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A JOY RIDE TO TILLAMOOK BEACHES

Five Autos Tour Five Counties
in Four Days and Have
Gala Time.

Editor Graphic: I am asked to tell about it. Early on the morning of August 1st, without taking a last look at the smiling Chehalem Valley, glad to leave behind the toil and dust of civilization, five families, hereinafter mentioned, with tents and grub in their autos started out.

The inhabitants were up and around when we reached Forest Grove; the sawmills were running when we passed through Columbia county; the lights were burning upon our arrival in Astoria and they had gone to bed when we reached Gearhart and Seaside.

The next forenoon Mr. Crocker enjoyed communing with his engine and tires at Seaside. Bolts, spring, screws and wires had been flying a la Dr. Yak. The remainder of the party contented themselves sightseeing and the Smith family sought in vain for their camping grounds of a quarter of a century ago, now covered with houses, garages, cement sidewalks and pavement, city water works and sewers.

The ocean is still there status quo ante. The second night we camped at Manzanita, Nehalem, where we had a "blow out" of salmon Mr. Silver caught, using his name for bait.

We reached Garibaldi at noon the next day and found the place where no monument has been erected to mark the writer's birthplace.

We reached Netarts via Tillamook City before night but found the place so congested that we returned a mile or two into the woods for a night's lodging. The next day we visited Hebo, Beaver, Pleasant Valley and Pacific City. Pacific City will be a fine camping place for some time to come or until it becomes too popular and too populous.

The last lap of the trip was a hummer for speed. Leaving Pacific City in the middle of the afternoon we arrived home before dark. We got glimpses of cities and towns as we came through, the name of one of which I distinctly remember being McMinnville.

The party was made up by Mr. Crocker on the afternoon of the day before the start was made and consisted of his family and Mrs. Eleanor Palmer of Portland and the families of W. W. Silver, John Crater, R. W. Staley and J. U. Smith. We kept going all the time and never went back for anything. I have traveled with some tolerably swift people in my time, but should any of your readers ever start out to follow Rev. H. G. Crocker and his Ford, I advise that the machine be stripped for action. The grass was green at the coast but for beauty of scenery Chehalem Valley looked good when we got back in comparison to any place we saw.

Mrs. Palmer has composed the following which was duly issued by the Crockers. (She rode in the back seat of the Crocker car).

J. U. Smith.
We cranked and we tooted, we joggerd and we bounced,
All the way to the mighty Pacific.
We camped and we ate, we gazed and we flew
Home again at a rate most terrific.
Unpacked and unrolled, with tent in the loft,



CRATER LAKE

We've again come to life and we're rested.
With soap and with brush we've washed and we've scrubbed,
And the sand from our eyes we've divested.
So now to talk over the fun of our trip,
Let us all meet together at eight,
At Owanole Camp where Crockers do live,
Tuesday night we have set for the date.
So crank up the Fords, give the Maxwell a start.
Toot your horn, all aboard for the Crockers.
We'll sing and we'll laugh, tell yarns and do stunts,
"Honk your horns to Astoria?" No, to Crockers.

BROTHER OF A. P. DUNLAP DEAD

S. C. Dunlap of Portland, died at the hospital in Portland on Tuesday July 31st, 1917, at the age of 50 years 7 months and 8 days.

The sudden death of Mr. Dunlap who has made his home in Amity almost continuously for a number of years, cast a gloom over the city. Mr. Dunlap was President of the Holly Condensed Milk and Cereal Company here, and has been interested in the factory, acting in the capacity of an officer nearly the entire time since its first organization. He was highly capable as a business man and his loss will be keenly felt. He had just returned home from Pennsylvania a few days ago, where he has been supervising the construction of a new factory for the company.

Mr. Dunlap leaves to mourn his loss, his wife and little son, Burr.

The funeral was held yesterday morning at the Holman Funeral Parlors in Portland, and interment was made in the Rose City cemetery.—Amity Standard.

The deceased was a brother of A. P. Dunlap, of Newberg, but the latter did not get to attend the funeral as he did not get word of the death of his brother until the afternoon of the day it was held. The relatives did not know he had returned from California and consequently sent word to Pasadena and by the time it was sent back here it was too late.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Hattie Barber, age legal, to Geo. Abel Brockway, age legal.

HOW WORNOUT WAR EQUIPMENT IS SAVED

With the British Armies in the field.—Did you ever stop to think of what becomes of all worn-out equipment of an army composed of millions of men?

At the outset of the present war much of this was pure loss. Now in the British army there is an "old clothes man" and the profits he reports back to his boss, John Bull, might make Morgan, Rocketeller or Carnegie envious.

The old clothes man "saves the scraps." He makes new things out of old. He cleans up the battlefields and camps and very little is wasted nowadays. His job is to collect everything from a horseshoe nail to a disordered siege gun and put it back into commission.

Brass objects which have lost their usefulness are melted into ingots; cast-iron junk becomes pig-iron again; bronze, tin, steel, nickel and everything of the kind which has irretrievably lost its shape is put into melting pots to be born again in another guise keeping up an eternal transmigration but serving all the while.

I recently visited one of these scrap-saving and repair shops. About 12,000 people are employed, mostly French women and girls.

Here great howitzers are repaired and government chronometers have their hair-springs readjusted; tents are patched and mended and covers are made for steel helmets, artillery wheels are repaired and micrometers put true again. This is a wood-working shop, a foundry for running brass, zinc, tin and iron, a boot-repair department and many others.

In one room there were hundreds and hundreds of rifles,

NEBRASKA-KANSAS PICNIC

The Graphic has been asked to announce the Nebraska-Kansas picnic for Tuesday, August 21. A general invitation is extended to all former Nebraska and Kansas people to attend and those who have come into the community recently are urged to come out and enroll as members. Bring silverware and cups.

HISTORY OF CRATER LAKE TOLD BY FATHER OF PARK

Judge Will G. Steel, who is known in Oregon as the "Father of the Crater Lake National Park", told this story at the recent National Parks Conference in Washington:

"Forty-six years ago I was a farmer's boy in southern Kansas and attended school five miles distant. My lunch was carried in a newspaper. One warm day in May or June I sat in the schoolroom eating the contents of that paper. When through I scanned the columns, reading the short articles, among which was a description of a sunken lake that had been discovered in Oregon. It was said to be 5,000 feet below the surface of the surrounding country, with vertical walls, so that no human body could reach the water. In its center was an island 1,500 feet high, with an extinct crater in the top. In all my life I never read an article that took the intense hold on me that that one did and I then and there determined to go to Oregon and to visit that lake and to go down to the water.

I had two brothers in Portland at the time. Two years thereafter I went to Oregon with my parents and we were met at the steamer landing by my brothers. Before getting over the dock I asked them where that sunken lake was, and found that they had never heard of it.

"It was seven years before I was able to find anyone who had ever heard of it. Then I was told that there was something of that sort in southern Oregon, but my informer was not sure. Nine years later I found a man who had actually seen it, and he gave me a good description of it and greatly increased my desire to see it. However I was not able to get there until the summer of 1885, when we made the trip in company with three friends, arriving there in July.

"Crater Lake was discovered by a party of twenty-two prospectors, led by a John W. Hillman, then of Jacksonville, Oregon, June 12, 1853, and named Deep Blue Lake. Mr. Hillman was the last survivor of this party and died in Hope Villa, Louisiana, March 1915, in the

eighty-third year of his age.

"While standing on the rim of the lake in 1885 with Professor Joseph LeConte, the thought occurred to me that no point around this wonderful cauldron had the hand of man yet desecrated with peanut stands or other marks of desolation, and that something should be done to save it forever for the people of this great country.

"How to accomplish this was the question, so I turned to the professor for counsel. We discussed it at length and finally decided the only way was to have a national park created. Ways and means were discussed and the work of preparation commenced then and there. A petition to the president was prepared, asking for the withdrawal from the market of ten townships, which petition was granted the following January, when President Cleveland issued an executive order to that effect.

"The work of interesting Congress commenced immediately and continued for seventeen years, when a bill was passed and signed by the president May 22, 1902, the anniversary of the marriage of my parents."

CAMPING FISHING AND HUNTING GUIDE

We are in receipt of an attractive booklet, entitled "Camping, Fishing and Hunting Guide", which was compiled by the Forest Service and published by the Southern Pacific Company.

The Forest Reserves of Western Oregon with roads, trails, resorts, camping places, mountains, fishing, streams and lakes are described in detail. Complete instructions are given to prepare for a hunting or fishing trip, even to cooking utensils and amount and quantity of food.

This booklet contains much useful information regarding Western Oregon and will be invaluable to anyone contemplating a fishing, hunting or camping trip in that territory.

Copies can be obtained from any Southern Pacific Agent, or will be furnished free on application to the General Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific at Portland.

Graphic and Semi-Weekly Journal \$2. per year.

FRANK L. REED DROWNS IN MILLRACE

Was to Have Wedded Miss
Esther Hollingsworth
August 15

On Thursday of last week a telegram was received from Kelso, Wash., by Miss Esther Hollingsworth, telling of the untimely death by drowning, of Frank L. Reed to whom she was to be married on August 15. Only the day before Mr. Reed had left her here at the end of a short visit, when final preparations were made for the event which they had been looking forward to in the exuberance of youth as the most happy and eventful experience of their lives.

The drowning occurred at Co-weeman, Wash., 25 miles east of Kelso and the account of it was given in the Oregonian as follows:

"Young Reed has been working for the past two Summers in the logging camp of the Portland Lumber Company and it was in the turbulent waters of the flume near the camp that young Reed met his untimely death. Reed was helping the damkeeper open the gates to turn loose the flood at the time of the accident.

"The men had opened two gates and as they were lifting the third, the force of the stream tore loose a 12 inch plank which came flying through the air, towards the two men. Reed stepped back to dodge it and stepped too far, falling into the stream which ran through the gate with tremendous velocity.

"The gates were closed and the flood stopped and the body was found a short time afterwards about half a mile down stream."

W. W. Hollingsworth went to Portland Friday morning and brought the body to Newberg and in the evening Miss Esther and her sister, Mrs. A. C. Martin, left here with it for Hemet, California, the home of the parents of the unfortunate young man.

Mr. Reed was a student in O. A. C. where he was taking a course in logging engineering and would have graduated next year.

There was to have been a double church wedding on Wednesday of next week, the other couple being the older sister, Miss Gertrude Hollingsworth and George A. Gwin. The latter couple will have a very quiet wedding at that time, with none but the immediate relatives in attendance.

Many kindly words of sympathy have been spoken for Miss Esther in her sore bereavement.

CENSUS WITHOUT WRITING

The next census of the United States will be taken without the writing of a single word or figure, so states a news dispatch from Washington. The average person will ask how in the world it can be done.

"Simple," said Secretary Redfield. Enumerators will be supplied with cards and punches. The cards will contain all the questions asked in former censuses. Each question will be punched in the way answered. When the cards are returned to the census bureau an ingenious machine will punch new cards of the smaller size, the holes being relatively in the same position in the old and new cards. Then the counting will be done by machinery.

A town of cement buildings is being constructed in Montana.