

OUR SLOGAN:

Community Cooperation



KEEP YOUR EYE
ON ESTACADA!

Eastern Clackamas News

Devoted to the Interests of Eastern Clackamas County

VOLUME 12, NUMBER 48

ESTACADA, OREGON THURSDAY AUGUST 21, 1919

\$1.50 PER YEAR

WATCHFUL WAITING ON THE WILLAMETTE

One of the most trying ordeals is waiting for a belated train or boat. Last Saturday, we went down to the Taylor Street dock in Portland, to take the boat for the Dalles, at 7 a. m. We were told that it would not leave until eleven, so we went up town for breakfast, and then returned to the boat, where we waited with exemplary patience until eleven. But there was no sign of the boat leaving. Three o'clock arrived and then it left for another dock, to take on freight, and kept this up going from one dock to another until seven, when it returned to the Taylor Street dock for more freight. It was finally 11 p. m. when we got started. Of course about only the lights on the banks, could then be seen, which were pretty enough, but not what we wished to see. We had planned this trip for many years and something had always hindered.

When we arose in the morning the boat was going thru the Cascade Locks. We stopped at different points on either side of the river, to unload freight or set off passengers. On reaching Hood River, we concluded we had had enough, so landed, and went up town and took a train back to Portland.

The United Artisans Picnic

The biggest excursion and picnic of the year, is being planned by the order of the United Artisans which has recently organized here. The date will be Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 1st. A large excursion train will leave Portland at 8 a. m. A grand time is assured with a program of speeches, games, sports and dancing. The orators of the day will be Judge G. W. Stapleton and Judge W. N. Gatens of Portland. The local lodge naturally, is taking the keenest interest in the arrangements, and hopes all Estacada will turn out and help put it over big.

Four Score and Seven

Last Thursday, Aug. 14, C. W. Seymour attained the venerable age of eighty-seven years. To celebrate the event Mrs. Seymour prepared a fine dinner, to which was invited Mr. Reed, a near neighbor. In the afternoon some of Mr. Seymour's special friends called to congratulate him, bringing flowers and home made candy. Mr. Seymour felt called upon to do something himself, so he concluded to treat all to ice cream, going down town after it. This was served with the birthday cake and other good things. The NEWS hopes the old gentleman will enjoy many such another one.

Water Restrictions

Owing to scarcity of supply, water for irrigating purposes, may only be used as follows:

Upper flat on the odd numbered days of the month;

Lower flat on the even numbered days of the month.

The hours are from 6 to 8 in morning, and 7 to 9 in the evening. By order of Council.

A Surprise Call

We were surprised last Thursday morning while busily engaged in one of the runs of press day, to have Mr. R. Alspaugh of Eagle Creek, come in and inform us that some one wished to see us. On going out to his car, we saw his new daughter-in-law, the bride of his son Ernest Lewis Alspaugh. We would have been more astonished if we had not just received the announcement of their nuptials. We have known the bride, who was Miss Dora Helen Van Fleet, for many years in La Grande, from the time when she ran around with her hair down in a long braid. It was a great pleasure and we feel it an honor, that she stopped to see us. Our hands were black with printer's ink, but she insisted on shaking them nevertheless. The groom is to be heartily congratulated for winning such a charming prize for his matrimonial career, and we charge him solemnly to love and cherish her so she will never regret her giving herself to him.

The young couple will make their future home at The Dalles.

A BANKER ON VACATION TRIP

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stephens returned home Saturday, from a two weeks' vacation trip, which they made in their new Buick car.

The first day they reached Olympia, Wash., where they camped in Priest Point Park. The next day they started on the famous Georgia circuit along the Sound and the beautiful Hood canal to Port Angeles. Then the following day, they crossed by boat to Victoria, B. C., a city reported to be more English than England. They spent a day there, viewing the Parliament House and other public buildings the quaint English homes and the famous marine drive. In the evening they drove north toward Nanaimo, which is an important town and the centre of the coal mining industry. The next day they took the boat for Vancouver, B. C. and spent the day in that bustling metropolis of the Province. Thence they went to Seattle, where they remained two days, going to Mt. Rainier, and attending the Washington Bankers' Association held on the mountain.

Returning to Tacoma, they visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ewing and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rayburn, formerly of Estacada. They had the novel experience of descending about a quarter of a mile into a coal mine of which Mr. Ewing is superintendent. The trip covered 1,200 miles, with the Buick giving splendid service.

HARVEST PICNIC

The Garfield Grange will give a Harvest Picnic, in the Garfield Country Club Park, on August 30th. The program for the afternoon, will consist of music, recitations, community singing, and speeches by prominent members of the grange and community.

Bring your dinner and enjoy the day in the cool shade of the park. There will be dancing in the club house in the evening.

THE COSMETIC OF THE INANIMATE.

¶I am the saver of surfaces.

¶I am the world-old preserver.

¶Noah knew me, for he pitched the ark within and without.

¶The Pharaohs sought me as an adornment for their tombs—their mummies endure because I conserve.

¶I am the woad of the ancient Britons: their blue battle hue.

¶Because of me the treasures of the Sistine Chapel defy effacement.

¶I am the keeper of the antique.

¶I am the servant of progress.

¶Columbus found me bedecking the savages who watched him plant Ferdinand's banner on the shores of New Spain; and the very sails of his caravels resisted the elements of the West through my aid.

¶The pioneers westward wending their way daubed the prairie schooners with my protection.

¶I am the royal robes of civilization's monarchs, Steel and Lumber.

¶The taut wings of the airplane gleam under my protective veneer.

¶The sullen dreadnaught and the homing transport plow the seas impervious to corrosion because of me.

¶I waterproofed your agents of destruction, the bullet and the shell.

¶Then I drew the mercy of my concealing camouflage over your hospitals.

¶I glisten on the homes, and on the barns, and on the cement surfaces.

¶Where life is, I am alive.

¶Where death and decay set in my absence hastens them.

¶And my mission is to preserve.

¶Saver of Surface, I am PAINT!