

Pioneer Miners In Coos Black Sands

By R. M. Harrison

(Continued from last week)

Lieutenant Wingate's heart was heavy as he stood on the upper deck of the whaler, glasses in hand, looking to the North where his long-time companion, Capt. Berg was resting, and when the blue and the gold would come at sunset, to greet the flowers that kept their vigil over the graves in that lonesome land.

The whaler and its captain, Larry Owens, were for several months east-bound around the Horn, on an uneventful voyage, before they reached their destiny, Portland, Maine, which is about seventy miles from Rockland, his home town, where Wingate soon found himself surrounded by many of his relatives and old-time friends.

One day as Lieut. Wingate was showing some of his friends the little pickups and souvenirs he ran across a small vial that was filled with a heavy reddish substance, which for the moment had him guessing as to just where he had got it, but in a moment it came clear to him, and he told his friends about having gotten it on a beach, somewhere along the Pacific ocean and that there seemed to be a great deal of it; if it was valuable at all there were vast fortunes in it, and on the advice of one of his friends he took the sample to a chemist and had it tested and, to his great astonishment, it was very rich in gold.

This fact soon got going the rounds and Lieut. Wingate found himself the center of a great deal of speculation as to what could be gone to get back to that land which, to many, was the real land of Midas. The facts in this case spread rapidly and soon the entire countryside was aflame with the possibilities and some of the larger business concerns began holding meetings to finance some scheme to get back, if possible, and reap the golden harvest from the red and black sand out along the far away Pacific. This sentiment raged around through the country for some months and finally it crystallized into an exploration corporation, which began building a seagoing vessel that was to sail back to the Pacific in search of that golden treasure, and after about two years of labor and financing efforts the little seaworthy schooner, Petrel, slid down the ways and registered at Rockland, Maine, in 1838, and about three months later was outfitted for the voyage back around the Horn, with Lieut. Wingate as captain.

In selecting his crew, Capt. Wingate picked the best men or men that he felt would be equal to any emergency which might arise on such a long tedious sea voyage and, among those of his choice, was a lad just out of his teens, with plenty of vigor and ambition, whom he took along as sort of midship. This lad, Jimmie Morrison, was from a family of seafaring folks, from whom he had inherited the love for the Great Waters and whose longing for a "life on the ocean wave," was fully gratified by his station on the proud ship, Petrel.

It was in late autumn 1838 that the brave little bark Petrel pulled in her gangplank and loosed her lines for that long and possibly eventful voyage back to the sea of the setting sun and to that river, the dominion of Flying Whale, and his daughter, Beautiful Shell, (Kokelha), where the blue Pacific rolled her waves

across the ruby sand. It was a gala day in Rockland, mingled with sadness, when the Petrel sailed away with Captain Wingate and his twelve sturdy seaman, while the throng that lined the shore, waved and watched until the little ship had vanished into the then unknown.

For some months the Petrel coasted down the Atlantic, in and out among the many islands, until she finally rounded Cape Horn, and then to find her way, in out out of the many islands of the Pacific and finally along its shores, to search out the river of "Beautiful Shells," with its golden sand.

Owing to the uncharted waters over which the Petrel had to pass, in her trip to the Pacific, it made the voyage a long and hazardous one, but with the skill and caution of Capt. Wingate it was made without mishap and in January, 1840, the Petrel crossed the Golden Gate and dropped anchor in the bay, near the spot where the White Wings had rested some five years before.

During his five years' absence, Capt. Wingate saw that the little town had grown to some extent, almost to joining with the Mission, and that the country had begun to show some signs of civilization.

It required several days to overhaul the ship and get aboard more supplies for the final lap of the voyage, which took them to the very gates of the "Land of Midas," which was only a few hundred miles away. Capt. Wingate had made many inquiries about the rivers and bays to the north and had learned that some sailing had been done, in the Coos bay, as well as into a river a little to the south, the bar of which was none too safe in bad weather, and that there were some very dangerous reefs along the coast.

In mid-January, the outgoing evening tide carried the Petrel out across the Golden Gate and once more the little ship was rocking on the waves of the mighty deep, with her bow turned northward, in search of the "metal of the gods," for which man have found, bled and died, since the dawn of history. As the Petrel was plowing her way northward, the captain, having set the course, was busying himself in his quarters, when he suddenly recalled the voyage of that dreadful night some five years before and wondered if such a thing could happen again and, if so, what would be the outcome.

Leaning over and taking a look at the barometer, he rose quickly and went out to the deck, only to see that a stiff breeze was coming up and the dark clouds were racing across the heavens. Everything pointed to a rough spell of weather, which was not too assuring on these strange waters.

The captain had gone into the pilot to take up the course when the man at the wheel remarked that there was something wrong with the steering gear and asked the captain to take the wheel whilst he went to see what the trouble was and try to remedy it, but no sooner had the man gone than the rigging gave way and the ship's rudder was out of order and the vessel started drifting headlong with the wind. All hands were called on deck and everything was being done to make repairs, but to no avail.

There in the blackness of a stormy night and her steering gear broken down, the Petrel found herself at the

mercy of the wind and the waves. The crew was working frantically to prepare the ship for the worst to come when a heavy crash came from underneath, and the little craft shuddered and paused for a moment, then lurched ahead, only to crash again, which threw her broadside to the swells and against the reef, where she began breaking to pieces, under the weight of the savage combers.

The crash was so sudden and so terrific that the entire crew was thrown overboard and against the reef, with nothing to cling to, and in the dark, bewildering night, they found themselves plunged into that frothing surf, to make a hopeless struggle to save their lives.

Jimmie Morrison had just got his life preserver adjusted when the spill came and he was thrown on to the crest of one of the big combers. Missing the reef, he was thrown out on the beach but the back tow and surge of the surf held him for a long and bitter struggle before he finally got to safety, out on the sand. Exhausted and faint, he dragged his bruised and shivering body back up to the higher land, and taking shelter from the storm, he nestled down beside a huge drift log to await for the breaking of the morn. All though the remainder of the dreary night he could hear the heavy thud and pounding against the reef, as the brave little ship was being broken to bits, her wreckage being strewn along the sands of the sea. Although dazed and feverish, as he lay there, his ear was set for any sound or voice that might come from some of his comrades but instead there was no sound except that heavy roar and grinding of the mighty waves as they rolled and swashed, as if to tear the whole earth away.

Finally, the squeaking of the sea fowls and the dawn of light gave notice that the day had begun and Jimmie, rousing out of his stupor from his night of horror, rubbed his aching eyes and stood staring toward the rolling sea. There before him, along the sand, and partly wallowing in the surging tide, was a mass of tangled lines, sails, and broken masts and spars, while out against the reef, pounding her very heart away, was the remainder of the hulk of the once good ship Petrel. Looking skyward, he could see the great black storm clouds, racing like fleeting phantoms across the angry sky, while down below him, along the sand, he could see the bodies of his comrades, lying motionless, or wallowing to and fro in the ebbing tide. There, in a strange land, in a wilderness where nature favors no man and none but the fittest may survive, stood Jimmie Morrison, alone, hungry, cold and shivering.

To stand there was useless, to call for help was futile, and to despair was madness, so his resolve was to face whatever there was in store for him and, as he turned to walk down to the wreckage, he was started by the voice of a man, with that friendly "Hello stranger," and turning, he met the friendly gaze of a man, whose heavily bearded face and long hair told the story of one who had long been separated from the society of men.

As the man came nearer to him, Jimmie could see a goodly sprinkle of grey in heavy dark hair and whiskers, while his large blue eyes sparkled with goodwill and sympathy. "You seem to be in serious trouble, my boy," he said as he extended his hand, "and I have come to help you, for it is bad to see those bodies lying along the sand; and those who are still in the water; we must put them away; but first come with me, as I see you are almost exhausted from your hard night's experience and must have some rest and food."

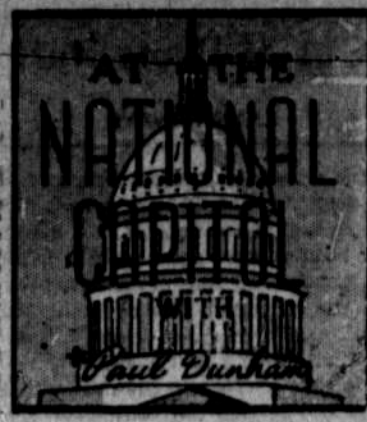
Jimmie was stunned to see this strange man, of friendly words, roughly dressed in Indian garb, standing there with him, on that bleak, storm-beaten shore, where a few, brief moments ago his soul was gripped in gloom and despair, which the tragic hand of fate had flung across his path.

Tears of gratitude swelled to the lad's eyes as he nodded assent to the kind and welcome invitation and he turned to follow his friend away. The path led along the beach for some little distance, to where a small stream flowed into the sea and, walking along up the little stream a few rods, they came to a cozy little nook, well sheltered from the storm, where a small shack stood, with the blue smoke curling from its crudely built chimney. Busy around the fireplace, inside the little home, was a woman, the wife of the man, preparing the morning meal.

(To be continued)

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Washington, D. C., Oct. 28—There has been considerable talk out in the northwest of late concerning the purchase of a certain eastern distillery, lock, stock and barrel. The purchaser would be the liquor commission either of Oregon or Washington. Besides buying the distillery, they would get around half a million cases of whiskey, now in the distillery warehouse, for their thirsty customers. However, nothing has been said about a plan that has been in the making for the last two months to build and operate a good-sized distillery in the northwest.

For some time a couple of scouts, well known in the distillery industry, have been looking over several spots in the northwest. There are only two liquor distilleries in the whole west, both in California. Prior to the war one of the California distilleries, located in the bay section, imported corn from the Argentine, which was cheaper than Iowa corn plus the long haul. The northwest grows very little corn, as compared with Iowa, Illinois, etc. However, a large amount of whiskey is distilled each year from grain other than corn. A good share of the rye and barley crops in certain sections of the east went their way to the distilleries. The northwest produces a big barley crop of excellent quality, and furthermore pure water, an essential in making whiskey, is found in abundance in Washington and Oregon.

The possibilities offered in the northwest have impressed these two scouts who represent large eastern distillery interests. However, the contemplated project cannot be undertaken at this time because of the war, priorities, etc. But it will be a postwar project if everything goes as per program. Washington probably get the plant, as against Oregon, because of the checking done on the question of possible prohibition, say the scouts. They are not afraid of national prohibition coming back again, but they are fearful of state prohibition. They figure Oregon a much better chance to vote dry than Washington if the issue ever comes up, and eventually they know it will.

A mighty sweet fight is in the offing when the senate starts debating the Connally resolution "for a lasting peace and all that stuff and things," come war's end. This is the resolution the senate substituted for the Fullbright concurrent resolution which passed the house by an overwhelming vote only to be pigeonholed by the togamen, who are now trotting out their own idea of such a resolution. The house members are still hopping mad over the way the senate treated their resolution, as this column told you several weeks ago. However, the togamen don't have to worry about that because theirs is not a concurrent resolution and the house has nothing to say about it. Many of the senators are dead set against the Connally resolution as written. They complain it says a lot of nothing, and the liberals intend to give it a face lifting before it comes to a vote.

Cloakroom gossip has it that Washington's Senator Homer T. Bone will not be a candidate for re-election because of illness. The senator has been ailing for some time and his friends believe he will retire from the public life, come January, 1945. If such is the case, it will throw a different light on the political situation in Washington. It is known that several Democrats are aspirants for Bone's seat, should he retire, and they have been trying to get the senator to say something definite on the subject. However, at least one, and maybe two, intend to go after his scalp, regardless. In the meantime Mr. Bone has nothing to say on the subject and, in all probability, won't until next spring.

Mailings cards, 50 for \$1.00.

Pimples Disappeared Over Night

Yes, it is true, there is a safe harmless medicated liquid called Kiesrex that dries up pimples over night. Those who followed simple directions and applied Kiesrex upon retiring were amazingly surprised when they found their pimples had disappeared. These users enthusiastically praise Kiesrex and claim they are no longer embarrassed and are now happy with their clear complexion. Don't take our word for it, use Kiesrex tonight. Only 50c. If one application does not satisfy, you get your money back. There is no risk so do not hesitate. Sold and recommended by

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War Production Board Urges Conservation Of Electricity

A PROGRAM DESIGNED TO:

1. Eliminate all waste in use of electric appliances.
2. Conserve Electricity in every possible way in your use of lights and appliances.

The basic objective of this program is to conserve critical resources by conserving electricity.

1. Conservation of electricity is essential to victory because
 - (a) Saving electricity means saving coal, or oil, or gas which are used to produce it.
 - (b) It means saving in manpower, directly or indirectly, which releases men and women for more essential purposes.
 - (c) It means saving in critical materials such as copper, tungsten, and molybdenum which are used in light bulbs but so badly needed for fighting equipment.
2. Conservation of electricity is a home-front duty for every man, woman and child whether at home or at business, whether at play or at work. Although individual contributions may be small, they can yield tremendous savings in fuels, materials, and manpower when undertaken by each and every person.

To obtain savings in electricity, residential, rural, commercial, and industrial users must all be enlisted in the conservation program. Each can do specific jobs.

Among the ways in which electricity can be saved by residential and rural consumers are the following:

- (1) Conservation in lighting use
 - (a) Turn off all lights not actually needed.
 - (b) Turn off fans, radios, and other electrical appliances when not needed.
 - (c) Keep lamp bulbs, reflectors and fixtures clean.
 - (d) When large bulbs burn out and replacement is necessary, use smaller ones if they will give the required illumination.
- (2) If electricity is used for refrigeration
 - (a) Don't keep refrigerator temperature too low.
 - (b) Never leave refrigerator door open.
 - (c) Let foods cool before placing in refrigerator.
 - (d) Reset refrigerator temperature control to normal after quick freezing.
 - (e) Defrost regularly.
 - (f) Turn off refrigerator prior to departure for any great length of time.
 - (g) Keep refrigerator properly repaired.
- (3) If electricity is used for cooking
 - (a) Do not use the range for heating the kitchen.
 - (b) Use less water for cooking.
 - (c) Use thrift cookers where possible.
 - (d) Keep the range clean and properly adjusted.
 - (e) Turn the heating unit down and cook on stored heat as much as possible.
- (4) If electricity is used for heating water
 - (a) Do not waste hot water. Do not let hot water run when washing dishes, shaving, etc.
 - (b) Repair leaky hot water faucets.
 - (c) Turn off water heater prior to departure for any great length of time.
 - (d) Heat only as much water as is necessary.

Specific savings which can be made by commercial establishments are outlined in the "Report on Voluntary Conservation Program for Electric Utilities" prepared under the sponsorship of the Office of War Utilities, War Production Board. In addition, the following principal conservation measures are suggested:

- (1) Turn off all lights not needed.
- (2) Turn off all fans and other electric appliances when not needed.
- (3) Hotels should place cards in rooms requesting that lights and fans be turned off when not needed.
- (4) Use electrical equipment, particularly cooking and heating devices efficiently.

In War Any Waste Is a Crime. Do Not Waste Electricity Just Because No Ration Ticket Is Required!

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