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THE SIUSLAW PILOT

VOL. I.

FLORENCE, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1913

NUMBER 8

SIUSLAW COMMERCIAL CLUB IS ORGANIZED

Last Friday evening there gathered in the dining room of the Bay-View Hotel a bunch of boosters, real live ones.

This was the outcome of a quiet move to form a commercial club that would organized upon a permanent basis.

The tables in the room had been arranged in a V shape and a lunch of ham sandwiches, salads, coffee, punch and fruits was spread.

At 9 o'clock Toastmaster R. S. Huston, who was chosen to preside during the evening called upon those present for short speeches, and booster talks were in evidence for one hour. At 10 o'clock the business meeting was called to order and the chairman appointed E. S. Dyer, secretary of the evening. Twenty six names were signed as members including all present, after a motion that the membership fee be \$10.00 and monthly dues be \$1.00, was made and unanimously carried.

Officers were then chosen as follows: President, Geo. T. Schroeder; secretary, C. H. Young; treasurer, E. F. Surface.

A motion was made and carried that a permanent organization

committee of five, two which should be the president and secretary be appointed.

Soon after eleven o'clock those who had gathered to help in giving to the Siuslaw another Commercial Club left with a feeling of having made a long stride in doing so.

Monday evening the committee on permanent organization consisting of, Pres. Geo. T. Schroeder Secretary, C. H. Young; E. S. Dyer, W. H. O'Kelley, and R. S. Huston met and have outlined by-laws to present at a meeting of the club next Friday night.

Some of the plans are to secure good quarters, with reception, reading and writing rooms furnished to make them comfortable and attractive.

A greater effort than ever will be made in the matter of publicity. A ladies' auxiliary is a contemplated possibility.

Encouragement is being shown and a membership of nearly fifty is expected.

This organization is starting out in a strong financial condition and will increase its membership rapidly, a membership of nearly forty being promised right away, which will soon increase to fifty or more.

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Capt. Hurd. He had his troubles—his trials—along with the rest of us. But he just kept "comin'" jest carried, a twinkling right around "thim" in his eye, and wore a smile at hasn't come off yet. Say, you newspaper cab you, don't ye know that's a dern good test for any of us fellers! Le'm see! Capt. Hurd has been navigating these waters for some twenty-six years. He's hit "er up and down that old river a good many times. I can remember when he used to make two trips a day, and then sometimes one in the night. Counting one trip a day it would make something like 9,490 trips. Guess you could safely call it 35 miles for the round trip. That would be about 332,150 miles. I guess that's going some, eh?

Other than the little steamer Mink, the only mode of transportation was the row boat. Everybody came and went on the river and commerce was governed by the coming in and the going out of the tide. The North Fork was then practically unexplored and homesteads could be picked up anywhere. Now you couldn't find a homestead in an hundred years and you couldn't buy a piece of land that was a homestead for a pocket filled with twenty-dollar gold pieces. You could have bought the best ranch on the Siuslaw river for four or five thousand dollars then. To-day you couldn't buy it for thirty. Win. Kyle and O. W. Hurd were the merchants of Florence at that time, each owning a store. Mr. Cameron had a butcher shop, and Mrs. Morris kept a hotel as did Mrs. Safely. Mr. Kyle also had a cannery. Look at Florence now. I went attempt to enumerate the different enterprises, for I would have to take a day off and look 'em up, but the towns full of 'em, and there is a rush and a bustle that indicates to me that the live ones are not all dead yet. As I look across the river I gaze full in the face of another town, born of the later days, Glenada, an incorporated town, filling up with good business houses and residences. Why, twenty-five years ago, you would not have to go beyond the present limit of Glenada to kill bear and deer.

Yes, I have "seen things" on this good old river. I helped make and was the first to see the first completed copy of the first holiday edition of a paper published here—the Florence West—then under the guiding hand of Col. B. E. Alley. Today there are two papers published on the Siuslaw river. Your paper, the Siuslaw Pilot, a copy of the first print I have just looked over, looks good to me, and among other things for which I hope, is that the Pilot may grow into power and influence, as a defender and supporter of the people and the common interests of the Siuslaw country. If you do this you will do your duty. If you do not, you are a dead one.

Today Seaton is a farm. The

Bean ranch is now Mapleton, a gracker-jack, bustling little town and growing every minute or two. It is headquarters for supplies for Porter Bros, who are rushing men and material and equipment to the front, with the view of completing the road from Eugene to that point by November next. I saw the first gas boat that was brought to this river. I have seen your waters crowded with steam and sailing craft. I have seen your town when our only street light was our individual lanterns, and a few months since, I stood on the street and saw the first flash from your new electric light system. I was here before the saw mill was built in the outskirts of your city, then again when it was built and running. Then I saw it go dead. Today I again saw it, a thing of life and animation, humming the sweet tune of industry.

I saw old Joe Stile's face go ghastly, as he dropped his oars, when Capt. Hurd told him that Mrs. Kenniston was drowned, at Point Terrace. I saw Tug Wilson and Minnie Luckey, as they came in over the Siuslaw road with other friends, for an outing, only to find a tragic death in the dark depth of the waters that tell their story to the sea.

Yes, in the coming and the going of the years—in the ebbing and the flowing of the life-tides, there are many changes in the old Siuslaw country. As a young man, my heart went out to this mighty Western river and its people. There was a something in the air—an environment—drawing me always a little closer to this river of wealth, dushing its sparkling waters into the turbulent western sea.

And so away, I always feel at home here, and a restfulness comes over me as I cruise up the lower waters from Barret's landing, and, as I lay long side you wharf, get a hand-clasp and a grin from some one of the days ago.

Through the mists and the clouds, the sunshines and the rain, of those few years that are now history, in the tragedies and comedies of the play of a quarter of a century, I see that picturesque old form and face of Hank Barret, who buffeted the bits of the wind and the snarls of the sea for so many years on the beach drive. I see old Bill Neely at Seaton. I see Capt. Hurd on the "bridge" of the Mink. Uncle Joe Stiles, in his boat, his eye focused on the spot where he has just laid a fly for the lure of a salmon trout. I pass down the glittering stream in the face of a golden sunset. I hear the hum of the old mill at Acme. I grasp the hand of Dr. Saupert, and gladden my heart with his smile. I wave a good-natured salute at O. W. Hurd as I dock at Florence, then hike around shake hands and receive a pleasant smile from Win. Kyle. I hear old man Carmen say: "Well sonny, want a go afishin'?" I recall old Jerod Scott, of North Fork fame, who always gave me

CARNIVAL BENEFIT PROVES BIG SUCCESS

Full houses greeted both performances last Saturday night at the Rita, when the Carnival Benefit Entertainment was given. The program was made up of local talent and was highly appreciated.

The band played several selections, on the street and in the lobby at the beginning of the evening.

The first number on the program was moving pictures, followed by a vocal duet "O'er The Sands" by Mrs. Knowles and Mrs. Huston, who were warmly applauded. Mrs. Gardner then sang an illustrated song entitled "When the Roses are blooming in the Lane" in her usual delightful manner.

Mrs. McKee showed much skill in her violin selection from Cavatina, and most graciously responded to an encore. This is Mrs. McKee's first public appearance in Florence, and her hearers were so pleased that many expressed their desire to hear her often in the future.

Henry Bergman who is the financial committee, for the Carnival devoted a great amount of work and time to this production and is busy arranging for other features that will bring in funds. He announces a dance, a basket ball game and another show in the near future.

Albert Christensen informs us that on, or about, the first of next week he expects to have gasoline launches running on all three lakes, Clear, Taltepos, and Five Mile, and will be ready to serve the public at all times. This will be a novel and delightful trip for people who have never been over this route, and you will find Mr. Christensen a genial and obliging gentleman and we predict that he will do a good business.

Captain Martin Noffinger of the U. S. Mail Boat believes in taking a bath once a year whether he needs it or not. Last Saturday while enjoying some shingles at Glenada what protruded farther over the side of the boat than he thought, with the result that he took a plunge. Oh well! he says it don't make any difference to me; I'm as much at home in the water as on the land anyhow. Tom Miller seems to like the river water so well "having in like manner taken a plunge a few days ago at Acme". That the Captain says that Miller can't have a monopoly of the Siuslaw, as long as he stays here, on the grounds that he is an older settler and therefore has a prior right. You and Miller go to it, Captain, you have our permission, we don't care to figure in the contest this time of year.

Mrs. Knowles' song "The Shoozy Shoo" proved an attractive feature.

The hit of the evening was the stunt by Shakeford and Johnson, in their dialogue and clog dance. They were called back until they were tired out and Skin could only shake his Irish mop and gria. Their makeup and act were above the amateur performance.

The program closed with another set of moving pictures. The committee in charge were very much encouraged by receipts of the evening since there was practically no expense, the building the services of the band and the individual members, the printing etc, having been contributed free.

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REVIEW OF BY-GONE DAYS

Twenty-Five Years Bring Many Changes—Jack Howard Gets Busy "Seenin' Things"

C. J. Howard, more familiarly known as "Jack", formerly well known in the Willamette valley as a newspaper man, now traveling for J. A. Folger & Co., San Francisco, blew in and said "How" to ye reporter the other day. The reporter greeted the pedler of Golden Gate goods with: "Well, old man, how do you see things?"

Now Jack isn't over 96, and there was a time when he would be flattered if you referred to him as "old man". But to be honest he isn't the young thing he used to be, and it is suspicious that he is just a "leetle teehy" as to just how you refer to his bent form and the grey locks that mantle his magnificently thick skull; but just the same the remark touched the old "rink" off into a rambling harangue on the things that are and the things that were, on the Siuslaw river. Your reporter is not very short in long and, and he may have swapped a word or two, but in substance this is what the old scout said:

"Yes, while I hate to acknowledge that the silver threads are coming, I must admit, in the spirit of reminiscence, in the review of the things that were and the things that are, I am a sort of a latter day pioneer of the Siuslaw river. Noy I know your old timers, who buffeted with the trials of early day adventure, will smile at the egotistic remark that I am a pioneer on this river; and so I am going to qualify my remark right here and say that I am only a pioneer for a minute in the great span of time. And, which of you are not? It's just a minute anyway, from the cradle to the ash pan! I am just referring to a quarter of a century—that's all! It was in the fall of 1888 that I first meandered into this country. That was the beginning of the first real activity here. Those were the days when John and Joe

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Looking over the heads of six horses. The boys had just brushed out the road over the mountain, and to make it "real good" they had plowed a furrow or two on some of the more stalling places. This precaution, together with Joe's prowess as a California stage driver, made it quite possible to keep the stage from skidding around and knocking the brains out of the leaders. As I remember it now, the boys did cut out a few of the largest logs, but the rest, anything from six inches to a foot and a half, was easy going for them. The Lake Creek road as I recall it, was not completed at that time. There was only the roughest of trails up on road up North Fork. Few people, outside of the earliest settlers had visited Mercer Lake, north of Florence, and Clear Lake south. The pretty little town of Glenada was not on the map at that time. Barring Hank Barret's stage teams, on the beach from the Siuslaw to the Umpqua, I think there was only one old team and wagon in Florence.

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Tide Tables

Corrected to read for the Siuslaw bar—One hour later for Florence

HIGH TIDES				LOW TIDES			
Day	Time	Height	Day	Time	Height	Day	Time
Mon. May 12	11:00	6.7	Mon. May 12	11:52	0.1	Mon. May 12	11:52
Tue. May 13	10:50	6.9	Tue. May 13	11:42	0.2	Tue. May 13	11:42
Wed. May 14	10:40	7.1	Wed. May 14	11:32	0.3	Wed. May 14	11:32
Thu. May 15	10:30	7.3	Thu. May 15	11:22	0.4	Thu. May 15	11:22
Fri. May 16	10:20	7.5	Fri. May 16	11:12	0.5	Fri. May 16	11:12
Sat. May 17	10:10	7.7	Sat. May 17	11:02	0.6	Sat. May 17	11:02
Sun. May 18	10:00	7.9	Sun. May 18	10:52	0.7	Sun. May 18	10:52
Mon. May 19	9:50	8.1	Mon. May 19	10:42	0.8	Mon. May 19	10:42
Tue. May 20	9:40	8.3	Tue. May 20	10:32	0.9	Tue. May 20	10:32
Wed. May 21	9:30	8.5	Wed. May 21	10:22	1.0	Wed. May 21	10:22
Thu. May 22	9:20	8.7	Thu. May 22	10:12	1.1	Thu. May 22	10:12
Fri. May 23	9:10	8.9	Fri. May 23	10:02	1.2	Fri. May 23	10:02
Sat. May 24	9:00	9.1	Sat. May 24	9:52	1.3	Sat. May 24	9:52
Sun. May 25	8:50	9.3	Sun. May 25	9:42	1.4	Sun. May 25	9:42
Mon. May 26	8:40	9.5	Mon. May 26	9:32	1.5	Mon. May 26	9:32
Tue. May 27	8:30	9.7	Tue. May 27	9:22	1.6	Tue. May 27	9:22
Wed. May 28	8:20	9.9	Wed. May 28	9:12	1.7	Wed. May 28	9:12
Thu. May 29	8:10	10.1	Thu. May 29	9:02	1.8	Thu. May 29	9:02
Fri. May 30	8:00	10.3	Fri. May 30	8:52	1.9	Fri. May 30	8:52
Sat. May 31	7:50	10.5	Sat. May 31	8:42	2.0	Sat. May 31	8:42