

Upper Chetco

Mrs. Frank Waldien

Bill Tolman returned to this area Monday after spending several days at Harbor, due to a severe cold. Bill is cooking for Red Mountain trail crew which is no wumped at Boulder Creek.

Recent visitors at Long Ridge lookout were: Mr. and Mrs. F. Perkins of Bremerton, Wash., who are at present camped at Rauch's camp ground at the Upper Chetco bridge; T. S. Hamilton and grandson, Tom, of Culver City, Calif., who are camped at the Long Ridge camp ground near the guard station; Agnes Hensely, Anis Schofield and son, Mrs. Helen Richards, Mrs. Sy Payne, Dick Griffith and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. VanCampen.

Government Hunter Conley, George Purves and Harry Hill were in this area last week since cougar tracks were seen by local residents.

Bill Lane, on Snow Camp lookout, reports visitors: Aug. 3—Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers and M.

S. Brainard. They camped all night at Alpine Glade and went on to Wild Horse lookout the next day; Aug. 6—Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Owens of Gold Beach; Aug. 7—Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lawrence and son of Gold Beach, Mrs. Belle Eastwood of Redding, Calif; Donald and Bobby Currie of Gold Beach; Aug 8—Allen Wallace and Warren Rowlett of Gold Beach and L. M. Peden of Portland.

The R. S. VanCampens were week-end guests at the Lester Rauch home on the Upper Chetco.

BIT O' THIS AND THAT

Drove out to the end of Quail Prairie road last Monday. It's not the obstacle course I expected a new road to be. Good work, Fred Gardner. Too bad you could not have pushed out a few more miles of brush between us and Kerby.

This being canning season I'll quote the following from Eleanor Howe's Household Hints for the homemakers:

To Test Rubber Jar Rings—"Rubber rings to be used for canning and return to their original size and return to their original hize immediately when pressure is removed. Rings which as misshapened after this treatment are not safe for canning" (and if they don't stretch like she says they should, we can call it war-time rubber can't we?).

And "when making jelly or jam place a string across the jar and then pour paraffin over it. When ready to use simply pull the string and the paraffin will come out with it." (Fond memories! Oh, well, I have plenty of string anyway. Maybe I can trade some of it for a sugar stamp!).

"Cut string beans with scissors—saves time and thumbs!"

A mathematical fact: The shortest distance between two points on Long Ridge Ranch is over a hill!

Five days from my diary:

Monday: picked hazelnuts.

Tuesday: ditto ditto.

Wednesday: ditto ditto.

Thursday: Picked hazelnuts!

Gotta do something else tomorrow for a change. Oh, well, that's one way of decreasing the squirrel population (Though I still think shooting is more humane than slow starvation!).

Friday: Picked beans. What a change. They have to be canned with the nuts—all I had to do was toss them onto the canvas. Everyone wants to know what I'm going to do with all these nuts. Well, If I get them husked by Christmas, I might send my relatives some genuine Long Ridge hazelnuts.

About the only exercise some folks take is jumping at conclusions (quoted).

Did you waste the day or lose it. Was it well of poorly spent Did you leave a ray of sunshine Or a scar of discontent, As you close your eyes in slumber

Do you think that God would say

You have earned one more tomorrow

By the work you did and the things you said, today?

It used to make the family all laugh when Blaine played the phonograph. He couldn't wind nor start the thing; but finally he made 'er sing!

Then how the Bum song filled

the air; he ran it slow and then let it tear; For cranks and wheels were always meant; to provide boys with such merriment.

The poor old Bum never got a rest; He played it 'cause he always liked it best; When sister tried to stem her plight; you can bet there was a healthy fight.

With nerves all rent to minute shreds; I finally sent them off to bed—for he nearly wrote hy epithaph, playing that squawking phonograph.

Local News Items

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Leiseth and daughter, of Dayton, stopped in Brookings, Saturday, en route to Dayton from a trip into California. Mr. Leiseth is published of Dayton Tribune.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hillig of Portland were Brookings visitors, Saturday morning. Mr. Hillig, a veteran of the 41st Division, is a painting contractor at Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dimond of Portland called briefly at the

home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Brooks, Saturday night and Sunday morning. They came especially to get their daughter, who had been viisting her grandparents.

Miss Edith Ott returned the first of the week to Brookings after spending a week at Dayton and Portland, visiting relatives and friends.

In an Upper Chetco ietm, last week, the names of Mr. and Mrs. E. Roderick, were inadvertently omitted from the list of guests at a party held at the E. J. Kesselmeier home.

Temporary offices are being completed at the Central building for Ralph Vincent, photographer, who will open up about the first of the month.

John Bodwish and Chas. Ward left Friday for Medford where they spent the week-end on business. They returned here early this week.

Attorney and Mrs. Ed F. Ackley left Tuesday evening for San Francisco, where Mr. Ackley was called on a tax suit in the tax

court of that city. They will turn early next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Ward of Albany, spent several days at the Lucien Stafford home, visiting Mr. Clifford, member of the executive committee of Pacific Growers, was here for the morning, Monday.



SMOKEY SAYS—
Care will prevent
9 out of 10 forest fires

AVON PRODUCTS

Complete Line Of

Ladies Cosmetics

Mens and Womens TOILETRIES

Household Supplies

Sold Locally By

Amber Campbell

Box 25 Brookings, Oregon
Back of Nook Cafe

GREYHOUND Service

From Brookings NORTHBOUND Brookings - Portland

Leave Brookings—
12:12 a.m. 5:28 a.m. 10:08 a.m.
1:53 p.m. 8:03 p.m.

Arrive Portland—
12:05 p.m. 5:30 p.m. 10:40 p.m.
1:15 a.m. 7:10 a.m.

SOUTHBOUND

Brookings-San Francisco

Leave Brookings—
1:37 a.m. 4:23 a.m. 6:23 a.m.
12:00 noon 8:35 p.m.

Arrive San Francisco—
3:40 p.m. 5:55 p.m. 8:30 p.m.
2:00 a.m. 10:00 a.m.

T. S. Abbott, Local Agent
Woody Building Brookings

GREYHOUND

ATTENTION MOTHERS!

Ward's Clotring Store

OPENING SOON!

Will Feature:

CHILDRENS SCHOOL CLOTHING

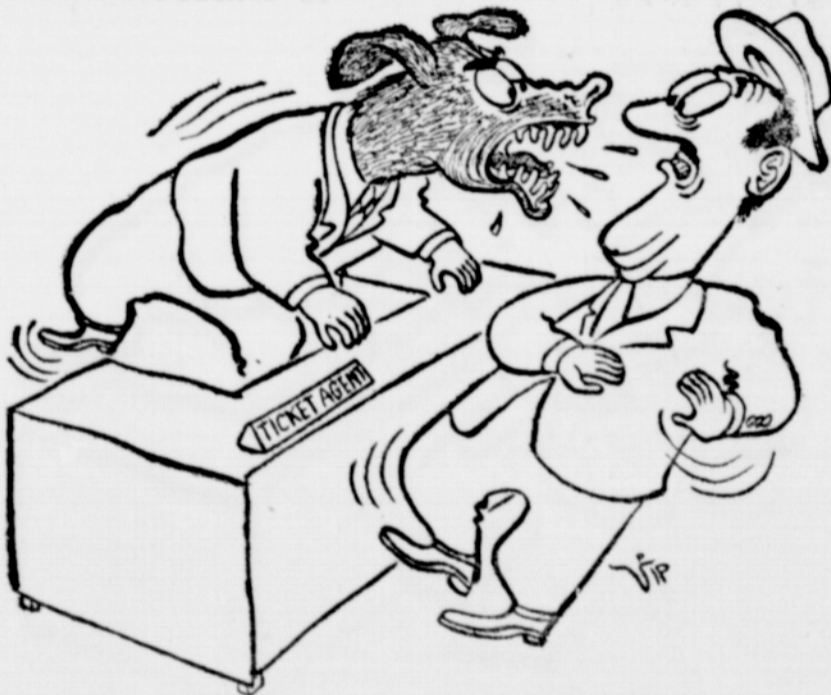
Whatta ya mean, friendly?

Just saying a thing is so doesn't make it so.

We know that.

Occasionally somebody will question our right to call ourselves the friendly Southern Pacific.

"How can you say that," he'll ask, "when one of your ticket agents practically barked at me once?"



Well, one swallow doesn't make a summer, and when you have 90,000 people running a railroad, you're bound to have some quick tempers and cases of stomach ulcers among them.

We wouldn't be human if we didn't slip up once in a while, even though we try very hard to prevent slips.

We call ourselves a friendly railroad because you seldom see a Southern Pacific engineer who doesn't wave at folks, or a conductor who doesn't like to pat children on the head and give them a fist-full of discarded seat checks to play with. Or a Southern Pacific man or woman who won't go out of his or her way to perform an act of human kindness above and beyond the call of duty.

Incidentally, if you're planning a trip anywhere, our service is much faster and better, even, than it was before the war. We'll be glad to help you plan your trip—but be sure you let us know well in advance.

S.P. The friendly Southern Pacific