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Mt. Chapter O. E. S. Gets Interesting Letter

New York City, 541 W. 123 St.,
September 5, 1919.

My dear friends of Mountain Chapter: Mother and I would like to drop in and spend the evening with you. I think we could easily imagine this year we have been away a dream.

The summer has been a very pleasant one. Except for a few uncomfortable days of great humidity we have not suffered from the heat. We have wished we might share some of the rain we did not need with our beloved Oregon forests. When we went to the country we found everything so luxuriantly green and growing so rankly that after a while it was almost oppressive.

Until after summer school I was kept very busy. Can you imagine one school having ten thousand students? Some of the faculty gave a reception to students from other lands to which fifty American students were invited. I was one of the fortunate ones to receive an invitation. There were people from twenty-seven different countries, every one we could think of except France and, of course, Germany. They gave us a program of music characteristic of several countries that was most interesting.

School over, we set out to have just as good a time as we could for two weeks. One day we visited the house that was Washington's headquarters during the Revolutionary War. It is a perfectly charming old place with the old four-poster bed that Lafayette slept in, many relics of Washington and the war, satin brocade dress worn by Madam Jumel, its one time owner, at Napoleon's court ball, old time furniture, china, etc.

Another day we took a forty-five mile trip up the Hudson. Every foot of the river bank is rich with historic memories. Here a decisive battle was won from the British, there the spy Andre was captured while on his way to receive from Benedict Arnold the betrayal of West Point, we stood on the very spot. Up the river we sailed close under the nose of Stony Point where the British had a fort they said could not possibly be captured. But the Yanks, led by Mad Anthony Wayne, did it just the same.

At Bear Mountain we climbed a steep mountain, crossed a beautiful canyon by bridge, climbed a little more and suddenly came upon a most beautiful lake, called Hessian lake because the Hessians once camped here. We ate our lunch on the mountain side and as I gazed on the scene before me, I had to acknowledge that even Oregon hasn't a monopoly on all the beautiful spots.

Another day we spent among the scenes of the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow". We went out to Tarrytown by electric car, walked out to the old Dutch church and rambled in its graveyard among quaint crumbling stones, many of them inscribed in Dutch. We tried to find Katrina Vantassel's but it was evidently one of those too badly worn to be read. Then we crossed the brook and at noon ate our lunch on the lovely slopes of Sleepy Hollow. After lunch we walked back three miles to Washington Irving's home, Sunnyside. We passed many estates, wonderful places such as you've read of, acres of wonderful lawns, great trees and houses like palaces. They do not ad-

mit everybody to Sunnyside but we had a card from Mrs. Irving telling us to ring the bell at the gate three times and the gardner would admit us. The bell wasn't easy to find for it isn't meant to be conspicuous. When we found it we rang in vain. I guess it was the gardner's not-at-home day. So we went down and sat on the shores of the Tappan Zee and felt just as happy for we knew from pictures how Sunnyside looked anyway. The Hudson at this point spreads out so wide that the old Dutch settlers called it a sea. I could understand how much they must have loved it.

Quite a different vacation treat was the afternoon. We went down to see Helen Keller's picture of her life in which she herself appears. It is a wonderful movie. After the show we went down to Greenwich Village for supper. No, there are no shady lanes with barefoot boys driving home the cows in this village, nor cottages with bowers of honeysuckle or roses either. It's just a quaint old part of the city where struggling authors, poets, artists and many foreigners live. We ate in a queer little inn called "Three Steps Down", very different from the stylish restaurants uptown. The food was unusually delicious. Then we walked through streets swarming with life which seemed to transport us far overseas so different were the faces, buildings and scenes. Back at Washington Square we mounted to the top of a bus and rode home through the dusk, under the great Arch of Triumph, up Fifth Avenue, whose shop windows are always a grand show, across the end of Central Park, glowing in emerald freshness and over to Riverside Drive where we passed some of the finest mansions in the city. Charles Schwab's is said to be the most expensive in America. On our left we look down, across the lovely park that follows the edge of the river at the twinkling lights on the masts of the battleships, (mostly submarine chasers now that you are having a call from the big fleet,) riding on the gray Hudson. At Grant's tomb we climbed down with a sigh of regret that our ride was ended. Without doubt it is the most beautiful drive in the world.

Our happiest day was spent in the summer home of our friends whose two little girls are very devoted to me. When summer comes all New Yorkers who can possibly afford it desert the city. And what lovely summer homes they have. This one, like others I have seen, seemed to me perfectly ideal. When winter comes they shut them up and come in to city apartments. Doesn't it seem a shame that such lovely places to be happy in, should be used only three months in the year?

These two weeks before college opens and my kindergarten begins I have charge of the Riverdale library. It is a cozy little building in as beautiful a place as you can imagine. Mother goes out with me since I do not close till 9:30 and then must walk a mile through shady lanes to the end of the subway which brings me into town. I always come home with an armful of wild flowers gleaned in our walks during my lunch hour along the charming country roads or in the woods. Just now the goldenrod and asters are lovely.

I hope that to each of you the summer has brought a happy memory.

You will always be very dear to us. May Mountain Chapter have a winter full of richness. Mother joins me in most loving wishes,
Sincerely yours,
EVA WASH.

Former president Taft has once more done a public service in his latest utterance on the causes of industrial unrest. He lays the blame on the bourbon employer who thinks that labor has no rights, and the radical agitator who thinks capital has none. How about the republican nomination, Mr. Taft? Is Barkis willin' provided the wooing is fervid enough?

Did you ever try Princess Flour?

No! well then you missed something.

Did you know anything about an Egg Plant? You had better try one. We ate some the other evening. Yum, yum! but they were good.

We have on hand a good supply of good Brooms. Come in and look them over.

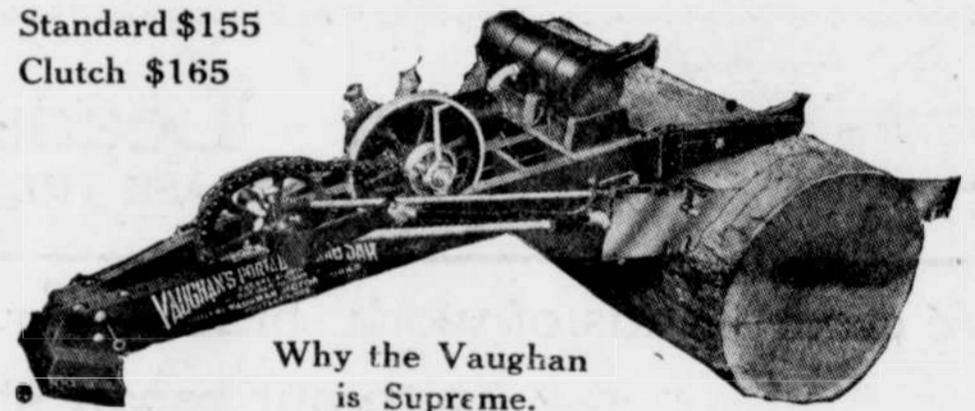
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