



### TELLS STORIES OF LOCAL ORCHARDISTS

Some entertaining stories of local orchardists are told by Randall R. Howard in his article contributed to the latest number of "Country Gentleman" entitled "Apple Worship, the little Red God of Hood River and Its Secret as Revealed by a Visit with the Growers." Brief excerpts follow:

**George I. Sargent**  
We found our man. He and his wife were just leaving their large house to begin afternoon picking. He was clad in the free-and-easy costume of the average apple grower of the valley—soft felt hat; heavy dark-colored shirt; khaki trousers. His wife was also sensibly clad in out-of-doors costume, and she appeared the picture of robust health. This remark about the wife has a point in the story, for I learned that it was because of her poor health that the family had left the tropics of Mexico five years previously.

"I'll tell you why I won't irrigate," Mr. Sargent was explaining, even before we had time to step from the automobile. "I have free water here for all my land—but if you don't need water you don't need it, that's all. When I first bought this run down orchard everybody gave me advice—and everybody has later called me all sorts of things or not following advice.

"Here is the reason," and the apple grower stooped to pick up a rock lying at the edge of the driveway. "This ridge is underlaid with porous lava, which acts as a sponge. Just to demonstrate the fact, once I put this rock into water for four minutes, and at the end of that time it weighed one pound more. So if you cultivate your ground properly your winter moisture will be conserved, and it will be brought to the surface when you need it.

"Come out to the orchard and see," the enthusiastic and opinionated apple grower invited. But we did not go directly, for Mr. Sargent stopped at the barn. The "barn" was the usual Hood River misnomer, since it is nine-tenths apple packing plant. The point of interest proved to be a high row of boxes, having "Hold" blue-marked across one end. A casual observation by the non-professional eye would have pronounced the apples in the boxes of at least average quality, even in a land where quality standards are severe. However, some were marred by flat, shriveled spots.

**Water Causes Dry Rot**  
"Did you ever see anything like this?" the apple grower asked. Before we had time to answer he had cut an apple in two. The inside was perfect but for some dark specks near the core. Also, the core contained an excess of watery fluid.

"The cause of this dry rot is as plain to me as the nose on a man's face," Mr. Sargent began after he had explained that it had appeared in Hood River apples for the first time this year. "Many apple-growing communities would take no notice of this slight imperfection, since it is declared that the dry rot will not spread until the apple begins to decay—which is a matter of from six to eight months with hardy fruit that is picked, packed and stored as conscientiously and as scientifically as in the Hood River Valley.

"This dry rot is due to an excess of moisture which has crowded the sap up through the trunk and the limbs and into the growing apple, with the result that some of the cellular tissues have been overcharged and broken. In some of these apples the seeds are actually floating in water."

**O. T. Wedemeyer**  
We were treated with other apple ideas when we stopped later to talk with O. T. Wedemeyer, a younger but no less enthusiastic apple grower. Mr. Wedemeyer and a Japanese assistant were busy in the small apple-house grading and wiping apples, the wiping being done with Canton flannel gloves turned wrong side out to expose the fuzzy interior. The young apple grower, we learned, had continued to think of agricultural pursuits after having graduated from the University of California. He liked the farm, but thought it offered little chance to make money. He had heard stories about enormous fruit growing profits—but they sounded a little too good. At last a relative assured him that there was "as less a grain of truth in these fruit profit stories." So the young college graduate, who was then fairly prosperous as a salesman, asked no more questions; he pursued the grain of truth. He did not question past and future profit figures too closely for fear he would be disappointed, but only assured himself that he had a fair chance to make a good living.

Mr. Wedemeyer has a 14-acre orchard, but he believes that 40 acres is more nearly the ideal size to manage economically. One of his reasons is that the man with a five or ten-acre orchard can't afford to own a team, since it can be kept busy only a small part of the time. He also expresses the opinion that orchardists should find some supplementary occupation,

such as raising chickens or hogs. "I believe the time will come," he says, "when Hood River will be almost as well known for its chickens and its eggs as for its apples and strawberries. Conditions are just as favorable here, it seems to me, as in the famous Petaluma district in California. We are near a grain growing section, and if our eggs were gathered fresh every day and placed in cold storage instead of being candled they would soon establish a reputation for high quality and receive fancy prices, just as do our apples. The chickens could range in the orchards, and insects and waste fruit would afford a good part of their living. Some people say that too much fruit is injurious, but I don't think so. I feed my chickens waste apples all the time."

Our talk and my questions had not proceeded very far before the apple grower, John A. English, turned to ask jokingly: "Are you a real estate man, or a Government inspector?"

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I gave assurance that I was the representative of neither authority nor capital. I had a feeling, however, which was confirmed later, that the real estate man would have been the less welcome guest of the two.

"I came to the Hood River Valley six years ago," Mr. English informed us, "because a fellow ran off with my girl and I followed them up. After I stopped I couldn't get away; and I don't want to get away now. Before I came here I was a lower Columbia River steamboat man—started as purser, and worked up to ship carpenter. My son-in-law was a drug clerk, but he quit selling pills to sell Hood River land. He wrote one day that he had found a six-acre tract which he could buy for \$2500—one acre in eight-year-old apple trees and the rest cleared and in one-year-old trees. There were 85 eight-year-old trees to be exact, but only 80 of them are good producers. I thought this an extravagantly high price to pay for the land, but my wife and I came.

"My wife and I have done all the work on our ranch, except during strawberry picking time. We haven't trusted anything to Jap labor. I began by hoeing my strawberries different from anybody else, and I wouldn't hire this work done because it wouldn't have been done so well. After a time some of the neighbors came around to learn why our strawberries yielded better than theirs—but I suppose they wouldn't like to admit it, even if they did believe that the difference in yields was due to the difference in the methods of hoeing.

**Don't Want to Sell**  
"Two years ago," Mr. English continued, "we took in \$1340 from the five acres of berries and the one acre of apple trees—and I believe about \$1000 of this was clear. We picked 600 boxes of apples. But last year was an off year for apples and our yield fell to 240 boxes. We ought to make a good living from our orchard when all the trees come into bearing. I believe that the best and the surest money is to be made by small orchardists with from five to ten acres. We bought six years ago for \$2500. Soon after a man came around and wanted to know if I would sell for \$4000. I went to see my wife and told her that was making money pretty fast—but she said, 'Don't sell.' Then, a little later, another man offered \$5000. I went to see my wife again. She said: 'Well, everybody seems to want our orchard, so we'll just keep it.' A little time ago a visitor asked me what my place was worth. 'I don't quite know,' I answered. 'Well, you'll be foolish,' he replied, 'to sell for less than \$7000.'

"And I guess I should be foolish to sell for less than \$7000—since I don't want to sell anyway," Mr. English concluded.

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### UNIVERSITY CLUB DANCE IS ENJOYED

A thoroughly enjoyable time was had by all who attended the fifth annual ball given by the University Club at Heilbronner Hall Friday evening. There were about 100 couples present. The hall was effectively and elaborately decorated. The stairs were banked with evergreens; the walls were covered with small trees, and the orchestra dispensed its terpsichorean strains from a bower of green. Blue and red lights festooned from the ceiling added a touch of color. One of the novel features of the decorations was the booth from which the punch was served. A ton and a half of ice in huge cakes had been used in constructing this booth. Electric bulbs were inserted in the cakes and when the other lights were turned low the booth presented the appearance of a miniature crystal palace.

Dancing was begun at 10 o'clock and continued until five in the morning. There was an intermission shortly after midnight when refreshments were served. Many elaborately gowned women were present at the ball, numerous guests being entertained from Portland and surrounding towns.

**Unitarian Church**  
Next Sunday's services at the Unitarian church will be as follows: Sunday School at 10 o'clock; morning worship at 11 o'clock; Young People's Religious Union at 6:30 p. m., and the lecture on "Religion and Science" at 7:30. The outline of the lecture is as follows: The scientific basis of religion; 1. Observation of nature the starting point of religion; 2. Inductions from these observations; 3. Verifications of these observations; 4. Science and religion as allies. All are invited to attend these services.

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### IN CLUB CIRCLES

Canby Post, G. A. R.—Meets at the K. of P. hall the second and fourth Saturdays of the month at 2:30 p. m. Geo. P. Crowell, commander; S. F. Blythe, adjutant.  
Canby W. R. C. No. 16—Meets second and fourth Saturdays of each month in K. of P. hall at 2 p. m. Mrs. Alice Baker, president; Mrs. Kathryn Gill, secretary.  
Court Hood River, No. 42, F. of A.—Meets every Thursday evening in K. of P. hall. Visiting Foresters always welcome. Wm. Flemming, C.R.; F. C. Bostus, F. S.  
Hood River Lodge No. 108, A. F. & A. M.—Meets Saturday evening on or before each full moon. Geo. Bloom, W. M.; D. McDonald, secretary.  
Hood River Camp, No. 702, M. W. A.—Meets in K. of P. hall first and third Wednesday nights. C. S. Jones, V. C.; G. U. Dakin, clerk.  
Hood River Camp, No. 770, W. O. W.—Meets at K. of P. hall the second and fourth Wednesday nights of each month. A. C. Staton, C. C.; Kent Shoemaker, clerk.  
Hood River Valley Hamane Society—Phone 2. E. H. Hartwig, president; Harold Hershner, secretary; Leslie Butler, treasurer.  
Julesville Lodge, No. 107, I. O. O. F.—Meets in fraternal hall every Thursday evening at 7:00, at the corner of Fourth and Oak streets. Visiting brothers welcomed. A. G. Frohn, N. G.; G. W. Thomson, secretary.  
Kemp Lodge, No. 181, I. O. O. F.—Meets in the Odd Fellows hall at Odell every Saturday night. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed. O. H. Rooden, N. G.; F. L. Kelso, secretary.  
Laurel Rebekah Lodge No. 87, I. O. O. F.—Meets first and third Mondays in each month. Lulu Corey, N. G.; Nettie Walsh, secretary.  
Mountain Home Camp, No. 3469, R. N. A.—Meets at K. of P. hall on the second and fourth Fridays of each month. Mrs. Lulu Curry, O.; Mrs. Ella Dakin, recorder.  
Oleta Assembly, No. 108, U. A.—Meets in their hall the first and third Wednesdays, work; second and fourth Wednesdays, social. C. D. Henrichs, M. A.; W. H. Austin, secretary.  
Riverside Lodge, No. 68, A. O. U. W.—Meets in K. of P. hall the first and third Wednesday nights of the month. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed. Newton Clark, M. W.; Chester Shute, recorder.  
Wascoma Lodge, No. 30, K. of P.—Meets in their Castle Hall every Tuesday night, when visiting brothers are fraternally welcomed. S. W. Stark, C. C.; Lou S. Isenberg, K. of R. & S.  
Wascoma Temple Pythian Sisters, No. 6—Meets the third and fifth Tuesdays of each month at K. of P. hall. Kate Frederick, M. E. C.; Gertrude Stark, M. of K. & C.  
R. A. M. Chapter No. 27—Meets first and third Fridays of each month. V. B. Brock, Sec.; J. K. Carson, H. P.

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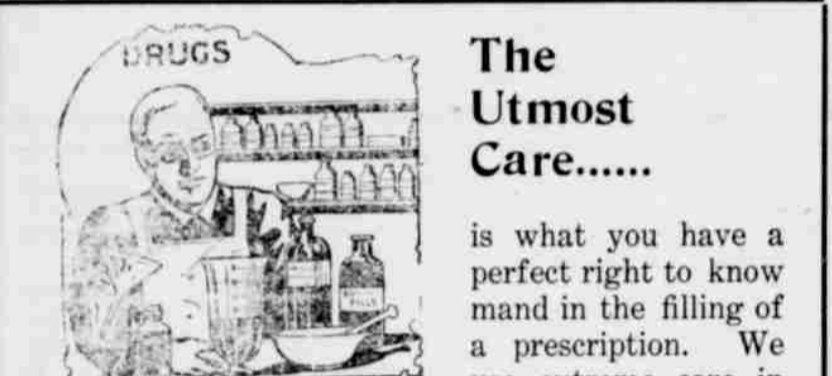
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