

sicians who responded to Nicolette Helms' request for help. You all know who you are — but point is, we don't. None of you knew Gary, but you came out for a rockin' good blues jam to benefit him anyway.

Thank you from the bottom of our aging hippie hearts. You can't know what it meant to us, a revival of a sense of community and harmony that we thought was long dead and gone. It seems the spirit is still alive after all. Thank you all again so very much. Love and peace to all!

Gary and Lin Pyne
Springfield

SPOILED BRATS

Once again the children/anarchists are making fools of themselves. Recently they were up in Tacoma, Wash., protesting the detention of illegal aliens. I call them children because they react to things that happen rather than taking a little time, using their intelligence and then acting. I call them children because they've just gotten out of their diapers and still haven't learned how to walk, never mind running around protesting with masks on their faces. Are they chicken-shit, too? Take off those masks, kids, Halloween is over!

I had the unfortunate pleasure of becoming acquainted with several "anarchists" back in 2001 when I was a naïve freshman at the UO. Looking back, I just see most of them as spoiled, bitter, guilt-ridden children of rich parents. They hate everything about their parents, yet they have the audacity to say that detaining illegal aliens breaks up families. What hypocrisy! What about Mexico's detention of illegal aliens? It's a felony there.

Since these anarchists failed in their attempt to change the U.S.'s forest policy with treesitting and bombings, they needed to find another cause non-celebre, that being the "illegal" immigration issue. I for one feel that if you can get away undetected while in this country, good for you; if you get caught, well, too bad; you knew what you were doing, took the risk and lost.

So what's a few million illegals in this country anyway? Greedy companies can squeeze the life out of them and not have to pay taxes to boot! All countries need to agree to dissolve all borders. Until that happens we are stuck with borders of all types.

One last piece of advice to the anarchists: Take a bath! If you don't care about your own personal hygiene, then how can you care about other people's problems? Also, there are some of us who would like to get close enough to talk to you.

Melinda Teurgeson
Eugene

THE BIG QUESTION

Well, finally, Scott McClellan has decided to tell America what most of us knew all along, that yes, after all, Rove, Libby, Cheney, and Bush DID have something to do with the outing of former CIA agent Valerie Plame. That they were, in fact, the source of that leak. And just in time to promote his new book on the subject. How very convenient. The one question, however, that remains unasked, unaddressed and unanswered is: Why aren't these men being tried for treason? Isn't it a treasonable offense to jeopardize American security by revealing the identity of an active undercover CIA agent? Especially in a time of "war"?

Where is our great concern for National

Security? Where are the defenders of liberty who willingly approve additional funding so that more Americans and Iraqis can die in our battle for freedom? Is this not the time for them to step forward and see justice done? If it is not, what then is the meaning of justice, and what, exactly, are we fighting for?

Henry Snow
Eugene

HOW LIFE COULD BE

Look up and you'll notice the puffy clouds and baby blue sky painted on the entire ceiling of Cappella Market down on Willamette. As I was leaving the store today, I looked back at the ceiling, and I saw something right out of my childhood: a dreamy image of how things were supposed to be, at least from the viewpoint of a 4-year-old. One of the employees pointed out the hint of a sunrise, a pink glow among the clouds, on the curved ceiling above the meat market.

It would be nice if all the world were like that, puffy white clouds in a blue sky, the sun about to rise into a glorious day. For some of us, the world indeed must seem that way. Unfortunately, it's hard not to notice all the homeless people wandering around town, who experience life as not-so-good.

Silly me. I thought that I could avoid the homeless, with their beat-up cardboard signs asking for donations, by locating in south Eugene off West Amazon Drive. How wrong I was. I soon found out that a migration route extends down to this area as well, apparently all the way from the Eugene Mission and the "hobo hotels" among the twisted trails along the south side of Skinner Butte.

The manager of our apartment complex informed me that a homeless person had been sleeping in the Eugene Mission's red newspaper and magazine collection box at the edge of our property. With a sturdy lid that protects against the rain, one of the big recycling boxes seems to be a great place to snooze when you don't have a place to live. Another kind of "hobo hotel."

There's a lovely park on Hilyard near where I live. Unfortunately, it's a place where I wouldn't want kids playing, especially at night. It's not well lit in places, and it has become a nesting ground for homeless people and underage kids who want to get plastered on alcohol.

It is unfortunate that our country seems to value oil company profits and corporate empire over the welfare of its own citizens. It's shameful, really, that anyone ends up homeless or has to steal or scrounge through Dumpsters or sell drugs to survive. A number of countries, like Denmark and Germany, provide substantial support to the unemployed and needy.

You know what I'll be looking at the next time I shop at Cappella Market. Drop on by and look up at the expanse of clouds and blue sky painted on the ceiling of their store on south Willamette. It's inspiring, a peaceful vision and a hint of how life could be for all of us.

Chris Pawling
Eugene

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