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UP AND OVER HOARY MT. HOOD

Interesting Account Given by
Prof. M. D. Hawkins of the
Climb Made Last Week.

"How'll you have 'em? Up or over?" This time-worn slogan has been replaced by a new one, at least where Mt. Hood is concerned, the new war cry being "Up and Over." The second annual ascent of Mt. Hood by the Portland Y. M. C. A. crowd was accomplished July 1-3, when a party of seven men, headed by the redoubtable Grilley, made the round trip from Portland via Hood River, climbed the north slope of Oregon's "guardian of the Columbia," ate lunch at the summit, descended the southern side and returned by auto from Government Camp to Portland.

When Mr. Grilley, who, by the way is Physical Director of the Portland "Y," began to plan for his tenth trip to the top of Oregon's greatest snow-cap, he quietly invited a few of his husky (?) friends to accompany him, with the result that at 7 p.m., Thursday, July 1, the O. W. & N. started toward Hood River with an eager party of prospective "Mazamas," which being interpreted means "We are the goats." The party consisted of A. M. Grilley, leader; Mr. Cunningham, insurance man; J. P. Jeager, jeweler; Harry Jeager, O. A. C. student; Mr. Jordan, of the Portland postal service; H. E. McMinn and M. D. Hawkins, pedagogs.

This group, khaki-covered, be-flannelled, armed with "staves" and with resounding hobnails, attracted considerable attention from the passing populace, even eliciting the information from a talkative inebriate that "Heaven was his home; he was just here on exhibition." Leaving this specimen of the mutilating handiwork of "John Barley-corn," the party got off the train at Hood River, and arranged to pass the night there. The words "pass the night" are chosen with care, because rooms under the roof, with a temperature of 90 or thereabouts, coupled with the disconsolate howlings of a deserted pup, made sleep practically a negative quantity.

But of course a party of seasoned "hikers" such as ours did not mind losing a few hours sleep, and all members were in high spirits when we started up the far-famed Hood River valley the next morning at 8 o'clock in a large touring car. This was a decided improvement over the L. E. & W. (leave early and walk) railway which we had expected to use. The ranchers for twenty-five miles south of the city of Hood River were aware that someone passed by that morning, as every farm house and cabin was saluted with a volley of shouts, most of the inmates responding with waving hands. The married men of the party excelled during this part of the trip.

The regular tourist route was followed until Mt. Hood Lodge was reached at 10 a.m., where a new "stunt" was performed. The proprietor of Mt. Hood Lodge is Homer Rogers, Harvard graduate and formerly a guide in the Swiss Alps. He was waiting with eight horses bridled and saddled, and within half an hour the party was again under way, galloping up hill and down dale, the clattering and thumping of the horses'

feet being accompanied by much flapping of arms on the part of some of the riders, who evidently had forgotten most of what little they might sometime have known about horseback riding. The majority of the party took to the saddle like cow-punchers and arrived at Elk Meadows at noon. This is a beautiful pasture land of many acres lying directly east of the mountain. In early times it was the feeding grounds of thousands of elk, but it is deserted now except for a few stray horses belonging to some isolated rancher. Some years in the future a branch of the newly completed Columbia Highway will probably pass through this section, but at present it can be reached only by a trail through the heavily wooded foot hills.

The afternoon brought us to Rogers' Bluff, where the party stopped long enough to christen "Grilley's Rock." From this point the travellers got one of the best views of Mt. Hood obtainable anywhere, and one which the tourists have missed entirely in the past, as this was the first party of tourists to reach the spot. Then followed an interesting journey on foot over the snow, with the horses in tow. Not the least dangerous performance was sliding down a steep snow-covered hill side, horse and man taking their chances together. And let me remark in passing that the four-footed creatures were fully as wise in the method to be used as the bitruncated "lords of creation." A new trail was blazed over the extensive snow field on the east side of the mountain and Cooper's Spur was reached late in the afternoon. This point has an elevation of 8,500 feet and it grieved some of the party very much that we were forced to go down to the level of 5,800 feet to spend the night. Cloud Cap Inn was reached about 7 p.m., where we bid farewell to the horses, and after a hearty supper prepared to get the much needed sleep. I say "prepared" for very shortly after retiring the dreaded "Cousin song" of the mountain mosquitos began to hum in the cabins and "the fight was on." Except for a short cessation of hostilities about 2 a.m. it continued throughout the night, and the severity of the attack can be surmised from the fact that the writer was glad to arise at 4 o'clock to begin the preparations for the real climb.

Before leaving Cloud Cap Inn, however, let me pause to comment on the scenery there. The view is the finest, in the opinion of the writer, of any to be had around Mt. Hood. Foreign travelers say it is most like Swiss scenery of anything in Oregon, and many assert that it is fully equal to that of the European mountains. We were on our way at 5:45 and in two hours had regained Cooper's Spur. Our party was augmented by two men and a guide for the trip to the summit. One of the recruits was a high school student from Vancouver, and the other a reverend gentleman from Pendleton. The latter made the climb equipped with patent leather shoes, white shirt and white collar, fountain pen, note book, etc., and with his coat slung over his arm. He was persuaded with difficulty to leave his vest and a few unnecessary articles a short way below snow line. Contrast between the minister and his climbing companion was marked, and well illustrated the proverb "The first shall be last,"

Continued on page 4

SATURDAY'S CELEBRATION A SUCCESS

Large Crowd in Attendance and All Were Out For a Good Time.

The local Moose members who had in charge the arrangements for the Independence day celebration in Newberg, Saturday, promised a successful day of it and they made good.

The numbers in attendance were all that could be expected, the crowd was orderly and good natured, and so far as appeared all were out for a good time and they had it.

Men, women and children, singly and in groups, began to arrive at an early hour, and by nine o'clock, the time set for the balloon ascension, the streets were well filled with people. Business houses were decorated, the stars and stripes fluttered in the balmy southwest breeze, the bands made music, the rattle of the nickles in the cash box at the merry-go-round kept time to the grinding of the organ, the pink lemonade vendors announced their wares, country-folk and towns people elbowed together in neighborly fashion and the celebration of the Glorious Fourth was on in Newberg and in full swing.

The Newberg, Fernwood and Dayton bands, three of them, furnished the music throughout the day and evening, and being located at different points were able to entertain the large crowd at any and all times.

The balloon ascension was as pretty a sight of the kind as one often sees, for it was staged without a hitch or accident to mar the occasion. The balloon ascended almost "straight up" to a good height, and when the parachute was released with its single passenger, it opened beautifully and made a safe landing in the edge of town on the north. The balloon continued its upward flight and entered a hazy cloud and was out of sight so quickly that many people thought it had been entirely consumed by the gases. After arising above the clouds it floated away to the northeast and landed at the foot of Chealem Mountain beyond Springbrook in Grant Heater's pasture.

In the parade, some excellent floats were shown, and this part of the program was a success, though there were not so many firms represented in it as have participated in such events in Newberg on some other occasions. The prize was awarded to the Larkin-Prince Hardware Co. One feature of the parade which deserves special mention was the display made by the Newberg Meat Co., for it was made up of the products of a home industry, and it was so well arranged under the guiding hands of John Myers and Ed. Crede, that it was the subject of much favorable comment.

At the park an address was made by Robert F. McGuire, a young man from Portland, and the bands played a number of patriotic airs.

The afternoon was given over to the usual stunts in the way of foot races, and a game of base ball between teams from St Paul and Dayton, the score being 4 to 5 in favor of Dayton.

In the evening the bands gave concerts at different points on First street and a number of ladies representing the local Rebekah Lodge gave a public

military drill.

Withal, it was an occasion for neighbors to assemble together for a day of recreation and good natured hilarity, and they made the most of it after the order of patriotic residents of the U. S. A.

FUNERAL OF MRS.

MARY L. HOSKINS

On last Friday afternoon the funeral of Mrs. Mary L. Hoskins, wife of J. L. Hoskins, whose sudden death was noted last week, was conducted at the home by Rev. Chas. O. Whitely, pastor of Friends church.

It was a perfect day and the services were held in the shade on the lawn, with the casket resting against a dark green trellis of English ivy, the planting of which was probably done, in part at least, by the hands of the departed one.

A beautiful service of song was given by a quartet composed of Mrs. Chas. O. Whitely, Mrs. Omar Fendall, Pres. Pennington and Prof. Lewis, which was followed by a short but impressive funeral sermon by Rev. Chas. O. Whitely.

Burial was made in the family lot in the Friends cemetery. The pall bearers were A. T. Blair, J. H. Rees, L. M. Parker, Jesse Edwards, A. S. Craven and B. H. Woodward.

Those in attendance from out of town were, from Portland, Mrs. Sadie Hoskins, Mrs. Alma Hunt, Mrs. W. O. Robertson, Miss Joyce George, Mrs. N. C. Maris, Mrs. W. A. King; from Dayton—Clinton Newhouse and family, Mrs. Louis Hadley; from McMinnville—O. O. Hodson and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Macy, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hoskins; from Santa Paula, California—Prof. F. K. Jones and family.

CARY'S COWS SCORE

The American Jersey Cattle Club has given out at New York the results of its register of merit tests for 1914. Four of the awards of gold medals for more than 800 pounds of butter-fat in a year come to Oregon—three to Ed. Cary, of Carlton, and one to the W. S. Ladd estate, Portland. The record of the Cary cows is as follows: 938 pounds, 9 ounces; 937 pounds, 12 ounces; 806 pounds, 4 ounces. The Ladd cow made 856 pounds, 7 ounces. Mr. Cary also won a gold medal for a cow in the three-year-old class with a record of 763 pounds, 5 ounces. Also on a senior two-year-old sold by Mr. Cary to Congressman McArthur, he won a silver medal for 625 pounds, 3 ounces of butter-fat in the year. The president of the new Farmers Creamery Co. is certainly doing his share in putting Carlton "on the map."—Carlton Sentinel.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

Passenger launch 32x7, 18 h. p. Fairbanks-Morse engine; speed 12 mill carry 24 passengers. Will sell cheap, on easy terms. L. B. Hilsinger, Dundee. Phone White 127.

The Willamette Club was represented by a float in the parade on July 3. This club was organized for social and reading purposes as well as for athletics. We hope that the people will not be mistaken by what they saw represented on the float. Carl playing in the club is forbidden and what was represented was nothing but a game of rook.

OREGON CHERRIES AT WORLD'S FAIR

Royal Annes, Bings and Lamberts Make a Magnificent Showing

Though Rogue River entered a few boxes of wonderful cherries for judgment by the jury of awards and had a number of boxes on display in the Southern Oregon booth, Oregon Cherry Day, July 1, was made a success by Willamette cherries, and a ton of them made a glorious showing banked in the center of the Oregon building. Thousands came to admire, and throughout the three days they were on display the magnificent Royal Annes, Bings and Lamberts were the cause of unlimited and enthusiastic admiration.

This shipment was of the best that the Willamette Valley has to offer, and were fully equal to the very finest that California had to show. The exhibit was photographed by the San Francisco dailies and written about glowingly, and the festivities of Cherry Day came in for favorable mention. This special effort resulted in wide and favorable advertising and has done more to bring the state to the attention of the public than anything except the winning of the big awards.

During the afternoon of Cherry Day practically 10,000 sacks of these beautiful cherries were given away, and almost as many more could have been distributed had they been available.

The Dalles, which grows glorious cherries, could have helped materially at this time to bring honors to Oregon, and the Rogue River section could have done likewise, but only Salem met the emergency, and as a consequence the Willamette Valley reaped the special reward. Representative W. A. Taylor, of Marion county, worked hard to make the showing, and was ably assisted by Chief Freytag. They are entitled to credit and special consideration for bringing Oregon added laurels.

The people of Oregon, who desire that no opportunity to create a favorable opinion shall be lost, must remember that their representatives here can accomplish little except as the public-spirited people in the different sections co-operate for the special occasion. It is generally admitted on the grounds that Oregon actually produces the goods and that it is merely a matter of getting them on display. If each section would respond, even in a small way, when the call comes, a tremendous showing could be made and the burden would not be heavy on any. As it is, Oregon is doing well, but it is up against great odds, in the fact that California is spending without stint and that her fields and orchards are at the door of the exposition.

WORDS OF WARNING SOUNDED

Editor Graphic.

No young man and woman who value their reputation will be found, sitting in the shadows of the oaks on the college campus, or any other outdoor place, as late as half-past one in the morning as occurred Saturday night.

And no young girl with proper modesty and who wishes to maintain her chastity will be found as were two in recent months sitting on the college bleachers between the hours of

ten and eleven at night in the company of young men who made it necessary for them to over and over again refuse to cross the athletic field to the old shed in the brush.

And no mother who desires that her daughter's honor be not violated should fail to know where and in whose company her daughter is to be found every hour of day and night.

Parents, young men and young women, boys and girls, and the civil authorities in Newberg need to wake up to some of the dangers and pit-falls that lay in wait for our young people.

The welfare of the whole social fabric, as well as the physical, moral and spiritual well-being of the generations yet to be demands that people be aroused to action and that right speedily.

A Young Reader and Observer

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, Our pastor, Rev. George C. Ritchey, has been with this church nearly eight years, having organized it in April, 1907, and served as pastor from November of that year until the present date, during which time the congregation grew from sixty to more than three hundred members, a new building was erected and all the various departments organized; and

Whereas, He now sees fit to accept a call from another field, be it

Resolved, That we thus express our thanks and sincere appreciation for the splendid work he has done during these years, for the inspiration of his unswerving faith, for the earnest sermons we have enjoyed and for his self-sacrificing devotion to the upbuilding of this church; and be it further

Resolved, That we tender our regret at his leaving, and our prayers that he may find happiness and success in fullest measure in his new field; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed upon the records with the clerk and a copy placed in the hands of Brother Ritchey and a copy sent to the press.

Accepted by the board,

Daniel Putnam, Chairman,
C. W. Sloan, Clerk.

FROM THE NEWS-REPORTER

Apropos of the passing away of the aged pioneer, Mrs. Mary Jane Hendricks, the old wagon in which her husband crossed the plains is now in Portland, the property of the State Historical society. Mr. Hendricks' old flint lock gun is still at the old homestead.

J. O. Rogers pays a fine tribute to a cherry which he calls the "Hoberg Seedling." The tree is on Father Hoberg's home place and it produces cherries which in flavor and size are a cross, between the Kentish and the Royal Ann, hence the cherry is an excellent one and retains much flavor when preserved or canned. Father Hoberg, however, says it is an "Ox Heart" seedling.

George Goldner, and Ed Fuller started Tuesday the work in remodeling the frame building between the McMinnville National bank and Macy's Undertaking parlors. The building will have a brick veneer front and will be arranged for a barber shop to be conducted by W. L. (Doc) Rinard, who will install modern fixtures. Since leaving McMinnville he has been running a shop at Newberg.