

Paradise Valley at Foot of Rainier, All That Name Implies

Trip Outlined By Salem Man

"Mountain That Was God" Visited by Chadwick on Motor Cruise

The Statesman is co-operating with the Oregonian in presenting a series of articles under the title, "Motor Cruises of 1936." It is hoped thereby to stimulate travel in the Pacific Northwest.

The guest on the trip described below, W. W. Chadwick of Salem, is president of the Oregon Hotel association.

BY W. W. CHADWICK and LAWRENCE BARBER

"The Mountain That Was God" was the goal of our motorcruises. The Indians residing in the vast area fringing upon the southern arm of Puget sound gave that colorful name to the mountain before Captain George Vancouver named it Mount Rainier. They referred to its domination over the entire countryside to its friendship and its fury.

The "stop" sign just inside the park brought us to a halt. The park ranger on duty leaned out of the window of his house in the middle of the road to inquire about dogs and firearms. To the right of our car was a sticker for the windshield. We could fish with that license, but we had no fishing tackle. Lake George was fine, we were told.

Park scenery started abruptly at the entrance when we entered a six-mile stretch of tall firs and hemlocks. At Longmire we stopped to see the springs. Across the road is the lodge, and nearby is the rustic park service headquarters building. Behind the building is a group of comfortable homes for regular park employees, and across the bridge is the camp ground and community house.

Up the road toward Paradise we went, stopping at Christine falls to crane our necks with Californians, New Jerseyites, and Floridians. We paused a moment at the foot of Nisqually glacier. Then there was the long climb up to Ricksecker Point, and scenery all the way. Around the ridge we followed the road to Narada Falls, craning our necks at the rocky slopes of Tatoosh Range, across the way.

A mile further brought us to Paradise valley, elevation 5557 feet, which was then still carpeted with snowbanks, but which we were assured would be bedded with a host of wildflowers by the time this report reaches publication. Alpine plants and trees made their appearance at this point.

Around the end of the valley and up another grade brought us into the residential area, Paradise Inn to the right, Paradise lodge and the 246 housekeeping cabins to the left. The silver dome of Mount Rainier rose straight ahead.

At the inn we found Ken Bourke, its youthful manager, at the desk. Introductions were in order, then we asked what the casual visitor can find for amusement. Ken listed trips about as follows:

- 1. Walk to the Fairy Pool and gaze in awe upon the vast panorama of the mountain and Nisqually.
- 2. Climb to Alta Vista the promontory rising up in front of the inn. There is a range fender up there, One-half mile.
- 3. Ride a horse over the skyline trail, a four-hour journey to an elevation of 8000 feet, or 2500 feet above the valley, skirting Nisqually and Paradise glaciers, and viewing our own Mount Hood from Rainier's slopes.
- 4. Hike two miles to Reflection lake, at the edge of Tatoosh

Man Mentioned When History Read Is One Who Went Sincerely Ahead

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

THE INEVITABLE

Whatever you do, whatever you say, Somebody's going to kick. If you even attempt to give money away,

They will vow it's some kind of a trick; You may struggle and toil to evolve a new plan For meeting the needs or the pleasures of man, But when, with some pride, your endeavors you scan, Somebody's going to kick.

If refuge you take in the far-distant stars, Somebody's going to kick; If you hint that perhaps there are people in Mars, There's ridicule following quick;

The man who is mentioned when history is read Is the man who went straight and sincerely ahead, For you may as well know that till after you're dead Somebody's going to kick.

G. H. Folsenstein, R. 1, Woodburn, Ore.

When a button comes off a man's coat, more especially when a chill wind is blowing, the corresponding button hole is about the loneliest looking thing I know of.

Happiness is a happiness isn't. What makes it does and also it doesn't; That which seems 'tis at times turns out 'tisn't. What was thought was really wasn't.

Somewhat suggestive of a political platform or a rubber plantation prospectus. A saying which may be true, but probably isn't, is pretty certain to catch some of us.

We have a natural banker for the tangle of uncertainty. All we need in order to get it is a posterously unlikely promise of a rich reward remotely possible of fulfillment. A great deal of what is termed human happiness is of an anticipatory nature, grabbed off between bumps.

I reckon it's all right. Any old kind of happiness, life being what it is, is better than no happiness whatsoever.

Or don't you think so? Well, skip it. There's little sense in making ourselves unhappy arguing about it.

From Portland: "A letter comes from Salem today, and from its folds drop, as frequently happens, clippings from your column in the Statesman. At the very first opportunity we are going to have a good long look at the spine of the First Methodist meeting house up there. Do you remember the spine of the First Baptist church in Providence, Rhode Island? We, or I at least, always thought it a thing of beauty, although, like you, I am unable to put the reason therefor into words. I quite agree with you as to the beauty of the Providence spire, and thank you for writing to me.

The Bible contains 3,566,489 letters, 773,746 words. When I was a youngster, grandfather promised that he would give me a dollar when I should have finished reading the Bible from the first page to the last, and I made an effort, because I needed the

dollar. I did my best for about three months. Then I explained to grandfather that a great many interests were claiming my attention, and that I feared I should be compelled to give up the experiment for a time, and would be please check over what I had read and make an estimate as to the amount of it in cold cash and cents.

Well, grandfather looked pretty solemn and said he was terribly disappointed, and we had quite a long talk. I finally agreed to accept 10 cents in full of all account, although I contended and still contend, that I had read 15 cents worth. We had a heap of trouble with each other, first and last, grandfather and I me.

My grandfather at that time was a Baptist minister. I reckon he was a god deal worried about me, because mother had joined up with the Presbyterians and father resolutely declined to join any church and was what grandfather called a heathen and there was no telling what would happen to me. Grandfather used to laugh at me considerably—a sort of affectionate rumble that didn't hurt much. But I never laughed at him, although occasionally and very carefully I laughed with him. It was years before I saw him as he really was, or had been.

Grandfather said that Phineas T. Barnum was a humbug. He more than said it—he snorted it. For two weeks the talk at our house had been of the Barnum circus, billed gorgeously in town for two puffawannoes, afternoon and night, with a grand free street parade at 10:30 in the morning. Grandfather was against circuses, all circuses, and when he put himself to it he could use terms that were mighty severe. He knew all about the Barnum outfit. He'd talked with men from Bridgeport, and what they'd told him only

verified his worst suspicions. Personally, I'd have freely given the shirt off my little back or the pants off my little legs to see the Barnum show. But the prospect of my doing so was not very favorable. Grandmother and mother were not going, and father was hundreds of miles away, and— and, you see, that was how it was.

Well, at about 10 o'clock in the morning of show day grandfather drove up to the front door with the black pony and the phaeton. He crooked a finger at me, then put the finger to his lips and looked all around. Did I want to drive down town with him? I did. And away we went. The downtown streets were jammed with people waiting for the parade. We weren't able to get to where grandfather wanted to go, so it wasn't much wonder that we had to stop finally, and it happened—just happened, of course—that where we stopped was perfect for seeking the parade when it came along. It was certainly grand. Mr. Barnum himself rode a white horse at the head of the parade, and as he bowed right and left like a potentate or something grandfather let off a few red-hot remarks which he considered appropriate to the occasion. But before he had said all he had in mind to say the elephants shuffled along and our black pony stood on her hind legs and threatened to go as far as she was able in the way of tearing the town to pieces; so grandfather was compelled to get out and hold her by the bit, while he spoke to her in psalmlike tones.

What happened after that is hard to believe. Grandfather told grandmother that night that he had been drawn into the vortex. The crowds surged after the parade, and grandfather and I surged with them. And almost before we realized what was happening to us we were at the show

grounds. And we were carried along in the throngs to the ticket wagon. And suddenly we were in the menagerie tent. And after that we were in the circus tent. And grandfather sat through the entire performance. I suppose it was excruciating agony to him. But somehow he didn't seem to suffer greatly. I thought at one point in the puffawance he was going to laugh at one of the clowns. But he didn't.

Grandfather and I were drawn into a number of vortexes that summer. I had only the sketchiest of ideas in my head of the nature of vortexes, but whatever they were I felt quite friendly towards them. And now, years and years later, I never see the word nor hear it that I do not think of grandfather and of how he permitted some of his dearest prejudices to be set aside that a quite unworthy grandson should be accorded the happiness his foolish little heart craved.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Nor is it an entirely insignificant love that will lay down its prejudices and kick 'em in the face that a child may not be disappointed.

The man who not ambition has, And he who has no hope, Will find life sweet 'pon his tongue.

As if he chewed a rope.

I like that little story from the Pathfinder about the gentleman at a railway eating station who observed a lady, whose train was about to leave, endeavoring to drink a cup of overly hot coffee. "Here, ma'am," said he, "take mine; it's already been sauced and blowed."

Perhaps Mr. Wells is right—perhaps we are in danger of too much enterprise, too much of

that which we call progress. I have been following daily the news reports from the hot weather and drought districts of the east and middle west. Thus far I have found mention of no condition, unless perchance the severity of the dust storms in the "great American desert" regions of the early geographies, that I have not seen duplicated dozens of times during the past 50 years. The only difference appears to lie in the nature of the news writing and the increased facility of news transmission. I have known of many families in the seventies and eighties who retreated from their homesteads in the Dakotas and Nebraska and Kansas because of drought and grasshoppers. Some of these people relinquished their

holdings, but the majority of them did not; they hung on. And after a time spent in the old home in Iowa or Illinois or Wisconsin they went back to rejoin the hardy member of members of the family who had remained to make good the requirements of the homestead law. I was in Nebraska in the seventies, less than 100 miles southwest of Lincoln, when there wasn't enough water to wash a shirt, and what there was had a weak and discouraged flavor. The creek bottoms rattled like gourds, and the coyotes and the jack rabbits ran races to the Missouri to get a drink. I was there again in the nineties, and found it difficult to realize that it was the same region. Prosperous farms (Continued on page 5)

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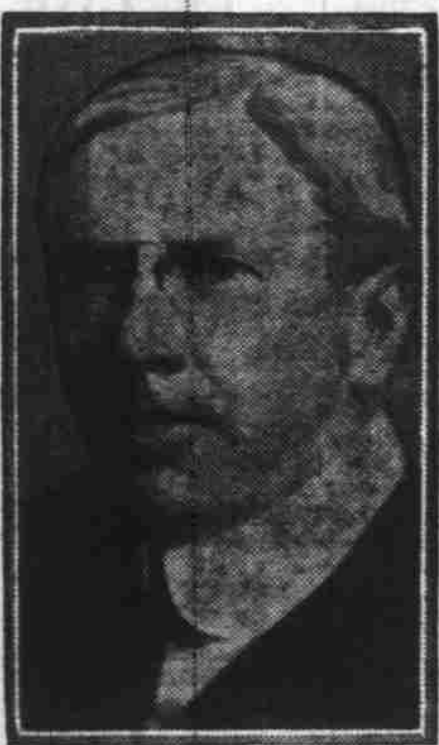
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ANNOUNCEMENT

Starting About August 6 Two Great Writers Will Become Regular Contributors to The Oregon Statesman — They Are

MARK SULLIVAN
Veteran Washington Correspondent

DOROTHY THOMPSON
Brilliant Student and Author



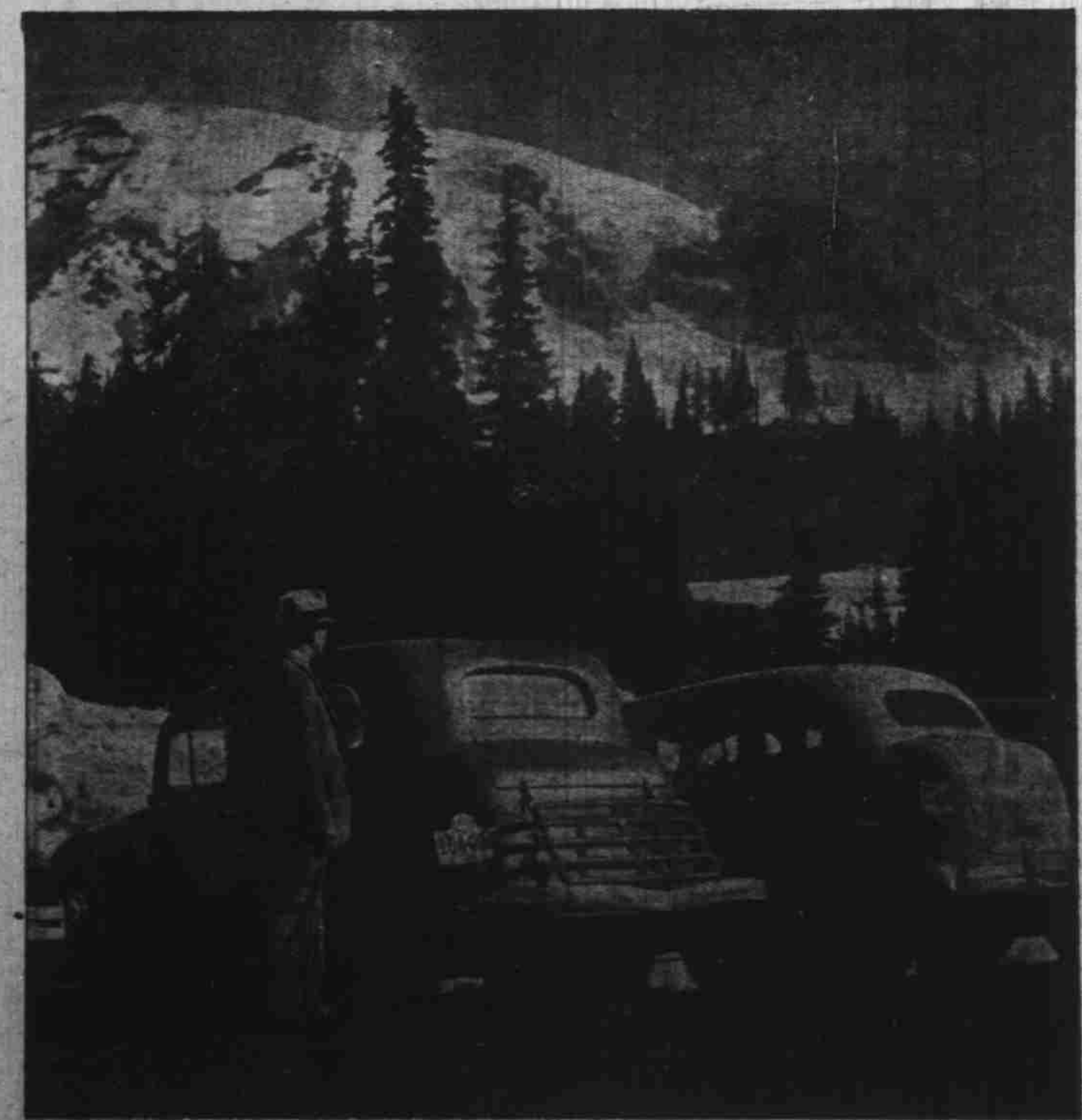
MARK SULLIVAN is one of the most distinguished journalists of modern times. His book "Our Times" is a fascinating and monumental history of the times, as history has been made under Sullivan's long observation. He will write for The Statesman three days each week, giving the Washington report of the gripping political drama now being unfolded.

DOROTHY THOMPSON, who is the wife of Sinclair Lewis, is author of a new column which has attracted wide attention. She writes with a background of knowledge of world affairs and an understanding of modern political movements. She was expelled from Germany on Hitler's orders. Alternating with Sullivan she will contribute an article full of stimulating comment on public affairs, that should interest men and women concerned with the course of political events.

Watch for the Sullivan and Thompson Articles

These special features will set a new mark for The Statesman in delivering to its subscribers a Superior Newspaper, —superior in news, in features, in interpretation of news, and in typography.

"Mountain That Was God" Mecca for Many Tourists



Mount Rainier's silvery dome rises 9000 feet above Paradise valley; cars from many states were in this line-up, parked overnight at Paradise Inn.