

What's Wyoming Got That We Haven't?

Madame Mayor Doesn't Know

Trip on Horseback Gives Writer new Ideas of Rough Country

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

It wasn't that horseback riding was new to us. "Galloping swiftly over the hills"—"Riding with the wind in her face"—"Loping along the path at the water's edge." . . . The books we read were full of such descriptions of horsemanship. We liked their feet and flying neatly over fences. We enjoyed worrying over pictures of horses picking their way down mountain sides steeper and more treacherous than even those found along the trail. No, horseback riding wasn't exactly new to us—in print.

We even had a secret ambition about going to Wyoming, stopping at one of the little, painted ranch houses, mounting horses at a hitching post and following the trails into the mountains. It was nice to think about—with Wyoming so far away. The trouble with us was that we didn't keep our secret. Being in a well upholstered car, lastly gazing at country dotted with orchards and cultivated fields, we regretted audibly our lack of opportunity to enjoy "the wilds like they do in Wyoming." "Horses, trails, untamed vastness . . ." our audible thoughts skipped along drowsily. "Good Heavens, why go to Wyoming?" Madame Mayor of Silverton, riding at our side, exclaimed. "Being a woman, she isn't exactly profane, but she is a native Oregonian and always ready to defend her country. Being president of some 50 male members of Elberta's chamber of commerce, before receiving an almost unanimous vote from both Democrats and Republicans to Silverton's first Madame Mayorship, hasn't made her naturally emphatic nature less so.

"You come to my house, 7 o'clock sharp, Sunday morning. Wear slacks and boots," she commanded. Although we began at once thinking up excuses, we knew already that we would be there—wearing slacks and boots!

Five in a party. There were others there also. Five in all. One was Silverton's chief of police. We had heard he was from Montana. Why? The other man of the party also looked it. Only the secretary from the city water office looked as worried as we felt.

Swiftly we were borne in a smooth-riding auto over smooth roads up toward Silver Falls state park. A couple of miles before we reached the main entrance, the car abruptly left the paved road for a "hoar, walk." Five minutes later we were on horseback. We looked about us. Surely, we had gone to sleep and been transported to the Wyoming we had talked of. Against the hillsides was a "Wyoming home, small, unpainted, with a chimney and a porch in the doorway. A few yards below six horses, saddled, stood nodding at the hitching-bar. A man who answered to "Scotty" was bringing out a saddle.

"See," the mayor nodded. We knew then we were awake. The secretary looked at us. We looked at the secretary. For a moment neither spoke. We could only gulp and stare.

"What's the extra horse for?" we asked when we found our uneasy voice.

"Pack," said Scotty, non-committally.

"Pack? How-how long—where are we going?" the secretary and we blurted out at once.

Tall Tan Horse. We heard a noise at our heels. We wheeled about to see Scotty and a very tall, tan horse eyeing us.

"Here," he said, holding out a leather strap. There seemed nothing for us to do but take it. Scotty led a black horse over to the steps where the secretary stood.

"Aren't you going to get on?" he asked as he turned toward us. We nearly fainted when the horse took a step toward us.

"Maybe," we thought, "it will be better on top. He can't step on us there anyway." Uncertainly we walked to his side.

"Hey, not that side! Rusty! He'll never allow you to mount on his right," yelled Scotty, taking the horse by the rein.

"Oh," we answered meekly. We hadn't known he had a right. He was just horse to us.

"Stand still until I get my horse. I'll ride with you," said Scotty. He hadn't mentioned anything of moving until we had to.

Center is the Word. Scotty castered (we think that's the word) up to us.

"Here, hold the leather in one hand, so, not tight, just firm. Don't hang onto the pommel with both hands! or won't fall off. Rest your feet more

firmly in the stirrups," were the orders when we took off. While we didn't breathe it out loud, we were much more worried than when we were in the plane left the ground for our first ship flight. There it was all up to the pilot. Here it seemed all up to us. The plane was mechanical. The horse looked as if he had a mind of his own.

"Look at the carpet of flowers," the Mayor sang out ahead of us. We rolled our eyes slightly to the right. White and pink and blue greeted us. Rusty kept right on. We turned our head ever so little.

Nothing happened. The horse didn't seem to need our help. He did better without our attention. We drew a deep breath and looked about. Our path led up a wooded hillside. All about us was timber. Almost every description of spring flower, long since faded in the valley below, was in bloom. Three miles of this—and we again knew the sensation of awakening from a dream. Surely, this was Wyoming. Our path broke into the open Hill country. Immediately below us lay the state park with its deep, dark forest. Far out beyond this lay the coast range, timber and blue. All about us were the hills. In front of us ran a trail, smooth, wide enough for one car to travel.

Old Logging Road. "The end of the old Silverton logging train tracks. Some of them just taken up a year ago," the mayor, who was now riding at our side, explained. All about the hills were logged off. Little trees, rhododendrons bursting into bloom, laurel, trees and shrubs unfamiliar to us, were springing up.



Madame Mayor Zetta Schlador leads a party of adventurers on the first horseback trip of the season to House Mountain rock in the Cascades, Madame the mayor and two of her party are shown, upper left, as they rode along a well-kept forest trail. The equestrienne mayor and her mount, Midnight, are shown below. Upper right, distant timber viewed from the topmost height of House Mountain Rock, a steep precipice, sheering away to House Mountain lake, hundreds of feet below. Crumbly from the cliff are gradually filling up the lake. Bottom, the view toward Mt. Jefferson. Many peaks and foothills of the Cascades are visible from the top of the rock, a 12-mile horseback ride from the point where cars must be left.—(Photos by Lillie L. Madsen.)

"What a shame this is logged-off," someone in the party remarked. We said nothing, but internally we weren't agreeing. The little trees and bushes were growing. In the meantime the unobstructed view couldn't be surpassed. Even Wyoming had nothing more to offer in the way of untamed vastness.

"This trail," the mayor continued her information, "is built as a fire protection. The woods we passed through were at the edge of the Silver Creek Youth Recreational area. Had you dared look off to the right, you could have seen some cabins in the woods."

"These trails are built by the CCC boys from Camp Mill City three or four miles from the state park. Later in the season you can drive way up in a car. But you have to have permission," she added.

"Way up?" we questioned. We had been so engrossed in the scene that we had momentarily forgotten where we were.

"House Mountain Rock," she grinned.

Up and up we went. New flowers, new shrubs were noted at our sides. Sometimes the mountain dropped sheer away to our left. Sometimes, for a short distance we rode over a high, flat plateau. Once we forded a creek. A fisherman nearby held up a sizeable string. Three and half hours and we again entered a forest—and with it snow! Crunch—and rusty went through knee deep. We ate unaccountably for the expression on our faces. At least this much is to be said in our favor. When the horse righted himself, we were still on top. The still, big natural of it is we were still

on top at the end of a mile and a half of snow. Abruptly then, we left the snow and the forest for the tiny clearing on the top of our world.

Twelve miles had been covered (we learned this later), and we were at our destination! Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention that we seemingly had nothing to hold us up when we were wedged and eased and pulled off the horse. We sank limply on a blanket which miraculously appeared alongside of a log. The secretary, we saw, was beside us. That was all we saw until a steaming cup of coffee and a plate of sandwiches were handed us.

"The seventh horse," the mayor laughed.

The horses were tethered (we were fast learning the language) nearby. A small cottage and a very tall tower ad ourselves were all that was on top of the plateau.

"Look-out for forest fires," we were told.

"See those stone formations," the mayor said, pointing at smooth white rocks evidently arranged in some pattern. "Indians. The rocks were here when the first white man came up. I have been told. The design is supposed to mean something. Come here," she urged. We wondered if she never tired, as she led us over to the edge of the plateau. Very abruptly the edge dropped away.

"This," she said, pointing out before us, "is old, old down into House Mountain lake. The plateau was wider a few years ago. Trees and more trees covered hillsides after hillside."

Many Peaks? "Lewed and Mt. Jefferson, and Broken Top, and Three-Fingered Jack. There are two of the Three Sisters, and China Hat, and many others. The hills are full of them. Every once in a while we see a deer skipping along among the bushes. It is harder to see a bear or a cat, but it has been done."

"There," said the mayor, gayly hopping off her horse, "you've seen Silverton's new playground and you've tried Silverton's new method of play. But don't tell me you have to go to Wyoming for ranches and trails and hills and the setting for horseback riding."

We weren't telling her anything. We were only concerned about ourselves.

"Riders from Portland and Salem and other places are just beginning to discover this country, too," the chief was saying. "They talk about scenery and fishing all in one breath. Aligau, Butte, Copper, Ogle and Silver Creek all head up in there," he said pointing in the general direction from where we had come.

We admitted that likely Wyoming

Madame Mayor Takes a Trip

A bridal path through the tall timber, Silverton's equestrienne Mayor Zetta Schlador leads a party of adventurers on the first horseback trip of the season to House Mountain rock in the Cascades, Madame the mayor and two of her party are shown, upper left, as they rode along a well-kept forest trail. The equestrienne mayor and her mount, Midnight, are shown below. Upper right, distant timber viewed from the topmost height of House Mountain Rock, a steep precipice, sheering away to House Mountain lake, hundreds of feet below. Crumbly from the cliff are gradually filling up the lake. Bottom, the view toward Mt. Jefferson. Many peaks and foothills of the Cascades are visible from the top of the rock, a 12-mile horseback ride from the point where cars must be left.—(Photos by Lillie L. Madsen.)



How Does Your Garden Grow?

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Over one hundred women attended the annual garden tea held Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Sam Ames and her daughter, Mrs. Reber Allen.

Comments on the garden's loveliness were many. The garden is so arranged that in wandering about it one comes upon different views. There are, as Allen told visitors, certain approaches to certain parts of the garden which are particularly good. One corner, all in bloom, was exceptionally good for the occasion, Flag day.

The Red Paul scarlet climber rose made a perfect background for the blue delphiniums and the white lilies. Mrs. Ames and Mrs. Allen explained that the Paul scarlet was but three years old and had been in bloom since early in April. It was still full of blooms. Only the unnecessary branches are cut back, these two gardeners reported. Not even the old wood is cut back each year as they are trying to get a bigger bush to cover a high fence.

The cutting garden with its edging of old-fashioned sweet Williams drew the attention of many at the Ames garden Wednesday. The sweet Williams, a row over 20 feet long, have almost become an institution there. It has not been replanted for years, only old stalks being cut off each year. Usually sweet Williams are thought of as a biennial only. They have certainly become perennial at the Ames garden.

Answers to inquiries: Move Mums in May. Japanese anemones are somewhat touchy about being moved and as a rule should be moved only in the early spring. Chrysanthemums are best moved in May. Although an entire clump may be dug up, replanted, and expected to do quite well even if all of this is done in late June. Autumn asters may be moved almost anytime with a fair degree of success. It will take them a little while to re-establish themselves but they recover quickly. The Oriental poppy is fussy about being moved. Only in August, its dormant season, has it no objection.

Annual flowers will be about the only thing that can be used successfully as fillers-in at this time of the year. There are a number of these—snapdragons (which are really biennials), stocks, asters, garden carnations,

calliopsis, touz o'clocks, petunias, annual phlox, sinias, and dozens of others.

Nicotine for Aphid. Root aphid can be controlled by applications of tobacco dust, or better still, a dressing of tobacco fertilizer. Work it into the soil all around the plants and water well. Stocks and asters are as a rule bothered most by this pest.

If your pansies have grown rank and the blooms small, cut them back, give them a feeding of well balanced fertilizer and keep the ground moist. This will make them bloom again. Feet moss used as a mulch around pansies is very helpful to their growth.

Gladiolus for late bloom may still be set out. Dahlias may also be set out yet. Many times these late set plants will give more and better blooms than the earlier ones. The viola may be propagated by cuttings made this month. Cuttings arranged in the new shoots and be about three inches long with the cut just below the joint or node. Remove any leaves and plant firmly in sandy soil in some spot that may be shaded. Leave one bud above the surface, from which the top growth may start. They will root promptly if kept moistened and shaded. When they are making good top growth you will know they are well rooted and may be transplanted either to another bed or to their place in the border. Pansies are forget-me-nots may be propagated the same way.

Again and again I am asked about the hollyhock blight or rust. Can it be cured? Well, that depends upon how badly the plants are affected when you start the task. Prevention is largely a matter of spraying early, just before growth starts in the spring, and keeping it up all through the season. Spray with Bordeaux and lime-sulphur, not only the plants, but the upper and lower surfaces of the foliage and the stems as well, but also the soil around them. The rust is caused by small spores or fungus growth that live over in the soil and upon the dead foliage.

Once the rust has succeeded in getting a good start, the fight is difficult, but you can check it and keep it under control even then if you spray regularly. However, you merely spray once or twice and let it go at that, your plants will not be rid of the disease. Break off and burn all diseased foliage. Pick up leaves fallen from the plants border clean throughout the season has much to do with the control of rust.

Soil for evergreens. A light, porous soil is most suitable to evergreens. They do not thrive too well in a heavy clay soil. It may be that your soil is too heavy a clay, B.H.S. From your description I would believe it is. The soil should be well drained but not one that dries out too quickly. A good loam to which sand and humus have been added is suitable for mulch upon the surface of the soil will do a great deal to conserve the moisture and keep the roots cool.

Pulverized peat moss has been

ming could hold no more. We really weren't interested right then.

"Come back again," Scotty called as we pulled out. "There are a lot more trails to see. Some of them not so long."

But in the meantime there was the morning—and that, we found, was something else again. Sitting on a horse and sitting on a deck chair, are, we learned, two distinctly different kinds of sitting.

When you first enter the fairgrounds by ferry or car and find out where the Oregon exhibit is, you wonder if it wouldn't take less time just to trot up to Oregon for a look rather than take in the exhibit. They say the exposition grounds proper cover only a half mile square, but after hiking across country one wonders if the California chamber of commerce isn't slipping a bit. If you're a good member of the Chamber of Commerce and reach the western states and march into the left wing of the building, you'll be rewarded by a glance at Hecca Head on the Oregon coastline.

Now this diorama of Hecca Head is really becoming well known around San Francisco. Without doubt it is the best known part of any state exhibit. You stand in front of the scene and the waves roll in from the sea and break over the rocks, throwing white masses of foam high into the air. The whole thing is very realistic and quite impressive.

Map is Detailed. Around the walls of the exhibit room are colored photographs of Oregon scenes, enlarged and framed. In revolving refrigerators are fruits from Oregon orchards. In one corner is a map of the state with the various counties filled in with different colors and kinds of seeds and grains. Marion county is shown in wheat, but Mrs. Mabel Marble of Hood River, who guards this exhibit and explains it to curious onlookers, hastily explains that Marion county isn't a great wheat producing county. There didn't seem to be enough seed and grain of different colors, to complete the county picture.

The main Oregon exhibit is housed in a single large room with a wildlife display outside and in back. The diorama is set between the doors leading to the wild life exhibit on the north side of the room. Across from the diorama, between the two doors leading from the court of the western states group is a sample room done in knotty pine, fitted out with comfortable chairs where one can sit and read his favorite Oregon newspaper, if the manager of his favorite Oregon newspaper has been sending copies to the exhibit administration in San Francisco.

Oregon Exhibit Gets Attention

15 per Cent of All Fair Visitors Go There, Is Director's Report

By DAN E. CLARK, II

TREASURE ISLAND, S.F.—A Francisco-Oregon exhibit is getting its share of the pleasure hunters, daily approximating the total population of Salem, who drop their half dollars in the coffers of Treasure Island to wander through the court of the moon and stars, talk back to themselves in the telephone exhibit and look hurriedly out of the corner of an eye at the picture showing Saly Hand's Nude Ranch.

According to Keith Southard, administrator for the Oregon fair commission, 15 per cent of these visitors manage to hobble into the Western States exhibit at the fair and of the island where Oregon is on parade, to march through the Oregon exhibit and comment on the magnificent diorama of Hecca Head, to "oh" and "ah" over the beauty pictured in the highway commission's movie of the Oregon country which is run for them in a Little Theatre by Win Jenks of Salem. Another handy man about the exhibit is Rod Livesey of Salem.

Oregon Visit earlier. When you first enter the fairgrounds by ferry or car and find out where the Oregon exhibit is, you wonder if it wouldn't take less time just to trot up to Oregon for a look rather than take in the exhibit. They say the exposition grounds proper cover only a half mile square, but after hiking across country one wonders if the California chamber of commerce isn't slipping a bit. If you're a good member of the Chamber of Commerce and reach the western states and march into the left wing of the building, you'll be rewarded by a glance at Hecca Head on the Oregon coastline.

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Is This Right? Centered at the west end of the room is another diorama, although it's not moving, either itself, or particularly to the spectator. It's a shot of Mt. Hood as seen around or over the tip of Silver Creek falls, which sits in a big ten foot box. Now some think it's all right, out loud,

come very popular for mulching overgreens. It may be put on year after year and gradually some of it will work into the soil.

Sometimes evergreens need spraying. Bordeaux will help control the fungus disease that sometimes attacks them, but the spraying must be done very thoroughly. Evergreens do not need a great deal of fertilizer. A little may be added to the surface of the soil and the rains will carry it down to the roots. Do not fertilize the ground heavily (Turn to page 9, col. 4)

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Collar States Views on War

Nazarene Minister Says Church Should not Abide US Entry

(Editor's Note: The Statesman is presenting a series of views from local ministers on the role of the United States in event of war abroad. The question presented to them: "Under what circumstances, if any, should the churches of the United States sanction participation of this country in a general European war?")

By REV. LEO W. COLLAR
First Church of the Nazarene

When we look at foreign affairs "everything is in utmost confusion." As news comes to us hour by hour over the radio, or in our newspapers, we all must sense something of the bewildering and prevalent in every country today. That American propaganda which is about to happen everybody is convinced, but how it will begin, and who will be involved, and what will be the result, these are the unanswered questions that strike terror to millions of hearts the world around.

Issues Camouflaged. In the United States, alien doctrines and issues are camouflaged in thousands of fronts as leagues and movements. They appear to be political, religious, educational, social; even patriotic as well as humane and idealistic. Alien war-mongers have continued unabated until our country is seething with anti-American propaganda which is allied to ideas of government entirely foreign to the American system. Some in high posts of authority have bluntly informed us that our precious form of constitutional government is sadly antiquated according to their pleas we must abandon our democratic traditions and embrace a regimented state as a solution to the unemployment and a cure for economic ills.

Powerful internationalists are determined that we shall be involved in another European struggle, basing their argument, that as a democracy we should help resist the invasion against sister democracies. They are determined to pull us into war.

As a Christian nation, America should not be expected to police the world. It is not our responsibility to play the role of "big brother" to the other powers. Our attitude, our foreign policy, should be one of realism—permit quarreling nations to settle their own problems, after their own manner and resolutely hold back the propaganda pressure that would attempt to ignite the war passions of our citizens.

Many Christian leaders think if we meddle in European struggles the fate of this country will be a dictatorship. The destruction of Americanism will contribute to the defeat of true democracy throughout the world. If our purpose is sincere to make the world safe for democracy, then it is our solemn duty, to keep burning within the breasts of our people the fires of patriotism and love for God; these constitutional democracy will survive.

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