

Graham Describes Costa In A Letter

Continued from last week

On the road we met two trucks loaded with peanuts. The grower gets ten cents gold a pound, the buyer pays near 20 cents.

When we cross bridge by the side of the road, we see a certain place before us they stop. "Yes, but if it is still and can't get through border. A month from now will try it again." There were in their party, three others, all business men. Jose, Mr. Comstock accompanied with one of them, I quite jovial-stimulated out and off from the of every-day affairs, get-change.

moon aided in the preparation of supper and bed making. My wife was appreciative moonlight because, if the got too close, she wanted it, and not be taken by her, as she might if it were however, we were not disturbed the least by anything than the small things somehow insist and even manage to get in and in awhile, but we all

Breakfast of fried eggs, bread, bananas and cookies is of, and we soon pack up on, as we must reach destination by even-tide. The lights of the country are abodes (I'll not call them by the roadside, green cattle, and the country and there.

a man on a horse, we and inquire regarding to next town. After few calculations he says it time. We ask him what time, foot time, horse car time. He assures us made in a certain time and we find in time that about right. Seldom do we who measures distance other method than time.

the way we find a yard or three orange trees fruit looks good, so we purchase 250 for 36c (U. S. Money) and a lucky it was, because it helped us from getting too late on the following Tuesday we again packed up supply about the same

o'clock we find ourselves. A few stops are made various reasons and every stop the pickup is surprised by curious youngsters. and 14 gazing at us as if strange animals in a The pickup has a good roof top and heavy galvanized one-inch mesh on sides doors that can be locked pickup is used to haul from market to the and it must be made several "lifting" there is a past art.

Liberia we head west to small town called Sar which we reach without too trouble; having to stop and dig out under the where a high center motionless. This place we about one o'clock. Here told that while the dis- was only 20 minutes by back to El Coco (our destination) the road was impassable as cars or truck were con- others said they thought make it.

we go, and find going

rather rough as no car had passed that way since the last dry season. With the aid of crowbar, shovel and machete in willings hand, at the end of three hours, we find ourselves in sight of the ocean at El Coco; a few houses here and there were strung along about a mile of beach.

A parking place is soon found near fresh water for washing purposes, and just a short distance from the ever pounding waves.

The journey has been tiresome and dusty, especially the past five hours. So we proceed to dispose of the dust in the stream, then to replenish the inner man, and seek rest in retirement. The next day being Saturday, our day of rest, there wasn't any occasion for stirring too early. But even a place of rest becomes restless as the advancing light of day reveals an inviting wide sandy beach with various kinds and colors of fish, shells, and other interesting things. One of which was oxen pulling large logs out into the ocean until water was up to the lead oxen's nose. Then they would take the lead oxen off, and keep on in the same manner till the log was out far enough to float. They were then maneuvered by boat to a launch farther out, where they were lifted out of the water by crane, and placed in position on the launch. One good-sized log took 12 oxen to move out.

That was a day to be remembered with emphasis on the remember, for old Sol was out looking for "tender feet" and found two. Mr. Comstock became interested in watching some very pretty, small blue-yellow banded fish, and a small octopus. He forgot he was at sea-level where the sun's rays really burn. The consequences—burned feet and legs—it is very painful; couldn't wear shoes for two or three days. My back burned through a thin white shirt, next time I'll wear more.

Many coconut trees and plenty of nuts, the cheapest there of any place I know—less than 5c apiece (U. S. Money). Aside from a little rest the day was spent taking in the sights of a tropical beach. Monkeys; various kinds, sizes and colors of birds from the large expert Pelican fisher to smaller birds of interest—the white heron among them.

One experience of that day has lingered a long time: a case of poverty, result of laziness. A man of about 40 came to us, telling he was unable to find work of any kind, had a sick baby, and was also in need of food.

If such was the case of course we wanted to help. So Mrs. Comstock, Udo Neihause (who speaks both English and Spanish) and myself went down to see the family. We found a deplorable situation. Some poles supporting a thatched shed roof, about 10 feet square. The baby girl of perhaps 10 months rested on the only semblance of a bed (sticks tied together). The mother blind in one eye, three naked boys, 8 and 12, abdomens distended, usual cause (worms). Only one cooking utensil—a five-gallon kerosene can, and all the food they had was in it—a large crab. Aside from the clothes the mother had on, all of her possessions were contained in a paper carton, that once had contained canned milk shipped to some merchant.

Back in 1910 in the Republic of Honduras, I saw a family moving from one locality to another, the wife had an oya (something similar to a large crock) on her head. The husband carried a blanket, and between them a medium size pig was trailing, grunting his disapproval over a long journey. However, this poor

family had no pig, no blanket. We felt so sorry for the poor little baby girl, for whom we could do but little; as no medicine of any kind was available there, and we had failed to even think any might be necessary in this kind of place. We gave some simple instructions and left with heavy hearts.

We gave them some food the next day, and made inquiries as to the cause of such poverty in a place where there seemed to be work, and plenty of food of its kind. We were told that the man didn't like to work. As the people put it, he didn't like to "swing the machete." The result was pitiful.

Another sight but not heart-rending, a grey pet monkey of above average size seen here, showed great attachment for his owner. Not wanting to be away from him at all.

Sunday morning at precisely 3:30 central standard time, we were rudely awakened by what we thought was the children shaking the car to wake us up. A few seconds brought us to a realization that we were experiencing for the first time the shaking of an earthquake. There isn't anything funny about it either, as that violent rocking doesn't induce peaceful sleep.

Sunday evening Mr. Comstock made arrangements with two of the countrymen to take him, Udo Neihause, and myself by rowboat several miles to Culebra (snake) Bay. Monday morning we were awakened near 3 a. m. by those were were making the trip for us and in that hour the group of five were pushing out into the deep. Taking with us food and water, were were supplied for the trip. As the morning was cool I wore my cruiser coat, and found later in the day it served equally well to keep out the piercing rays of the sun.

By 5:30 we beached the rowboat on the opposite side of the bay and crossing a narrow neck of land which continued out a mile or more, found a turtles' retreat. The large turtles come in during the night and deposit their eggs in the sands far enough back that the waves do not bother them. Their tracks are about three feet wide, between was a distinct mark as if their transmission was dragging.

The turtles are quite wise in trying to hide their eggs. They dig out a central hole, then small mounds are made around the edge to mislead those who like turtle eggs. But the countrymen have learned that they lay their eggs in the last hole, and their tracks are too plain to be misleading. A long slender stick about four feet long is carried by the egg searchers. With this he probes in the sand where he thinks the eggs should be; much as one probes for a mole's runway—a sudden easing on the stick reveals the nest.

Only turtle eggs are down two feet, and even a little more. I watched as one nest revealed 114 eggs. They say often they find 200. The covering around a turtle egg is a very tough membrane—the eggs are thrown in one sack, 400 of them, and handled much as one would handle potatoes, but none broke.

After this bit of interesting experience, we took our boat and started to make a tour of the inner circle of the bay; going ashore in places where shells are plentiful. The shore not producing all that was wanted, our boatmen rowed out to place where many and varied conk shells were visible from the boatside. One of the men made several visits to the bottom in about 12 feet of water and brought up some nice shells.

Very few homes along the beach, not enough energy developed in the few who dwell there

to plant and produce anything more than enough for the few. On the south side of the bay we found a sandy beach, and in the shade of a large tree we stopped long enough to eat before continuing on our way, as we can't tarry too long for today we must start for home.

The three of us walked along the beach, everything was quiet, and nothing to disturb the scenery except a few birds and some chattering monkeys. The monkeys around Culebra bay are black with long yellow hair about the faces, and back of the necks.

The two countrymen maneuvered the boat farther along the beach and pulled up again, for they were near another turtle nesting ground; two nests were found, and their eggs promptly removed, and they we embarked. We made all the possible speed with no traffic interference, for the place from where we started. The going was rougher than the calm of the morning, but noon found us landed safely and well.

After a noon meal and some hasty preparations we start back over the road we had, coming in. We reached Liberia in the evening and our first concern was brake fluid, which was obtained at an oil station, and in due time we had our brakes operating. We had driven all afternoon without any, as it had leaked out while

the pickup was idle during our stay at El Coco.

Just outside the little city and across a bridge we found a good campsite near the river and prepared for our last night out, before reaching home. The morning found us making fast work of breakfast after washing in the river. Beds were soon rolled, everything deposited in its place, and we were on the road again, only to make two brief stops before noon, one for drinking water and the other for a sack of oranges.

Dinner time found us at another river, after fording we stopped to rest and eat. With dinner over, were on our way as fast as the road conditions were permissible. Having seen this on the trip over, we had no trouble to reach home.

Ten p. m. found us thankful for a safe trip, the privilege of seeing some of the interesting things of Costa Rica, and a place for a good night's rest. Buenas Noche.

Miss Ruth McAdams and Miss Lois Ohmart of Portland are visitors at the M. W. Rose home. J. J. Gallagher, who just returned from two weeks spent at the Seaside hospital, to many a gateway to heavy, is glad to be back in God's country. Joe says his health is much improved.

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