

Bandon Recorder

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TUESDAY.....January 3, 1911

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's.
Is, not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be—but finding first
What may be, then how to make it fair
Up to our means.

—Browning.

How to Launch Great Industrial Plants

According to a Los Angeles daily paper, which recently told of the launching of the big steel steamer, General Hubbard which was built by the Craig Co. at Long Beach for the Hammond Lumber Co., the way to get big industries is to hustle for them. Here is a paragraph clipped from the paper:

"The Craig Shipbuilding Company located in Long Beach three years ago, after having disposed of its former holdings in Toledo, Ohio, where the company built a number of big vessels, many of which are now in the Pacific coastwise traffic. The Long Beach citizens subscribed \$100,000 at a mass meeting in the auditorium and bought the tract of about thirty five acres now occupied by the ship plant. The site was donated as an inducement to locate the industry here. Since that time 230 to 360 men have been employed at the plant almost continuously."

An industry that will employ from 200 to 360 men is certainly something to be desired in any city or town, and in order to land such industries it is sometimes necessary to do some tall hustling, and even to put up a little money some times.

We want to make of Bandon a manufacturing center; we have a good start now and a promise of greater things in the near future, but there will necessarily be something for Bandon people to do in order to land these desired industries. We may not be called upon to donate \$100,000, but we will at least be asked to lend our hearty support in the way of boosting for home industries and thus show our good will.

Bandon can be made a great manufacturing center if we will get in and work for it. We have the harbor here, and it is capable of being made adequate to accommodate much larger vessels than have ever yet come into this port, but of course this will necessitate the expenditure of a few thousand dollars; all this can easily be accomplished by means of a port commission, but as long as we sit back and do nothing while other ports are surging to the front and improving their harbors, we cannot expect to reach the zenith of our possibilities.

Why not quit knocking and kicking against improvements, and all put our shoulders to the wheel and accomplish the things that will result in a greater Bandon and a greater Coquille valley.

Salmon Industry in Pacific Northwest

The salmon industry of the Pacific Northwest reached a total of \$19,000,000 in the last year, according to reports recently issued. Alaska

waters yielded the most of this, its pack amounting to \$11,163,399, at most two-thirds of the total, and being the largest output of Alaska since 1902. This is not so far short of the total amount paid for Alaska when it was purchased by the United States, and goes to show that the investments by Uncle Sam are good.

The Puget Sound pack is given as \$3,045,422, considerably above the average for the past ten years.

British Columbia also made a new record, there having been packed from that province and Puget Sound 3,690,586 cases.

Oregon waters, principally the Columbia river, yielded 290,000 cases, 35,000,000 pounds, valued at \$3,500,000. These figures show that the salmon industry of the Pacific northwest is yet a very large and important one. It gives remunerative employment to thousands of men, and in a large measure supports many families. It is an industry that with due conservation and intelligent management can be made to yield still larger and annually increasing results. Instead of our fishing industry playing out—and the above figures are for salmon alone—it should grow from year to year and become a source of ever-increasing wealth and occupation.

Nearly \$20,000,000 gained from the water is no small matter in a region of so few inhabitants, and the returns for other fish would add several millions to this. It should not be many years till the waters of the Pacific northwest produce \$30,000,000, perhaps \$40,000,000 worth of fish a year. The demand for salmon is great, even more than the supply. So there is great wealth in our waters, as well as in our soil.

What Others Think of Us.

The Portland Labor Press says: Near Bandon, Oregon, are thousands of acres underlaid with good coal that could be placed on the market by the city of Portland and the shabwood trust smashed to bits. Some day we will have sense enough to put on a line of municipal steamers to supply a municipal fuel yard, and when we do, Bandon will supply freight and passengers enough to pay the investment good returns, and we can deliver coal for \$1 a ton.

Bandon is one of the most beautifully situated coast cities of Oregon. It has a growing amount of trade with San Francisco that would quickly come to Portland if our business men were more inclined to cultivate such trade than to speculate in vacant lots.

Any little wound or abrasion of the flesh occurring in cold weather that is not promptly treated becomes a bad sore and is difficult to heal. Apply BALLARD'S SNOW-REMEDY at once when such accidents happen. The wound heals promptly and soon does away with the annoyance of a bandage. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

We are prepared to furnish estimates on cost of wiring and lighting your house with electric lights. Let us talk it over with you and give you figures.

621t —Bandon Light & Power Co.

What Lies Before Oregon

At the close of the Advent Mission held in Portland, the following letter was sent to the Bishop by the Mission Priests of the Holy Cross. The Bishop authorizes its publication, and desires that every Churchman in the Diocese will read it thoughtfully and and prayerfully, and try to answer by prayer and personal influence in home, parish, and diocesan life, the important question which is raised—"What lies before Oregon?"

My dear Bishop: Before we bid farewell to Oregon we want to tell you how grateful we are to have had the privilege of coming hither, even for a time. Six weeks ago Oregon was hardly more than a name to us. Now it is a vivid reality. And what a vast reality it is! This great city of the Northwest. These fertile river valleys. These primeval forests along the hillsides. These snow-capped mountains. These inland waters, open to the commerce of the world. These railroads and steamboat lines, knitting the land together. Above all, this clear eyed, straight-lined race that has come to take possession of this splendid heritage. These are memories that will not fade. And yet, as we turn our faces eastward, our thoughts are rather of the future than of the past or the present. What lies before Oregon in the years to come? How will its people fulfil their destiny? The country is still in the making. What will be the outcome of all the mighty forces that are at work in this new field.

One thing is certain. The problem is distinctly the HUMAN problem. Oregon exists not to erect beautiful buildings, or to develop native industries, or to raise wonderful fruits, or to promote gigantic business undertakings. All these efforts have their place, but they are not ENDS but MEANS. They are to contribute to an unspeakably grander achievement, to the "making of Man." The material wealth of Oregon may increase ten-fold, and yet Oregon may at the same time grow poverty stricken and bankrupt. It must do so unless the men and women of this great region have kept pace with the growth of their possessions, unless they are able to USE their inheritance and acquisitions for the real purpose of human life. Man's spirit may be buried under piles of gold as his body under clouds of earth. We have faith to believe that our fellow-countrymen, with whom we have sojournd these past weeks, will prove equal to the tremendous opportunity before them. But if they are to meet it they must have faced the question "What is human life for?" and have found the true answer for it. They must have learned to read not merely transitory but eternal values into their manufactures, their business enterprises, their politics, and their trade. They must have made themselves the instruments of the Eternal Will in the manifestation of righteousness, holiness, love. Can they do this apart from Jesus Christ, apart from Him who is still the Leader of the forces of humanity, the true Foundation and Goal of human life? And, if they are to acknowledge Jesus Christ as the Beginning and the End of human society, must it not be by taking their place in union with Him in His Church which is His Body, the bringing of all the forces and energies that man yields to be offered up to Him to the glory of God, the Father?

"Man as yet is being made, and 'till he reach the age of ages, Must not acorn up acorn mould him into shape? Till, the work completed, all shall sing in choir: Hallelujah to the Maker, It is finished, Man is made."

May it be given you to gather many souls into conscious union with the Son of Man, and with them to "build Jerusalem" in this "green and pleasant land."

Yours, obediently in Christ,
James O. S. Huntington, O. H. C.
Roger B. T. Anderson, O. H. C.

Definition FIFIELD—"Superior to all others"—"Why not patronize the best and "ONLY WAY?" 541t

LOOKING BACKWARD

By M. G. POHL

SURPRISE VALLEY

Eleven days had passed since I saw a human being. It was with a glad heart when the first habitation hove in sight, the roaring of waters and the barking of dogs was music to my ear.

A good lady before the cabin, surrounded by flowers and a vegetable garden, welcomed me and invited me to come in.

My narrative was soon told. She did not ask whether I would accept a warm meal. It seemed like magic, while she was listening and talking, a meal had been served and "a sit you down, stranger," was all, and I did my best.

In the meantime her husband had returned from a journey to Honey Lake in California, and he in return informed me that Louis Heller and family, and my brother had passed through there about a week before.

Before leaving they were good enough to sell me some flour and bacon, and presented me with some potatoes; gave me some information about how to travel and we parted. This valley is very appropriately named, "Surprise Valley." Fertile soil, surrounding several lakes, it extends northward about sixty miles, while its width is from two to eight miles, the surroundings west are the steep and high mountains of the Sierra Nevada, eastward stretches the plains. These mountains differ greatly in formation from Rocky Mountains or the Sierra Colorados. Here hardly any foothills are traceable, but massive mountains arise abrupt, wearing lofty peaks covered with snow and mighty forests. Deep canyon, often more than a thousand feet high with perpendicular walls, afforded an entrance and passage over them. Through these canyons rush streams over boulders, forming rapids and whirlpools, with ever changing wild scenery. Before we enter the mountains we take a view of the beautiful valley. Many small streams carry their water to the lakes, located in about the center of it. Cold as ice, the temperature of this element nourishes the lady of the lake. The east side, on the contrary, feeds them with large springs, some of them nearly boiling hot, warming the water to such a temperature that in the coldest of weather parts of the lakes do not freeze over.

Here too, as in Humboldt Sink, there is no visible outlet—with all the amount of water flowing into this center, it never rises or falls summer or winter. Remarkable too are the springs, not ten feet apart, one pouring out boiling hot water and the water from the other spring is cold. These springs are a great convenience to some settlers, in hog killing time, and a great many porkers are raised. They do their killing there and have scalding water without an effort.

Surrounding the lakes are extensive meadows that yielded very large crops of excellent hay, which then generally sold at \$20 a ton and was a good revenue to its owners. In the open spaces of the lake during winter are large flocks of aquatic, fowls, sage hens, prairie chickens and cotton tailed rabbits were to be found in large quantities.

About midway in the valley is a village called Cedar City, west and somewhat north of this town is the corner post of California, Oregon and Nevada.

Like other localities on this earth, this valley had a pest to do damage when it appeared. About each four years tremendous swarms of crickets did march, hop and crawl down from the mountains; swarms a quarter of a mile or more in width and from six to twelve inches deep and would eat up everything softer than iron or stone. Nothing would turn them—on they came, eating up everything, not refusing harness, old clothing or shoes, while grain, grass or other vegetation they made short work of. These insects, when full grown, measured about two inches in length, of dark brown, nearly black color, wingless and are propelled by long, strong legs. The

approach of these pests is closely watched by the inhabitants, for as soon as they are discovered, all the hogs are gathered and set to battle the insects. Here is where Greek meets Greek. Here is a feast for the hogs and a battle to the finish for the insects. Hundreds of hogs jump into the advancing column of insects, the former devouring them greedily—the others seeking to spots to pinch and bite, attacking the eyes and ears. Then the shrill squeals, and the rolling beasts will crush hundreds to get rid of the tormenters. New attacks follow as long as insects can be found. It is a powerful undertaking by the swine, but complete the destruction.

The Digger Indians of California relish this insect ever so much. They catch them and hold them by the strong hind legs, the body is held with the teeth, then a twist with the hand, the hard legs pulled out, a smack with the jaw and the thing is gone and another follows. Peculiarities of mankind—some eat snails and oysters and consider them just as delicious as the Digger Indian does the cricket. Why not? Habit and taste is different.

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