

Eastern Clackamas News

Devoted to the Interests of Eastern Clackamas County

VOLUME 15, NUMBER 4

ESTACADA, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1921.

\$1.50 PER YEAR

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. R. GRAHAM McCALL
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Hours: 8:30 a. m. to 12 m. and 1 to 5 p.
Sunday by appointment.
Estacada, Oregon.

DR. C. M. NAFF,
Successor to Dr. L. A. Wells
DENTIST.
Estacada, Oregon.

DR. R. MORSE,
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Office and Residence Second and Main
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Keep your policy in our Fire
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THE BAZAAR,

2d door north of Depot.

SPECIALTIES for 5c, 10c,
15c and up.

Needlework, Crochet Thread
Etc., for sale.

THE GATES TO SUCCESS
Proprietors

HOLLAND BULBS:

Tulips,
Hyacinths,
Daffodils,
Narcissus,
Crocus.

Now is the time to plant.

For Sale at

ESTACADA PHARMACY

The Rexall Store

For Fire Insurance

PLACE YOUR IN-
SURANCE THROUGH
YOUR HOME AGENT WHO
WILL PROTECT
YOUR INTEREST

Cary Real Estate Co.

OFF FOR AMERICA FORTY YEARS AGO

Wednesday morning, October 12th, 1881, at 9 o'clock I left London for Glasgow which was the first stopping place on my journey to New York. The trip took about eleven hours and was uneventful. I had frequently traveled along the line for about half the distance and took interest in looking for interesting places on the way, and wondering if I should ever see them again. By time we reached the border of Scotland, it was dark, so I did not see much of the country till near Glasgow when we passed through a region brightly lighted by flaming kilns. On reaching Glasgow, I went immediately to the hotel where I was going to stop over night, and being tired, soon after supper, retired to bed.

The next morning was grey and misty so I did not get a very good impression of the city. I spent the morning in wandering around and transacting business at the offices of the Anchor line, on one whose boats, the Devonian, I was going to sail. The train left Glasgow for Greenock, which was the port for Glasgow, at 5 p. m. By that time it was drizzling heavily, and signs of an approaching storm were in evidence. When we reached Greenock, we transferred to a tug to take us to the ship. As I got out of the train and walked to the tug, I felt a twinge of home sickness and began to wonder if I should ever return. I would have been completely non-plussed, if I had known that for 40 years at any rate, I would not. The thought mellowed my heart to the Scotch lad who was carrying my bags, and I gave him a generous tip, which made him jubilant.

On arriving at the steamer, we went on board where we were greeted by the captain and other officers. As travel was then light, I had a state room all to myself, for which I was glad and later on, most thankful as I was confined to it for some days from sea sickness.

The boat was scheduled to sail at 10 p. m., but it must have been nearly midnight when finally the anchor was weighed, and we put out to sea. I knew I went to sleep before we started, and when I woke up in the morning we were anchored in Moville bay on the north end of Ireland. The weather had cleared somewhat when I got my first view of the Emerald Isle, and realized why it was thus called. I never had before seen grass of such a vivid hue. During the morning we received the daily papers and learned that a violent storm had raged around the coast of England and caused the loss of a hundred and fifty vessels. We fortunately had missed the worst of it in crossing, but while in the comparative calm of the harbor, the storm could be seen raging outside, and we waited some hours in hope that it might abate. But alas it did not, and so the captain decided to put out once more. As soon as we crossed the bar, we noticed the difference, and the ship began to roll. It was not long before passengers were seen going to the side of the vessel, or below to their berths. I began to feel a little dizzy but managed to stay on deck, and even to sit down to dinner. But I had hardly got through the second course, when I felt it incumbent on me to make a sudden and hasty exit. I stumbled into my stateroom and there remained for four days without hardly ever venturing out. The storm increased in violence and on the following Tuesday reached its height. I remember that that night I was pitched out of my berth two or three times, and was bruised by being thrown against the sides of the ship. I vowed then that if ever I got on dry land I would not again try the ocean. But when I recovered I soon forgot the disagreeableness. It is amusing to watch some one else being sea sick, as all sense of dignity is lost by the victims, and they perform some comical stunts, but it is very different when oneself is the sufferer. I had been sea sick several times before, but never on so prolonged a time. The best description is that of the Irishman, who said that "the first half hour he was afraid he would die, and that the second half hour, he was afraid he would not die."

About the fifth day out, the storm abating, passengers began to come on deck, and the former sufferers from mal de mer, crawled out of their cabins, to be refreshed with the sea breezes. How gratifying it was to all one's lungs with them after the close atmosphere of the staterooms. After this it was not long before they developed enormous appetites, and manfully endeavored to make up for lost time. We began also to make acquaintance with each other. I found that there were two or three boys about my age, who were also going out to seek their fortunes, one was going to Minnesota and another to Canada. There was a captain of the U. S. army, who was a great raconteur, and kept us in a roar of laughter with his stories and jokes. He had had the smoking room almost to himself during the stormy weather, as nothing ever seemed to upset him. There were the usual number of newly weds returning from their bridal trips to Europe, and also a Danish prima donna with her husband. They contributed a good deal of amusement as he was ecstatically enraptured with her although she was plain and evidently some years the older.

An entertainment was planned for the last Saturday night consisting of songs, instrumental pieces and recitations. The chief steward made a

decided hit as a monologist, and he had hardly begun when he had us all laughing. Many thought he had missed his calling and should have starred in vaudeville. The prima donna sang and delighted all with her melodious voice.

A service was arranged for the next morning at which a Methodist clergyman officiated. He had been a delegate to the Pan Wesleyan conference which had just closed its session in London.

That afternoon a sad event took place—the burial of a woman who had died during the night. She was returning from Ireland to die at home, but she had waited too long, and passed away two days before reaching New York. Funerals are necessarily mournful, but those at sea seem more desolate than elsewhere. It made me shudder to see the coffin sink in the cold waters, to be left so apparently alone.

Before evening when about three hundred miles from land, we just the pilot boat and took the pilot on board although he did not assume command till some hours later. Monday we began to pack our bags and steamer trunks, and wondered if we should arrive in time to go ashore that evening. I hoped we would not, as I wanted to stay another night on board. The weather was foggy so we were disappointed in seeing the entrance to the Hudson, only a dim outline being visible. We were too late to enter the harbor and anchored outside. We noticed nearby an unusually large vessel, and the next morning proved to be the City of Rome, the then second largest steamer afloat, the only one larger being the Great Eastern. She had just made her maiden trip leaving from Liverpool, and only beaten us by a few hours. Her size of 11,500 tons would not be remarkable now, when the modern ocean greyhound is almost double in tonnage. The custom house officials were soon on board and we had to make out our declarations.

It must have been about 10 a. m. when we at last moored at the pier. I confess to have felt desperately homesick, there I saw other passengers waving to and acclaiming their waiting friends. I never felt so lonely in my life. Just then some one said to me a gentleman is asking for you. I was greatly surprised as I knew no one in New York, and thought at first it might be the agent of the anchor line who meets the passengers and looks out for those committed to his care as I was. But no, it was the brother of a school fellow of mine in Germany, whose people lived at Hoboken. He had very thoughtfully written to them and told them the boat I was coming on, and they had kept a look out, and sent their son to meet me. I cannot express what a relief it was for me; I forgot my home sickness as I felt that I was not landing entirely friendless as a stranger in a strange land. U. H. G.

DODGE NEWS

School opened Monday, Oct. 3, with an enrollment of 45 in the two rooms.

E. Jochimsen is hauling lumber to build a bridge across Hoop creek.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Keller spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. May of Garfield.

David Horner and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Horner and family visited with the Chas. Colsoa family Sunday afternoon.

David Horner Sr. made a trip to Portland Monday, to attend the Poultry Association reception, held in their new quarters.

G. W. Keller and Will Kaake made a trip to the huckleberry patch last week, and brought back twelve gallons of berries.

Announcement

To the Public:

I have bought out the business of William Dale and shall be glad to meet all of his old patrons as well as many new ones. I am filling up the shelves with new stocks of goods, which include dry goods, millinery, ladies' and gents' furnishings and notions. These are arriving daily, so everything will be new and fresh and I will soon be ready to fill all your requirements in these lines.

Assuring you that the same courteous treatment which has characterized this store in the past, will be strictly maintained,

Yours truly,

THOMAS H. MORTON,
Estacada, October 10, 1921.

Christian Church

Rev. T. M. White of Portland, will preach in this church, next Sunday morning and evening.

Additional Brevities

Mrs. William Bass was a Portland visitor yesterday.

Wagren Barr is visiting home folks in Estacada.

Hon. Chris Schuebel of Oregon City, was here yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moore drove to Portland Saturday.

Miss Ruth Dillon was among the Portland visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris were Portland visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. J. H. Feary of Portland visited Mrs. F. J. Harkenrider Tuesday.

The lightning last night furnished a remarkable display of fireworks.

A bolt of lightning struck the hill back of Miller's blacksmith's shop, last night, but did no damage.

The Rev. C. W. Pogue was transferred at the M. E. conference from North Bend to the Siletz Indian mission.

The Rev. A. F. Lacy is the newly appointed M. E. pastor for Estacada and vicinity. His former charge was at Oak Grove.

Look up the notice on top of the third page, of the special club rates of the NEWS with the Oregonian or the Telegram.

A farewell reception will be given in the M. E. Church, this evening to Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Dunlop, beginning at 8 o'clock.

Elizabeth S. Rath, an old settler in the George district, has traded her farm of 80 acres for a residence property in Portland.

The freshmen class of the Estacada high school entertained the sophomores Tuesday night, at the home of Verlie Coop. They played games, roasted wieners and had a happy time in general.

Mrs. John Osborn has our best thanks for a basket of delicious grapes of Concord and white varieties. We divided with our foreman, George Hislop, so the NEWS' force can testify to the excellence of the fruit of the Osborn vineyard.

Dr. R. G. McCall left Thursday of last week on a hunting trip in the Santiam country about 40 miles from Albany. Saturday he was called back by long distance telephone, to attend the sick baby of George Townsend, of Faraday.

Ed. Hunt has moved his musical instruments to the rooms over the red front confectionery and pool hall, and the rooms he vacates on Main street will be occupied as living rooms. There is still a great demand in Estacada for houses to rent.

Lyceum Course

The senior class of the High School will again sponsor a lyceum course furnished by the Ellison-White Lyceum Bureau of Portland. There will be five numbers in the course, the initial one being by the Freeman Hammond company on October 24. Mr. Hammond is a very talented artist whose forte is character impersonations. The other two members of his company are Miss Ethel MacDonald, violinist and soprano soloist, and Miss Lillian Carpenter, pianist and reader. The season tickets for the full course are only \$2.00. The class no doubt will receive the cordial support of the public.

School Meeting

Don't forget the school meeting Monday night in the high school auditorium, at 8 o'clock. All tax payers should be present as it will be necessary to vote on the proposed budget to secure funds for the coming school year.

Moved to Falls City

The Rev. J. F. Dunlop, for the past three years pastor of the M. E. church in Estacada, has been transferred to Falls City in Polk county, where he will have a larger church, membership and salary than here. He has done good work during his pastorate in this place, the church being strengthened and built up spiritually and materially. Many a pastor does not receive the credit for parish improvement, that he should. But if a parish does advance it shows that the pastor's work is productive of results. There are varieties of gifts and administrations, one man has the gift of preaching, another of organization and another of pastoral service. It seldom happens that the three are combined in one man. However, if a man, whatever his deficiencies, is sincere and godly, he will be a spiritual force. Mr. Dunlop's work has been characterized by patient endeavor, building slowly but steadily, and consequently it will be of an enduring character. In this he has been ably supported by his wife who will be greatly missed. To them and their family, the editor of the NEWS begs to express his personal regret at their departure and the hope that they will receive the welcome and support in their new field, to which they are entitled.

Parent-Teacher Meeting

(Contributed.)

An interesting and profitable meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association, was held at the high school auditorium, Tuesday Oct. 11, at which the subject discussed "Are we receiving as much benefit, educationally, for the taxes paid as compared with twenty-five years ago?" It was very ably handled by Mrs. J. Yocum, Mrs. R. H. Keatinge and Miss Dillon, who took up the different phases, to show that in view of the fact that the new idea of education is to fit the child for his life career and not simply to cram his brain with a lot of facts, a great percentage of which he never applies, which taken together with the raised standard for teachers, necessarily makes it more expensive to prepare teachers and to equip the schools to pursue the hand-work branches. Taxes, therefore, as for everything else, are higher, but the child is proportionately benefitted.

Miss Morgan delighted the audience with piano numbers.

Mrs. A. G. Ames was elected vice-president to succeed Mrs. F. G. Robley, resigned, and Mrs. Coleman, secretary, to succeed Mrs. Earl Day, resigned. Mrs. Val Cary was elected reporter.

The following committees were appointed by the president: Membership—Mrs. A. G. Ames, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. E. E. Saling; Social Com.—Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Einerson and Miss Leila Howe.

A Regrettable Omission

Profound apologies are due to our esteemed Springwater correspondent for not publishing her interesting notes last week. The copy was mislaid and its loss not discovered until after the paper was out.

Announcement

We wish to announce that our business is back to peace strength and normalcy again. We are once more in shape to shoe the "mankillers" or teach the colts the value of the blacksmith. Auto-blacksmithing and auto repairing are our specialties. "Satisfaction" is our guarantee and "you win" our motto.

J. V. BARR & SON
10-13-20 Blacksmiths.

ESTACADA WILL

WELCOME I. O. O. F.

Next Saturday will be a red letter day in town, not only for the fraternal order whose district convention will assemble here, but for the city as well. A large attendance is in sight, Oregon City, alone, making up a special train of two cars to bring its contingent. Among the nobles who have promised to come is the Grand Master of the I. O. O. F. for the State of Oregon, M. R. Biggs, of Prineville. The program, was published in the NEWS last week, so our readers will be familiar with its features. In the afternoon a competitive exemplification of the First Degree will be put on, the prize being a silver cup. Two teams, one from Oregon City and one from Molalla, have entered for it, and possibly others will take part. About four hundred visitors are expected, and the freedom of the city will be given them by general consent and acclamation. The local merchants are planning to do their part to show their appreciation of the honor done to city in being chosen as the meeting place for the convention. The local lodge has been busy making proper provision for the entertainment of its guests, and nothing will be left undone for their comfort and enjoyment.

This order of the "three links"—Friendship, Love and Truth—is deservedly strong locally, including some of our most substantial and leading citizens. Estacada is more than cursorily interested in this gathering, and the writer believes he is expressing the general sentiment in extending to our visitors on Saturday, a warm welcome, and figuratively, the latch keys of our homes, offices and stores for their convenience. While they are here these are theirs to use and ourselves at their command.

The concluding number which will take place at the close of the program proper, arouses a good deal of expectation, as the participants are both popular and well known. Many no doubt, would like to be present, but it will be impossible to accommodate all those who would attend, so those privileged to come, will be strictly confined ONLY to members of the I. O. O. F., Rebekahs and their immediate families, and the close friends of both the star performers.

Stockholders' Meeting

There were seventy stockholders of the Estacada Packing Co. at the meeting in Odd Fellows hall last Thursday night, and the following officers were elected:

President, George B. Weatherby; secretary and treasurer, J. G. Hayman; board of directors, Earl Day, W. R. Woodworth, T. B. Young and J. S. Osborn.

135 shares of the capital stock have been subscribed, which put the company on a firm foundation.

Store Changes Hands

William Dale has sold his store to Thomas H. Morton, who has taken possession. Mr. Dale has been in business here for fourteen years, beginning in the store building owned by William Kraacke of Portland, at the south end of Main street. Six years ago he moved to the present location of the store. Mr. Dale has been noted for his courtesy and strict integrity, and his many friends will miss him at the counter. He is uncertain just what he will do in the future, but is not contemplating leaving Estacada.