

Oh, What A Beautiful Day

RONA-MORRIS WORKMAN

Before I came up here the Big Boss told me of the storms, the snow that drifted ten feet deep in the mountain cuts, of wind against which men struggled, of rain that drove in sheets, but the day after I arrived was a spring

day in all its warmth and loveliness, with a sky so blue and a wind so gentle and warm that you wondered the blackened stumps didn't burst into new spring green. Reddie filled with the joy of being in a logging camp and with the delight of sunshine, begged that I lay aside the Marthawork of putting my doll house in order and run away to "better things." How could I refuse him? I didn't.

These roads winding in every direction call me. Always I have wanted to know what lies just beyond the next curve, and up here there is always another curve in the road. We went on and on, looking down into great ravines, lifting our eyes to see huge rocks, cracked and weathered by time and fire and wind, across wide canyons to where other roads wound on into as yet, for us, unexplored regions, and always the grandly beautiful desolation of fire-scarred slopes and ridges. Sometimes we came across a tiny green clump of ferns by some trickling stream, sometimes a few very young fir trees starting a new life where the old had stood, and once a clump of willows just putting out furred finger-tips to test the warm sunshine. Ravens winged their way across a great canyon, but no other signs of life did we glimpse, though down one canyon drifted the far-off sound of a mighty truck thundering up an adverse grade with its heavy load of logs. Above us the sky was the tender blue of early spring with a few white clouds lazily about in it, and across many barren ridges I could catch

a glimpse of a valley, green with farms and fruit, and beyond Mt. Hood. I admire snow-capped mountains; I look at them with awe, but I cannot love them. They are not friendly mountains; they are not even as these mountains here, appealing in their desolation, but so serene, so far above human frailties that they are like people who are too neatly perfect, one can admire and respect, but not love.

We found what lay beyond the curve many times that day until the red dog's three legs began to weary in spite of his excitement in this strange new world, and we turned homeward. As we came into the beginning of our "street" I saw that our small school had just released its younger students. Children, I have found, are no different whether they live in a logging camp or in a city. I heard loud wails of mingled anger and distress from a small girl and joyous yelps of an equally small boy who was shouting, "Cry baby, she's a ugly-faced ole cry-baby." I hid my smile and touched her shoulder. "What is the trouble, my dear?" I asked consolingly. She sniffled, mopped her eyes and was just going to answer when another yelp from the dancing teasing young imp nearby turned her into a screaming fury. She tore after him with shrieking threats. I had been going to suggest to her that instead of crying she should kick his shins, as I thought that would serve better than tears, he being the age he was, but as I saw her tearing around the school house with him barely two jumps ahead of her, I gathered that she had every intention of doing so without any suggestion from me, so I left her to handle the situation in what I am very sure was a most efficient manner.

But as I neared the school house door I could not resist the impulse to pay a visit. Once, more years ago than I care to mention, I went to a one-roomed, all-grades, school, though not in a logging camp, and I wondered if schools had changed. They haven't. Still the same chalky smell, the same blackboards, the same scuffle of feet and rattling of papers, the same demand for "a longer piece of chalk," the same excuse that the light hits the blackboard so they can't see what the teacher is writing on it, and the same geography lesson on "how many continents there are, and how many oceans," and still the same old physiology lesson on what to eat to keep your teeth strong that we all had to learn—and never did follow.

I sat in a little chair and one of the students shared her geography book with me—and I didn't tell her I couldn't see a word because—decrepit old lady that I am—I did not have my reading glasses with me, then

after the lesson was over the red dog and I came home, tired with our long walk, but full of the joy of living, of being "on top of the world" and sure that the coming day would be just as beautiful and as full of new and interesting things to see and do as this one had been.

As a matter of fact, I have a real social event looming ahead, but that has to be for another story.

Events in Oregon

RALEIGH DISTRICT GROUP SEEKING INCORPORATION

HILLSBORO—Formation of a new Washington county city is sought by a number of residents of the Raleigh district several miles east of Beaverton who have filed petitions at the county courthouse seeking incorporation as City of Raleigh, according to County clerk W. A. Tupper.

County Judge H. D. Kerkman and Commissioners James Lewis and Henry Johnson have signed an order setting April 19 from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. as date for an election on the matter.

NEW AIRFREIGHT MAKES FIRST FLIGHT

McMINNVILLE—Operation of McMinnville's new air freight service, Airborne Cargo Incorporated, commenced early this week when the company's converted C-64 took off for Utah with a plane-load of newly hatched tur-

key poult.

Owners of the infant airline announced that the company would haul any type of air freight to any part of the country. During turkey hatching season the company's plane will probably be kept busy hauling day-old poult from various Willamette Valley towns to southern Utah.

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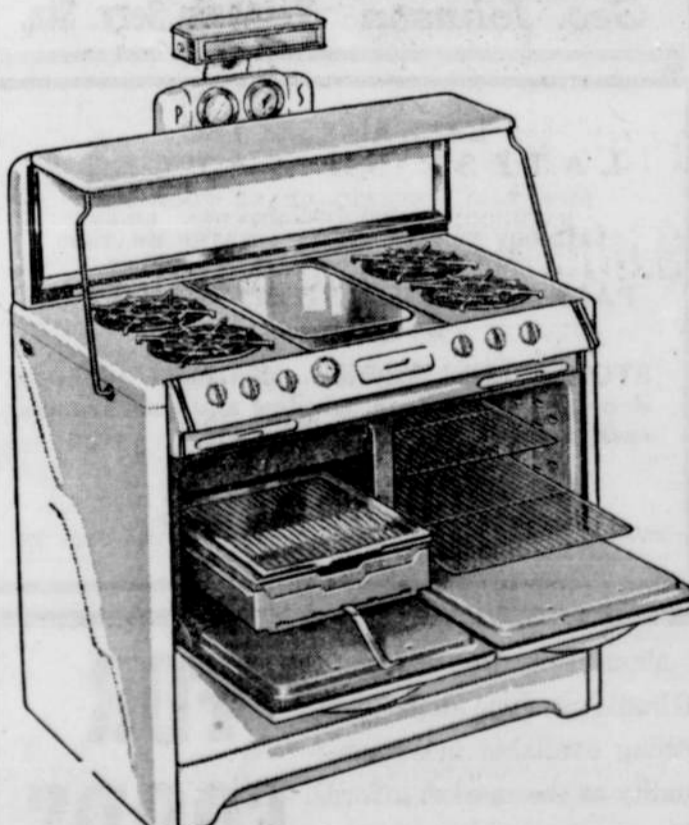
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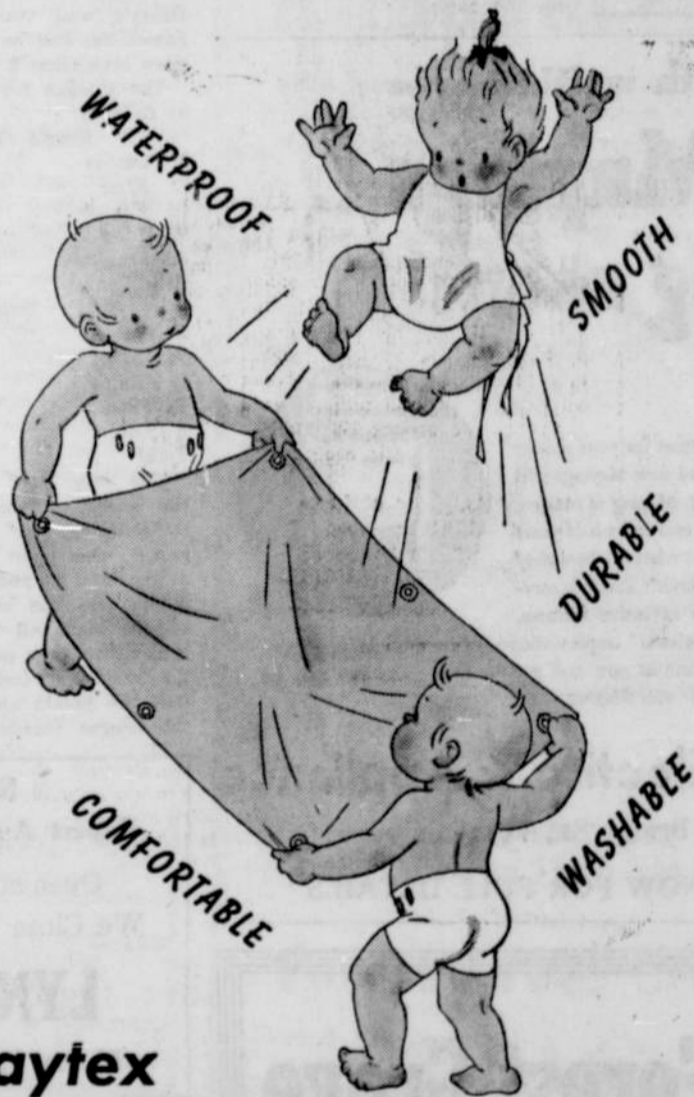
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