



# Christmas Bazaar

I.V. Senior Center • 520 East River St.

Friday & Saturday  
**NOV. 10 & 11**  
9:00A.M. TO 4:00P.M.

30 Booths • Bake Sale  
LUNCHES CAN BE PURCHASED



## One drop of ink

#newspapersthive

Illinois Valley News

can make a whole valley think.



## Larry Bates, LPC Accepting New Patients

Larry Bates, LPC is a Licensed Professional Counselor working at Siskiyou Community Health Center in Cave Junction. He enjoys helping people of all ages and believes he can have a positive impact on their lives.

Before coming to Siskiyou Community Health Center, Larry worked with adolescents as a Behavioral Health Clinician in a residential setting. He believes in working collaboratively with his patients, recognizing that they are

the expert of their own life experience. He then dovetails that with his expertise to help increase the quality of life for his patients. At Siskiyou Community Health Center we provide personalized, patient-centered care to help manage our patients' individual and family wellness needs. We provide a medical home that focuses on high quality primary and preventive care services for the whole family.

We welcome new patients and accept most insurance plans including Oregon Health Plan, Medicare and Medicaid. For patients who have no insurance the clinic provides a sliding fee scale for those that qualify. Se habla español.

Call to schedule an appointment,  
**(541)592-4111.**

Clinic Hours: M-F 8:00am - 5:00pm



**Siskiyou Community  
Health Center**

25647 Redwood Hwy, Cave Junction • 541.592.4111

www.siskiyouhealthcenter.com This institution is an equal opportunity provider and employer.

## Winding Trails: by Al Hobart

Thursday, Nov. 9, 1967  
*Illinois Valley News*

### New Crazy Ridge Road to Hart Lake Area

A wide, smooth, firm-surfaced road winding away into the forested mountains was only a dream to lovers of the high back-country not so long ago. True, to some of us, who were glad to leave all roads behind and follow the old trails wherever they might lead, such a dream was more in the nature of a nightmare, and the advent of the great road-building machines that were swept in on the tide of forest harvesting that inevitably rolled across our Valley and wooded mountains some years ago seemed like a major calamity, especially to the old prospectors and trail trampers who considered this their private domain and resented having it tampered with, at least on such an environment-changing scale.

But many of them are not hikers and climbers, nor horseback riders, and without mountain roads good enough to drive their cars over in safety and with some degree of comfort these folks would never get to see and enjoy the close-up wonders of great rocky bluffs and pinnacles, flowered mountain meadows and hidden lily-covered lakes.

To this latter group the wonderful new forest roads multiplying yearly are a blessing, giving them access to fascinating areas of their chosen earth-spot that was previously beyond their reach. And the old-timer hold-outs, who somewhat shamefacedly realize that their attitude of

wanting to preserve the old natural environment intact for themselves might possibly have been motivated by some selfish attribute, are swinging into line with reality and are drifting along more or less contentedly with the modern tide.

Personally, I am no longer filled with a sense of horror when I hear the clanking machinery of the timber harvesters and see the great evergreens toppling and the scars along the mountainsides where the access roads lead into the heavily timbered areas. The unsightly logged-over areas, I know, will soon be green again and before the slow-growing timber trees darken the surface once more with their dense shade the site will be colorful with a multitude of flowers that quickly take advantage of the newly sun-drenched land.

Since time, and grudging self-education, have allowed my ruffled feathers to settle back into place, and I find, that the new state of affairs doesn't signify a complete state of disaster after all, I'll even confess that watching the new roads penetrate the rough back country has become more of a thrill than a feeling of regret.

Just yesterday, taking advantage of the fact that all logging and road-building is at a standstill because of severe fire hazard due to the prolonged hot, dry spell, I went on a jeep trip up into the mountains to satisfy my curiosity about a new road being built up along the side of Crazy Ridge, and on around toward Mud Lake.

It's a weirdly odd sensation to glide leisurely along, sitting on a soft cushion, through a once-forbidding wilderness of trees, brush, and boulders that you used to have to fight your way through on

foot. Where I used to spend hours making a mile or two of progress up in that Black Butte country, I now found myself riding through that unbelievably rough area below Black Butte, a distance of 3 miles of newly-built road, in only a few minutes.

I drove to where the lately immobilized road-building machinery was clustered at the end of the road, and then hiked on for another half mile, following the right-of-way. Turning south then I climbed up a steep, forested ridge for another half mile, around a high rocky peak, and there below me, between the two high ridges, I saw what I was looking for – little lily-speckled Hart Lake, in one of the most beautiful natural settings I know. So inaccessible that few know of its existence, I hadn't visited it for several years.

I spent about an hour at the lake, and then followed the steep rocky gorge that carries its overflow down to where it runs through a culvert under the new road. I came within a hundred yards of where my jeep was waiting. Thanks to the new road, that was the easiest trip I ever made in to Hart Lake.

Many such park-like beauty spots as Hart Lake and Young's Valley are so sparsely forested and so rocky and precipitous that logging operations are never likely to spoil them. It is to such places as these that the marvelous new Forest Service roads will allow us to drive, within easy hiking distance and make accessible many of the high beauty spots that would not otherwise be available to many who would like to get up once in a while to where the sky is a little bluer, the air a little purer, and where the scenery all around is a calendar picture come to life.



Hart Lake

(Courtesy photo for the Illinois Valley News)

## The Archive Zone:

by Hillary Mohr from the *Illinois Valley News* archives

This week brings us to the summer days of June 26, 2002. Summer was here, and of course, so was the weird. From coconuts, to indoor grow busts and nearly everything in between, that's right Valley, it's none other than this week's Archive Zone.

\*Selma incident leads deputies to pot project. During the investigation of a family disturbance at 177 Hogue Drive involving possession of marijuana, deputies from Josephine County Sheriff's Office learned of an indoor marijuana grow. William Frank Allen, 35, was contacted at 200 Hogue Drive in Selma, according to Josephine Interagency Narcotics Team (JOINT) by patrol deputies and JOINT officers. Allen consented to a search of his property, said JOINT, and admitted that he was growing marijuana and had been doing so for several years. As a result of the search, 38 growing marijuana plants, numerous pieces of growing equipment, documents, scales and dried marijuana were seized. Charges against Allen will be referred to the Josephine County District Attorney's

Office.

\*A Kerby resident was concerned that his wife left their residence, possibly on the way to another state, and took two 16-ounce beers, but no medicine or clothing.

\*There was a complaint from Selma that a wanted man was speeding on a road.

\*In Kerby a man said that his wife had returned home safely.

\*Someone was reported staggering in the middle of Caves Hwy. near Caves Avenue at 8:44 p.m.

\*A Selma resident complained of a suspicious incident in which a woman left a message on his answering machine to "just get the hell out of here."

\*A Selma resident said he had third-hand information that a murder contract was out on him.

\*When a Selma business owner found a coconut with nails in it and a phone cord hanging out, there was suspicion that it might be a pipe bomb, but it wasn't.