

Pioneer Miners In Coos Black Sands

By R. M. Harrison

(Continued from last week)

Reaching the cabin, Jimmie saw above the door a sign, done in charcoal, with the words, "Silas Moore, from Bangor Maine," at which the man pointed, and said: "That is my name, and the place where I came from and after we are done with the task before us, I will give you the story of my life, how I came here, and why I am staying here, but first let us go in and enjoy some food and warmth from the fire."

On entering the cabin, Jimmie saw that the woman was a native, tall, slender, and handsome, with a luxurious growth of very black and shiny hair, hanging in two long braids down in front of her, while her raiment was of a beautifully beaded bluckskin of the rarest tan. On entering the room, Silas Moore, spoke to his wife, in her own language, whereupon the woman bowed gracefully, and motioned to Jimmie to be seated. On a crude, but well arranged table before him, Jimmie could see samples of the tableware of the primitive man, and although the food was of an unknown variety to him, it was surely quite acceptable.

After the meal, Moore asked Jimmie to sit by the fire and rest, while he would go and summon help for the occasion, and stepping from the door, Moore blew a shrill blast on a whistle, and in a very few minutes several of the natives were there. The storm had subsided to some extent, but there was still a cold bleak wind, and the sea was still rolling in high combing billows, but Moore and Jimmie with the help of the natives, soon had the bodies, such as they could find, laid away, and were salvaging the part of the cargo of supplies which had washed ashore, and by daylight, had the situation well done away.

Sitting before the cheerful fire on the following evening, in the little cabin, Jimmie learned the life story of his new found friend. Twenty-five long years before, Silas Moore had sailed with his father on a crusing voyage around the Horn to the Pacific, and while sailing along that very coast, his father's vessel was caught in a very bad storm, and came ashore against the very rocks on which the ill-fated Petrel had struck, and he, Silas, was the only one to survive the tragedy of that dreadful night, of the long ago.

Cast ashore as he was, in an almost dying condition, some of the Indians in that vicinity found the lad, and took him to their teepee where they cared for him until he was recovered, and then adopted him into the tribe, and gave him dominion over the stream where they found him and later the tribal chieftan, Flying Whale, gave his eldest daughter for his wife. The sad event in which the entire crew, including his father, whom he loved very dearly, as he was the only heir, his mother having died when he was very young, were lost, made it very hard for him to think of ever leaving the scene, and, too, there was a lingering hope in his heart, that his father would some day come back to him from out of the depths of the sea, and whenever any storm struck, and strange sounds were heard from the reef, Silas Moore was always on the scene, in the hope that someone had escaped the fury of the waves, and that he could be there to give them aid.

A great deal of the cargo of supplies from the wrecked ship, had been thrown ashore by the waves, and were stored in the little home, for use by Jimmie and his friend. For several days, the two men kept a close watch to see if any of the missing bodies would drift onto the beach, and one morning after a rather squally night, the two men were walking down to the beach, when they saw an object lying directly in the mouth of the stream, and on going near to it, they saw that it was an oaken cask, or small barrel, which they took back to the house and, on opening it, they found it to be a cask of whiskey, which to them was a great surprise, as it was not known whether the liquor was from the Petrel, or from his father's ship, the Seafoam.

The little stream which flowed into the ocean at this place, had long been known to the Indians as Little Waters, but from the discovery of the liquor there, it got its name, Whiskey Run, which name it bears until this day.

Days lengthened into months, the months into years, and Jimmie was still one of the household of the Moores, as if he was a son, for his experience was like that of his friend, which bound them to the scene where they had been thrown from the jaws of an angry sea.

An uneventful, monotonous life of being stranded in a wilderness, was not in any way pleasing to Jimmie, and he often begged Moore to give up his vigil on that bleak coast, and go with him back to his native state, Maine, where they could live as white

men once more, but to no avail, as Moore was very much reconciled to his fate, and would answer by saying that some day there would be plenty of white men in that country.

In his rambling along the beaches, Jimmie had often noticed the ruby sand, but thought very little of it, as it was of no value to him, and even if it were pure gold, it would make little difference, as he could not eat it. Jimmie had seen and talked with a few white men, who had strayed into that region, and this had made him become more and more homesick, but because of his timid nature, he was afraid to venture beyond the sight of his dreary home.

In the winter of 1842-43, a malady of a fatal nature broke out among the natives, and in its ravages struck the Moore home, taking both Moore and his wife, and although Jimmie was stricken to the point of death, he recovered, but he was for some time in a very bad condition. In the spring of 1843, when he was completely recovered, he made his way to Kooos, where by some good fortune, he fell in with some explorers, who were sailing back around to the eastern seaboard.

After a long and uneventful voyage, Jimmie finally landed at his old home town which, after his several years of absence, had not changed very much. His relatives and friends gave him a grand reception, and after getting his story of seeing the ruby sand, and of all the other wonderful things which he had seen in that far-away land of the setting sun, a new fever of adventure broke out among the home folks, which raged into another attempt to reach that promised land and reap its golden harvest.

The enthusiasm of this fever ebbed and flowed throughout the countryside until in the late 40's, when gold was sure enough found at Sutter's mill in California, in 1848, and the big rush was on. When these smoldering embers broke into flame an expedition was quickly formed, and this time it was to be an overland expedition, in order to avoid any more of such marine tragedies, and after a great deal of planning and plotting, a goodly sized caravan of covered wagons set their wheels rolling toward the land of the setting sun.

Early in the spring of 1849, a company of about 100 hardy, resolute, and fearless, downcasters, including a number of the wives and some children, bade farewell to the sunrise end of freedom, and set their faces toward the setting sun.

Among these hardy sons of the rock-bound coast of Maine was our hero, Jimmie Morrison, who, burred by the charm of the great Pacific, and the blue hills, along with its crystal streams, gladly risked his all, in his determination to bring civilization to this beautiful land.

At this early day, a venture out across these wide rolling plains called for the stoutest heart and the most profound daring, as those who made the undertaking knew that a real danger lurked at every turn of the trail, but that indomitable spirit, so indelibly stamped in the human mind, that the golden age is just around the corner, overshadows all this and brings them to live in a forbidden paradise.

Days ran into weeks, weeks into months, and miles and miles on end, but the little caravan of covered wagons, with its precious load moved on, as the faithful bovines bent to the creaking yokes, and the rumble of the grinding wheel was measuring, with uncertain accuracy, that long, long trail, still growing longer, to separate these stout-hearted men and women from the cheerful society of their fellow creatures, as if they were instruments ordained to settle the wilderness.

(Continued next week)

Timely Topics

By R. T. Moore

The parents of a soldier stationed in the Aleutians let me read a letter from him telling how much he enjoyed the weekly home paper. He paid me the very fine compliment of praising my column. I am therefore thinking of buying a new hat of larger size.

The letter was well written, sprinkled with a spicy wit, and very interesting in spite of the efforts of the censor. It indicated a surprisingly high morale among the troops in that terrible climate. Yet there was a suggestion of home sickness underneath. And who can blame him.

After reading that letter and learning something of the hardships those boys have to endure every day, all trace of self-pity over the tribulations brought by today's attempt to do business fades into nothingness. We simply have no idea what a real hardship is. The petty beefing over trifles, the flimsy excuses for absenteeism, the complaints over rationing and tax deductions look pretty cheap and mean when compared to what a man has to go through on an Aleutian post.

Ask yourself if you are prepared to look those boys squarely in the eye when they come home and say, truthfully, that you gave them everything you had in the way of support when they faced death to save your skin from Jap and German. Can you meet the test of having cheerfully endured the trifling hardship of weather, food shortages, gas shortages and the like, to keep your place in the production line? Have you denied yourself pleasures when they interfered with keeping production wheels turning? Have you done everything possible to increase the production of the industrial unit in which you have worked? Have you purchased war bonds to the absolute extent of your ability without any hold-back for unnecessary luxuries?

There are mighty few who can truthfully answer these questions in the affirmative. The love of the almighty dollar still looms large in the lives of most of us. The love of gold has destroyed the souls of countless millions. It is still a potent power for evil after centuries of human experience. It is still the chief cause of absenteeism, slackness, and lowered efficiency. For the possession of money is often like a strong wine. It turns the heads of those unaccustomed to its use. It transforms their character from kindness, dependability, and industry into arrogance, carelessness, and laziness.

Fortunately, for the war effort, a majority have resisted the temptation of money. But far too many have allowed themselves to be led astray. Their dereliction will cause the death of many fine young Americans by prolonging the war and by lack of equipment that should have been made but wasn't.

The fact that the boys on that Aleutian post read and approved the philosophy set forth in this column is about the finest compliment that could be paid. To merit their approval is worth all of the time and effort used in its preparation.

The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation comes forth with a stern admonition to the banks to proceed at once with the making of "venture loans" needed for the establishment and nurture of job-making new businesses. The implication is that if the banks don't get busy on these loans, the federal government will. And if the federal government does invade this field, there will be precious little left for the banks to do.

This directive represents a complete reversal of policy on the part of F. D. I. C. Heretofore they have raised coin with any bank that did that very thing. Now they demand that it be done, or else.

The reason for this astonishing change of face is hard to fathom. There is always the possibility of politics being at the bottom of it. The abrupt about face in federal policy in the past few months has certainly been due to the right-hand trend of public opinion. Probably the FDIC is following the general pattern.

Another theory is that the service men are primarily interested in jobs and want private industry to furnish them. They don't want any PWA or CCC to come home to them. They want real, honest-to-goodness, He-jobs where they can feel they are doing something useful and getting places. And they are not interested in fancy bonus schemes, the payment of which will have to come out of their own pockets in taxes for the rest of their lives. This being true, the FDIC wants to have those private jobs ready when the boys come home. If it doesn't, it is apt to be sent the way of all flesh the first time the boys get a chance at the voting booth.

It is proper for the banks to make venture loans and to use good judgment in handling them. Banks are supposed to initiate and sustain private enterprise through judicious use of the people's money. Otherwise, what justification is there for a bank?

It is good that FDIC recognize the danger of over-regulation. The banks should be quick to take advantage of this opportunity to resume their proper place in the national economy.

An interesting natural phenomenon of the past year at the Bandon sawmill was the unexpected behavior of sugar pine lumber piled for drying in the shipping yard.

Pine mills have to dip their sugar pine to prevent bluing in the pile. A fungus attacks the green lumber causing a blue stain unless checked by a fungicide chemical.

As the quantity of sugar pine lumber at Bandon would not warrant the expense of dipping, it was piled without any treatment green from the saw.

It stood in the piles for several months while the sea breezes swept through it and the salty mist from the surf drifted over it on stormy days.

When it was dry enough for shipment it was taken down with misgivings as to its condition. A heavy percentage of blued boards was fully expected. But to the astonishment of the crew, the lumber came out about as bright as if it had been kiln dried. There was only slight bluing and this came out in the planing.

A plausible theory for this behavior is that the salt air of the coast acts as a fungicide by coating the lumber with a thin layer of salt before the fungus can attack. The cool sea air is not conducive to rapid fungus growth and also induces slow drying.

Maybe we can use this experience to work up a trade in sea-water with the Pine Mills. They might be persuaded to buy bottled salt water when the patented fungicides get hard to find. We Bandonians can guarantee a steady supply of salt water, fresh from Father Pacific. It is one commodity which OPA does not regulate.

The quiet drive for the enactment of the 22nd Amendment to the Constitution, limiting the income-taxing power of the federal government to a maximum of 25 per cent annually, is gaining ground.

The legislatures of 14 states have passed resolutions asking the Congress to inaugurate such an amendment. It will take 32 states to make it mandatory.

Several senators have indicated that they will introduce a bill in Congress covering this amendment. If it passes both houses it must be ratified by the legislatures of 36 states to become law.

It is likely that this question will come before the next Oregon legislature. Mounting income taxes are making the people tax conscious.

There is a strong trend towards the return of primary taxing power to state and local bodies over which the voter has immediate control. There is growing distrust of Washington's ability to run things. The taxpayer wants closer control over expenditure of his money. He don't know the heads of the bureaus in Washington. He does know the man he elects to local office. In other words, he thinks that our county roadmaster, Floyd Robb, can make a thousand dollars go further in road building than an engineer of the Federal Department of Roads and Highways can. And I know where there's a hundred dollars that says Robb can do that very thing right here in Coos county. He can do it because he knows every mud puddle from Lakeside to Powers and from Bandon to the Douglas county line.

Although there is good reason for passing the income-tax maximum limitation measure, the question of whether it can be done without affecting servicing of the national debt must first be decided. Nothing can be done to depreciate the value of the people's savings invested in war bonds. The financial integrity of the Treasury must be preserved at all cost. While we would like to pass such a limitation measure, we may be prevented from doing so by the astronomical size of the national debt.

There has been too much throwing around of the people's money. Waste and duplication will have to be eliminated and attention paid to the cost of government function, regardless of whether the income-tax levy is limited or not. It is encouraging to the tax-payer to learn that this move to hold down future taxes has such a good start. It is bound to increase in popularity with the passage of time.

Insurance Specialist, F. R. Bull.

Out-of-Doors Stuff

by LANS LENEVE

Even though the deer season was opened late this year, it was opened over the protests of timber interests, and as we understand, over the protests of army officials as well, not to mention the annual howl that is always apparent from certain Forestry service officials. However Governor Snell backed-up the game commission and stood by the deer hunters and in spite of pressure being brought to bear from many sources, the season was officially opened as scheduled. But this fact did not soothe the feelings of Forest service officials and so they proceeded to make it just as tough as possible on the poor deer hunter by making it necessary that a permit must be obtained in order to hunt or camp in most of the best hunting areas in Coos county. It simply meant that the deer hunters who were figuring on going into these restricted areas must burn a lot of unnecessary gas and waste a lot of rubber running down fire wardens in order to obtain a fire permit, if they wished to pull off their scheduled first morning hunt of the season.

A lot of hunters no doubt had planned on faring forth into the woods at the first crack of dawn on the opening morning, so it was necessary that they spend valuable time, gas, etc., in order to round up the fire warden the day before, or go to Marshfield in order to obtain a fire permit, or a permit to hunt in a certain country.

And once again it was demonstrated that the deer hunter was looked upon in the light of a careless cuss or a downright firebug. Close observation and association with deer hunters over a prod of many years has taught us that they are careful, considerate sportsmen, men who realize the fact that the big woods is the home of our wildlife, that it is their protection and should be guarded as such, and without exception no hunter is going to set fire to the woods.

It is pointed out that there are always forest fires started during the hunting season. This is true. But how many of them can be traced to the deer hunter?

Homesteaders, stockmen, sheepmen, firebugs are awaiting the chance to clear their ranges, so what better time could be picked for setting fires than during open deer season and the blame saddled off on the deer hunter?

We do not mean that all rangemen and homesteaders are of this ilk, but we do know that many fires are started by persons other than the deer hunter. For instance, we had a

shining example of it a couple of years ago. The very day that the deer season opened a large fire was started on open range—a grass and brush fire and one that for a while threatened big timber. And the man who started this fire was not a deer hunter, but a farmer, for he made this remark to me: "Well, that fire across from my ranch will be laid to the deer hunters. It should have been started sooner but I figured that if I touched it off before the season opened they might trace it to me, but they will lay it on the deer hunters." He admitted that he had set it himself and figured the deer hunters would get the blame. And this is only one case. There are many more such as this that occur in the state each hunting season—fires that are laid at the door of the deer hunter. He is unjustly accused of setting fires, he is looked upon as a fire-bug outlaw in many circles. But take it all in all the average deer hunter is a man who loves the wilderness and is the last person on earth to ever think of starting a fire that would destroy the home of the wild game that he loves to stalk.

Governor Earl Snell showed a lot of common sense in not proclaiming the season closed—he is a sportsman himself and he knows the sort of men who make up the ranks of Oregon sportsmen—good, clean men, lovers of nature, and not a bunch of outlaws as some people would like to lead us to believe.

OUR DOG SKIPPER

Skipper ran a sandy on the mail man. Now we go to town every day. To get our papers and letters, in the good old-fashioned way. Since Skipper ran his sandy on the mail man, He won't come to our door. Now we don't have mail delivered, To our house any more.

—H. R.

Calling cards. 50 for \$1.00.

Coquille Studio

★★

See us for photographs of

- Family Groups
- Service Men
- Babies
- Copies of Pictures

232 W. Second St. Phone 1211.

Local Group Receives Citation For War Work

The Bundles for America group, with headquarters in the Drane building, has received a citation for the wonderful work done by its workers. The rooms are open Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at which time rummage selling goes on. Quantities of beautiful knitted garments have been sent from here to be forwarded to our fighting men in the Navy. Mrs. Bonnie Walker announces they now have on hand a good supply of yarn and are in need of knitters.

New Type Begonia On Display

Plant and flower lovers, especially those to whom the lovely begonia varieties appeal, will be delighted to see a late development of a new variety which Bergen's are displaying for the first time in Coquille. Its name is Bardzey Begonia and is a hybrid between the tuberous and fibrous. The variety originated in Germany. It does not do so well in all parts of this country but this section is particularly favorable.

PENNEY'S

Winter Cottons

TO BRIGHTEN THE HOME-FRONT!

198

As important to your winter wardrobe as your sweaters and skirts! Clean, crisp cottons to keep you looking spic 'n span around your house... you'll like them for war work, too. Candy stripes, neat checks and other charming prints, 12 to 20.

Choose Shirtwaists or Pinafore Types

"I LOST 52 Lbs.!

WEAR SIZE 14 NOW!

—Mrs. G. B. WELLS, FT. WORTH, TEX.

You can lose fifty pounds and have a more delicate, graceful figure. No laxative. No drug. No starvation. No heat, no perspiration, no sweat, no butter.

See persons **LOST 14 TO 20 LBS.** in 30 days, using **ATIS** under the direction of Dr. C. E. Voss. However, **Sworn to before a Notary Public.**

With this **ATIS** plan you don't eat out any meals, starches, potatoes, meats or butter. You simply eat them down. It's easy when you enjoy a delicious vitamin fortified **ATIS** before each meal. Absolutely harmless. **GUARANTEED.** Try a large box of **ATIS**. 30-day supply only \$2.35. Money back if you don't get results. Just phone

BARROW DRUG CO.