

SENATORS NAMED TO ATTEND OPENING OF THE CELILO PROJECT

Brady of Idaho, Pittman of Nevada, and Poindexter of Washington, Selected.

REPRESENTATIVES CHOSEN

Champ Clark of the House Makes Choice—Special Bats Will Be Given by Roads.

An official representative of the United States senate at The Dalles, Celilo canal celebration May 3-8, Vice President Marshall has named Senators Brady, of Idaho; Pittman, of Nevada, and Poindexter, of Washington, reported Joseph N. Teal, chairman of the general celebration committee, at a meeting yesterday.

Speaker Champ Clark of the house has named Representatives Baker, of California; Stout, of Montana; Hayden, of Arizona; Evans, of Montana; Sinnott and Hawley, of Oregon; Humphrey, of Washington; Roberts, of Nevada, and Smith, of Idaho, as the official representatives of the house of representatives, also reported Mr. Teal.

Success in securing favorable rates was reported by Wallace R. Struble, secretary of the committee. A letter from William McMurray for the Portland terminal lines containing the following information:

Low Rate Authorized.
"To Lewiston, Idaho, it was decided to authorize an open rate of one and one-third fare from all territory where the one-way fare to Lewiston is \$4.50 or less, save dates, May 2 and 3 with limit of 5 days."

In addition to the above, certificate plan arrangements will be authorized from all points in Idaho, Oregon and Washington outside of the \$4.50 radius, the usual attendance feature of 50 or more to be waived.

"For the celebrations at Pasco, Kennewick, Wallula and Umatilla it was decided to authorize an open rate of one and one-third fare from territory where the one-way fare to these points is \$4.50 or less, tickets to be on sale May 3 and 4, with final limit of May 5.

Certificate Plan Used.
"To Marshall, Wash., it was decided to authorize an open rate of one and one-third fare to apply from territory where the one-way fare to Marshall is \$2.50 or less, tickets to be on sale May 4 and 5 with final limit of May 6."

"To The Dalles and Grand Dalles, it was decided to authorize an open rate of one and one-third fare to apply from Eugene, Or., Clifton, Or., Klamath, Wash., Pendleton, Or., Walla Walla, Wash., and all intermediate territory, which will include the Oregon Trunk station and O-W-R. R. & N. train station, tickets to be on sale May 4 and 5 with final limit May 6.

In addition to the above, it was decided to authorize certificate plan arrangements from all stations in Idaho, Oregon and Washington, the usual attendance feature of 50 or more to be waived."

Bourse Is Invited.
A general one and a third fare to Portland will be granted on the certificate basis from all Idaho, Oregon and Washington stations, continued the letter, it being necessary in each instance for some one to act as secretary at points of celebration.

The committee yesterday invited former Senator Jonathan Bourne to attend the celebration.

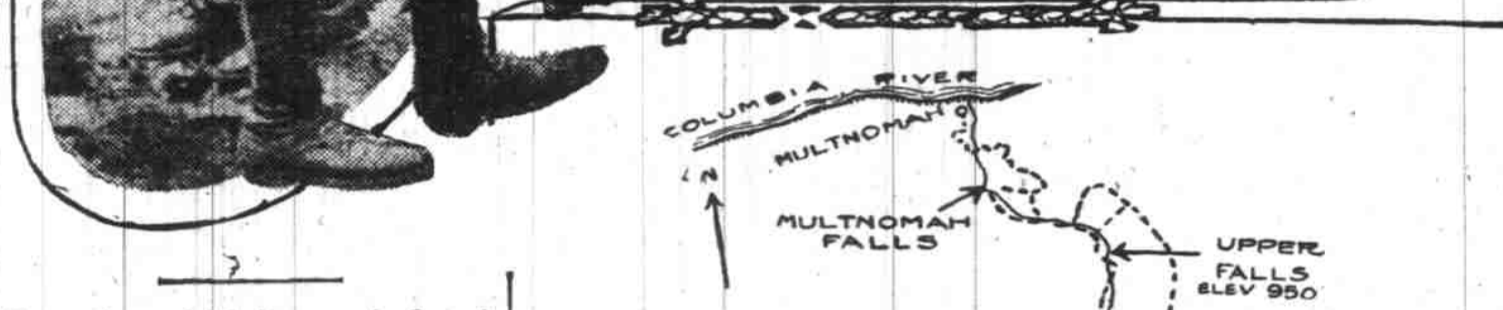
It was reported that of the \$4000 necessary to the expense of the celebration program \$275 had been contributed and paid to Edward Ehrman, treasurer of the finance committee.

The White Salmon people have chartered the steamer Tahama to take a White Salmon valley excursion to The Dalles and Big Eddy and return, Wednesday, May 5.

Two hundred Ford auto owners of Walla Walla will make a "sociality run" to Wallula, May 4, to participate in the celebration program on the site of the old Fort Wallula. They will be accompanied by 200 other motorists. A special committee will be named by the Walla Walla people to accompany the celebration fleet to Celilo, Portland, Astoria and way points.

"Half-timers"—i. e. children who are partly workers and partly students—number about 70,000 in England and Wales.

BREAKING THE LARCH MOUNTAIN TRAIL



Beauties of Multnomah Creek Canyon Observed by Portlanders.

By Marshall N. Dana.

Trail breaking is very formidable and important.

It is a short cut to fame and demands courage of a high order.

Every time the pioneers had an ambition to monopolize a complimentary paragraph on a prominent page of history they went out and broke trail somewhere.

There is very little trail breaking left to do nowadays, and it is done for a different purpose.

Perhaps I should say two different purposes. One of the purposes is to clamber arduously over rocks and stumps and quadruped it up talus slides to reduce surplus weight. The other is to create zig-zag approaches to dizzy aeries where the landscape may be viewed in its entirety, and which, when advertised by competent experts, tempt tourists and their money.

As is well known, the pioneers had neither of these motives, since they carried no meat that wasn't munched and the trace of tourists had not been created by get-rich-quick fortunes.

But, frankly, the Larch Mountain trail committee of the Progressive Business Men's club that broke out the tourist trail from Palmer above Bridal Veil down Multnomah Creek canyon, last Sunday, had both purposes in mind. They had no lack of courage after the recent benefit performance given to earn construction cash. Before leaving home, last Saturday evening, each had invoked the kindly goddess of Safety First to hover near. Each, bending under big neckloads of supplies that tradition and the sporting magazines prescribe as essential to wilderness life, flung a deft at discomfort.

It is true that the appearance of the equipment was not uniform, that creaked raincoats were more prominent than loggers' shirts, that shoes without spikes swayed as frequently discovered the pegged, that white and blue neckties were fully as much in evidence as brawny and untanned necks revealed by unbuttoned shirts, that some of the blanket rolls were fully as large as the men who carried them, and that the alpenstocks, which were numerous in evidence, suggested the Alps and the Andes in a most pleasant way.

On the O-W-R & N. train which left Portland at 6:30 p. m. the atmosphere of professional mountaineering was well maintained by the stories of

the Progressive Business Men's club. The cook, who had not yet missed the cookies sent down some coffee steeper. At this point the actual trail breaking part of the trip began. The way led farther up in the air along the irregularly placed ties of a narrow gauge lumber road, and turned to the point of surprise where, from nearly a half mile elevation, we glimpsed unexpectedly the glory of the Columbia gorge. Another turn and we were in the woods with downhill going and the west fork of Multnomah creek to cross, then the middle fork or main stream.

Guide Hoerfel left the trail that is and turned down the canyon where the Larch mountain trail is to be. Over prostrate logs, over slippery rocks, up and down, with frequent stops for rest and to permit the laggards to catch up, the way led on. There were tumbles, of course. There was much cautious placing of never-before-tried caulks on the rounded log surfaces and rock faces. On some coffee steeper slopes some of the trail breakers, in a way of speaking, rough locked their feet by sitting down. Trousers, not built for such use, suffered, to the subsequent embarrassment of their owners.

After the third stop for emergency lunch we asked R. S. Shelley of the forest service how far we had gone down the canyon. "About a quarter of a mile," answered the assistant supervisor of the Oregon forest, who had been loafing tolerantly along, trying to go slow enough for most of the rest of us, excepting H. A. Gay and Osmon Royal.

The canyon of Multnomah creek is very beautiful and scenic. The waters are clear and when occasionally we fell in, we discovered the crystal waters also were icy cold. The trunks of the trees and the rocks and frequently the earth are covered with that peculiar mass of green-gold coloring to be found only in mountain canyons, while the ferns have a length and perfectness beyond comparison with any hothouse and little nameless flowers of the spring were already blooming where less than a month ago snow was drifted high.

A problem of progress presented itself. "We crept to the edge of a cliff, over which the racing waters tumbled. In an angry smother of foam. There was no apparent way to get down. So we climbed up of tall slides, deceptively invited descent from a point several hundred feet above the falls. But at its base was a drop that seemed to be about 50 feet. Here we blessed both the strong tree that grew at the edge and the rope that Samuel C. Lancaster, engineer of the Columbia highway, had insisted we should take along. The rope was swung across the gully by the expert hands of Porter Shelley, and down we swung, trying to dodge the rocks that showered down, trying to keep tight hold of the hemp, trying to be as easy as meat, in spite of being scared stiff.

After everyone had gotten down to the stream we were informed we must climb the opposite slope. Up we went. No easy thing that. Painfully we pulled our tiring frames, by means of reluctant muscles, up over the ridge. But it was worth it!

A Splendid Viewpoint.
At an elevation of 1200 feet the ridge narrowed and it was barely wide enough to walk on. It ended with an abrupt and almost sheer descent on two sides. It seemed a pebble tossed from the height would have shattered the surface of the placid Columbia, far below. Every turn of the eye added splendor to the view. We used that rocky point as a place to eat lunch and feel like mountain goats. Down to the stream again, and there other members of the party were boiling some more coffee and having some more food to keep up their strength.

In our lunches, too, we reversed the practice of the pioneers. They didn't have oranges and bananas, delicious chocolates made by Mrs. Chester Hogue, canned beans, canned soup, roast chickens, ham, beef and mutton, rolls, cakes and cookies—as we did.

Below the grotto it was a surprisingly short distance to the famous falls of the Multnomah. We climbed out of the canyon. Some of the adventurous went down the rock face with a rope lessening the danger; others followed the zig-zag trail down the cliff, where, looking up, one would not imagine a trail could keep its foothold. It was an ending to the trip like an illumination point at the close of a sentence. Had we way down one had to stop, and not to rest. A few feet away the falls, with a perpendicular of nearly 800 feet, commanded admiration and respect. The foam, that we had been water, plunged swiftly, unceasingly, into the pool far down, with a series of dull explosions like the roar of muffled cannon.

We rounded up our party at the little station. Some of the blister-delayed were slow in arriving, but when we counted noses, all were present, all were happy, and all agreed, as we were provided through agency of H. H. Atkinson of the railroad company, that the Larch mountain trail over it, lead from Multnomah falls up through the canyon of Multnomah creek to the peak of the famous viewpoint.

fuel bins of the engine room were comfortable, and warmth was not lacking.

Early in the morning those who had lain on the boards, and who looked as if sleep had been cozy, appeared, roused the others from their peaceful slumbers. After brushing the sawdust from our hair and being informed that evidently some of the brain material was oozing out, we dressed by putting on our hats. Roy Edwards and the committee chairman built a fire and burned some bacon over it; the rest ate nourishing, if not suitable, bean sandwiches and pressed sausage, principally contributed by John H. Dundore, who is president of

past exploits and at Bridal Veil an aid to elevation of which our sorely tried forefathers never dreamed, namely, a motor truck was waiting.

It was a nice motor truck. Its springs creaked but did not groan when all the equipment went in and all the trail breakers followed. The engine purred and whizzed and we all enjoyed the scenery—the sparkling lights which seemed to descend as we went up, the glimmering views of ghostly mountain shapes that mirrored through darkness and rain. Then we thought kind thoughts about the engine. It was such a brave engine to lift 2500 pounds of staunch trail breakers up the mountain side and just as we were becoming fervid in our praises it coughed, sputtered—and quit.

"Walkin's the rule," intimated the driver. Ahead of the lightened truck the trail men climbed ever upward, with the bright headlights charting the course, gathering reflections from the crystal drops of perspiration that presently dripped from many faces. After a mile, that seemed straight up, the grade became easier, the puffing mountaineers hadly climbed back into the truck and soon reached Palmer, the logging camp, 1500 feet higher than where we had started to climb. Everyone waited for a flashlight photograph, because in modern trail breaking motor trucks may lift one higher, but photographs alone furnish indisputable proof that the puffing was accomplished. We drifted into what proved to be the dining room with tables set for breakfast. Perhaps at that hotel they wonder what became of the cookies but the mountain climbers could tell. The main lounge room had as chief article of furniture a huge air-tight stove and the place was as hot as an oven. After the exertions of the hill, Henry Hayek, chairman of the committee, decreed that food was necessary. The big chunks of bread were spread with deviled ham. After installing liberal fortification for the night, we were introduced to our beds by the camp manager.

"Take any plank you like," he invited kindly; and we observed 'twas an open shed with floor above the ground and cracks between the boards. The blankets were arranged and wrapped carefully about sturdy frames. Jacob Kandler went away disgusted, but the others simulated sleep. Presently Mr. Kandler returned with a lantern. "Sleep on the sawdust in the engine room," he notified the recumbent forms. Some gladly rose; others said, "This is the life for us," and stayed.

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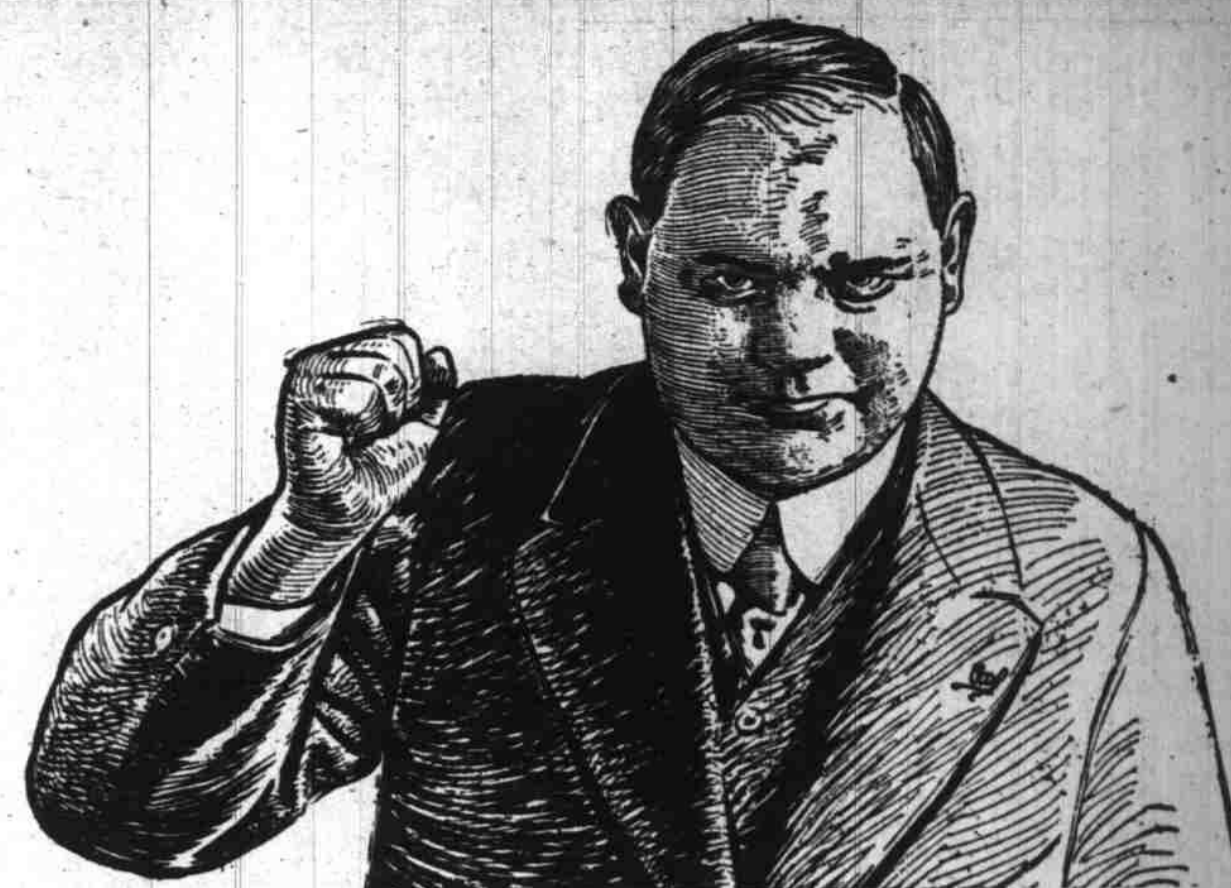
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EASIEST RUNNING MOWER ON THE MARKET. HAS FIVE CUTTING BLADES THAT SHEAR THE GRASS LIKE A RAZOR. IT'S SELF-SHARPENING AND BUILT TO STAY SHARP. IF YOU WANT A HIGH-GRADE MOWER, THAT WILL LAST FOR A LIFETIME, BUY THE GREAT-AMERICAN. IT'S MORE UNIVERSALLY USED THAN ANY OTHER MOWER IN THE CITY. WORK BECAUSE IT GIVES SATISFACTION TO THE USER.

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Weekly Growers' Guide

March 19, 1915 Portland Seed Co.

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HARDY PERENNIALS—Sure to grow and bloom freely. DORONICUM, Verica, Sweet Williams, Chrysanthemum, Gaillardia, Hollyhocks—all the fine, well known varieties and the choicest new ones—each \$1.50
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Secure the right tools before attempting gardening. It will mean better results with less work. Good tools are a gardener's best friend. **GARDEN TROWELS**.....10c and 15c
Rakes, Hoes and Spades—A complete assortment, all the handy tools so needed about the garden. Moderately priced, with quality of the highest.

PLANET JR. GARDEN TOOLS—For over 40 years these famous garden tools have stood the test of world-wide usage. We cannot tell you all about these famous tools here, but shall be glad to show them and give you the beautiful Planet Jr. catalog, if you will call.

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Rest up with their new decorations with snowy drapery, invite you to pleasing refreshment.

Our daily menus are filled with all the delicacies of Spring:

Breakfast 6:30 to 12
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Afternoon Tea 3:30 to 6
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Sunday Table d'Hote Dinner 6:30 to 8; \$1
Grill Service to 1 A. M.
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