



Don't FALL Into Disrepair!

with Bob Quinn

The fall colors are on the tress and there is morning dew, a sure sign that winter is coming! Even though it can be 90° in the afternoon, the temperature changes quickly.

Are your well pipes and pump house insulated? Did you put the temperature controlled outlet and heat lamp in you pump house? Did your well have it's annual maintenance check this year? Is there bacteria in your water? Iron stains, hard water spots?

I don't know about you but I sure can procrastinate on these things. But if you wait too long, you won't be able to get even a DRIP when your turn on the faucet!

When we service your well we keep a close watch on the overall health of your system, and prevent or prepare you for a potential out-of-water situation. We can help you prepare for an emergency so that you do not have to be out of water.

Don't forget about that water filter you invested in. Make sure you have a professional service your water filtration equipment so that you know it is performing at its best.



Did You Know...

Quinn's guarantees that if you have an out-of-water emergency, they will respond within 8 hours, or your labor is **FREE!**

Bob Quinn is the owner of **Quinn's Well, Pump and Water Filtration** located at 6811 Williams Hwy. We install, maintain and repair complete water pumping systems, and we offer a complete line of water filtration equipment. Contact our professional staff by phone, e-mail, or visit our office. quinnswell.com CCB #192047

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TALL TALES FROM THE EDITOR

Good-bye or Flick your Bic

I cannot tell you how much I have loved being part of the *Applegater* family these past 19 years.

When this community paper first started, very little of our material came into the *Applegater* corporate headquarters via email. Today, there is virtually nothing that doesn't magically appear via email. In those early days, most everyone wrote with quill and ink. I am proud to say that I *still* write with quill and ink—well, maybe with my trusty Bic pen.

It has been a blast scribbling this column with my Rambling Rants and Doggy Tales. Remember the story about when our then six-month-old border collie, Barney McGee, aka Monster Boy, used my hearing aids as his chew toy? One of my favorite stories was how our Australian shepherd, Boogie, figured out how to open the refrigerator door and proceeded to scarf down all the edible contents she could devour. She even left teeth marks on the lid of my treasured Miracle Whip jar. Boogie did have great taste.

My stories/rants have covered everything from my time spent down in the uranium mines, to my rock-'n-roll band days, to running with those naughty boys known as the "Utah Outlaws." Not to mention the tales from our little farm here in the Applegate with my bride Sioux, my very own ER nurse, who turns me to putty when she

dons her 1960s nurses cap. Oh, yeah!

It is frightening how fast these past 19 years have rocketed by—the speed of light has nothing on the speed of time. I am also very aware how over that same time period



Left to right: PUD members J. Michael Pearce, formerly of the J. Michael Pearce band; Rickey Lee Costanza, from the Plutonium's; yours truly, J.D. Rogers, the unknown rock star; Chris "Mad Man" Allen with Fractured Pelvis. Not pictured: the "commissioner," Al "El Supremo" McLeod.

the chores here on the farm seem to have grown bigger, heavier and ever-expanding. Funny thing, those chores are the same as they have always been. Now it's just harder to perform them.

Over the last few years I have dealt with several bouts of cancer. No, this was not the result of the rock-'n-roll star lifestyle that exists in my hollow head. Most likely it is a result of those years I spent probing around in those dark holes called uranium mines.

It's most disturbing to me how much strength and energy cancer sucks out of a person, and the negative health residuals caused from surgery and radiation. Because of all of this, it is time for me to step aside as your *Applegater* newspaper editor. This has not been an easy decision. In fact, I spent more than a year pondering it.

Barbara Holiday, the *Applegater's* long-time managing editor, will be taking over most of my editorial duties. Barbara is well-versed in Gater lore and extremely computer-savvy. She has covered numerous *Applegater* duties for me over the last several years, especially when I was dealing with ongoing medical issues. I will never be able

to thank her enough.

I also thank all our readers and supporters for helping to make the *Applegater* the wonderful community newspaper it is today. This paper would never magically appear in your mailbox if it were not for the army of dedicated Gater volunteers (many have been here since the beginning) who write articles, edit and proof, and prepare the *Applegater* for mailing. The mailing process is an incredible feat in itself. It takes dozens of hands just for this endeavor, bundling, bagging and labeling 9,400 papers. Bob Fischer (my awesome mailing assistant) has suffered through hours with me, waiting on the loading docks at the post office to mail the truckload of *Applegaters*. We have traded some wild tales of his days as a motorcycle cop and mine as the unknown rock star.

Then there are the volunteers who do the Gater's banking, billing, bookkeeping, state and federal nonprofit paperwork, taxes, not to mention our loyal webmaster, editorial committee and board of directors, which has been headed up by Greeley Wells for the last several years. Paula Rissler has performed enormous tasks behind the pages of the *Applegater*. I give a big salute and thank you to all the Gater volunteers past and present. Of course, none of this would have happened without my biggest supporter, my bride Sioux.

I'm so grateful to my buddy Jim Beam, who helped me write my Gater stories a fifth of the time.

The *Applegater's* new, energetic and dedicated board members see this paper as an ongoing, viable link of communication with and for this community.

Rest assured, I am not going to become one with the old rocking chair on our front porch. I am hoping to do a couple of rockin' road trips with "PUD" (see photo), that notorious group of outlaws who hailed from Utah. There was once a saying when they rocked and rolled their way into town: "Mothers, lock your daughters away!" I think today that saying might be, "Hey, grandma, your prehistoric boy toys are back."

So...sweet dreams, rock on and flick your Bic.



The Editor, J.D. Rogers
541-846-7736

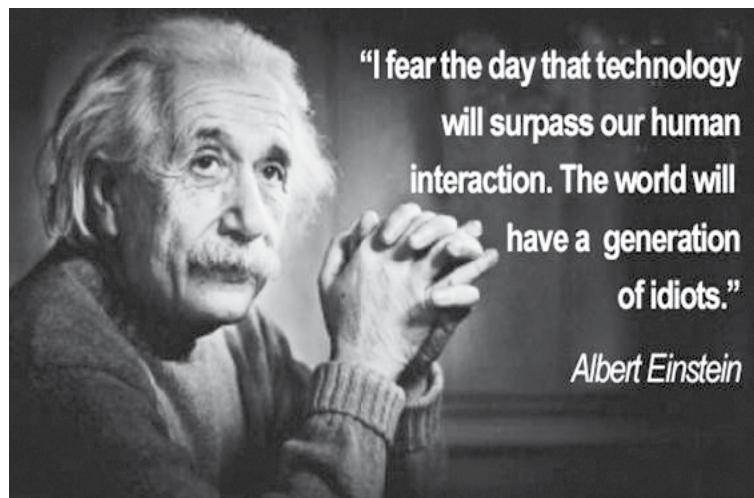
Note: J.D. Rogers may be departing his post as editor but, because we can't do without him, he will remain on the Board of Directors and the editorial committee, thus assuring his continued presence and colorful influence, and perhaps, on occasion, he will gift us with more Rambling Rants and Doggy Tales.

Check this out — only on our website

www.applegater.org



"The Outhouse and Scrounge the cat or Monsanto and lapdogs" by J.D. Rogers



"I fear the day that technology will surpass our human interaction. The world will have a generation of idiots."

Albert Einstein