

ETOILE DU NORD FOUNDATION OF DRAUGHT HORSE FARM

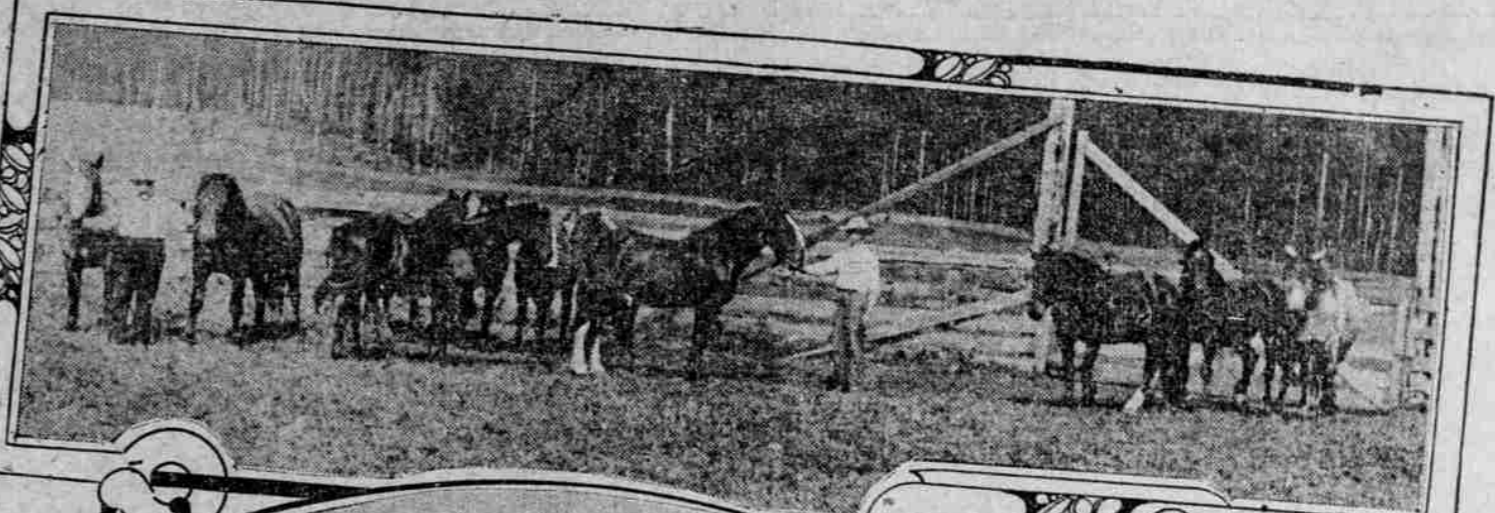
Chris Minsinger, With Prize-Winning Stallion, Has Fine Assortment of Belgians on Sandy River.



Mrs. Edna Minsinger on Saddle Horse Jess



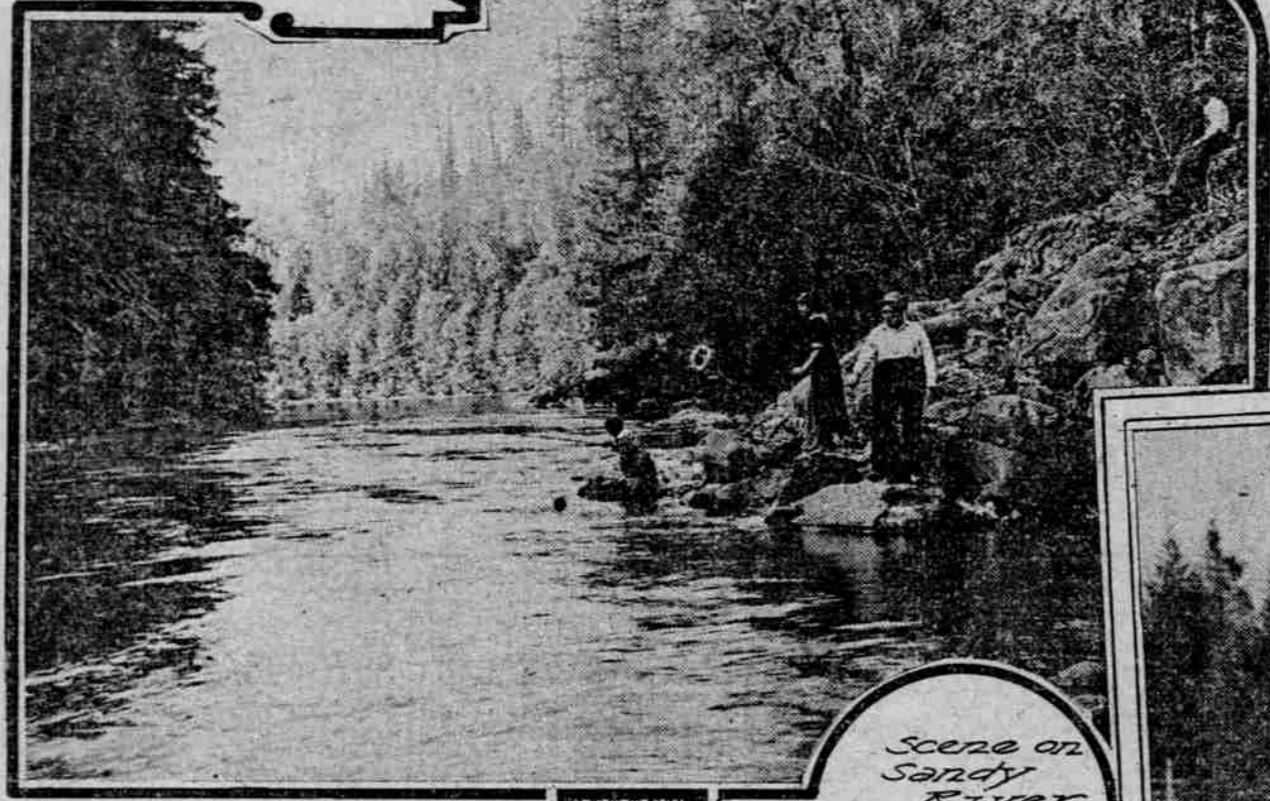
Chris Minsinger Leading Draught Horse Breeder of Northwest



Two Year Old Belgian Colts



Star of The North (left) and Three Imported Mares.



Scene on Sandy River Minsinger Ranch



Mares and Foal Mt. Hood as Background.



"Star of The North" Winner at Lewis and Clark Fair



Six Month Old Colts.

WHEN Chris Minsinger, Portland capitalist, purchased Etoile du Nord, or Star of the North, the blue-ribbon Belgian draught horse winner at the Lewis and Clark Fair, soon after the 1905 International Exposition, he laid the foundation for a draught horse breeding farm which today outranks any in the Northwest and compares favorably with any in the United States.

With Star of the North, the mottled ton of horseflesh which won trophies galore for J. C. Crouch, of Lafayette, Ind., his former owner, as a nucleus, Mr. Minsinger imported a Belgian draught mare to the Minsinger ranch, a 750-acre tract on the Sandy River, three miles from Marmot, and now boasts of 150 high-class draught horses, all of the Belgian breed.

The Belgium is today recognized as the coming draught horse of the world, according to many experts, the demand for this specie of equine giant far exceeding that for any other. Mr. Minsinger recognized the superiority of the Belgium half a dozen years ago and the result of his activity is a breeding farm any state would be proud of.

Horses Bring Owner to Oregon.
Strangely enough, the horse is responsible for the presence of the Belgium breeder in Oregon. In 1876 Mr. Minsinger was placed in charge of six carloads of horses—Norman and Belgium draught, saddle and other specialties—bound from Lexington, Ky., for Japan. The Japanese government was intent on strengthening Nipponese stock, so three officials purchased six carloads from W. H. Wilson, of Cincinnati, Ky., and Chris Minsinger was chosen to take charge of the shipment from the time it left Lexington through

the long ocean voyage on a Japanese man-of-war from San Francisco to Yokohama.

Returning to the United States, Mr. Minsinger visited Portland, liked the country, saw with prophetic eyes its wonderful future and settled here. Then came his experience with draught horses on ranch and in the sand business, leading up to the inauguration of the breeding of Belgians so far from their European home.

The Minsinger Belgium farm is a source of dual pleasure to its owner. The breeding of the draught horse is a sport and a business. He derives just as much enjoyment from it as does the horseman who specializes on the racetrack thoroughbred or standard bred, and at the same time is not troubled with the financial uncertainties which beset the path of the racetrack devotee.

Horses Used on Minsinger Farm.
"I raise these Belgians for my own use," says Mr. Minsinger. "In my business I have an opportunity to test the merits of draught horses as well if not better than any other business man and the choosing of the Belgium above all others speaks for itself. I consider the Belgium not only the equal, but the superior of all draft horse breeds."

"Just take a look at those two-year-olds. Notice their breadth and weight. Can you beat that anywhere?" are sentences hurled in prideful accents at one taking a peep at the Minsinger picture gallery, or better yet, the inhabitants of the Sandy River ranch.

"I have got the best bunch of draught colts in the country," is the boast of the enthusiastic owner.

A visit to the Minsinger ranch does much to bolster up the horseman in

places where the rock hangs out over the road, in one place for the entire width of the road. Traffic over these narrow places in the road is governed on an improvised block system, the farmers' phone proving its usefulness. The passing of teams is telephoned to some house beyond the narrow road, so that wayfarers going the other way may know what to expect, and not get into a dangerous place.

Incidentally, the distances are rather great along the Siuslaw. "There are houses all along down the river," were told. They were there all right—about once in five miles.

Launch Ride is Enjoyed.
Soon we reached Maileton, a little white city on the water, where our afternoon was passed waiting for the launch to take us to Florence. Our pilot, commonly called "Wild Bill" (he surely was wild of his regulations), puffed his cigarette while adjusting his bulky gasoline engine, and hesitated to indicate by his lights when he was towing a barge.

The trip down the Siuslaw Bay was glorious, as we stood on the deck of the launch to watch the fading shoreline and the fishing boats with their crews of two fishermen in slicker aprons and gum boots.

Docking at Florence, we made a dash for the hotel, to avoid the gathering raindrops, and registered before the rush.

In three days we had walked nearly 50 miles and it was now 40 miles to Newport, so we were told. But miles in the country are elastic, and before we reached Newport four days had elapsed and we had covered 65 miles by easy stages.

Thursday morning we were off down the river beach for the coast and a first view of the ocean. Beach walking was fine, but the soft sand where

we had to cross the point was terrible, for the tide was going out, but away to the north stretched the beach, not smooth as I had imagined it would be, but full of little ridges and valleys, with packed sand mingled with soft, where headway was difficult because of the uncertainty of one's footing. Later we were told that this irregularity of the beach south of Heceta Head is its own peculiarity, but in Winter it is smooth like other beaches.

About noon we came to a river running into the ocean. We waded until we found a plank we could make into a bridge. Before we stretched a vast triangle of sand, perhaps two miles on a side, and beyond, Heceta Head projected into the ocean.

When we reached the first rocks the waves were beating high against the points. The tide was going out, but as there was mist in the air we decided to take to the road we could see, rather than wait for the tide to go out far enough for us to get around the point. Fortunate decision. We would still be waiting.

By the map it was two and a half miles to the lighthouse, but the road made it four. Up and up the road wound, receding into the spaces between the heads and rounding out on the points that succeeded one another, and all the time the rain was getting worse, and our fair weather costumes were getting wetter. We were wading, and the first glimpse of the lighthouse far below—we had reached 1200 feet above sea level—looked decidedly good to us. Then we lost the view as the road ran rapidly downward.

At the bottom of the hill a small-sized river ran across the road. Around some projecting trees there was a foot bridge and a few minutes later we were drying out in front of the

fireplace in Charles Stonefield's home, set in the valley where Cape Creek divides Heceta Head.

We thought we had seen some rather rough country for ocean beach that day, but a traveling photographer declared we had worse yet to see. Cape Perpetua on our next day's journey was like going around a cliff. He recalled the stories of mail carriers having been blown off the trail by the winds. Fifteen hundred feet straight down to the ocean, he said, Mr. Stonefield added the tale of a Waldport saloon keeper who had all but lost his head coming around the cape, and but for Mr. Stonefield's threats to kick him off "just for luck" would have fallen to his death.

An incoming tide next morning impelled us to leave the beach rather early, and so we missed one of the best skate beaches on the coast—best because less picked over—and so we passed much of the forenoon following a trail up and down over the hills. The road had ended at the Lane-Lincoln County line, and a narrow trail took its place. Incidentally I might remark we had not brought any luncheon, and as houses are far between along the coast, we were ready for something to eat when we reached Ocean View at the mouth of the Yaquina.

And Cape Perpetua wasn't anything so very terrible after all. The climbing of the day before had somewhat accustomed us to getting high above the ocean, and the real narrow, fearsome section of the trail was but a few hundred feet long. The trail is blasted out of a rather steep, sloping hillside. Two persons could walk abreast, and there is a little fringe of grass and stubby salal on the ocean side that takes away the appearance that one's feet might slip off.

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A man never rides around this point. A rolling stone might frighten the horse, and there is nothing to catch hold of on the way down. Cape Perpetua, we learned, was named by Captain Cook, the explorer, because it was "perpetually" in sight for several months as he beat up the coast.

For a restful, delightful summer, Ocean View, at the mouth of the Yaquina, appeared to me. Scores of tents were scattered about in the low tress, and there are several Indian mounds of shells that give up Indian relics to the searcher. Waldport is only 10 miles away, but Newport is 23, and for ordinary travelers the latter is a little too long. Anyway, the division of the trip makes one delightful, easy day's work—almost entirely on the sandy beach.

The last day we crossed the Alsea Bay by rowboat and tramped toward that distant point that is Cape Perpetua. Gradually the outlines of the lighthouses became plainer and we came into sight of Newport. A mile or two through marshland brought us to the beach of the bay ready for the crossing.

At Yacolt's tramping for a hundred miles on mountain roads and along the beach does have a tendency to make one wish for home.

Belgium are remarkable. The Portland breeder contends that they outpull any horse in the world, and has at his tongue's end numerous instances of their ability.

Moulding Men.
Home Progress Magazine.
The crucial point in life comes in the plastic years of infancy, when too many mothers think they have done their duty by keeping the baby warm, its stomach filled, and a rattle in its hand. But we are now learning that the impressions the child receives in its infancy before it reaches the school must be reckoned with. It is not a meaningless saying that "mothers mold the nation." They accomplish it by molding men—before they leave the cradle—whether intentionally or otherwise. No mother wants a bad boy. And when mothers learn the grip that infancy holds on the man, they will have done much to solve the problem of making better boys, better men and better nations. None of the valuable training that the church, the school or the state can give should be spared, but the mother with her home training can probably do more in the boy's infancy to influence his after life than any one of these.

"HIKE" FROM EUGENE TO NEWPORT IN SUMMER IS FULL OF PLEASURE

Roads Wind Through Beautiful Grass-Carpeted Forests and Over Rocky Crags Which Overhang Pacific Ocean, and Jaunt Furnishes Fine Method of Passing Vacation.

BY W. A. DILL.
EUGENE, Or., Nov. 23.—(Special.)—"Walk to Newport! Oh, yes! You are like the man who was going to walk around the world and sailed two-thirds of the distance on the ocean," was the parting sally as we prepared to leave the stage for our week's outing, a hike to the coast from Eugene and thence up the beach to Newport. Early Monday morning we mounted the rear seat of the Crow stage, on our way to Portola, the first objective point on our trip.

At Lewislyn one of the passengers left and we were promoted to the second seat, out of the dust. Horses were changed and we acquired "Maud." Now "Maud" is a temperamental horse, and must survey the stage load for a few minutes before starting. If the inspection is satisfactory, all is well, but if not, there is liable to be some fancy kicking for some minutes.

Portola Is "Gateway."
Again, we wind in and out through partly wooded territory, past the completed grade of the Willamette Pacific into Elmira, where we lost the other passenger. And thankful we are that we wear khaki, as we survey her dust-enraptured hat and coat. With 100 miles of unknown territory before us, ice cream cones are bought, as the last remnant of civilization. Ten miles more

of dust and we reach Portola, the "Gateway of the Siuslaw" and the beginning of our real tramp.
Two and a half miles up the corduroy is the Notti tunnel camp—and there we ate dinner.
A few minutes we hit the trail. Climbing mountains is supposed to be hard work, but before we knew it we were at the crest of the hill, and on the down grade into the valley of Wildcat Creek. Hills opened out on either side, partly cleared, but with hardly a habitation in sight. We had planned to stop that night at Lyons' home, some five miles from the tunnel, but when we got there Mrs. Lyons declared it would be impossible to take care of us that night, and recommended Fowler's five miles farther on.

"Yes, I can give you some bread and milk," she said.
A few minutes later Mrs. Lyons appeared with the refreshments, and added thereto was a plate of crisp fried chicken.

Early Morning Hike Taken.
Before we reached Fowler's it began to grow dark, but we plodded on. As we passed Atkinson's we were hailed, and told that Mrs. Fowler, learning that we were coming, had telephoned back for us to be kept there; the Fowler house was full.

Tuesday morning's walk along the river, with the fog just slipping away

into the treetops was a splendid tonic after the weariness of the first day's hike. Ferns higher than one's head grew along the roadside, and great trees rose scores of feet to the first limb.
Noon—that means shortly after 11 o'clock for hunk—people—found us emerging from a wooded road into an open stretch with the Richardson ranch, on the river bank, exposed to the full sweep of the cooling wind. Dinner preparations enticed us, and we rested while Mrs. Richardson, reputed to be one of the best cooks in the Siuslaw Valley, prepared the meal.

Road Cut in Cliff.
Gradually as we went westward the hills became steeper and more rugged, but the road led on its even water grade to the coast. Mid afternoon found us at Beecher Rock, where the road is cut for 100 yards in the face of a cliff, 75 or 100 feet above the jagged rocks at the river's edge. Here the rock water drips continuously from the seams in the cliff, and maidenhair fern grow in profusion.

Monday night we had stopped with people who had lived in the valley 27 years. This night at "Wise Villa" was with newcomers to the valley, people from Tonzoni.

A few miles below Wise Villa is Tilden Rock, where the road again clings to the cliff, but here there are several

places where the rock hangs out over the road, in one place for the entire width of the road. Traffic over these narrow places in the road is governed on an improvised block system, the farmers' phone proving its usefulness. The passing of teams is telephoned to some house beyond the narrow road, so that wayfarers going the other way may know what to expect, and not get into a dangerous place.

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