

Illinois Valley News

An independent newspaper devoted to the development of the richest valley in the world, the Illinois Valley and its surrounding districts.

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LIGHTS

(Continued from Page One)

than local interest and its publication is a further fulfilment of the hopes of other years. The message it contains has large meaning in the light of present day conditions in the nation and around the world:

Salem, Oregon
November 12, 1937,

Gentlemen:
Under date of November 10, Mr. J. C. Boyle, vice president in charge of operations of The California Oregon Power company, advises the Honorable N. G. Wallace, Commissioner, as follows:

"As a matter of record and to complete your file, Mr. Brewer now reports that the original eighteen customers have signed applications for service and in addition we have a five-year contract with one customer for 20 h. p. at O'Brien. This increases the revenue to a point where the extension may now be built without an advance by the customer and still be within the Oregon Extension Policy."

The Commissioner has directed me to extend to you and to the community his congratulations, along with my own, for the public spiritedness that has made this possible.

It has been our contention for the past two years that our present Oregon Line Extension Policy is one of the most liberal in the Nation, and this seems to be but one of the many instances in which this claim has been substantiated.

This writer knows from conversations with both of them, that both Mr. Boyle and Mr. Brewer have done everything within their power to work out this problem so

that the extension might be built without guarantees of prepaid revenue.

The construction of this extension shows what can be accomplished when earnest and fair-minded men approach a problem of this character in the spirit of fairness and mutual cooperation.

Wishing you and your community continued success, and with every assurance of our continued interest, I beg to remain,

T. O. RUSSELL,
Chief Engineer.

**THE SPIRIT IN ALL TRAIL
BLAZING**

The trail blazer is a man with an inquiring mind. He knows where he lives and what he has. He is endowed by nature with an appreciative attitude toward all life.

Notwithstanding the commanding value which he sets upon the things he may have and the place where he lives, the spirit of wonder in him lures him onward, lures him to discover what lies outside his horizon, over the mountain, or beyond the seas. He wonders what life would be like over there. And so he leaves home and kindred to make the great adventure—hoping to find enrichment of life through the broadened cultural horizons and perhaps the promise abundantly fulfilled that things may be better than they are.

It is in this spirit that he goes forth adventuring.

But why does he blaze the trail?

In order that he may find his way safe home again.

It is the love of home that prompts the blazing of all trails, trails made by peoples as widely scattered and as apparently different as the red men of our forests and the brown men denizens of the islands of the sea.

For they who travel farthest in such soulful adventurings are the greatest home lovers in all the world.

The place newly discovered at the end of the trail may be better than the point of departure from the home place at the trail's beginning.

Should this be true there are three tests which the trail blazer will apply to it:

- Is there sufficient food.
- Is there an abundance of water.
- Is there the assurance of shelter.

These three episodes in the discoveries of all trail blazing will be pictured in the pageant which is to be presented on the Redwood Highway, Wednesday afternoon, December 15th, at the fountain on the road side north of O'Brien, in Illinois Valley, Oregon.

SAILORS' DIGGINGS

What do you think of the wistful wonder there is in the fevered effort among all peoples to restore the ancient names?

Did you ever hear your grandmothers sing the capitals of the States?

Ask your teachers why they so sang them.

Everybody in Illinois Valley knows why the place of the first finding of gold in southern Oregon was finally called Waldo.

But it was not so in the beginning.

Sailors' Diggings it was at the first: and there are now living sons and daughters of the pioneers who recall the grandeur of those now golden years.

And what is most important there are now active spirits who are firm believers in the memorializing of that area about the old town site and they wish to see the ancient name restored.

Waldo is really an alien name! It came because of a faulty knowledge of the boundary line between two sovereign states.

In fact there were several years when the votes in the old town could not be counted because the judges of election were in confusion as to whether they were counting votes of citizens of Oregon or of California. Not that Oregonians are averse to voting in California: they are of the opinion that their voting in that state would be a help in governmental affairs. And no one anywhere in all the world has any other wish than for the good of all California and for all Californians.

Still the fact remains Waldo is not an Oregonian word: but Sailors' Diggings is really and truly and picturesquely native and mineral and everything else—and there are at least two men who are saying with all their plighted faith that the name ought to be Sailors' Diggings for evermore.

**THE SPIRIT OF THE GHOST
TOWNS**

In the last century when individual initiative and personal daring characterized Americans—(traits of character which we still possess but which lie dormant now)—the publisher of THE NEW YORK HERALD cabled Henry M. Stanley these two challenging words: "Find Livingstone." Many months had elapsed since the British public had heard from the intrepid missionary whose titan labors and forced marching traced the figure of a rude cross over the dark continent. Undaunted and unafraid this young reporter organized his campaign, and at the head of

two hundred sturdy blacks he plunged into the jungle land of equatorial Africa—and after months on months of almost unbelievable hardships he found David Livingstone.

Should we in these dull days of waiting for some one to do everything for us recapture the spirit of the pioneers! the spirit of the discoverers! the spirit of the builders of American!—there would be no ghost towns anywhere.

There is a man yet living who recalls with fervor the sights of Sailors' Diggings the first name given to the place where the sailors found gold.

Sailors' Diggings!

There is among the Sons and Daughters of the Illinois Valley Pioneers a woman who remembers when the now waste site of old Waldo had in one section a population of fifteen hundred Chinese.

Should you come now to that historic spot you can see the terraces of the cabins the Chinese built and see the hillside still wearing the touch of their vanished hands as they gardened among the rocks of the canyon.

And should you drive along the old trail of the road which preceded the Redwood Highway, and over which the people drove from Illinois Valley to the sea, the road that is now called the Mountain Road, remnant of the trail traveled and blazed in 1857, called the Mountain Road because it crossed over beautiful Oregon Mountain,—should you care to experience the thrill of such scenery as enraptures the souls of the people living in Southern Oregon,—should you take this Mountain Road you would pass the home of a sea faring man now come ashore, and should you make conversation with him and listen to what he might tell of his yard, he would say to you that most of all, in the neglectful attitude of the present generation to things beautiful and things historic, he deplores the fact that an unthinking and unappreciative man cut down a gorgeously beautiful rose bush, a bush planted by the Chinese.

There is a woman who was born in the shadow of the Siskiyou and in rarely beautiful moments—choose your own time in calling—in memory moments dripping with the sweetness of the honey and the honey comb—such moments as King David caught in fancy and set to deathless music in the Psalms—in such moments she will tell you of her memories of the Chinese and their kindnesses to her and hers.

(Continued on Page Three)