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OPINION

WEDNESDAY

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125TH ANNIVERSARY FLASHBACK

1890 | THE WEST ❖ FLORENCE TIMES ❖ THE SIUSLAW OAR ❖ THE SIUSLAW NEWS ❖ SIUSLAW NEWS | 2015

This year marks Siuslaw News' quasiquintennial, our 125th anniversary, a remarkable achievement for any business in a small community like Florence. To commemorate this milestone, throughout the year we'll feature some of the town's history as originally published in the newspaper, including historic articles and photos from more than a century ago.

The house the high school built

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED MARCH 25, 1976
THE SIUSLAW NEWS, VOL. 16, NO. 12

Last September nine Siuslaw High School students faced a brush-choked lot on 20th Street with hammers and saws in hand.

Six months and many blood blisters later they have completed a three bedroom, 1,200-square-foot house worth approximately \$31,000 under the direction of Paul Spriggs, building construction teacher for the district.

This is the second house and the third year of the course — one of the most unique educational ventures in the area.

The crew, consisting of Ron Barrett,

Calvin Lewis, Ken McIntyre, Dave Perkins, Jerry Phillips, Eric Rines, Richard Slonecker and Mark and Rick Wells, are nine weeks ahead of schedule. They will shortly finish up the interior details of the house and then move next door to prepare footings for a foundation for next year's project.

During the first year of the class, Spriggs and his students outfitted the shop area of the high school. Last year they built their first house for the commercial market on Upas Street and saw it sell to City Manager Jack Isadore as quickly as it was put on the market.

The students do everything but the plumb-

ing and electrical, which must be done by a licensed contractor according to state law.

The crew spends four hours per day on the job in earning three credits toward the required 22 needed for graduation.

They take pride in their work as is obvious to the casual observer. First-quality materials are used throughout and everything is done the hard way so that the students learn the many facets of proper home construction.

Several ex-students have found jobs as a result of the class, according to Spriggs.

"A lot of the guys find that they want to specialize in one particular aspect of construction," said Spriggs. Some want to stay with

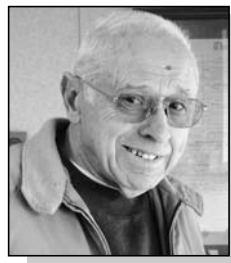
sheetrocking, framing or roofing, while others find plastering or brickwork to their liking.

"Whether they go into the field professionally or not, they will have many basic skills for a lifetime," he said. "Even if they only build their own house someday, it's all been worth my time."

The district has options on five more parcels of property to enable the class to plan ahead from year to year.

"We are gonna be around for a long time so people who buy these houses from the district can have the assurance that, if anything goes wrong with the house, we'll be here to take care of it," added Spriggs. ❖

NEIGHBORS



Hawaiian adventure — Part XI

BOB JACKSON
NEIGHBORHOOD CORRESPONDENT
For the Siuslaw News

Upon arising in this fifth-floor luxury suite overlooking Waikiki beach, we were reluctant to put on any clothing. Back home on Siltcoos Lake, the open air assaulted exposed skin. Here, it lovingly caressed it. And in the short time we would be staying here, we wanted to make the most of it.

A separate, private elevator at the far end of our hall went directly to the beach. Standing underneath a large, thatched umbrella, a smiling hotel attendant handed us two fresh towels. It was almost as if we were royalty.

Back in 1942, and on shore leave

from the heavy cruiser Indianapolis, I had stood on nearly this same spot, on this same sandy beach — only then it had been far different! I had been carrying the mandatory gas mask, and the curling waves, free of surfboards, were crashing against row upon row of menacing barbed wire, thanks to the nation of Japan.

Wading out until we were standing chest-deep in the cool water, an incoming swell lifted us clear of the sandy bottom and we were paddling furiously to stay upright. I tossed her into the air, and Peggy came back up, laughing and screaming like a

teenager. An old Biblical adage came to mind, "our cup runneth over."

That evening we had a tropical drink beneath the same huge banyan tree where Robert Louis Stevenson once sat to write and perhaps contemplate. We took a long walk in the refreshing air, along the palm-lined Kalakua avenue, which was a kaleidoscope of color. Nearly everyone was dressed in bright flowered shirts, shorts and muumuus. It seemed every race and nationality on Earth was strolling and browsing in the hundreds of shops filled with beautiful merchandise.

We took a ride in a pedal-powered rickshaw-type vehicle operated by a vigorous and affable young man, for the very reasonable sum of three bucks for a five-block tour.

In close proximity to an adult book

store, a proselytizing sidewalk evangelist was screaming his sanctimonious message, oblivious to the din of the traffic that had reached the saturation point.

It was close to midnight. The air was like warm honey and a full moon was hanging over Diamond Head as we walked out onto a breakwater jutting out into the sea and looked back at the sparkling night-time grandeur of Waikiki beach. A scene that will remain in our memory, perhaps forever. Much has changed.

Samuel Clemens, aka Mark Twain, came over on a coal-fired steam schooner and spent four months here in 1844 as a newspaper columnist. It was then known as the Sandwich Islands in honor of the Earl of Sandwich, by order of Captain Cook. (Oregon wouldn't become a state

until 15 years later, in 1859).

With no hotels, \$5 to \$10 a week got Mark Twain a furnished room in a bungalow. Transportation was by horses and mules, which could be bought or rented from the Kanakas who, according to Twain, were honest but shrewd; often passing off decrepit and lame animals as being fit. Honolulu's first hotel, the sumptuous Moana, opened in 1901 at a cost of \$150,000. The first rooms went for a dollar and a half a night.

The Royal Hawaiian, known as the "Pink Palace," was built on 10 acres in 1927 for a cost of \$4 million, which was a lot of money back then. It was designed in a Spanish/Moorish style to resemble Rudolph Valentino's Arabian-themed movies, which were popular at the time.

Time marches on.

LETTERS

Appreciation for Florence police

Backstreet Gallery would like to thank the Florence Police Department for its exceptional help in solving a theft at the gallery. After someone came into the gallery and stole three art items, the police viewed the tape from our security camera and were able to apprehend the person involved.

We at the gallery are very impressed with the follow-up and thorough investigation completed by the officers and sergeant at the FPD. They are the best!

Jane Rincon
Backstreet Gallery President
Florence

Space inquiry

Is the United States being embarrassed or humiliated by only being able to send astronauts into space on Soviet space craft?

Al Pearn
Florence

Our rights

Big thanks to Greg Wasson for his March 23 op-ed in The Register-Guard, "Ruling Sidetracked GMO Petition," which shines light on the "elephant in the room." Our foreparents worked hard for the right to be heard through the ballot box. The



pre-election requirements put a roadblock between the intended purpose of the initiative process and the actual right of "We the People" to speak up for ourselves.

Oregonians for Community Rights are addressing one part of the problem with a proposed constitutional amendment that would codify into law the right to local, community self-government, enabling local governments to protect fundamental rights and prohibit corporate activities that violate those rights. It would secure the existing and inalienable authority of communities to put in place stronger rights and protections than those recognized

at the state, federal or international level.

Together, we will be one step closer to stripping local clerks and judges of their power to deny us a way forward to exercise our right to the democratic process.

Michelle Holman
Deadwood

Sold to the highest bidder

If our Congress was founded for "the welfare of the people," why don't we have a right to healthcare, justice, a clean environment and healthy food?

Instead, many in Congress are elected and supported by the very wealthy to serve their interests — from individuals and multi-national corporations who produce record profits from fossil fuels, outsourcing jobs overseas, genetic engineering of our crops, insurance and pharmaceutical companies, the military industrial complex, prison-for-profit companies and a mass corporate media monopoly who fears and supports their agenda.

All this leads to climate change, lack of American jobs, toxic food and environment, high healthcare and drug costs, endless wars, encouraged incarcerations and a media who provides no alternative investigative viewpoints to the corporate spin.

Who is in charge of this country? We the people, or we the highest bidders?

Julie MacFarlane
Florence

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