

### The Salem Sampler

Contrasted with our own rather wet spring is the unseasonal dryness prevailing in the Great Plains area. Farmers plowing are kicking up a lot of dust as they go. Dirt highways are rutted by the blowing away of the top-surface in the wake of auto traffic. Several cloudy days have failed to produce the threatened rain and farmers are somewhat worried. A repetition of dust-bowl conditions would be bad right now. Maybe Mother Nature will relent later on.

Farmers, even in Missouri, seem to be forsaking the horse and mule for the tractor. Am told that it is because of the man-power shortage. One man with a tractor can handle more ground than if he used a team. And farm produce is high enough to make it more profitable to use gas than hayburners. Note that most of the tractors used are of the steel-wheel type. Very few rubber-tired ones in evidence.

Plantings exceed last year's and those crops above the ground now look good. Very few of the traditional loafers in the little Missouri towns. Hear that there is a widespread movement under way to enforce a local work-or-jail system aimed at getting the crops harvested. Farmers are mad because much

floating labor goes up to war industries in Kansas City area, works for a month at high pay, and then goes home to loaf for a while and save the country while sitting in the shade. All hard farm work is disdainfully refused. But it now seems likely that the ease-loving gentry are heading for trouble if they don't stay on the job. The public toleration that made their loafing possible is at an end. It's work or else from now on.

The unloveliest river in the U. S. is the "Big Muddy" Missouri. Its pea-soup waters curl about the jetties and bridge piers and spill over levees on to rich farm lands that line its banks. It is now subsiding into normalcy after a spring high water that did much damage to the railroads and highways. The Coquille River flood basin looks like a mere puddle when compared to the mighty Missouri flood plains. And "Big Muddy" packs a tremendous wallop when in flood. The current is so swift and the volume of water is so large.

Hundreds of piling jetties, driven out into the stream at an angle of about 30 degrees, serve to control erosion of the banks. Evidently the drift-wood problem is not great because very few bridge-piers have protecting fender piling.

Navigation is just beginning with the slackening of the current. A powerful diesel tug, butting its head against the rear barge, was slowly pushing a string of oil-barges up the stream in Kansas City. It was the only commercial river traffic noticed on the entire 200 miles between Omaha and Kansas City. Soon there will be many such tows. The river bears a heavy traffic in season.

The loose soil carried by the river blankets the flood plains and blows away in dense clouds of dust when it dries in the sun. Erosion is quite a problem on the rolling hills of the Kansas side of the river. Farmers use willow-brush and contour furrows to check it. But the fields are often deeply gullied and hard to work. Yet most farms have a prosperous look.

Took occasion to call upon a Kansas City lumberman interested in one of our county's leading mill operations, Ralph L. Smith.

Mr. Smith was astonished to glance through his office door and behold my homely visage. It was my first trip to his city and first call at his office, nicely situated high up in a modern office building.

His firm is one of the several old and well established lumber companies that have helped to make Kansas City and vicinity a leading production center. These firms were founded in the days when river traffic was predominant and Kansas City the key to a vast agricultural empire. They have grown with the town and now number among them leading lumber distributors in the industry. Practically all lumber traffic to that point is by rail and Kansas City possesses huge railroad yards that do a very large volume of business.

As I entered the building I noticed a number of girl stenographers haying "cokes" at the soft-drink joint in the lobby. Remarking to Mr. Smith's secretary that one could tell by the large number of "coke" drinkers that the building was well-filled with busy offices, I was quite astonished and amused at the heat of her reply. She emphatically assured me that those girls were merely Government office workers who drank "cokes" just to kill idle time. Regular lumber office girls, she said, have no time for such frills and look down on the Government office gals as drones. Food for thought in this.

I noted that several Government agencies were listed on the building directory as I walked out. Thought I was pretty well posted on restaurant lingo after all these years but ran into a new one in Omaha.

Was sitting at the counter of a sandwich dispensary when a waitress hollered what sounded to me like "two dried peaches out of the ash-barrel."

After waiting a few minutes to see what this astonishing pronouncement brought forth out of the kitchen, a tray appeared on which were two fried eggs and some hash-brown potatoes. Ah me, live and learn.

A thing of note in this locality is the low wage levels and low prices in the stores. Wages for common labor are often as low as 50 cents per hour. The general average must be far below ours.

And yet as one strolls along the street the people look just as prosperous and as well-dressed as ours. Apparently though their pay-check has fewer dollars, those dollars will buy more goods than ours and so keep their living standard about equal to ours.

It isn't the large pay-check that makes people prosperous. It's what that pay-check can buy. The only sure road to prosperity leads through mass production of goods and produce at low prices. These people with lower wages and cheaper prices are just as well off as we with higher wages and dearer goods. It is false leadership that insists on less work for more money. It is true leadership that insists on maximum individual effort for commensurate pay. The truth of this has just been driven home to me by what I have actually seen. There is strong evidence lately that the American workman is becoming aware of this also. If and when he does, we need fear no post-war depression.

One of the hidden vices ruthlessly exposed in the intimacy of the Pullman is that of snoring. This unfortunate affliction becomes ghastly apparent the moment the train stops at a station.

While the train is in motion all but the most robust of Twilight Truants are drowned out by the noise of the wheels. But when the train stops at a station the midnight minstrels begin the concert.

There are the air-brake types, the garglers, the foot-valve types, and the stranglers. Taken together the effect is either highly amusing or highly annoying, depending on the mood you are in, and how tired you are. Like Mark Twain's weather, everybody talks about snoring but

### Out-of-Doors Stuff

by LANS LENEVE

We are hoping that Governor Earl Snell will lend an effort toward taking politics out of our game affairs and we believe that he will.

In the past various game commissions have been composed of members including personal friends of governors and high state officials. And it was through political reasons that Captain A. E. Burghdoff, in our opinion the peer of all state game wardens, was ousted from office. The state of California was mighty glad to secure Captain Burghdoff's services when he was ousted from office in this state and the captain has been serving in an executive position with the California Division of Fish & Game ever since—a period of something like eighteen years.

One thing we cannot understand is the fact that since our state game commission was first created that its members have always consisted of at least one and many times two doctors of medicine. Just why M.D.'s should possess a better knowledge of game affairs than the common lay man—the men who spend a larger part of their time in the field and along the streams has always been a profound mystery to us.

Part of the funds paid in by hunters and fishermen are turned over to the state police, instead of being used for the propagation of fish and game. And too, one has but to glance at the various seasons on game and fish to realize that most open seasons on game and fish are all wrong. The deer season opens too late and runs too late in the fall. The season opens too late on six-inch trout and closes at a time when the trout are following up the spawning salmon and eating the eggs they are depositing.

nobody seems to be able to do anything about it.

Some people, being a little sensitive about it, try to get space in compartments where their nocturnal noodlings can be somewhat softened by partitions. They are embarrassed by the curious glances of fellow passengers on the morning after wishing to see what a person looked like who could emit such gosh-awful noises at night and still sleep through them.

Maybe this was how the modern Pullman compartment and bedroom idea originated. At any rate it's a good idea. I speak with authority on this subject as one of the charter members of the Ancient Order of Bedtime Buglers.

Lax law enforcement regarding proper ladders at operating splash dams have depleted both the fish and their natural spawning beds. The elk season was opened, despite a strong protest registered by the majority of sportsmen of Coos county and the herds that had staged a slow comeback over a period of forty years were sadly depleted. Open seasons are declared upon otter, which at the present time faces total extinction. The little skunk, known as a civet cat and an enemy of our game birds, is protected and there is a closed season on the nest-breaking skunk of the striped back species.

And during all these years since the game commission was created, Coos county has had only one serve as a commission member—Dr. Peacock, of Marshfield. And while we were not in accord with the good doctor's idea regarding opening the season on elk, he nevertheless got in some mighty good strokes for the welfare of southwestern Oregon during the time he served on the commission. And it looks to us again as though politics entered the picture when Dr. Peacock was not re-appointed at the expiration of his term with the commission. While he served, Coos county had an active say-so in game and fish affairs; but as the situation now stands we are in the same position as we were when we started—"on the outside looking in."

If politics and politicians were entirely eliminated from the game commission and men who knew and understood game conditions were appointed to serve, we would get sensible legislation regarding game and fish. But again it looks as though our hands are tied and we will continue taking it on the chin.

### Roy School Upper Grades Had A Party Thursday

The upper grades of the Roy school enjoyed a potluck lunch at the Teacherage last Thursday, the girls preparing cocoa and Kool-ade.

Those present were: Lillian Aber, Jack Buckles, Helen Mass, Carol Walton, Alma Roland, Lorna Willard, Buddy Buckles, Robin Griffith, Richard Gaier, Terry Parrish, Leota Johnson, Bobby Green and the teacher, Mrs. Cora Mackey.

Sometime back the primary girls had a "Doll Picnic." Each brought her family of dolls and miniature dishes, cakes, etc.

The Roy School will close Friday evening, May 21, with a potluck supper and school program.

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### From where I sit...

by Joe Marsh

Almost everybody's figuring what things'll be like after the war. I talked about that today with Jeb Crowell. Jeb—he's a veteran of the last War—says: "One thing's sure, Joe. The boys this time won't return and find what we came back to."

Then he went on to mention Prohibition... and I ought to say right here that Jeb's a man of moderation... a glass of beer or two is all he'll ever take. It was the principle of the thing that bothered him.

"Passing a law behind our backs," he says, "was violatin' just what we were fightin' for. The very principles we fought for in 1776, Law-makin' without representation is one of the most undemocratic things we can do."

I guess we're all agreed on that. Most folks admit we made a mistake once... but the boys who are fighting this war can be pretty sure we won't pull anything like that again!

Joe Marsh

No. 60 of a Series

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