

Never a Dull Moment

RONA MORRIS WORKMAN

I have always known that if you want to be where things happen you should go to a logging camp. Always something new, and only a foolish man would gamble on what is going to happen next. It may be tragic, but more often is merely exciting or amusing, and each day carries its full quota of interest. The Big Boss, during his forty years of logging, has learned to cope with most of these daily incidents, but occasionally even runs into something a bit out of the ordinary pattern.

Usually, he being the "strong, silent" type of man, I am the last one to hear of what has happened, but this time I got in on the first act in person, even if I didn't realize it at the time.

I was just setting the coffee pot on the table and the Big Boss was lacing his caulked boots when two men came to the door last Monday morning. The B.B. answered the knock and as he opened the door one of the two men standing there almost fell into the room. I thought nothing about it since on Monday mornings most of the men, for some obscure reason, seem to be a bit

unsteady on their feet, or with black eyes, groggy looks and tempers like a sea-sick wild cat. After he had regained his balance he announced, "I've come to take that loading job." The Boss looked at him rather sceptically. "Are you a loader?" he asked. "Sure I am. That's what I came up here for."

The Boss grunted, and I know his grunts, and said, "All right. I'll see you after breakfast." As he sat down at the table he remarked, "If that man's a loader, then I am a bloomin' sailor," and proceeded to attack his grapefruit.

Two days later I got the rest of the story. The man was waiting when the Boss went out. The Boss said, "I can't use a loader right now, but you can go set chockers until there is an opening." The fellow spluttered a bit, but agreed and the Boss continued, "Go get your clothes changed and take that 'crummy' there to the Mill Creek side." At this the new choker-setter fluffed up like a mad hen. "What's the matter with my clothes? I suppose you don't like the way I part my hair either?"

The Boss looked at him, I know that look, too, and I also know that in the old days such an answer would have started a man right back down the way he came in, but times have changed.

Now the Boss merely said, "I don't care how you part your hair, but you can't go on a job in the woods without caulked boots, so get 'em, or don't come back."

The fellow was still telling the world that he was dressed all right as the Boss left him, but he did go out and get some caulks and reported for duty next morning. Out at the Mill Creek landing, Tiny, the hooker on that side, (and wouldn't you know from the name that "Tiny" is a hulking two-hundred pounder?) has been in the logging almost as long as the Big Boss. Seeing the new man, he went up and asked what job he was going on out there. In answer the man struck a belligerent pose and demanded "what the blankety-blank H—he wanted to know for?" what was it to him anyhow." I have the feeling that right then Tiny remembered the old days with longing and his fist probably ached with the desire to be planted in exactly the right spot, but Tiny, too, knows that the old days are gone, so with superhuman effort he turned away and walked off. I can see him scratching his head and him this time.

Two hours later, the Big Boss was rounding a curve in his pickup when he saw the man sitting by the side of the road looking off into space. Stopping the car the B.B. wanted to know (probably in correct logganeese which would have to be expurgated for public reading) what he was doing there when he was suppose to be setting chockers.

"Oh, just looking around," was the vague answer. "Well, look around down there where your chockers are. You're half a mile from where you should be working."

The fellow moved away in the right direction, but half an hour later the Boss found him standing at the landing with his hands in his pockets watching the activity with apparent interest and considerable disapproval. This was a bit too much, even for modern times, and the B.B. promptly ushered him into the pickup and headed back to camp. Just as they were rounding a curve cut into the mountain-side with a nice precipice on one hand wondering what in Heaven's name the employment agency had sent and a lovely rock wall on the other, the ex-choker-setter grabbed the edge of the wind shield and yelled, "Hold her, hold her. Don't you see them rattlesnakes. Thousands of 'em, all over the road. Hold her, I say."

I don't know how the Boss felt at that moment. He only laughed when I asked him and remarked that he assured the man that they would drive right over the snakes and for him not to worry. I know what I would have felt. That man could have had that pickup right then. I could have made better time back to camp on foot. Evidently these mountains are full of rattlesnakes for, according to his wild yells, they ran into several batches of them as they came up that frightful road, but managed to drive over safely. Then he got a new idea. "Where are you taking me?" he yelled, yanking at the door handle. "We went up and up to get to that landing and now we are still going up. You said you'd take me to camp and you ain't. Let me out of here."

"Well, if we keep going up, as you say we are, then we will probably get to Heaven pretty soon, don't you think?" was the B.B. answer, and I am pretty sure that by this time the pickup was really picking up speed. Another yell came when the fellow saw camp. "What's that 'town'? You're a liar. That ain't camp. I've never seen that place before."

He got more reassuring words about that, then he began worrying about the money "due" him. If he didn't get it, then he'd get a gun at Dallas, come back to camp and make the "dirty so-and-so's" give him what he had coming. Still more reassurances. So

Marine on Way For Calif. Base

RIVERVIEW—Mrs. W. D. Steeles daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Walker and two children of Eugene, and Mr. and Mrs. Farnstrom of Vancouver spent Sunday at the W. D. Steele home.

Pfc. Cornett Falconbury is stationed at Jacksonville, Florida now.

Walter Moore has been on the sick list the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Greenwood motored down from Washington to get their son who has been visiting his two grandmothers, Mrs. Bud Rose and Mrs. Greenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Neby and baby of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. Schmick of Portland visited at the W. D. Steele home Sunday.

Week end guests of the W. J. Lindsleys were Mr. and Mrs. C.H. Pearson and son of Elma, Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Smith and sons of Sweet Home, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Prince and daughter and Mrs. Jason of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Lindsley and children and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lindsley and family. A going-away dinner was given in honor of Pfc. L. M. Lindsley who left for California Wednesday where he will report back to his marine base at Terminal Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Meyer and daughter of Portland spent the week end at the Merle Cline home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Hillyer and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Combs, motored to Hoquiam to spend the week end with Mr. and Mrs. George Whittington, Aunt of Mr. Combs. Mr. and Mrs. Donna Hagen, Donna Combs, Walt Holcomb and Grandma Ward took care of the Hillyer home during the Hillyer's absence.

Allene Hudson spent the week end in Forest Grove visiting

it went on, and before they could finally get hip out of the camp and into the hands of his family he had stormed back into the office, torn up the check they had given him for three hours "work," declaring they were cheating him and he wanted real money, and then jumped on the pieces. After a few more visits to the office he dragged a mattress and blankets from a bunkhouse into the middle of the road where the big logging trucks roar by every little while and insisted upon sleeping there.

No, never a dull moment in a logging camp. Wonder what will happen today.

friends.

Mancel Lee Rose is home from Oregon State college now.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Herd, former residents, are the parents of a daughter born April 5.

Archaeologists believe that the horse was first domesticated by Aryan people living northeast of the Caspian Sea, an area now a part of Soviet Russia.



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From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

A Great Bunch—Those Ex-G.I.'s

Willie Wells and a bunch of the boys from our town went to Pound Ridge Saturday to a reunion of their old regiment.

There were about two hundred and fifty boys who came from miles around to a good old feast in Farmer Collins' barn. I expect they seemed a lot different to each other out of uniform. But they had a great time, spinning yarns, drinking beer, and talking over the old times in South Africa and Italy and the Aleutians.

I went over to cover the meeting

for the Clarion, and one thing that sure impressed me was the good behavior of those boys—their preference for a moderate beverage like beer—their friendly spirit.

From where I sit, our ex-G.I.'s are making as good a showing in peacetime as they made during the war. And they're setting a mighty good example to the rest of us—in tolerance, and moderation, and good fellowship.

Joe Marsh

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ATLEY SEZ:
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Howdy Folks: The question, as often debated is not where civilization began, but when will it.

As Senator Sorghum says, you can't choose your ancestors, but that's fair enough, because they probably would not have chosen you either.

And about the only thing left in this world that can be shocked is grain.

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