



Letter From Dr. O. C. Goodrich To Local I. O. O. F. Lodge

Colorado, Texas
Oct. 6, 1925

Brother Oddfellows;

I imagine by this time you are wondering how and then how we are faring so will try to give you fellows a brief description of what we are seeing doing and learning. Will say first that we are all well and enjoying every minute. As you all know we left home Monday Aug. 31. My mother came with us as far as Pullman, Wash. to visit her brother, we stopped with them two nights and a day, harvest was well along but saw a good many Combines, headers and also regular threshing outfits working. Leaving Pullman we went by way of Spokane, Cour de Lene, and Wallace Idaho into Montana to Missoula, Deer Lodge and Butte. While at Butte which we made about dark it sure did storm but we got a cabin at the camp grounds so was as comfortable as a bug in a rug.

Leaving Butte we arrived at west entrance to Yellowstone early Monday morning Sept. 7th. Intended to go in at northern entrance but owing to the heavy rain at Butte were advised to leave Yellowstone trail by way of Livingston and go to western entrance, found very good roads this way altho other way in dry weather would have been best. We enjoyed three days sight seeing in the Park, travelling in those three days within Park boundary 208 miles, will not attempt to describe wonderful scenery, formations, waterfalls hot springs, geysers etc, in letter as it would take more time than I can spare now.

We checked out of Park 4:10 p. m. and drove to Cody, Wyoming and camped that night. Showers now and then during these three days made things fresh but did not inconvenience us but very little. We did not attempt to climb any mountain tops altho at one point called Danraven Pass we were at an altitude of 8700 feet. There were others but not quite so high. Valene seemed to be the only one to notice the altitude but not to speak of. Here also is the continental divide. Seven miles within eastern entrance is called Sylvan Pass, here is quite a drop 1600 feet in 7 1/2 miles and 85 per cent of this in first 4 miles. There is so little room for the road they have to loop back and cross under in one place. Fifty five miles from here is the town of Cody and a wonderful scenery trip including the Shoshone project. This is an irrigation project and a wonderful asset to the country. The dam is in a very narrow canyon 320 feet high and 100 feet in thickness at the bottom and twenty at the top. The road follows the reservoir rim around a solid wall of granite too and past the dam, there are six tunnels one way traffic with passing places between each. From the dam for about three fourths of a mile is a 17 per cent grade but as at Sylvan Pass we had a down hill shoot.

Leaving Cody we travelled from north western Wyoming, to Cheyenne in the south east corner of the State, a distance of 650 miles arriving at Denver, Colorado Sunday about 2:30 A. M. Wyoming sure is a desolate state for a great portion of the way altho some sections are as fertile as any place in the U. S.

Thermopolis, Casper and Douglas are the most interesting towns we went through. Casper is a great oil center as refineries are located here, sure has the smell too. On one section at least nine out of every ten wells were pumping. We arrived at Denver with a very good rain, put on the side curtains so were comfortable. Spent twelve days in and around Denver, left there Friday morning September 25, and arrived at Stafford, Kansas the 27. Here Mrs. Goodrich has an aunt whom we visited until October 1, when we left for Texas. Arrived in Oklahoma about noon October 1, ate dinner in Oklahoma and Kansas, first course in Kansas and second in Oklahoma.

Rain beat us here to Texas, but none on us. Had about one hundred miles of real mud, but got along fine the worse section is between Bison and Hennesey, Oklahoma went six and one half miles in an hour. Crossed Red River into Texas at sunrise it sure was a beautiful sight, we traveled forty miles that morning before breakfast. We began to see cotton fields from Hennesey on south, as far as the eye could reach are cottonfields. Arrived at Snyder Sunday afternoon 3:p. m. Mrs. Goodrich's cousin H. G. Towle and family live here.

Spent several days with them and all came on down to Colorado, Texas yesterday. If you do not believe it you should have seen the spread we sat

Merrill-Jackman

A popular young couple of Dayton stole a march on their friends Sunday morning when Miss May Merrill and Walter Jackman were the principals in a quiet wedding at 8 o'clock at the home of the grooms parents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Jackman of the Pleasantdale neighborhood.

The ceremony was held before a bank of autumn leaves and chrysanthemums. The bride wore a gown of rosewood satin daintily trimmed in cream colored lace, and carried a bouquet of rosebuds.

The bride's sister, Mrs. Faye Newman played "Here Comes The Bride" wedding march, and Mr. Harold Newman sang "I Love You Truly."

The ceremony was read by the pastor of the Methodist church. Only the immediate families of the bride and groom were present.

Mrs. Jackman is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Merrill of the Dayton Tribune; is a graduate of the Scott City, Kansas high school, and for the past year has assisted her father in the publication of the Tribune. Mr. Jackman is a graduate of the Dayton high school and the Portland Y. M. C. A. automobile school.

After a short wedding trip to the coast where they will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harold Newman, at Nehalem, the happy couple will make their home in Dayton, where Mr. Jackman is the mechanic, for the Dayton Motor Co.

Lerov Walker, pastor.

down to at noon. But before I go any further must stop and eat a hunk of forty four pound watermelon, believe me fellows here is where you can get in up to your ears and that is what we, Volton especially, are doing now as watermelon was too much a temptation.

Tuesday we visited the cotton mills at Post and also the gins, saw as many as twenty loads of cotton here waiting to be ginned after nine o'clock last night at one gin so you see as each load represents a bale of 500 pounds it sure is some industry. Also visited cotton seed oil plant where the oil is extracted. This is quite a warm place to work so the coons do the job. The oil is then shipped in car loads to refineries where it is made into different things such as salad oils, cotolene and many others. It is clean as the process would certainly sterilize anything. Was invited to the Lions Club for dinner today, they have the same routine, trials and tribulations as any other organization.

Say would you believe it today is raining just as it does on a fall day in Oregon, a regular clod soaker. Cotton men are all rather pleased but do not want it to last long. Have had the best treatment since leaving home, no car trouble to speak of outside of a tire now and then and have gone as long as three days without that but you know you might forget something if everything went too smooth. Do not know when we will leave here but will be home when we get there. I trust you Brothers are all well and have lots of work to do and have a bunch on the way to Jericho.

Have not been to lodge since I left but will get some place on a lodge night along the line before long.

Think by this time during my rambling you have had enough, so with best regards to all I remain,

Yours Fraternally,
Orr C. Goodrich.

Willamette Valley

Tuesday afternoon two carloads of Washington people stopped in front of this office to inquire about the road to Salem. While here they commented upon the Willamette Valley as being such a wonderful looking country. The writer heartily agreed with them as it truly is a garden spot. We raise nearly everything that grows in the ground, as well as live stock and the finest of boys and girls. We have as good schools and colleges as you can find anywhere so we can educate these boys and girls right at home. There are church organizations to look after their spiritual well being, and hospitals and doctors to take care of the sick. If you are looking for an ideal place to make your home come to the Willamette Valley.

E. E. Baxter and Mr. Irish, a sawmill man of the Oretown locality were here Sunday.

Dayton Fifty Years Ago

Mr. Editor;

I arrived in Dayton fifty years ago today, and feeling in a reminiscent mood and thinking it might be interesting to some of your readers to know a few things about this little city as I first saw it, here goes I came up from Portland on the Steamboat Governor Grover, Captain Jerome Presser, J. B. Lane. Engineer William Lewis arrived in the evening, it rained nearly all day the river was quite low, this being the first rain they had had for nearly two months. My first impression was that the bridge appeared to be entirely too high, nearly seventy feet above low water. I asked why they built it away up there and was told to be above high water. I said they surely have accomplished their purpose, but I lived to see that bridge under water. This town was a very busy place for its size, wheat being the main crop raised in the Willamette Valley at that time. Dayton was the shipping point for all the country embracing Amity, McCoy, Sheridan, Grand Ronde, McMinnville and the country surrounding these towns. Merchants received their goods here, and the farmers marketed their crops here. From one to three boats arrived and departed from here each day during the wheat season, and we were never without one boat each day except in extreme high water when they could not operate the locks at Oregon City.

The warehouse facilities were not adequate and thousands of sacks of wheat were ricked up on the bank of the river above the bridge awaiting shipment. There were three general merchandise stores, Chris Taylor, Snell and Orton and J. B. Harker, one livery stable, Joe Best, one harness shop, C. C. Call, one wagon shop Alex Metchler, two Blacksmith Shop, S. R. Baxter and Adam Bolinger, one butcher shop Noah Robinson; our hotel J. B. Riley our drug store A. L. Saylor, one sawmill Capt. W. S. Powell, one large flour mill Vanrencellar, storage warehouse E. B. Collard, Methodist Church, schoolhouse brickyard Jacob Sitters, and a saloon but the name of the proprietor I do not remember. There was also a shoe shop run by Isadore Nichols, the I. O. O. F. lodge, a general teamster W. T. Hash. The public school was taught by L. H. Baker now a resident of Portland. The Postmaster was Mr. Carey and his son J. W. Carey was a carpenter and painter by trade and made all the coffins and acted as undertaker, I will now mention those families I can remember; Gen. Joel Palmer lived in the house now occupied by Mrs. Mildred Nichols, John Jones lived where K. L. Harris lives, Gen. Coffin lived in the house next to Tom Bouldens place, I. Nichols where Mrs. E. Nichols now lives, F. m. Huddleston where the family lives at present. Chris Taylor at the Detmering house, R. N. Snell in a house which used to stand on the school ground, C. C. in a house which burned when the fire destroyed the block now occupied by brick buildings. J. B. Harker lived his store which stood on the corner of third and Ferry street and burned down a few years ago. Capt. Powell lived near his sawmill which was on the right bank of Palmer creek, W. T. Hash lived at the edge of town on the Lafayette road, and the rest I cannot remember.

I find that I am the only grown person with an exception living here today that was here fifty years ago. There are three who were school children then and still live here. I have not attempted to make this a literary article but my recollections of Dayton fifty years ago.

S. W. Sigler, Dayton, Ore., Oct. 29.

S. C. Purkey and R. L. Harris attended the Billy Sunday meetings in Portland last Sunday.

Obituary

Mary Eliza Grace

Mary Eliza Grace, nee Sloan, was born at Petersburg, Boone County, Kentucky, October 3, 1838. She married G. W. Grace in 1854. To this union ten children were born, four of whom preceded their mother in death. Those living to mourn the loss of their dear mother, are; Mrs. Laura J. Dickey of Junction City, Oregon, Wm. Grace of California, Mrs. Katherine Mauts of Dayton, Ore., Mrs. Emma F. Kirby of of Mapleton, Ore., Geo. W. Grace Jr. of Klamath Falls, Ore. and Leo B. Grace of Lafayette, Ore. The last named lives on the old home place where they located in 1876. Mrs. Grace was widowed thirty years ago by the sudden death of her husband. She was long an earnest Christian, holding membership in the M. E. Church. After twenty years of affliction, she departed to be at rest from the home of her daughter in Dayton, Sunday, October 25. The passing years brought her to the advanced age of eighty-seven, and gathered her like a ripe sheaf of grain.

She is also survived by ten grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at the Evangelical Church in Lafayette, Tuesday October 27, Rev. Frank M. Fisher officiating. The burial was made in the Masonic Cemetery at Lafayette.

Hallow'e'n Party

A Hallow'e'n party was given at the Community Hall by the Epworth League, Monday night. Games were played, a Hallow'e'n initiation was held and to give you that real Hallow'e'n spirit and thrill, Rev. Leroy Walker told one of those COLD, CLAMMY Ghost Stories that made the room grow chilly at times. Refreshments were served at an early hour and everyone enjoyed the evening immensely. So lets boost for the Epworth League, young people, and have many more peppy parties.

School Notes

On Friday evening, October 30, beginning at seven o'clock sharp, the first social entertainment of the school year will be held in the Gymnasium. It is to be an evening of fun.

First of all there is to be a Junior vs Senior basket ball game to determine the high school championship.

A basket ball game is to be played between two teams picked from the business men of the town.

An indoor base ball game will be played between the married women of the community and the women teachers of the school with the help of the Senior girls.

The school's line up is as follows:
Catcher Mrs. Ferguson
Pitcher Miss Hollenbeck
1st Base Violet Senn
2nd Base Miss Stilwell
3rd Base Claire Wagner
Fielders Wanda Keene
Lucille Lorette
Ethel Fisher
Pansy Withee

The married women's line up has not been obtained.

A shower with hot and cold water has been installed in the Gym.

A good supply of wood has been hauled to the Gym and is being put in by the High School boys.

The school bus was late yesterday as they had to stop and fix the gas pipe which was broken.

Everybody who wants to have some fun come to the Gym at seven thirty Friday night and you will have more fun for twenty five cents than you ever had before for a dollar. I will be an evening of games.

A heating stove has been installed in the balcony of the Gym so the spectators can now be comfortable and warm.

Of the four convicts who participated in the break at the penitentiary August 12, Jones was killed at the time of the break and Murray, Klev and Willos have just recently been convicted of first degree murder for the killing of Guards Holman and Sweeney. Murray has already received his sentence to die on the scaffold December 18 and Murray and Willos will receive their sentence tomorrow morning. Thus ends the chapter of a dastardly deed that will have caused the death of five men and the seriously wounding of another besides causing the state to spend a vast amount of money for the capture and conviction of the three convicts who escaped alive.

Emma Hogle spent the week end with her friend Iris Buckles in Newberg.

Oh! Girls!

CONTRIBUTED

Have you heard the news? I'm so excited I can scarcely get my complexion on straight, you see the rest of this week events are coming fast and furious. Of course at this time of year spooks are usually abroad any way so perhaps the spirits are responsible for this sudden burst of activity. The community spirit is surely up and doing in the old Dayton neighborhood all right as you'll see when I've told you what's doing.

Well, to begin what I started to say you see, this Thursday night the Civic Club has planned a big time at the Opera House, and believe me those ladies sure deserve a big turnout. You know that last summer they had a dandy nice band stand and rest rooms erected in the heart of our lovely old park where romance has oft begun. But it takes money to make such improvements now a days and the ladies are still in debt. So you sure want to come out and help enjoy the fine program they have prepared. So wear your best smile and meet there.

But now I must tell you about the big time coming Friday night. That night belongs to our good old high school where all our blue ribbon young folks go. And believe me those same young folks are the best crop produced hereabouts regardless of the prizes won at the State Fair by our fruits and live stock. But wanted to say was that these self same young people are financially embarrassed as a result of last year. You see in some way they contracted several debts and then counted their chickens before they hatched and some of them never did hatch as they were "roached eggs". At any rate when they reached in the Student Body pocket they found a hole so big that about \$250.00 had fallen through. So as Prof. Gooding has said that those high school youngsters are too honest to repudiate a debt and too self respecting to pass the hat among the townspeople begging for a handout it seems to me we ought all rally to the support of our young hopefuls by attending the fun at the gym Friday night, and believe me the Prof. has arranged some real mirth ticklers. You see Prof. Gooding has heard the old saying of "Laugh and grow fat", and has arranged a program that will produce enough laughs to put every one who attends in the same class with Bill U'Ken and Len Rossner. I can't tell you all that's to happen but I will say that there is to be a basket ball game by the "awkward squad" composed of many of our leading business men who know about as much about the fine points of the game as our present day flappers know about hoop skirts and long tresses. And then there is to be a baseball game in which the married ladies captained by Lady Rossner will give lessons in the fine arts of the game to a team of school nuns and senior girls chaperoned by Professor Lens Sallwey.

But my, here I am running on like a couple on a joy ride and I have not said a word about Saturday night when two other community appeals are to be made, namely the Fireman's Dance and the picture show, and take it from me girls they have been putting on some cassy shows here of late.

Well, girls I must close now and chew my gum awhile. Put on your glad rags, don your best complexion and smile, smile for the boys will all be there and Oh, You Boys!

P. T. A. Meeting

Next Monday evening is the time for the regular meeting of the Parent Teacher Association. An interesting program has been prepared and business of importance will be up for consideration. In order that the meeting may be brought to a close at a reasonably early hour it is necessary to begin promptly at the appointed time which is 7:30. Please arrange to be on time as it is desired that the program start promptly at 7:30.

PROGRAM

7:30 Playlet Primary Room
Spooks Room 2
Piano Duet Winifred Huddleston and Iola Gooding
Reading Mr. Gubser
Vocal Solo Vivian Chaffee
8:00 Address Co. Supt. S. S. Duncan
8:30 Round Table Leader, Mrs. H. G. Coburn. Subject: "The Relation of the P. T. A. to the Social Life of the School."
9:00 Business session.
9:30 Adjournment.

All adults of the community are invited. It is not necessary that you be a parent or teacher. If you are interested in the work of the schools come.

Play Rehearsals Tax Patience and Temper

Rehearsals are trying periods. Everybody seems to be wearing his nerves outside his skin. The question whether the actor should take three steps to the right and pause with his left hand on the back of a chair, center, before proposing to the heroine or whether he should do it from the hearthrug, with his left elbow on the mantelpiece, may threaten the friendship of a lifetime.

The author wants him to do it from the hearthrug—is convinced that from there and there only can he convey to the heroine the depth and sincerity of his passion. The producer is positive that a true gentleman would walk around the top of the table and do it from behind a chair. The actor comes to the rescue. He "feels" he can do it only from the left-hand bottom corner of the table.

"Oh, well, if you feel as strongly about it as all that, my dear boy," says the producer, "that ends it. It's you who've got to play the part."

"Do you know," says the author, "I think he's right. It does seem to come better from there."

The rehearsal proceeds. Five minutes later the argument whether a father would naturally curse his child before or after she has taken off her hat provides a new crisis.—Jerome K. Jerome, in Harper's Magazine.

Totem Poles Figure in Religious Belief

The western and northern Indians have no monopoly on the ornamental totem, according to those who have made a study of the subject. Totemism appears in kindred forms all over the world. Savage tribes all apparently possess a set of beliefs and practices, mythological, religious, artistic, ceremonial and economic, that grow from their attitude toward animals, plants and inanimate objects. These beliefs and practices govern their mode of life and give rise to their forms of worship. This idea still lingers with the Alaskan Indians in the significance the totem has in regard to their family and the family myths and superstitions. These Indians believe they are descended from some bird, fish, beast or other object, and take this as their symbol. The emblem chosen is carved or painted on all belongings, and is regarded as the visible being who has to do with their welfare, and carries with it certain obligations. Those with the same crest, for instance, cannot intermarry. Christianity is in some places leading to abolition of the totem.—Nature Magazine.

Relics of Pagan Days

Not everybody knows that every time he or she writes down the name of the day of the week, the name of a Pagan god or goddess is being perpetuated. When England passed under the sway of the Norsemen the people largely adopted the Norse system of gods, fitting them in to the nearest corresponding planet or deity of the Roman calendar. So the Day of Mars—the Roman god of war—turned into Tlu's daeg or day—Tlu being the Norse god of war; the Day of Mercury into Woden's daeg, Jupiter's day into Thor's day, and the Day of Venus into the Day of Freya, the Norse goddess of love, corresponding with Venus. Whether Saturn's day remained as it was or turned into the Day of Saeter, we don't know for certain. But the Sun's day and the Moon's day are obvious.

Work and Worry

That "laughing philosopher" of old, Democritus, jesting at mankind's anxieties, lived to a great age. We all admit that it is not work but worry that kills. Both of these call for the expenditure of a proportionate amount of nervous energy. Work, however, has a definite aim and termination, the result of which is the feeling of serene satisfaction we all have in work accomplished. On the other hand, worry, having no definite objective, is endless, achieving nothing beyond a prodigal waste of energy, accompanied by actual wear and tear of gray matter and nerves that may in the long run be productive of physical wreckage.—Exchange.

No Dry Cell for Him

Stm Updike was taken into court the other day as the result of having a slight mixup with a clerk in the Cash Food store. It seems they were arguing over a baseball game and the clerk hit Stm with a 10-cent bag of salt he happened to have in his hand. Stm countered with a B-battery he was taking back to a radio store on account of its being run down. The judge said this was the clearest case of assault and battery that had ever come before him, and that both parties seemed equally guilty. Stm pleaded, however, that as the battery was discharged he should also be discharged, and the judge saw the logic of it and let him off.