

WRITE

As I See It

Barton W. Marsh

Love of God is the greatest that has ever been at the disposal of man. "Love" is speaking to us in a thousand voices, every one from every angle of the universe. It is written every bud, upon every blade of grass. It is pouring in streams of melody from the throat-voiced birds that make vocal with their singing. It is in the towers of the trees that tower so into the heavens, the mosses and ferns that grow at their feet, the flowers with their thousand hues and variations, that give forth sweet perfumes and charms. It speaks to us of the love of God.

The dumb animal never understands the affection bestowed upon it by man. It will accept and kick without resentment and will respond with devotion to every manifestation of attention. Man only, through his life surrounded by tokens of eternal love, speaking to him in nature's language but rarely gives it a thought.

Man is not alone in expressing the love of God. Revelation also speaks through God's Word to man of this love in language that can only come from the heart of One who is above the taint of death, the stain of avarice, the sting of hate. From that One who could not only practice revealed love, but greater love hath no man than that a man lay down his life for his friends." John 15:13. Behold this man, Christ, as he speaks to your heart in benediction, that seems completely forgotten by so many upon so many occasions; but forgive them, for they know not what they do." Luke 23:34.

The world of burning hate, which much of the genius of man appears to be directed upon the development of the most colossal and best methods of extermination, is a life that our God of love values so precious, let us earnestly endeavor to keep the dying embers of His love.

That will not let me go, my weary soul on thee; Give back the love I owe, O Thine ocean depths that flow

May richer, fuller be!
O light that followeth all my way
I yield by flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's glow its day

May brighter, fairer be!
O Joy that seekest me thru pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow thru the rain,
And feel the promise its not in vain,

That morn shall tearless be!
O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to hide from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red

Life that shall endless be!
—G. Matheson.
Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea.

The healing of the seamless dress,
Is by our beds in pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
—J. G. Whittier.

Cub Scout Doings

Carried over last week

The Cubs enjoyed Sunday afternoon and evening at mill beach, where they had a picnic, roasted marshmallows, and wieners, together with potato salad galore. The new den mother, Mrs. Ruth Redfield, supplied the food and her husband helped with several of the games. Mr. and Mrs. Widney were present to hold the situation always in hand when activity became intense.

The Cubs say they want a lot more of these outings as they seemed to have a wonderful outing.

The over-night hike is still depending upon settled weather, but has not been forgotten by the Cubs or their master. The monthly Cub pack meeting is set for July 28 at the Odd Fellows hall.

There are a few openings for new Cub scouts and any boy between ages of 9 to 12 may apply for entrance through any den mother or the Cubmaster.

An active program is being planned for the fall and winter months for the cubs.

A Wayside Stand

Sitting, sitting, sitting
All I do is sit;
Waiting for a customer
To buy a little bit.
The cars speed by a rolling,
Sixty miles or more;
Why don't they slacken speed
And see our little store?
The place is plastered with signs
That hit them in the eye;
I think they'd spend time with us

If some of them said "Pie,"
But all they say is 'lilies'
And some of them for free;
My word a car is stopping
Let's see who can it be.
They wanted just to take a look
To see what they could see;
Alack, alas, they wouldn't buy
A single thing from me.
I guess I might as well close up
And go get the mail;
Drag in the signs and the pots
And hit the homeward trail.
—By Lura Leonard.


Local News Items

Visitors at the R. D. Chambers home last week were Bob's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Will Sanders and son of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Roney of Scappoose, Ore. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Slack of Grand Rapids, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Hudson of Sheridan, Mich., spent the past week-end with Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Rose. The ladies are nieces of Mrs. Rose.

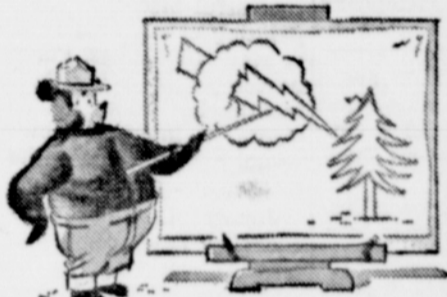
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Careful and Considerate
Watchmaking
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Henry Z. Horst
Licenced under the laws of Oregon by examination. Located at Nook Cafe Bldg. Brookings.

Smokey, The Fire-Preventin' Bear, Says:



"Guess who starts the most forest fires?"



Some folks think most forest fires are started by lightning and other natural causes. That's all wrong. Only about 10% of the fires start this way.



Other folks think criminals, or crazy firebugs, do the big damage in our forests. But that's wrong too. They don't start one fire in a hundred.



Now . . . get ready for a shock. Behind this curtain I've got the real culprit. Close your eyes if you want—cause this is going to hurt.



Yep, it's Mr. and Mrs. A. Loyal Citizen. In short—good Americans like you start most forest fires. Just plain carelessness accounts for 9 out of 10!

This year—with more cars, more leisure time, and more vacation travel—America's forests may suffer the greatest catastrophe in history! It is imperative that you be particularly careful with fire. America's forests are in your hands.

PLEASE FOLKS, BE EXTRA CAREFUL THIS YEAR!

1. Hold your match till it's cold—then pinch it to make sure.
2. Crush out your cigarette, cigar, pipe ashes. Use an ashtray! Never throw burning objects from a car window.
3. Drown your campfire, then stir and drown again.
4. Ask about the law—and a permit—before burning grass, brush, fence rows, or trash. Then follow safe rules: burn only on still evenings; have help handy; kill every spark!



Remember - Only you can PREVENT FOREST FIRES!
Brimm Bros.

Brookings

Oregon



The unlighted trolley, moving slowly along the darkened highway, completely invisible to an overtaking motorist as he came suddenly upon it from around a corner. He crashed into it and was injured. Just one more of the many bitter ironies of highway life, where a lawbreaker who was indifferent to his own safety and safety of others escaped injury, while an innocent victim paid the price of indifference with his life.