

Offers Much-36 Years Ago

Continued from Page Six

coin for the high and gives that for which all bow; he's partner with the world all his gold. It will be a long time before Curry County will even be prospected; slow because heavy timber and brush, our coast localities. We dense undergrowth, so that one might pass a few feet of an outcrop see it. Then again, much ore is sulphide; therefore, oxidizes, and one not acid might walk right over not even see or notice the wrought by the mixing minerals in the dirt. Then, our ores are different in place, when compared with ever saw in other districts. I wish to show you Curry as I see it looking down the dim vista of the future should want to be able to picture something like to do it I should have able to erect a mighty edifice whose eastern base be washed by the turbid waters of the Atlantic, while the waters of the Pacific and on the north by the eternal snow, and on the south by the stream.

building it onward and erecting its massive columns of the precious jasper found here, and when completed, it with the Star Spangled flag, then draw the map of Curry and Coos counties on its walls, inserting the precious stones to and there, the agate, chalcedony and sardonyx; then cap sections of our coal, and alongside of this place a map of our finest timber; open wide one of our mountain filled with rich ore.

I should wish for the to increase the vision of the people of the earth that they all see. Then I would say, behold the fuel that all nations can use; the iron to build the world with railroads; copper for the wire; the platinum for the incandescent lights, gold and silver for our exchange; the finest timber in the world for our temples, and all these things intermingled with fresh water and air to be everywhere. Now in this do we see the beauty and grandeur of the sublime, yes, all that nature can give to make the most beautiful picture the world has ever produced, the beautiful, the grand, the health, wealth, and all to

make it perfect?

Now, I might ask the question. What would happen to our country should our mines all stop? The smoke would disappear from the chimneys of our factories, the fire would die out in our furnaces, railroads cease to operate, the wheels of commerce would stand still, the merchant would close his store, the lawyer would shut up his office, the doctor would close up his office, and your cities would become waste places and barren deserts. Then, kind auditors, may I ask in God's name how can the people of Portland appear so indifferent as to the mining interests when so much depends upon our mines, and Oregon as rich as she is in all kinds of minerals? I cannot answer, but will predict that in the near future Portland will awaken to her interests, and we begin to cry a greater Portland, situated as she is in a land that is to become the great center of civilization, as well as the money center of the entire world!

I once had a man ask me: "Are you sure that you are not a dreamer?" I replied, "I wish that I were," for dreamers are the architects of greatness. True, all their visions lie within their soul, such men never see the mirages of facts. Why? Because they peer beyond the vales and mists of

doubt and pierce the walls of unborn time. Don't you wish that someone would call you a dreamer? I believe you do. Even though Herbert Caughman, I believe it was once said, "The world has accoladed them with jeers and sneers and jibes, for the world is full of little men, who take but never give, who share but never spare; who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer, and for this reason the paths of progress have been marked, with blood dropped from broken hearts." But the builders of empires have been dreamers who fought for bigger things than crowns and higher seats than thrones.

Great or small, the right to rule or the will to love were not the fires which wrought their resolution into steel. Grief may streak their hair with silver, but it never greys their hopes; for they are the argonauts, the Lochinvars who seek the priceless fleece—the truth. Through all ages they have heard the voices of destiny calling to them from the unknown and abysmal vasts. It is they who have dared uncharted seas, because they are makers of the charts. It is they whose brains have wrought all human miracles. With beautifully carved stones they have builded spires that stab the old world's skies and with their golden cross-

es pierce the clouds which hide the sun. The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the turning screw are but shuttles in the loom of time, on which they weave their magic tapestries, by the realization of which your city is being made great, and yet more wondrous, as the flash it may be in the night.

Leaping leagues of bilowy seas, crying from shore to shore for help, which but for man's dreams would never have been. Their tunnels plow the river beds and chain the islands to the motherland; their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highways of the eagle to the human paths. A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out from a throat of brass, whose music, caught sweet and whole, lasts beyond the maker of the song, and all because a dreamer's dream was realized.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which man had to build? Your house and home is set upon the land a dreamer found. Suppose Columbus had not been a dreamer. The pictures on your walls are visions of a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin. They are the chosen few who blaze the way, who never wear doubt's bandage on their eyes; who starve and chill and

hurt, but hold to courage and all the hope of success, because they know there is always proof of truth for they who try, and the only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his goal, that if his heart be strong, and if he dreams his dreams and dreams them hard enough he shall attain, no matter where men fail before.

Walls may crumble and empires fall; the tidal wave which sweeps from the sea may tear a fortress from its rocks; a rotting nation drops from off time's bough, and only the dreamer's dream lives on. These are the eternal conquerors; their vassals are the years. Then why should we not dream?

I have my dreams, and have more to base them on than many of those who have succeeded before. Then why should I not dream, when in my county, Curry, lies the greatest wealth of this great state of Oregon? I dream of gold, silver, copper, iron, cobalt, tin, wolfronite, platinum, iridium, and why should I not, for they are there, combined with the great wealth of timber, a perfect climate and pure water, and, knowing this, and that the same force that will drive a steamboat will drive a railroad train, I can see that my dreams will soon be realized.



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