

Reader Defends Dog Population

Irate from threats to the dog population, a Pilot reader hastens to defense of the canines, in an unsigned article, which, by its journalistic merits, warrants publication:

TO THE LILY GROWERS:

We, the doggie population of an unincorporated small town, would like to present our side of a question (fast becoming a matter of life or death to us) to you, the thinking people of this town we call home.

We are accused of damaging lily crops.

Some of us are indeed guilty of hurrying across open fields. Perhaps to meet our young masters returning from school — but it's been a long day without them — we are eager to see them again. We took the shortest route — maybe it was only because we are glad to be alive in a good land and are incapable of distinguishing between the "man-made-for-profit" and the "God-given-to-enjoy" beauty this countryside offers all who can see or feel. Whatever else our reason it was not with intent to destroy any part of our fair land.

Many of us are useful to those who give us our homes. Some of us have already become good helpers, and most all of us are to learn just what is expected of us and to earn our right to live. Some of us are valuable.

One of our number, growing well into the class of usefulness, died last week within a few feet of the doorstep it had guarded so faithfully. Poison is a cruel death. But it is nice, in a way. We can't go far after we've eaten the tidbit containing poison. It allows our masters to think well of us, dying that way. They can be sure we were not in someone's lily field, but at home where we were trusted to be.

Another of us died a few days ago. We know its kind owners do not know it was given poison by their next door neighbor. A good neighbor—a nice lady, often seen in church—but she hadn't a fence to warn us her yard must not be crossed. We couldn't know.

We wonder, good people, if you are given our problem. Can you

show one instance where one of us have, honestly and beyond a doubt, been to blame for one dime's damage to any crop? Could you be allowing some fanatic in your midst to panic all of you into wilful destruction of us, kind friends?

Aren't there better and more humane methods of dealing with the unwanted dog than tossing a miserable death out to tempt the innocent as well as the guilty? Think it over. We are at your mercy.

Upper Chetco

By Mrs. Frank Waldien

To the residents of the Upper Chetco: It is my sincere hope that you will read and enjoy this column which the editors have given us. I hope to see as many of you as possible to obtain news, but since our community is so scattered, I will be unable to contact all of my neighbors. If I don't see you, and if you have news which should be published in this column, please mail it direct to me, Box 6, Harbor, and, incidentally, if I have not obtained your subscription, please drop in and I'll be happy to write it up for you—Mrs. Frank Waldien.

Born, Tuesday morning, April 23, a daughter, weighing 8½ lbs. to Mrs. Ruth Slocum. The little lady has been named Judy Lynn. Mrs. Slocum was at the McPherson Auto Court.

Herb Payne and nephew, Donald, made a trip to the hills last Sunday, spending the day visiting relatives.

Mrs. Van Campen is suffering a mild disorder in one of her eyes. Her friends hope for her speedy recovery.

Loretta and Blaine Waldien suffered flu at Long Ridge Farm last week-end. It was necessary to bring them out as far as the upper bridge by saddle horse.

Last Friday Don Cameron made a trip up as far as the upper bridge to determine what repair would be necessary.

"Dutch" Wycoff and Lester Rauch began work Monday to clear the drift from the Upper Chetco bridge.

Wednesday evening, after the school was out, the upper Chetco school gathered at the Waldien home to celebrate the birthday

played, and a belated Easter egg of Loretta Waldien. Games were hunt was enjoyed, followed with refreshments. Loretta received a number of lovely gifts from her little schoolmates.

Sy Payne took a load of lumber out to Northern Prairie. He plans to build a cabin and barn there.

No, I'm not thru With my lilies, 'tis true— The weeds are still quite a fright, But being on my knees Makes me thankful you see For the rain that is drizzling tonight—E. W.

In The Mailbox:

"THE LAND OF THE LILIES"
The land of the lilies, the white Easter lilies,
Their blossoms in summer appear.
It's quite a sensation, of all the creation
Mid white patches far and near.

You may think it's silly, but it enriched Hill Billy
Now growing lilies may seem queer,
People came from states ready to make their stake
And found contentment among lilies so dear.

The value of land sprung overnight,
Poverty flats was a wonderful sight
As the price wasn't shy and went sky high,
In the land where the lilies grow right.

Now the bulldozer's mopping the ground
Preparing land the neighborhood round
It's get rich quick, stooping, weeds to pick.
A wonderful thing we have found
For the land of the lilies we're bound. —Rose A. Bell.

Editor, Pilot: Will you kindly accept my subscription to your paper, same to be mailed to my address for a year? Send me your statement and I will at once mail a check to to cover.

Was pleased to read of your paper being established as I was born at old Harbor near the mouth of the Chetco.

My father, uncle and grandfather, homesteaded the land where Carpenterville now is, and

my grandfather was buried there. My father, W. R., or Riley, Snodgrass, was operating the stage line between Harbor and Smith River at the time of my birth.

My only brother, Bert Snodgrass, was drowned in the Chetco River in 1907, and Mrs. N. B. Moore of Winchuck and Mrs. John G. Smith of Crescent City are my sisters.

I have been away for a good many years. Served in the army during the first world war, and in the Canadian army and U. S. Marines during the last.

I own the Mt. Meadow ranch, 22 miles east of Eugene and would appreciate it if you would extend to my old friends, through the columns of your paper, an invitation to visit me there, if they ever pass through Eugene. Thanking you, I am, Sincerely,

H. F. Snodgrass, Mountain View Ranch, Fall Creek, Ore.

Local News Items

Calla lilies, to a height of five feet, have graced the room at the Good East Cafe the past week. These, taken the yard near where the attention was made, are just start of the height to which flowers will grow in the area.

A new fan, replacing the which broke last Saturday at Curry County Lumber Co. plant was installed Tuesday. H. Kessler had it made at Cres City.

Jack Young, at the corner of Elmer Bankus' big "cat" been working west of town in tracts of Wes Kindell, R. J. Ken, H. C. Head, and Sam E. son.

Newspapers

Cigarettes

CHAD'S

FOUNTAIN SERVICE

Magazines

Tobacco

ED AND MENDY

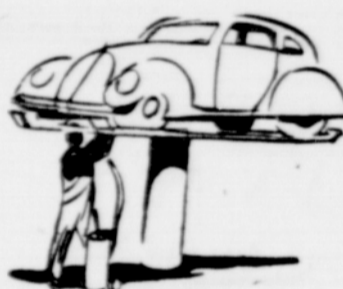
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APPLICATION FOR Frozen Food Locker

Storage Space Will Be Accepted,
Commencing at 9:00 a. m.,

Monday, May 6

Construction of the lockers will be completed in the very near future, and at that time the lockers will be made available to applicants.

Brookings Market

They're Here!

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