

Wilderness Honeymoon

By Lillian Ten Eyck

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

He caught six beautiful fish so of course he didn't mind the hardships. I went up in the woods and picked a pair of blueberries, so you can guess what we had for supper.

Camping is fun but I wouldn't recommend it to any bride who wants to look beautiful all the time. I am a sight and you should see George. He hasn't shaved for three days.

(He can't shave so often as it makes his face sore) His eyes are red and inflamed by the smoke (He does all the cooking) His lips are purple and his teeth bright blue from the berries, his khaki pants are simply black, as one can't keep clean around a camp fire.

I have managed to keep cleaner but have torn two holes in my cherished flannel riding breeches and burned a big hole in my coat. Such is camp life.

Friday, August 9th.

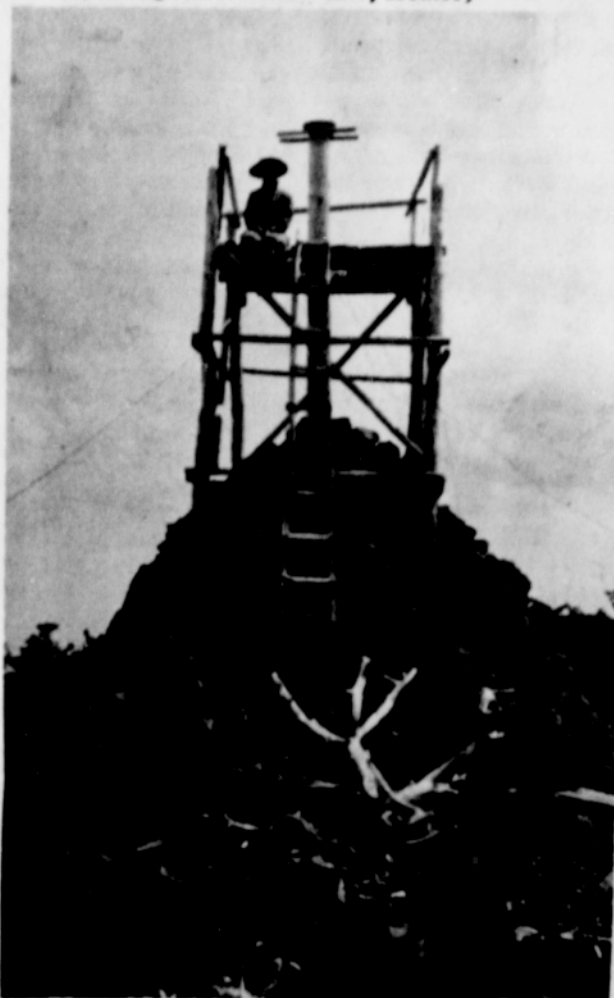
George is out roving for the wild deer on the far distant hills. I have been painting on some near hills but became tired so came back to camp thru the flower besprinkled meadows. This is a veritable garden of Eden, this Jefferson Park but I must go back to our last camp. Monday night after supper the sheep man came over and ere long he told us that he had traveled in Europe, South America and Africa. You can imagine that we got him to talking about his travels. He has been all over the war zone. In fact he was born in Switzerland and his wife is there now. He didn't think much of South America but is crazy about Africa. He went into the Congo region on a caravan trip on which they rode camels and were accompanied by negroes as guides. He told of hunting lions, tigers, etc. It was the most interesting talk that I had heard for a long time. He finally went back to his camp about 11. I am sure he enjoyed talking as much as we enjoyed listening to him.

Tuesday morning dawned with the fog gone, so we prepared for the last stage of our journey. You remember I told you that there was no trail from Breitenbush Lake to Jefferson Park and there were several ridges to cross. Now traveling on a trail is quite different from starting over rough country, with no land marks with rocks and logs to be avoided. The first hill beyond the Lake had a sag or low place in it and we made for that. Once on top of the hill we came to meadows where is was comparatively easy traveling but if we weren't careful we would occasionally be hemmed in by some logs or other debris and be forced to back out. We gradually went higher avoiding the rocky slides and keeping to the slope of meadows and trees..

When we were nearing the top of the next ridge we saw a big grey wolf, silhouetted against the sky. He didn't show himself long however, but soon trotted off to some near by trees. I was glad he didn't come nearer, altho George longed to get a shot at him. On the summit there was quite a little snow and as the sun was shining bright I had to put on my goggles which did not add to my beauty. The view was wonderful. Mt. Jefferson directly in front, separated from us by a deep canyon to the east while to the west was a more gradual slope to the valley between. Back of us was Mt. Hood far away and small, especially as compared to Mt. Jefferson which filled the whole southern horizon with its crags and peaks and snow fields. We led the horses down into the valley. It didn't look very steep compared to some of the other slopes but the horses almost stood on their noses in some places. Thru this valley and then up the snow covered divide, the last barrier before seeing the park. There was an old Indian trail thru here which made it some easier but I held my breath at some of the places. We had to cross snow banks that were hollow underneath and I was frightened that we break through. The divide was just the same as a high mountain for there was nothing but huge rocks, stones and snow. But away up on top flitting over the snow were simply swarms and swarms of brown butterflies. I never saw so many together before. The air looked as it does sometimes in the fall when the wind is drifting all the dead leaves before it. Over one large snow field and the park lay before us. Imagine a huge craggy mountain with patches of snow here and there and huge glaciers extending along its

sides while at its feet lay green, green fields with clumps of fir trees looking as regular and as trim as toy trees in a Noah's Ark. Then picture to yourself blue streams meandering their way thru the green meadows, which was dotted here and there and everywhere with blue lakes, some so tiny you could just see them and others larger but all as blue as the sky overhead. We led the horses down over the rocky places until we came to the stately firs and a last down to the green meadows but I soon found the meadows were not all green. The Indian paintbrush made huge patches of flaming scarlet, on the lake banks and among the rocks on the little rolling hills. With their vivid color mingled the dwarf lupin, blue as the lakes and whole fields of whiskbroom parsley added the third color to make this a fitting playground of Uncle Sam's. Besides there were hosts of yellow daisies, purple asters pink monkey flowers, white rock roses, shooting stars. We rode thru acres just covered with a glowing mass of color. After a half mile's ride as we were approaching the guardian of the valley we came to a little pool while just over a slight swell was quite a large lake. We pitched camp within a few feet of the pool in a grove of fir trees. George brot rocks

and doesn't care how much country he travels over. Finally he noticed for a wonder that my step was lagging and we hid ourselves back to camp. I couldn't paint any as it was too cloudy. We got back to camp just in time as a cold damp mist began rolling in and soon we could hardly see the lake. It began to rain, too before we finished supper but we ate in the midst of raindrops which finally drove us to the shelter of our tent, surely glad that we had something under which to hover when the rain came. It rained about all night and the wind just howled in the tree tops. We were dry tho so we didn't care altho I did feel worried when I thot of my picture exposed to the elements. This morning it was quite clear so we arose early. George had his heart set on getting a deer so right after breakfast he started out for the hills. I decided I wouldn't go for I knew he would go on an endless way. I cleaned up the best I could and then started for my studio on the hillside. I found everything OK. Evidently it doesn't hurt ois to be left out in the elements, wind and rain. I have painted a lot today and I think one more day's work will finish it. I don't know whether it will be any good or not (I think it is fine, Mother)

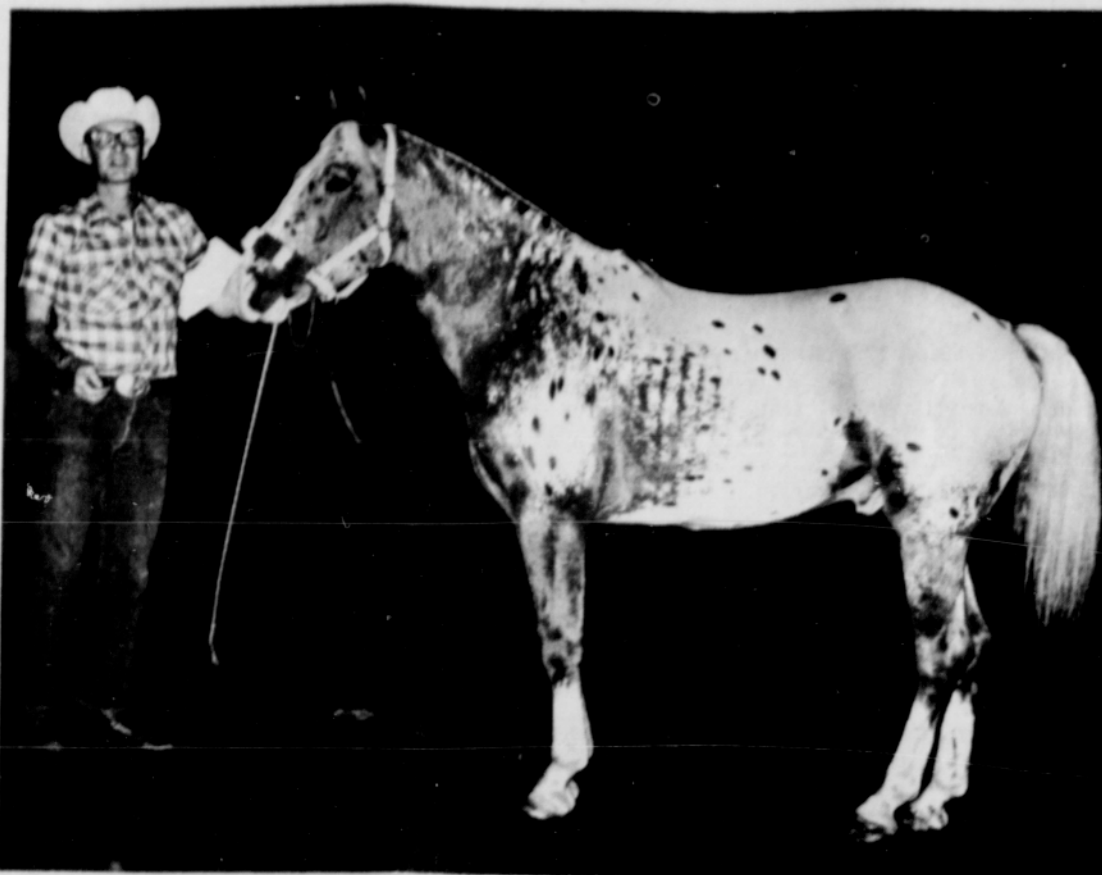


Lookout Tower on Olallie Butte

and constructed a fire place with poles on each side and one laid over the top with the wire hooks to hang our kettles on. The little pool looked so tempting for it was hot even if there was snow so close to us that I put on my bathing suit gathered up our dirty clothes and waded into the center and it was so nice and warm, a fine wash tub. George took my picture unbewitched while I was busily scrubbing. If it isn't too awful I'll send you one. The water was only a little above my knees and I sat down in it before I left so I get wet all over. We took a little walk that night thru the upper meadows. It was entrancing. I never imagined that such a place existed. If the garden of Eden was any more beautiful it must have been a wonder.

George stretched my largest canvas that night and I painted in the sky. I left it out under the trees that night and by morning it was entirely dry. So after breakfast we climbed up on the hills north of the park. I found a good place and began painting in the outline of the mountain. George had brot his gun and as he had seen a good many deer tracks he started off up the ridge. I painted as much as I could and then went back to camp leaving my painting apparatus stowed away in under some trees. I had been in camp quite a while when George appeared with a young fat grouse. He had seen myriads of deer tracks but hadn't been able to find the owners of said tracks. He said by the size of the tracks there must be some very large bucks near.

The next day, yesterday was cloudy but in the P.M. we started for a canyon northwest of the park where George was sure there was a waterfall. Sure enough the brook tumbled down over the rocks for a distance when suddenly there was a straight drop over the cliffs to the canyon far below. Wonderful, I just looked and looked. We climbed over hill and dale up and down. George found some more deer tracks and immediately went on the chase. He is as crazy about hunting as he is about fishing



RESERVE CHAMPION Appaloosa Stallion of this year's Oregon State Fair at Salem is King's Jim. Owner of the registered stallion is Bud Weik of Bluff Rd., Sandy.

Golfing With Jack

by JACK BEAUDOIN

Mountain View Golf Pro

Labor Day week end is over thank goodness. We are still alive despite the heavy traffic on both the highways and the golf courses.

We were once again blessed with the presence of that wonderful of guy Mr. Sunshine. This week was so busy that many interesting things must have happened, but I was so busy myself I think I missed most of the happenings. One really interesting event that did take place concerned a lesson I gave to a lady this week.

Mrs. Tom Crawford, better known as Marge, came to me for help and I did my best to do so. After the lesson Marge decided to try her luck on the golf course. Whether the lesson was the difference or not is debatable, but she accomplished something that nobody else, be it male or female, has been able to do before. You who know what the fourth hole at Mt. View Golf Course is like will appreciate what Mrs. Crawford did. Yes-- Marge did get and eagle on the 4th hole. That means that her second shot was in the hole.

The number four hole is a par 4 hole, 433 yds long, from the men's tee. In my opinion, this feat is at least as rare as a hole-in-one.

Another event that took place this week concerned the Junior Golf group that played all summer, every Friday, at Mountain View.

Last Friday, the last before the start of the school year we had a tournament for all the juniors. The tournament was a "Let's Beat the Pros" tournament. All the kids, with the use of their handicap, competed against Jack and one boy, Gary Painter accomplished the job. Gary shot a fine four over par 40 and with his 5-1/2 handicap managed to defeat Jack by 1/2 stroke margin. Many of the other boys did real well, especially little Ray Leberg. Ray in his age group, won low putts and came in second for low score.

I, Jack Beaudoin, the golf professional at Mt. View Golf Course would like to now challenge any lady to compete against him next Tuesday, Sept. 13 for low score. You must have a handicap and if you win prizes will be given. The starting time will be 9:30 a.m. Don't be CHICKEN, now ladies, give it a try.

PRO POINTER
By Jack Beaudoin
Would you like to hit your drives further?

Without a doubt, the biggest distance robber is the fast backswing that most of you have. To best explain what I am trying to get at, let's look at Newton's law of physics. To every action there is a equal reaction. The faster the swing back, the greater the force that is necessary to keep our golf position under control. The shower backswing will increase distance in two ways: first, it will simplify getting the club head into the proper slot squarely; second, there

is a certain amount of energy burned up in the fast backswing that should be used for hitting.

To go along with this idea, if you keep in mind that there are different types of golfballs and one is made for you, and take a slower backswing, you will add yardage to your driving.

To find out what ball is made for you, ask your Pro.

Service Lines

Navy Ensign Willard G. Caudell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Caudell of Route 1, Sandy, is participating in Yankee Team Operations with the Seventh Fleet as a crewmember aboard the destroyer, USS James E. Kyes.

As a part of Carrier Task Force 77, the Kyes will be providing direct support for the attack aircraft carriers in the task force. She will be aiding with the surface to surface gunfighting, torpedo attacks against larger ships, laying smoke screens and acting as "life guards" for downed pilots.

Marine Private Douglas S. Cassidy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin M. Cassidy of Route 1, Boring, was graduated from eight weeks of recruit training at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot at San Diego, Calif.

MOUNTAIN GRANGE 926

By Dottie B

Mountain Grange #926 met Monday evening, August 22, for their social meeting. The program consisted of colored slides, shown by Mr. and Mrs. Grant DeShazer, that were taken on their trip through Southern Texas, Rio Grande and Big Ben National Park. Current events were also on the agenda. Refreshment were served. The next business meeting will be held September 12, at Mountain Grange Hall on Sleepy Hollow Road.

Work Smarter (not harder)

By BERNICE STRAWN OSU Extension Service

LOOKING FOR A HOUSE TO BUY? This is a big investment, so be sure it fits the family.

So often, we hear people make comments such as these after they move into a house, "Why didn't some one tell me to check the overhang of the south

windows?"

"We didn't think to ask if the soil had been treated for termite control."

There are lots of questions to ask and many things to think about.

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

By KEN BATEMAN

A personal letter at a time of bereavement can mean a lot. This letter shows you why-- "Words sound and seem empty. But even so, I'll try . . . In the pattern of life, a person's mettle is measured when compelled to face a very realistic decision of a Higher Power. We are proud of you; proud of your courage, your fortitude. We're proud of the way you handled and conducted yourself during the tough and trying ordeal of these past several days, as well as in the preceding months.

A beneficent and kind Creator has given all of us many blessings. You have a rare blessing in the precious possession of pleasant memories. We too are grateful for our blessing that allows us to share at least some of the memories with you. You don't have to be told. You know we are and will be thinking of you always."

This letter proved to a tonic to the person who received it. The recipient graciously suggested the letter be published here in the hope that others may write appropriate letters to those in sorrow.

BATEMAN FUNERAL CHAPEL

520 W. Powell Blvd.

Gresham

OBITUARIES

RICHARD W. CARTER

Richard W. Carter, Star Route, Box 29, Sandy, died Thursday, Sept. 1, 1966 as the result of a car and cycle collision on highway 26, near Kelso. He was born November 3, 1948 in Portland, Oregon and had lived the past twelve years at the Sandy address. Prior to Elliott sang, Fairview AF and that he had lived in Estacada, AM offered their burial rites.

(Dorothy) Zeigler of Troutdale, seven grandchildren; a brother, Ralph Rogers of Portland, and a sister, Mrs. William Ochs, of Angwin, Calif.

Funeral services were held Sept. 3 in the chapel of Carroll Funeral Home, Interment was in Douglass cemetery. Rev. O. Payne officiated and William the Sandy address. Prior to Elliott sang, Fairview AF and that he had lived in Estacada, AM offered their burial rites.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren C. Carter, Sandy, and his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Carter, Estacada, and Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis, Tygh Valley, Oregon; two brothers, Royal B. and David, Sandy; and two half-brothers, Douglas Shepherd, Sandy, and Donald Shepherd, Brookings, Oregon. Graveside services were held Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1966 at 10 a.m. at Mt. Zion Cemetery, Estacada. Rev. Bob Rose officiated.

JESSE CLAUDE ROGERS

Jesse Claude Rogers, 71, pioneer and well known sportsman of Rt. 1, Box 314, Troutdale, died Aug. 30, Mr. Rogers was born May 17, 1895 at Troutdale.

His youth was spent in this area where he attended school, at Pleasant View grade school, Columbia Academy of Battleground, Wash., and Walla Walla college of Walla Walla, Wash. Dec. 8, 1917 at Dallas, he married Nettie H. Graham. Before his retirement, he had worked most of his life with Multnomah County road department as a driver. He was an avid sportsman.

He was a member and Past Master of Fairview AF and AM 92, a Past Master of Columbia Grange 267, a Past President of Eastern Multnomah Pioneer Association, a member of Gresham Royal Arch Masons 44, a member of the Troutdale Order of Eastern Star 80.

The surviving members of his family include the widow, Nettie H. of Troutdale; four daughters, Mrs. J. (Margaret) Keefe of San Carlos, Calif., Mrs. N. (Hazel) Sather of Troutdale, Mrs. R. (Frances) Mills of Portland and Mrs. H.

*** Dinners in New England were called "square meals" during the late 18th century because most of the food was prepared in square tins.

* Farm Calendar

September 13 - Clackamas county home Extension unit meetings, Firwood.
September 14 - Clackamas county home Extension unit meetings, Boring.
September 15 - Clackamas county home Extension unit meetings, Damascus and Brightwood.
September 16 - Oregon Turkey Growers Annual meeting, Oregon State University, Withycombe Hall, 10:00 a.m.
September 17 - Clackamas Broiler Growers Picnic, Eagle Fern Park, 12:30 p.m.

Local Dahlia Growers Exhibit in Portland

One man from this area was a multiple winner at the recent Dahlia show in Portland. He is Jim Rice a commercial grower, 135 NE 148th. Other Gresham area exhibitors included Lost Acres Dahlias of Troutdale, and Mrs. Emanuel Miller, Gresham who earned a first in advanced amateur division. An exhibitor from the Sandy area at the show was Doris Dahlias. Over 4,000 blooms were featured at the annual dahlia show from various areas of the Northwest by predominantly from Portland.

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Luminous Dial - Reg. \$3.98 . . . \$2.22

TONI \$1.00 SALE

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Only

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