

# THE CACTUS FLAT CATAMOUNT

VOLUME 1

LAURENCE LOCKNEY, Editor

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## NEWS NOTES FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE ANGELS

(By Skymore Slim)

There has been a rift in the loot and the Temple is in grave danger of being split up into factions if the chosen do not reach an agreement. Mother Kennedy wants to handle the cash, and thereby hangs a snag. There are several others who like to fondle the lucre, including Almee. The sick, the lame and the halt are receiving very little attention while the funds are in jeopardy. Each Angel is striving valiantly to get his or her hands on same. Mother Kennedy loved her daughter, But she'll be jiggered if she'll let go of the swag without a fight. Words of a personal nature are being said on both sides, with Mother Kennedy winning on points. Mother Kennedy learned several words while residing in the lumber camps of the north. Her delivery is forceful and eloquent. Four ounce gloves have been suggested but the Rev. Elmer Gantry said this is one case that must be handled without gloves.

Mother Kennedy has been advised by leaders of the flock to go back to her old man, who is rich and works on the Hudson River. The latest reports from the Hudson state that the old man is making preparations to leap into the river.

Mother Kennedy has been offered three conditions upon which to evacuate the Temple. She can get out with a pension, she can get out with kind words of praise for her work in the past, or she can just get out.

Hysterics are being enjoyed in both camps. Confessions and court proceedings are promised. Snitching is in order. Revelations may be revealed. Blood is thicker than water but cold cash is thicker than both of them.

Bearcat Boone, who is sojourning in Los Angeles, says Mother Kennedy is on the verge of talking and if he wuz in Almee's shoes he would fold his tent and silently fork over the keys to Ma.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Squills will be glad to learn that the stork visited their ranch early Sunday morning and left six pretty black and white spotted pigs.

## BIG FISH FRY

Last Saturday a number of our citizens motored and muled to upper Mud Creek where a gigantic and gorgeous fish fry was held. The fry was a success. The food and drink were plentiful and the weather was just what was needed for the purpose and time one of the intrepid anglers would yank a trout from the stream the women folks divest Mr. Trout of his vitals and let him ready for the feast.

and accident almost happened when Scotty Macpherson lost a valuable bait in the stream and sprang into the water like a demon to rescue it. Scotty was pulled out below the third falls in a badly used condition. After that he tied his bait on with steel wire.

## National Radio Audition Contest is Inaugurated

The state of Oregon will be the next to fall into line to participate in the National Radio Audition launched by the Atwater Kent Foundation. Roscoe C. Mitchell, field manager for the foundation, will arrive in Portland this week to arrange for state headquarters. The contest will emanate all activities connected with the search through out the state for promising amateur singers, both young men and young women.

Mr. Mitchell will canvass the state to enlist the cooperation of churches and social organizations, educational leaders and men and women interested in the advancement of vocal culture, to serve as a state

## ITEMS FROM HITHER AND YON

Mrs. Bearcat Boone broke a valuable broom handle Tuesday while christening her husband.

Quite a number of Cactus Flat house wives are visiting over the back yard fences since Almee's return to the front page.

Ray Vaughn, who plays the saxophone, was given another chance by Judge Slewum today.

Miss Rosie Rootentoot, who recently took up literature, has been successful in having one of her testimonials published in a patent medicine almanac.

Mayor Abe Barlow wrote to Washington to get President Coolidge's views on a third term, but the reply was unsatisfactory.

Luke Warner, a prominent I. W. W. of Cactus Flat, expects to give up his card and will join the Los Angeles water commission.

Mud Creek reached flood stage Tuesday when Wiley Hawse spilled a bucket of water.

Miss Goldie Boone had a coming-out party Tuesday night when her lingerie clasp broke.

Jeff Jones, an aviator in the late war, went into a nose dive Monday when his Ford struck a tree.

Mescal Bill's mule attended the Missouri picnic Tuesday.

Prof. Flyleaf Adkins, who left a few weeks ago for Honolulu, writes back that considerable water was encountered while crossing the Pacific ocean.

## AULD LANK TYNN

(By Wampus Pete)

John Rockefeller, my Jo, John, When we were first acquaint, I filled my car with gas, John— But the darn thing never went.

## SPORT SECTION

Promoter Tex Rickard went over to the picture gallery today to buy a frame for the next fight.

Kid Loco, welterweight welter of Coyote Gulch, knocked himself out Tuesday while shadow boxing.

Tex Rickard says prize fighting will not pay unless radio fans are willing to stand an assessment of two-bits each. He estimates fifty million fans listen in, which would net twelve and a quarter million dollars. It would make a tidy sum, split one way.

Bearcat Boone was absent from church last Sunday on account of the Saturday night poker game not breaking up until Monday morning.

While hunting for bear in the High Sierras last week, Cayucos Sam ran upon a big cinnamon with two cubs, but before he could raise his gun to shoot, Sam was two miles away and headed for home.

## TOURISTS MUST CONCEAL COLOSSAL IGNORANCE

The Catamount wants it editorially understood that the next tourist from the east or middling west who stops right plumb smack in the center of our fair young city and asks where Cactus Flat is, is going to get his name in the paper in no uncertain tones. This stupendous and colossal ignorance of the geography of this wonderful country which gave him birth has got to be stopped by Mr. Tourist or we will know the reason why. It is no uncommon thing for a long-eared flivver hound to whiz down the middle of our spectacular main street and slam on his brakes in front of the filling station and ask the proprietor of same where this here town of Cactus Flat is. It is not only an insult to his own intelligence but it is an insult to the community spirit and civic integrity of every man, woman and child who have done their utmost to place our town on the map.

This outspoken manner of speaking will not be cajoled any longer. It must be stopped. Either by ordinance or by a righteous uprising of our entire populace. We do not want to become a laughing stock for every flea-bitten, mangy spavined, lop-eared, pop-eyed, gnar-brained traveler who visits our metropolis either through accident or design.

An explosion occurred in the Rev. Ananias Etherblazer's home last night, breaking seven bottles.

## GRAND THRILL OFFERED IN MUD TURTLE RACE

Tentative arrangements have been completed in full for the grand and spectacular turtle race on Friday afternoon between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock after the mail is put up if the train gets in on time. The race will be between Mayor Abe Barlow's pet mud turtle, Tortoise Tillie, and Bearcat Boone's wild mud turtle which he caught on Mussle Slough while he was in swimming and it snapped onto his toe with both jaws and wouldn't let go until he pried its mouth open with a can opener.

Bearcat's turtle has a little the edge in size, but some of the boys are putting their money on the wild turtle because it has more grit up and git about it, having lived next to nature in the great out doors where peace and contentment rain. Coals of living fire will be placed on the backs of the turtles to make them scot, which mode of procedure has the endorsement of the biology class of the high school, as the race is to be run in the interest of science, the object of the race being to see which turtle can make the best time between the starting post and a given point. Proceeds, if any, will be applied toward the purchase of land to equip a zoological garden where wild animals and two-headed calves will be cooped up to show visitors. Bring your supper in a bag, as the race might last for a long time.

each sheering since 1922, disposing in the market of these ewes which failed to meet a standard in age, physical condition, lamb production, conformation and fleece producing ability.

A standard fleece weight of 7 pounds was agreed upon by Mr. Sherlock and the extension representatives, and all ewes with fleeces under that weight were culled, with exception of a few with marked lamb-producing tendencies. The culled sheep were replaced with yearlings, and rams of heavy fleece characteristics were used in mating.

As a result 790 ewes sheared 10 pounds or more in 1927, compared with but 180 in 1923, while only 30 sheared less than 7 pounds compared with 234 under that weight in 1923. In addition, a lambing percentage of 95 per cent was maintained.

"Sheepmen the state over are giving their attention to the Sherlock figures," says Mr. Lindgren. "Flock owners are demanding shearing qualities as well as other necessary qualifications in selecting rams. Through culling out low producers, the Sherlock flock has been built up with a better brand of ewes, more uniform in body conformation, with heavier and better quality fleeces."

W. O. W. Vernonia camp No. 655 have invited a number of neighboring camps to join them in a picnic, August 21, at Sheeley's grove. Games, races, tug-of-war, bathing etc. will be the main features.

## INDIAN KNEW PRINTERS

An Oklahoma editor tells of an Indian who came into his office to pay for his paper. The editor took the money; then the Indian wanted a receipt. The editor tried to talk him out of it. Mr. Indian insisted. After making it out, the editor wanted to know why he was so persistent about wanting a receipt.

The Indian said: "Me die some time. Go to big gate and St Peter ask if I been good Indian. I say yes. He say, 'Did you pay editor for paper?' I say yes. He say, 'Where is receipt? I no have it. I have to run all over hell to find you and get receipt.'—The Argonaut.

Hogs are among the chief enemies to the young growth in on cut-over longleaf pine lands. In one season hogs killed 8,320 two-year old longleaf seedlings on an acre tract. The seed, or "mast," of longleaf pine is devoured as food by hogs, and the seedlings have a thick, spongy, mucilaginous bark on the roots much sought by hogs in the spring when the ground is soft. This damage to the trees can be prevented only by fencing against the hogs.

Giving various privileges on the farm, including allowances of farm products in addition to wages, is an important means of attracting and holding good farm hands, says the United States department of agriculture. These things if bought at city prices would cost more than double their farm value. Working men not on farms would more often consider farm work as an occupation if they knew what perquisites and consequent savings in expenses were offered in addition to wages.

Not only are there insects to fight, but there are the nemas. Nemas are celsaped animals such as roundworms. They vary in size from one two-hundredth of an inch long to several feet long. They are responsible for some of the worst and most destructive diseases of plants and animals. They cause billions of dollars worth of damage each year. Dr. N. A. Cobb, of the department of agriculture, says that nemas are so abundant that if all other matter in the universe, except nemas, could be magically swept away and we could then as disembodied spirits revisit these scenes, we would find them still recognizable. There still exist in space a hollow sphere, the size of the earth, represented by a surface film composed of the nemas which inhabited the soil, and waters, plants and animals. We could recognize lakes, rivers, and oceans by the nemas peculiar to them. So, too, we could recognize the soil and tell where there had been one kind of soil and where another. We could recognize the cities by accumulations of nemas peculiar to human beings and domesticated animals and plants. The trees would still stand in ghostly rows along the streets, represented by the means that once inhabited the bark of their trunks and branches.

One of the secrets of French flavoring in cookery is the discreet use of garlic. Put one nubbin or "clove" of garlic in with the stewing or soup chicken; its flavor will be scarcely perceptible, but will greatly improve the flatness of the boiled meat. Rub the salad bowl with garlic, and drop it into

gravy or stew, removing it as soon as the flavor is delicately noticeable. Garlic can be used so that those who think they object to it do not know what gives a dish its unusually good taste.

A two-course dinner, providing, in addition to meat, one green-leaf vegetable, one starchy vegetable, and a desert, served as the second course, may be considered a completely balanced meal if all five food groups are represented in it: protein foods, fruits, fats, and sweets. Soups and salads are not necessary for the home dinner, but the salad may take the place of a cooked vegetable, and the soup may serve to use up materials already on hand. By sometimes having such courses and sometimes omitting them, the pattern of the family meals is more interesting and varied.

The W. O. W. stand for prohibition, no intoxicated persons will be permitted on the grounds, at the picnic August 21. Everybody come, we will show you a good time.

The ladies of Woodcraft will sell eats at the W. O. W. picnic August 21. There will be ice cream and soft drinks for sale as well.

When you have anything you want to sell, rent or buy. Advertise in the Eagle. It Pays.

Most exotic and mysterious of the ladies of the screen is Myrna Loy who plays Maria Blanco, a passionate Sicilian who seethes with hatred for the death of her father, and seeks to avenge his death by torture of the man whom she woos, marries, and in the end after perils by land and sea, but see her with Monte Blue in "Bitter Apples." Thursday and Friday.

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