

Upper Chetco

Mrs. Frank Waldien

Official visitors at the Long Ridge lookout the past week were Don Cameron of Grants Pass and Cecil Owens of Gold Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Pickens of Ashland spent a couple of days visiting their son and daughter, Wayne and Gloria, at Mt. Emily lookout. A group of local youngsters also visited the Emily lookout. The hiking party included Norma and Tony Felipe, Richard and Barbara Giddings, Joyce and Jerry Marsh and Eddie Graham. Mrs. Pauline Marsh also made the trip with the children.

Fred Gardner is bulldozing the road on through to Quail Prairie at the present.

Bert Lane, government packer, returned from Capella, Calif., last week and is now stationed at the guard station on Long Ridge.

Visiting at present at the Van Campens are Miss Anna Maitoza of Newport, R. I., and Joan Garcia of Oakland, Calif. Miss Maitoza, who is a registered nurse, has been in Oregon the past three weeks.

BIT O' THIS AND THAT—

Queer how most of our favorite recipes contain sugar, flour, meat or shortening in the—isn't it? However, the following, a favorite of family and friends, uses none of these scarce ingredients, thereby eliminating the necessity of leaving you folks that "hungry nough to kill me feeling (requested).

DILL PICKLES a la Waldien

Place a layer of grape leaves, dill and half ounce of mixed spices on the bottom of a crock. Fill to within a couple of inches with washed fresh cucumbers about the same size. Put more dill and half ounce of spice on the cucs. Now add a layer of grape leaves. Pour over two gallons of brine made as follows:

- 2 gallons of cold water
- 1 pint of vinegar
- 1 pound salt

For smaller quantities of pickles, use:

- Half gallon of water
- Fourth pint of vinegar
- Fourth pound (1/2 cup) salt.

Cover with weighted plate or board. Fermentation will set in at once and should be completed in about two weeks, at which time the pickles should be transferred to glass jars. Place a bit of dill and spice in each jar. Bring brine in which they were cured, to a boil and pour over the pickles, filling the jars full. Seal and set aside to cool. When cool, check to be certain they're sealed. If not, re-heat brine and re-seal.

We've been shearing sheep, and to those of you unacquainted with said operation, I humbly submit the following definitions of the business:

Sheep shearing is the occupation which makes young men old and old men scarce!—or

Where all the blue smoke in the surrounding area doesn't come from the motor! or

Where you think of money last—the backache, first! So

If you want muscles like Tarzan, C'm on out and shear our band! (Bet I get a lot of replies to that!!!)

And while on the subject of sheep, here's one of the most descriptive phrases ever written about a sheep shed:

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Almost puts you to sleep with the sheep, doesn't it? (From Ellery, written in a country churchyard by Gray)

Comes it now the time of the year when I wish I hadn't been so bean-hungry at the time I planted my garden. Twenty-one rows—100 feet long! And what happens? Well—the beans that were sold to us as bush beans

have runners two feet long! Ever try to hoe out that kind of a mess? Man! what a lot of energy it takes! But please don't prescribe grapenuts.

Love is that quality which enables a woman to whistle over weeds in her bean or lily patch.

Which reminds me—while weeding my lilies a couple of days ago, I was suddenly startled back into this world by a terrific snort which seemed almost at my elbow. At first I thought I had a pig for company, but on second thought, I knew it wasn't for our pigs do not sound that way. They have more of a cajoling or wheedling tone, to their voices nowadays. No—definitely I had something else for company, only a scarce 20 feet over the fence in the hazel patch. Again and again it snorted indignantly, then with an "A-chooo" or two away bounded an old doe down through the brush to the timbered area beyond. Maybe that accounts for some of my lilies being eaten to the ground.

According to persons well-informed in the field of pig psychology a curl in piggy's tail means that he is, indeed, a contented porker. For awhile I pondered on that article, then, being an inquisitive gal and, priding myself on being a comparatively thorough farmerette, I promptly decided to conduct a survey of Long Ridge pig tails. Not a curl in a carload! Unlike Carnation's famous cows, my pigs are definitely disgruntled about something (your fellow hog raisers) and thereby hangs this tail:

If you can find a ton of grain,
If your wallet doesn't break
You'll have no trouble raising him
From a squealer to a steak.

Most men hate an alley cat and Frank is no exception. But with his Pussy—well, that's different. She's a slice of cat perfection. Why the way he pours the cream to her I feel when she comes in for dinner, like saying: "Tis I who's getting thinner."

But I don't rate the thickest cream—For with all my traps you see, I can't compete with that sly cat, and lay the gophers at his knees.

Wow—it was 102 degrees here Thursday. Seen the time that my oven was little hotter.

In The Mailbox:

Mrs. May Stafford, whose lily stock was the original Sid Croft planting, feels keenly the situation now existing in the lily industry, and pleads again for the unity which will keep this valuable product up where it belongs. She comes forward, again, this week, with her second plea.—Editor.

I have been requested by many to write another article for publication. The grouping plan for trying to meet the emergency brought about by the Co-op price list has proven a failure. Some of the established field growers petitioned the Co-op to reconsider the price list. It is absolutely necessary that we have one price and stick to it or else "throat-cutting" is going to bring us face to face with another "mill" experience.

One of the greenhouse growers of San Francisco was in this district early this week. He said that at the Association meeting of greenhouse growers that met there lately, it was found that four prices have been offered by field growers to green houses, the lowest price is:

- Sevens40c
- Eights50c
- Nines66.6c
- Tens82c

He said that had a very large stack of letters from field growers who want to sell him bulbs. He thinks the field growers had better get together and settle down to real business and cut out all "throat-cutting." He does not

want prices to go lower. It is to his advantage that they stay at this fair level.

All could let their associations know the maximum number each grower will put upon the market. Then the associations, through the central organization, could put out the official estimate of the number of available bulbs as the dealers demand before they will certify their orders. It is up to the field growers. Dealers can't do anything until we do our part. They can't sell when eastern green house growers won't buy—prices have been too high; the Croft lily has failed them in cold storage, and they fear over-production. All this in the face of a lot of under-graded poor quality bulbs that go into the market last year. And dealers can't devise plans for further introduction of Croft lily until they are sure

what field growers are going to do.

The price the Co-op will have to sell at is:

- Sevens40c
- Eights50c
- Nines66.6c
- Tens82c

Regardless of cost, bad luck, poor gamble, etc., that's the price

we are going to have to pay for our bulbs are worth unless one else sees fit to try his "throat-cutting." Yours for the Croft lily industry—T. Stafford.

Phil Buteau, who is now at his home at Crescent City, Harbor visitor, Monday.

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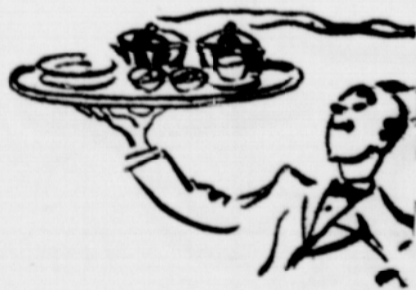
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