

PORT ORFORD NEWS

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Port Orford, Oregon, Tuesday, December 27, 1932.

Take care to do nothing at random, or without some good end in view, and to let your actions have nothing in view but the good of mankind.—Aurelius.

Editorial

MILD INFLUENZA

When an influenza epidemic such as the present one comes upon a community, the agencies of publicity are in a difficult position. If they give it unusual prominence, the reaction of needless fear is likely to do as much damage as the disease itself; yet the fact remains that the public does need to be warned. The influenza now quite general throughout the country came without fanfare, and many people who have become ill with it made the mistake of believing they were suffering only from a common cold. In some cases this carelessness has led to needless death.

It is a mild epidemic compared to that of 1918. In most cases there is little likelihood of serious consequences if the sufferers will only take the precautions necessary to prevent the development of pneumonia or other complications. Keep quiet and warm, and call in the doctor for the details of treatment. If that be done, the epidemic will soon be defeated. But the public must realize that this is no common cold which is going around, and that it cannot be treated with disrespect.—Oregonian.

\$ 1.50 ÷ 6 = 25 Cents per person

TIMES can't be so bad when you can get a dinner like the following at an average cost of a quarter per person:

- Scallops Radishes 10¢
- Corn Omelet 12¢ Bacon Strips 25¢
- Broiled Tomatoes 20¢
- French Bread and Butter 18¢
- Waldorf Salad 25¢
- Pear Cobbler with Cream 28¢
- Coffee with Cream 10¢

Corn Omelet: Separate six eggs, and beat yolks until thick and whites until stiff. Add six tablespoons hot water, three-fourths teaspoon salt and one-third teaspoon pepper to the yolks, then fold in the whites. Add the contents of an Sounce can of corn, and pour into a buttered, hot skillet, or, better, into two smaller ones. Cook slowly

until brown on the bottom, then place in a moderate oven, 350°, until firm and top dried off. Fold over, and turn out onto a hot platter, garnish with bacon strips, and serve at once. Serves six liberally.

Pear Cobbler: Mix two tablespoons sugar with one-half tablespoon flour, add with one tablespoon butter to the pears from a one-pound can, bring to boiling, and pour into a baking dish. Make a baking powder biscuit dough of one cup flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons shortening, one tablespoon sugar, six tablespoons milk, and drop by spoonfuls on top of the pears. Bake in hot—45°—oven for ten to twelve minutes. Serve hot with one cup light cream.*

E. J. Tilley

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Findings by Archeologists

Link Past and Present

Some of the games children play during the evenings or at week-ends are very ancient indeed, but possibly one of the oldest of all is the Indoor Snakes and Ladders. A gaming board suitable for playing this game, or one very similar to it, was discovered during excavations at Ur of the Chaldees.

A number of other interesting finds have been made by archeologists. For instance, an old standard, carried into battle by the ancient Egyptians 6,000 years ago, has been found on the banks of the Nile. The design was a white cross on a crimson field—the Scottish St. Andrew's cross.

Then excavations at Jericho have confirmed absolutely the Biblical story of how the walls of the city fell to admit the Israelites under Joshua. Their collapse seems to have been due to an earthquake. This earthquake would also explain the imagery of one of the Psalms: "When Israel went out of Egypt . . . the mountains skipped like rams and the little hills like lambs."—London Answers.

Octopus Has No Terror for Daring Fishermen

Few people would care to take liberties with a tiger, but still fewer would tackle an octopus with their bare hands. Some of the fishermen of southern Italy have a method of capturing the "terror of the seas" which involves this, and seem to think nothing of it. They grip the creature between the head and the body, and are able, by a peculiar twist, to turn it inside out, thus rendering it harmless. But the methods employed by some native divers in the Pacific are stranger still. They will allow an octopus to put its tentacles round them until the creature is only attached to the rock by two of them. Then the diver jerks away the remaining tentacles, and he and the octopus come to the surface together.

Thirty Cents' Worth

The auctioneer held up a battered fiddle.

"What an I offered for this antique violin?" he pathetically inquired. "Look it over. See the blurred fingermarks of remorseless time. Note the stains of the lumpy, and yet as he thought about it he couldn't come to a decision as to what it should be. By the time morning came he had somehow managed to get himself in a perfectly irresponsible mood, but he found himself eating just the same sort of breakfast in the same little restaurant where he always went. He left the restaurant—and strangely enough his impulse led him in the direction of his office. Yes, that was where he really wanted to go. He wondered why—yet all the time he really knew. He didn't like to let the day pass without seeing Edith Lee. Edith worked there as a draftsman, and a mighty good one she was—slightly, curly haired, freckle-nosed little Edith who somehow felt that to work in an architect's office was the consummation of all her ambitions. Or, at least George thought that was what she thought.

Well, he went to his office, and when he said good morning, Edith smiled, and George rather surprised himself by asking her if she had a great deal to do. Perhaps she could get time to go with him to the next county to see the new church in which they had each in their way had a hand. Edith had a good deal of work before her, but while she hesitated, she decided that she could take the work home and work until midnight to get it done. Then she said she would go with him.

George and Edith took a taxi to the garage where George kept his car that he used only when he went to the country, and while they sat together George smiled to himself to think that he was really here with Edith. Ordinarily he wouldn't have thought of asking her—because ordinarily he never acted entirely with an idea of his own personal satisfaction. He called on certain girls because for some reason or other he thought it was his duty to do so. And there was no earthly reason why he should be spending time with Edith, except that he found pleasure in doing so.

So it was that, after they had seen the church together and talked about it as one architect to another, he asked Edith to have luncheon with him—because at the time it seemed as if nothing else in the world would be so pleasant. Then they went on another drive in the country. He asked her to have dinner with him and to go to the theater, too. Edith said she couldn't. She had work to do that night and besides—"It seems so strange that you really wanted to be with me," said Edith. "I've often thought it would be fun to be with you, but you've barely looked at me."

George, sitting in his car beside Edith, explained about his birthday. Then he drove to the curb and stopped the engine. "Edith," he said abruptly, "I believe I've been in love with you for months. I believe I can never love anyone else. Forget the work—I'll help you with it tomorrow. It isn't so pressing. Make the day perfect, come to dinner and go to a show with me and before we part promise you'll marry me." And Edith promised.

While selling some gold trinkets in a jewelry shop in London recently a stranger produced a bottle filled with what seemed to be small crystals and asked B. Gould, the jeweler, what they were. B. Gould called in a diamond expert, who pronounced them to be diamonds and gave the man \$4,140 for them. The stranger was surprised, and said that his father had brought the bottle home from South Africa about forty years ago, and that he had kept it merely as a curio.

Sine

In mathematics a sine is defined as: The perpendicular dropped from one end of a circular arc upon the radius of the other end; the ratio of this perpendicular to the radius considered as a function of the angle subtended by the arc.

His Birthday

By JANE OSBORN

IT WAS on the eve of Griffith Vall's birthday. He probably wouldn't have thought about it if now, on the very day before, he had not received a letter from his mother, who was off on a year's holiday somewhere in France with his father. The letter had reminded him of the fact that he was to have a birthday and a money order had slipped from the letter. It was for a hundred dollars and the letter had explained: "I know you can't possibly need the money but I am hoping you'll take it and spend it—do something that you really want to without thinking whether it is extravagant or not. Do you remember what fun you and I used to have on your birthdays?"

So when George sat in his bachelor apartment that evening he fell to thinking of those birthdays long ago. From the time that he was a very little boy his mother had devoted the entire day to him. There had been other brothers and sisters, so in the ordinary course of events he never saw quite as much of his mother as he wished. But when his birthday came his mother somehow disposed of all other duties and from early morning until bedtime she was his. And he could do just what he wanted to do—and no one need know what they had done if it was something that the brothers and sisters might tease him about. Once he had wanted to spend the entire day in her car with her—not to go where she wanted to go or where other people went, but just where he wanted to go. And they had gone down through all the dingiest sections of the city, through narrow crowded streets, along the waterfront and finally out in the woods—not to pick flowers as his mother might have suggested on any other day, but to play Robinson Crusoe. One day they had gone together to the seashore and spent most of the day swimming.

Recalling those other birthdays he decided to spend the next day as he had done with his mother—doing just what he wanted all day long. He would do just what he wanted—and yet as he thought about it he couldn't come to a decision as to what it should be. By the time morning came he had somehow managed to get himself in a perfectly irresponsible mood, but he found himself eating just the same sort of breakfast in the same little restaurant where he always went. He left the restaurant—and strangely enough his impulse led him in the direction of his office. Yes, that was where he really wanted to go. He wondered why—yet all the time he really knew. He didn't like to let the day pass without seeing Edith Lee. Edith worked there as a draftsman, and a mighty good one she was—slightly, curly haired, freckle-nosed little Edith who somehow felt that to work in an architect's office was the consummation of all her ambitions. Or, at least George thought that was what she thought.

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SIXES NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Munson and children, Richard, Mary and Louise arrived Friday from their home in Lakeside to spend the Christmas holiday with Mrs. Munson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Woodworth.

Lester and Floyd Keller left last week for Oakland, Cal., to spend the remainder of the winter.

The Paulding family is ill with the flu.

Marion Barklow of Modesto, Cal. and Lyle Barklow of Myrtle Point are spending a few days at the home of their uncle, J. Rowan.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrington are spending the holidays in Sixes. They will return to their teaching in Bend, Oregon, January 1.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Lynch and children and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Seaman and children arrived from Los Angeles Saturday, having purchased the Thad Green property.

Clyde Gage is now in charge of the Madder mine, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hayes having left for Prineville. Miss Vera Wright of Union, Or., and her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Nodine, and uncle, E. Winston, of Joseph, Or., were Christmas weekend guests at the Vance Nodine home.

Mrs. Lewis Farrier passed away last Sunday night about midnight and was buried at Denmark Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, Rev. D. J. Henry conducting the services at the grave.

Mrs. J. M. McDonald and son, Jack, were shopping in Marshfield Thursday and on their return were accompanied by Mrs. McDonald's mother, Mrs. Nelson, who will spend the holidays at the McDonald home.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Cofelt, who are now living near Eugene, are spending the holidays with Mrs. Cofelt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wells.

Mrs. and Mrs. Pay Mills and Stone Snyder motored to Marshfield Thursday.

Mrs. E. L. Jamieson is visiting relatives and friends in Sixes and Port Orford, having arrived the forepart of the week from Crescent City.

Lord of the needy and oppressed, Whose early shelter was the stable wall; Lord of the outcast and the poor, Hear, Thou, today our call.

Send us Thy star of faith and hope To guide us through the night To where Thy presence fills the air With warmth and love and light.

No gifts of frankincense and myrrh In these dark times have we, But may our faith and service prove A fairer gift to Thee.

To troubled hearts Thy peace impart The poor with bread supply; Cleanse and uplift the sinful heart, The leaves and fishes multiply.

Return again in spirit, Lord, Unto this troubled earth, And may the angels sing once more The tidings of Thy birth.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT
In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Curry. In the Matter of the ESTATE of CHARLES HOWELL PEARSE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, as administrator of the Estate of Charles Howell Pearse, deceased, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Curry, and that Saturday, the 4th day of February 1933, at the hour of 9:30 o'clock in the forenoon of said date, at the court room of said court, has been appointed by said court as the time and place for the hearing of objections thereto, and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published December 27, 1932.
Date of Last Publication January 31, 1933.

HARRY A. PEARSE, Administrator
JULIUS COHN, Attorney for Administrator

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior, General Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, December 17, 1932.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That Lorenzo D. Romine, of Port Orford, Oregon, who, on Sept. 11th, 1931, made homestead entry Serial No. 019907, for E½SE¼, NW¼SE¼ and NE¼SW¼, Section 25 Township 32 S., Range 15 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Fred Coughlin, United States Commissioner, at Gold Beach, Oregon, on the 20th day of January, 1933.

Claimant names as witnesses: John E. Slovey, Charles Forty, Wm. Hurst, Sr., and Perry Hurst, all of Port Orford, Oregon.

HAMILL A. CANADAY, Register.
D2015c.

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Tom Moore and His Mother
Died—On Wednesday morning, last, at her residence in Abbey street, Dublin, Mrs. Moore, mother of the illustrious poet. . . Her maternal care was indeed amply repaid by the affection of her children. To the day of her dissolution it was a fixed rule with Mr. Moore, no matter how circumstanced or engaged, to write twice a week to his mother, communicating every incident in which he thought she would be likely to feel an interest.—From the London Times, May 16, 1832.

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Worthy Matron Mrs. Linda Guerin
Secretary, Florence Ponting

PORT ORFORD LODGE A. F. & A. M. No. 170
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CRAWFORD W. SMITH, Worshipful Master
F. W. SMITH, Secretary.
DAVID JENKS, Treasurer.