

On the Oregon road to sunny California

Summer vacation is something of an anomaly when you live in a vacation town. You are working in the community when everyone else is coming here for fun. It is a real-life Bizarro world and if you follow the logic, when you are on vacation, you should go someplace where everybody else is working.

But that wouldn't be very much fun.

So that's why we took a vacation to other places where people go to vacation.

Traveling with a dog — Lucy the min-pin — (I'm not sure which one is more stressful or difficult, traveling with a dog or a child) adds another layer. One hotel we stayed at made us sign a \$300 wee-wee clause. When you're a dog owner you'll sign anything.

First stop was Eugene, where we ate braised lamb and pita sandwiches at Albee's NY Gyros and walked Lucy for hours before she emptied her bladder.

We lunched in Grants Pass, with its "caveman" motif (I still don't know what that's about) and main street banner reading "It's the Climate," hung in 1920, conceived and paid for by local road contractor John Hampshire.

We first visited Ashland in 1991 when it was a sleepy little village. It's changed — today it is a mini-metropolis filled with beautiful homes, streets, stores, scenery, along with high fire risk and heat. No, we didn't see a show. We worked to train Lucy to be a cafe dog, and she performed admirably, cozying under our feet as we sipped Americanos and read The Ashland Tidings.

In Oregon you learn that if you're going to travel I-5 to Cali, do it in the early morning or late afternoon when the heat moderates.

Oregonians warned us: "Vacationing to the state of California is known to cause cancer and birth defects or other reproductive harm." But hey, there is life after Tom McCall. While we thought we might wilt along I-5 through Weed, Redding and Chico for Highway 20 to Mendocino.

Mendocino is a Sunset Magazine destination known far and wide for its sturdy headlands, swirling ocean waters and Andrew Wyeth homes. A getaway from urban life? Not always. When we were last there it was 1991 and the tiny city was filled with film trucks as Hollywood types lensed the Julia Roberts film "Forever Young."

A quarter-century later, we didn't see any film trucks but every restaurant and cafe was packed, reservations mandatory. A cabin for rent in the center of town was the perfect place to bivouac, as Lucy enjoyed a private courtyard and we soaked in the hot tub.

Lucy was our goodwill ambassador wherever we went, though we kept a close hold on her leash as we strolled those daunting and dangerous cliffs with swirling waters hundreds of feet below, creating a dizzying Hitchcockian whirlpool missing only the Bernard Herrmann score.

Mendocino is a portrait of a vacation town, replete with an international clientele, including two visitors from our old stomping grounds of New York City. They seemed baffled we had no itinerary — theirs was a winery visit, a garden tour and every potter along the coast.

We had been warned about the long distances from California to Oregon along Highway 101, but it was something we had to experience. We spent a tiring but glorious

SEEN FROM SEASIDE
R.J. MARX



R.J. MARX/SEASIDE SIGNAL

Sculpture in Grants Pass celebrates Oregon tradition.

day trundling up the coast, bypassing Eureka, Crescent City and Trinidad as we headed north. Bandon, Coos Bay, Pacific City, Bay City — all went by faster than you can say "beach bill."

By end of day we pulled in to the Best Western and signed our promises to keep Lucy well behaved or else. Florence is a wonderful small city with boats and bars and a bay. We dined at the spectacular Bay Depot — we were advised to make reservations months ago, and we did — and returned back to the hotel to either watch the tail end of the Democratic convention or The Real Housewives of Melbourne, I'm not sure which.

My takeaway was a perspective on where we live — the South County, Seaside, Cannon Beach and Gearhart.

On my return, standing in a long line at the Pacific Way, I didn't think, "I wish this line would hurry up, grrr, c'mon." Instead I waited patiently. Another peculiar local experience I've come to enjoy: stopping the car in the middle of the road and chatting with pedestrians through the window. I think they call that "tarrying." My wife considered it the ultimate victory when I returned to Gearhart and accidentally left my cellphone at home.

I understand why some people would go on vacation when all the others come to town. And maybe it does make sense to go into the city when it's a hot weekend and everybody else is at the beach. You might be able to elbow some of those out-of-towners in Portland off the line at some of the city's trendier restaurants. You might be able to have a quiet night without firecrackers, surreys and surging crowds.

With volleyball here and Hood to Coast around the corner, we'll just blend in with a nod and a wink. We're getting our summer vacation right where we live, Fido by our side.

Bring back the moustaches of days gone by

I was truly sorry to learn of the death of Dr. Warren Lovell on July 15. I had heard this news from a family member two days before the obituary was printed. I had always hoped to meet Warren in person because he was so helpful to me in our telephone conversations about my husband Jim when he was so sick. Jim and Warren were cousins. Regrettably, the paper came out after my chance to at least say goodbye.

In taking my usual walk around the neighborhood, I decided to find out how many steps it entailed. It wasn't easy, using my hand and fingers to tick off the numbers. I got up to about 1,500 when someone on the route stopped to talk and I lost the place. Anyway, it was certainly not 10,000 — a popular goal. I imagine it's about 1,600. A pedometer would help, and whatever the distance, I need to keep at it.

With all the politicking we're being subjected to, I've been surprised at the many leaders who continue to speak about our government as a democracy. We don't have a democracy. It's called a Constitutional Republic! I should stop watching television. It irritates me so much. Sometimes, even and especially our animadvertive candidates.

For Valentine's Day or Mother's Day — I forgot which — a special friend brought me a white azalea. That's always been a favorite flower of mine because of the pretty old song "When the White Azaleas Start Blooming;" and that's the only line I know. My daughter, who owns the green thumb in our family, planted it for me and it was nicely thriving. Imagine my dismay when I looked out the window on Saturday and instead of a husky green plant, there remained a hole where someone or something had removed it. Do raccoons like azaleas? That is the second one I've lost. There was another given to me as a memento of my sister Alta Mae's funeral and it died, too. I considered the new one a replacement. It's most distressing. Whether one is five years old or 95, as the case may be, life's small pleasures are very important.

I think the "bald is beautiful" line came from chemotherapy, but I am getting tired of deliberate Daddy Warbucks heads among so many men. Hair is fair, so there. I like well-trimmed hair and do not like grungy beards. How about a neatly trimmed moustache à la Clark Gable or Ronald Coleman? OK, so I may be an anachronism.

Holladay Drive is really lookin' good. It shouldn't be long now. I would have liked to see some dates in the cement but everything can't be perfect. When the barriers are gone, life will be so beautiful! Thanks, guys.

Laugh Line

An irritated wife said to her indolent husband, "If it weren't for my money, that Rolex on your wrist wouldn't be here." She further added, "If it weren't for my money, this comfortable, expensive chair you're sitting in wouldn't be here." And then the coup de grace, "If it weren't for my money, that Mercedes in the driveway wouldn't be here."

"Madame," he told her, "if it weren't for your money, I wouldn't be here!" (Courtesy of John Hagee.)

SCENE & HEARD
CLAIRE LOVELL



OBITUARIES

Nancy Lee DeVey

Oct. 13, 1937 — July 18, 2016

Nancy Lee DeVey was delivered to the angels in the same manner in which she was born: surrounded by love. Nancy was born Oct. 13, 1937, to William and Mabel Brooks in Allegan, Michigan. She grew up in Michigan, and attended Otsego High School, where she enjoyed acting and excelled in theater.

After graduation, Nancy became a licensed cosmetologist. She and her first husband, Dick Walter, owned and operated The Hair Loft, a popular beauty salon in Plainwell, Michigan. When her marriage ended she moved to Cannon Beach, Oregon, to start a new life with her two young sons, Brent and Darin. As a single mother, Nancy worked hard and also earned her associate's degree. While working at the Cannon Beach Conference Center, she met William DeVey, and they were married in 1978.

Nancy was a gifted artist who always strove to improve her skills. She enjoyed learning from others, and shared what she knew about art and painting freely, earning her many friends in the art world. She especially loved the art classes taught by Barbara Evers. She eventually opened Color by You, a paint-your-own-pottery and coffee shop in Cannon Beach.



Nancy Lee DeVey

As seen in her art, Nancy saw beauty in everything, and did her best to be beautiful inside, as well as out. She was a very kind, patient, caring, generous and selfless person. Nancy loved peace and tranquility, allowing others around her to talk for hours and not say a thing. She was also very loyal to everyone; others knew that she would keep their confidence, and that she would not engage in gossip. She disliked manipulation and condescending behavior from others.

She loved the Oregon rain as much as a beautiful sunny day, and loved her coastal walks on the beach when there was fog. Nancy loved animals of all kinds, but her favorite sound was hearing the birds singing while she was out walking. As

much as she cared for nature, Nancy cared for those around her as well; she contributed and volunteered with many several organizations, and often helped to care for the less-fortunate. As she had a strong faith in Jesus Christ, she would often turn to passages in her Bible — or as she named it, her "Jesus Calling" book — when she was seeking perspective.

Nancy courageously battled stage IV cancer since October 2013, but on the night of July 18, 2016, Jesus came with angels and took Nancy's pain and suffering away. Her faith made her new again, and took her to a place where pain and sickness don't exist. Her son, Darin, was with her, holding and kissing her hand when she passed from this realm.

All who knew Nancy will deeply miss her kind, loving and peaceful nature. She is survived by her husband, Bill DeVey; and two sons, Brent Walter and Darin Walter, and his partner Michael Morse. She is also survived by stepdaughter Annette King, and her daughter Anika. Nancy was preceded in death by her parents, as well as her sister Carlene Arndt. In addition to her family, Nancy leaves behind many, many friends, much beautiful art, and memories of a warm smile and open heart.

John C. 'Jack' Reierson

Sept. 18, 1935 — Aug. 13, 2016

John C. "Jack" Reierson died peacefully in his home on Aug. 13, 2016, in Warrenton, Oregon, at the age of 80.

A longtime resident of the Nehalem Valley, Jack was born on Sept. 18, 1935, in Portland, Oregon, to his parents, Fay (Raymond) and Lawrence Reierson of Elsie. He grew up on the family's homestead on Humbug Creek near Camp 18, graduating from Jewell High School in 1954.

In 1956, he married Helena Hanthorn. The Reiersons settled in the Jewell area, raising four children. Jack was a timber faller for more than 40 years, working for several logging operations and owning his business, Reierson Contract Cutting Inc.

Jack enjoyed the outdoors, and was an avid hunter and fisherman. He also enjoyed sports, coaching Babe Ruth League, cheering for his grandchildren at their various sporting events, and attending many baseball games. Jack was a voracious reader and family historian. Over the years, Jack traveled to many places, including Mexico, New Zealand, and Norway.

He and Helena enjoyed many road trips, visiting national parks and extended family. They also attended



John Reierson

and hosted family reunions, including the annual Reierson Camp-Outs located throughout Oregon. Jack and Helena celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 2006.

Jack is survived by his son and daughter-in-law, Lenny and Vickie Reierson of Medford, Oregon; his daughters and sons-in-law, Teri and Lee Banta of Astoria, Oregon, and Tami and Don Doyle of Clatskanie, Oregon; his brother, Lawrence Reierson of Monterey, California; 10 grandchildren, Erin, Sean, Jodi and Casey Doyle, Jake,

Josh, Cole and Chance Banta, and Bobbi and Sarah Reierson; and one great-granddaughter, McKinsey McDonald. He is preceded in death by his wife, Helena; his son,



John; and his sisters, Lena Metzler, Nellie Ober, Millie Storie and Ruby Kliever.

A rosary service will be held on Aug. 20, 2016, at Our Lady of Victory Catholic Church in Seaside, Oregon, at 10 a.m., with a funeral service at 10:30 a.m. A graveside burial will be held at 1 p.m., following the funeral, at the Elsie Cemetery. A reception will then be held after the graveyard service at Camp 18, around 2 p.m. The public is welcome.

In lieu of flowers, please make donations to Jewell School Scholarships.

Hughes-Ransom Mortuary & Crematory in Seaside is in charge of the arrangements. Visit www.hughes-ransom.com to share memories and sign the guest book.

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