

Bob's Corner

His name, the title I hung on him, was "Yankee Clover," although we never used the second part. Actually, "Yankee Clover" was on the label on a jar of something or other on my mother's dresser in the Linda Vista section of San Diego. Maybe the jar contained anti-lip wrinkling crème or perfumed lotion made from imported yak feet.

Anyway, "Yankee" was the runt of a litter produced by "Dixie," a Chow that belonged to a woman across Hyatt Street from us. I was about 5 then.

Although I do not recall the circumstances of how we came to be the owners of low-to-the-ground "Yankee," we did. And he was mine; the first pet I recall as a child, not counting the goldfish that I examined too closely – but that's another story.

"Yankee" became my companion, even when he wasn't supposed to be, and naughtily followed me to Chester-ton Elementary School, much to my mother's chagrin. She had to make the walk to retrieve the little critter. From then on, whenever I left for school, "Yankee" was kept inside until I was out of sight.

He had a big head in comparison with the rest of his body. And when he ran, he did it in bowlegged fashion in kind of a sideways motion. It was sort of like the International delivery truck I once drove, but that, like the belly-up goldfish, is yet another story.

My dog was with me on my numerous forays into the weedy canyons of then-Linda Vista. Those canyons are filled now, with either buildings or roads on them. But back then, it was a vast wilderness. Or so it seemed to my young mind. "Yankee" and I roamed those canyons together, sometimes with friends of mine, playing games. Mostly we played cowboys and Indians, but sometimes we played cavalry soldiers and Indians.

My "Yankee" attracted a lot of second looks because of his odd appearance. This was especially true when he contracted what I think was mange, and his entire body was shaved, except for a neck ruff and his head. It made him look like a tiny, deranged lion.

Eventually we moved from Hyatt to Dunlop Street. Don't ask me how I can remember the names of streets from 55 years ago when I can't recall what I had for dinner last night. It's just the way some people's brains work.

After we moved, "Yankee" somehow bothered some neighbors, to use the latter word loosely. Someone complained about a bogus offense. A dog catcher came, gave us a copy of the complaint, and said we'd have to get rid of the little beast. I remember that my mom contacted an animal rights woman, who came to our house, but apparently nothing could be done. Actually, I walked the neighborhood to find the home of the complainant. And guess what? The address didn't exist. Didn't matter though; the complaint stuck.

At my age then, around 6 or 7, such matters didn't register well with me, as I had no frame of reference. And my parents, bless their hearts, kept the truth of the matter from me. So when Uncle Ed came to take my mom, "Yankee" and me for a ride, I really didn't understand what was happening.

We took "Yankee" to the city animal shelter, off Morena Blvd. as I remember. My heart beat fast, because I sensed something ominous. But it wasn't until we got back in the car to head home, without my friendly, huggable dog, that it became clear we hadn't just taken him for a visit. He was no longer mine, and I'd never see him again.

My insides hurt. My eyes burned. My throat was tight. Today I can think about what happened then. And although the hurt no longer remains, I can still remember what it felt like to lose my furry friend.

The ultimate result of shielding man from the effects of folly is to people the world with fools.
- Herbert Spencer -

Illinois Valley News

An Independent Weekly Newspaper Co-owned and published by Robert R. (Bob) and Jan Rodriguez
Bob Rodriguez, Editor En Jefe

Entered as second class matter June 11, 1937 at Post Office as Official Newspaper for Josephine County and Josephine County Three Rivers School District, published at 321 S. Redwood Hwy., Cave Junction, OR 97523
Periodicals postage paid at Cave Junction, OR 97523
Post Office Box 1370 USPS 258-820
Telephone (541) 592-2541, FAX (541) 592-4330
Volume 66, No. 50

Staff: Cindy Newton, Chris Robertson, Michelle Binker, Shane Welsh, Becky Loudon & Kacy Clement
Member: Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association

DEADLINES:

News, Classified & Display Ads, Announcements & Letters

3 P.M. FRIDAY

(Classified ads & uncomplicated display ads can be accepted until Noon, Monday with an additional charge.)

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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).

Non-profit fee
From Darrell Allen, Jerry Wilkins, et al.
CJ Lions Club

We want Mayor Ed Faircloth and the Cave Junction City Council to know that after due consideration by the Cave Junction Lions Club Board of Directors, it was unanimously decided to discontinue our involvement with the planting and maintenance of the flower pots along our city's main street.

It is with regret that we rendered this decision. Gary Biggs' (head of public works) personal effort in cementing a relationship with our club to support the city in its endeavors was heard, and we responded.

However, with the city's recent decision to assess non-profit organizations a permit fee for the use of city facilities for our fund-raising events, we find we can no longer support this project.

We believe the city's decision was short-sighted and that it will lose more money than it will gain.

The city fathers seem to have forgotten that Jubilee Park was acquired as a gift from a non-profit organization.

The combined efforts of the valley's non-profit organizations have a significant effect on the quality of life of our citizens.

Our annual car show provides revenue from outside the valley, feeds tourism and provides support to our merchants. Our members work diligently to provide support to the many needs of our valley.

With our small population, many events are marginally profitable, and this permit fee will serve to further reduce the available funds to continue these and other worthwhile causes:

Southern Oregon Lions Sight and Hearing Center; Lions Eye Bank of Oregon; eye-glasses and hearing aids for those in financial need; Guide Dogs for the Blind.

Also, service projects for disabled members of our community; Illinois Valley Safe House Alliance; Christmas Baskets; Cave Junction Cares (Thanksgiving and Christmas Dinners).

Also, Illinois Valley Fire District; Blackberry Festival; I.V. High School drug- and alcohol-free graduation party; food donations to various valley organizations: Lovejoy Hospice; Jefferson Public Radio KSOR; and Tloali Camp for diabetics.

We adhere to the Lions International Code of Ethics and now find ourselves with a conflict of interest. We disagree with the permit fee assessment, and feel that the time spent on the city project would now be better utilized on a project that does not require the use of city facilities and can replace the loss of

revenue created by the city's permit fee.

The Lion's Motto is "We Serve." We cannot in good conscious continue to serve those who do not provide support in return.

Marriage and taxes
From Laurraine Rakes
Cave Junction

The sacredness of marriage has been torn down by men and women forever.

It seems that infidelity and other things ending in divorce are big business these days. Wasn't it really more important that two people get married because, God forbid that you should have a child out of wedlock?

For those heterosexual couples who have stayed married because of love and respect for one another, they truly have something sacred to be thankful for.

Sticking it out through the tough times and keeping families together; that's what's sacred, not their marriage certificate.

The piece of paper they get from the courthouse does not make their marriage sacred: they and their children do.

Married couples are allowed to obtain each other's pensions and medical benefits for their families. When one dies, the other can feel secure that their loved ones will con-

(Continued on page 3)



HISTORY SURVEY - Archaeologist Brian O'Neill on Tuesday, March 2 was checking soil near 'Second Bridge' to prevent the possibility of disturbing Indian and European artifacts' because of a plan to replace the bridge. O'Neill and others with him are from the Oregon State Museum of Anthropology at Oregon State University in Corvallis and were hired by Oregon Dept. of Transportation. (Photo by Shane Welsh)

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(Editor's Note: Permission has been obtained from 'Featurewell' to reprint the article below taken from the 'Newsday.com' Web site. Placement of the article in this issue has been paid for by Larry & Elaine Stein. WARNING: The following article contains graphic descriptions of injuries that may not be suitable for all ages).

Perhaps the Bush Administration should rethink its position in the Iraq War.

Larry & Elaine Stein

'Haunted by a Soldiers Face'

By JIMMY BRESLIN

She didn't know his name. It was on a tag someplace and it had already been logged in. They did that the moment they brought the dead soldier off the plane from Iraq and into the morgue at Dover Air Force Base. The body had to pass through a metal detector in case there was some ordnance still there.

He had been taken right from the dirt of Iraq and flown here.

Now, he was on a gurney that was brought right up to her in the forensic dental department. The gurney was up to her waist. She looked down.

He had no head. Oh, there was part of his head still there, on the left side. Just a part. No more.

The left eye was there, wide open. The startled left eye.

"It was looking out as if to say, 'What happened?'" she was saying yesterday. "I don't think he believed that he was dead."

She stood and stared at that left eye and the left eye stared back at her. It was light-looking. Bluish green. The colors change in death. The amazement in this eye does not.

She began to dream of seeing that face as it was in his young life. A right eye, and a young firm face and cheek matching the left side.

He just started in life, she thought. He didn't even have a chance. Did he have a kid? Maybe he lost the chance to see his kid walk. Or to sit on the beach. Or if he didn't live near an ocean, maybe he could sit with his kid at a picnic. Watch the kid wave and stumble as he started walking on the green summer grass.

Look at him now, she thought. He'll never see that.

All that is left is that one shocked eye.

She was held by that eye as if it were drawing closer and was about to speak. She was not some shaking newcomer on her first job. She had spent long months in the New York City medical examiner's office working on what was left of people blown apart at the World Trade Center. And she had worked on several cases here at Dover. Soldiers with faces burned off. Or with little of their heads left. Like this one.

There is no face and she sees a delightful young face. Only this time, the thing seemed more than she could handle. She shook herself out of it. The teeth. She stopped daydreaming. It was her job to get the teeth and take X-rays of them.

The teeth were not in front. She had no idea if they were in one of the Ziploc bags that come in with a body. She froze every time she had to go to one of them.

This time, she had to go inside whatever was left of the guy and find the teeth.

There was a presumption of who he was, and the X-rays would be compared to records to verify. Then she charted the restoration of his teeth as they were before he was killed: what cavities were filled, what crowns were on, and compare this to the condition of the teeth postmortem.

She was in the middle of the death line for the soldier. First, they brought the bodies off the plane with a general and chaplain attending and then they came into the morgue at Dover Air Force Base. A soldier stood alongside and followed the body through the morgue. There were identification photos and fingerprinting. They came to the dentistry, after which there was an autopsy and embalming. Then the body was brought into the uniform room, where clothes were put on the dead soldier, if he was going to have an open coffin.

There was a room of silence, a grotto, for families. The Army went to thoughtful effort for the families. Despite this, not so many come.

After the morgue work ended, the bodies were sent out to their home churches or funeral parlors. The same soldier remained alongside the body until the last fold of a flag, the final cries.

She was relieved and came home to resume her work in New York. She thought about the dead soldiers and mourned. But when the face of the dead young man with the left eye came into her mind she dropped her head and wept. Time and again.

She looked at a newspaper and saw Michael Jackson and Martha Stewart. How could they dare put something like this in while there are dead soldiers coming in on planes? There were three dead women killed in Iraq and brought through Dover. They went unmentioned. This made her furious. She began to talk to herself. I am a professional. I have worked in disasters. I must stop this.

Then, on this Sunday in February, when she is home only days, she opens a newspaper and goes through it. On Page 18 there is a picture of her soldier.

"Sundered by War" the overline says. His two eyes are gleaming with happiness. There is that young, strong face she had imagined. Good-looking teeth brighten the smile.

In the soldier's lap, looking out in wonderment, is his 6-month-old son.