

"FRIENDSHIP"

Guest Story by Larry Lau
University of Oregon Columnist

The phone's mad jangle clattered through the house frankly, noisily—demanding. He made a soft noise of wonderment, then a harsher sound of annoyance and swung his feet out from under the covers. His slippers flopped and thudded against the bare floor as he padded grimly through the hall and into the dining room where the phone stood trembling impatiently.

"Hello...hello," he barked.

"Hank?" a voice queried, "this is Sam. I just had to phone somebody. You're my best friend. I'm half-crazy...I had to pho..."

Hank's eyes became alert and puzzled. "Whoa! slow down Sam. Tell me nice and slow like just what's happened."

The voice exploded hysterically. "It's Rita—she's gone! First I get this letter signed 'A Friend' saying she's being unfaithful, and now she's gone. Didn't leave a note or anything...just gone."

"Calm down Sam," Hank growled, "you're not well enough to get this excited. She'll be back. Maybe she's sore about something...did you show her the letter?"

"Yes—yes," the voice babbled. "I didn't accuse her. I just laughed and told her I thought someone was playing a joke on us."

"Well—cool off a little. She loves you Sam."

"No she doesn't," the voice broke in, "she'd leave me alright. All these months I was laid up in bed I kept yapping at her, 'Rita this' and 'Rita that'...oh, she's fed up I tell you." Muffled sobs rang dully, hollowly, over the phone. "I've got a gun Hank...I'm going to shoot myself. I can't stand it without Rita...I need her!"

"Sam, for God's sake don't talk such nonsense!" The white of Hank's knuckles where he gripped the phone gleamed softly in the darkness. A rivulet of sweat ran hesitantly down the side of his face. "Sam," he pleaded, "listen to me. She'll be back...I know she'll be back. Now if you've got a gun put it away before you get hurt."

"No Hank, she's gone for good. I can sense it. I don't even know where she is...if I only knew." The voice murmured to a stop. Hank heard an ominous, spine-chilling click...

"Sam!" he whispered hoarsely, "don't be a fool!"

The voice mumbled brokenly. Hank could only catch fragments of what Sam was saying. Hear that Hank?...hear that noise in a minute...I'll be gone...then I won't care where she is."

Say something—anything, he thought, keep him talking...my God! "Sam, wait...wait a second. I know where Rita is...are you listening?...Sam, Rita is here with me...she's here Sam!...are you..."

"That was a nice gesture Hank, the voice broke in quietly, but I know you better than that...so long!"

The roar of the explosion almost ripped the phone from Hank's hands. He stared at it dumbly, ground his teeth tightly together and closed his eyes, as

if to blot out a bad dream. "Oh no Sam!..."

He sat slumped in a chair in front of the phone, stunned. Through a haze he heard a soft sleepy voice called to him, "Anything the matter darling?"

He ran his hands, tugging through his hair. Get a grip on yourself Hank old boy, he told himself. He got up and walked slowly back down the hall.

"No...nothing," he said woodenly, "nothing at all Rita."

In The Mail-box:

Editor, Pilot:

I wish to thank you, very kindly, for the splendid notice you gave me through the publishers. I also will appear in a second deluxe edition for the present year by another publisher, of which you will be apprised in due time.

I have one poem in honor of the Oregon Centennial, entitled: "The Pioneers," which appears in the 1947 edition. I am happy to say and of this poem the editor had this to say: "Although it is longer than the contest rules allowed, I am giving it an entire page. If you continue to write so glowingly of Oregon you may start a stampede to your state."

To which I replied "The stampede is already on!"

I believe I am something of a stylist in prose, as I versified some of my descriptive prose and with practically no change of wording on my part, had it accepted as poetry in these deluxe editions, which was something of an acid test as representation in this volume was on a competitive basis, world-wide contest coverage. I was allowed introduction privileges on some of my poems as the editors pronounced this prose as: "Poetry of a high order."

I have a great number of short sketches and essays on various subjects of timely interest along religious, social, scientific, descriptive lines. One short Saga of the Sea which I penned on our beach during a tempestuous winter storm and which I gave a local setting in locale with a fleeting but dramatic glance at the ageless tragedy and romance of the seven seas.

If published at all, it would be fitting that it be first published here. To me, it sounds like that liquid, smooth-flowing type of prose which sings in rhythm like a poem or song. I should have, as the subject is rather liquid in itself!

Thanking you, and I wanted to give it to you in writing. I am, sincerely—John LeRoy Johnson, Box 184, Brookings.

Long Ridge and Chetco Community

A new 1948 Ryan Navion plane landed at Leland White's Chetco river airport on a round trip flight from Klamath Falls, two weeks ago. The plane caused a sensation.

Joan and Dorothy Miller of Arcata, are spending a month with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Tompkinson.

John DePalma of Lynwood, Calif., and Arch Whittaker of Altadena, spent two days, June 7 through June 9, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joe DePalma. Mr. DePalma is a real estate broker in Lynwood and Mr. Whittaker is an army medical staff sergeant, stationed at Vista Del Arroyo hospital at Pasadena.

Mrs. Bob Browning of Klamath Falls spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Willis.

Mrs. Myrtle E. Smith of Cincinnati, O., is a guest for the summer at the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Willis. Mrs. Smith is a sister of Mrs. Willis.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Graham and son, Eddie, spent the week-end of June 11 through June 13, at Eureka, visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Rigby, former residents of this area.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Comstock moved to Smith River where Mr. Comstock is employed for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Graham and family of Coos Bay, former residents of this area, visited over night with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Graham, and Mr. and Mrs. Willard Graham. They were on their way to Yosemite.

Mrs. Clarence Overman surprised her husband on his birthday, June 10, with a group of friends in for the evening: Mr. and Mrs. Overman and children, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Furthmiller of Brookings, Mr. and Mrs. George Funk, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grama, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Roderick, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tomkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Graham and son, Mrs. Roy Sunderland, Farrell Sunderland, H. J. Sparks, Elaine White, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Koeller and daughter.

Miss Theresa White spent Wednesday, June 16, visiting her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth White, and old friends. She is employed

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at Seaside hospital, Crescent City. Her guests who accompanied her were Miss Sidney Nelson and Arnold Badger.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Peters of Sioux Falls, S. Dak., visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tomkinson the past week.

Mrs. Bob Browning arrived Friday to spend the week-end at the Gene Willis home on Upper Chetco river road. She returned to her Klamath Falls home Monday evening.

FOR THE CENSUS

Born, Saturday evening, to Mr. and Mrs. Kay Kessler, at their home on Marino Heights, a daughter, Mary Catherine, who weighed seven pounds. Miss Bernadette Pitts, of Whiteson, Ore., sister of Mrs. Kessler, is caring for Mrs. Kessler.

Summons

Case No. 1913
Suit in Equity For Divorce
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Curry.

Juanita Braun Harris, plaintiff, Plaintiff, versus Ralph Joseph Harris, Defendant.

In the Name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit for divorce within ten days from the date of service of this Summons upon you if served within this County; or if served within any other County of this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this Summons upon you; and if served upon you in any State of the United States other than the State of Oregon, then within four weeks after date of such service; and if you fail to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in her complaint in the above entitled suit, a certified copy of which complaint is herewith served upon you, that is, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for a decree dissolving the marital relationship and the marriage contract existing between you and the plaintiff.

Service hereof is made upon you by publication in the Brookings-Harbor Pilot, published at Brookings, Curry County, Oregon, for four successive weeks by order of said court made June 21, 1948.

ED F. ACKLEY,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

P. O. Address, Brookings, Oregon.

Published June 24, July 1, July 8 and July 15, 1948.

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Notice

OF CREATION OF WEED TROL DISTRICT
NOTICE IS HEREBY given that the County Court of Curry County, Oregon, did, on June 20, 1948, in regular session, create all of Curry County a Weed Trol District; and named Ragwort, St. Johns wort, Thistle and Tansy weeds to be destroyed and prevented from producing within said district. This is given in compliance with requirements of O. C. Vol. 4, Section 35-504.

CURRY COUNTY COURT

A. H. Boice, County

A. B. Crook, comm

N. B. Marsh, comm

Published June 20 and 27,

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