

On the Beach

GEARHART (Special) — Crackle, Bang, Whoosh! That's not breakfast food kids. It's Gearhart . . . Merchants, vacationers and natives have all pungled up handsomely for fireworks display to be held, as usual, in front of the Ocean House at 9 p. m. Satiddy night. Extra deputies are on the ready for the traffic situation augmented by the fact Seaside, as last year, will have no display.

Leave us all hold no damp thoughts for the Fourth of July weekend—unless we set our minds down to the southwest. The driftwood fires will be more successful without mist, to be sure, but it's a good thing the spring floods finally left their tokens on the beach so there's plenty of driftwood.

Many people consider our summer weather for the amphibious crustacea and wheeling gulls. It is true you cannot observe toadstools (three) growing defiantly in the sand on the beach every year, nor can you walk with ease to the shore on packed sand. But our coast weather has been far superior, if you'll pardon the expression, to that of the interior. It was with careful hands sunburned folk brushed the sand from their sheets last Monday night, believe me; it was with incredulity they heard it had rained most of that day in Portland. Well, enough of this weather-lording.

Change of ownership again for the Gearhart golf course! Bruce Brahs, an eastern Oregon rancher (Jordan valley), has brought it, along with the Cedar Lea Court in Seaside. With the change, the inevitable rumors crop up that part of the course will be subdivided for building sites, but as usual, these are without foundation.

As far as the National Alcoholic Beverage Control convention at Hotel Gearhart last week—the group was a terrible disappointment—so controlled, circumspect, quiet, and conservative. No shenanigans to report.

The Sage of Surf Pines, Mr. Barney Lucas, offended by our mention of the Palisades lupin,

and not of its neighbor Surf Pines, would like to point out that the fields of lupin there are taking over as the California poppy did in the south. Seven years ago, Barney says, an aerial photograph of this section showed the fields bare of wild flowers, now it's one mass of rolling purple. On order for next spring's blooming are 12,000 daffodil bulbs. Twelve hundred were planted last year and were enjoyed by the residents of the area until nasties started picking huge bunches. Set the dogs on em, Barney.

Strictly social: The Henry Goodriches arrived from New York last week for a short visit. One of the better parties for them was given by Eben and Nancy Carruthers at their Hammond home. The Carruthers house is on the river (Columbia, of course) and their view windows are the focal point of interest. How Nancy gets her mundane housework accomplished, instead of constantly watching the fascinating river traffic, is beyond.

The Jimmy Dezen Dorf family lined up on a log, looking like a daguerreotype . . . the Marvin Weinsteins, here for several weeks . . . Les Anderson on the tennis courts with son—wife Ann on beach with daughters. The newly married Joseph Bates wended up the coast Monday from West Shore Manor at Otter Rock . . . checked into Hotel Gearhart . . . discovered both bride's suitcases missing. Wended back down the coast Tuesday. Yours for a fine Fourth.

MARYETTA.

*Oregonian
Hostess House
Presents*

RADIO SHOW

The Oregonian Hostess House party, an audience participation show, is open to the public each Monday, Wednesday and Fri-