

CREAMERY TRUCK TURNS OVER

Mrs. Erma Power, whose cream truck overturned while she was driving to the city via the Bluff road Sunday, was only slightly injured, but the day's shipment of cream was lost. Something went wrong with the truck, causing the accident.

SANDY NEWLYWEDS

SAVE LIVING COST

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Durham (Violet Lewis) left last week for the Salem hop fields. They walked, the young bride, 16, leading her pet goat and the groom, 50, pushing a cart containing camping equipment. Anyway the Durhams are not hitch hikers, and with honest toil they may make enough to keep the little hearth in their wee house built on a truck, bright for the winter.

HENRY FORD BACKS HOOVER

Auto Manufacturer Tells Why He Is Heart and Soul With Candidate.

SAYS FARMERS NEED HIM

Quality of Hoover's Ability is a Fact Already Demonstrated by His Record.

By HENRY FORD

In an interview with Samuel Crowther of the Saturday Evening Post.

I AM for Hoover for President because he has shown that he can size up any job, pick the right man and direct it through to success. Through fourteen years—ever since Belgium—he has been handling some of the biggest jobs in the world. He has made a success of every one of them. He has shown that he is not afraid of size.

The greatest job that the world has ever known is now before this country. It is so big that none of the old-line politicians even knows that it exists. We have developed this country just enough during the past six or seven years to know that much which was thought to be impossible can be made possible under the right leadership.

The task is to make such use of the experience we have gained that we can build rightly for the future. Otherwise we are going to lose all that we have gained.

We have the men, we have the money and we can make the tools for the job. But all these will be useless without leadership. That leadership, because the thing is national, must be in the President.

Hoover Has Proved Leadership

The quality of Hoover's leadership requires no experimenting. It is a demonstrated fact.

But of what value is experience in the management of public affairs? What difference does it make who is President?

We all have our personal preferences, but a mere preference is not important. If it be true, as is said, that no real issues are before the country, then any man of reasonable ability will make an acceptable President.

It is quite true that we have no real political issues. But we have an economic problem which looms greater than any of the old issues. It is not in politics. It cannot be described in the old language of politics.

No one is much concerned now with liberty and independence as tied up with the right to vote. We have all the rights our forefathers struggled for. We are concerned with new and different rights and responsibilities. The great issue is to develop this country to a point where every man and woman has the opportunity both to work and to play.

We have proved that wages can be made high. We have now to prove that they can be continuously paid—that there will be no periods of unemployment over which the worker cannot finance himself.

No man is wise enough to say how the future should be planned. But we have right at hand many enormous developments which will keep all of us busy.

Transportation Brings Prosperity

This country could not have developed without transportation. That gave us national markets. These are mass markets, and thus we have been able to use better methods of manufacturing and get higher wages and lower prices. The first rapid transportation came through the railroads. Then came the automobile. The motor vehicles were at first thought to be competitors of the railroads, but now we know that they fit in together.

Business breeds business, and now we have not enough transportation. We must use the great waterways that have been put here for us to use both for transport and for power. Damming them for power improves them for transportation. Besides, the accumulation of these large bodies of water assists the rainfall. We have the Great Lakes and the Mississippi partly in use, but they are doing only a fraction of what they can be made to do. And many other projects only await further planning and coordination. For we know that we are in need of all kinds of transport—by air, by land and by water—and that each has its place and that each will make business for the others. This country needs to have its industry more spread out. Electricity and transport will do this.

This program will circulate billions of dollars. Don't say it will cost billions of dollars; say it will circulate billions of dollars. That is the true way of saying it.

We have the money and will have much more, for every dollar thus spent will produce several dollars. And undertaking this work will mean that for many years—perhaps forever—we shall not have to bother about unemployment anywhere. Both the farm and the factory will share in every dollar that is paid out to the men actually on the work.

It does not matter to me who does the work or who owns this work when done. It is use, not ownership, that counts.

The bare statement of what this country must do for its own well

CHURCHES

Presbyterian

The pastor has returned from his vacation and the regular church services will be resumed September 2. The subject for the day will be "Christ's Invitation to the Laborer." Springwater—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Classes for all. Morning worship at 11 o'clock.

George—Sunday school at 2 p. m., church service at 3.

Eagle Creek—Sunday school at 10:30 a. m., evening service at 8 o'clock.—T. I. Kirkwood, Pastor.

Methodist Church

"The Man Without a Country" is no worse than a "man without a church." Success comes in cans, failure comes in can'ts. When the whole family get behind the ramrod of enthusiasm the "T" has to go out of "can't."

We can have an increased attendance at Sunday school and church in spite of any obstacle and the lure of the automobile. But we must have an inspiring interest in the God's work.

We need the co-operation of all the people of Estacada to aid us in holding up the Christian banner. You are invited to come next Sunday's services at 11 a. m. The subject will be "The Lord's Supper," followed by the administering of the sacrament of the Lord's supper. At 7:30 in the evening. Note the change of the hour. The subject will be "Memories Duration." Sunday school at 10 a. m. To all of the services you are invited.—C. T. Cook, Pastor.

RUSSELL NORQUIST INJURED

Russell Norquist of Bull Run, a Sandy high school pupil, is in Gresham Sanitarium with a broken shoulder and hip, the result of a scaffold breaking while at work at the Bear Creek dam. The man, Dunbar, who was with Norquist, was killed.

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Saturday, Sept. 1

HILL'S COFFEE Red Can, 1 lb. 53¢

TUNA FISH Coast brand, fancy light meat 1-2's, tin 19¢ 2 for 35¢

GOLD BAR PEAS Fancy early garden new pack 2's, can 20¢

HERSHEY'S COCOA 1-2 lb. tins 13¢

PAPER PLATES Convenient for your picnic, doz. to pkg. 9¢ 3 packages for 25¢

SHREDDED WHEAT Biscuits Fine for Labor Day breakfast. Pkg. 10¢

H-O OATS Regular or quick 20 oz. pkg. 15¢

CHEESE KLIPS Delicious cheese cracker Large Pkg. 15¢

WESSON OIL For Labor Day Salads Quart Can 49¢

PALMOLIVE SOAP Special, 3 bars for 23¢

SPAGHETTI Franco-American, regular size 10¢

CRAB MEAT Izumi Fancy North Sea catch 1-2 cans 26¢

MILK Oregon, Borden or Carnation, large can 10¢

SLICED BEEF Rival 2 1-2 oz. jars 13¢

SWANSDOWN CAKE FLOUR Large Package 36¢

The Circuitor Has a Notion That—

The men of Eastern Clackamas county had better look to their laurels. When the women "rose up" a short while ago and exchanged their privileges for their rights, little did the chivalrous male dream where those rights were going to lead the girls. Even now the Lord of Creation doesn't realize that his rib is pushing his whole darn anatomy into the background. As proof of this statement I point to a ranch I saw on Market road the other day, east of Eagle Creek, at the foot of the hill, owned and operated by two young women recently from Chicago.

While it was a bed of giant tiger lilies that caused me to stop, look, and ask questions; and while the front yard was a riot of bloom—lilies auratum, lilies regal, gold band lilies, dahlias of every prize specie and color and size; montebretia, clarkia, petunia, sweet alyssum; cosmos, marigold, zinnias—and many others whose names I have forgotten, this isn't the half of it, men!

Thinking it a nursery, I went in to ask about bulbs; that is, went in after a big black dog had been spoken to very firmly by what I thought was a small white boy at first; a khaki-clad young woman the small white boy proved to be.

I introduced myself and plunged into the subject of tiger lily bulbs; and to my surprise I learned that the flowers were not the business end of the ranch. Blooded Buff Orpington chickens, and a jersey herd, were

the main lines of business; but there were hay fields and berry fields, and potatoes, and orchards, all well kept—and the greatest of all wonders mine eyes ever beheld, a field of Rainbow corn.

Now the men of Eastern Clackamas county raise corn I have no doubt—but it's the staid old green corn that crackles in the breeze and puts the plowman's teeth on edge; the kind of corn that grows if Jupe spills a bit of moisture now and then, and tastes mighty good with a sprinkle of salt and a smear of good, home churned butter, even if it does smear the physiognomy of a fellow clear back to and into his ears; the kind of corn that matures and feeds the critters during the long wet spell,—but Rainbow Corn, tall stately beribboned, purple and red and

blue and yellow and green and white stalks!

On the yan side of the singing brook, reached by means of a rustic bridge, it stands—the front row—he gorgeous front row of a chorus of ordinary sweet corn. That's why, I say, boys, that you'd better look to your laurels. You're growing some things, to be sure—but the Misses Moloney are growing all those things—and Rainbow corn besides, to say nothing of tiger lilies that cause an old passerby to stop, look and ask questions.

But the Circuitor is fair, if nothing else, and a little more than anxious to see his sex vindicated; so, in the event that he runs across a ranch manned by a man that shows the same hint—in any degree—of the realization that making a living need not be all drab drudgery, he's going to be mighty glad to tell the state of Oregon through the News.

PICTORIAL LIFE OF HERBERT HOOVER

No. 1 By Satterfield



1. Herbert Hoover's ancestors, of Quaker faith, came to America from France and Holland.



2. They became settlers first on farms in Maryland, thence moving to North Carolina and Ohio.



3. In 1833 the Hoovers migrated to Iowa, where they and their neighbors founded the town of West Branch.



4. Before clearing the land for their farms, these Quaker pioneers built a Meeting House.

ESTACADA LOCALS

Mrs. Harold Whately and small daughter Roberta of Banks, Ore., visited with Mrs. Whately's mother, Mrs. W. A. Story, a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Schwartz of Scotts Mill, were week end visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Harders.

Dick Woltring of Portland has been vacationing with his grandmother, Mrs. h.W. A. Story.

Mrs. Julius Krieger and daughter Wenda went to Portland Monday to spend a couple of days visiting with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dale went to Portland Saturday to visit for a week with their son, Dr. William Dale and family. They doctor came for the min his auto.

Mrs. Ida Ames and daughter Gladys returned to their home in Portland Friday after a visit of a few days at the homes of T. Harders and Robert Snyder.

Mrs. Kargi of Mountain Ridge, Kan., and Mrs. Gibbs of Newton, Kan., are here, guests at the W. E. Buell home.

The last quarterly meeting of this year was held at hte M. E. church Thursday evening, with the district superintendent present.

J. W. Shafford of Portland, formerly of this place, was a business visitor in Estacada this week.

The music at the M. E. Sunday school every Sunday morning is well worth hearing. An orchestra composed of three violins and two horns is a great help in making the music attractive. The violin players are Evelyn Buell, Fred Buell and Walter Smith. The boys who play the horns are David Eshleman and Gilbert and Max Gilgan.

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