

# Wilderness Wonderland Visible Along Upper Umpqua River

## Umpqua River Rushes Through Splendid Mountain Scenery

### Varied Scenes Found on Trip

#### Tourist Trail Blazers in Southern Oregon Find Much to Admire

The Statesman is co-operating with the Oregon State Motor association and The Oregonian in presenting a series of travelogues under the title "Motor Cruises of 1936." It is hoped thereby to stimulate travel in the Pacific northwest. Guests on the trip described below were Harris Ellsworth, Roseburg newspaper editor, and C. L. Clark, assistant forest supervisor.

By JOHN PIPER  
Up very betimes all chirpy over the prospect of a dash into the unknown to bring back adjectives alive from the wilds near Roseburg where the Umpqua river charges down from Cascades' lofty crags. It is an exploration to be done by motor through the assistance of the Oregon State Motor association and there is no time to plan or calculate.

All that the leader and his aide know is this: East of the Douglas county seat is country which the residents have been craving about for long. They boast a mountain torrent miles long which has beaten down the barriers and laid a natural approach for man to meet nature and commune with her.

W. C. Harding, manager of Roseburg's Chamber of Commerce is to have the details planned and executed, every one. Southward then. O' cylinders!

**Straight Roads Speedy**  
Two hours and a half to Eugene without half trying, for Oregon's main routes have had what kinkly heads call a "permanent straight." Even advertisements are giving up attention at a mile-a-minute and only a few like Dr. Pierce or an evangelical society warning sinners—probably road hogs and reckless drivers—are still on the boards.

Eugene to Roseburg in another hour and a half with good luck, and time out at the now celebrated point along the way, Yoncalla, made famous as the native habitat of H. L. Davis, Pulitzer prize novelist. Curiously prompted an inquiry there if H. L.'s fame had percolated to his home. Evidently he is a prophet without honor, for even the town marshal hadn't heard of him nor of his story, for which he used these parts as the setting. "Honey in the Horn."

Rendezvous is at the Umpqua hotel, where Mr. Harding is asked for and appears. The proprietor of the hostelry, no kin of the c. o. c. s. W. C., who is summoned to say all in readiness and the local representative for the trip is to be the assistant forest supervisor, C. L. Clark.

Harding then enlightens with sincerity about the country that a grand experience is in store and spills some dope on how we happened to be headed for a place relatively unheard of. The hinterland toward the mountains, he revealed, is one of the few areas in the state where the recreational advantages have not been made available. Only now it is opening up. Its strong points: Nearness combined with ruggedness and scenery on a western scale, fishing that is better, forests unsold and companionable.

**Ellsworth Joins Group**  
While he thus enthuses who should happen along other than Harris Ellsworth, publisher of the Roseburg News-Review and president of the chamber of commerce. Asked to join the party, he needed little coaxing, for the country had worked him well even on a busy man. Besides, his dander was up, for the river had defeated his efforts to fish it the day before.

The river lies north a few miles from Roseburg, which is the pride and favorite subject. It tumbles down from on high, one of the fastest streams in the state, the envy of its sisters, the McKenzie and the Rogue, according to Ellsworth, for its better fishing and greater hazards. It is never still like those above. Steamboats were once common. Over ledge it bounds, foaming and riffling constantly, crashing through gorges and cutting many a cape to make the sportsman wary.

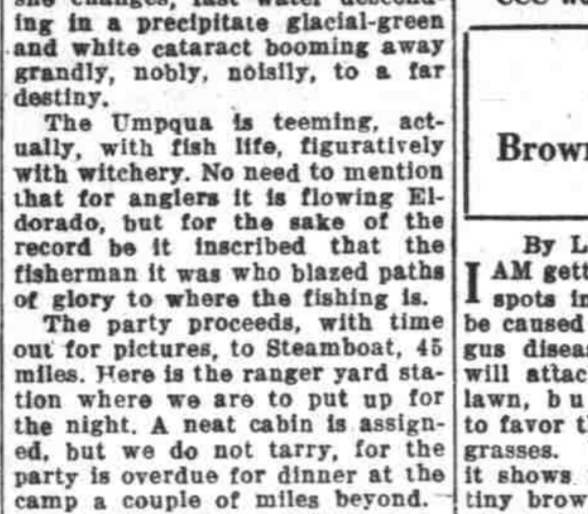
The touring party finds that the up-river trip will extend miles to slightly above Steamboat where CCC camp F-32 situated, devoting its activities to road building. The old mountain road through the forest has been vastly improved by the CCC boys, making it about a two-hour journey from the Pacific highway along Umpqua's north fork at the way.

The junket begins, the road paved to Dixonville, swings north to Glade, with the district ranger station situated outside the forest boundary. Just before reaching this point introduction to the Umpqua is made, and spectators are it is indeed. Here it receives the tributary waters of Little river and it's a fact, Mr. Ripley, these are two formidable streams meeting in head-on collision, the Umpqua from the north, Little river from the south sluicing through solid rock to get at its big sister. The argument is compromised on agreement on a seaward course to the west.

**Grand Scenery Unfolds**  
Slithering along beside the river at its level, the road eases gently into the woods and the trees take command, constantly permitting views of friendly water. Then suddenly, as if changing its mind, the road seeks higher ground upward to improve the scene. The slight unfurls in the grand manner, hills of the lower ranges, hues darkened by shadows, are coated with conifers bristling like hairs standing on end. And way below, behold, the river!

She lies in the trough of the hills a green dragon frothing, then lengthens out in the occasional straight stretches a ribbon, white, luminous in the light of the rare air. As the velvet, soft to the sight, irresistible hour invitation into her bed the venture seems strange. Protean current,

North Fork of the Umpqua, 50 miles from Pacific highway, where CCC workers are blasting a forest road through the Cascade divide.



she changes, fast water descending in a precipitate glacial-green and white cataract booming away grandly, nobly, noisily, to a far destiny.

The Umpqua is teeming, actually, with fish life, figuratively with witchery. No need to mention that for anglers it is flowing Eldorado, but for the sake of the record be it inscribed that the fisherman it was who blazed paths of glory to where the fishing is.

Arrive late to Eat time out for pictures, to Steamboat, 45 miles. Here is the ranger yard station where we are to put up for the night. A neat cabin is assigned, but we do not tarry, for the party is overdue for dinner at the camp a couple of miles beyond.

We soon arrive, but few are dishes from the mess hall assail our ears and we nose about to find we are late, but expected and welcome. The mess sergeant orders the fire stirred and talk ceases during business of operation on savory ham, eggs, mushrooms.

We tarry long enough to chat with the forestry men. Clyde Catchings and Frank Hills, in charge of the CCC road crews. Then to bed early, as there is much to be seen and done in the morning. At the ranger cabin, remarkably equipped, beds are assigned, each with a blanket rolled professionally.

Ellsworth sets the clock for dawn to be at his fishing when the trout tangle. The others lie later, until 6, when the mountains are quick with day and tumbling out doesn't cause too great pain. Breakfast at 6:45 with the CCC contingent and what food—oatmeal porridge and cream from an individual pint bottle. A fruit mixture to be seen and done in the morning. At the ranger cabin, remarkably equipped, beds are assigned, each with a blanket rolled professionally.

The return trip is made the same way, lacking the loop which is on the forest road program striking north to tie up with the Bohemia country. Citgate Grove will be the awaiting terminus. Back-tracking is no hardship, and it is with some regret that the motor scouts felt this lovely land dropping away behind.

### Adelia Zollner Elected To Parkersville School; Harrison New Director

PARKERSVILLE, June 20—At a recent school meeting Miss Zollner was elected to the position of principal of the Parkersville school. Harrison was elected as the new director.

At the annual school meeting Richard Harrison was elected as director to serve three years. Felix Steinkamp was elected as clerk to serve one year. About 35 votes were cast.

### Perkins Rent Cameron Residence, Silverton

SILVERTON, June 20—Lieutenant and Mrs. Stanley Perkins have rented a part of the Gertrude Cameron residence at 625 East Oak street. Mrs. Cameron will give up her studio for the summer. Mrs. A. H. Smith, proprietor of the store, is holding a sale and plans to go out of business. Poor health, she gives, as the reason for retiring from business life.

### Milliken Transferred

SILVERTON, June 20—T. A. Moore of Portland will take F. W. Milliken's place with the Shell Oil company here. Mr. Milliken has been transferred to Oregon City after having been with the company here nine years. Before joining the oil company, Mr. Milliken operated a grocery store in the Masonic building at Silverton.

## How is Your Garden? Brown Spots Showing on Lawns Need Immediate Mercury Compound Treatments

By LILLIE L. MADSEN  
I AM getting complaints of brown spots in the lawn. These may also be taken at this time of the year. Cutting should be done right below a leaf node at a 45 degree angle. They should be set about four inches in sand, and the sand must be kept moist. Place a glass jar over each, allowing for circulation during the day. Never allow them to dry out.

**Daphne Cuttings**  
Some weeks ago a Waldo Hills gardener called me to ask when and how daphne cuttings should be made and asked that I let her know through this column. The above method is a good and successful for daphnes and from now until early in September should be the correct time.

When the shrub cuttings have begun to root—most of them will do so in a month or six weeks—the foliage turned brown. The pots, mixing loam, leaf-mould and river sand in equal parts. I have planted mine out directly from the rooting box, but I have found the mortality rate to be lower if the cuttings are kept in the rooting box until they are well rooted.

All of this extra rain has required extra spraying. It is almost necessary to sit on the porch with spray gun in hand, and dash out between showers to give applications of mildew, blackspot and insects are to be controlled. Don't nip off withered rose buds or flowers and throw upon the ground. Cut them off and burn them. The other is a bad habit we all have, of kept shed and insect eggs are undoubtedly carried on in the garden by this careless habit.

**Don't Cut Lily Stalks**  
Do not cut the entire stalk of your lilies if you use them for cut flowers. They will die if you do. Leave at least one third of it in the care of the bulbs.

Do not forget to cut the faded blooms from your peony plants at this time. Some growers suggest a feeding of complete plant food for the peonies during the summer. June is a good month in which to set out more Azalea, rhododendrons and kalmias. This gives them an opportunity to get established before autumn. I also like to set out Laurustinus at this time. If you purchase these plants, be sure they are well rooted and do not permit them to dry out the laurustinus will bloom this winter very likely.

Gardeners are also writing in complaining of disease in their asters. One Salem woman tells that she has grown asters successfully in the same spot for years and that last year they did not do so well and this year when they seem to be doing even worse.

**Asters Need New Bed**  
She herself give the reason for her failure. Asters should really be grown in a different bed each year. If the plants are not too far gone, try giving them the same treatment used for brown patch on the lawn.

"Should I fertilize my flowering shrubs now?" asks a Woodburn gardener. Those shrubs which are through blooming may be fertilized now. Give a well-balanced plant food, but do not put any lime near the rhododendrons or azaleas.

Someone who had visited Goin's farm near Jefferson wants to know what a plumcot is and where it came from. A plumcot is a Burbank origin of a cross between a plum and an apricot. It is really very good and about the size of an apricot although it resembles a plum more closely. The plumcots will grow here although sometimes the late spring frost will injure the blossoms. But this is also true of peaches and we consider the crops we get worth the infrequent frosts.

## Los Angeles People Visit Scotts Mills

SCOTT'S MILLS, June 20.—Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hogg had as their guests Friday Mrs. Hogg's uncle, Jim Maplethorpe and his granddaughter, Cleone McNulty of Los Angeles, California, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn Maplethorpe and son, Junior of Fort Hill, California, and Mrs. Ross Hill of Salem.

An entertainment and ice-cream social was given Saturday evening at the Mountaineer's club hall in the Beaver Lake district.

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

### KAGAWA, PRO AND CON

To the Editor: At the time this letter is written a terrific thunder storm of controversy is raging in Portland, around the religious teachings of one, Mr. Kagawa. True to the traditional type of all religious controversies, the situation has developed into a campaign of personalities, and the air one breathes at worship services is just about as wholesome as the carbon-monoxide fumes that issue from the exhaust pipe of an old gas engine.

"Communism," "modernism," "fanaticism," "heresy," "hypocrisy" are some of the epithets being hurled at the doctrines of this diminutive reformer, native, from the land of the "Rising Sun" and you can easily get your nose bloodied at prayer meeting, if you say anything against him, or anything for him.

In the spirit of fair play, I think the following facts should be conceded: First, that Mr. Kagawa's following includes many of protestantism's ablest clergymen, and a host of spiritual laymen of every denomination. Among the advocates and defenders of this great evangelistic preacher, we have Dr. George W. Truett, Dr. W. C. Driver, Bishop Titus Lowe, Dr. Guy Goodsell and a whole galaxy of others, whose theology and spirituality, are absolutely above question. If men like these are "modernists," "communists," "fanatics and hypocrites," because they endorse the teachings of this man, may the good Lord help the rest of us, who disbelieve that Jonah swallowed a whale.

Personally, I do not subscribe to the kind of gospel Mr. Kagawa preaches. Any time a man assumes a position in a church pulpit, opens a Bible, and selects a text from the 13th chapter of first Corinthians, I have a right to expect to hear something, besides a lecture on social economics. Precisely the same gospel I heard at Mr. Kagawa's meetings. I could have heard at any socialist convention, new deal caucus, fruit growers cooperative association, or what have you? Still, I think before I castigate him to severely, I ought to buy him a new pair of trousers, for the seat of the only pair the poor fellow has is about worn through; and by reason of giving all his money to the destitute, he is too poor, to purchase for himself another that will adequately cover his nakedness.

ALLEN O. HESS, Portland.

**NOTHING DOING!**  
To the Editor: Will you please tell me what is going on in the park? I heard that Salem wants to get some wells and I thought maybe they are digging them in the park to save taxes. Or I wonder if there has been a rumor of oil and somebody thinks that a good place to try it out; or maybe an advertisement for the city to have an oil derrick looming up there above the tops of old Willson park's trees.

Could it be that those holes in the park are for the new aptol building? If so, the surveyor must have been cockeyed or tipsy for he missed the place.

I hear talk about a republican convention in Ohio. Seems what we need in Salem right now is a conjunction followed by an injunction. Then maybe we would have the "Three R's." And what's that? Why, its Restriction against Destructions. What do you say Mister Editor?

FRANK CHEDESTER.

**Citizen Makes Queries**  
To the editor: The name "chiseler," who boasts the chisel, the chiseler who hoists prices and makes immense profits, or the man who undersees him at a reasonable profit?

Also, there's more poor people buying milk than there are producing milk. Why tax them both for a high salaried milk board?

Interested Citizen

## Don't Know Where We're Headed But What We Deserve We'll Get

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

**Guilty Conscience**  
Bill Spriggs he says that he can't see what this life's all about; Here we've all come from where we was, Just waitin' to go out.

We don't know where we're headed for; We only know that while we're here This, that and so is such.

But yet, says Bill, he thinks it must Be all as it was meant; Likely, he says, we'll understand When from this world we've went.

When across spaces vast we've flew Unto another sphere, We may find conditions better Than we have found them here.

Anyway, whatever it is, What we've deserved we'll get; And that is why, Bill says, sometimes He breaks out in a sweat.

My capacity for hero-worship is limited. It has shrunk with the years. My contacts with heroes have almost without exception proven disillusionary. I am greatly different from the Salem youngsters who, years ago, was taken by his mother to the Southern Pacific depot to see Theodore Roosevelt. The boy's only comment was, "Emph! That's THAT him!" I do not know what he expected Mr. Roosevelt to be. Perhaps a figure 10 or a dozen feet in height, standing majestically within an aura of red, white and blue. At any rate, he was disappointed.

Kelly Johnson was one of the best whittlers at Crane Creek Junction. By "best" I do not mean that he whittled out chains and statuettes and such things, as some whittlers do. No. He was just a plain whittler who made an ordinary litter of whittlings on the floor or spot of earth where he whittled. Frequently while whittling he passed into mental states which he described as thinking. Now and then he whittled out an idea. On one occasion, I recall, he touched upon the matter of hero-worship. "Some folks," he said, "has got their notions of heroes all swelled out of proportion. I reckon when they see the angel Gabriel they'll find he looks about the same as Ed Huttick, when he's playin' cornet in the band, although of course his neck'll prob'ly be cleaner."

"Many a hero walks unseen beside us till comes the supreme stroke sent to divide us."

It is not unlikely that you and I see potential heroes and heroines in the streets every day. We have known heroes and heroines in our own homes. Only the spectacular element is lacking. The poet was right—"Not on the gory field of fame their noble deeds were done; not in the sound of earth's acclaim their fadeless crowns were won; not from the palaces of kings, nor fortune's sunny clime, came the great souls, whose life-work flings lustre o'er earth and time." This may be putting it on a bit thick, but it conveys the idea pretty well.

Now here is a pretty catchy bit of fish! Read this: "D. H. E., I note in Sunday's Statesman that you are lonely. Anyhow, you say it is either loneliness or indigestion, and it all amounts to the same thing. Come up an' see mub sometime."

**The Word Unheard**  
When the wind southwest, o'er my window sill Comes pungent smell from the paper mill!

But I don't mind; I cough a bit and frown Perhaps; and then I put the window down. 'Tis for good works a trifling tax to pay.

And 'n one hears the word I sometimes say.

One recent night's record of a ticket-chopper at the box-office of a Salem theatre—several hundred tickets and one finger-tip. Ticket-choppers have been doing that trick at intervals ever since the first chopper was installed at the Jersey City ferry. They are almost as savage as one of Frank Buck's crocodiles.

It is possible—yes, it is probable—that a number of the folks who see the English musical comedy star, Jessie Matthews, in the picture, "I Love Again," now running at the State theatre, will not be in full accord with me in my opinion of the young woman and of the picture. But the great majority will agree, I am sure, that the picture is better than the usual run of such features and that Miss Matthews has something more "on the ball" than any one of a dozen other cinema queens, who fondly believe themselves to be "tops"—provided, of course, they believe what their publicity writers say of them.

Coming out from the Elsinore from a recent showing of The Moon's Our Home, a woman was heard to express sorrow that she could not have more of such pictures—pictures justifying genuine laughter of the don't-care-who-hears-me sort. The something, dear madam, is that Margaret Sullivan are not more numerous. The balance of the cast was a competent one and entered into the spirit of the farce comedy per-

## A Book Review

Those who are in search of good, easy summer reading, as a mystery story for instance, could very little better than read "Fair Warning," by Mignon G. Eberhart. It ran as a serial in the Ladies' Home Journal and was concluded in the May issue. It is now out in book form.

One of the satisfactory details about this story is that no outsider of whom the reader has never heard was brought in to commit the murders—there were two of them. This is being done in some mystery circles and always leaves the reader with a let down, cheated feeling.

Just one month after his almost-fatal accident, Ivan Godden returned to his home, his recovery attributed to his surgeon friend, Abraham Blake. That night Godden was murdered. Marcia his wife, going to Verity Copley's dinner with his sister, Beatrice, stopped in the library to say good night to him and found him on the floor with a knife in his heart.

Ivan was not quite dead and mumbled to Marcia, "Quick—take this out. Get Graham—" and died just as Beatrice returned to see Marcia with a knife in her hand leaving over the dead man Marcia hadn't killed her husband but had to a d m i t circumstances were against her. At first she thought Bob Copley, who lived next door with his mother, might have done it. He was very much in love with her and knew her husband was cruel to her.

Rob soon believes that Marcia had committed the murder and each tries to protect the other, until they become convinced that a third party was really the murderer. The story becomes complicated with the finding of a will which leaves everything to Beatrice and which had been drawn up the day Ivan was murdered. Another murder follows and the story moves fast. The "perfect crime" was not yet completed however, and a loophole was left where by the mystery was satisfactorily solved—but not until almost the last paragraph.

Dr. Alvin Johnson adds a new story of the difficulties of farm life with the publishing of "Spring Storm" (A. J. Knopf). One feels, like in so many of these stories, Dr. Johnson may be telling something of his own life. "Spring Storm" describes the life of a young man whose father is a theorist, but who learns the practical farm methods from the son of a well-to-do farmer. The youth has much of the vigor and impetuosity of the mid-western corn on warm, damp nights. It is well worth reading.

Dr. Johnson himself was reared on a farm in Nebraska, but is now a distinguished economist in New York.

It is of interest to note that a first edition of "The Swiss Family Robinson" recently brought \$2,350 in New York. Surely there are not many readers who date their native reading to days before the war, who do not own "The Swiss Family Robinson." It is still being asked for by boys and girls who enjoy adventure. I am sure.

First editions of two old favorites, "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "The Swiss Family Robinson," are priced at the same time. Mr. Henry Wood's "East Lynne" went out at \$1,050, and Herman Melville's "Moby Dick" brought but \$50 less. Book sellers tell me there is still considerable call for the latter two.

This year brings a high death rate for many of our authors, it would seem. This week Maxim Gorky, the Russian master of the short story, best known of which is perhaps "Mother," died in his native land. The death of the English novelist, C. S. Lewis, was headlined in papers very recently.

An author, not so well known to readers of the present time perhaps, was Beatrice Harraden, who died last month at Barton-on-Sea, England, at the age of 72. Back in the day in the "Ships that Pass in the Night" was very popular, we are told. A few of us who like to poke about in old book stores and forgotten boxes of books in the family attic, have read and enjoyed that delightful, but sentimental work of another century. It is not one of the stories that will be brought out to prosperity as a classic, but it is not too bad reading.

No more books will be coming from the pen of Finley Peter Dunne, creator of "Mr. Dooley." He died in New York at the age of 68 in Mar. A. E. Housman, English poet, author of "A Shropshire Lad" has also written his last.

Speaking of poets and poetry—Edwin Markam, whom Oregon claims as a native son, says that his formula for recognizing good poetry is his ability, upon finishing reading said poem, to be able to say "Ah" as though he were hit in the solar plexus.

THE END

times so with horses and with humans.

Thoughts of Charlie Williams and his horses and his plans (which like so many human plans came to naught) reminds me of a letter which came to me several weeks ago from a former Iowan in the Imperial valley. I should have replied to this letter long ago. The writer of the letter, who has had clippings from the Statesman, says, "I have been in the Imperial valley, where it is summer all winter and hell all summer, for 30 years. I will remember Charlie Williams, having blown myself to the extent of \$200 to produce an Allerton colt. Sometimes I wonder whether or not Lady Luck was really a friend to Charlie Williams. Did those few years of success brighten his life as a whole or sadden it?"