

Letters to the Editor:

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OPINION

WEDNESDAY

APRIL 15 • 2015

The First Amendment

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

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.

Dreams of becoming real pitcher being realized

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED APRIL 23, 1954
THE SIUSLAW OAR, VOL. 26, NO. 47

Dreams do come true.

Since he was a small lad, Keith Herring, 19, of Florence has dreamed of becoming a baseball pitcher.

Herring practiced his side arm curves on anyone who would take time to be on the receiving end of his pitches since he was old enough to throw a ball. Grade school and high school saw him a favorite moundsman, and several seasons of Junior league baseball helped spur his ambition.

Graduating from Siuslaw High School, Herring worked for a while at the Reedsport Lumber Co., but was laid off in October and just fooling around home. He had a little

money saved up when he decided to go to baseball school.

Leaving home Jan. 16, he headed for Los Angeles, where he visited his maternal grandmother and other relatives for a week before departing to Avon Park, Fla. He took seven weeks of baseball school and was signed by the Red Hat Club of DeLand, Fla., after only two weeks.

The DeLand Sun News reported, "One man in particular caught Manager Jim Forbes' eye on the hill. He was Keith Herring, a 170-pound right-hander from Florence, Ore., who showed an amazing amount of control for the early season."

Herring was picked to start both of his club's opening games, but the first spring training game was rained out the bottom of the 4th

frame. The DeLand Red Hats were playing the Omaha Class A farmhands of the St. Louis Cardinals at the airbase. The Omaha club, directed by Manager Andy Anderson, had a five point lead when the rains came.

Herring, rookie bespectacled right-hander, started for the Hats.

The lanky chunker was unable to find the plate with his assortment of fast balls and winging curves. The bases on balls plus a couple of errors saw three Cards cross the plate in the second canto.

Manager Forbes said after the game, he was impressed with his team as a whole. He said that Herring will settle down and "throw some good games for the Hats this season."

The Red Hats will play 140 games this season. Herring was chosen as one of 16 players

from a group of 37, and all the others had at least one year of semi-pro experience behind them.

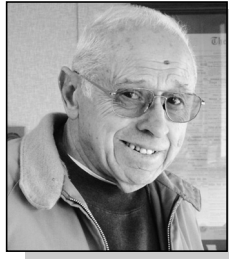
The DeLand Sun News said, "Heading the group of three pitchers who look promising and show a world of control is Keith Herring, 6 feet, 3 inches high, who has pitched only high school and sand-lot ball."

Herring's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rho Herring, reveal that their son has grown an inch and a half since leaving in January and put on some weight, too.

The adult Herrings have just returned his contract to him, as he is but 19 years old. It was necessary that it carry their signatures.

The Oar joins the community in wishing Keith every success and are happy that he has the "arm" to make his dreams come true. ❖

NEIGHBORS



BOB JACKSON
NEIGHBORHOOD CORRESPONDENT
For the Siuslaw News

Where everybody knows your name

I know that I am cheating quite a bit with this column, because it was written a few years back when we still lived in Westlake and I haven't made many changes. My sentiments have not changed in the interim years and I still feel that someone needs to grab hold of all the inhabitants of this old world, then shake them up until they exhibit some common sense.

Perhaps then we can live in peace with each other (something that hasn't ever happened in the "sheep-

thinking, follow the leader" recorded history of mankind).

This page of the Saturday paper is headed, "FRIENDS," and for a very good reason. The neighboring communities the reports come from are all friends. In this area there are no rival factions, no division separating protestants and catholic communities, or Jews and Muslims, or loggers and fishermen for that matter.

Nearly everyone is familiar with the theme song from the TV sitcom "Cheers": "Sometimes you want to go

where everybody knows your name and they're always glad you came. You want to be where you can see our troubles are all the same. You want to be where everybody knows your name."

Alight from your taxi in the heart of Las Vegas, Manhattan or Los Angeles and suddenly you are surrounded by the "teeming masses" referred to on the statue of liberty — and it is not a pretty sight. Here nobody knows your name; you are a microcosmic speck in a frenetic mass of humanity that quite naturally avoids eye contact (unless they are selling something) because of distrust and fear.

I am quite certain that when the correspondents in places like Yachats, Mapleton and Deadwood visit their local businesses and post offices it is a

"given" that nearly everyone will know their name. And that is one of the blessings of living in a small community that I am afraid we sometimes take for granted. (Sadly, this is no longer true, because of the rapidly burgeoning growth in this area).

I remember when I was a little kid living in "Wetlake," my Dad would send me to the store, and when I returned he would invariably ask, "Did you see anyone I know?" That seemed so funny to me at the time, because there wasn't ever anyone there that he didn't know.

And it is a global tragedy that mankind is cursed with Xenophobia, which Webster defines as "an unreasonable fear or hatred of foreigners or strangers." How wonderful it would be if there were no "sacred places"

anywhere on this earth, restricted to some particular "ism" or despotic doctrine. I could wrap a rag around my head and stroll blissfully throughout Tel Aviv, and everyone would know my name. Or don a yarmulke and do the same in the Palestinian sector, and everyone would know my name. Walk the darkest streets of the poorest parts of every city in the world safely, because everyone would know my name.

But for now I am thankful that I can walk into a restaurant, a bar or a business in this little town of Florence, Ore., and find that once in a while (just once in a while) everybody knows my name. How warm and comfortable this world would be if there were no strangers — what if everybody knew your name.

LETTERS

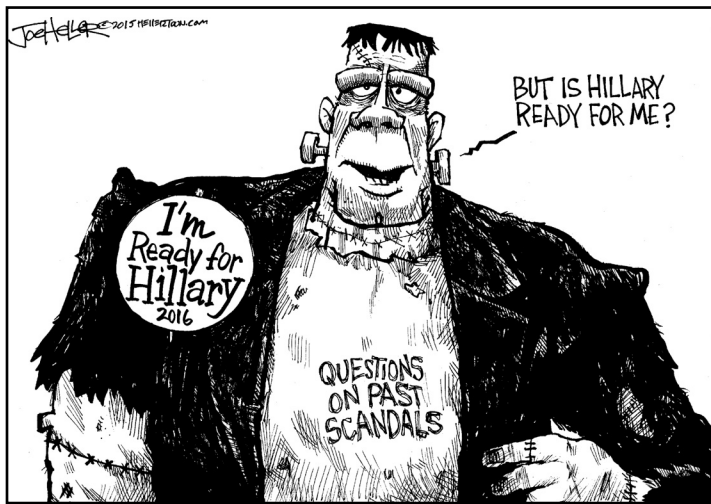
Food Share gives thanks

Florence Food Share is extremely grateful to be the recipient of \$9,700 from Western Lane Community Foundation for the purchase of an emergency generator.

Should our community ever experience an earthquake, a tsunami or any emergency that results in a power outage, Food Share stands to lose close to 20,000 pounds of frozen and refrigerated food that we have on site.

Thanks to Western Lane Community Foundation, we are one step closer to purchasing our emergency generator and remaining able to serve our food-insecure neighbors.

Norma Barton
Executive Director
Florence Food Share



Grant benefits cemetery

The Deadwood Pioneer Cemetery is very thankful to Western Lane Community Foundation for their generous support for our software, laptop and website work.

There are about 250 graves at the Deadwood Pioneer Cemetery, dating back to 1883, and fully cared for by volunteers.

A year ago, our records were a jumble of notes and letters in a file. Our Board of Trustees was down to two, and when we got a notice of audit from the state, we were overwhelmed.

Thankfully, a friend recommended contacting the Siuslaw Pioneer Museum to see if they had anyone who might help, and the wonderful and fearless Pat Rongey responded that she would

be happy to, and would bring some of her history and genealogy friends, too.

We now have a board of six certified members. Combined, our board members have over 50 family members in the cemetery. Pat and her friends wrote this grant and mapped the graves, Don Wilbur and Gerry Burnett have been doing grounds improvements, Ed and Fran Riley are doing all kinds of documenting, Ric Dreiling has put together a video commercial and our website, and we have a lot more improvements coming soon, including replacing missing and temporary markers.

On Memorial Day, we invite everyone to come up for a DPC Heritage Day event, with "pioneer" actors talking about the times, plus food, historic displays and demonstrations.

We hope that we'll soon be self-sustaining, and even able to someday give back to WLCF so the next generation of nonprofits can get themselves on their feet. As Pat said, "Western Lane Community Foundation is like a rock thrown in the water. The ripple effect goes on and on."

Thank you, WLCF, for your support.

Megan Gerber
Office Manager
Don Wilbur Ltd.
Deadwood

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Siuslaw News

Published every Wednesday and Saturday at 148 Maple St. in Florence, Lane County, Oregon. A member of the National Newspaper Association and Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association. Periodicals postage paid at Florence, Ore. Postmaster, send address changes to: Siuslaw News, P.O. Box 10, Florence, OR 97439. Phone (541) 997-3441 (See extension numbers below). FAX (541) 997-7979.

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Saturday Issue—General news, Thursday noon; Budgets, two days prior to publication; Regular classified ads, Thursday 1 p.m.; Display ads, Thursday noon; Boxed and display classified ads, Wednesday 5 p.m. Soundings, Tuesday 5 p.m.

NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

In Lane County — 1-year subscription, \$71; 10-weeks subscription, \$18; Out of Lane County — 1-year subscription, \$94; 10-weeks subscription, \$24; Out of State — 1-year subscription, \$120; Out of United States — 1-year subscription, \$200; E-Edition Online Only (Anywhere) — 1-year subscription, \$65.

Mail subscription includes E-Edition.
Website and E-Edition: www.TheSiuslawNews.com

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