol that straight walking passersby must have found themselves tottering slightly after passing. And if I had indeed been beyond recall the customary procedure of embalming would have been an empty gesture.

This may sound like an attempt at character suicide, but, on the contrary, is intended as a moral self-boost, being actually the delayed report on the results of a well-meant scientific experiment by

a scientifically untrained youth who, up to that time, had never tasted alcohol in any form.

The town of Yakima, Washington, in the day here recalled was far from being the bustling metropolis it is today. The streets were mostly narrow and rough, and wooden telephone and power poles were spaced at regular intervals along the edge of the sidewalks. I lived alone in an old red-brick rooming house, and walked the few blocks across the tracks to the garage where I worked as a mechanic's helper.

As a rather timid, self-effacing teenager I had few intimate friends and only a handful of nodding acquaintances, most of these latter being members of the I. A. of M. local to which I belonged, and with whom I occasionally rubbed elbows. I didn't know that any of these seldom-seen acquaintances knew where I roomed, but at least two of them did, as I learned later, although I never learned who they were.

My young boss at the garage had a young and pretty wife – who

doesn't enter into the picture except as being the indirect cause of my near catastrophe. She wouldn't allow Oscar, the boss, to have alcohol in the house; and so, when some well-meaning customer presented Oscar with a gallon jug of applejack he gave it to the only one he could trust for temporary safekeeping, the only one he knew that didn't imbibe – me.

Alone in my room and studiously contemplating the gallon of powerful applejack, my inquisitive young mind began warily circling, prodding, and analyzing in my imagination my important charge. Next, my curiosity giving me no rest, I withdrew the cork and sniffed cautiously at the mysterious contents of the Lorelei jug.

I had observed the weird effects that this distilled dynamite had on others, and noted the resulting gay, if zany, antics of the partakers thereof. On thinking over carefully these apparently wonderful effects I had seen produced by this innocent-looking liquid, I wondered how it would seem to be transported so

simply to such a seemingly ecstatic state.

With my eyes fastened hypnotically on the beckoning jug, I suddenly realized that here was the answer to my burning questions, the chance to determine firsthand what the sensation was like of becoming mildly intoxicated. I certainly had no intention or desire to become thoroughly polluted, but being totally ignorant of the power of strong drink, I had no way of judging the amount to use in my experiment.

My decision made, I tilted the jug, closed my eyes, held my breath and drank the fiery liquid in great gulps, forcing it down like foul medicine in spite of the choking and tears. Between periods of gasping and coughing I continued to force the burning liquid down my throat, thinking I should keep drinking till I felt dizzy at least.

Finally I decided I had drunk enough to floor a seasoned alcoholic. Feeling deliciously light-headed and wonderful, weaving slightly I left my living quarters and started uptown. By the time I reached

Yakima Avenue, the main stem, two blocks distant, the vast overdose of alcohol I had taken (and that could very well have been fatal) was taking full effect. I didn't get very far up the avenue. The whole world seemed to be going topsy-turvy. The last I remembered was wrapping my arms around a friendly telephone pole and sinking thankfully to the pavement.

The cops must have been having a little game in the backroom of some speakeasy. Anyway, they missed an unimportant but interesting opportunity to snare an ordinance-flouting amateur scientist.

When I regained consciousness, instead of being in a jail cell I was neatly tucked away in my own pad, my tie off and my shoes beside the bed – and the boss' gallon of bomb-juice gone forever.

My Heaven-sent rescuers' reward was the nearly-full jug of applejack – and I hope it gave them everlasting life.

As for me, I still can't bite into a nice juicy apple without sneering.

The Archive Zone: by Hillary Mohr from the Illinois Valley News archives

This week we take a sorrowful walk down memory lane to Nov. 28, 1963. The air should have been filled with excitement and glee for the Thanksgiving holiday, but not this year, instead it was filled with somber, grief and heartache. Our nation, the United States of America, lost our leader, President John F. Kennedy. Grab some tissues and a hard drink it's going to be a tear jerking Archive Zone.

John F. Kennedy. A man has died in the world; died with violence; unsuspecting; died as thousands have died in faraway areas of the earth. Like those

thousands, he had a family – a wife, children – who now know emptiness, and grieve, when earlier life had been full. A man has died in the world; a man whom millions respected, respected and loved, for he was their own; a symbol, a trusted friend, a loved one. A man has died in the world; a man who was devoted to life and his duty; who loved his country and fought for it during trying times; who worshipped the God that witnessed his passing. A man like other men – yet he was chosen for death. A tribute is a trivial thing, sometimes forgotten after

age has seen it, yet tribute is paid to this man who died as he had lived – heroically, quietly, and forever loved. He was John F. Kennedy. HOW does a nation express sorrow? – Dawn Grant. Memorial services honoring John F. Kennedy were held Monday morning at 11 a.m. in the gymnasium of the Illinois Valley High School. A solemn crowd gathered to pay homage to the memory of the 35th president of the United States. Conducting the services were Rev. Gene Denning of the Cave Junction Community Church, and Rev. Austin McGhee of the Immanuel Methodist

Church.

Flat tire on slick pavement causes florist van crash.

Winifred Elizabeth Stanley of Harbor, Oregon, was hospitalized overnight for observation after the Ford Econoline van she was driving developed a flat tire, skidded, and overturned down the embankment just south of the Illinois River Bridge below Cave Junction. Mrs. Stanley, driving north into Grants Pass to deliver florist supplies, was taken to Josephine General hospital by L.B. Hall Valley ambulance. Her injuries were not considered serious. The scene of the accident

near Rockydale Road, has a slick highway surface during any rain, causing many drivers a momentary bad time. Friday morning, when the accident occurred, this section of the highway was extremely hazardous.

Recovering from head injuries. Enjoying Sunday dinner with the Delbert Scotts were Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Scott. Freeman, recently released from the hospital where he was confined with head injuries following last week's tragic accident in the Tennessee Pass area, is recovering rapidly.

ROGUE VALLEY



Food & Friends Menu

- FRIDAY - DEC. 2**
WHITE CHICKEN CHILI
- MONDAY - DEC. 5**
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- WEDNESDAY - DEC. 7**
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SENIOR SPOTLIGHT

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What is an advance directive?

Many people recognize that death is as much a part of the life cycle as birth, growth, maturity and old age. Managing their final illness is something they can do through a living will, a legal document of health care instructions. In Oregon, this document is known as an advance directive. You can use this document to appoint someone called a health care representative to make health care decisions for you when you are unable to make your own health care decisions. (This representative cannot make decisions for you when you are capable of making them yourself – only if and when you become incapable.) The advance directive must be signed by you and witnessed by two qualified witnesses.

If you wish, the advance directive may include a directive to physicians to withhold or withdraw life-sustaining procedures under certain circumstances.

What are these "certain circumstances?"

Two physicians, one of whom must be your attending physician, must confirm that any of the following is true: You are close to death and life support would only postpone, not prevent death; or you are permanently unconscious; or you have an advanced progressive illness; or life support would not help your medical condition and would subject you to extraordinary suffering.

Call the ADRC (Aging and Disability Resource Connection) for more information at 1-855-673-2372.

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Medicare Advantage Plans

Medicare has different plans called Medicare Advantage Plans. These plans offer differing program options. To enroll in one of these plans you must act soon as Medicare Open Enrollment ends December 7, 2016 for Medicare coverage in 2017. If you miss this deadline you will probably have to wait 1 year before you can again adjust your Medicare coverage.

Oregon has plans which can adjust and improve your Medicare coverage. To find out about these plans you can phone 800-722-4134 to talk with a certi-

fied counselor and you can visit Oregon Medicare Help on-line. There you will find the Senior Health Insurance Benefits Assistance Program.

Local volunteer counselors for Josephine County can be found through the United Community Action Network at 541-956-4472. To best use these services one should spend some time thinking about your existing coverage to see if there are any changes you would like to enact which would make Medicare work better for you. For example, one might want to change their primary health care provider or be sure that certain medi-

cines are covered or lessen the economic strain of a needed surgery. If you are enrolled in a Medicare plan, be sure to understand any changes which might be coming in 2017. You can find these in your annual notice of Medicare changes which is sent to you by mail. Oregon has programs which can help you pay your Medicare premiums and co-payments. Investigating different plans available is advised as this might lead to lower premiums and better service.

For comments you can go to www.iwellnessresources@gmail.com.



Senior Bulletin

HOME SAFETY EVALUATIONS

Call Pat Jenkins, RN, MSN with I.V. Wellness Resources for a low cost evaluation at 541-415-0465.

CHAIR FITNESS classes FREE at Healthy U, Monday and Wednesdays from 2 - 2:45 p.m. 535 E. River St., Cave Junction Call 541-592-4888.

FREE for Seniors

If you are a senior and want to place a **FREE AD** for a living or health care need call Laura at 541-592-2541 or email laura@illinois-valley-news.com.



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