

Motorlog Party Inspects Proposed Oregon Coast National Park

Curry County Is Site of Park Area



Two mermaids, left, in private life garnishment for state highway department pictures of Oregon coastal scenery, stroll along a secluded beach in the proposed Oregon Coast National park area. Center, the Oregonian-Oregon State Motor association motorlog party stops to inspect a map of the park area; in the picture, left to right, are the writer, representing The Oregon Statesman; Ralph Gifford, ace photographer of the highway department; Richard L. Neuberger of The Oregonian, and Glen O. Stevenson of the state parks bureau. Right, Neuberger and the writer stand beside a beach waterfall which epitomized many of the beauties of the park region.—(Photographs by Ralph Gifford and state highway commission.)

Missionaries Headed to Found Salem Find Difficulty in Making Portage; School Established Near Wheatland

This is the fourth in a series of articles dealing with the historical background of the Centennial to be observed in Salem, July 31 and August 1, 2, 3 and 4.

By MATILDA SIGMUND JONES

It was on September 23, 1834, that Jason Lee and his companions left Fort Vancouver to establish the mission on the Willamette. A portion of the goods which had come around the Horn, was received from Captain Wyeth's brig. This the Hudson's Bay company transported for the missionaries, as far as the falls of the Willamette.

With what help Lee was able to secure at the Indian village near the falls, he was unable to portage the boat and its load around the falls. Because the Indians considered it degrading to carry burdens, these few missionaries made many tireless trips over the long, tedious portage route, carrying their goods in heavy packs. In despair because he could not get the boat around the falls, Lee hired some Indians with their old canoes to take them on up the Willamette. From this experience at the falls, Lee learned that he could expect little help from these people to whom he had come to minister.

Land Near Wheatland

After a tiresome river trip, the missionaries reached their destination. The landing place Lee selected was on the east bank of the Willamette, above the present site of Wheatland, perhaps ten miles north of where Salem is now situated.

While the mission house was being built, Sunday services were held in the Joseph Gervais home about two miles from the mission site. Later on, services were conducted at the mission. Lee's first sermon on the Willamette, was preached on October 19, in the Gervais home. Here again, as at Fort Vancouver, many of his listeners did not understand him.

Rains Came

Autumn with its rainy season was at hand when the missionary band pitched its tents; it was necessary, therefore, to begin at once to build a permanent shelter. These inexperienced but willing men put in days of heavy toil, felling trees, hewing logs and dragging them to the building place. In addition to long, hard days of work, the men were obliged to prepare their meals and perform other necessary household duties. They felt that they were accomplishing little, but in time a log house was completed and the men were grateful to have more comfortable quarters and shelter from the heavy rains. The spot where this log mission house was built is now marked by a simple monument.

Active missionary work began before the mission house was finished. A little Chinook boy who made known his wants by signs and jargon, was the first child received. The beginning of the combined school and orphanage. More Indian children entered during the year; at the close of 1835, ten were being cared for by the missionaries. Doing the duties necessary to care for these children was the removed from "the mission life they had dreamed of, preaching the gospel to enraptured multitudes of the noble red men of the forests. But it was Christ's way of service to all who need."

Attendance of French Canadian half-breed children increased the enrollment. Besides regular lessons, the boys were taught to farm and the girls to do household duties. Through their teachers, these children received also, exemplary instructions in the teachings of Christ.

A formal spiritual program for the children was instituted on April 5, 1835, when a Sabbath school was organized under the direction of Cyrus Shepard. Thus the mission school continued to grow. Unfortunately illness be-

came prevalent. Some of the teachers and seven of the 30 native children were sick. There was pressing need of a physician. More teachers were needed; also maternal care for the children.

Then in May, 1837, after a trip of ten months, the first reinforcement of missionary recruits arrived by way of Cape Horn. Among the group were a doctor and his wife; Susan Downing, Cyrus Shepard's fiancée; and Anna Maria Pittman, who became the wife of Jason Lee. The arrival of assistance gave the missionaries new courage and for a time conditions at the mission seemed to improve.

Romance Blooms

During the weeks following the arrival of these first helpers, Jason Lee made opportunity to become acquainted with Miss Pittman; came a period of quiet courtship which culminated finally in their marriage, July 16, 1837—a day which had been previously set aside for observance of the Lord's supper—said to be the first public communion celebrated in Oregon.

A grove near the mission house was the usual place for Sunday worship services. The gist of Lee's talk to his congregation that day, preceding the sermon, was "the sacredness of the Christian home as an institution." He then led Miss Pittman to the altar where Daniel Lee, the only other person who knew of their intentions, read the marriage service. Jason Lee then performed the wedding ceremony for Cyrus Shepard and Sarah Downing, after which the Sunday service continued.

Little did Anna Maria Pittman realize on her wedding day, that her name would go down in history as "the first white woman" to take marriage vows here in the Oregon country; or, that these two marriages of missionaries were exemplary in introducing Christian homes in the west.

Satko Will Shove Off to Far North

KETCHIKAN, Alaska, July 6.—(P)—Rootless Paul Satko, the modern mariner who piloted his family to Alaska in his home-made "Ark" after the old sailor said he never could make it, said today he planned to shove off for the north.

"I'm going to start rambling," commented the 47-year-old unemployed Richmond, Va., machinist. "I've got to look around and see what it's all about."

Satko, his wife and seven children arrived here several weeks ago after a trip of approximately 750 miles from Tacoma, Wash. The quest of economic independence was interrupted by two groundings and a court decree at Seattle.

Satko's original destination, where "I can give the kids a chance"—was Cook Inlet, farther from Ketchikan than Ketchikan than Ketchikan than Ketchikan.

Government officials insisted there would be no revolution, although conceding there might be many minor disorders.

MEXICO CITY, July 6.—(P)—Thirteen thousand soldiers, policemen and military students were ordered Friday to go on guard against trouble in Mexico's presidential election Sunday.

By WALLACE A. SPRAGUE

OREGON, for at least three-quarters of the time, has one national park, the one situated at Crater Lake. The rest of the time it surrenders this honor to California, Nevada or Washington; but this hardly counts, except as occasional justification for the state to secede from the Union.

This fact would not be worth mentioning were it not true that Oregon now stands an excellent change of gaining another national park, to be located on the Oregon Coast between Gold Beach and Brookings in Curry county, and presumably to be claimed at once by California.

That this is the case, and has been since Senator McNary recently introduced a bill calling for the establishment of such a park, is not widely known; and for that reason there is a good deal of reason for writing about the park area with respect, as the Europeans say, to its site, its resources, its people, and, above all, its culture.

Takes Motorlog Trip

The writer's chance to inspect the proposed park area occurred during the week of June 16, when he was invited to accompany an Oregonian-Oregon Motor association motorlog trip into the fastnesses of Curry county as a special representative of The Oregon Statesman.

He accompanied Richard Neuberger, prominent publicist whose chance of speaking in Salem apparently still rests on his election to the legislature as a democratic member of the house of representatives. Neuberger represented the Oregonian, and, more or less sub rosa, the New York Times.

Ralph Gifford, able photographer of the state highway commission, and Glen O. Stevenson, representing the bureau of state parks in Salem, completed the personnel of the party. The latter two, however, did not travel in the motorlog car, a deluxe Ford, painted an eye-blinding white which never failed to impress.

Boardman Accompanies

These four comprised, so to speak, the official catalogue of the party. The addition for a portion of the trip, however, of H. Boardman, state parks superintendent, was both pleasant and highly instructive.

Not much can be said of the journey from Portland and Salem to the park area itself. Neuberger drove the motorlog car from Portland, and picked up Mr. Boardman and the writer in Salem.

From here the party followed the familiar Salmon river cutoff to Otis, from there to Taft and then south. The group, traveling in two cars, stopped for lunch at Agate Beach, to see a couple of lethargic and apparently loveless sea lions at the Sea Lion Caves near Florence, and ultimately reached Marshfield late in the afternoon.

South of Coos Bay, the party drove along the cedar-lined highway to Port Orford, and from there over Humboldt mountain and along the Mediterranean-like coastline to Gold Beach, arriving there shortly before sundown.

Riding Preferred. The writer had been led to believe, as concerned primarily with motor cars, so that walking is kept at a minimum, and a decent respect maintained for the muscles of men who punch typewriters for a living.

Not so in Curry county, however. No sooner had the party reached Gold Beach and mapped its tour of the national park area than it became clear that shank's mare, and not the deluxe Ford, was to be the basic means of locomotion.

Having resigned themselves to this necessity, the party set out on the following morning for Gold Beach and its pleasing Sunset Inn for Carpenterville, completing a couple of garages and a goat-cheese dispensary equipped, as the party later discovered, with copious supplies of soda-pop.

Care Follow Track. From Carpenterville the motorlog car and another following turned on to what seemed likely to be a typical Curry county road

off the main state highway; two goat tracks, roughly (very) parallel over the rocks and around trees with the greatest disdain for natural obstacles of any sort.

This was nothing, however, to what was to follow. Having reached the end of the terrace, the party dismounted and took to its boots and nail-less oxfords down trail toward the beach.

Before reaching the latter, however, the party found itself at the summit of long, grass-covered hills, sloping none too gently toward rock bound coves edged with narrow shingle.

Hills Steep, Slippery

Down these hills the writer slid, coming the closest of skidding of any time in his life. Other members of the party, depending on how adequately shod, slipped and slid in a similar manner, or, as Apollo to the tents of Achilles, descended solemnly like the night.

Eventually the motorlog group reached the beach, but only after a side trip into a nearby rock punch-bowl to obtain pictures for state highway commission advertisements.

What it found was remarkable, and, so far as the national park region was concerned, highly characteristic.

The beach proved to be merely a cove, and it was soon explained that the entire coastline area of the proposed park region is simply a series of coves, each one lovelier, more individualistic than the other.

Recess Pleasant

The particular recess in which the party stopped for its lunch was among the pleasantest of all. It comprised a smooth, well-sanded beach about two hundred yards long, shaped like a drawn bow, and bound at each end by black granite cliffs, from which at low tide the water stood well back.

In its center a small water-course emptied itself onto the beach sands themselves, but not like conventional brooks which normally sear sea beds. This one scumpered down between two steep hills; but before reaching the sands, slid down a six-foot

waterfall into a naturally formed rock bowl eight feet long and six across; and from the further end of this perfectly formed reservoir again fell directly onto the sand from a height of some five or six feet. Late in the afternoon, as the tide lapped at the party's orange peels, sea waves reached the solid rock buttress of the bathtub, so that the stream fell directly into the ocean water itself. It was strangely captivating, like the sea grottoes of ancient epics.

Beach, Waterfall Charms

This beach, in fact, and this waterfall, epitomized to the writer much of the meaning of the proposed national park and the reason for its location in Curry county: The land is essentially picturesque, not spectacular or melodramatic like Crater Lake or Yellowstone Canyon, but intensely beautiful, ever varied and romantic in the same fashion that the coast of the Riviera is romantic.

The essence of this national park will not be awe-inspiring peaks, lakes or canyons; but will be simply a region of great natural beauty of all sorts, from cedar clad slopes to far dropping cliffs against which a light blue sea beat endlessly.

There will be hiking, as in most national parks; but in addition there will be walking, as opposed to hiking; fishing, both in the ocean and mountain streams, and climbing and boating.

Surfbathing Possible

More important, there will be surfbathing in fifty delicious coves, each separate from the other, and each, if plans for the park are completed, readily accessible. There will be provision for vacation hotels, and for golf courses. Present plans even call for a small wharf, where sea-going pleasure craft may tie up on their way from Coos Bay south, or from the California ports north.

The possibilities of the park area are enough to make a normal chamber of commerce secretary a little giddy; and were more than enough to create warm enthusi-

asm for the project in the minds of the members of the motorlog party.

Discover Goat Cheese

Nor was enthusiasm for the park area alone possible. After the return from the beach on that first afternoon, and after a prodigious consumption of soda-pop at Carpenterville, the motorlog party found that Curry county is the goat-cheese capital of Oregon, if not the Pacific coast.

This discovery was hardly unusual considering the number of herds of goats which had been seen during the day wandering over the hills and through forests which will one day (it is hoped) be included in the national park. It proved, however, to be a source of considerable delight when a member of the party purchased a pat of the cheese, and insisted on returning it to Gold Beach and eventually home.

Ventilation Required

The cheese, suffice it to say, has a bouquet highly reminiscent of a combination of Roquefort and Limburger; but it has a flavor comparable to the best Camembert, and for that reason is supportable. In general, its directions for use call for a maximum of ventilation.

Goat cheese and a long hike behind, the party on its second day motored to the extent of available roads to numerous points in the 30-mile area, from beach to beach and from cove to cove.

Most impressive were the sights from the frequent headlands which serve as barriers between the coves and beaches mentioned above. From here one looks, of course, far out to sea; but not monotonously, as in other places.

Rocks Lie Offshore

Indeed, that this is true of the park area inland as well as the shore was borne out on the high authority of Miss Harlan James, perhaps the foremost American authority on national parks and public recreational areas.

Miss James, who happened to be en route south to San Francisco when the motorlog party was in Curry county, stopped briefly to confer with State Parks Superintendent Boardman in Brookings, south of Gold Beach.

Mr. Boardman accompanied Miss James on a hazy inspection tour of the park area, and when she came away she had this to say:

"Oregon has been wise in securing for public use, a greater proportion of its coastline than any other state. The Southern Oregon coast of high headlands, virgin forests and sandy beaches should offer a fine opportunity for a national seashore park."

Miss James, it is worth noting, was perhaps the person most responsible for the establishment of the new national park on the Olympic Peninsula of Washington several months ago; and so her words carry unusual weight.

But no matter what other people may have to say of the Oregon coast park, or what congress will do toward creating it, there can be no doubt that four members of an AAA-Oregonian motorlog party found there a fascinating land, and a very pleasant vacation trip.

South's Pulpwood Industry Indicted

NEW YORK, July 6.—(P)—The first industry-wide indictment under the wage-hour act was announced Friday by the department of justice which said the federal grand jury had charged the Georgia Pulpwood association and 12 large corporations with conspiracy to evade the act.

The indictment charged that the defendants, which represent approximately 10 per cent of the industry, maintained a piecework pay which proved less than the 30-cents-an-hour minimum required by the act.

The companies operate mills in Georgia, North Carolina, Alabama, Virginia, Tennessee, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and South Carolina.

How Does Your Garden Grow?

By LILLIAN L. MADSEN

When you're planning that planting for your new home, why not combine utility with beauty and plant a few

of the new fruit trees? Don't say "A hard, our space is so small it isn't possible." It is practical, even in a very restricted space, with the new dwarf trees that have developed, and which come into bearing much earlier than standard trees. Their low, broad heads are within reach so that the fruit can easily be picked. These trees take up so little room that they can be planted in the garden or on the lawn and will bear good crops within a very short time—usually three or four years.

One nursery lists under "dwarf fruit trees" the following apple varieties: Delicious, McIntosh, Wealthy, Yellow Transparent, Alas, the following dwarf pears: Bartlett, Kieffer, Sokel. Other varieties are doubtless obtainable.

Then there is the new summer apple, the dwarf Anoka quick-bearing apple tree. Its originator, Professor N. E. Hansen of South Dakota experiment station, says it is probably the earliest and heaviest bearing apple in existence. It is said to bear fruit the first or second year after planting.

Trees Are Hardy

In addition to these dwarf fruit trees, new varieties of fruits have been put on the market which are valuable to the home owner because they are especially hardy and require no coddling. If you don't have much space, try one of the new "quintuplet" apple trees described by some enterprising nurseryman as "the one-tree apple orchard." Five varieties have been grafted to one tree.

Try the new hardy apricot, the Manchu apricot, introduced also by Dr. Hansen, originator of the Anoka apple. The Manchu apricot originated in North Manchuria, where a temperature of 47 degrees below zero is common. It will thrive and bear fruit almost any place in the United States. So don't say you can't find an apricot hardy enough for your climate. This tree bears

early, usually one to two years after planting. Fruit is of good size, freestone, good flavor.

Plum trees are not very large, and make handsome ornamental trees for a city lot as well as being rich in fruit. You can get the red, yellow, or purple varieties. Plums usually bear the second or third year after planting.

Are Ornamental

The crab apple makes a fine ornamental tree, perfectly hardy, and making good growth in any kind of soil. It bears very early and every year. Good standard varieties are Hyslop (red) and Transcendent (yellow).

There is a new patent peach, Hardee, which is cold resistant and drought resistant, and which has withstood 18 degrees below zero temperatures. Therefore, it is known as a "sure cropper." It is the freestone Elberta type.

A new patented fall-bearing cherry, called Sweet September, is being widely publicized. It has medium dark red, sweet, large size fruit, ripening about September 1. Young trees start bearing the second or third year after planting.

The Hanson bush cherry, while not a tree, does make a handsome addition to your ornamental shrubs, as well as providing fruit. It is covered with white flowers when in blossom. The fruit, borne in high clusters, resembles plums. The bushes bear the first year and are very hardy, withstanding intense heat and cold. This may seem to be the wrong time of the year to speak of planting trees but this is the right time of the year to visit nurseries and can best select stock. Leave your orders for November delivery.

Funeral Is Today For John Tweedie

SILVERTON—Silverton friends and relatives will attend the funeral of John Tweedie, 73, at Woodburn Sunday afternoon from the Kings chapel.

Tweedie lived at Silverton for a time. Survivors include the widow, Effie Lydia; sons, John Hubert of Salem and L. R. Tweedie of Woodburn; daughters, Gladys L. Case of Salem; Margaret Dratt of Portland and Fern Allison of Salem. Mrs. Allison lived here for many years and will be remembered as Fern Davidson.

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Location of the proposed Oregon Coast National park in Curry county is shown on the map above. Near the California line, the park is about equidistant from San Francisco and Portland, and would attract hosts of visitors from both the northwest and south.