

Chiloquin Lumber Co. TENNANT ITEMS

A large gathering of people, including Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Jones, Mrs. Reilly, Mr. Walawright, Mr. and Mrs. Poff and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Eastlick and family, Mr. and Mrs. Corson, Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Eastlick and family, and a number of others spent a very enjoyable afternoon and evening Sunday by having a swim and waltz. They further celebrated by having a dance with the music furnished by a violin and an accordion.

Mr. Frank Jones, popular book-keeper for the Chiloquin Lumber company, was host to a small, but noisy crowd of friends in the wee small hours of Monday morning. From the sound issuing from his little home a very good time was being had by all. Leave it to Frankie.

Mrs. E. J. Moritz from Chico, California left one day last week for her home after a two weeks vacation with her granddaughter and family. Mrs. H. H. Poff at their home at Chiloquin mill.

Mrs. G. B. Jones, Mrs. Reilly and Mr. Ed Walawright were up by Crater Lake Saturday on a business trip.

Franklin Bridgewater, Frank Jones, and Charles Shop were visitors in Klamath Falls Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mirande from Chiloquin mill spent the week-end with Mrs. Mirande's mother in Klamath Falls.

Mrs. Zadow's sister from the southern part of California is here with her family for a short visit.

One of Oregon's famous lightning storms hit Chiloquin a few days ago and stripped the bark from five trees. This is certainly a land of sunshine and flowers.

MODOC POINT

George Johnson grew reminiscent last week and told some of the happenings during the sheep and cattle war in Wyoming. George said he took part in one drive where the cattlemen drove five million sheep over the cliff. Of course, this amount of dead sheep was liable to breed disease, so the cattlemen took teams and scrapers and covered them and his gang never received the proper credit for this as the government took charge of it, called it the Roosevelt dam and bragged what a great engineering feat it was. When George's attention was called to the fact that the Roosevelt dam was not in Wyoming, he said he knew that. The government later moved it down to Arizona.

The parent-teacher association is doing good work here. They do not spend their time in idle gossip but are constantly formulating new plans to make this a better community. They have just discovered that two men in camp do not allow their wives to carry the pocketbook. We will wager a thin dime that these birds come through before the gang gets through with them.

Grandiloquent Erysipilas Hedgen says he likes his new job fine but he sure has to spend a lot of money with the dry cleaners.

Some of our youths spent Saturday evening the guests of R. C. Spink in Chiloquin.

William Spangler and H. B. Damon attended the dance at Fort Klamath Saturday night.

Farmer Bruce Parks and wife were in our city last week.

Thursday—Just heard that those would-be ball players from Malin were coming Sunday. We will mop up the earth with those birds. Will tell you all about it next week.

Next week—We have met the enemy and we are theirs.

Bob Bland sure looks classy with those celluloid glasses. Looks almost old enough to be taken for a man.

We have found the eighth wonder of the world. Howard Joy, an 18-year-old shtek, says he does not understand women.

Too bad the city council of Klamath Falls are repairing Sixth street and Shippington road. Those places were certainly putting Klamath Falls on the map.

He Knew

A man who had just started to drive a car was accosted by a friend who asked him for a lift. They soon found themselves in a crowded thoroughfare.

The friend said, "Jim, your engine is knocking badly."

"Don't be a fool," was the reply. "That's my knees."

"What was the cause of Reggie's social downfall?"

"Why, he was riding with Miss Rockabil and when the car stopped he got out and looked under the front seat for the gas tank."

George C. Miller, father of E. F. and George Miller of this place, died at the home of Fred Miller in Shreveport, La., last Sunday. Mr. Miller was 78 years old, and was laid to rest in the cemetery at Shreveport beside his wife, who passed away four years ago.

J. J. Murphy of Weed, brother of our camp superintendent, C. W. Murphy, is spending his summer vacation out among the tall timber. Mrs. Murpay and two daughters are here for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henry, Paul Jr. and Mrs. A. K. Norton returned Saturday from their trip to southern California. Mrs. Henry's sister, Miss Margaret Overman returned with them for a few weeks visit.

Mrs. E. L. Marshall of Malheur, Wash., is visiting Mrs. P. Shultz this week.

Mrs. Ruth Bailey and two small sons, Billy and Bobby left for Ashland, Ore., Monday for a week's visit with Mrs. Nell Dunn at the Dima ranch about four miles south of Ashland.

Mrs. Herule Foster of Klamath Falls, Ore., and her sister Mrs. Dale Benson the primary teacher of our school left Sunday for southern California. They will stop at Oakland, San Francisco, Santa Rosa, Fresno and Los Angeles. They will visit for two weeks, then Mrs. Foster returns home and Mrs. Benson goes to Long Beach to take a special three weeks course in primary work.

Born—Thursday, July 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rignaden, a son, Edwin Miller, nephew of E. F. Miller, master mechanic, arrived in camp Monday and has accepted a position as store room clerk at the machine shops.

Little Miss Hazel Hatfield celebrated her twelfth birthday July 23rd by giving a party to a number of her girl friends. Miss Hazel was the recipient of many nice gifts and all enjoyed a pleasant afternoon playing games, and at 4 p. m. dainty refreshments were served. Those who enjoyed this party were, Clarissa Opperud, Regina Blakin, Pearl Murphy, Pauline Murphy, Dorothy Dollarhide, Lucille Anderson, Bernice Shultz, Pauline Middleton, Christine Middleton, Evelyn Hatfield and Virginia Sullivan.

Mrs. J. W. Grove of Independence, Mo., is a guest at the E. F. Miller home for a few weeks. Mrs. Grove is an aunt of Mr. Miller, and is enjoying a tour of the west.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Parker of Ashland, Ore., are spending the week with their daughter, Mrs. Max Filson.

A number of our camp people have been enjoying bass fishing at Ore Lake, all seem to be quite successful and bring home strings of fish, especially since the recent hard rain.

Mrs. B. O. Gableson and daughter Elizabeth gave a delightful party Wednesday afternoon in the Wildwood social hall for their guests, Josephine McKellips, a cousin of Miss Elizabeth. The color scheme and decorations were all suggestive of the woods, being greens and browns, pine cones and spruce boughs over the tables, and leaves cut from green paper were used as doilies, black eyed susans, pansies and poppies were the table decorations.

Covers were laid for eighteen young ladies, and the favors were little pink silk bags fastened to a small pine cone in the bottom, and tied with green ribbon.

Two prizes were given, one for making the best pencil sketch of Miss Josephine, which Hazel Hatfield won, and the other, for drawing a picture that best represented Tennant, won by Clarissa Opperud.

Different games were played and Miss Josephine gave two readings, "The Dollies Bazaar" and "Little Ah Sid," both were enthusiastically received. Mrs. Gholson assisted by her sisters served delicious Orange sherbet and wafers, after the party. Mrs. Hill took their pictures.

Even the invitations were of the woods, and were very clever, below is a copy of them.

"I'm just Pine-ing
For you to Spruce up
(You need not wear your fir)
And Come to my party
At the Wildwood social Hall
Wednesday afternoon,
Two-thirty to five.
To keep our friendship Evergreen
And also meet Miss Josephine"
Elizabeth Gholson.

No Eats; No Time At Algoma Sunday

A. W. Howard, Algoma commissary clerk, accompanied by J. M. Burge, timekeeper, spent last Sunday in Klamath Falls, making the trip in on the west side of the lake. Burge was able to make the trip by breaking off all family ties—he gave away his black waffle pound to one of the men in camp and didn't have that on his mind.

Warning

Shaw-Bertram Camp Lamm's Camp
Modoc Camp Ewauna Camp
(For timekeepers especially)

This week, without fail, the editor of the Lumberlogue in his death-defying puddle jumper will visit you.

He wants to find out why no news has been coming from your camps.

He has to make all four camps in one day and you know how puddle jumpers are. So begin now collecting news and storing it away in the back of your bean for him.

All other camps and mills:

In case you have news and it isn't appearing in the Lumberlogue—send it in!

The territory the Lumberlogue editor is supposed to cover each week is roughly about 1000 miles. All in one ancient light-weight touring car. So you see how it is that you can't all be visited every week.

Now that you know the secret, do your stuff!

In case I don't show up—send it in!

The Lumberlogue