

Back In The 80's

By Bob Harrison

(Continued from Page One)

Lamney, Jim Bullock, Ben and Bob Harrison and a number of others.

About four p. m. the Thistle hauled in plank and headed back down the river for Bandon, where more recruits were waiting to go along to the fishing job down on the Rogue. The old bark tied up at the dock in Bandon for the night, with a schedule to sail across the bar at four a. m. the following day. Quite a number of the boys in the Bandon area had signed up for the job, among whom were Le and Dan Kuntz, Ad Gross, Sam Brown, Andy Perkins and several others whose names we have forgotten.

In those "good old days," Bandon was a free and easy, happy-go-lucky place where no one lived under restraint, and when any occasion presented itself, with a little excitement in it, the gang would all gather at the place where they saw dust on the floor, and start blowing the foam off their suds, and this occasion was one they didn't overlook. The sunset sky in the evening presented rather a weird glare and some of the old weather-wise guys shook their heads and said, "looks like a storm brewin'."

At daybreak the following morning, the heavy surf could be heard, as it beat at the rocks along the shore, while a dozen or more huge swells were chasing each other across the bar, and billowing clouds sped like frightened demons across an angry sky.

At four bells sharp, the deep bass blast from her whistle, gave notice that the old ark was going out to face the storm, and a few minutes later, the full-speed ahead clang of the bell was heard, and the Thistle headed for the bar.

As they neared the bar, Cap'n Schwartz called the Mate up to the wheel with him, and strapping themselves to the pilot, they set their faces into the storm, which by now was rolling the waves mountain high.

The old Tug with her low bow and forward propeller, never would climb over a high roller, but would dive straight through the thing and when she came out from under a swell, you can bet your last sou, that her deck was surely washed. Some of the crowd on deck when the old ship took off, didn't hear the order to go below, on approaching the bar, and when the first comber rolled over the old Tug, they had to get busy to stay afloat. This we know, because the writer was one of the gang that stayed on deck, but however we all scrambled up into the pilot pen, where we hung on like a book agent. In that panorama of diving through combers, we all got our shirts and sox well laundered, and while we weren't hanging on like grim death, we were busy dusting the coating off our stomach, and as a rule, when the first paroxysm of sea sickness takes a patient, he is afraid that he is going to die, but a little later on, he is afraid that he won't die. It was anything but a pleasant pastime to be dipped into the briny deep at three minute intervals, for two or three hours at a stretch, and during all this time, there was only one thing that he could yearn for, and that would be a big solid island.

Once, through the combers on the bar, the old Tug had nothing to do, but to plug ahead, clipping the tops off the big swells outside, and all that day she chugged ahead against a heavy sou-wester, which at times would blow the waves down smooth, for a minute, and make them look purple to a guy that had gagged himself goofy. The storm faded out about mid-afternoon, and the sun came out and fried our laundry, that is some of the spots where the sun could hit, but the rest of the laundry was left salted down for a future day. Our sea sickness had finally subsided, on account of there being nothing to be sick for, but when we arrived off the mouth of Rogue river and got into the muddy rollers that old "yoric yoric" took us over again, and when the old Cap'n yelled, "everybody go below" believe me, we all went below, for the Rogue bar was surely on a rampage and that old muddy water from out of the river didn't help things very much.

Well, we were all down in the hold, with a lot of barrels of butter and other bric-a-brac that had been jarred loose from its mooring, in that bar-crossing panorama, and while most of us had the "hiu" hiccochs, or something that sounded much wetter, the rest of us were clamping a body scissors on an angry barrel of butter, or may be an Oliver Chill plow, or a bale of barbed wire. Well, there we were, all crowded in a dungeon; not a soul had time to speak and, so far as we knew, the old Ark was headed for some of the Jones' family frigidaire. While that would have been a good time to think about making peace with the Great Spirit, yet none of us could get a

word in edgewise and during all that deep suspense and anticipation, we never heard anyone get as far as "Oh Lord."

There we were, down in that hold, black as the inside of an infidel; we could still hear the throb of the engine, but couldn't tell which way the old bark was headed, but finally we felt her begin to roll, or at least we were rolling back and forth with everything that was on the floor of the old ship; with all the the butter, cheese, cascara bark, barbed wire, and a thousand other delicacies, that one might expect on such an occasion. It appeared that when the Tug was just entering the bar and was on the first comber, they got a signal from the station at Ellensburg, to stay outside, and when the ship was turned around in the combers was when the guys in the hold got their "setting up exercises."

The Tug put out to sea for some distance but when they took inventory of water and fuel, they found that they were too short and had barely enough to make it in, and while the crew in the hold was hanging on like grim death, wondering what it was all about, the hatch snapped open and a big hoarse voice rang out, "Hang on down there, heading back over the bar, win, lose, or draw."

Then bang shut went the hatch and "grim despair." Some of the inmates, who had strength to speak, shouted, "why not kick the bottom out of the old can and let her sink?"

The engines had been stopped for some time, which lent some extra misery to the guys below but this time they heard the clang of the "go-ahead" bell in the engine room. Then the old ship began to tremble once more from the throb of the engine and the old Tug headed for the bar. Then after a short spell, the boat began to rear and plunge, as she started to ride the combers, while the roar of the mad surf could be plainly heard, and with the creaking of the old ark, plunging from one comber to another, the barrels of butter and all other loose commodities burst out anew and like frightened demons, began racing down their helpless victims and here, we think that in his famous novel, "93," Victor Hugo could have improved, had he been on the Thistle that day.

The trip in over the bar was of short duration but was a rather rough ordeal, as the first comber she slid down from made her nose hit hard enough onto the sand to tear away the guard from the bow propeller. But she straightened up with the next big wave and slid into river like a swan.

Down in the hold, the lubbers were taking the melee in a serious way, not knowing where, or which way, they were headed, but as soon as they felt the thing level up and quit bucking, the hatch was thrown open and the way that bunch swarmed up out of that dungeon was nobody's business.

Reaching the deck where they could see the land, their sea sickness was gone and instead, they were famished with hunger. They didn't have to wait long for the crew was soon scrambling over onto the docks of Ellensburg and headed for the Bay View hotel where everything that stopped hunger was served. It was a sight to see that bunch of lubbers sea-legging along, their eyes looking like two drops of blood in a dish of salt, and while they were so gaunt that they had to hold their pants up with both hands, regardless of the suspenders, a little later that hungry mob was seated around the tables and did they soak up the viands!

It must have been a gala day for the populace of that region for it was a rather cosmopolitan crowd which lined up along the dock to greet that lot of wayward sons, from behind the great hills. The newcomers soon blended with the crowd and found them to be a very kind and friendly lot; some old-time friends met, and all in all, it was an occasion to be long remembered by all hands.

The Rogue river, in those old days, was very muddy from the mining operations along the upper stream. From the fact of the very roily water, gill netting was carried on during the day time, as the salmon were not able to see the nets and became entangled for that reason. At that time there was a very large run on and the fishermen were piling up a huge lot, to be put in cans. This new bunch of cannery workers soon found themselves buried to the ears in salmon. At this time, the run of fish were about all Chinook and of a rather large size. Some of the fish would make a full case of the canned product and of the very finest quality.

In those old days the Rogue, with the surrounding hills, out of which the river seemed to gush with little or no tide service, presented a romantic, as well as a picturesque scene. The inhabitants of that region added to that romance, as most of them had lived there from the very early pioneer days, and had lived the

real American way of life, enjoying the fullest measure of freedom and their souls knew no restraint.

In speaking of these old pioneers, one might ask, were they lawless? The answer is, decidedly, No; and if you ask, were they charitable, the answer is, Yes, for their latch strings always hang on the outside.

A letter published in the Daily Herald, San Francisco, August 24, 1855, has this to say about the Rogue River district: "A correspondent, writing from Whalesburg, gives the following account of the mining operations at the mouth of Rogue river. This mining district is probably the best yet discovered on the coast, the only obstacle being the want of water, but happily, that obstacle will soon be overcome, as we have a water company from San Francisco with an engine of twenty horse power, capable of raising at least 30 ton heads, and also a ditch Company has, by a great expenditure of labor and money, succeeded, or nearly so, in bringing a large amount of water from Indian Creek, a distance of some three miles, onto this beach. It has already reached the flat claims, and will be entirely completed in about six weeks.

"A soon as everything is in readiness for mining, there will clearly be heavy amounts of mining done. More men will be required at that time than are now present on the beach. Wages will range from \$50 to \$75 per month. We have semi-monthly communications from San Francisco via Crescent City and Port Orford. Politically we exercise a decided influence in this county, casting 70 out of 200 votes, at the June election. No prevailing sickness except beach fever and that is easily cured," wrote, Dr. McWhite.

It is quite evident that the first settlement at the mouth of the Rogue was called Whalesburg but on the occasion of this narrative, the R. D. Hume Company was monarch of all it surveyed along the river and the cannery, Bay View hotel and some other buildings, including Chisatown, all on the south side of the river, against the rocky bluff, were called Ellensburg, while farther west, around on the flat, was the Gelspe holdings, while farther out along the flat, were the county buildings.

The flat claims mentioned in the old letter were evidently this flat area in the neighborhood of the old county buildings, and it may be possible that some good placers are still out in that part.

However, the Rogue is still resting in the same old bed, all these years, but evolution, or revolution, has raised havoc with the works of man since 1888. We still remember with kindness many faces that we met in that yesteryear, as well as to remember the names of Dutch, Slim, Fienchy, Fat and many others, for in those old days, nom-de-plumes were very prevalent and, it is said, that some men actually forgot their true name, on account of being called something else.

The Rogue river, from its multi-prong source, to its very confluence with the broad Pacific, has meant much to mankind and especially to those who have enjoyed living within its domain, for it has ever been a land of opportunity, even to the "finny tribe" that course its waterway, the untold millions in the yellow metal that mingles with its sand, the fertile valleys that drink from its cooling waters, and even to the rugged terrain guarding the "Hells Gate" through which its frothing water lunges; all these give romance and grandeur to this grand monument of the west, and there is no doubt that the Red Men of the ages past, loved and revered the Rogue, and now we, as their successors, could wisely follow their example, and imitate their reverence, and wave salute to the River Rogue.

Passenger Car Registration In Oregon Down 130 In Year

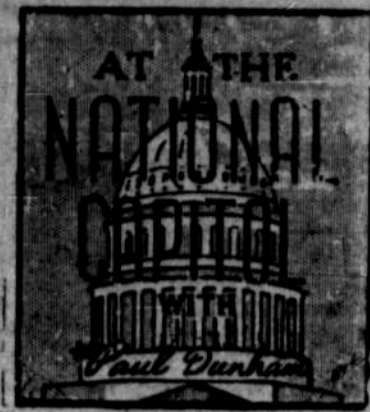
There are 130 less private passenger cars in Oregon today than there were a year ago, according to registration figures compiled in the office of Bob Farrell, secretary of state, at Salem.

At the end of the first seven months of this year, there were 323,543 private passenger cars registered in the state, a drop of 130 from the registration figure a year ago.

The reduction in the number of passenger cars operating on Oregon highways and streets is attributable to individuals leaving the state, cars not registered due to gasoline and tire restrictions, and to natural scrapage, Secretary Farrell said.

Pimples Disappeared Over Night

Yes, it is true, there is a safe harmless medicated liquid called Kleorax that dries up pimples over night. Many report that they had a red sore pimple, face one night and surprised their friends the next day with a clear complexion. There is no risk. The first application must convince you or you get your money back. Only 50c. Join the happy Kleorax users who are no longer embarrassed with unsightly pimples. Sold and recommended by BARRON DRUG CO.



Washington, D. C., Aug. 31—Cost of living in 1939 was notably lower than in 1944, and civilians now would like to return to the "good-old days." Donald Nelson, who is still boss of WPB despite his mission to China, has been desirous of going back to the prices of 1939 and was making moves to bring this about. A few days ago Nelson, who was a Sears-Roebuck executive before coming to the national capital, announced that as soon as the war in Europe folded production would start on civilian goods—not all, but on many of the heretofore hard-to-get, and that the prices would be those of 1939. Mr. Nelson had, according to the signs, won his fight against the brass hats.

When Nelson announced, a few months ago, that a little material would be released to permit manufacturers to prepare models or samples to be sold to the public after the war, he met with hostile opposition from the war department. Nelson argued that the war department has stockpiles to provide for their needs and that he would divert a small portion to the manufacturers, but the brass hats refused to admit that they have a sufficiency of anything.

Came the show-down, and Nelson came out on top. If there is a particular war item that may be regarded as short it will not be disturbed, but there is no shortage of aluminum nor magnesium and these metals can be fabricated into innumerable articles. In addition to the war department, Nelson had the opposition of certain of the big industries now engaged in war production. These concerns did not want to continue working on government contracts and see little manufacturers get the jump on articles which the big companies hope to produce but which they cannot touch until their contracts have been completed and they can re-tool.

If the proposal and promise of Donald Nelson become a fact there should be a stirring in peace industry before the end of this year, inasmuch as the general impression seems to be that Germany will cave in within two or three months. Nelson said that he wants civilian goods produced regardless of how long it takes to exterminate the Japanese in the Pacific. This policy would place the Pacific coast at a disadvantage in some respects, as the coast must continue to produce for the war against Japan and wait while the industrial east is back in peace production.

It is apparent that the resolution introduced by Senator McKellar for retention of islands in the Pacific recovered from Japan was intended merely as a gesture and is not to be taken seriously at this time. Its immediate consideration was not asked and it was referred to the committee on foreign relations. The resolution covers all of the islands in the Pacific held by or mandated to Japan, as well as Bermuda and the West Indies. So far as the Bezmudas and British holdings in the West Indies are concerned, Mr. Churchill has made it clear that Great Britain will not relinquish title to any part of the empire, and there is no prospect that this issue will be raised in the senate.

As to the islands in the Pacific, it is certain that the old cry of imperialism will be heard if the United States attempts to hold anything more than Japan captured from this country after Pearl Harbor, and the congress is already pledged to relinquish the Philippines as soon as the Japs are driven out. There has been no indication of what is officially contemplated for the Japanese-owned or mandated islands and it is recognized that there is a possibility of conflict of interests when the subject is taken up by the United States, Russia and Great Britain after the war.

In spite of the widely-voiced complaint of too many federal bureaus, agencies and boards the week seldom passes without some member of congress proposing a new one, and always with a nice, fat salary attached. The latest is the brain child of Senator Hill of Alabama, whose bill would create a three-member federal transportation authority, many of the activities of which would duplicate the work now being done by the interstate commerce commission. Each of the three members would receive an annual salary of \$10,000 and there is, of course, provision for the employment of counsel with handsome pay. Duties of other departments or agencies relating to

transportation would be transferred to the "authority" by presidential order, and the new agency would have the right to demand information from carriers, require them to keep records and make regular reports. What, if any, benefits are to be derived from creation of this board probably will be outlined when the measure is reported out by the committee on interstate commerce to which it has been referred.

Observing The Law Will Cut Labor Day Accidents

Labor Day week-end traffic accidents have claimed a toll of 24 lives in Oregon during the past four years, the safety division of the secretary

of state's office disclosed today in urging Oregon drivers to avoid accidents this year.

The Labor Day holiday toll for the past four years is as follows: 1943, ten fatalities; 1942, two fatalities; 1941, nine fatalities; 1940, four fatalities.

Speed too great for traffic conditions and lack of good traffic judgment in passing were the two chief factors in these accidents, according to the safety division. The exercise of good traffic judgment is particularly important in such matters as passing cars on a busy highway. Passing on curves or when approaching the brow of a hill is dangerous and resulted in several of the Labor Day fatalities in past years.

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From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

Recipe for a Perfect Marriage

Dee and Jane Cuppers celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary last Saturday. Having so many friends, it seemed like half the town stopped in that evening to pay their respects.

happy marriage. Two folks with different tastes—no doubt an honest fault or two—who through the years have learned to live in tolerance and understanding.

Little Ida Moffat brought a home-made poem to read, called "Love Enduring. Bert Childers siddled "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Will Dudley made a speech and proposed a toast.

From where I sit, Dee and Jane are a mighty good example to young married people of today—an example of how moderation, tolerance and understanding can build lasting happiness and solid homes.

And as I watched that toast—Dee with his glass of beer, Jane with her buttermilk—I thought to myself: There's a recipe for

Joe Marsh

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