

Logger's Life Not Bed of Roses, Says Nomad Scribe

Zeke Wonders Why Hardy Woodsmen "Shoot the Roll" When It Comes Through Such Hard Labor—Says He'd Rather Be a Banker.

BY ZEKE SQUEEKE
KIRK, Ore., Oct. 29. (Special)—During the week this writer has been flitting with the single-barrel, breech-loading bedsteads on which lumberjacks recharge their batteries in readiness for the following day's sessions with the mighty monarchs of the forest.

WHILE A little narrow for a new beginner these beds are quite comfortable and by balancing one's self with one hand and sleeping with the other, it is possible for the passenger to complete the night's ride in safety and ease.

THE LOGGING camp management, however, indulges in the bad practice of blowing a locomotive whistle long and lustily at five o'clock in the morning—just when one is getting his second wind in the sleeping marathon.

A STRANGER in the camp, is usually awed over the alacrity with which the loggers bounce out just as soon as the siren gives a couple of toots.

THEY JUMP into their clothes with the enthusiasm of a small boy getting ready to attend a picnic while in the same circumstances a man from town feels loath to stick his lily white legs out into the cold morning air.

MY BUNK mates were therefore not at all surprised when I told them I would remain in a reclining posture until the second wave of hotcakes came over.

BUT THEY indicated that the 1:30 a. m. barage was the only service until noon, so I slipped a set of quarrelsome ball and socket joints into a pair of trousers and went along to breakfast—longing to be a banker.

AFTER ONE has noticed the vigorous way by which loggers earn their salaries, he usually wonders why they are so careless and free with their funds when they get out among the bright lights.

WOODSMEN CONFESS that they do sit by their bunkhouse fire and toast their shins while determining to bank and save their next checks, but when reaching town under the influence of wildcat's milk, their good intentions are all thrown to the jackrabbits and they make further investments in rank hang-overs, headaches and remorse.

THEN THEY trudge back to the woods to earn another stake. But some day the logger will not go back. He will find himself too old to stand the gaff. Then the almshouse will entertain another broken down guest for the remainder of his days.

IN TWO seasons most any lumberjack could earn and save enough money to set himself up in a small business. Many of them might do it during one summer.

ONE WOODSMAN, with whom the writer talked, had the right idea. He is hanging onto his wages, and expects to eventually go into the poultry game.

IT SEEMS that a logger cannot properly express himself unless he employs the word "buck" frequently in his discourses.

So the future chicken man delivered himself thus:

"I AM not only saving my dough now but am paying for a piece of land. Next summer I

am going to purchase a band of hens and watch them "buck" eggs while I look on and take life a little easier."

A good idea.

ZEKE.

GOLDBLATT BETTER

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 30. (AP)—With William Goldblatt, 57, Portland jeweler recovering from a gunshot wound, police today ceased their investigation of the shooting. Goldblatt was found lying across a bed in the Elks club here Sunday morning. Members of the family said it was accidental but a revolver with one exploded shell was found in the room.

STATE BUYS BONDS

EUGENE, Ore., Oct. 30. (AP)—The treasury department of Oregon was high bidder over two other firms Monday for a \$200,000 issue of municipal interim power and light bonds for the financing of the Eugene power project at Leaburg. The state's bid was \$99.95 for each \$100 bond bearing 5 3/4 per cent interest.

OFFICERS FIND LOST PAYROLL

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30. (AP)—Navy department officials announced today that they had found \$47,000 buried in a chicken yard in southeast Washington by Lieut. Charles Musil, who disappeared from Charleston, S. C., several weeks ago with a \$54,600 payroll.

Lieut. Musil walked aboard the receiving ship Seattle in New York last week and surrendered. He turned over \$1,500 in cash at that time. Officials have little hope of finding the remainder of the money.

Musil told naval officials he had buried the money in the chicken yard located behind a vacant house once occupied by him and his family. Armed with picks and shovels, the officers succeeded in digging up the cash.

FIND BODY IN RIVER

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 30. (AP)—The body of a man identified partially as that of Jason C. Everett, address unknown, about 60 was taken from the Willamette river near Miller's station and held at the country morgue today.

GIVES UP TASK.

PARIS, Oct. 30. (AP)—Announcement was made late today that Edouard Daladier, radical socialist leader, had given up the task of forming a cabinet because of the refusal of the socialists to participate.

The Avenging Parrot by Anne Austin

(Continued From Page Six)

"past eleven," Bert assured her. "What happened to Sevier?"

Cora's nostrils flared and a queer expression crossed her face.

"Yes," she answered briefly.

"Then other people besides Mrs. Hogarth must think Emil Sevier's a bad egg," Mr. Sharp, who had been listening unobtrusively, cut in.

"This fiddler, Sevier, had the room next to the old lady," he explained to Dundee, "and she had Mrs. Rhodes kick him out. We never knew the straight of it," he added regretfully, "but it seems that the old lady got it into her head that Cora's boy friend—"

"He's not my 'boy friend!'"

Cora Barker denied vehemently.

"Well, was your boy friend, then," Mr. Sharp corrected himself amiably.

"Anyway, seems like the old lady got it into her head that Sevier was plotting to rob her of her money. Guess he was behind a week or two with his board anyway, and Mrs. Rhodes told him his room was more welcome than his company."

Mr. Henry Dowd, our talkative new boarder, has Sevier's old room, and they do say he nearly talks the old lady to death—"

This was obviously intended to be very humorous, for Henry Dowd had not spoken during the

entire meal, except to ask for salt or bread.

He spoke now. "As you know, Mr. Sharp, I've never met Mrs. Hogarth."

Dundee laughed. "Then you're not as curious as I am, Mr. Dowd."

The thin, commonplace man took off his glasses and polished the rimless oval lenses very deliberately. "I mind my own business," he said, quietly.

"I've never met Mrs. Hogarth, either, but after hearing the story all over again this evening, I'm beginning to get curious myself," Bert Magnus admitted.

"You're always telling me to put some comedy relief into my scenarios, Cora. Maybe I'll look in on her this evening, if Dundee will give me an introduction—"

To Dundee's relief, but also to his bewilderment, Cora Barker interrupted with passionate vehemence: "Don't call on Mrs. Hogarth this evening, Bert! Promise me you won't."

Mrs. Rhodes, advancing rather majestically to the table to inquire if her guests had enjoyed their dinner, prevented Cora's getting the promise she had begged for so strangely.

"I was wondering, Mrs. Rhodes," Bert Magnus said ten-

tatively, "if we couldn't hope to have our window screens in soon. I haven't noticed any flies yet, but the light bugs are rather annoying when I'm trying to write."

"Oh, dear! That Dusty!" Mrs. Rhodes here! "How many times have I got to tell you to put those screens up? Here it is almost the first of July, and not a screen—"

"Now, Cora!" her husband protested sullenly. "Ain't I got other things to do besides put up screens? And on top of all my worries, that old heifelon upstairs has to have a special screen, two layers of copper wire and a padlock, and the Lord only knows what else! Hope she can't get no air through it and'll smother!"

"Well, have you finished making her screen yet?" his wife prodded, contempt strong on her face and in the lash of her tongue. Easy to see who wore the trousers here, Dundee thought.

"I told her it'd be up Monday, and up Monday it'll be," Dusty Rhodes answered with weak violence. "Old fool! Threatenin' to have me arrested for 'misappropriatin' funds! Hunh! Old Fool!"

It was a relief to Dundee to see Norma's slender body weaving through the crowded dining room toward him.

"Mrs. Hogarth doesn't like to have visitors too soon after her meals," she confided, with a de-

licious air of intimacy. "I'm sure about 8 o'clock will be all right. You'll be nice to her, won't you, Mr. Dundee? Not—laugh at her, even to yourself. She's really a darling, even if she has got queer ideas about—about some of us."

(To Be Continued)

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EUGENE GETS SECRETARY.
EUGENE, Ore., Oct. 30. (AP)—A. F. S. Steel, for many years manager of the Hood River Apple Growers' association, has been selected new secretary of the Eugene chamber of commerce, succeeding T. F. Flippin, Jr., resigned. Steel arrived today.

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