

Bob's Corner

A long time ago, or at least in the early 1950s -- when the editor was wearing striped T-shirts, blue jeans with the cuffs rolled up about 4 inches, and black-and-white high-top tennies -- he had a best friend we'll call Tyler.

Tyler wasn't in the same classroom as I. But he did attend the same school, which in this case was El Toyon Elementary School, then a brand-new facility amid a bunch of new housing developments (three-bedroom, two-bath homes for \$14,500). Our family lived in National City at the time, in a territory so close to the edge of the city of San Diego boundaries that sometimes there was confusion with deliveries, and whether the National City Police or San Diego PD should be phoned for help.

Tyler, a bit sligher than I and with freckles and reddish hair, always wore denim outfits, either cinnamon- or light green or gray-colored. I think that his mom, a somewhat grim lady, bought them for him at a military commissary. Tyler always had his jacket zipped, and he wore shirts with collars. His father was a retired U.S. Navyman, who continued to work in retirement as a Civil Service employee at one of San Diego's military facilities; North Island Naval Station, I believe. He drove a brand-new, green-and-white 1956 Chevy station wagon; the low-budget version, not the coveted Nomad model.

Tyler was one of those best buddies who possessed mechanical-type skills that escape some kids, such as the person writing this column. So when I needed help putting reflectors on the rear of my wonderful Schwinn Corvette, Tyler "helped" me, using his dad's drill. Actually, he did all the work while I watched and made dopey comments. And he was always willing to give me a can of ginger ale and a couple of Oreos when I'd come to his house to hang around.

His mom, grim as she seemed, took Tyler and me to Balboa Park occasionally. We'd visit the museums and such. Only thing is, I got poor old Tyler in trouble once at the Museum of Man. Tyler had this idea that we would play catch with a small, red ball -- with him on a balcony of the museum, and me on the grass below and behind the place. For some inexplicable reason I became devilish, and purposely tossed the ball so that Tyler would miss it. This caused a museum employee to become a bit irate, and he held onto Tyler (by his zipped jacket) until his mom (Tyler's, not the museum employee's) returned. We both were in trouble then, but eventually it blew over. However, Tyler never asked me to play catch again.

As with all best buddies, we decided one summer night on a Dangerous Mission, sort of to prove how brave we could be. Something like that.

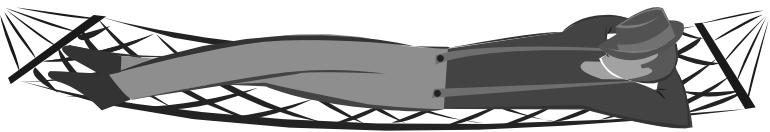
Our school consisted of several classroom buildings, each split down the middle by a breezeway corridor. In them were contained the "Boys" and "Girls" rooms, janitorial rooms, and equipment storage. They were unlighted, probably because no one was supposed to be there at night. Except for Tyler and me.

We chose a moonless night that included a spooky little breeze. Together we walked to the school in the dark; then stood outside the first entry to the first corridor. Dark is a word that doesn't have a lot of meaning, unless you're in the fifth- or sixth-grade, used to light, and you've seen a lot of horror films. Having a big imagination goes along with the fear of entering a pitch-black opening, too.

Together we stepped forward. Together we walked, each with one arm draped over the shoulders of the other. Darkness prevailed. We literally couldn't see our hands in front of our faces. By the time we got to the fourth and final corridor, we were whistling. The tune was, "Whenever I'm afraid ..." We also were laughing in that odd way that people do when they're scared, but don't want anyone else to know it.

We survived our Walk of Darkness. We felt good about it. And we stayed friends for a few more years, before drifting apart, as he continued in the public school system, and I was banished to parochial schools.

And every once in awhile, especially when faced with darkness, I wonder whatever happened to my good friend, Tyler. Maybe he'll show up some day, and we'll play catch.



Letters to the Editor

(Editor's Note: Views and commentary expressed in letters to the editor are strictly those of the letter-writers. * * *

Typed, double-spaced letters are acceptable for consideration. Hand-written letters that are double-spaced and highly legible also can be considered for publication. Cards of thanks are not accepted as letters.) * * *

Firefighters 'spirit' From Wendell and Artis Owens

Cave Junction
We do not have New York City firefighters in Cave Junction. However, we are blessed with the spirit of NYC firefighters spirit among our Illinois Valley Rural Fire Protection District firefighters.

On Monday, Nov.23, we left our home at 3 p.m. to come home at approximately 6:30 p.m., and found our house in flames. Words cannot explain the shock and horror we felt.

We saw the firefighters come, cooperate and work together in a powerful way.

One firefighter rescued our dog. He brought the dog to me while hugging and cuddling it.

Several fire-fighting women hugged me and said, "Sorry it had to be your home."

After we left, one firefighter was checking on the fire and took our frightened dog home to comfort it until morning. The next morning one firefighter brought coffee to our family.

During the fire, several went in and saved what valuables they could. One even apologized about our antiques going up in flames.

The encouraging words and hugs from the firefighters throughout the ordeal will always be felt by us.

I understand that even Selma and O'Brien crews joined to help.

We appreciate our church family, Lucinda, and many in the community for all their help and encouraging words.

This is not the first time we've seen this NYC spirit. We saw it in 1995, during an automobile accident we had, and in 2000 when our van caught fire on Hay's Hill.

Every year when we run our church fireworks booth, the firefighters help us meet regulations. They are most gracious.

We appreciate the firefighters, our friends, the Oregon District of the United Pentecostal Church and all we have forgotten to mention.

Glass half full From Edgar J. Zick O'Brien

After reading the "Illinois Valley News" Letters to the Editor on 11/27/02 I felt compelled to write.

It's certainly true that some feel the "half-full glass" as really "half-empty" with remarks like "economy in tatters," "war looming," "unemployment rising," and "national deficit growing."

We all have to agree that this nation's economy has suffered blows. The terrorist attack at the Pentagon and New York City on 9/11/01; the resulting, sharp downturn in plane travel; an obstructionist Senate in Washington; and the constant elevated-threat level could have left the whole nation suffering from malaise. Instead, our economy has continued to grow 3 percent per quarter during the last four quarters, trumpeting the resiliency of the American people.

Yes, unemployment has edged up from 5.4 percent in October to 5.7 percent in November, but just think about it for a minute. What could have happened to this nation under attack? The American people didn't hunker down, stay at home and hoard their food and money. Instead the rise in our economy has been consumer driven.

War does loom on the horizon, and many feel thankful that we now have a president whose values and morals will no longer let terrorists kill and grow more bold day by day. Our war on terror is an action embraced by the American people as well as other nations who are not crippled by their own special interests.

I for one am thankful that we no longer will allow terrorists to kill Americans with impunity. May we always stay strong.

If people are looking for a welfare state I suggest they move to California, where the goal is to have everyone on the dole and voting Democratic to keep the entitlements coming. You will pay a sales tax of 8 1/4 percent on every dollar you spend. That is after you pay state tax on your earning of those dollars.

Local governments and municipalities there have become experts on creating extra fees and charges and adding them to your monthly utility bills. It has become a state to be "from" if you value self-esteem and a certain amount of independence.

We have not abandoned our libraries, jails or our col-

leges, but increases in funding should not be allowed by emotion. It also should not be allowed if only to be repaid by home owners. I was amazed at the number of proposals on our last ballot asking for approval of funding by the issuance of bonds.

Each proposal approved would result in a lien on private property for repayment, and every home owner knows what happens if you don't pay your taxes. If our state needs more taxes for jails let our gutless Legislature increase state taxes. At least then it will be paid by all state residences.

If colleges need more money, let them increase tuition and be more active in soliciting endowments from alumni. As for libraries, I find them available, up-to-date and responsive.

I can even order books using my PC, and our little local library is able to obtain books not on its shelves from other facilities close by and in a reasonable amount of time.

It's true that there are things we lack in Southern Oregon; and if we were willing to throw money at those situations we could maybe make them better -- but at what price?

Should we mimic the welfare state and give everything to everyone and end up like California? The answer I hope for a long time to come is "No."

Amazing Grace From Nedd Wyant Cave Junction

Amazing Grace, a new community organization formed to help families in the community who have children with severe handicaps, held a kick-off benefit concert and dinner in the spring.

The benefit was highly successful, and we appreciate all who participated.

Special appreciation should go to Shop Smart Food Warehouse and New Life Foods for donating the food used to make the dinner. Many individuals and businesses made great donations of goods and services, without which the event could not have happened.

Amazing Grace has many ideas for what we would like to do to help families. Some of our ideas:

Assistance toward the unique costs that these families have, such as specialized equipment or adapted toys; providing funds for recreational trips; and developing meaningful jobs and ways to contribute to the community. We even plan on building a local group home.

This summer during the Biscuit Fire, we know of two teen-age boys in the valley with multiple handicaps who need constant care and supervision whose families were given pre-evacuation notices. In order to be able to prepare

(Continued on page 3)

Discovery Might End Heartburn

WASHINGTON — According to recent research, upper gastrointestinal (GI) problems like acid reflux, heart burn and ulcers may be eliminated with a new type of chewable tablet. Scientists say that GI problems are not the result of excess acid, but the body's inability to deal with it. The tablet called Pepstat 380™ contains an extract from the Glycyrrhiza glabra plant or DGL that strengthens the body's natural defenses against acid.

Pepstat 380 goes to work immediately on stomach acid while addressing the cause of GI problems. Scientists suggest that the DGL in Pepstat 380 improves the body's protective substances, increases the lifespan of digestive tract cells, improves blood supply to the area. Articles have appeared in publications like the British medical journal *The Lancet* showing DGL to be as effective as Zantac®, Tagamet® and/or antacids. This new type of formula may make these drugs obsolete because DGL has no known side effects.

The problem with antacids which neutralize stomach acid and acid blockers which reduces acid secretions is that they can interrupt the body's normal digestive process. Pepstat 380 is a natural alternative to antacids and H2 receptor antagonists more commonly known as "acid blockers". Pepstat 380 is available at pharmacies without a prescription or call 1-800-339-3301. Available locally at:

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(in the Illinois Valley)



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Get involved in the

IVCRT

Come and join us!

Board Meetings (1 st and 3 rd Thursdays of month):			
Board Meeting	County Building	7:00-9:00PM	12/5/02
Workshop Meeting	FRC	7:00-9:00PM	Canceled

Committee Meetings (Held throughout the month, subject to change):

Quality of Life	Family Resource Center	4:30-5:30PM	Thur	Canceled
Business/Tourism	IVCRT Office	6:00-7:00PM	Weds	12/11
Coordinating Council	JoCo Court House	6:00-7:30PM	Tues	12/17
Infrastructure	IVCRT Office	5:00-6:00PM	Wed	Canceled
Education	Family Resource Center	5:00-6:00PM	Mon	Canceled
Executive Committee	IVCRT Office	5:30-6:30PM	Tues	Canceled

The Illinois Valley Community Response Team (IVCRT) is a non-profit organization working to build community consensus around projects that aim to improve the quality of life and foster economic and community development in the Illinois Valley. Meetings are open to the public and Illinois Valley residents are encouraged to attend and participate.

Office hours are 8:30AM-5:00PM, Monday - Friday
Please call 592-4440 for more information! Fax: 592-4106 TDD: 1-800-735-00

IVCRT is an Equal Opportunity Provider
Assistance to individuals with handicaps is available upon request.

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NOON MONDAYS

POLICY ON LETTERS: 'Illinois Valley News' welcomes letters to the editor provided they are of general interest, in good taste, legible and not libelous. All letters must be signed, using complete name, and contain the writer's address and telephone number. The latter need not be published, but will be used to verify authenticity. The 'News' reserves the right to edit letters. One letter per person per month. Letters are used at the discretion of the publisher. Unpublished letters are neither acknowledged nor returned. A prepaid charge may be levied if a letter is inordinately long in the editor's opinion.

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