

It Happened This Way in New Pine Creek

By IRVIN FARIS

A former queen was laid to rest at the local cemetery here Monday, April 19, when final funeral rites were said over the wan and fragile body of Mrs. Ethel O. Thompson who passed away last Thursday after having suffered through several years of poor health.

It was a large crowd that gathered at the local church to pay their last respects to the comparatively young woman. She was the daughter of Ernest Robnett and Myra Cloud Robnett, 45 years of age at the time of her passing. April 15, 1954. She was born on November 14, 1908, in Lakeview and had lived all her life in New Pine Creek. Since the time of her marriage to John A. Thompson in 1934, she had lived in Modoc County on a small farm about two miles south of town.

Upon two different occasions during her youthful years she was chosen queen of the Lakeview Roundup because she was pretty — had long curly dark hair, beautiful dark eyes, a ready smile and was an expert rider. She performed her duties in this capacity with elegance and dispatch. She will be remembered most of all for her indefatigable industry about the house, in her garden, with her chickens and as a hand about the farm.

She is survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Robnett, and grandmother, Mrs. Frances Robnett; her husband, John A. Thompson and daughter, Nelda; two brothers, Darwin and Richard Robnett; two sisters, Miss Leona Robnett and Mrs. Corda Perry. Rev. Eugene Barrow officiated at the ceremony.

Well — I'll be darned! N. C. Peterson, a resident of Lake County and of Lakeview — a great big, friendly sort of guy — has tossed his lid into the race as a county judge candidate. "I would be nice to be a judge but I've always been a-fraid! Don't the good book say, 'Judge not lest ye shall be judged!' Reckon the judiciary has its hazards too."

Earl Arnold, long gone now for about four years as a foreman bachelor, returned last week but this time — not alone. I think I heard him say one time in an exclamatory sort of way, "Well I'll be hitched!" Now darned if he didn't get thataway. And he fetched along his new brunette wife. Now he seems more musical than ever. He'll be makin' music at the Green Garden now soon on his marimbas and possibly a vibraphone.

Good Friday turned out to be very unfortunate for Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Cogburn and for their guest passenger, Mrs. Beth Ayoutt who was riding with them — going for an Easter visit up to see relatives at Canby, Oregon. The Cogburns were on their way for an Easter gathering with their daughter, Mrs. Ralph Alexander and family at Salem, Oregon.

Particulars of just how the accident occurred have been slow coming in but it seems Clyde was

traveling along the other side of Bend right at Tumalo, when at about 1 o'clock his blue Chevy pickup hit a soft shoulder — causing him to lose control of the vehicle. It rolled over several times, breaking out all the glass, smashing down the top of the cab and squashing out the doors. But the vehicle landed right side up and Mrs. Cogburn was reported to have still been in the car. Clyde and Mrs. Ayoutt were both thrown out. The latter was found lying unconscious under the rear-end of the pickup, with a broken pelvis, an injured back, some broken ribs, and severe lacerations, shock and bruises, apparently the worst hurt of all. Clyde, aside from terrific shock and bruises, was reported having received four cracked ribs, and an injured kidney.

All were taken to the Bend hospital for medical treatment. Joe Ayoutt left early Saturday morning for Bend after hearing of the accident.

Gran Riggs received some bawling jibes over the weekend of which he will perhaps never hear the end. He was seen out back of his house hanging up some dipes right in broad daylight. But who wouldn't do just that for a sweet little grandson — his very first? He went to Reno and met his wife, Irene, daughter, Patricia and her new baby boy, Gary, from Boswell, New Mexico, and brought them home last Saturday evening. Pat has sort of been down with the flu and Irene had her hands full. Good old Gran was proudly pinching.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Smith and daughter, Judy, (Gran's) Pass were visitors here Sunday with Floyd's mother, Mrs. Della Smith, his brother, William Smith and family and sister, Mrs. Bonnie Tuxhorn and family. They returned Monday morning taking with them Mrs. Arlene Reynolds who will visit with them in Grants Pass for an indefinite period.

Delmer Homan, just recently back in the states after spending two and a half years in Japan in the U.S. Air Force, stopped over Sunday night for a brief visit with his mother, Mrs. Nettie McKenna and his stepfather. Incidentally, Homan was on his honeymoon, having brought with him his brand new bride, the former Helen McClove of Prosser, Washington, with whom he attended high school at Prosser a few years before.

Homan will be stationed at an airbase in Texas where the newlyweds will reside until he finishes his duty in the service. The couple were married April 28. Since they had to be at the base Friday, they could not marry long. Mrs. McKenna said her son liked the looks of this country and she thought he would be back to live up here after his stretch in the service. Mrs. McKenna has another son living at Burney who is in the tire retreading business there.

Scene: A happy-go-lucky bareback rider burst out of a chute on a wild-eyed gray mule that was bucking frantically. A bright pink scarf whipped in the breeze back of his neck as he slapped the big

mule with his old black hat. The time was 32 years ago on the now famous Red Bluff rodeo grounds and that rider was none other than Bill Allen who went back to his old stamping grounds last Sunday to see another show — and — I went with him.

That ride was significant not so much because he rode the critter but because it was a history making ride. It was the first ride that introduced bareback riding at the Red Bluff show and the event has been going strong ever since. And I'll say this — it was a pleasure to take in that big show at which there were around 10,000 persons attending and he sitting beside an old bull-dogger, cow-hand and old-timer that knows horses, knows riders when he sees one and can point out many fine points of the show that I would have missed otherwise.

The trip was the more interesting because Bill, aside from being a natural born story teller, had been raised as a boy down around Fall River, McArthur, and Big Valley and not only did he know many people who attended the big show but he had worked on much of the first highway construction between Nubieber and Hatchet Mountain. He had traveled the old, old dirt road many times between Alturas and Redding on horseback, by model T and truck. He pointed out the vast changes that had taken place in that area during his team and buggy, team and wagon, life time.

For instance where the old road went from ranch to ranch back and forth across Round Valley for 15 miles — now it is only about a four mile or five mile stretch. Where by wagon it used to take nearly a day to negotiate, now it is made in around four minutes. He pointed out another place where the new road whittled five miles off of a nine mile stretch.

Typical of the stories Bill loves to tell is this. Years ago one cold day in January he was getting a haircut in an Alturas Barber shop. A man came in just as he was finished, rubbing his hands together and a-shiverin', and a-grumbin' about the darn cold weather.

"You know," said Bill fully relaxed, "you fellas prob'ly won't believe me but just day before yesterday I picked a ripe tomato off'n a vine an' ate it — right here in Modoc county."

"Where in b—was that," the barber asked, disbelievingly. "At the edge of Kelly Hot Springs," Bill said, adding, "and four feet away from it that same tomato would have frozen hard as a rock."

"A—ah!" said the shiverin' man with a steely twinkle in his eye, "I believe yuh all right. Now I know who stole my tomato."

And that was how Bill met Kelly himself who for the past seven years prior thereto had been growing a few tomatoes all winter long around the edge of the hot spring.

As we passed Kelly Hot Springs last Saturday evening, steam was curling up from the place in the beautiful moonlight. It is about 20 miles west of Alturas. Bill said, "About 35 years ago — there used to be a big dance hall here. A man by the name of Rhinehart, father of Johnny Snider's wife, went out there to get some hot water to make coffee for the dance crowd — they were having a big dance that

night. You know — that poor man slipped and fell into that hot spring which is about four degrees hotter'n boiling water and it just cooked 'em instantly. That'd be a terrible thing, wouldn't it? Us kids used come up here to go swimming. We'd cook our eggs in that spring."

Down on the other side of Hatchet Mountain Bill showed me the spot where years ago there used to be an awful, awful mud hole on the old road.

"Why," he said, "at certain time o' the year that hole'd be so bad it'd take several hours to get through 'cause you couldn't go around it — you'd have to unhitch and it was terrible. Yuh know — it was so bad that they'd just keep a block 'n tackle handy there — hangin' in a tree so's you could pull your vehicle across it."

You'd never believe it — but you can mail certain sizes and kinds of packages here at our local post office that can't be mailed in Lakeview, and ours is only a third class office. And don't you know those same packages will go from here right back up through the Lakeview office and on out to Klamath Falls. The regulation originated out of an attempt to relieve congestion at the larger post office centers by scattering out the dispatching of parcels through suburban offices. But in this section it's a kick in the pants. It makes some Lakeview residents have to travel 28 miles to mail a package. Ridiculous! Ay what?

Meeting of the Happy Hour Club has been postponed until May 4. Home Ec Club met at the Grange Hall last Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Gladys Cooper, chairman, was absent and Mrs. Susan Vincent presided in her place. There were ten members present.

Mrs. Alpha Hartzog and Mrs. Fannie Fisher both received birthday gifts. After the meeting the club adjourned to the home of Mrs. Agnes Henderson for a very delightful social hour and refreshments of pineapple ice box cake, coffee and tea. Mrs. Grace Bernard and Mrs. Sara Johnson were guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Partin returned last Wednesday week with his brother, Vernon Partin, from a delightful trip to San Francisco and various points south including nights at Virginia City and visiting at Hawthorne.

Mrs. Roma Woods and her two boys from Springfield, Oregon were overnight guests at the State Line Motel. Roma is a former resident of New Pine Creek. She was on her way to Los Angeles to visit her mother, the former Ona Wallace and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wendt of Eugene. Roma said Mr. Wendt had not been too well this winter and had been in the hospital quite a bit of the time. This is sad news for his old friends here where he lived for 32 years. Roma did say that since he came out of the hospital he's quit trying to fool people.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Albert were overnight guests Tuesday night at the home of Mrs. Claudine Albert's aunt, Mrs. Ed Hartzog. She also visited on Wednesday with her

Summer Lake

By IRVIN FARIS
Regular session of Grange No. 754 met Saturday evening, April 24. The officer's new seating drill was used. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Murphy, Paisley, were voted in as new members. A short program was arranged by the lecturer, Ardy Markus, with square dancing for the balance of the evening. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Harvey and Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Carlson were the host committee. Next regular meeting will be May 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Reason Harris, Primeville, visited Mr. and Mrs. Dean Harris several days last week. They were former Summer Lake residents.

Mickey O'Keefe is moving his cattle to Merrill for summer pasture.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Harris and Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Harris, who traveled to Oakland, California, to attend the funeral of Hattie Harris, grandmother, Mrs. A. H. Daugherty as is also the latter's son Ralph Brickey who will be here for awhile with his mother. Mr. Albert is with the federal wild life department with headquarters at Medford.

returned home Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Don Carlson and family, Oakridge, spent the weekend at the home of his parents, the E. K. Nelsons. They took the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Silver Lasers attending Grange Saturday, were Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. Kinsey and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pitcher and Carl, Mrs. Peggy Henderson and Pete Grueter, who called for the square dancing.

Farming is about completed in this locality; most of the ranchers have moved their stock to summer range.

Sunday afternoon callers of Mr. and Mrs. Les Elder were Mary Walters, Portland, Mrs. Melva Jefferson, Mr. and Mrs. Kale Jefferson, Mr. and Mrs. Chet Withers, Mr. and Mrs. George Pike and family, Paisley; Mr. and Mrs. Bud Pernoll, Alta Lee and Buddy and Dean Moss. Mary Walters is an old time friend of Mrs. Elders and arrived here to attend the funeral of her brother-in-law, Paul Brattain Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pike and family, Paisley, were Sunday visitors of Mrs. Pike's sisters, Mrs. Bud Pernoll and family.

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