



Mrs. Waldien Makes Full Confession . . .

She Has the Contraction, Admits It Took Courage To Light First Gas Jet

We have it! I baked a Johnny Cake in the "thing!" Yes I boiled over the coffee too, but I didn't realize as I whipped up that Johnny cake that I was "cookin'" up headline news. Had such been the case, Old Bear Bite, Gardner's old pet sow would have been the recipient of the whole mess sooner than she did. But I baked that Johnny cake (we like ours baked, or at least half dried out a la ye old antique woodie range) and it seems in doing so performed an

act worthy of historical record. I suppose this is a little off the record but just last Sunday, Fred Gardner came to the ranch to take old Bear Bite home. He swore she'd come for miles when she heard his "wooshie." Well he "wooshied" and he wooshied" right by my back door too, but old Bear Bite didn't bite. She hid. (She knows a good thing when she tastes it) I don't think Fred got as far as the river before here she came again. Not alone this time, but with all her brood, ready again to take up residence under the house as official food taster. (She's used to roughing it on Long Ridge

like the rest of us) Now I say Max. (You called me Esther, I'll call you Max. Okay?) it would take more than your literary gem of recent publication to convince me I can't "cook on gas." The proof of the puddin' in the eatin', I say, so just so's you can't write any more of those stories about me without having the facts, I stirred up a Johnny Cake for you too. (The ingredients guaranteed to conform to the pure food and drug act . . . even for news correspondents) Frank said the last time he came down to the lower place he's checked it every day for a week now and so far it has not even started to broown!! Wonder what is wrong? Ed,

Thorton says we should try buying some gas . . . But he just wants to sell us some!!
Ah yes, Max, you are right. 'Tis all too true. Everyday life gets more complicated for us hillbillies. Too many gadgets, too many contraptions. Many a narrow escape I've had as civilization nearly stuck its claws into me. Why just the other day Hanscans sold us a white elephant! Just imagine us buying a bath tub and hot water heater. What in tarnation will we do with 'em? Frank says we'll use that bath tub eff'n we have to scald hogs in it come butcherin' time this fall.
Now with the refrigerators and deepfreeze, that's different.

They're useful. It took us a while to catch on but that last heat wave turned the trick. We just open the doors and presto. Cool as Cucumbers!!!
All too ironical it seems now. Just when my resistance was at the lowest ebb, our friend (?) Ben Jones arrived with a gas stove of all things! It was inevitable! The fascinatin' gadget struck a harmonious chord within me as I lit it, and with that first lighting my very first sympathetic (?) structure squeezed out a tear of gratitude (just one of course) for you oldsters, who in your vintage years must realize the invaluable service you have performed for such fledglings as Frank and me. How you must have suffered pioneering the rocky road to "Cookin' on gas". Oh, pardon me, I'm sorry, that was just one more tear (I could waste two) of remorse. How could you, a fellow hill billy, tell the world my most cherished secret???? Why not even my closest neighbor knew that I couldn't even turn on a gas jet.
Just between you and me, Ed Thorton really didn't try to sell me gas (I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings) What he really said was "When you get these new

Attention Given To Beach Deposits

Considerable attention is being given to deposits of valuable ores in the beaches of Northern Curry and Southern Coos Counties in an article appearing in the Coquille Valley SENTINEL.
Two speakers, John Hunt, and George Murphy, who operate the chrome plant on the North Bank Road told a Chamber of Commerce meeting that the chrome deposits, especially in Oregon are probably the largest in the country, now that the Pennsylvania mines have been depleted. Although Oregon ore is comparatively low in chrome content, new methods make its extraction a good business and while it is impractical to profitably work the black beach sands the age old back beaches should be explored.
Centuries ago, the speakers said, metals eroded down from the elevations into the seas to be subjected to an action similar to that of a huge gold pan and tossed back by the waves. Receding ocean levels left deposits, some quite far from present beaches, and these have many times proven worth exploring.
The speakers stated that much of the credit for the development of current mining processes should be given the Bureau of Mines for the work they did during the war.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

By CLIFFORD ROWE
I have never been too much disturbed by the antics of those who pour their chests as they rave to the world of the invigoration of an early rising. While I always try to be tolerant of the idiosyncrasies of others, I am firmly convinced that these worshippers of the dawn are lacking something necessary for all humans who would enjoy life to the utmost.
That, perhaps, is why I have never become a sportsman. While I may envy those who do participate when I see them proudly displaying their haul, I still feel the sacrifice involved to be out of all proportion of the reward. For I have never known a fisherman or hunter who didn't insist that one must rise in the murky dawn, stuff himself half-asleep into his regalia, and then park him self on the bank of a stream or in a blind to wait for the rising sun to thaw him back into consciousness. Suffering seems to be a requisite to pleasure.
Despite my prejudice in this regard, I was forced recently to arise at the ghastly hour of 5 a.m. in order to reach a certain destination at an appointed hour. All that had kept me from leaving the night before was the fact that next to getting up with the chickens I hate most is trying to sleep away from home.
At any rate, I did leave—coffeeless, breakfastless, shaveless—and plied my way down a trafficless highway. I was the only fool abroad that morning. The trip might not have been so bad if I hadn't turned on the radio for company. It was then I discovered a character that I had never imagined would have the courage to exist.
It was a radio announcer shouting an idiotic glee about the beauties of the rising sun, the glories of being alive, the dew on the grass, and all the while yelping "good morning, good morning" to the accompaniment of supposedly stimulating music.
For some fellow struggling home after a hard night's work on the graveyard shift some solace might have been forthcoming from such a greeting. For me, I had discovered just one more reason for remaining abed in the morning until the good old earth has been properly prepared for a decent existence.

OVERLOOKED

Master Clayton Manser called at the PILOT office to protest our leaving his name off the list of competitive baby pictures at Tots To Teens. He was especially indignant because he took second place and we are equally sorry that we overlooked you, Clayton. To try and make it square with you, we hereby make the special announcement Clayton Manser took second place in the baby photo contest at Brookings, in 1955.

fangled gadgets, get a book of directions a foot thick and read 'em' . . . Oh shucks, I give up! Every time I try to tell a truthful story it always turns out like Max Brainard's. Just a lot of corn!

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