

# Dirty Hippies:

by Robert Hirning

Well, if truth be known that derogatory term was not too far off reality, when hundreds of "back to the land" immigrants arrived in Takilma after fleeing the suburbs, cities and universities in the late '60s and early '70s. Without much thought as to how keep clean, and some sort of cosmic suspension in the germ theory of disease, the stage was set for some big public health problems. Several factors, such as a lack of affordable health care, a hostile county government, and the nearest public bathing facility being the coin-op shower at Lake Selmac (or if you were really desperate, a laundry tub at the Brown Barn Laundromat) only added to the inevitable spread of contagious diseases.

As the summer of 1971 wore on, various hippy fairs and festivals sprang up around the Pacific Northwest, probably as a response to Woodstock in '69 and the highly successful "Vortex 1" State sponsored event held near Sandy, Oregon, the previous summer. At that time a fledgling Oregon Country Fair (called "Renaissance Faire") was held in early fall and drew large boisterous crowds much as it does today. That September, after several days of reverie at the fair, I returned from Eugene to Grants Pass on a freight train with a friend (who we will call "Regina," out of deference to HIPPA protocols) who was obviously sick with what appeared to my untrained eye, as infectious hepatitis. With the incubation period 15 to 50 days, it was probable that she had contracted the virus earlier in the summer at another festival up in Washington State.

Regina had been living at my place (along with many others) for many months and I quickly realized that we all had been exposed to this highly contagious disease.

Previous experience from working in Mexico, demonstrated the effectiveness of some stuff called Gamma Globulin, and for my body weight it would take about 15 cc s to achieve real protection. Within days of returning to Takilma I went to the Josephine County Health Department, a suite of rooms in the old hospital on Dimmick Street, expecting to receive the necessary injections. I explained that I had had intimate contact with a person who was infected, and needed to get the preventative medication. Furthermore, there were probably others who should come in too.

You'd think I had farted in church! Immediately, the on-duty nurse glowered and hissed out something like "We don't have anything like that for you," quickly turning on her heel and leaving me standing alone. Probably the nurse didn't realize it at the time but this denial set the stage for the colossal epidemic that was to unfold over the next 10 months.

Incidentally, other forms of Hepatitis, a serious liver disease, come in types B and C which can be extremely life threatening and are often the result of sharing needles or blood transfusions but this strain of "Hep A" is spread by what public health officials refer to as the "fecal-oral route." Hippies were particularly good at following this route by passing joints with dirty fingers and sharing food, with a shortage of utensils, at summer potlucks. These potluck events were usually characterized by lots of pot and lots of luck.

There was no question that we all had been exposed; the next step was to find a private physician who would administer the necessary cc s if there was any hope of not coming down with this nasty disease. At the

time there was only one physician in Cave Junction and he would treat hippies, but was really not too keen on it. He set the price for Gamma Globulin at \$15 per cc and none of us had that kind of money. Personally, I bought two cc s, as that was all I could scrape up, and hoped against hope that it would do some good.

Evidently, receiving less than 14 percent of the recommended dosage just didn't cut it and by Christmas I was sick as a dog and bed ridden. The jaundice, fatigue and liver pain hung on for the next three months and no one, especially the County Public Health Authorities, seemed to care or understand the gravity of the situation. When the warm weather of spring came on, so did the epidemic with literally hundreds of cases. By summer when the State Health Department got wind of what was happening, with over two hundred cases reported in Takilma alone, a team was sent down to investigate. It wasn't long before they discovered the prejudice on the part of Josephine County Health, which had plenty of Gamma Globulin stockpiled but refused to "waste it" on the hippies; as if the disease would wipe out the dirty hippies and leave the "good people" unscathed. Heads rolled at the County Health Dept. as the State took over and administered mass immunizations, although by this time in the late summer the peak of the epidemic may have already passed.

Meanwhile up in Portland, two guys volunteering at a free medical clinic called the "Outside Inn" learned about the evolving events down there in Southern Oregon. One was a young Doc who was about to do a residency in Psychiatry at OHSU and the other who had just come back from the war in Viet Nam where he had served as a medic with the

Green Berets. Evidently a public health official from Multnomah County, familiar with the events of the epidemic and local prejudice, and who also understood the youthful vigor and sympathy with "counter culture" ways that these two men expressed, suggested that they go down to Takilma and see what could be done.

Summer and fall of '72 had passed, along with the last cases of Hep A, when the young doc and PA set off down I-5 to visit some commune called the Magic Forest Farm and find out, firsthand, the medical needs of this rural hippy community. In the case of the ex-Green Beret, who had seen enough of war and wanted to find a place as far away from the guns and bombs as possible, southwest Oregon seemed a whole lot better than his home state of Indiana. They arrived on his birthday, Nov. 13 and stayed up at "The Farm."

After several days of intense discussions it was agreed that they would form the core of a socially responsible local medical facility which would be called "The Takilma Peoples Clinic." And so, Dr. Jim Shames and Michael Garnier went back to Portland, briefly, to conclude their affairs and returned to Takilma to begin work at The Clinic in February 1973. Today Dr. Shames is the medical director/Health Officer for Jackson County, a job he has held since 2002. The Takilma Peoples Clinic morphed into the Siskiyou Community Health Center in the early 1990s and continues to operate on a seven acre campus in Cave Junction. And Michael Garnier is the owner/operator of the world famous Out 'n' About Tree House Resort on Page Creek Road in Takilma.



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## Public Notice

SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON

FOR THE COUNTY OF JOSEPHINE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, ACTING THROUGH THE RURAL HOUSING SERVICE OR SUCCESSOR AGENCY, UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, PLAINTIFF, vs. THE UNKNOWN HEIRS AND DEVISEES OF LLOYD K. HIPP; UNKNOWN HEIRS AND DEVISEES OF MILDRED C. HIPP; et al., DEFENDANTS.

Case No.: 18CV17156

To: THE UNKNOWN HEIRS AND DEVISEES OF LLOYD K. HIPP; UNKNOWN HEIRS AND DEVISEES OF MILDRED C. HIPP; ALL OTHER PERSONS OR PARTIES UNKNOWN CLAIMING ANY RIGHT, TITLE, LIEN OR INTEREST IN THE PROPERTY DESCRIBED IN THE COMPLAINT HEREIN:

You are hereby required to appear and defend the Complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause within thirty (30) days from the date of first publication of this summons, and in case of your failure to do so, Plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

NOTICE TO DEFENDANT:

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You must "appear" in this case or the other side will win automatically. To "appear" you must file with the court a legal paper called a "motion" or "answer." The "motion" or "answer" (or "reply") must be given to the court clerk or administrator within 30 days of the date of first publication specified herein along with the required filing fee. It must be in proper form and have proof of service on the plaintiff's attorney or, if the plaintiff does not have an attorney, proof of service on the plaintiff. If you have questions, you should see an attorney immediately. If you need help in finding an attorney, you may call the Oregon State Bar's Lawyer Referral Service at (503) 684-3763 or toll-free in Oregon at (800) 452-7636.

The relief sought in the Complaint is the foreclosure of the property located at 3390 Caves Highway, Cave Junction, OR 97523. Date of First Publication: June 6, 2018.

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