

MARY B. CARSON

Present Deputy

Candidate FOR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

For County Treasurer

OF JOSEPHINE COUNTY

If nominated and elected I pledge an economical and efficient administration of the office.

Your support at the Primaries May 16, will be highly appreciated.

(Paid Advertisement)

FOREST PROTECTION URGED BY WRITER

"Forest Protection Week," proclaimed by President Coolidge as April 21 to 28, is furthered by an article appearing in the April number of the Volt, Copeco's official publication. The article, written by E. N. McDaniels, formerly Forest Supervisor of the Siskiyou National Forest, presents a comprehensive survey of southern Oregon's most important industries and at the same time urges more care in the preservation of national forests. Mr. McDaniels' article, "The Rogue River Prosperity Machine," is extremely interesting and a few of the facts given by the writer are given.

"Rogue River Valley has four big industries—lumbering, agriculture, water power and mining. A fifth husky youngster, recreation, is growing up and promises to be as big as any of the rest of the family. Without these, the Indians would be welcome to take the valley back at any time.

"Prize fruit, fat livestock, trainloads of pine, electric power to supply great cities, and crowds of tourists

are the products of the prosperity machine and they get the attention they deserve. The rest of the works, however, merits consideration. If care will keep it in running order it is only reasonable to see that it gets that care.

"Take the timber industry. There is a definite amount of timber in Jackson and Josephine counties, approximately 18 billion feet, according to the best information to be had. Do your own figuring, and make your own allowances. Some of the estimates are low and some are high, and some of the timber counted can't be logged, and so on; it is impossible to get the exact figure; however, the annual cut is one hundred million feet, and we expect to see it doubled before long, and if you take 200,000,000 from any amount often enough, you finally get it all.

"It we were talking about a coal mine, the outlook would be serious. Fortunately, timber land is more like an alfalfa patch, and will keep right on turning out crops, if given a little encouragement. To be sure, it takes time, but not so much as you might think. There are plenty of two-inch seedlings today that will be sawed into shop and finish and box before the Savage Rapids dam has to be replaced. There is nearly time to raise a crop of Douglas fir

timber before the bonds for the State Soldiers' loan are due.

"The valley goes up trying to get along without irrigation long ago. In April, every tributary to Rogue River is running bank-full. Water in August is at a premium. Along about September 1st, every stream that can be coaxed into a field is running wholly in an irrigation ditch. Water has been brought from other drainages, and still there is plenty of land that goes unfarmed because it is too dry.

"Everybody knows how water runs off a tin roof. It runs off a barren hillside somewhat after the same fashion. Grass holds it for a while; brush holds it longer; heavily timbered regions part with it very slowly. A shower that falls on a burned hillside in May leaves the country and is gone for good by June. If it falls on a wooded section, it is likely to be on hand to fill out the pears and help with the last crop of alfalfa. Pumice and lava rock do their share of water conservation; dams and storage reservoirs are invaluable; but the Valley's biggest reservoirs, and the ones she owes most to, are the forests on the high Cascades and Siskiyou."

The entire article is replete with many attractive photographs which

(Continued on Page Eight)

Scraps of Oregon History

By Dan L. Green

Having been disappointed in finding pay in Rancharee Creek, a tributary of the Illinois River, we concluded to build a strong boat and go down the river in quest of better pay. Our party, consisting of myself, Captain O. T. Root and a sailor by the name of Fisher, about the middle of August, 1857, with a good boat well loaded with supplies, embarked for the lower unknown river.

Before proceeding farther with this, in mining on Rancharee Creek we found specimens of pure copper, and there is no doubt but that this was the first discovery of copper in southern Oregon, one nugget weighing two pounds of pure virgin copper.

Proceeding down the river, our first stop was a few miles above the mouth of Briggs Creek. We found a prospect that paid from four to six dollars per day with rocker for a couple of weeks. While there we learned that a party of Indians had robbed several miners' cabins on Galice Creek, getting quite a supply of guns and ammunition and provisions. The Indians were pursued by the Galice miners for several days in the direction of the Illinois River, but finding that the Galice miners were in hot pursuit, the redskins separated and made further pursuit impossible. On arriving at Briggs Creek we discovered that the Indians had been there and gone down the river. Just below Briggs Creek we entered a canyon about ten miles in length, at the lower end of which we found a large flat covered with grass and large pine trees. Captain Root named the place Pine Flat. We found that the Indians had crossed the river here in an old battered-up Indian canoe. Our next discovery was what was afterward called Collier Creek, coming in from the direction of the coast. Here we found quite a large abandoned Indian camp, the Indians having evidently gone down the river. After spending two or three days prospecting this creek and the nearby river bars and finding nothing that would pay, we continued on down the river, soon entering into a terrible hell gate of a box canyon. The water was at a dead standstill the entire length of the terrible gorge, and in places the way was blocked with immense rocks so close to each other that we had to unload our boat and haul it over, or turn it up edgewise in order to get it past. Being unacquainted with the river, we at times feared that we were trapped in this gorge, and that perhaps a big fall in the river might be awaiting us, made the matter a very serious situation. After two days of this experience we found ourselves out of the canyon and could see in all directions instead of only straight up, as when we were in the gorge. We soon passed the mouth of Silver Creek, which later on proved to be quite a historic mining stream.

Our thoughts now began to center on getting out of the place as soon as possible, as we had found nothing that looked like gold mines to us.

Inside of two days the moccasin tracks of Indians began to increase at a rapid rate in the sandy places along the river. Captain Root noticed that I was not much pleased with the appearance of the situation, and he said, "if we can only get a hearing with them we can soon have peace with them." Just at this time the river was a dead eddy, making it easy for us to move along with hardly any noise. Rounding a sharp bend in the river suddenly brought us within less than one hundred feet of the Indian camp, then rose the wild savage yells of the Indians, the bucks ordering the squaws and little ones to run for dear life. Captain Root and his glib use of the Chinook language proved to be of no avail whatever. The Indians had a dam constructed of willows the entire width of the river with intakes made of willow at intervals along the dam for the fish to run into. They seemed to be catching an abundance of fish. Pulling our boat over the dam we sped on our way down the river. Going but a short distance we ran into another camp, but no Indians were in sight, our coming having been signalled to them by the first camp we had encountered. So this ended our anxiety about the Indians, I for one being glad to have it turn out just the way it did.

On the approach of winter this party of Indians, which consisted of about twenty in all, went up the river to Rancharee Creek and gave themselves up to a party of miners at that place.

The river was a continuation of bad rapids for some distance, and we had the misfortune to swamp our boat on one of them, and lost a good part of our supplies, had our ammunition damaged, so that we were unable to get any game, of which there was a great abundance. Prospects

for finding gold in paying quantities had by this time dwindled down to almost nothing.

The country opened out now and we found ourselves in quite a good sized valley. Captain Root and myself thought we would try for a deer, but soon gave up all hopes on account of our damaged powder. We saw plenty of evidence that at least a hundred head of elk had wintered there. Deer and big black timber wolves could be seen at all times of the day. Navigation became quite easy to what it had been, and we were soon gladdened by the sight of Rogue River. Crossing over to the north side we soon found ourselves in the Goulders Camp, where in June, 1854, Chief John and his entire force of warriors surrendered to the regular and volunteer U. S. army. This spot is now the town of Agness. Navigating Rogue River was more like play than what we had been having. When night approached we camped for the night with no sign of ocean or tide water. I have heretofore neglected to mention that Capt. Root owned a large black dog that accompanied us on this voyage of exploration, and proved to be useless except at night, when the big timber wolves would put up a blood-curdling howl and Fannie, as we called our dog, would venture out a little too far and find herself being chased on the dead run back to camp by a half-dozen or so of the big wolves. The early morning found us speeding down stream at as rapid a rate as possible, having lost nearly all our supplies when the boat was swamped, except for a small amount of syrup and flour.

We were soon gladdened by the near approach to the coast, as evidenced by the numerous sea fowls and the unmistakable pounding of breakers along the beach. In the latter part of the day we landed on the south side of the river not having seen a sign of a human being all day. Here we found about one hundred miners mining the black sand along the beach, and apparently doing well at it. We found Mr. Peter Oregon was keeping a well supplied miners' supply store. I will here mention that there were three of the Oregon brothers—Peter, John and Dan—who were Josephine county's earliest merchants, doing business on Althouse and Sailor's diggings. We were not long in discovering that the beach mines were quite limited, and that there was no room for us. So we broke up camp, Captain Root going back through the mountains to Rancharee Creek, and undertaking that I considered very risky, while Fisher and myself went over to Crescent City, a distance of seventy miles. There was a Cherokee Indian at the mouth of the river who owned a fine and well equipped whaleboat, and when the wind and waves were just right would make the run from Rogue River to Crescent City and carry express matter. He invited us to go with him, saying that he would be ready to go soon, and that he would land us in Crescent City inside of six hours, remarking that it would take us about three days to get there on foot. The mouth of the river was in plain view, with big white-capped breakers chasing each other in, did not make me hesitate long in declining to accept his kind offer, so Fisher and myself were soon on the road on our own way to Crescent City, with no road except the beach, and Indian trails across the points of mountains that made into the ocean. Arriving at Chetco River we found a man and his wife by the name of Miller, where we stopped for dinner, and in a short time found ourselves partaking of the first square meal we had had in many days. After the meal was over Mr. Miller carried us across the river in a model type of Indian canoe. Late in the day found us at the mouth of Smith River, where there was a large number of Indians engaged in fishing for salmon, with apparently good success. Traveling up the river a short distance we crossed and soon found ourselves among the mammoth redwood trees. In my mind the gigantic redwoods of Smith River were certainly the most wonderful of all trees. A few hours of travel found us in Crescent City, a very lively and wide awake little town, made so principally because of its being the seaport where goods were being delivered to be packed on mules over the mountains to the different mining camps in southern Oregon and northern California. A man named Stetler was the principal wholesale merchant of the town, whose house was a very busy place repacking goods to go over the mountains. This packing was principally carried on by Mexicans, who came from Mexico with their pack trains already equipped to engage in this particular trade of packing from Crescent City. Their equipment was a Mexican pack-saddle called "aparajo," which consisted of a pad made of good leather and canvas, and well made for packing all kinds of freight. It was not an unusual thing to see a safe that

Do you know how to select a good varnish?



say:

ACME QUALITY

we sell it and we know



Renew your floors, your woodwork, your furniture. Acme Quality varnishes assure a hard durable surface.

If you can remember that famous name and the famous Acme Bull's Eye Label you can buy the best varnish for your needs as well as any expert. For under this label you find a special varnish for every purpose. Made by men who thoroughly understand varnish, in one of the largest varnish works in the country.

For 40 years Acme Quality products have been the acknowledged standard of the industry. We know them. We recommend them. And your neighbors who have used them recommend them.

ROGUE RIVER HARDWARE CO.

Grants Pass, Oregon

would weigh four hundred pounds, packed by a strong mule wearing one of these saddles.

In the year 1857 was the time that construction of the wagon road across the mountains was begun, leading from Crescent City to the Illinois valley in Oregon, but not completed until the summer of 1855, an event that in a short time sent the Mexican and his pack mules to eastern Oregon and Idaho, to do packing in the new mines of that country. My companion Fisher, and myself, here parted, he going to work on the wagon road, I going back to Josephine county in Oregon. About the first person I met on arriving in Kerby was Captain Root, who came near losing his life in his attempt to reach Rancharee Creek from the mouth of Rogue River over the mountains. The miners of Rancharee and Piersaul Bar said that when Captain Root reached them the emaciated appearance of the Captain and his faithful dog showed very plainly that they could not have gone more than one or two days more. The distance he had traveled was much greater than he had anticipated.

I have written this story of facts as they occurred, as a example of what the early prospector and gold seeker had to endure in order to develop the mining resources of the Southern Oregon Territory.

Modern Inventions

Timothy—Maria! Maria! Open the door.
Al Falfa—Kind o' deaf, ain't she?
Tim—No, she ain't deaf, but tryin' to listen to the phonograph an' the telephone an' the wireless, an' havin' only two ears it's hard sometimes to get her attention.

No Waste Involved

"When a man says he has thrown his hat in the ring he merely uses a figure of speech."
"Of course," answered Senator Sorg-hum. "Many a political tile-tosser wouldn't be so reckless if he had to use a genuine hat."—Washington Star.

Boomerangs.

Boomerang-like objects are claimed by some to have existed in ancient Egypt and Assyria, and it may be that certain bone objects which belonged to prehistoric man were used in the same manner as boomerangs. This weapon was used by the Australian bushmen. It averages 2 1/2 feet in length by 2 1/4 inches in width. It is made of the green wood of the acacia, or some other hard wood, treated with fire. In India, boomerangs are made of ivory or steel, and are generally sickle-shaped.



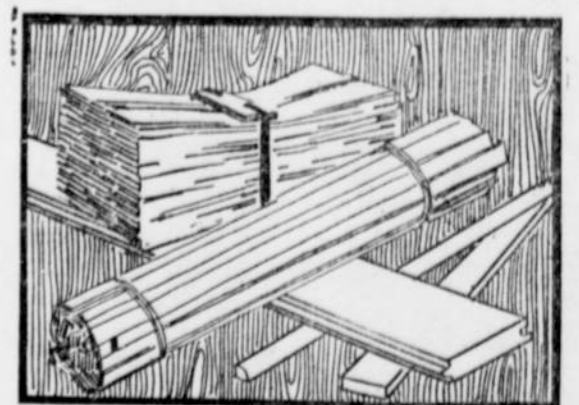
START RIGHT

on the Road to Success. The gates of the Savings Account are open to your smallest beginning and methodical depositing will make the road grow broader and more interesting each year. It's up to you to start now.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SOUTHERN OREGON

SAVE WITH US THE HABIT GROWS

It is Economy to Buy Good Lumber



Good Lumber lasts longer, makes a better looking building and more than saves the difference in cost over poor lumber in the less labor required to use it.

BORLAND LUMBER CO.

Phone 187-J

Wide Clear

Fir, Pine and Cedar

Long Cedar Boat Stock
Cedar Posts

Valley Lumber Co.

West F Street