

# SPOKESMAN Opinion

## GUEST COLUMN

### Inside the teenage mind

As a kid, I knew exactly what I wanted to be when I grew up: A veterinarian. Now that I'm older — 17 years old, almost 18 — I've decided that's not for me. I still love animals, but I learned veterinarians don't just get to hold cuddly kittens. They have to deal with things like blood, manure and messy surgeries. Gross! So my desire to be a veterinarian went out the window fast.



Rogers

But I have been writing my own stories ever since I was little, and I've always been creative and artistic. As I've gotten older, writing and character creation has become my passion. Now, I feel the need for a career that will let me express this passion and share it with people.

I'm still unsure about what exactly it is that I want to do. I know it's something creative, like working in movies as a scriptwriter, someone who makes characters, does makeup, or even a journalist and a freelance creative writer. I think I might like to attend some sort of cosmetology school, or attend classes that will better sharpen my writing skills so that I can maybe pursue scriptwriting for movies.

I dislike school and homework, but I'm very good at it and I get good grades. I love to have freedom and fun. I'm a very social person with my friends and love going out and spending time with them. I also love spending time with my family and parents, who are very important to me.

As I think about my future, college may help me reach some of my goals. But there are so many avenues available and things that interest me that it is difficult to decide where to go and what to study. It is wonderful that we have so many options, but at the same time it is scary. Society puts a lot of pressure on teenagers to make these decisions and this can cause major stress.

The decision of what college to attend has actually been quite easy for me.

My parents and I have always loved St. George, Utah, and would love to move there. Ever since my parents and I visited for a fun trip years ago, we all fell in love with the area. It's beautiful and warm and has so much to do and — a major plus — it's close to Las Vegas.

Another bonus is that St. George is home to Utah Tech, a college I would love to attend. Another great thing is a few close friends of mine live just a few hours away from there. My parents would also like to retire to St. George, which would be amazing for me because it's important that they're near me. The thought of them retiring there has helped me make my decision.

Figuring out my future and also moving away from my friends is something that is weighing heavy on my mind, but at the same time I want to move and am excited to see new things. It has created a lot of mixed feelings.

Sometimes the world can make teenagers feel pressured into figuring out what we want to do, and that we have to figure it out as soon as we graduate high school. It puts a lot of pressure on those who don't know what they want to do, or if they even want to go to college.

This is something that is pushed onto teenagers so much. It's always questions like "What do you wanna be when you grow up?" or "What college are you going to?"

I know for me there have been times where I have been stressed out trying to figure out my career path. And at the moment, I don't know if I want to go to college — just because I dislike homework and I would like to be done with that once I graduate high school. Homework is extremely boring and I would rather be doing other things. And that's okay, not everyone has to go to college. It's not for everyone, and some don't need it, depending on their career choice.

Choosing a college can be hard. You have to make sure it's in the area you want to be and that it has what you want.

Not only that, but the fear of sharing a dorm with complete strangers is a big consideration. I don't know what they'll be like, if I'll like them or if we'll get along. There's so much more to think about. I also have to worry about transportation, money and food. My dad has told me many times that Top Ramen, cheap pizza and macaroni and cheese are things that college kids eat a lot. Not that I mind that — I love those foods.

But I'm a very unsocial person at times and can be very scared of new people, so this adds on to the fear of attending a college. There will be so many people there that I won't know!

I do know one thing for sure. I want to have fun and grow even more and see the world. I want new things to do, see, try and experience in my life. As scared as I am of becoming an adult, I am also so excited to accept the challenges that will come my way.

— Nicole Rogers is a high school senior preparing to attend college in 2023. She has been interning at the Redmond Spokesman four hours a week.

## WRITE TO US

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### How to submit:

- Email is preferred: news@redmondspokesman.com
- Or mail to: 361 SW Sixth Street, Redmond OR 97756

## ANTISOCIAL MEDIA



## GUEST COLUMN

### Remembering radio host James 'Jimbo' Bohannon

A great voice is stilled. James "Jimbo" Bohannon died of cancer of the esophagus on Nov. 12. Only weeks earlier, he had to resign from his "Jim Bohannon Show," the overnight broadcast that aired on 500 radio stations, largely AM, weeknights from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. ET.



King

Jim was a big man with a big voice, a big curiosity and a big heart. Over most of the 29 years that his show was on the air, I had the pleasure of being a guest from time to time.

At first, my wife, Linda Gasparello — a writer, broadcaster and an occasional guest on the show — and I would journey to a studio in suburban northern Virginia — the building always looked forbidding in the dark of night. Later, the show moved to the CBS studios on M Street in Washington. But in recent years, Bohannon broadcast from his home in Westminster, S.C.

As with most of us in the trade, I believe "in studio" trumps virtual. But one of the pleasures of radio is that it is portable and can be done with a phone anywhere. Before Jim took over the show, it was the springboard for Larry King, who once interviewed me in a bedroom in the Algonquin Hotel in New York. That was odd, but I was used to guesting on the radio from odd spots, like sitting in a parked car in a hotel lot overlooking the River Moy in Ballina, Ireland.

Jim's show was a mixture of guests, whom he interviewed with genuine curiosity and gruff respect for views other than his own, and call-ins. He also was kind. I asked him to interview a friend, Ryan Prior, who was establishing a charity to support Chronic Fatigue Syndrome research and medical education. Bohannon asked informed and perceptive questions and elicited an interesting hour of broadcasting with his skill as an interviewer.

He was less indulgent of crazy folks. If you do call-in radio, you get crazies. When their rants began, Jim simply cut them off.

No apology, but no indulgence either. Some were regulars and went to lengths to circumvent the security provisions of Westwood One, the show's syndicator.

One technique was to use a different phone for each attempt, say a wife's or a neighbor's phone. I once said, "George, in St. Louis, did you take your medicine today?" Jim chuckled, but I doubt he would have addressed a caller that way. Jim had a superficial toughness — he was a Vietnam veteran — but his kindness always broke through.

Unlike many in the star business, Jim didn't yearn, that I could discern, to emulate his predecessor, Larry King, becoming a television star. Like many, if not most, broadcasters, he loved radio. It is flexible, mobile and not slaved to technology and big crews.

That isn't to say Jim didn't enjoy doing television, but he was a radio man, having started in it, like many, when he was in high school — in his case, in his native Missouri. He found his footing in Washington, where he did some television and a lot

of radio before taking over the late-night slot that uniquely fitted him.

Jim seemed supremely happy in the wee hours. So were his listeners from coast to coast who enjoyed his camaraderie, humor, wisdom and masterful interviewing.

The one talent that great commercial broadcasters must have is the skill in "hitting time" to accommodate syndicated radio advertising. Jim seamlessly guided his interviews to a full stop without the interviewees knowing they had been diverted to silence. It takes skill to do that. It also takes skill — and the love of craft — to be fresh night after night; and skill to elicit gems of truth and wisdom from reluctant subjects.

Jim had those talents, but I shall remember especially his talent for friendship. He has signed off but won't be forgotten by those who knew him and shared the time of stars in the sky with a true star of the microphone.

— Llewellyn King is executive producer and host of "White House Chronicle" on PBS. He wrote this for InsideSources.com.

## GUEST COLUMN

### Feds should 'reduce, reuse, recycle'

BY LEE PATERSON

I saw Oregon Sen. Ron Wyden's most recent political ad on television regarding the forest fires in Oregon. I was encouraged to find that he supports increasing efforts to reduce the unhealthy fuel loads on our federal forest lands through thinning projects and the use of prescribed burning.

I also support his efforts to increase funding for more equipment to aid firefighters in their effort to control and suppress fires on our federal forest lands. I understand and appreciate Wyden's initiatives. In fact, I find them very encouraging.

But here are things I don't understand, and which I would urge Wyden to consider. Why are our federal land management agencies leaving hundreds of thousands of acres of dead and dying trees killed by 2020 La-



Paterson

bor Day fires unmanaged? Those dead trees are a magnet for insect infestation, and are also vulnerable to burn again, which, of course, will kill the adjacent trees and vegetation.

Why do we tolerate such waste? When did we abandon the concepts of "reduce, reuse and recycle" for a healthy planet?

I am a former educator, school district superintendent and patriotic Vietnam combat veteran. I am keenly aware of the financial challenges that our schools, on all levels, are facing as they deal with teacher shortages, crumbling school infrastructure, increased security concerns and the cost of transportation, just to name a few. As a veteran, I am very sensitive to the housing, education, employment and adequate health care needs of Oregon's veterans.

Conservative estimates

indicate that over 400,000 acres of U.S. Forest Service and BLM lands burned in the Labor Day fires, with a timber value of over \$4 billion. Harvesting just half of the dead trees on those acres in a timely and responsible manner could have generated \$2 billion. This is money that would help our schools and veterans, as well as offset the costs of the projects Wyden is proposing.

Why is the federal government allowing this incredible waste of the public's resource?

I am a responsible environmentalist, as I believe are most Oregonians. And like everyone else, I have witnessed the impacts of global warming and the changing climate. It cannot be denied that this warming trend has diminished the health and natural fire resiliency of our federal forests, making them ever more vulnerable to catastrophic forest fire and disease.

Wyden's support of pre-fire management is certainly a step in the right direction. But without equal attention given to post-fire management, Oregon's legacy of beautiful, forest landscapes will evolve into forestland deserts covered by brush and dead, gray-ghost trees. In fact, a short trip up the Santiam Canyon or the North Umpqua River drainage will provide a glimpse into that dark future already becoming a reality.

So, as I support Wyden's initiative, I only ask that he do everything possible to stop the waste and remember our obligation, as good stewards of the land, to "reduce, reuse and recycle."

It's the responsible thing to do.

— Lee Paterson has helped found and lead many community organizations for over 50 years. The figures in this column are taken from a report commissioned by the Oregon Forest Resource Institute and conducted by the forest consulting firm of Mason, Bruce & Girard.