

Winding Trails: by Al Hobart

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Illinois Valley News

Fighting a Cold

If I live to be as old as Methuselah I don't suppose I'll ever learn the lesson or remember for long that no matter how top hole we feel or in what excellent physical condition we may be (according to the assurance of our favorite pill-roller), we are not immune to the tiresome little disasters that befall other members of the population when unfriendly conditions catch them with their guard down.

When the rapidly clicking little ball comes to rest on the spot that has your name on it you're going to realize what a mistake you made when you thought it couldn't happen to you. You've religiously taken every vitamin known to man;

you've obediently heeded the advice of nutritionists and avoided excessive consumption (to use their phraseology) of fats and sweets; you've carefully and generously larded your diet with plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit and good red meat. Furthermore you've kept your muscles in tone and your paunch under control by patrolling the mountain trails, the forest and alpine skiways. You feel as hard as nails and absolutely impervious to the various ills that beset your complaining fellows.

And then, after all that, a little bug so small you can't see it with a microscope ducks under your guard and administers a punch to the solar plexus that knocks you just as flat as the other softies you've been looking down your nose at. At last you're made to realize it can happen to you. It did happen to me.

Whatever it was that hit me tried to be halfway decent about it; I've received similar blows before and recovered in 2 or 3 days; on our first trip to Mt. Ashland to ski I divided my time between a cold blizzard on the slope and a relatively warm lodgeful of ski-folks, with the inevitable horde of people-eating germs that always hover about crowds looking for suitable victims. They found me.

That evening I discovered I had a slight case of the sniffles and a tightness in my chest, which condition I considered hardly worthy of attention, knowing that in a day or so it would be gone and forgotten. Sure enough by the following evening I seemed back to normal again—all except an insignificant lingering of the chest thing.

Early next morning I went in to Grants Pass to join Bill and little Billie Pruitt for

another day of skiing at Mt. Ashland. That was the most satisfying day of skiing I've had to date. I used both my long and short skis and skied 3 different slopes, my first experience on the little-T. Once I hit a soft spot with the shortsies, upended and buried my face in the snow in less time than it takes to say zut. I almost had to chisel the snow off my glasses.

Another time I started up the T-lift, something happened to my skis and I slid off the bar, sitting down hard on the pair of cane ski poles I carried in my left hand. There was a sickening 8-dollar crunch and the poles were rendered permanently unskiworthy. For the rest of the day I skied without poles—and wondered why I hadn't thrown them away in the first place.

When we got back to Bill's place that evening we found something very

special awaiting us. It was Bill's birthday and Claudette had gone all out to prepare a birthday after-ski dinner in a fashion that put the final delicious touch to a day that had been near perfection.

Back home I made another discovery that was neither so delightful as the surprise dinner, nor even very surprising. Those lingering chest bugs that had been letting me off easy, now decided to teach me a lesson. They called up all reserves and attacked in full force. I spent the second night alternating between chills and fever and have been fighting the thing ever since. Cold sores popped out all over my lips, giving me the attractive appearance of having been slugged in the mouth with a sledge-hammer.

The thing started a week ago and at last I've got it whipped—almost. By next weekend I'll be ready to join

the gang for another go at alpine or x-c skiing.

Sunday Charles and Dean came out from Grants Pass in Charles' Volkswagen to get me to go x-c skiing up Bolan way with them. We had a nice visit, but they had to go skiing without me. The last thing they heard when they drove out of the lane and onto the river road was a piteous shuddering sob coming from somewhere up the Gulch.

Lying around the cabin for a week fighting a flock of bugs hasn't been much fun, and the whole annoying experience could have been avoided, I suppose, if I had used a reasonable amount of care.

But I still haven't become convinced that old Horace the Hermit up on Sawtooth Ridge is wrong when he says that when you start being careful you stop having fun.



Food & Friends Menu

FRIDAY – JAN 26
HEARTY CHICKEN STEW
MONDAY – JAN 29
HAM & SCALLOPED POTATOES
WEDNESDAY - JAN 31
ROAST PORK W/ GRAVY

Call 541-955-8839 to volunteer or if you need meals.

SENIOR SPOTLIGHT

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Aneurysms

Are you familiar with the term aneurysm? It refers to a bulge in a blood vessel. This might not seem like a big deal at first, but aneurysms can be serious, brain aneurysms especially. They can lead to other issues, including stroke, or hemorrhaging, both of which can easily become life-threatening. For that reason, it's important to pay attention to the warning signs of an aneurysm. If you make yourself familiar with the symptoms, it could very well mean the difference between life and death. If you think you have a brain aneurysm, speak to a medical professional immediately.

1) Powerful headache: The pain is so intense because blood is bursting from a blood vessel, and it is leaking onto the outer layers of

the brain. This pain tends to come on rather quickly.

2) Vision problems: if an aneurysm occurs, even before it bursts, it begins to put pressure on everything around it and can also cause eye trouble because the increasing girth comes into contact with the nerves of the eye. This will lead to problems with your vision and eyelids, otherwise known as ptosis.

3) Nerves: You may find yourself feeling weak or numb on only one half of your face or body.

4) Stomach: The pressure brought on by a brain aneurysm can contribute to sudden bouts of nausea or vomiting and even dizziness.

5) Smoking: can contribute to aneurysms and therefore strokes, largely in part to the effect smoking has on one's blood pressure.

6) High blood pressure, or hypertension, can contribute to aneurysms. It makes sense to lower blood pressure as much as possible.

If you would like to read more information about aneurysms you can go to www.healthguide.com

You can contact I.V. Wellness Resources at 541-592-9781 or www.ivwellnessresources@gmail.com and please like our Facebook page at www.facebook.com/ivwellnessresources.

VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES

**Senior Companions
**Caring Callers

Please call I.V. Wellness Resources, program coordinator Laura Mancuso for more information at 541-592-9781.

If you are a senior or disabled resident of the Illinois Valley and need help finding resources to keep you healthy and happy in your home
Caregivers – Handyman
Yard work – Firewood
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541-592-9781

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2-1-1

Call 211info for help with health & social services. Just Dial 211, visit 211info.org, search 211info App or text zip to 898211.

WELLNESS CHECKS

If you know a senior that you are worried about and feel they need a wellness check. Please call Laura at I.V. Wellness Resources at 541-592-9781.

TALKING ABOUT DYING

Community Conversation: **Feb. 3, 10 a.m.**
I.V. Family Coalition, 535 E. River St. 541-592-6139

HOME SAFETY EVALUATIONS

If you are in need of a home safety evaluation with a registered nurse please call I.V. Wellness Resources for an appointment. Call 541-592-9781.

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