

Upper Chetco

Mrs. Frank Walden

A farewell surprise was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kesselmeier, Sunday evening. The Kesselmeiers are leaving for McKinleyville, Calif., where they are to make their home. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Graham and son, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Watts, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Roderick, Mr. and Mrs. H. Graham, Russell White, Mr. and Mrs. George Funk, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Furthmiller and Mr. and Mrs. King nephew of Phoenix, Ariz., Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kinch and son, and Lydia Davey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray LaFontaine and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kesselmeier made a trip to Gold Beach last Tuesday.

Harry Kinch took a load of lumber to McKinleyville for Mr. Kesselmeier last week. Mrs. Kinch accompanied him.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Roderick, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Watt, Mrs. Lydia Davey, and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kesselmeier were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Graham Saturday. Mrs. Frank Walden called briefly en route home from Brookings.

Mrs. Wayne Pickens returned from Ashland last Sunday after visiting her parents. Mr. Pickens is lookout foreman on Mt. Emily.

Bill Lane of Snow Camp lookout reports the following visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Hevk Timeus and children of Pistol River; Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Beals and children of Los Angeles.

Last week visitors of Don Estest at the Long Ridge Lookout were: Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Huffman and children of Crescent City and party of two, Mr. and Mrs. Martin of Compton, Calif., and Dee Scobee of Harbor. Official visitors were: Marion Nance, district ranger, and Don Cameron, road supervisor, Mr. Pitney of the state fish and game commission. Mr. Pitney also visited the Wallace ranch on an observation trip down the Chetco down to the Upper bridge.

County trucks are hauling out gravel, in what will be, come winter, some of the worst sections of the road. So far they have hauled as far as Stump Prairie. **BIT O' THIS AND THAT!**

Complying with my request that he write something for this column, Don Estes, Long ridge lookout fireman, submits the following, interesting, but informative article:

"This is a thumbnail sketch of a well-known local inhabitant of the Brookings-Harbor area.

"In order to add a touch of mystery to the article we will omit his name until the last paragraph and leave it up to the reader to guess his identity before his name is mentioned. Born at Ukiah, Mendocino County, Calif., On November 26, 1886, (although he claims no relation to the bird famous around that date), he was left motherless at the age of five.

"He was brought up by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A.

Benton, Mr. Benton being brought to death supposedly by the famous stage robber, 'Black Bart,' while Mr. Benton was 'pinch-hitting' for the regular stage driver on the run between Ukiah and Clear Lake.

"His early education was obtained at the Ukiah public schools, thence to a country school at Vanduzen River, near Hydenville, Calif., and at the age of 17 he finished his early schooling at Rohnerville, Calif. He then went to work in the local sawmills, later deciding to heed the call of the railroad and moved to Spokane, Wash., where he remained at this occupation for six years.

"He then went to Kansas City, Mo., where he attended school for mechanics for eight months, coming to Brookings when he finished and went to work for the Brookings Lumber Co., as bridge builder and maintenance man.

"In 1924, he started to work for the U. S. Forest Service and has seen the ranger station change location from the present location of Westmore guard station on the Winchuck rover to Harbor, to Brookings, to its present location at Gold Beach.

"His first work with the forest service was telephone line maintenance from the old Frank Moore ranch to Tambas ranch and trail maintenance, both jobs having been done by his each pre-fire season. He has seen lookout service on Packsaddle Mountain, Mt. Emily and his present 'roosting place,' in Snow Camp (know him now?).

"In his own words, he has seen roads take the place of trails, automobiles win out over horses, smoke-jumpers replace smoke-chasers, and is fully convinced that the airplane is here to stay.

"William B. (Bill) Lane, who has seen too many man-caused destructive fires in this part of Oregon, joins with the rest of the Chetco Ranger district men in hoping that you will all be able to enjoy the forests at your doorsteps, but please remember that trees and wild-life cannot endure the ravages of forest fires. *Big fires from little matches grow.*"—Don Estes, Long Ridge lookout.

Good going, Mr. Estes! You leave us all wondering what you have in mind for next week. Don't forget. We'll be waiting for your column again.

Guess I'd better start reading this column. The other day I noticed someone else had written some news for me. Thanks—whoever you are. Hope more of you contribute your news and views. In other words, make this space more yours than mine.

Ever think of personalizing your stationery? I assure you Mr. Akers can put, not only your thoughts but pictures as well, on beautiful paper in no time at all. So far all I've done with mine is admire it as I write so few letters. However, if you want your letter-writing simplified—try Mr. Akers' brand of personalized—'tis beauty quite exemplified. Beats anything you ever tried, but if you let your writing slide—then

mail a Pilot—*bona fide.*

Indeed it was with reluctance that I reached into my stock of grasshopper eggs this week. However, since no others were available at the moment, and since my cake was already half made, I resorted to these eggs which I'd carefully packed away quite a time ago. Excuse me reader—I didn't see you there, encyclopedia under arm. Sorry to disappoint you but there's little use to peruse such a volume for this particular type of egg.

Yes, I agree with you, an egg's an egg; but do you know when an ordinary egg becomes a grasshopper egg? Just where is that mysterious line of demarcation that casts the dignified hen egg from her queenly niche into the (lowly) category of a grasshopper egg?

Sometime ago an acquaintance of mine stumbled upon the startling scientific discovery that when ye lowly barnyard fowl subsists mostly on grasshoppers the only logical conclusion is that her eggs must, of necessity, be grasshopper eggs. Not only did he awaken me to the alarming fact that all my hens were laying grasshopper eggs but that we were actually partaking thereof from this very same source of unwholesome food!

And, in addition, he implied he would certainly be a distraught individual if he knew he'd eaten

any of them!

Using this as a basis for your conclusions, my friends, you can easily see why I approach my work with such vigorous hop, skip and jump! When I feel any of these entomological gifts waning, especially the latter, I just eat another grasshopper egg!

(Sure, n' begorry, 'twas a downright dirty Irish trick o' mine feedin' all me friend such eggs). I do hope, readers, I haven't left you with biased opinions on eggs. Here's a few hints on cooking eggs: (but do watch those grasshopper eggs) Takes a good cook to keep jumping ahead of the: To keep yolk in the center of hardboiled egg, stir while cooking. Scramble eggs in double boiler—low temperature makes eggs tender.

If an egg cracks during the process of hard-cooking, add vinegar to the water. This seals the eggs and cooking can be continued. When storing eggs, raw and hard cooked, in the refrigerator, do you ever wonder which is which? Whirl them to get the answer. A fresh egg will turn very slowly and only for a short time but a hard-boiled egg will spin easily and rapidly.

Now for a quote or two:

"*Mere words are cheap and plentiful, but ideas that rouse and set multitudes thinking come as gold from the mines*" "The gift of

gab isn't a gift—it's a perk. With that in mind I think high time for me to write to this. The cake? Oh, I forgot—you see I sawed in nail with Frank's best saw.

Bert Carlson spent three at Humboldt County fair at reka last week.

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