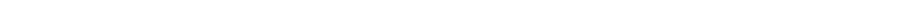


# **The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense**

Jonathon A. Wiggins





This book is dedicated to bacon. I guess my family too.



Copyright © 2005 by Jonathon A. Wiggins

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without the written permission... oh who cares! Copy it all you want.

---

## Preface

Before you read this, I want you to remember that I am not a writer. I have never been a writer. I don't have any desire to be a writer. But I wanted to put some stories on paper before we lose them. These stories are too important to be forgotten to our inevitable forgetfulness of old age, as well as to stop the inevitable embellishment. Pretty soon Wendy will have 87 cats and Becky gave \$100,000 to five different people.

Some sections will be short, some will be long. This has nothing to do with the content of what I am writing about. The order of the events and people don't matter either. I just put them in whatever order I felt like! Some stories may have been edited for content which is true. Some editing is intentional and some because I forgot. With this in mind, some stories will not be appearing in this book. Some stories should *never* be written about. There will not be any mention of \$260, Tijuana whorehouses, killing prostitutes and storing their bodies in hotel mattresses, and any other such nonsense.

Enjoy.

---

# Table of Contents

<b>CABIN .....</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>Alpha Cabin     1993-2000 .....</b>	<b>2</b>
The Cannon Story.....	2
The Turkey in the Straw .....	3
The Cabin Décor .....	3
Rinky-Dink.....	4
Stevens' Fall from Grace.....	5
Match Game '76.....	5
<b>CNS – Cabin Naming Structure .....</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Cabin #B     December 2001 .....</b>	<b>7</b>
OAM .....	7
Fat Dudes in Party Hats.....	8
<b>Cabin #C-Side     October 2002.....</b>	<b>9</b>
Toxic Mold.....	9
More Turkey.....	10
SlamBall .....	11
<b>Cabin #Deet     June 2004.....</b>	<b>12</b>
Is That a Bear?.....	12
Porta-Potty.....	13
<b>Cabin #B v2.0     December 2004 .....</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Cabin #E     June 2005.....</b>	<b>13</b>
Becky and the Birds .....	14
Fishy Fin Clipping.....	15
<b>PICTURES .....</b>	<b>17</b>
The Cabin – January 1998.....	18
The Cabin – August 1998.....	19
The Cabin – January 1999.....	24
The Cabin – January 2000.....	28
The Cabin – March 2000.....	33
Cabin #B.....	35
Cabin #B v2.0.....	37
Cabin #C-Side .....	39

---

Cabin #Deet ..... 42

Cabin #E ..... 46

**FRIENDS ..... 47**

**Beau Richards ..... 48**

**Julienne Turner..... 49**

**Matt Hoffman™..... 49**

**Steve Heidt..... 50**

**Wendy Heidt..... 51**

**Seth McElhinny..... 51**

**Laurel Rapport ..... 51**

**Jeremiah Rasca ..... 52**

**John Berger ..... 53**

**Becky Wiggins..... 53**

**Jonathon Wiggins ..... 53**

## Cabin

---

Pronunciation: 'kă-bĭn

Function: noun

Etymology: Middle English cabane, from Middle French, from Old Provençal cabana hut, from Medieval Latin capanna

1 a (1): a private room on a ship or boat (2): a compartment below deck on a boat used for living accommodations b: the passenger or cargo compartment of a vehicle (as an airplane or automobile)

2: a place where you play Monopoly while someone is cooking a pound of bacon at one in the morning.

## Alpha Cabin

1993-2000

Cabin-going all started right after high school. John Berger's family owns a cabin in Pacific City, Oregon. This was the first cabin attended and the first time that most of us left our parent's house for an overnight trip. I think that half of the population of our high school was at the Alpha Cabin. I don't think that we could have fit more people into that house than we did. We probably broke some fire codes, but we didn't care. We were free and had a ball. This helped cement the cabin attitude: The more people the better; the more food the better. What a better way to relax than to cook dinner for about twenty-five people?

Pacific City has been known for over a hundred years as a quaint fishing village in a very unique and special geographical and geological area. Rarely does one see a large river (The Big Nestucca) so close to the ocean shoreline merging with another large river (The Little Nestucca) creating an estuary and habitat for so many of nature's species. Then throw in a small lake stuffed with trout called Town Lake, the spectacular Cape Kiwanda, a pristine beach that you can drive on, one of the most fascinating geological formations off the west coast (Haystack or "Chief Kiwanda" Rock), and a small community of 900 of the nicest people on earth, and you have ... Pacific City.

## The Cannon Story

John Berger's grandfather had a cannon. You know, like a big metal tube that shoots round balls out of it? Do you know that rock sticking up out of the ocean in Pacific City? It's called Haystack Rock if I'm not mistaken. So what do a cannon and the rock have in common?

---



## **The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense**

One loves to shoot coffee cans filled with cement at the other. What else do you think? Not only that, but John loves to tell you this story. The enthusiasm that he tells this story is infectious. For some reason, you want him to tell you this story over and over again. It doesn't take much to get him to tell it again either. All that you have to say is, "John, didn't your grandfather have a cannon..." and then Mr. Berger goes into his story relishing every detail over and over again. It is a classic.

### **The Turkey in the Straw**

Since we are on the topic of John Berger, let's talk about him and turkeys. It seems that they don't get along. We made a turkey for dinner one night. It is the best way to feed a lot of people without a lot of preparation time. We made this on the last night that we were there for the weekend and ate about half of it. We were saving the other half for sandwiches that night and for the next day. But Berger decided that he would have none of that. He decided that the raccoons would enjoy it much more than we would so he threw it out behind the cabin down the hill. For some reason, he couldn't figure out why we were mad at him. This is a man that will eat an entire gallon of ice cream – not the half-gallon that you are used to seeing but an entire gallon! This is a man that made a ham and cheese sandwich by putting two pieces of cheese around a piece of ham! And he had the audacity to be surprised when we yelled at him for throwing away about ten pounds of good roast turkey?! There are things in this world that continue to amaze me.

### **The Cabin Décor**

Since we have been going to the Cabin, it has gone through some transformations. Insulation and drywall have gone up. The bathroom no longer looks like a bathroom from the 30's. The old Sears catalog isn't

there either. But with these changes, the décor of the Alpha Cabin is wonderful. Never in your life have you seen a better collection of bric-a-brac in your life. Never in my life have I used the word bric-a-brac. On the window sill in the dining room was an old collection of bottles as well as some new ones that we put there over the years. Like the old Tequila that was so old that the worm had completely dissolved. (By the way, we did drink the rest of it.) Hundreds of hats hang between the living room and the kitchen. All right, not hundreds, but tens of hats just doesn't sound that impressive. The footstool that consisted of a pair of feet was by far the best thing in the cabin. Any time that you have a footstool made out of plaster with a real pair of wingtip shoes as the base, you know that you have something fantastic. If I ever get a cabin, I will be hard-pressed to find a better collection of crap. Hopefully by searching every thrift store and garage sale that I come to over the next ten years, I should have at least some junk to get me started.

### Rinky-Dink

The Cabin being as updated as it is does have a superb record player with an 8-track player. Out of all of the records there, the one that was most listened to and the most loved was Booker T. & the MGs' *Green Onions*. Has there ever been a great interpretation of "Rinky-Dink" created? I think not. "Rinky-Dink" has become our Cabin theme song. No other piece of music will instill more meaning to the cabin-going experience as this song. Probably when we are on our death beds, "Rinky-Dink" will still cause a Pavlovian response to salivate with the thought of eating bacon.

Since we have been there so many times, it is hard to remember what stories go where and who they belong to. Hopefully I was able to put the right people in the right places doing the right stupid things. I

wouldn't want to steal someone's glory of falling down the hill. That just wouldn't be fair. Speaking of falling down hills...

### **Stevens' Fall from Grace**

People that are young and stupid tend to do stupid things. Now get that young and stupid person drunk and stand back and see what happens. Now let's pretend that you have four or five people – one of them being super competitive – and they decide to run up a 150 foot sand dune. Since we are still pretending, let's say that one of them is drunk. Let's also say that he is still drunk from the night before. We will call this guy Mr. Stevens. No better yet, Matt S. Now image if you will all of them running down the hill as fast as they can and the drunk one trips and starts rolling down the hill. Due to the amount of video evidence obtained from this incident, we have determined that he barrel-rolled down the hill over 50 feet. What a bunch of goombas, indeed. We will call this little pretend, hypothetical story "Stevens' Fall from Grace."

### **Match Game '76**

One of the better games that we have played at the cabin was "Match Game '76." Before attending one of our cabin trips, the Game Show network was running old reruns of "Match Game '76" with Gene Rayburn as the host and such regular panelists as Richard Dawson, Charles Nelson Reilly, Brett Somers and Betty White.

The game play is pretty simple. Two contestants competed, a returning champion and a challenger. Rayburn read a statement, usually similar to the following: "Norm said, 'I wish my mother-in-law would stop barging in our house. Last night, she came in while my wife and I were (BLANKING) on the couch.'" Six celebrities would write down their responses on cards, and the host would solicit an answer from the

## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense

contestant. The contestant would receive one point for every time their response matched that of the celebrities.

You can image the responses that you would get! Hilarity always ensued! Some samples of our questions were:

- John Berger was so hungry last night that he ate an entire (BLANK)
- Matt Hoffman went to 7-11 and bought (BLANK)

You get the general idea. There is a great picture of all of us lined up with our cards out with Seth dressed as Charles Nelson Reilly. Does anyone else think that Jeff sucks (BLANK)?

The Berger Cabin will always be the first cabin. There will never be another cabin quite like it. However due to some unforeseen circumstances beyond our control, it was necessary to change our cabin experience. We needed to separate ourselves from our birth cabin. We needed to come out of the womb of the Pacific City cabin and be born in the scary world of new and multiple cabins. There are multiple cabins now, all with their own name. But the Berger Cabin will always be *the* Cabin.

## CNS – Cabin Naming Structure

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the Cabin Naming Structure – CNS for short – it goes as follows:

The number sign in front of the letter came from a Chinese restaurant that we eat at that has all of their specials listed by

letters. However, they decided that just a letter wasn't good enough and there needed to be something in front of it. What else do you put there? Not a dollar sign and definitely not an ampersand. So of course you would put a number sign. We also decided that we should go down the alphabet and change our cabin names. Hopefully before we die we can make it to Cabin #Z.

## **Cabin #B**

**December 2001**

Becky's grandparent's house in Aumsville, Oregon, is where Cabin #B occurred. It is a house on a hill surrounded by farmland – in the middle of nowhere. There are hundreds of acres of farmland around with the closest neighbor about a quarter mile away. At night, it can be a little scary. Now throw in a one-armed man who ran out of gas in the long driveway and it sounds like the plot of a horror flick. That's what makes this story such a good one.

## **OAM**

It's pretty late at night. I'd say around 11:00. There is a knock at the door. Becky is upstairs putting Madeline to bed and answers the door. Who could that be she thought? Surely not a one-armed man! But there he is in all his glory, a slightly drunk, one-armed man at the door asking if we have any gas because he ran out in the middle of the quarter-mile long driveway. So Becky comes and gets Matt and I so that we call deal with him. So we go out to the barn – I'm sorry. It's not red, so it's not a barn! We fumble around in the dark trying to find a light so we can see if there is any gas in there. We find a can that is marked diesel and it certainly doesn't smell like gas. But he wants to try it. Did I mention that he only had one arm? Just don't lose site of that. Matt, the one-armed man – we'll call him OAM for short – and I walk down the driveway

## **The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense**

carrying about two gallons of diesel fuel. Then he starts telling us a story about how his wife left him and he lost his job, you know, just stuff to put you at ease before he kills you. I talk him out of putting diesel in his car because I didn't want him blowing it up in the middle of the driveway. I suggested that he might try calling someone to have him bring him some gas. Back up to the house we go. He calls a friend and we talk for a little bit and then he said that he would wait in the car for his friend. In the meantime, all of the other people downstairs are getting nervous. Especially Laurel. We tell them what is going on with a lot of embellishments. Stuff like – he's blocking the road, he's looks really mean, I don't think that he is leaving – stuff like that. Now everyone is getting a little worried. Matt and I have returned upstairs just to make sure that if we die, at least we will have a bacon sandwich to eat. "Bs" as they are called. We see OAM leave. Then we hatch a brilliant idea. We have a room full of slightly drunk girls. What better thing to do than to go outside and start banging on the sliding glass door?

Screams and a lot of "who's there?!" came from downstairs that night. Thank you OAM for giving us the opportunity to make Laurel almost pee her pants.

## **Fat Dudes in Party Hats**

One of the recurring times that we like to do a cabin is on New Year's Eve. This is the best time to get everyone together. Christmas is over. There is not a lot going on, and you don't have to go to work the next day. Now this year, the girls (boys would never come up with this idea) decided that it would be nice if we all dress up in nice clothes. Since I am married, I will go along with the idea. Seth being Seth of course would go along with the idea. Matt, however, wanted nothing to do with it. But thankfully, Goodwill sells little clip-on ties for five-year-olds. There is a picture with Seth McElhinny, Jeremiah Rasca and I in ties with

Matt Hoffman having a little five inch tie clipped on to his t-shirt. All of the girls were mad at him. It doesn't get any better than that!

## **Cabin #C-Side**

**October 2002**

I know. It's Seaside. At this cabin not too much out of the ordinary happened. Of course there were people that went crazy, were already crazy, and soon going to be crazy, but this is just par for the course.

Seaside was Oregon's first seashore resort, and it remains one of the coast's most popular destinations. Two miles of spectacular white sand beach has drawn people to Seaside for romantic getaways, family fun and outdoor adventures for over 150 years. A new Seaside is coming of age. Galleries, fine restaurants, music and theatrical venues, antique shops and the like, are infusing an artistic flavor to this natural wonderland. Seaside is a nice town with a nice downtown core. There are plenty of little shops that will gladly take any tourist's money. And if you can believe it a really nice arcade! There are quite a few pinball machines, a good selection of arcade games, bumper cars, and my favorite, a shooting gallery. Not like a little bee-bee gun and a paper target course, but one with the light guns that you aim at a guy sitting at the piano and if you shoot him he starts to play. I could play that all day long. Every time I shoot a squirrel in the butt and that makes him climb a tree or shoot a pond and a little bit of water pops up, it makes me smile. What a wonderful arcade.

## **Toxic Mold**

Changing cabins does have a tendency to put you in a situation that you might not have been in if you go to the same one all the time.

This one was big enough, but one thing that made people all nervous was the house next door. It was a vacant house and it looked to be in good shape except for all of the signs covering the doors and windows that said, “Do not enter – Mold Contamination.” That is a real turn off to some people for whatever reason.

### More Turkey

Eating is always an important part of the cabin-going experience. There are three requirements for cooking food on cabin trips.

1. Enough food for everyone. There are normally ten or more people at a cabin trip.
2. Easy to prepare. The quicker to make it, the faster we can eat it.
3. Easy clean-up. If you use lots of pots and pans, what are you going to use to make bacon in?

Turkeys seem to fit all of these categories. They are normally large enough to feed ten people. They are pretty easy to prepare, they just take a long time. And only one pot. Not too bad.

Turkey does contain tryptophan, an amino acid which is a natural sedative. That lazy, lethargic feeling so many are overcome by at the conclusion of eating way too much turkey. But tryptophan doesn't act on the brain unless it is taken on an empty stomach with no protein present, and the amount gobbled even during a holiday feast is generally too small to have an appreciable effect.

Naturally, we bought a turkey only to find a retro-fitted antique stove with an opening about the size of a bread box. We have a 25 pound



turkey. This bird is huge. This bird looks like it has been on a steady diet of Dr. Pepper for the past 27 years. A decision has to be made on how to cook this bird. We can cut it in half and cook half at a time. “Unacceptable,” says Matt since there won’t be anywhere to put the stuffing. Believe it or not but Matt loves stuffing. Go figure. Anyway, we decide to cut the bird in half and cook half at a time. After a lot of cramming and stuffing – not the bread kind – we get half of the turkey in the oven. Boy did it take a long time to cook! I don’t remember if Matt ever got his stuffing. If he didn’t, he probably complained about it.

### **SlamBall**

In the cabin going experience, we tried to limit places that have televisions, computers, and other things that will pull us away from each other. We primarily go to a cabin to get away from it all and have a good time by talking or playing games. However, this cabin had a TV – a TV with cable as a matter of fact. Somehow the TV was turned on and we were flipping through the channels when suddenly we found either the most stupid or the most awesome sport ever! It was called “SlamBall.” It was basketball with trampolines all around the hoop. You see, white people were tired of not being taken seriously playing basketball. That was before “SlamBall.” Now all that you have to do to dunk a ball is run and jump on a trampoline.

The rules are simple – four-a-side teams use trampolines, ringed with safety mats, to achieve artificial mad-ups and try to score. Because the name of the game is “SlamBall,” dunks are worth three points, while a trampoline-aided kiss off the glass nets you only two. Old-fashioned jumpers not using the tramps are also worth three.

I really hope that whoever came up with that idea was fired. I hope that the person at the TV network who decided to go with it was fired. In fact, I hope that person’s boss was fired too. As well as all of the

people who sat around a table one day and said, “Yes! That sounds like a wonderful idea! Let’s buy it and make this show!” Can you believe that it didn’t last more than 14 weeks on TV?

## **Cabin #Deet**

**June 2004**

Have you ever been around power lines that buzz? The wires physically move, as far as I know, like large strings on an instrument. They make that sound because of the air rushing over them. Now imagine that you’re out in the woods with nothing around and you here this. You heard this everywhere! There were so many mosquitoes, bumblebees, yellow jackets, honeybees, wasps, hornets, flies, mosquitoes, fleas, ticks, gnats, fire ants, and misquotes. Did I mention that there were mosquitoes? Hence the name Cabin #Deet. There were bugs everywhere!

This cabin was at the beautiful Lake Timpanogos in Oregon. If you see pictures, it looks peaceful and tranquil. The problem is all of the insects. Did I mention there were bugs?

## **Is That a Bear?**

Not too many people made it to this cabin. We slept in an Adirondack cabin with a large sliding door. Most of us slept in the Adirondack, Matt slept outside in a tent with either a large bear or a smaller monster, and we are not sure which. The sounds coming out of the tent sounded like a cross between the Space Shuttle taking off and Godzilla fighting Mothra. There should be a big thank you to Dr. Colin Sullivan for inventing the C-PAP machine.

## **Porta-Potty**

Even with the bugs, everything was fine until The Mixing. It sounds like a bad horror film, and it smelled even worse. One day while everyone was minding their own business, some people might have been on a boat in the lake, some people taking a nap or whatever, two rangers came in with some toilet paper and a large stick for the only porta-potty on the premise. These two rangers, we'll call them Evil and Evil, went into the porta-potty, and deposited in the hole 2,503 souls that they had devoured, one dead skunk, and all of the dirty diapers in the world. (Not the ones that the ducks have eaten of course.) Well the "official" explanation for the smell was they added a chemical and stirred it up a little, but I am pretty sure about the devoured souls.

## **Cabin #B v2.0**

**December 2004**

I really don't have much to write here. The only thing that I can remember is Madeline dancing to "Everybody Dance Now" by C & C Music Factory. That is all that I got. You should see the video. It is hilarious!

Oh that's right. There was Seth drinking \$5 champagne out of a party horn. How can I forget that?

## **Cabin #E**

**June 2005**

Cabin #E doesn't really have a good name. It's just after Cabin #Deet. It took place in Neskowin, Oregon. Neskowin is located at the southern edge of Tillamook County, situated between Lincoln City and Pacific City, along Highway 101 and the Pacific Ocean coastline. This

## **The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense**

town is a small community at the mouth of Neskowin Creek, next to Proposal Rock.

Slab Creek, now known as Neskowin, has a wide view of the Pacific Ocean and an excellent beach. Numerous varieties of fish, including cutthroat, steelhead, Chinook and Coho salmon, bass, halibut, flounder and perch inhabit the ocean and surrounding creeks and rivers. Between the Neskowin drainage basin and that of Salmon River within the Siuslaw National Forest, evergreens grow so thickly along the highway, that there is scarcely any undergrowth except huckleberry.

For the Heidts and Matt, this trip started early. They arrived early and watched a fabulous bit of film celebrating the death of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Easter film, "Family Circle's Easter." I would recommend this wonderful movie to anyone. Anyway, as my family started to leave Salem, there was a person who thought that it would be a good idea to try to jump off the Marion Street Bridge. Not actually jump, but just stand on the bridge with a rope around his neck telling people that he would jump. The bridge was open for a little bit of time but then people were telling the guy to jump so they shut it down. Then on the radio, they said that Old River Road was shut down due to an accident. That means that we had to drive all the way to Newberg and then over. The problem is that everyone else that was going to the coast drove all the way to Newberg also. Five hours later, we finally arrived at the cabin.

### **Becky and the Birds**

Cabins and poop seem to go hand in hand. For some reason, you can't have one without the other. Of course, poop is a natural part of life, but at a cabin it seems to happen with other people's poop. This time it deals with Becky and birds. She went down to the private beach that we had in this little community and decided that she would take a little walk.

## **The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense**

On this beautiful day, there happened to be a small flock of seagulls – the winged kind, not the band – flying overhead. Just guess what happened. Guess. Come on... poop on the head!

Speaking of the beach, it sure was a pretty one. It was a private beach for the little community that was there. There were lots of other birds around there that didn't poop on people's heads – one of them being a bald eagle. But the bald eagle didn't poop on anyone. The bald eagle was pretty boring.

### **Fishy Fin Clipping**

This cabin actually had a purpose. Every year at the coast, there is a fish hatchery that has volunteers get together to clip the dorsal fins of the salmon fries. This identifies which hatchery they came from.

There is a bunch of work that we did here so I am going to gloss over the rest. There was no one falling down the hill, no one threw a turkey over a hill. In fact, I don't remember any hills at all.

## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense

## Pictures

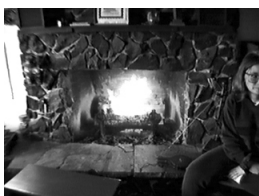
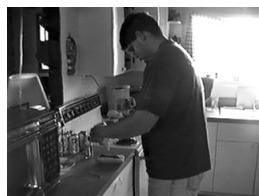
---

**The whole reason** for this section is to make the book bigger – that's it.

They are separated by Cabin number and date. Hopefully they will make everyone look fat.

## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense

### The Cabin – January 1998





## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense

### The Cabin – August 1998



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



The Cabin – January 1999



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense





## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense

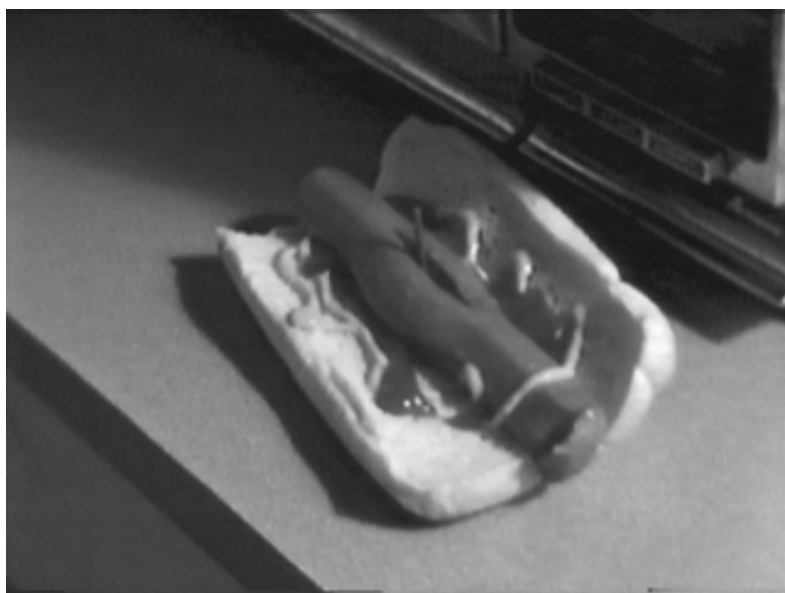
### The Cabin – January 2000



The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



The Cabin – March 2000



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense





Cabin #B



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



Cabin #B v2.0



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



Cabin #C-Side



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense

### Cabin #Deet





The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense



## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense

### Cabin #E



## Friends

---

Friend is an old Middle English word that means lover, literally – not figuratively like you might have been thinking. The relationship between Latin *amicus* "friend" and *am* "I love" is clear, as is the relationship between Greek *philos* "friend" and *phile* "I love." In English, though, we have to go back a millennium before we see the verb related to friend. At that time, *frond*, the Old English word for "friend," was simply the present participle of the verb *fron*, "to love." The root also shows up in the name of the Germanic deity Frigg, the goddess of love, who lives on today in the word Friday, "day of Frigg," from an ancient translation of Latin *Veneris* *dis*, "day of Venus." I stole most of this, but you get the general idea.

C. S. Lewis said, "Friendship is unnecessary, like philosophy, like art... It has no survival value; rather is one of those things that give value

to survival." If it's my friends that give value to my survival, I'm dead. Or I won't survive – something like that, I don't know. All that I know is that without my friends, my survival rate would be much higher. I might not have driven like a manic in high school, put my hands in poop, or driven all over the western United States to play pinball. Oh wait; those are the fun things – except for the poop.

Most of these sections are short due to the fact that most of the good stuff is in the stuff about the Cabins. All of this other stuff is small, funny tidbits about people. It's going to be short so don't feel slighted. Unless you really want to feel slighted. In fact, anyone who reads this should feel shunned. I didn't put in your story to spite you!

## **Beau Richards**

Let's start with Beau because Beau starts with a B. What can you say about Beau? Even if you don't know him, he will know you. Because everyone knows that "Beau knows." And that "Beau knows Beau." But in fact, "Beau knows diddley." I'm sure that he hasn't heard this enough! Now it's in print – as well as a CG wallet.

I call this year for Beau the Year of the Epiphany. An epiphany is a sudden intuitive realization or comprehension of the essence or meaning of something. Beau was having these all year. Epiphany this, epiphany that. You have never seen so many epiphanies. Now all that Beau wants to do is "think" and "talk" and "communicate". What is wrong with not talking to people to see what they think? Is there anything so wrong with not communicating? Oh yeah, I guess there is. But I have one question to ask you, Mr. High-n-Mighty. Do you support our troops? Do you?! That's what I thought!

## Julienne Turner

Julie is Beau's better half. I know that is the way it goes with any relationship, but it's still true. For Julie's part, she keeps Beau in line. My favorite – and I think everyone else's favorite – way that she does it is the Neck Punch. You see, Julie and Beau one night were messing around tickling and the like when something happened to egg her on a little bit. According to Beau, Julie punches like a girl. She is a girl of course, but she really punches like one. So Beau kept tickling her and she states that she is going to punch him. Beau is not phased because her past attempts to punch were a little weak. Julie in the mean time balls up her fist and punches Beau in the neck. Not the little girl punch like Beau was expecting, but an all-out punch to the neck. At that very moment – as Beau is doubled over trying to catch his breath – the Neck Punch was born!

To be nice to Julie, I won't mention CCTV at all. Oh wait! I just did! Okay, well I won't talk about Naked Pat, Rosa, Greg, John or Alan. Oops!

## Matt Hoffman™

I have known Matt for over 15 years. I like to call this time the worst years of my life. Ever since I met him everything bad happened. My appendix burst. My Grandma died. Do you think that this is a coincidence? I think not! I have nothing else to say about him, except that Matt loves Dr. Pepper. End of story.

## The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense

I love the Doctor  
Refreshing and wonderful  
Makes my tongue happy

-Haiku by Matt Hoffman

Matt Hoffman contains carbonated water, sugar and/or corn sweetener, caramel color, artificial and natural flavoring, phosphoric acid, sodium benzoate (preservative), caffeine, monosodium phosphate, lactic acid and polyethylene glycol.

Matt Hoffman is a registered trademark of Dr Pepper/Seven Up, Inc. ©2005 Dr Pepper/Seven Up, Inc.

## Steve Heidt

If you look up Steve in the dictionary, you will see a pinball machine. Now the question is what pinball machine would you see? It might be The Shadow with Steve rubbing his hands. It might be Popeye or something like that. What ever kind he would be, I bet it would be fun to play. I have traveled all over the western United States with Steve in search of pinball to play. We have gone from San Jose to Las Vegas to Medford. One of these days, I am sure we will go to the big one in Chicago. It's only a matter of time.



## Wendy Heidt

Everyone thought that Laurel would be the person to be living with 87 cats when she was 80. Wendy thought that she would change that. She decided that she needed 87 cats now instead of when she was old.

Did I mention that Wendy likes cats? She also likes dogs, horses, cows, goats, sheep, hamsters, lizards and anything else that she can get her hands on.

## Seth McElhinny

What can be said about Seth that is not already known the world over? Who else can eat ten ears of corn only to have a little girl egg him on to eat three more? Who can eat ten Big Kats in one sitting? It's simply amazing.

I only have one thing to say to Seth:

“Don’t do smoking.”

## Laurel Rapport

You might remember Laurel from Cabin #B with the One-Armed Man. I hate to say it, but Laurel is a stereotypical girl. She gets scared at the smallest things, gets mad at the smallest things and happy at the smallest things. Life is always exciting when you are around her.

---

Laurel decided that she hated the Northwest and Seth helped her move to New York. Well she probably didn't hate it, but New York sure is different. I can't see much of a reason to move there myself, but anyway... Laurel now lives with her husband in Connecticut. I wish the best of luck to Markus. ☺

## Jeremiah Rasca

I have never seen man drink syrup better than Jeremiah. Okay, there might have been some people that have drunk syrup before, but on film? Okay, so there was that too, but we watched Jeremiah drink a half a bottle of syrup. Just image that. Gulp after sticky gulp of cold imitation-flavored maple syrup. I have the video if you want to see it. It makes you gag just watching it.

I do have another story to tell about Jeremiah. Jeremiah is actually the cause of the story, not really the focal point but it is one that needs to be said. We are at Cabin #A and Jeremiah and Matt Stevens decided that they want to go crabbing. So down they go to the local gas station/Radio Shack/cell phone dealer/satellite retailer/sportsman store to purchase crab rings, bait and whatever else they were looking for. Everyone else in the mean time started making dinner and getting ready for the long night of doing nothing. We noticed that it has been dark for a while. "Wait a minute," we all thought. "You can't crab after dark." So off we go – John Berger, Matt Hoffman and I – to try to find them. We get to Netarts Bay and they are not there. That's odd. We thought that they were going there. Now I really have to go to the bathroom. So I run into the bathroom and the first thing that I notice is the lights aren't working correctly. "Oh well," I thought. "I really need to go!" I then noticed that the first stall was in disarray. Not a "someone left the toilet paper out" disarray but "what level of hell did this toilet come from?"

disarray. I then continue to the last stall and find out that I have to do a tripod. For those of you not familiar with the tripod it is when you have your two feet on the ground and use a hand to hold yourself up, hence tri meaning three and pod meaning, “Why is there poop where I just put my hand three feet up the stall wall?!” Not only was there poop all over the toilet seat but there was poop all over the stall walls. After finishing my business, I decide it is time to wash my hands. Can you believe that all three sinks didn’t work? Out to the bay I run to wash someone else’s filth off of my hands. The end. Whatever happened with Jeremiah is not important. I had poop all over my hands.

## **John Berger**

Berger has already been beaten up enough so far. I do have one additional thing to say however. “The whole reason for the Thomas Crown Affair [1999] is to get Renee Russo as naked as possible!”

## **Becky Wiggins**

Do you really think that I am going to put anything in this book about my wife other than how much I love her? Are you really that dumb?

## **Jonathon Wiggins**

You want some stories about me? Well too bad! This whole stinking book is really stories about me. Everyone in here has a story that is from my point of view and most of them have me in them. If you want

## **The Cabin and Other Such Nonsense**

to read some more stories about me, wait about 50 years when I finish my memoirs. Until then, too bad!

That's it. Go read something else now – something preferably well written with good sentence structure.