

## I Go Out Among 'em

RONA MORRIS WORKMAN  
ROCKING W RANCH

I have just returned from associating with the intelligentsia. Never before have I taken time out to attend any of the writers' conventions, so I thought the Conference of Western Writers was a suitable occasion for me to "put on the dog" and step out. I felt it would be interesting and highly edifying to see real writers in the flesh, and I hoped I might even be allowed to listen while words of brilliance and wisdom dripped from their lips.

I spent a week in preparation for the great event. For one thing, I thought I had better try to make my hands look more like a writer's than a farm-woman's, and I also practiced daily in front of a mirror in order to acquire an intelligent expression. I also dragged out my backless dinner gown and pressed the three-year wrinkles out of it, but I found that a week wasn't long enough to put any fat on the vertebrae it exposed. Then I started in cooking food to leave and putting everything neces-

sary for their welfare in plain sight so my menfolks could locate them, since I have found that most sons and husbands are apparently afflicted with total blindness when it comes to finding what they want in the absence of their housekeeper. Mine insists that I hide things, but I don't. It is merely that I put them where they belong instead of the middle of the floor.

So, as I said, I went out among 'em. I saw some of our famous western authors; I listened to them, and was even allowed the privilege of talking to some of them, and I found, to my amazement, that they are just folks like the rest of us. I also found that some of them would do well to stick to writing rather than talking. (Maybe they pour all their wit and wisdom into their books and have nothing left to say.) I furthermore discovered that you can never judge from his books what the author will look like. You read a man's books and imagine him a big six-footer of the he-man type, and find, when you meet him, that he is a tiny fragile-looking person with a nervous manner, or you read some delicate bit of literature and picture the writer as a pale, pensive long-haired poet, and behold he is built like the half-back of the winning football team, and has hands on him like Joe Louis. Apparently by own books are just as deceiving, for when an author, who knew me only by my writings, tried to find me in the crowd, he accosted a husky female who would top me by six inches and ran, I should judge, something close to a hundred and seventy on the hoof. When he asked if she was the author of "Just Loggin'" and the

## Community Aid Program Planned

**MIST**—The Mist Helping Circle met Thursday of last week at the home of Mrs. H. M. Reynolds. Many members were absent owing to one cause or another. A delicious chicken dinner was served. The Circle is giving a program and sale on Nov. 23 at the Mist Gym. No charge will be made for the program but home made and fancy articles will be on sale as will refreshments. Appetizing food will be served. Proceeds will go to our community.

Movie visitors last week were Austin Dowling and son, Bernard and Geo. Jones. Ernest Kyser did the chores for Mr. Crawford recently while he was on jury duty.

Rocking W articles, she was highly indignant. I learned later that she writes charming little love poems for the ladies' magazines, so I can't say I blame her any. It evidently offended her sensitive nature to be accused of writing about anything so "coarse and common" as logs and loggers, or ranches and cattle.

Nevertheless, it was a bit of fun, and a touch of novelty to this country mouse. I was warned by a little gal, who has her future mother-in-law's dignity to consider, that I must remember not to trip over my long trailing dinner gown and fall on my face as I made my entrance, and to quirk my little finger in a refined and lady-like manner as I drank my demi-tasse and talked with "sparkling intelligence." I heeded. De all are prone to lapse with assure her that I was a "perfect lady" and I am pleased to report that I wended my way through the array of silver eating implements with never a slip, and if my carefully practiced intelligent expression wouldn't stay "put" all the time, I am sure no one noticed for the candle-lighted banquet hall was very dim. However, if you are a mixture of rancher and logger, the horrid truth will out, for ten chances to one you will find yourself talking about one or the other before the evening is ended. We all are prone to lapse into talk about our special jobs; the professor talks of his classes and the subject he teaches, the librarians of their work, the social service worker of her "cases" and in so doing they show their real selves and the deep interests of their lives. When folks forget their "social chatter" and start speaking of their fundamental interests, you find the real man or woman. I was talking idly with a slender elderly woman when we stepped past the point of surface conversation and she confided her real desire. She is an editor of a department newspaper, and finds her work interesting, but her great ambition is to go to Alaska and start a newspaper of her own. She is, I would say, close to sixty-five, but as she talked I decided that she is very likely to go to Alaska and start that newspaper, and what is more, I rather imagine she will make a success of it, too.

Yes, I met some real folks. It is good for us sometimes to crawl out of our cave and go into the world of men and women and listen and learn. We find that we are not the only ones who have dreams and hopes, and fears, and ambitions which may or may not be realized, but which we think are worth working for, and we come back to our days of routine tasks with a deeper appreciation of the kinship of humanity, and a broader vision.

But it is good to come home. As in Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows," the little Mole goes into the world and has interesting adventures, but upon his return to his home he feels that "it was good to have this to come back to, this place which was all his own, these things which were so glad to see him again and could always be counted upon for the same simple welcome."

Besides, it is always a good idea for any ranch-woman to come back before she has to take a shovel to clean her kitchen floor, and while there are still a few clean dishes left in the cupboard. I must admit my menfolks did very well. (I think a week of intensive labor will get things cleaned up nicely) and with the food I left plus New-daughter's help, they were not too close to the point of actual starvation, but I gathered that they were really pleased to see me driving in. It is nice to have folks glad to have you back.

## Events in Oregon

### HARVEST END FEELS LACK OF WORKERS

**FOREST GROVE**—Harvesting three important Oregon crops must be finished before the end of the 1946 crop season can be announced, O.S.C. extension service farm labor officials have indicated.

The three crops located in widely separated sections of the state are: sugar beets centered around Nyssa and Ontario in Malheur county; potatoes at Redmond and Prineville in central Oregon and in the Tulelake section of Klamath county, and walnuts in the western portion of the state. Harvest work is now underway.

Harvesting of specialty crops such as bulbs, cranberries and holly will continue for some time, but labor demands are being more easily met.

Sugar beet operators have been working with undermanned crews.

In the potato districts, growers are also digging crops under handicaps brought about by a lack of workers.

The nut crop has been exceptionally good in western Oregon this year both as to walnuts and filberts.

### FIRE STRIKES HOME, BUSINESS CONCERN

**M'INNIVILLE**—Two "alarm" fires have called out McMinnville fire fighters during the last week.

The department was called to the Frank Gault home last Thursday morning where a fire starting at the rear of the first floor, had spread up a stairway to the second floor and secured a sizeable foothold under the roof. Considerable damage was caused before the blaze was extinguished.

Wednesday, firemen smothered a minor blaze at the Adams Motor Shop. Fire department reports disclose that an employe pouring gasoline from a can too near an electric heater caused an explosion. Minor damage was done.

### CREWS RETURN TO PLANT TREE SEEDLINGS

**FOREST GROVE**—Winter conservation work in the Tillamook burn region will be resumed next week when a planting crew from the state conservation service moves into the area. Northwest forest headquarters reported here Wednesday.

### TURKEY HENS FEWER IN '47, BREEDERS SAY

**M'INNIVILLE**—Oregon turkey breeders indicated they would decrease the number of breeder hens in 1947 by 289 per cent, according to N. L. Bennion, Oregon State College extension poultryman.

Bennion stated that further reports disclosed that the average price for turkey eggs is expected to be \$1.7 cents per egg this coming season as against last year's average of 26.3 cents. It was pointed out that these figures are in line with the 30 per cent decrease in the number of marketing turkeys raised in Oregon this year.

Winter wheat will top 800,000,000 bushels, private crop experts estimate.

## Driver Training Course Prepared

A high school course in driver training has been prepared and soon will be available for Oregon high schools with the approval of the state department of public instruction, Secretary of State Robert S. Farrell, Jr., announced recently.

The course consists of eight units and was prepared as a joint project of the secretary of state's office, the state department of public instruction, the Portland Traffic Safety commission, the Portland public schools and the Oregon State Teacher's association.

The course now is in the hands of the printer and is expected to be ready for distribution late in November, Farrell said.

"Traffic authorities long have believed that driver education and training at the high school level is one of the most important factors in traffic accident prevention," Farrell said. "The president's highway safety conference, held in May, listed driver training programs in high schools as one of the principal points in its national program."

A recent study in the city of Cleveland, where high school driver training has been in existence for many years, indicated that high school graduates who had taken the course had 50 percent fewer accidents than graduates who had not taken the course. Oregon high schools now have an opportunity to offer modern, scientific training in motor vehicle operation to the young drivers of Oregon.

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