

Siuslaw News
P.O. Box 10
Florence, OR 97439

Opinion

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. —*Editor*

Glenada gleaning

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED AUG. 13, 1897
THE WEST, VOL. 8, NO. 16

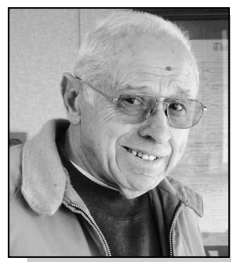
Wild blackberries are about gone but tame ones are getting ripe.
Alaska fever is raging here but no fatalities are reported.
George Colles paid his family a short visit the first of last week.
Wm. Bailey is spending a few days visiting friends on Maple Creek.
There are no less than eight berries growing here in abundance.

Cool and pleasant weather. Surely no person could find fault with this part of Lane County in regard to the weather.
L.G. Johnson writes to his family that he has work at Clifford, Ore., at \$2.50 per day. He reports snow nearly every day at that place.
A good looking young bachelor who, by the way, has a nice ranch on Fiddle Creek, says he will accept any young girl who will come and propose to him.
Mrs. J.L. Furnish, becoming dissatisfied with the local bank, deposited a small

amount of money in the (Siuslaw River) bank. She recovered most of it at low tide.
Mrs. Einer, who has been visiting her old friend Mrs. W.H. Pepper, likes the country so well, she thinks of returning next summer and will probably invest in Glenada property.
Luther King of Fiddle Creek, a former resident of Glenada, has been staying several weeks with George Craven in order to near medical aid. His is a most peculiar as well as interesting case.
Twenty-four years ago this August, he

was bitten by a large rattlesnake in California. Every year since, at about the same time, his leg breaks out in brown spots that become running sores. He has no appetite for food.
King says it strikes him every year on the same day he was bitten — he can feel it just the same as on that day.
He says he feels cross and wants to bite, and has to work hard to control himself and keep from biting.
The case puzzles the best doctors in Oregon. ❖

NEIGHBORS



The Old Whoopie — Part III

BOB JACKSON
NEIGHBORHOOD CORRESPONDENT
For the Siuslaw News

The Old Whoopie was only a rusty four-cylinder 1925 Chevy roadster with no top and a homemade wood pickup box, but it was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me up to that point in my young life. The memory of the eye-smarting aroma of raw gasoline dripping from her carburetor during that long ago experience remains as vivid today as if it had

happened only yesterday.
Because of the volatile power inherent in those fumes, my humdrum, backwoods life would soon be transformed into a world of speed and "probably senseless" daring from which I would never recover.
With very little power and a grabby clutch, my first trial runs with this reincarnated, left-for-dead automobile were far from impressive. But I was not sitting in a rusty old car — I was on top of the world!

I had no money to buy gas for the tank (which was full of rust anyway), so I carried a gallon of gas on the floorboards to pour into the vacuum tank hanging on the firewall above the engine. Not having a driver's license, I couldn't go far anyway. But I was always available to haul firewood or anything else, and my only charge was gas for the Old Whoopie.
I just had to find more reasons to drive the Whoopie, so I came up with a grand scheme. After several days of cutting through the tangle of second growth timber, salal and salmonberry brush, which was taller than my head, and leveling with grub hoe, shovel and rake, I had made a road.

Starting at the front of our house, it meandered between the tall fir and spruce stumps on the hillside above, ending at our two-holer outhouse toilet, which for obvious reasons was a long way from our back door.
Now, at the slightest hint of a biological urge, I would go out the front door, crank up the Old Whoopie and enthusiastically maneuver my obstacle course, always trying to best my previous time. Usually I would back all the way, thereby sharpening my driving skills. My Dad, by this time of course, had reluctantly given up on any slim hope he had ever held for my sanity.
I was understandingly proud of my only possession, and washed it every

day, rust and all. This puzzled Uncle Dewey, who had never washed a car in his entire life. "Bobs," he would always laugh and say, "it ain't gonna help the running any!" It wasn't long before the open-air exposure took its toll on the dove-tailed wooden steering wheel — it simply came apart and fell off, leaving only the metal spokes to steer with.
One day while delivering firewood, I missed a spoke and grabbed the throttle, thus punching a hole in a neighbor's house.
The wood-spoke wheels were getting loose, so I would back her into the lake to soak and swell the wood.
More to come...

LETTERS

Kudos to City Lights

The one-year anniversary party for City Lights Cinemas, hosted so graciously and generously by the owners Michael Falter and Susan Tive and staff, was an overwhelming success. It felt like the entire population (plus 100) of this wonderful town was in attendance.
Since Michael and Susan opened City Lights and filled a huge void in our choices for entertainment, they have become very engaged in many community activities — all to benefit various organizations and help where there was need.
The showings of the digitally restored film "Casablanca," preceded by complimentary wine and appetizers, with Dave Craddock tickling the ivories and followed with offerings of popcorn and the pie'ce de re'sistance — the "candy" girl in the aisles offering your choice of sweets — all went to make up a special evening.
Michael and Susan have brought so much to Florence with their wide range of entertainment choices that have only enhanced our already numerous outlets for live theater, musicals, artists and artisans.
They are truly "Florencians," and we hope they are here to stay.

Sue Hale
Florence

In response

Praise be that we don't have Siuslaw News' Aug. 15 letter writers Boomer Wright ("Appeasement") and Jimmie L. Moe ("Parenthood") running our country.
Boomer declares the administration's proposed nuclear arms deal with Iran to be "appeasement." The Iranians are such awful people. We intrepid Americans are so antiseptically pure. (When in mankind's history was any large group of people such?) It's either them or us. Bomb the tar out of them. That's the ticket!
Jimmie believes that men, such as he, know better about women's reproductive practices than women. The straw-person in his attack on Planned Parenthood is the organization's founder, Margaret Sanger.
He alleges that Sanger "started the movement in our country to eliminate or reduce the number of less-advantaged children being born in America. ... Twice as many African Americans are denied life through abortions as compared to all other means (murder, accidents, etc.);" because "the latest stats" show it.
Whose stats? Jimmie's final hammer blow of condemnation is his statement that Hillary Clinton and Nancy Pelosi have "praised Sanger's courage and devotion." He has paraphrased comments made by the crazy-minded

neurosurgeon and GOP presidential candidate Ben Carson.
NPR posted Aug. 14 on the Internet a fact-check article about Carson's allegation that Planned Parenthood (PP) was started to "control the black population." Sanger believed that people regardless of race should have the children they want. Her focus was on birth control.
In 1921, she wrote: "The almost universal demand for practical education in birth control is one of the most hopeful signs that the masses themselves today possess the divine spark of regeneration." It was Sanger's support of birth control that motivated her in 1946 to write: "Negro parents, like all parents, must create the next generation from strength, not from weakness; from health, not from despair."
Carson has said, "One of the reasons you find most of their (PP) clinics in black neighborhoods is so that you can find a way to control that population." In 2014, the Guttmacher Institute revealed that 60 percent of all known abortion providers, including Planned Parenthood clinics, are in majority-white neighborhoods. In 2013, Planned Parenthood stated that "14 percent of its patients nationwide were black ... nearly equal to the proportion of the African-American population in the U.S."
But, then, I am a liberal. Jimmie knows: "Liberals, through slick media campaigning and

effective slogans, make Planned Parenthood into a compassionate and caring alternative to childbirth."
Harold Titus
Florence

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR POLICY

The Siuslaw News welcomes letters to the editor concerning issues affecting the Florence area and Lane County. Emailed letters are preferred. Handwritten or typed letters must be signed. All letters should be limited to about 300 words and must include the writer's full name, address and phone number for verification.
Letters are subject to editing for length, grammar and clarity. Publication of any letter is not guaranteed and depends on space available and the volume of letters received. Libelous and anonymous letters as well as poetry will not be published. All submissions become the property of Siuslaw News and will not be returned.
Write to: Editor@TheSiuslawNews.com

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