

Early Day Bear Creek History

(By Mary M. Randleman)
At the invitation of Mrs. Mulkey, our county school superintendent, I went to Parkersburg last week to listen to Joe Flam, an old-timer, tell of early days on Bear Creek. I think the invitation was extended to me, owing to the fact, that many years ago I finished my term of school for the teacher then employed at that place. I was at a loss to find the site of the old school house and thought for a while that it was the present school site until I was enlightened by an old pupil of that early day. It seems that the first school house was in the myrtle grove on the north side of the Coquille river but the little school house, where I reigned for a few weeks, was near the mouth of Bear Creek on the south side of the river. I remember was in a boat from Grube's mill and rowed up the creek for a short way but there is not a trace of the old building there now.

Mr. Flam, who has just passed the 84th milestone, has a clear memory of what has taken place in the community since he came there in the year 1872 from his home in Minnesota.

Mr. Flam's father, John Flam, sold his home in Minnesota and, with his family, journeyed westward. They came by train to San Francisco and by ocean steamer to Coos

Bay. On the way up they anchored a little southeast of Battle Rock at Port Orford for a short time. They landed at Empire, came up the Bay to Marshfield, then on a little boat called "The Shoe Fly," to the Judge Hall place on the Isthmus. At that time there was a tramway across the Isthmus and their belongings were transported in wagons drawn by mules, to Beaver Slough. They journeyed down that historic stream in scows to its mouth where Fate Low's family was located and was a stopping place for travelers for many years. They made their way down the Coquille river, by scow to Parkersburg but it was not called Parkersburg till Doc Leneve sold his property to Capt. Judy Parker, who built a sawmill in the year 1874 and began operations in 1875.

The mill was located near a small stream called Bear Creek, from the fact, (or tradition), that Doc Leneve killed a bear at that spot. It was so named by Harry Baldwin, a cultured gentleman from Ireland. Up Bear Creek the pioneers trudged on an elk trail with their belongings on their backs. The families who came and located in that vicinity were from many states in the Union and far places in the world. The home of Bobbie Rock, who came around the Horn, was the first place they came to, (now the Devereux ranch). Others in their order were: the Evans place, now the W. J. Haga farm; Jenkins, now the Heffley place; Van Leuven; Bingsman; Benzen, now the Frank Culver place; Flam; Harry Baldwin, now the Morris Bay place; Doyle, and Randleman on Randleman Creek.

There were others named by Mr. Flam: the Hamblacks, Eruits, Perkins from Tennessee, and the Gorchams from Kentucky. Their activities were varied. On the banks of the Coquille, a few miles above the mouth of Bear Creek, there was a water power sawmill built and operated by Pole, Grube and Matt Rink. Pole was the logger, Grube the office man and Rink the rafterman. They built a boat to carry their lumber, which was mostly cedar, to San Francisco. That was the market for both lumber and coal in the early '70's.

The first couple to be married on the creek was Rosella Flam and Horace Van Leuven in the year 1874. Some of their grandchildren attend the school at Parkersburg and listen eagerly to tales of bygone days told by the "oldsters."

I had an opportunity to tell the children about the educational and historical value of the Museum which we hope to establish. They promised their cooperation in collecting things that had been used by the early settlers on the creek. One little boy gave me a handful of treasured arrowheads and told me of some other things he had at home. There is much interest shown in the C. C. Pioneer Association's effort to preserve the things of historic value and a building to house those activities is badly needed.

Be-gorra' and have ye heard o' the St. Patrick's Day dance, the Eagles are givin' at the Community Building Saturday evening, March 17. Dancing starts at 9 sharp. Music by Jack Ellis and his orchestra.

Remember Norton's — for office, school and home supplies. tfs

Bare Facts From Bear Creek

"The Colossus that's Different"
(By Lane Leneve)

A controversy is going strong between naturalists, aimreds, professors, game wardens, the heads of game departments, etc., as to whether or not a rabbit runs faster up hill than he does down hill. As suggested by one newspaper, it will evidently take a downright demonstration on the part of the rabbit to settle the argument. However, we feel that this would not be a practical solution to the problem, for one rabbit might be more frightened than the other and would put on more speed either going up hill or down. And it appears that no one has specified just how steep the hill is supposed to be in the first place. But going up or down, it's bound to be a close race. In fact one won by a "hare."

It will be sixteen long years ere little Bobby Haga of Bear Creek attains the age of manhood but for a few hours last week he must have felt every inch a man in his small way. The occasion was a birthday party given in his honor by his mother, Mrs. Jean Haga, and which was held at the community playshed, where the youngster was the center of attraction for a large number of guests, including both youngsters as well as oldsters, who turned out for the occasion. Bobby's daddy, Grover, was wounded in action in France not long ago, was sent to England and, having recovered from his wounds, was sent from there to Belgium to help in logging operations for Uncle Sam. We are glad to hear of Grover falling trees instead of felling Germans. He has done his bit on the battlefield. Shy, little Bobby cannot now grasp the full significance of the purple heart that was bestowed upon his daddy but some day he is going to be mighty proud concerning it.

We wish to advise the person, or society, that is sending the anonymous missives to us from Eugene and who evidently are readers of this column, as well as being Jap lovers, that we are not interested in doctrinaire beneficiaries of the Japanese in the South Sea Islands or elsewhere and that any one sending us such stuff is merely wasting their time and postage in doing so.

From somewhere in the far-flung waters of the Pacific comes a letter from Sgt. "Hap" Rackleff and written relative to this column. The letter sparkles with true Yankee wit and humor and is referred to as "fan mail." Our sincere thanks to Sgt. "Hap."

While the people, elected by the people, for the people, argue for days at a time at the nation's capitol regarding whether we shall work or fight, and while thousands of workers go on strike, halting production of vital war materials, the boys in Europe and the South Pacific are fighting and dying by the thousands. Just what are those boys fighting and dying for? Is it for longer debates in the Senate and on the floor of Congress, for higher pay for war-time slacking strikers, or for freedom and a good, clean America?

"Jumbo" Albertson is on crutches as the result of an accident suffered at the Harrington-Ray Logging camp on Bear Creek. We are trusting that while he is idle that he doesn't again take up the art of trapping civet cats in this vicinity. With us it is sort of like the title to that old song, "The Memory Lingers On."

And just who can deny the fact that the ground hog didn't know his stuff this time? Wearing a lot of gold braid and stripes, our old friend, Dewey Brown, has returned from a two-year pilgrimage about the world with the Merchant Marine. Dewey was torpedoed twice—that is, his ship was. Just as soon as we receive his permission to do so, we have something startling to tell you relative to his experiences.

Thousands of robins are frequenting the fields in this vicinity. With a hop, skip and jump, they stop and bend an attentive ear to the ground. Then down goes their beak in a nose dive and up it comes with a nice, juicy angleworm. It appears there is going to be a shortage of bait for the catfish fishermen this season. As yet there has been no song from the throat of the robin. When that occurs we will be convinced that spring is here. Perhaps old redbreast saw the ground dog's shadow also.

When Irish eyes are smiling Why not keep them smiling bright? Take your Kathleen or your Colleen To the dance St. Patrick's night. Sponsored by Eagles Lodge. Dancing starts at 9. Music by Jack Ellis and his orchestra.

See "Spike" Leslie for the best in Liability, or other Insurance. Office, 275 So. Hall, in former hospital bldg., phone 5; residence phone 95L.



Washington, D. C., March 15 — Marvin Jones, the war food administrator, has proposed to a house committee that the FBI make an investigation of his agency to determine the truth or the falsity of rumors concerning it. One current rumor is that a high placed WFA official has been holding poker parties at his home, and that warehousemen have attended. It has been admitted that the poker parties were held, but it is denied that any warehousemen were present, and the further assertion is made that the stakes were quite low.

Rumor circulating has always been an important game in this national city. Back in the days of President Harding he played poker in "the little green house on K street"—which is now an insurance office and next door to a fire station. Nick Longworth, then speaker of the House, and Jack Garner, later speaker, were confirmed poker players and their games were frequent. Charley Curtis of Kansas, when vice-president, was a wizard with a poker hand and won so consistently that several senators refused to play with him. There were high poker games in the Willard when, on one occasion, a western senator "cleaned up" and when he demanded his cash he was handed back a flock of I.O.U.'s he had signed in other games. This led to a row, and black eyes decorated several of the players when they departed. A former member of the house still today carries a "promise to pay" given by a senator from a western state who no longer is a member of congress.

The theory behind the current rumor concerning WFA games is that the warehousemen "lost money" to the officials of that agency. This is an old trick which has been resorted to from one end of the nation to the other as a polite method of paying for favors or votes.

Among assertions, such as that of the spoilage of food in warehouses and immense quantities purchased which cannot be warehoused for lack of space, is the story of 20,000,000 pounds of lard. War food administration bought this lard when the packers wished to get rid of it. The lard was stored, and it was held so long that it became rancid and unfit for human consumption. It finally was sold to soap manufacturers, as the army said soap is almost as important as food. The story of the way the lard was handled has caused even more comment than have rumors about the poker party.

Discussion in the House of requests in the deficiency appropriation bill brought renewed attacks upon the federal housing authority for its alleged extravagance and lack of judgment in selecting housing projects for war industry workers. Cited as an example was the west end apartments projects at Hartford, Conn., where more than 200 houses were built at a cost of \$2,000,000 and not a solitary dwelling has ever been occupied. They stand idle today as they did on the day they were completed. It was suggested by one senator that perhaps the buildings might serve as lodgings for German war prisoners since they seem not to be needed for housing war industry workers. War housing authority reported that it had applications for housing projects with an estimated cost of \$13,000,000.

Before the war, in December, 1941, there were 61,845 beds in veterans hospitals. By the end of 1946 there will be 120,000 beds. The number of beds which will be required is unpredictable, but that is the present figure planned by the veterans administration. Congress has appropriated \$84,000,000 for new hospital construction, to be used as General Hines of the veterans administration deems necessary. Construction for these additional beds is not progressing as rapidly as the situation requires, veterans administration explaining that it is difficult to acquire the necessary equipment, but the G.I. bill provides that, next to the Army and Navy, first priorities should go to the Veterans Administration.

The state of Washington pays next to the highest wage for farm labor of any state in the country. In third place is Oregon. Per month, the wage in Washington without board is \$173, and with board included \$132. Per day, it is \$7.84 without board and \$6.45 with board. In Oregon the rate is \$160 per month without board and \$125 with; \$7 per day

without board, and \$3.94 with. With board included, California leads by 80 cents a month, which is the only category in which California leads Washington.

Eight Were Given Degrees At Grange Meeting Last Friday

Coquille Grange, No. 396, met Friday evening, Mar. 9, for its regular meeting with a potluck dinner at sev-

en o'clock and with about 50 present. Songs and stories were enjoyed by all, including visitors from Fairview Grange and Langlois. Eight candidates were given the third and fourth degrees. Four very nice tableaux were presented by Grange members.

The next Grange meeting will be on March 24 in W.O.W. Hall when refreshments will be served.—Press Cor.

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NOTICE To Dog Owners

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an Order of the County Court has been made extending the time for the collection of Dog License Fees to April 1, 1945, without penalty.

After April 1, 1945, there will be collected by the County Clerk a penalty of \$1.00 in addition to the \$2.00 license fee, making a total of \$3.00 for each dog licensed.

No application blanks necessary — just remit \$2.00 to L. W. Oddy, County Clerk before April 1st, for each dog over eight months old, and license, together with metal tag bearing license number, will be issued. No further notice will be given before penalty is attached.

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L. W. Oddy, County Clerk

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