

A moment with Mary:

by Mary Halvorsen

My hands have become cold around the paper cup, the latte inside warm. In the dark water of the harbor the reflection of the morning sun emerges from behind a cloud, rippling small and white as the moon.

Kneeling in his boat, a friend loads chicken parts into black, wire, crab traps. On the dock my husband, hands in pockets, surveys the scene: the water, the collection of boats, their masts looming like a skyline of antennae towers. The squeal of gulls, the rumble of a pick-up, and the bark of an unseen seal are all that break the silence. A dog with short, wavy, brown hair sniffs along the edge of the parking lot, his tags hanging from his neck. Beyond the harbor thick, cottony clouds roll between two dark, gray hills, pushing up the river.

Two hours earlier, leaving Taylor's with breakfast sandwiches and coffee, Cave Junction is wrapped in a cold fog. Winding down 199, on a section cut through a wall of redwoods, my husband reports, "We saw a dolphin yesterday, it's a good sign. Sea lions and dolphins don't get along." This is positive because it means one less predator for the fish, but picturing a dolphin's squinty-eyed grin, I could only think, "How could anything not get along with a dolphin?" Knowing there's a possibility of spotting a dolphin or a whale, I am struck by what a different world can be accessed within sixty miles of home.

Upon arrival, part of the fishing party is heading to break-

fast, the captain to the store. I retreat to a worn picnic table above the harbor and note my husband below. Through the windows, I see him sitting in the cabin, studying the panel. A minute later he's in the back, legs stretched, elbows resting on the side of the boat, as if taking in every detail, remembering what it was like to start a day on the water.

As we roll out I snap a few pictures, then the water, the clouds, and the whine of the boat take over. I put the camera in my pocket and feel each hair on my head being swept up and back. A string of vessels dot the horizon, and looking back, the sun lays out a rolling carpet of shimmering diamonds.

The four men work, one at the wheel, one reading instruments, one throwing out crab traps, as another untangles the rope before the round cages are flung.

I go to the cabin a little queasy and curl up on a high-backed stool, nestling the side of my head against my arms. I look past the backs of the men, and focus on the rhythmic movement of the ocean. White water breaks hard on the distant beach while around the boat, its rise and fall is continuous.

The twenty-something son of one of the men glances over, nods towards a counter, "There's Dramamine right over there." I tell him, "I almost fell asleep, it's so relaxing" and he nods, smiling, "Every time I went on the boat when I was little I fell asleep" and I go on, "I used to have a horse. It's almost the same

motion of being on one as it breaks into a canter." He gives a brief nod, before refocusing on his pole.

I had thought ocean fishing with guys would be about cracking beers, of jawing with each other, of some degree of competition, a toned down mix of "The Deadliest Catch" and "Man Caves." But it's quiet, except when a fish is on the line. I lock eyes with a Ling Cod as it lands in the middle of the white floor, bracing myself for the onslaught of empathy I will feel. But any suffering is ended quickly and it's put out of sight as the line goes back in for the next.

The opportunity to make eye contact with a prehistoric-looking fish doesn't come around very often, nor does being on a small craft surrounded by the Pacific. To the west of Cave Junction, beyond the coast range, it is a possibility. Being there can make one feel as if they have entered another world. With the sand, sea and the cyclical advance and retreat of the surf, it is a different place. Maybe for their residents skiing, sledding, or the option of long, hot days at the river seem exotic.

Our communities are a world apart, but not in distance; more in the varied outdoor activities each has to offer. I have never been much for fishing, but if I go again, I might take a pole, and see what happens.

Obituaries

Gloria Gale Gaspari, age 75, of Grants Pass, died Sunday, March 10, 2013 at Spring Village.

No services are planned. Hull & Hull Funeral Directors are in charge of arrangements.

Remembrances may be made to any Native American organization.

Please sign the family guest book at www.since1928hull.com.

Gloria was born October 13, 1937 in Oakland, California to Almond & Lillymay

(Shelley) Cadwallader. She owned and operated "J & J Janitorial" in Livermore, California. She moved to Cave Junction seven years ago.

She especially loved her dog, Jeffery White Cloud. She loved Native American culture and history and made Indian crafts and dream catchers to benefit Native American reservations.

Survivors include a daughter, Linna Coatney of Livermore, California and three grandchildren.

Celebration of life

Please come join us as we celebrate the life of **Blaze Broberg** on April 20th at Hogues meadow(at the end of page creek rd in Takilma). The service

will begin at 2:00 p.m. Please bring your own meadow seating. The family is planning to have a BBQ/potluck after the service for those who are available to stay.

Please bring a dish to share or a grill and something to cook.

Please call Sarah if you have questions 541-787-7471

Letters to the Editor

Illinois Valley News welcomes Letters to the Editor.
Please e-mail them to dan@illinois-valley-news.com

POLICY ON LETTERS:
'Illinois Valley News' encourages letters to the editor provided they are legible and not libelous or scurrilous. All letters must be signed, including name, 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. Letters are used at the discretion of the publisher.

(Editor's Note: Views and commentary, including statements made as fact are strictly those of the letter writers.)

To: Editor,
Kerbyville Museum needs your help - More Volunteers, Members, etc.

The Kerbyville Museum and History Center, the oldest (established in 1959) history museum in all of Josephine County, needs your active involvement!

Since 1998, a small but dedicated group of community volunteers has soldiered on keeping the Museum staffed and open to both local residents and visitors alike.

Sadly, during the past few years, a number of Museum Volunteers have passed away, including the recent loss of William (Bill) Woodbury whose Great Grandmother, Louisa Hart came to the Illinois Valley in the 1850's and liked it so much she went back to Michigan and brought her two sisters and their families back here.

During the past four years, the

community in partnership with the Museum Board of Directors and its small group of Volunteers, helped obtain grants and donations that completed the outside restoration of the Historic 1880 Naucke Family House at the Museum. A big "Thank You" for helping make this possible!

Now that this effort is completed, there still remains a lot to do.

How you can help!

(1). Become A Museum Volunteer! The Museum needs a number of people (volunteers) to work one day each week (same day each week) from 10 am to 3 p.m., from now until late October. Museum volunteers greet visitors, take admissions and provide basic local history - training is provided. Museum admissions are critical and serve as the Museum's primary income to pay its monthly operating bills (heat, phone, electric, computer, etc). The Museum does not receive any local, County, State or Federal Government funding to operate! Call the Museum at (541) 592-525 and leave your name and a phone number.

(2). Become a Museum Member.

A Museum Membership costs \$15.00 for a one year Individual Membership (good from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31) or a Family/Business Membership that costs \$25.00 for one year.

Membership benefits include 1-2 Semi-Annual Museum Newsletters, a 15% discount on all Museum Sales items (mostly history books), free Museum admission for the card holder, and a Members Only Special Museum Opening that is now planned for mid June.

(3). Come visit the Museum! - The Museum is open Monday through

Saturday 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. and Sundays 12 Noon to 3 p.m. Give yourself at least one hour, or more, to see it all! Again, your visit and admission will literally help keep the lights on!

**Dennis Strayer,
Museum Board President**

No horse story

I enjoyed the story about Mr. McNeil who is riding a horse coast to coast to bring attention to land issues in the April 10, issue of IV News.

As horse owners and trail riders we know there is no better way to see the country than from the back of a good horse.

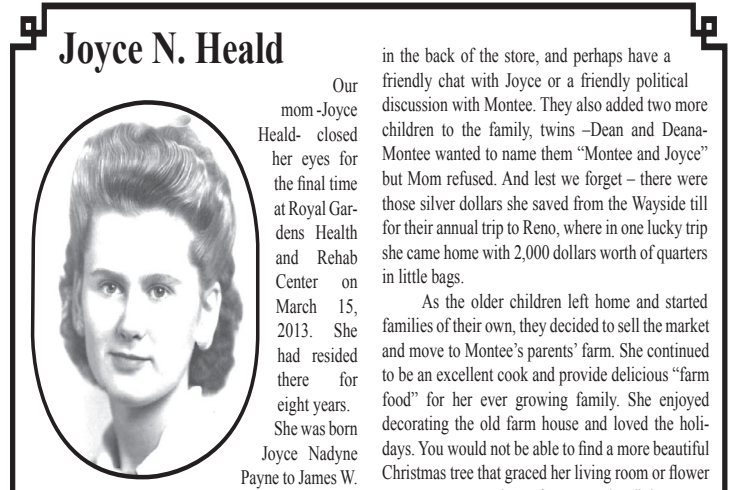
I do take exception to his opinion about lands devastated by the Biscuit Fire in 2002. I agree that it is a wasteland but it didn't have to be that way. Had logging been allowed he would have been riding through beautiful green plantations filled with birds and other wildlife. The roots of these young trees would be holding soils in place.

Oregon has very strict laws about replanting after logging. The sale of timber would have paid for replanting as well as bring much needed jobs and industry to Josephine County. A win win situation in my opinion.

There might even have been a little money left to maintain the existing historical equestrian and hiking trails in this area. Bushwhacking is no fun.

Sincerely,

**Barbara Ashinhurst
Cave Junction**



Joyce N. Heald

Our mom-Joyce Heald- closed her eyes for the final time at Royal Gardens Health and Rehab Center on March 15, 2013. She had resided there for eight years. She was born Joyce Nadyne Payne to James W. and Lena Tyceer Payne

on February 20, 1925. Her grandparents both paternal and maternal were descendants of pioneer families that came to Oregon in 1850s by covered wagon and settled in the Illinois Valley in 1860s. Joyce grew up on the Payne family farm located at the intersection of White School, Hays Cut Off and Smith-Sawyer roads. A special place in the hearts of not only Joyce and her family, but many friends as well.

She graduated from Kerby Union High School in May of 1943 with 14 classmates some of whom remained lifelong friends. Joyce looked forward to class reunions and volunteered for the Kerby Union Alumni Association.

On May 29, 1943 she married Montee Dean Heald whose parents had moved from Arizona to a farm on Holland Loop - a union which lasted 52 years. They lived in Cave Junction most of their lives and left the Valley only once when Montee enlisted in the U.S. Army during World War II. Joyce returned home to live on the farm with her parents until his return from India during which time their daughter Sonnie was born. That short sojourn to Salt Lake and military boot camp was oft mentioned and cemented Joyce and Montee's determination to always live in the Illinois Valley.

Upon returning from the service, their first home was a tiny cabin at Linhome which was located just below Greyback campground. After a year, they purchased a farm from Montee's grandfather located five miles further down Caves Highway. Joyce made good use of the orchard, a huge garden, berry patches, plentiful "year round" deer and fish from Sucker Creek. During this time she also had two more children, Brad and Jenny. She worked hard as there was no electricity, indoor plumbing or central heat. Water was pumped by a hand pump from the well, and baths in summer were in the irrigation ditch and in winter with water heated on the wood stove and poured into tin tubs. Food was stored in a fruit room with ice or home canned. It was a long trek to the "outhouse" even in the best weather conditions. Although life was sometimes difficult, there were many wonderful times and she was blessed to have had a large extended family and many friends who enjoyed each other's company by the light of kerosene lamps.

Although improvements were made to the farm with the addition of electricity and a real bathroom, they decided to sell the farm and became proprietors of a small grocery store called Way Side Market. It was situated about six miles up the Cave Hwy. It became a favorite spot for local folks - farmers, logging crews, friends and family who stopped by to warm their hearts and hands by the wood stove

in the back of the store, and perhaps have a friendly chat with Joyce or a friendly political discussion with Montee. They also added two more children to the family, twins - Dean and Deana. Montee wanted to name them "Montee and Joyce" but Mom refused. And lest we forget - there were those silver dollars she saved from the Wayside till for their annual trip to Reno, where in one lucky trip she came home with 2,000 dollars worth of quarters in little bags.

As the older children left home and started families of their own, they decided to sell the market and move to Montee's parents' farm. She continued to be an excellent cook and provide delicious "farm food" for her ever growing family. She enjoyed decorating the old farm house and loved the holidays. You would not be able to find a more beautiful Christmas tree that graced her living room or flower arrangement any time of year on the dining room table.

Joyce began anew to once again work outside the home using her retail experience, farm honed work ethic, bright sense of humor and her beautiful smile to successfully work in the drug store aisles, fountains, clothing racks and window displays of many Cave Junction businesses. She especially liked working for Valley Drug and Ed Adkins who became her friend for a lifetime.

After Montee passed away in 1995, Joyce left the farm and moved to Valley Village in Cave Junction. She enjoyed her time there with her many friends, relaxing, visiting and enjoying life. In her spare time, she volunteered at the Senior Thrift Store and the Kerbyville Museum. She was a lifetime member of the Marguerite Rebecca Lodge and the Illinois Valley Alumni Association.

Due to health issues she then moved to Redwood Terrace assisted living in Grants Pass to be near family - with her health continuing to decline, she later became a resident of Royal Gardens. She seldom complained, and though she lost her ability to walk and speak - she never lost her ability to smile, to appreciate music, the beauty of a flower or the sweetness of a small child. And once in a great while, out would pop a "salty phrase" - sign of that old spunk she was well known for.

She is survived by her brother, Richard (Dick) Payne and his wife Phyllis - her five children, Sonnie Stone (Greg), Brad Heald (Lori), Jenny Coyle (Milton), Dean Heald (Kathy), Deana Lahti (Jeff) - 16 grandchildren, 22 great grandchildren, 4 great-great grandchildren, as well as many nieces, nephews and cousins. Her sister Yvonne Dipple preceded her in death.

Our family would like to thank all of those who cared for Mom at Royal Gardens. We understand the difficult and arduous tasks that are before you daily and appreciate your kindness and hard work.

A special thanks to Mom's dear friend Dolores Nolan who also passed away before her. Dolores visited Mom every day for several years, making her life fun and being her friend through thick and thin. We all learned what it means to be "a true friend" from her example.

To those at Valley Village who befriended Mom and helped her stay in C.J. "just a little bit longer" we are grateful.

Dr. Kathy Mechling - Bless your heart!!!

We would like you to remember Mom dancing with Dad to the Tennessee Waltz - left hand on his shoulder, right hand on his chest - check to check - both smiling - happily engaged in the greatest, slow dance ever!

Save the date

April 19

The Chamber has a planned Mixer at the IV Library, 209 Lister St. on Friday, April 19th from 5-7 p.m.

April 20

Precious Dirt welcomes Deep Green Resistance Special guests DGR Organizers Dillon Thomson and Samantha Krop will be presenting ~ Strategy to Save the Planet-. Josephine County Bldg, in Cave Junction (corner of Lister and 199 Hwy). Social begins at 6:00 p.m., presentation begins at 6:30 p.m., followed by Questions & Answers. Coffee and tea will be provided, "Goodies" are welcome. Deep Green Resistance is a plan of action for anyone determined to fight for this planet—and win.

April 26-27

Join the fun at the Illinois Valley Rivers and Forests Festival, April 26-27, 2013 in Cave Junction, Oregon.

The Illinois Valley Rivers and Forests Festival in Cave Junction is a

hands-on, interactive environmental educational event designed for students in grades K-8 (adults are welcome too!) that celebrates our region's interconnected natural resources and inspires each of us to care for our environment.

April 11

Meditation 101: an introduction to meditation skills with Lindsey Gillette. Never meditated before? Here's your chance to try. May 1st, 5:30-6:30 p.m. at Illinois Valley Counseling and Support: 535 E. River St. Cave Junction. FREE! Everyone welcome. Questions? Call: 541-592-4888

April 20

IVHS Baseball will be at St. Mary's games at 12 & 2 p.m.

IVHS Track will be at Crater. Bus leaves at 8:15 a.m.

May 4

2013 ILLINOIS VALLEY KID'S CARE FAIR AND PET PARADE

Saturday, May 4th 10:00 am - 1:00 p.m. Jubilee Park PET PARADE Registration 10:00- 11:15 Parade 11:30- 12:30 Don't forget your leash and to dress up your pet! SMALL PETS ONLY PLEASE

Mommy's Day Bingo with the Cave Junction Lions Club. Josephine County building in CJ doors open at 5 first game at 6. For more information call Cory at 541-592-4301.

May 5

FREE BIRDHOUSE BUILDING Materials and guidance provided by Audubon. All are welcome! Methodist Church, 200 W. Watkins St., Cave Junction, 1 p.m., Sunday, May 5th.

Continual

Free - Strength and balance exercise for seniors. M., W. & F. 9 - 10 a.m. at 113 Caves Ave. 541-592-2614.

IVHS Alumni needs members. Any 70, 80 or 90's alums interested please call Ryan Nolan at 541-592-2156.

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