

PORT ORFORD NEWS

Published weekly at Port Orford, Oregon. GEO. W. SORANSON, Editor.

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In men whom men condemn as ill I find so much of goodness still, In men whom men pronounce divine I find so much of sin and blot, I hesitate to draw a line Between the two, where God has not. —Joaquin Miller.

Editorial

CURRY'S LITERATURE

The scenic grandeur of the Hermit Empire undoubtedly is conducive to excellent literary production, as is evidenced in both prose and poetry of local authors reproduced in other columns of the News, and the more effete Indiana may well look to her laurels. With modest pride we proclaim the Poet of the Sierras as a native, although coming into the world in Hoosier land. Literary inclined folk will find in Curry the inspiration of a character that produces masterpieces.

On behalf of the citizens of Curry county the News extends Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for a Happy and Prosperous 1927, to the public generally.

A pertinent question: Why should taxpayers generally assume the responsibility of a burden created by bondhouses and banks whereby they profited to an abnormal degree? The rule is those who do injury shall recompense the injured. \$12,000,000 is no small sum to saddle onto those who already carry the load. Ask your Senator and Representative what stand he is going to take on the question—and do it now.

What has become of the game refuge proposition for all of Curry county west of the Roosevelt highway? Have Coos, Douglas, Lane, Lincoln, Clatsop, and those counties on the Columbia and Pacific highways concluded that it is such a good thing that they are willing to make it a blanket proposition? If so, Curry will not object.

Those who leave public thoroughfares unprotected when doing construction work thereon are legally responsible for injuries occasioned thereby.

What a treat the 1927 tourist on the Roosevelt highway in Curry county is going to have in feeding on the luscious rock oyster and other shell fish along the shore line.

KIND WORDS

By M. T. WRIGHT

How fond recollection portrays the dear faces, Of friends that have gone long ago; How dear to our hearts are the kind words spoken Only the Angels of heaven can know.

They've gone from our vision, far o'er the horizon, Though in memory they seem to be near; When we are lonely and oftimes in dreaming, With the choirs of heaven their voices we hear.

No pang of regret for harsh words spoken, No sighs for the deeds that might wound the heart, Kind friends they were to the end of life's journey, Where time has decreed that all friends part.

Let's try and withhold the poisonous shafts, These deadly darts, that anger lets fall; They only enshroud our memory in sorrow, For hard words spoken, we cannot recall.

HATTON'S SERVICE STATION. Keep your car in running order with ASSOCIATED Gas, Oils and Greases. Tires, Tubes and Accessories. Batteries Charged. Ladies Rest Rooms in Connection. Port Orford, Ore. Phone 121

Fine Old Growth FIR WOOD. \$3.00 Delivered. RAY DEAN. Port Orford, Oregon

WESLEY HOSPITAL. MARSHFIELD, ORE. The only class A hospital operating in this section of the state. Rates reasonable. Competent and reliable medical and surgical staff in charge of patients.

Loggers Pool Hall CONFECTIONERY. Up-to-Date Goods Always Fresh. W. J. Paulman, Prop. Port Orford, Ore.

MOONSHINE

(Continued from page 1)

place and then fell to chafing the thumbs of the senseless girl. When she opened her eyes a short time later, her first question was for "Uncle John."

"He is down at the river," said Bill as he hugged his precious Molly to his breast and turned his head away that she might not see the tears which were swimming in his keen blue eyes.

When Molly was thoroughly warm and dry Bill drew his warrant for old John's arrest from an inner pocket, tore it across and threw it into the dancing flames.

Shortly after Shep scratched on the cabin door, and as Bill threw it open, he walked in, sniffed around the cabin and then looked up into Bill's face with a puzzled question in his eloquent brown eyes.

"He's gone, Shep, the way of all real men," said Bill. "Where has he gone, dad?" asked Molly.

"To heaven, girlie, if there is any such place. He was too old for such a struggle and those drift logs tumbling over the rocks would have hammered even a young man to pieces. He must have been swept down stream or Shep would have staid there. Now you stay here and I'll go see what I can find. He might have crawled out somewhere below," comforted Bill as Molly started to sob.

A careful survey of the river banks for half a mile below the rapids showed no sign of old John, nor could Shep's keen nose find any trace of the scent he loved so well.

Big Bill now hurried back to the cabin with Shep at his heels, to find Molly warm and dry, but with a very sober face.

"No trace, but for Shep here you would be in the river with him," Bill answered her unasked question. Molly knelt by the dog and throwing her arms about his neck wept softly into the thick fur of his neck. Bill filled and lighted his pipe, and stood moodily by the crackling fire, inwardly cursing the Scarecrow as the cause of all this disaster.

Soon they were on their way to the ford where Bill, with some difficulty, carried the girl across, while Shep swam breaststing the swift current and keeping up by dint of much hard labor.

When they had started down the crooked mountain road, Molly and Shep were in the rear seat, while Bill sat thoughtful and silent, pondering the problem before him, as he guided the chugging little car around the ruts and rocks.

President Jones looked up from his desk as Bill came thru the office door the next morning, glancing at him from beneath the heavy brows which had earned him the name of "Old Eyebrows" from every man he employed.

"Why all the gloom, Bill," he snorted as he noted the thoughtful cast of Bill's usually jovial countenance.

"Well, Jim, I have found where all that shine was made and I'll give you ten shots in which to guess where it was."

"Guessing is poor business. Where was it?" came the reply. The famous eyebrows became a bristling red brush across the freckled forehead, beneath which two snapping blue eyes became slits which almost blazed with that fighting urge which had sent their owner from the ranks to the top of one of the biggest lumber concerns on the coast.

"You remember that slit in the face of the cliff above Old John Murrel's cabin, where the river makes the sharp turn to the right?"

"No, I don't. Never saw any timber up there."

"Well, it's there. A narrow slit about a foot high and eight long. When you look in you see what looks like the back of the cave about six feet from you, but if you lie down you can roll in under that and you find yourself in a fair sized cave. There is a spring of clear water and a crack big enough to throw a car-load of refuse into. They had a big plant fixed up and had been running for more than a year, I should judge. It was the slickest plant you ever saw, or that we have ever uncovered, because that weathered shale in front of the place moves every time the sun dries the fog off, or whenever it rains, and covered up all the tracks. Never would have found it if Scarecrow Gibbs had not given me a straight tip."

"Who was making the stuff?" Bill looked straight into Jones's eyes for a long moment, then said quietly, "Old John."

For once Jim Jones had no reply ready to shoot like an explosive bomb at his listener. Instead he looked for a long moment into Bill's steady eye and reading honest conviction there, said softly, "It doesn't seem possible, Bill. Good God, I'd as soon have suspected my own mother." "Two of us," said Bill. Then the blue eyes flashed

again as another thought drove the bewilderment from that fighting mind. "How the hell did Scarecrow know?"

"That's what I can't figure out, but he told me and especially cautioned me to remember him when the reward was paid."

"The old skinflint likes money well enough, but he has always been a good square timekeeper and gets on with the men. Well, come on, we'll go see what he knows, and how he found out," said Jones, as he grabbed a handful of cigars from a box on the desk before he pushed it over towards Bill.

When Bill climbed into the gasoline speeder which Jones used on his trips of inspection about the different camps, Shep tried to follow him. Bill pulled the dog onto his lap, saying, "All-right, old timer, it's close quarters, but I guess we can make room for you now."

(To be concluded next week)

CHURCH CALENDAR

Community Church. Rev. Smith, pastor. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Church service at 11 a. m. Everyone welcome.

PORT ORFORD POSTOFFICE

Office hours: 8 a. m. to 12:15 p. m.; 1:15 p. m. to 6 p. m. Sunday: 9 a. m. to 10 a. m. Money orders not issued on Sunday.

Mails arrive from North: 8:30 a. m.; 11:15 a. m. From South: 10:00 a. m.

Mails leave for North: 10 a. m.; for South 11:45 a. m. Jessie E. Hoggatt, Postmaster.

PORT ORFORD LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wright of the Seaside hotel attended the basketball game at Bandon Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Adolphsen are stopping at the Seaside hotel. Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Marsh went to Portland last Tuesday where they will spend a week or ten days.

Captain Ed Skogg was down from Empire Wednesday making arrangements to begin building a cold storage plant. The Port Orford Fish company expect to increase their fishing crew materially next season and it is necessary that they have a packing and holding plant for the catch.

Mrs. Alta Larson, and Mrs. A. P. Sweet of the Arizona Inn, visited Bandon Friday.

Clayton Sauers transacted legal business in Marshfield Friday.

The following officers for the coming year have been elected by Port Orford Lodge No. 152, A. F. & A. M.: Worshipful Master, John Vall; Senior Warden, David Jenks; Junior Warden, Frances W. Smith; Secretary, Willis T. White, Sr.; Treasurer, D. Wuellan; Appointive officers as follows: Senior Deacon, Crawford Smith; Junior Deacon, J. F. Gillings; Senior Steward, A. C. Thompson; Junior Steward, Ray Cooley; Tyler, R. Leutwyler; Marshal, W. J. Sabin; Chaplain.

BANDON CLEANERS

Mail charges paid one way on All Cleaning.

Opposite Hotel Westland G. Dunlap 201 First St., Bandon

PORT ORFORD LODGE A. F. & A. M. No. 170

Meets second Saturday of each month. Visiting brethren welcome.

HENRY ADOLPHSEN, Worshipful Master. W. T. WHITE, Sr., Secretary.

Curry Chapter No. 135 O. E. S.

Regular meetings, third Saturday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

EDNA ZUMWALT, Worthy Matron. MRS. FLORENCE PONTING, Secretary.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD W. O. W. Camp 609

Meets first Friday of each month. Visitors welcome to our camp.

W. J. SABIN, C. C. BERNAL FORTY, Clerk.

H. Adolphsen.

Admirably Adapted

for Sheep Raising

The mild all year round climate of the Pacific slope in Curry county makes the cut over lands of that large area admirably adapted to the profitable raising of fine quality of mohair and wool. With adequate moisture to keep vegetation at its best throughout the year, grazing is assuming a prominence that is attracting the attention of experienced capital from a distance, and there are grazing lands sufficient to maintain upwards of a half million goats and sheep within the confines of Curry.

Harry B. Steiner of Bandon, for many years a successful mohair grower of Curry county and secretary of the Oregon Mohair association, in a recent article in the Angora Journal pronounces conditions in Curry county ideal for the raising of fine mohair goats and long wool sheep, and says that there is no reason why the county should not support a half million animals. Mr. Steiner gives it as his opinion that as soon as the Roosevelt highway to the south is finished, in the spring of 1927, mohair raisers from all over the west undoubtedly combine business with pleasure and investigate for themselves the possibilities of the industry here.

George Kerle of Canada, an experienced sheep raiser, is now in Curry county investigating conditions with view to locating for the purpose of carrying on his chosen line of business, and at the chamber of commerce

meeting last week, pronounced raising the finest grades of wool the vegetation of Curry ideal for producing sheep.

DANCE Masquerade Ball

SUNSET STUDIOS PORT ORFORD, OREGON

December 24, 1926

JAZZ — FUN — DANCE

Let's Go

Good Music and Good Time Guaranteed

\$5 Cash Prize to Best Costumed Couple \$3 Cash Prize to Most Comic Couple

Supper by Mrs. W. T. White at Western Cafe

TICKETS \$1.00

PORT OF PORT ORFORD MUNICIPAL DOCKS

DEEP WATER HARBOR

FACILITIES FOR LOADING AND UNLOADING CARGOES

CHARLES ZUMWALT, Pres. J. F. GILLINGS, Secy.

LOUIS KNAPP, S. J. SPOERL, ROBT. R. SMITH Commissioners.

Plan to Visit Port Orford After the Holidays The Curry Country's Vast Natural Resources Under Development Its Your One Great OPPORTUNITY

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J. B. CURL

LICENSED REALTOR

Phone 231

Port Orford, Oregon