

Use And Some SENSE



By Dewey

What brought this up was the column, written this week by Mrs. Frank Waldien, the Pilot's eyes up the Chetco. Mrs. Waldien has quite a sense of humor, and it must be pleasant to hear her talk to herself out in her garden, or at work about the place. One often wonders what induces people to move back that far into the hills, yet, when I look back to year past, in Montana, I remember the cow-pokes and the sheep-herders.

A fellow that hasn't been about a cow-poke, not the kind that sips sodas over a tall stool down at the corner drug store, has missed part of their education. These hardy fellows like to go to town, not over twice a year—then to get on a bender and then hie back into the hills.

Those fellows have often told me that they get so lonesome in town, and many have pleaded—"How in the devil do you stand all this noise, all this heat—and all those terrible city smells?"

Sheep-herders—well, they are still something else. Perhaps it's their associations with that band of knot-heads that makes them that way, but sheep-men are out of this world. When it comes to right-down-to-earth fearless men, I believe that the sheepmen have no equal—anywhere.

I've known several prominent sheepmen in my time—have seen them, back about twenty years ago, when wool and lambs were worthless on the markets, stay out in the hills for a year at a time, knowing full well that when wool was needed, they'd harvest the crop of money like nobody's business.

Going back to this book I mentioned—"The Egg and I," the setting was near Sequim, not far from Port Townsend, Wash., just across the Sound from Seattle, Wash. Talk about your extremes in the world—that country presents just that. In a drive of 50 miles on the Olympic Peninsula drive, you can go from a metropolis to the greatest wilderness in the world—one which would make anything in Curry county seem quite a fake. This young bride, in the story of course, leaves Seattle with her husband, settles on a chicken ranch. To balance the crops—not to "have all their eggs in one basket" they raise cattle, too.

She tells about one spring—they had baby chickens, baby calves—and a baby. The lore of that country is something to read—and no other could quite tell

it half as well as this young bride, who must have some of the same sensations of Mrs. Waldien, up the Chetco.

Local News Items

Mrs. Erna Geilig of Los Angeles has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ray Struebing this past week, on a return trip from Portland to Los Angeles. Mrs. Geilig is an aunt of Mr. Struebing.

Dorothy Stark, who was sixteen, Friday, celebrated her birthday at a family picnic at Bruce Hole, Sunday.

Mrs. Florence Blodgett of Lodi, Calif., Mrs. Burdcard of Sacramento, Mrs. Lois Tamba and her grandchildren, Ruel and Gay of Lodi, were guests of Mrs. A. Tamba of Harbor recently. The group was on a coast-to-coast trip.

Charles Cole of the state department of inspection at Corvallis, was a luncheon guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Struebing Thursday. Mr. Cole returned north that same day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Owsley, and James Fifield of Harbor, left for Missouri Tuesday to visit Mrs.

Owsley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Harris of Stockton, Calif., were callers of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Harris, Monday.

Mrs. John Kirby and daughter, Mrs. John Brewer of Medford, are in Brookings looking after business interests.

William Yates of Klamath Falls arrived Sunday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Phil Schroeder.

Mr. and Mrs. Constance and daughter, Elizabeth, of Minnesota and son, Wendell Huddle, Klamath Falls, were callers of Mr. and

Mrs. Ray Guerrettaz, and Mr. and Mrs. Pete Lesmeister, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray LaFontaine of Harbor left Monday for San Francisco on a short business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Sabo of Klamath Falls were in Brookings last week, calling on friends from

Mrs. Ira Hull was in Gold Beach last week, visiting Mrs. Reta Gannon.

Attorney and Mrs. Ed Ackley are in Brookings at present. Mr. Ackley has opened his law office in the Central building.

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