

Crook County Journal

★ DEFENDERS OF THE FOURTH ★



"May the service united ne'er sever, but hold to their colors so true.
The Army and Navy forever, three cheers for the red, white and blue!"



By O. B. BREUER.

Copyright 1915, by American Press Association.

I AM filled with exultation
On the birthday of the nation
When I hear again the ever stirring story
Of the colonists so loyal,
Who renounced a ruler royal
And above a land of freedom raised
Old Glory.

When the band in lively manner
Plays the old "Star Spangled Banner"
And the flags on every hand are
gayly waving
I am thrilled by patriotic
Sentiments almost exotic,
And it might be said my joy ap-
proaches raving.

YET I fear you'll call it treason
If you do not like my reason.
Such things don't command so much
of my devotion
As a certain very pretty,
Very charming, very witty
Girl, who throws my heart into a
great commotion.

She's a patriotic maiden.
See her arms with flags are la-
den.
And she surely sets my fancy in a
whirl.
Freedom—ah! We fight to win it.
But I'd give mine any minute
To my most alluring Fourth of July
girl.

PRINEVILLE WINS A FAST GAME

The Prineville Ball team came near defeating itself Sunday when Tetherow was loaned to the Madras nine for the purpose of making a close game.

The visitors, with Tetherow to bat in the first half of the first, scored two on Tetherow's home run.

No other results were recorded until the seventh, when Prineville made one in the first half and in the ninth home team tied the score, which then stood two and two. In the eleventh the home team repeated

what has always been their custom in such cases, and saved the game by good hitting and cool head work.

Of the scores made, McCall came across with two and Peg Belnap with the other. Madras scored Tetherow and C. Bettis.

The batteries worked in big league style, P. Weigand pitching, and N. Weigand catching for Prineville, and Tetherow pitching for Madras and Shearer catching.

Born to the wife of Billy Ray, on Wednesday a boy.

Prineville on the Automobile Map

The Daily Washingtonian published at Hoquiam, Washington, contained an article on June 18 from the pen of Frank H. Lamb, of Bend, which shows what at least a part of the traveling public thinks of Prineville.

Aside from the article concerning our little city, which we reprint here-with and let you pass judgment, the paper is a bright, newsy sheet, one that shows enterprise and thrift.

It is perhaps timely to add that the signs which are referred to in this article were constructed by Homer Ross of this city, and that by cultivating this spirit, in connection with the work which has been done by other Prineville men, we may and properly so, become well known as a city of hospitality. The article follows:

WELCOME!

Please slow down to 15 miles
an hour

Such was the sign that greeted us after a morning's ride over nearly perfect natural roads from Antelope canyon to Prineville. That "welcome" and the "please" instead of the usual threatened fine caused me to choke off at once and to step out of the over-drive into a civilized speed ratio. The sign confirmed an opinion formed 15 years ago, when I was on the summit of the coast range and saw a sign reading "Eugene 120 miles Prineville 210 miles." Surely, I then thought, this is a country of magnificent distances and a city the metropolis of such a vast area must be of interest.

Then again, five years ago, I passed it up with regret when only a short distance away. At last we were in Prineville and that sign was a favorable omen.

Since the advent of the railroad to Bend the relative importance of Prineville is diminished.

Formerly it was the focal point and distributing center of the whole of Central and Eastern Oregon. It is the county seat of Crook county—some 200 miles square before the division of a year ago. It is the center of a vast stock grazing country and its business depends mainly on the horse, cattle and sheep industry. At present it is an important point from which horses are being shipped to the European war area.

Although in a treeless valley with encircling bare rocky hills open to the full effects of the summer sun, it is rather a pleasant town of per-

haps 2500 people, with good schools, imposing court house, substantial business blocks and graded streets, which may be muddy in winter but which now are good, and many pleasant homes with encircling cotton-woods and poplar and green lawns.

I asked the lady at the grocery where their picnic ground was, as it was about lunch time and I was looking for two of the three chief considerations on the desert, shade and water, the third being fuel. She regretted that there was no such place as I had pictured in my mind, but the proprietor told us to go to the end of the street to a certain house, which had a fine grove of cotton woods, and to go inside the yard and take possession. The faucet was at the back of the house. Forth-with I realized that the welcoming sign stood for something more than a polite warning to beware of the city battle, that it meant a collective and individual welcome.

Scarcely had we located at our table and commenced our meal before the lady next door came with a bag of delicious fresh home made cookies. That overcame all my previous objection to dining in public. Then a 30 year resident of Prineville in an unobtrusive manner offered his vast fund of information on the roads, towns and general features of Central Oregon and Northern California. On his many cattle buying trips he had traversed practically every road in this region of 500 north and south and 300 miles east and west. In a too-brief hour I was able to learn much of a country life that r-irrigation canal and automobiles are displacing. After locating camping places and roads from Prineville to Lake Tahoe he forgot the first branch road out of town but left his lunch to hurry back and tell us to take the left hand road for Bend.

A Boy Scout attracted by George in khaki regimentals was busy telling about scout life on the plains and desert. The scouts are much in evidence in Central Oregon. Here at Bend they have a log cabin lodge on the outskirts of town.

That sign was either a cause or an effect. I am inclined to think it was an effect. A city can be given an appearance of politeness by the sign painter, but it takes more than a sign to influence the whole people. So we tarried rather long. The children played in the swing. Neighbors without obstruction called and wished us well. At last we pulled out

Continued on Page 6.



THERE can be little doubt that the most magnificent celebration of the Fourth at Independence hall, Philadelphia, was in the Centennial year, 1876.

The day, marking the hundredth anniversary of the nation's birth, was as impressive as the whole resources of the nation and the community could make it. The world contributed its thousands of spectators from its most distant continents, assembled to visit the great Centennial exposition. Richard Henry Lee, grandson of one of the signers, read to an enthusiastic assemblage in Independence square the Declaration from the original manuscript—something which, with that sacred manuscript sealed in a safe in the state department library in Washington, can never occur again.

Senator Evarts delivered the oration, and the heroic ode by Bayard Taylor in honor of the anniversary was read. In literal truth, on that Fourth of July the attention of the whole world was centered upon Independence hall. The night saw a gorgeous display of fireworks.

Since that time the growth of sentiment and understanding as to the priceless treasure of the old statehouse in Philadelphia has been rapid. The celebrations of the Fourth in the city of the signing have included addresses by such distinguished men as presidents of the United States. The city itself, removing its private goods and chattels and councilmen and policemen to the city hall, has devoted the statehouse to its just honors and such formal observances as, instituted on a large scale in the early nineties, have been well maintained ever since.

SPECIAL SESSION OF CO. COURT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Crook.

Be it remembered a special adjourned session of the May term of the County Court of Crook County, Oregon, was begun and held at the Courthouse in Prineville, Oregon, this twenty-first day of June, 1915, pursuant to an order of said Court made the seventh day of May, 1915; when were present at the hour of nine A. M., the following officers:

G. Springer, Judge, presiding; J. F. Blanchard, Commissioner; H. J. Overturf, Commissioner; Warren Brown, Clerk; E. B. Knox, Sheriff. Whereupon the following proceedings were had, to-wit:

The following officers of Jefferson County, Oregon, being present:

Wm. Boesli, Judge; Roscoe Gard, Commissioner, and J. M. King, Commissioner, a joint session of the County Courts of Crook and Jefferson Counties was held on said twenty-first day of June, 1915 the same being the third Monday in the sixth month following the proclamation of the Governor creating Jefferson County and the time fixed by law for said joint session as provided in Chapter 10 of the General Laws of Oregon for 1913. Joint session held in the courthouse in Prineville, Oregon. G. Springer, Judge of Crook County, presiding.

June 22nd, Court in joint session this twenty-second day of June, 1915. Same officers from both Courts presiding.

Continued on Page 6.