

GULCH MULCH

All the pulp thats fit to gulp

GET LOST

We are the Lower Lost Coast. Fortuna thinks it is the Lower Lost which would make us the Lower Lower Lost. Fortuna also has the most votes. (And the best Mexican restaurant in Humboldt County: Las Cazuelas). So remember we're the Lower Lower ever-so-much Lower Lost Coast, not to be confused with Fortuna which only *thinks* they are the Lower Lost. So shop at home: Spend locally, think globally.

A prize for anyone who can find an *article* in that tree-aping pulp wad **SoHum. Life and Times**. Stores always want to buy more advertizing in one more 5000 circulation **Gazette**. Sell, sell, sell your soul; you know we need one more Murrish ad as we all shop there already. I can hear Harold Murrish's underwriting statement for KMUD now: "We want to thank all of Southern Humboldt, I mean Lower Lower Lost Coast, for your support. We're doing so well that we're opening a new store in Willits, the ticky-tack capital of Mendowino County. So celery will be free for the rest of the week". (And, ofcourse, people will take advantage by eating celery three times a day)

Is The Pope Catholic?

They all wore shoes when they welcomed the Pope and me to Monterrey. Brown and white nuns with bibles and transistor radios line the runway waving little red and white flags and wearing badges saying "Juan-Pablo". The airport is jammed-you can get out but not in.

It is the worst day to hit town; all hotels full and my luggage meandering slowly south behind me, hung up somewhere between Chicago and paradise. So instead of trying to find a non-existent taxi I choose instead to await the arrival of John-Paul in the crush of black-robed piety. A Bum Phillips character walks by no doubt also proclaiming Earl Campbell God. I don't know. I can only say that for better or worse I am waiting in the airport for a glimpse of the Pope, spiritual leader of 300 million christians.

I just saw the Pope, man! We waited four hours till the jet landed; old JP walked down the stairs and over to the helicopter which whisked him downtown where over a million people are waiting. You bet he had his pink, red, and white robe on as he waved to the crowd and they waved their little flags back. I wish I had one; they say "Viva El Papa".

I smiled and waved as the Pope flew off to the teeming throngs downtown. I'm high, man! But not on drugs; I'm high on the real thing: The Pope! Yeah man I'm high on the Pope! And it was worth all the waiting even though my luggage is lost, my body asweat, my stomach lined with candy, and only a cold floor to sleep on. Me and the Pope, we're both in the "bean belly" I Praise the lord and pass the tortillas; and say a prayer for me tonight, man! What a great welcome to Mexico! The pontiff blessed me, man; he said "Best of luck with your place-kicking Pablo Zukini!"

Redwood Community Radio

"Hey man, have you heard about the new radio station in Garberville?"

"Which one, K-DUD?"

"Not K-DUD, K---..."

"Oh yeah, K-BUDI!"

"No man, K-MUDI!"

"Oh yeah, the call letters that station in Calistoga was trying to get."

"Listen man, this is //! A listener-sponsored station that will need \$5000 a month to run."

"\$5000 a month?!?"

"Thats why we need subscribers- a thousand or so, why not every one?"

"Sounds like a *struggle*."

"And it'll be worth it; a people's radio station on the air, a link to the hundreds of people around here we don't even know."

"But you know how it goes, the 'radio people' clique controls it and soon its K-DUD."

"Listen man, if you want to go to a programming meeting there's one happening March 17, 4:00pm at the Civic Club in Garberville. Or you could help with needed carpentry work at the studio; you could get in on the ground floor."

"You mean I could have my own show? I'm gonna be a **star!**"

"Just go to some of those meetings and express yourself. Volunteers are needed to staff the office: some typing, a little filing, some phone-answering, and lots of pull later when you want to get your own program on the air!"

(Studio located 973 Redwood Drive-3rd cottage in. Subscriptions: \$35 per year)

SoHum Softball

Once after a softball game at the Miranda diamond I said to Little Stevie "Shit, you lost the game for us." He was hurt. I guess he had dropped a fly ball or something. Then the next week against Phillipsville I benched Bonnie for the whole twin-bill to "insure our victory". So Bonnie was gone and soon my whole team quit except for Ray and the teen-age kids. But before that happened we, The Lost Coast Whalers, almost won it all on a hot labor day weekend when the sky-ball almost got Salman Creek. I pissed the game away trying to get a double-play as The Lion Man came roaring in to score the eventual winning run, then on to Hawaii.

(Last year the Southern Humboldt Unified Softball League folded after seven or eight years as this areas biggest weekly Summer happening. Counting the softball groupies more than 200 people gathered to glory in Doubleday's wake. Maybe the league will get itself organized for this year.)

So lets start up the Whitethorn Sunday games again! I remember when I started playing there years ago I had to play right field for months while the good old boys like Peter and Danny covered the glamorous infield positions. Finally I moved over to center-field and the rest is history: My team quit; the firemans hall burned down; and Whitethorn went to junk.

So lets picnic down the third base-line again; play volleyball in the summer sun! And Richard will run the wrong way around the bases again; Danny can go five for five as he did for the Whalers; and Rod can see if his bat will match his predictions!

CB-30

On CB channel 30 the people meet and there is just one rule the CB Police (alias: The Three Stooges) try to enforce: "After making radio contact on CB-30 please switch over to another channel to have a conversation". (The Redwing Exception : "This rule does not apply to Redwing because everyone likes her and doesn't want to bum her out.")

When I got my radio the CB Police put me through the Freshman Hazing. They had me switching over to say two words. Well now I approach it more casually, in fact I have a few suggestions that would make CB-30 a more interesting place to live : Everyone should have to tell one joke a week on channel 30. Everyone must play some live or recorded music once a week on 30. And yes I foresee a day when everyone will have their own channel. (I hear you can call The Joker on 39 now.)

And then you have the Switch-over Bums living on the edge of their CBs, following other peoples' lives up and down the dial. The Switch-over Bums know that the witches meet on 13; Hoosier and The Pentagon go to 27; and the Pink Dust crew do the 23-skidoo. So you've got to have a **code** to get any semblance of privacy from your nosey neighbors; here's what you do : Contact someone on CB-30 and tell them to meet you on 35 which *really* means 25. Then the Switch-over Bums have to race frantically up and down the dial in search of vicarious conversation. And when they find the switch-over channel its probably just Bear-Bear telling Heart to Heart to remember to bring her Cabbage Patch doll to school, although I did hear White Light talking about her boobs on 22 the other day.

Yes, the only sure way of getting some privacy on CB radio is to use the "delayed switch": You contact your friend on 30 and tell them to switch to 37; what that really means is wait five minutes and then go to channel 37. Works every time!

Strange CB scenes: I had some neighbors who broadcasted their dinner party by mistake. The microphone was jammed open-call it "Third Dimension X Experience"(And thanks for the great show,guys!) Then there was the CB terrorist who took channel 30 hostage with some raspy heavy metal music one night. (Know anything about that Red Rock?)

Pizza Wars

I wasn't really hungry, having just Woodrosed it, but hey anything for a story; I just had to try out the new pizza place in Garbageville. As I walked in a salesman entered in a business suit with a big pepperoni sticked out of his box. I sat down and ordered a slice and beer was not yet available. Then I noticed that the guy running the place was the one who had passed me up hitch-hiking a couple years ago and the pizza-maker was the same guy who had 86ed me from the Old Ice House once. At least I *assumed* I was 86ed after suggesting that he perform an unnatural act with a chicken salad sandwich, then stomping out. Actually the sandwich hadn't even been *made* which was the problem leading up to the Great Garberville Chicken Salad Sandwich Fiasco.

Oh yeah, the slice of pizza was very good.

