

# Illinois Valley News

An independent newspaper devoted to the development of the richest valley in the world, the Illinois Valley and its surrounding districts. Published every Thursday at Cave City, Oregon by the Illinois Valley Publishing Company.

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## CAVE CITY OR CAVE JUNCTION?

We, as human mortals, are not responsible for the "monikers" mother and father hand to us. We knew a regular "he" man whose mother had named him "Percy" when he was a baby. This fellow would almost break your neck if you called him "Percy," but that was his name and he couldn't help it.

All cities, unincorporated like Cave Junction (as Uncle Sam's postoffice calls us), are the same as the above mentioned boy. Postmaster General Jim Farley, (papa in this instance), named the postoffice Cave Junction, and when you want mail to come to you, that is the correct way the mail should be addressed.

Like "Percy" we have no choice in the matter. The citizens of this city want, and are going to demand, that the place be called Cave City as it was in the beginning. Before we had a postoffice the town was called and known as Cave City, and that is what the Chamber of Commerce and everyone else we have talked to, wants the town called. We have yet to hear one single individual living in the commonwealth who wants the place called Cave Junction.

There seems to be an undercurrent of opinion outside of our city that believes the place must be called Cave Junction. Why, we don't know. But nevertheless influence was brought to bear on the Postmaster General and we were "dubbed" "Cave Junction" much to our dislike. The intentions of those interested were all good and true, just the same interest "uncle" and "aunt" would have towards the boy "Percy." But when "Percy" grew up to be a regular guy his name was quite a handicap to him. Papa Farley, through the influence of "uncle" and "Aunt" has christened us with "Junction."

Large numbers of letters come addressed to Cave City, and the mail always gets here, but have a money order come to you with Cave City on it and try to cash it. It just can't be done. While our Postmaster, George Rowley is the most accommodating person in the world and goes out of his way every day to give extra service he is not entitled to, nevertheless, he cannot cash a money order that has Cave City on it. If he did, the postoffice department would refuse to redeem the order, because, technically, there is no Cave City according to the postoffice authorities. So when you receive a money order addressed to Cave City the only recourse is to send it back to the issuing office and have them change the name from Cave City to Cave Junction.

This will happen more often in the future, because the people of the community WANT the name of "Cave City," they NO NOT want "Cave Junction," and we can't see for the life of us why "Uncle" and "Aunt" won't help us get our name changed. They like us and want to help us in every way possible. We are old enough now to know what is good and bad for us and we should be allowed to have something to say concerning the name the world is going to know us by.

What are we going to do about it? Let's get together. Either make a determined effort to have the name changed or accept what has been thrust upon us and, whether we like it or not, use it, for it is very embarrassing at times and much trouble is being caused by the constant application of the two names, "Cave City" and "Cave Junction." Of course, if the people of this community incorporate the town, that would simplify matters, because an incorporated town can usually choose its own name. However, in this matter, if the government thinks we are treading on its own toes, it might choose to be a "naughty" parent and tell us to take what we have and like it. "Percy" and "Junction" are synonymous to us, and though "Papa" Farley may make us take "Junction" we won't like it and never will, and regardless of the postoffice name, Cave City will still live and this thriving, growing, well intentioned community would like very much to be known as "Cave City."

"Uncle" have a heart—Give the "Kid" a break.

## DISCOVERY OF CAVES TOLD

(Continued from Page One)

Illinois valley. The Government then placed them under a guide and guard to show the people through. In 1922, the Government and the state of Oregon constructed the road that is now in use.

After the Government made a national monument of the caves, (set aside by President Taft in 1909), Alexander A. Winchell, a

professor of geology, visited the caves to make a geographical and geological survey for the Government. In making that survey he spent about seven days studying the caves and surrounding territory. In his report, he gave a good, clear description of how they originated, and of the period in which they were formed.

### THE FORMATION

He started out with the formation of the caves, which is technically a lime ledge, but which by internal heat and pressure

from the surface, had been converted into marble. This differs from other lime ledges from the fact that others were not subjected to such internal heat and pressure. And then, as mountain ranges had been raised from the crinkling of the earth's surface, or from volcanic action, this lime ledge had been raised from the floor of the ocean, where it was first formed, to an elevation that is now 4,000 feet above the ocean's surface. That occurred before the glacial periods. Then great glaciers drifted down from the north at different periods of time, estimated to be from half a million years to 250,000 years—possibly as late at 140,000 years ago. The water from these melting glaciers found its way down through cracks and crevices in the marble. Slowly and steadily, through long periods of time, it washed and corroded crevices into rooms and passages, some just barely large enough to admit a person's body, others great rooms. The largest of which is some 300 feet long, 50 feet wide and 40 feet high. The rain and snow on the surface of the mountain above the caves slowly filtered its way down through this marble, which is pure lime, dissolved a certain portion of it. As the water would trickle down over the walls of the caverns, it slowly left a deposit of pure crystallized lime, forming stalactites and stalagmites and incrustations of lime over the walls. When a light is reflected on them, it brings out most beautiful effects. Contrary to what some people might imagine, that these caves were formed by volcanic action, they were entirely made by erosion and crystallization.

After the Government set the caves aside at a national monument, it opened up the narrowest of the passageways and put in steel stairs and ladders where it was necessary to climb to higher elevations in the various caverns. When one makes the trip through them, you start into the entrance that was originally discovered, after traveling several hundred feet on that level, you make a climb over various different ladders, until you have reached 110 feet in height. Then you come back nearly to the surface of the sloping mountain again; from there, you go back directly into the mountain for some 3300 feet, where the largest of the rooms are found.

To eliminate the necessity of retracing all your steps on the trip, the Government drilled a tunnel from the furthest point in, out through the side of the mountain to the surface. This tunnel is now used as the exit, making the trip about two miles from the entrance through the caves, and back to the starting point.

While making this trip, one goes through rooms that have been named Watson's Grotto, Petrified Garden, River Styx, The Wigwam, where there is a perfect form of a human face called Old Rain-in-the-Face; and Little Mirror lake. Then you have reached the upper level where nature had formed an outlet that was used as the exit for a number of years

before the tunnel exit was constructed. It is here that you go back and penetrate the mountain to the furthest point. On our way back, you pass through the Cathedral Arch, by the White House, and the Coral Garden, Niagara Falls, the King's Palace, Neptune's Grotto, the Petrified Forest, the Grand Column and then through a series of passageways to Joaquin Miller's Chapel; to the Garden of the Gods, Lake Michigan, Old Mt. Shasta, Twin Sisters; then you see the Atlantic Ocean, Chesapeake Bay, Devils Washboard, and on into the great Ghost room. Passing through this room, we find the most beautiful thing in the caves, Paradise Lost.

After returning through the Ghost Room, where you experienced total darkness by extinguishing the lights you are 1000 feet vertically down from the surface of the mountain and 3300 feet from the entrance. Then we pass under the great Suspended Ceiling, that is only eight feet thick, covering a room 25 by 50 feet. This is considered by many to be the most interesting thing in the caves, from the fact that it is completely cut off at either end and is supported only by the sides extending back into the formations. This veiling, weighing hundreds of tons, forms the floor to the room above. After you pass under this ceiling you climb around the end of it, back over the top. You then look down into the great Ghost Room. Colored electric lights bring out the effect that one would see on the screen of Dante's Inferno, and the River of Fire, rough and rugged wall formations. From that point we enter the tunnel that is 512 feet long, which leads to the surface. Finally by traveling down the trail a quarter of a mile, you are back to your starting point.

The caves were electrified in 1931, an accomplishment that has brought out interesting features that otherwise were impossible to show visitors.

When Elijah Davidson discovered the caves, there was only the track of his bear and his dogs to follow, for there was no trail for men, nor marks on the trees, such as woodmen generally follow. Nor were there any trails such as a few people would make in traveling across the mountain side with horses or on foot, until the caves were set aside as a national monument in 1909. Even then, there were only about 360 people who visited the caves the first year. But those people would tell of what they had seen, so that the number increased, year by year, until 1920, when there were more than 1800 people who visited them. They had to travel about 10 miles by one trail from Williams valley or eight miles by trail from the Holland valley. The first year the road was built to the entrance of the caves, 10,000 people travelled it. Since then the annual visitors number from 25,000 to 32,000.

Men engaged in football undergo much more danger of serious injury than those in the prize ring.

A man doesn't like to stay in a house alone all night, either. That's why he buys a revolver.

Learn to stop grumbling. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

CAVE CITY'S  
POPULAR CAFE

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HOME COOKED MEALS

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Cold Plate Lunches  
and Sandwiches

Ice Cream and Soft Drinks



**Owl Cafe**  
FRANK HATLEY, Prop

**WARDROBE  
CLEANERS  
& DYERS**

TRU SHEEN—  
MOTH PROOFING—  
FUR STORAGE—

Free Pickup by Grants Pass  
Laundry

Grants Pass

**Groceries**

Fresh Fruit and  
Vegetables  
In Season

Radio Tubes  
and Repairing

**Illinois Valley  
Grocery**  
C. Y. Arnold, Prop.  
CAVE CITY



**IRENE'S  
BEAUTY SHOPPE**

Cave Junction, Ore.  
Open Evenings by Appointment  
Phone

Enjoy a smart hairdress at Irene's Beauty Shoppe. Permanents, refreshing facial and all beauty aids. Remember "IRENE'S FOR BEAUTY"

Permanents \$2.95, \$3.75, \$5.00  
Fingerwaves ..... 35c, 50c  
Marcel ..... 75c, \$1.00

## what Irwin S. Cobb thinks about:

**Poor Lo's Revival.**  
**SANTA MONICA, CALIF.**  
—Despite the blessings of civilization which we have bestowed upon them, including diseases, whisky, soda pop, and \$2 overalls, the American Indians are increasing.

This should give our red brothers cause for worry. Suppose they got so numerous that we gave this country back to them?

Already we are indebted to these original inhabitants for quinine, cocaine, cotton, chocolate, tobacco, corn, beans, squashes, pumpkins, grapefruit, huckleberries and hundreds of other remedial drugs or foodstuffs. More-

over, an eminent authority says the curative methods of the old medicine man had values which in many respects excelled that the white man has produced and suggests our scientists might well adopt certain aspects of the aborigine's plan.

What if we did that very thing and then, by the way of exchange, invited the tribesmen to take over such trifling problems as an unbalanced budget, our European debts, sit-down strikes and the younger generation?

**Cleaning Up the Stage.**  
HAVING lost their licenses, fourteen burlesque houses in New York won't ever get them back if the officials keep their word about it.

With this example to go by, authorities might next try the idea of cleaning up the legitimate stage there—the spawning place and breeding ground of shows in which filthy lines and filthier scenes are freely offered to pop-eyed audiences recruited from what we call our best families. Poisoning the moral atmosphere of the theater appears to be the favorite sport of a new school of dramatists who, when they were little boys, had their mouths washed out with soap for using dirty words, yet never got over the habit.

**The Fate of Beauty Queens.**  
JUST as the weather gets warm so the contestants won't catch anything worse than sunburn, that outbreak of annual monotony known as the beauty contest will stir the populace to heights of the utmost indifference. There will be no dress rehearsals beforehand. With beauty contests, it's the other way around.

And then when Miss Cherokee Stripp or Miss Clear View has been hailed as America's prize package of loveliness, she will, if she runs true to form, put her clothes back on and catch the next train for California with the intention of starring in the movies.

On arrival, she will be pained to note that none of the studio heads is waiting at the station to sign her up; also that practically all the starring jobs are being held by young ladies who, in addition to good looks, have that desirable little thing called personality. And next fall she'll be dealing 'em off the arm in a Hollywood hashery.

**International Slickers.**  
RUMORS persist that the United States, Great Britain and France are preparing for eventual agreements on monetary stabilization, tariff and trade adjustments, price-fixing of essential commodities—and, believe it or not brethren and sistren—a settlement of the defaulted foreign debts owed to us.

Maybe it's significant—or, if you want to be broadminded and charitable about it, merely a coincidence—that every dispatch from European sources on this matter lists the debts last. And, verily I say unto you, that's exactly when and where they will come—last.

I seem to see the big three gathered at the council table for the final session and La Belle France moving that, everything else having been arranged to the satisfaction of the majority present and the hour being late, the detail of those debts be put over to some future date. John Bull seconds the motion. Motion carried by a vote of 2 to 1, Uncle Sam being feebly recorded in the negative.

**A Sense of Humor.**  
DAMON RUNYON, who being wise, should know better, re-opens the issue of whether many people have a sense of humor. This provokes somebody to inquire what is humor, anyhow?

I stand by this definition: Humor is tragedy standing on its head with its pants torn.

Lots of folks think a sense of humor is predicated on the ability to laugh at other folks, which is wrong. A real sense of humor is based on our ability to laugh at ourselves. You have to say, not as Puck did, "What fools these mortals be," but, "What fools we mortals be."

That's why few women have a true sense of humor. Usually a woman, even a witty woman, takes herself so seriously, she can never regard herself unseriously.

IRVIN S. COBB  
—WNU Service.

## Going Up!

