

Exact Location Unknown

RONA MORRIS WORKMAN

When I am asked where Boulder Camp is located, I answer vaguely that it is somewhere up in the mountains near Dallas. I haven't the slightest idea in which direction, save that it is mostly up. You start climbing at Black Rock, the place where the logs are transferred from the logging trucks to railroad flats, and you keep on climbing, following a snake trail of a road that is cut along the face of the mountains, until you finally reach the camp. After winding about these hills if you have any sense of direction left you are a better man than I.

The mountains in this region are not of the gentle rolling type. They belong to the savage ruthless species that show no gentle slopes. They go straight up or else straight down, depending upon your viewpoint, and the roads "coon around" them so that on one side you look down into the depths of some "mighty-mouthed hollow, filled full of hush to the brim," and on the other side lifts a slope, that only a scared mountain goat would think of attempting to climb. When you add to this the fact that for miles and miles it has been logged and burned, with no brush or trees to impede your view, you have something that is just a bit out of the usual in landscapes.

Boulder Camp, itself, lies stretched along a narrow—and I mean narrow-shelf cut into the side of the mountain. The truck-road, our "street," runs between the two rows of family and bunk-houses. Some of the family

houses cling desperately to the mountain on the upper side of the road, while the rest hover upon the edge of the "drop-off." One cannot help thinking that it would be wise to avoid domestic strife in them, since nothing could be easier than to heave a quarrelsome martial partner into the yawning stump-fanged canyon below the kitchen window. The cookhouse, the commissary, my little doll-house and two others hug the mountain wall at the farthest end of the "street," while down a few steps and across the road from my bedroom windows is the machine shop, where all night long huge diesel trucks and cats snort and howl as mechanics repair the wounds received during the day, and at about five in the morning the loaded trucks break into thunderous roarings as they are being warmed-up for the first trip of the day.

Some two years ago, they tell me, there was a terrific forest fire that swept these hills bare of every green thing, save for a few small isolated spots, the camp and an acre or two just above the camp where rhododendrons are promising glorious bloom when spring comes to these high slopes. These mountains, covered only with blackened logs and stumps, with nothing green to cover the red burned earth, bear witness to the flames started by one forgotten cigarette. In their utter desolation there is a strange weird fascination. The eye sweeps on and on, across great canyons, following the long slopes of the mountains, dipping into deep gorges in the depths of which may be glimpsed a thin silver stream leaping from rock to rock, and on yet farther to where the green valleys lie beyond and below, valleys with farms and cities,

then on still farther to where white-capped mountains watch in aloof serenity the mad world below them. From one point near the camp, to which I climbed the other day, I could see six snow-covered peaks, Three-Sisters, and Mt. Hood with his two close associates. Yes, I really live on top of the world, and in spite of—or perhaps because of—its strange desolation, it is stirringly beautiful. No quiet secluded valleys here, but height and space and through a break in the naked hills one can, when the day is clear of haze, see the ocean. Strange and new to a dweller of the valleys, and lifting to the spirit.

On my first Sunday in camp the Big Boss took the red dog and me to the "Mill Creek side" where a crew was rigging up a spar-tree. For some eight or ten miles we swung around hair-pin curves gouged along the face of the mountains and I have not yet been able to get my eyes to return to normal focus, for I kept on the road over which the B.B. drove so nonchalantly and tried to take in the marvelous view with the other. I have been "cock-eyed" ever since. He has a perfectly hair-raising way of pointing across some frightful canyon, and looking where he points, while whisking around a curve with a thousand-foot drop on one side and bulging rock walls on the other—and then he actually expects me to devote my whole attention to the scenery.

The red cocker (Workman's Red Gold in the dog-world Who's but just plain Red or Reddie to us who love him) is a logger's dog. For years he logged with the Big Boss, then came three quiet years at the ranch. This Sunday he renewed his youth. The sights and sounds and smells of the logging woods and of working men so filled him with joy-



Students of the scene today—national and international—still are analyzing the implications of a survey of living conditions throughout the world which one of the country's largest newspapers made the first of this year.

They find its meanings important when America, representing free enterprise and democracy, faces Communism and State Socialism in Europe and Asia.

As representing stable and skilled workers, representative railroad engineers in various countries were interviewed as to what they earned and how they lived.

The Chinese engineer, who earned \$45 a month, summed it up when he said he found life bitter—"very bitter indeed."

The engine driver in Soviet Russia thought himself lucky to have one room for his family of four to live in.

The British engineer, under the Labor-Socialist government, had about \$78 a month left after paying his income tax, and wasn't eager to earn more because it would take him into still higher tax brackets.

The American engineer, one George Teese, of Harmon, N.Y., was found to be living with his wife and two children in "one of the pleasantest six-room houses" in his town. They used six quarts of milk a day, they had a Packard, tiled bath, electric refrigerator, two radios, a big yard for the children to play in. . . They also have democracy.

ous excitement that he hung out a yard of dripping red tongue and forgot to pull it in. He watched the high-climber when he went up the spar-tree to adjust the rigging with critical attention and approval, he saw the men who failed to put their strength into the pulling of a line, and those who jumped into the weight of it, and when a "cat" roared by the "cat-skinners" with his purple and white-barred shirt, his orange-yellow rain-pants plastered with ochre-red mud, a brilliant spot of color in a drab world, every golden-red hair quivered with pleasure at that loved and remembered sound. Red and I understood each other that day. Both of us are loggers, and I fear that time can never silence the call of the logging woods to our hearts.

THE EAGLE, VERNONIA, ORE. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1947 7

Turkey Reduction Warned Against

Oregon turkey growers are apparently planning a cut in turkey production nearly twice as great as that in the country as a whole, according to the latest report of the USDA bureau of agriculture economics showing intentions of 30 per cent reduction for Oregon as against 16 per cent for the country as a whole.

"A 30 per cent reduction this year on top of the 30 per cent cut back last year will reduce the Oregon turkey population below the prewar level," warns Noel Bennion, extension poultry husbandman at Oregon State college. "Such reduction is greater than it should be if Oregon is going to maintain the quality of its breeding flocks and keep the export market for hatching eggs and poultz developed in the past 10 years.

Bennion agrees there needs to be a reduction of from 10 to 20 per cent in the number of turkeys produced in the United States in 1947. With the large reduction in number of breeder hens and lack of demands for early poultz, the 1947 crop may even be considerably less than the intentions report indicates, he says.

A surplus of early hatching eggs has developed, in spite of

the large reduction in numbers of breeder hens, due to lack of demand for early birds. As the season advances, however, the demand for hatching eggs and poultz may exceed the supply, Bennion believes. The government support price on turkeys recently announced is expected to help stabilize poult and egg prices.

WANTED: Commercial printing THE VERNONIA EAGLE



NIGHT DRIVING BOTHERSOME?

Drive in for a headlight adjustment and installation of new sealed beam units. Night driving will be easy then.

Lee Motors Sales and Service

Thinking of Borrowing?

THINK FIRST OF THIS BANK. MAKE US YOUR HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL YOUR CREDIT NEEDS

Some of Our Loan Services:

MORTGAGE LOANS
REPAIR LOANS
PERSONAL LOANS
AUTO LOANS
EQUIPMENT LOANS
COLLATERAL LOANS
BUSINESS LOANS
VETERAN LOANS
LIFE INSURANCE LOANS

The Commercial Bank of Banks

Banks, Oregon

Your Nearest Bank, Main Road to Portland

CHEVROLET

Again in 1946 . . .

FIRST IN SALES!

FIRST IN CAR SALES—FIRST IN TRUCK SALES
FIRST IN COMBINED CAR AND TRUCK SALES!

The final registration figures are in, and again in 1946 America purchased more Chevrolet cars—more Chevrolet trucks—more Chevrolet cars and trucks combined—than any other make, despite the fact that Chevrolet was out of production entirely during the first three months of the year! A magnificent tribute to Chevrolet production efficiency, as well as to the dollar value of Chevrolet products! It's the best proof you can possibly

have that you're wise to choose Chevrolet, the only cars giving BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST, and the only trucks rating as THRIFT-CARRIERS FOR THE NATION! True, there still aren't enough new Chevrolets to go around, but highest popular demand means higher dollar value, just as highest production means quicker delivery of your new car or truck. Place your order—today!

CHEVROLET—LOWEST-PRICED LINE IN ITS FIELD
VERNONIA AUTO CO.

PHONE 342
Vernonia Oregon

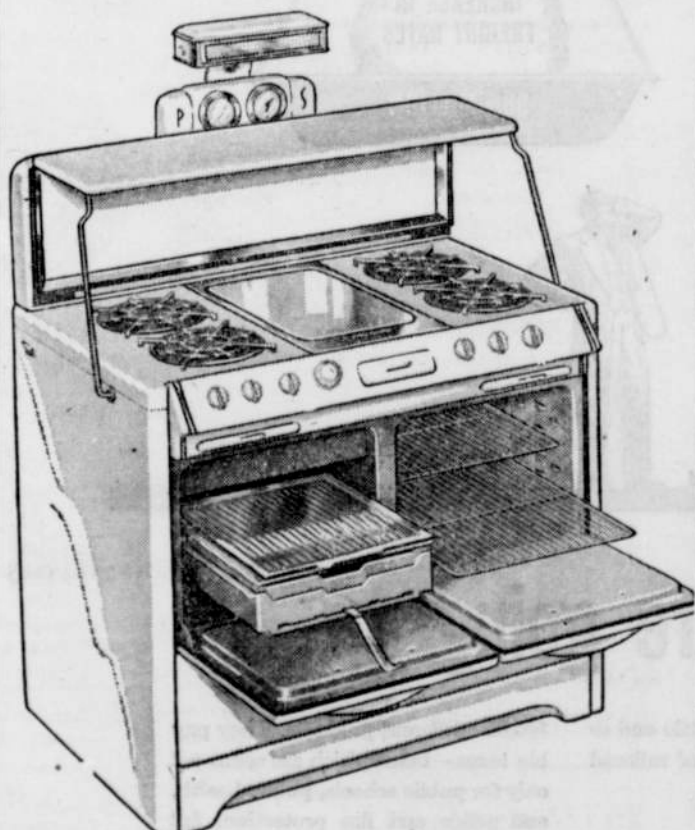
DANCE

LEE'S RHYTHM KINGS

I.O.O.F. Hall Saturday March 15

ADM. 75c Per Person

READY FOR YOU NOW



O'Keefe & Merritt Gas Ranges

Precision built gas ranges with many new time-saving and step-saving exclusive features. O'Keefe & Merritt propane gas ranges are ready for immediate delivery.

No matter where you live you can use modern gas appliances with all their beauty, economy, and luxury. Come in today and find out about it!

PLENTY OF WATER HEATERS
BROODERS AND RESTAURANT GRILLS

We deliver to Farms, Houses, Auto Courts, Restaurants and Industrial Plants.

Modern Gas and Appliance

PAUL HINAMON,

Rt. 2, Box 322A, Hillsboro

Phone 3161

Agent—Lewis Morgan, Vernonia, Ore.
Local Phone 423 191 North St.

THE HIT PARADE

—TODAY'S TOP TUNES ON RECORDS

ANNIVERSARY
SONG

FOR
SENTIMENTAL
REASONS

GAL IN
CALICO

ZIP-A-DEE
DO-DAH

OH, BUT
I DO

SOONER OR
LATER

THE WHOLE
WORLD IS
SINGING MY SONG

I'LL CLOSE
MY EYES

POPULAR AND
CLASSICAL
ALBUMS

BUSH FURNITURE

Record Department
Phone 592