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THE HEIGHTS OF MT. HOOD SCALED

Successful Ascent Made by Party of
More Than One
Hundred

Editor Graphic:
Pinned upon the lapel of my outing jacket is a pale blue ribbon about one inch wide by eight inches in length. Printed on it in black letters together with the club emblem, are the words: "Masamas. Summit Mount Hood, August 10-11, 1918." It is an insignificant bit of ribbon, to be sure, but in my eyes, of great value. It is the reward of several hours of hard labor.

I have wanted to climb Mt. Hood ever since I can remember. And have listened attentively to the stories of those who have made the journey. At last, opportunity presented herself and I grabbed her forelock firmly with both hands.

We left Portland at noon on Saturday, August 10. It was cloudy and we encountered a number of small showers. Six hours later, having endured three blowouts, we arrived at Government Camp, where we partook of a bounteous meal. Under the guidance of a delightful young lady, five of us started on the next lap of four miles up the base of the mountain to Timberline. The trees were of a scrubby appearance along the route, the average height being about forty feet. The clouds hung low, obscuring any distant view and even the mountain was invisible. After ninety minutes of steady climbing we reached the camp.

A roaring log fire burned briskly in the clearing, and edging into the crowd that surrounded it, the first person I met was Ora Edwards. "I enjoyed meeting someone I knew. I quite forgot the dampness of the mountain night air as we chatted of old times and Newberg."

That night we rolled into our blankets under a pair of large tents which were sheltered from the wind by several dwarf hemlocks. It rained continuously, and being unaccustomed to the hard ground, no one slept. The time was spent in revelry. One fellow demonstrated his ability to mimic the lower animals, to the amusement of the rest. Battering was brisk and whoever happened to be the butt of a joke took it good naturedly. One thing was noticeable throughout the trip, and that was the absence of temper. I did not hear an unpleasant word, nor see an ugly expression. I for one shivered most of the night. When I rolled in there were about fifteen men in the tent. When I awoke at 1:30 in the morning there more than twice as many, the others having arrived during the night.

At two o'clock all blankets had been packed and breakfast was in progress. It consisted of coffee, sandwiches, canned peaches and oranges. Three o'clock found us on the march upward again. In ten minutes we had left all signs of vegetation behind, and on each side of the rocky trail were stretches of snow. A count was made. My number was 30. Then on down the line until the numbers were no longer audible. In a few minutes the total came back passed from one to the other until it reached the guide at the head of the column. There were 120 in the party.

Soon we were above the clouds, and leaving the rocky hogback, we climbed into the snowfield. I can not remember ever having seen the morning skies so blue, the stars so bright or the August air so cold. Far below us were the clouds and the earth, and, seemingly, a short distance ahead and above were the dark crags of the peak. At first I wondered, "Is that all there is to it?" But before I reached the top I was glad there was not more. Frequent rests in the shelter of huge, brown boulders became pleasures, until we climbed around out of the wind. The sun came up and simultaneously grease paint and goggles were very much in evidence. Every one of the seven original colors were represented, with a few blended shades thrown in.

Lunch and an hour for rest at Crater Rock were the orders. And here it was that the uninitiated received his first whiff of sulphur fumes. Some became sick. Needless to say, I did not. A few turned back. But with the summit only two thousand feet away I was determined to stick to it.

Once across the crater and the ascent was made by the aid of ropes. The north wall, which we had to climb, was nearly perpendicular. On either side of our course was a series of yawning crevasses. Notches had been cut in the ice, and by digging our toes into these and going hand over hand on the ropes, we were able in nearly two hours' time to reach the coveted goal—the summit.

I regret that my vocabulary is not extensive enough to paint a word picture of the grandeur of the view, even though the fleecy, white clouds on all sides obscured a goodly portion of the surrounding country. However, to the southward, Mount Jefferson, the Three Sisters and Mount Shasta, seven hundred miles away, were visible above the mist screen. Mount Adams, Mount St. Helens and Mount Rainier loomed up in the north.

Standing in the center of the small summit is the fire lookout station, which is anchored by cables to prevent the wind from blowing it into the chasm below. Here we rested an hour. A second count was taken as each registered in a book and received a ribbon. One hundred and seven had succeeded in reaching the top.

About six feet from the north wall of the cabin is the brink of an almost perpendicular abyss. If one, by chance, would lose his footing, I feel safe in saying that his fall would be not less than three or perhaps four thousand feet. The mountains below looked flat. I realized an odd sensation—that of being on top of the world. And for the first few minutes I lived in fear of falling off.

Our descent was rapid. We walked, ran, skated and slid homeward. The climb had taken eight and a half hours. The same distance, coming down, was traversed in two hours and forty minutes. At nine-thirty that evening I was at home and my adventure was only a memory. The mountain has already cast its spell about me, and I am determined to visit it again in the future.

Yours very truly,
James R. Forsyth.
Portland, August 18.

STORY OF LITTLE JIMMY

If you ever saw Little Jimmy—freckle faced, snub nosed, laughing eyed—you would wonder how any father could desert him and a frail little mother to whatever mercy they might find in a busy, bleeding, war-torn world. And if you have a little Jimmy of your own, or ever wanted one, your wonder would be blended with hot pity for his helplessness and hopelessness, and cold anger against his unfeeling sire.

Surely the baby, above all, is entitled to the protection and love of parentage and home; to know the touch of a mother's waking kiss, and not to know hunger and cold and discomfort. But none of the ordinary baby's rights—tenderness, devoted care and self-sacrificing love—are part of Jimmy's heritage. That he is not an utter outcast, one of hundreds of quiet, sad-eyed waifs committed to the care of some institution to become that most forlorn of all human entities, a "case," is due to the genuine humanity of the Albertina Kerr Nursery Home in Portland. It has opened its doors, wide, hospitable doors, to little Jimmy. There he is given at least temporary sanctuary from hard destiny in an atmosphere more nearly resembling "home" than most kindly intended enterprises for Jimmy and his sort ever achieve. His sorrowing mother, physically unfitted to wage a bitter battle for bread for two, has reluctantly, yet gratefully, relinquished her one reason for continuing life's struggle to the good people whose whole powers are devoted to alleviating the misery of such as little Jimmy and his unhappy mother.

It is of little moment what becomes of Jimmy's renegade father. Probably he has little to fear from legal penalties. Of more consequence is earnest sympathy and aid for his grief-stricken, burdened mother. Most important of all is it that little, freckle faced Jimmy be given his need of food and love and laughter—his chance to grow sturdily erect in soul and body, unbowed by fear and want. This is what the Albertina Kerr Nursery Home has promised him in taking him in. It is a big promise, yet one often made and always fulfilled, thanks to the charitable assistance of those who are in sympathetic touch with its activities.

CAPTURED HUN TANK REPAIRED BY FRENCH



The tank seen in this French official photograph was captured by the French in the recent heavy fighting on the western front. The tank was demobilized by the heavy French gunfire and it took these crafty Frenchmen twelve days of work under enemy fire to put it in order again. The photograph shows the French crew which repaired the tank and which is operating it with great results against the enemy.

SERGEANT CALVIN BLAIR WRITES WHILE ON WAY EAST

August 5, 1918.
Dear Home Folks—We are getting along in good shape, and at times at a pretty keen clip. Yesterday we traveled for an hour or so at 75 miles an hour, between Milwaukee and Chicago.

Got into Chicago at night, and passed right on through. So all we got of Chicago was a smoky glimmer around the electric lights, and sounds and smell. We had one keen prolonged whiff of the stock yards that was rich. I don't understand why all of Chicago don't move away. Today we are going through Michigan, and expect to see Niagara Falls tonight about midnight by search light.

There have been lots of interesting demonstrations along the route at the depots where we have stopped for a few minutes. The Red Cross ladies have been on hand at every stopping place, with little favors of some sort. They seem to have an underground line of communication to pass the word along that we are coming, and from Spokane on, they have been on the lookout for us. They are kept pretty busy at it, too, for there are lots of troop trains moving.

The news continues good from France. There is still ground for hope that the present campaign may decide how the war is going to end. It will take a while to finish in any event. But it may be a settled fact that they are licked soon.

Just now saw a farmer cutting grain with a binder drawn by a tractor. It seems to work like a charm.

The weather is terribly hot. Even the breeze stirred up is hot as blazes. I am quite surprised to see the Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan country look so much like the rolling farm country of Carlton and North Yamhill. The yield is better, but the lay of the ground and general appearance of the landscape is much the same. We missed the corn belt although there is lots of corn along our route. The average of it is not as good in appearance as we often see in the Willamette valley.

Our train has stopped three times to let us get off and take a swim in the creek along the way, and we are going to get another swim this afternoon when we get to Lake Huron. It is some splash when the whole train load of about 500 get into one swimming hole. Must close.

Calvin.

WILL MAKE GOOD LOGGERS

There is every reason to believe that a large number of men who are working in logging camps and saw mills, who are in the spruce division will follow that occupation when the war is over. It is true that they were inexperienced in that line of business when they were sent to logging camps and saw mills, but their experience of the past months will make them good loggers and handy about saw mills, and as the lumber industry in the Pacific Northwest will require more men this will be one way of obtaining men who will have been under discipline and will make good workmen.—Tillamook Headlight.

MYSTERIOUS "W" AND "B" FOUND ON WHEAT LEAVES

By the appearance of the letters "W" and "B" on the grain in Canada this year many people believe that the end of the war and its results are forecasted. Wm. Tiffin, a farmer southwest of the third-37-6, which is about five miles from Saskatoon, has found the letter "W" plainly marked on the leaves of his wheat and barley and the letter "B" on his oats.

All manner of theories and explanations have been advanced as to the meaning of these letters. It is stated that at the time of the South African war the letter "W" was found on the wheat, which was interpreted as meaning victory, and still further back, during the Napoleonic wars the letter "W" was plainly marked on the barley.

At the time the letter was taken as meaning "Wellington of Waterloo." Some people maintain that history is quite clear as to these mystifying letters, appearing on grain during all the celebrated wars. The letters, so it has been stated, refer to the winning side of the war. Although "B" may refer to Britain as the winner, yet Berlin comes in strong and yet to offset that, the belief is that the letter "B" appears only on oats in the countries of the victors.

The appearance of the letter "W" on wheat seems to be a fact that cannot be explained, like the letter "B." It might mean another Waterloo or a number of things.—Saskatoon Star.

AGE LIMITS FOR MEN ENTERING MERCHANT MARINE

August 9, 1918.
To Enrolling Agents—This is to inform you that Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, has today established new age limits for men entering the Merchant Marine through the Recruiting Service. From now on, adventurous youths from 18 to 20 inclusive, will be accepted for training on the training ships of the shipping board as sailors, cooks and stewards. Prior to this date all the 3,000 men a month accepted for training by the shipping board and subsequent service in merchant crews have been within the present draft age limit of 21 to 31, but in order to draw more lightly on men available for military duty under present draft regulations, the shipping board will hereafter accept men of draft age only for training as firemen. New age limits for firemen are 21 to 31 inclusive. Firemen who have fired six months will be given special training as oilers and water tenders. Mr. Hurley states that he expects the new age regulations to stimulate recruiting for the Merchant Marine service. There have been several thousand inquiries by letters from youths under draft age who want to go to sea. We are building for the future and hope that a majority of youths under 21 to be trained by the shipping board as sailors, cooks and stewards will stick to the Merchant Marine after the war is over.

Upon receipt of this letter you will please get in touch with the editors of your local newspapers and urge them to patriotically give the above information publicity, so that recruiting for the Merchant Marine

will be stimulated. The training station and the two training ships, U. S. "Iroquois" and the U. S. "Chippewa" are now in commission and we have at the present time some 300 recruits in training. Our capacity is 750 and we urge upon you the patriotic duty of putting forth every effort to send us young Americans to be trained to man the ships of the United States Government, and in doing so you will be materially assisting to win the war.

Thanking you in advance for your patriotic co-operation, I remain,
Yours very truly,
W. J. Grambs,
Supervisor, Seattle Training Station,
United States Shipping Board.

BIG FARM TRACTOR DEMONSTRATION ON SEP. 5 TO 7

At Portland September 5 to 7 a big farm tractor demonstration will be held when you will see in operation practically every tractor manufactured or sold on the Pacific Coast.

The big, medium, the small sized tractors.

Some with wheel drive, some with crawler drive.

The right size for orchard use, for vineyard use, for use on the big grain ranches.

Behind the tractors will be pulled moldboard and disc plows, peg tooth, spring tooth and disc harrows, scrapers, land levelers and sub-soilers, virtually every kind of tractor drawn implement.

A truth that every American recognizes and is proud of is that American ingenuity has always been able to meet every absolute public necessity and so it is that American ability has come to the aid of the agriculturists in these strenuous times.

Power farming machinery has reached that stage of perfection that it can now be successfully used on all classes of farms from the largest ranch to the small vineyard or orchard.

Tractors that will do good work are now manufactured ranging from a five to a seventy-five horse power machine. They are made in variety of size, form and construction that make them usable on all kinds of tillable soil.

By the use of tractors as motive power, one person can now till from five to twenty times more land, can do very much more work where power is required on the farm and do it all much easier than could be done by the old methods.

Because of farm tractors and tractor implements men who thought they had passed the age of active labor and women are beginning to replace the men who have been called from the farms into war service.

BENNETT-EVEREST WEDDING

The quiet wedding of Miss Leola Everest, member of the 1915 graduation class of N. H. S., to Floyd Burnett, of Portland, took place Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the M. E. parsonage of Rev. Good, of East Portland.

The ring ceremony was used, the service being spoken by Rev. Good. The sister of the bride, Frances Everest, and J. Legier stood with the young couple. The bride's parents and brother were also present. After the ceremony they went to Salem for a short visit. The young couple both hold good positions in the Columbia River ship yard and will continue to work there as their home will be in Portland for the present.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Granville Everest, former citizens of Newberg who now reside at Laurel.

NORTH MAIN CLUB

The North Main Improvement Club held its annual picnic on August 17, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Jones. Each member came with well filled baskets, including fried chicken, baked beans, salads, cakes, pies and sandwiches. After the bountiful repast, games were enjoyed for an hour, then all gathered round the piano and sang a number of patriotic songs.

Guests of the occasion were Mr. Goff, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Nelson and baby daughter, Helen Marie, and the families of each club member.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS AID ALL IN SERVICE

Welfare Work Conducted in 45
Army and Navy Concentration Centers

Christian Science camp welfare work is now being carried on in forty-five army and navy camps in the United States under direction of the Christian Science War Relief and Camp Welfare Committee of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston. There are at present about seventy men and fifteen women engaged in this work, the women serving mainly as welfare room attendants.

Conducted at first independently, the camp welfare work has been merged with the war relief work which the Christian Scientists were doing in foreign countries before the United States entered the war. For both these purposes about one million dollars have been raised.

The aim of the Christian Science camp workers is to be as helpful as possible to all the men in the camps, whether or not they are Christian Scientists, and particularly to give assistance which may not be available at the time or place through any of the other camp welfare agencies. A feature of this phase of the work is an arrangement for keeping soldiers and sailors in close touch with their relatives.

Co-operating with the committee in Boston, there is a Christian Science camp welfare committee in each state. The committee in the home state of the soldier or sailor co-operates by mail and telegraph with the committee of the state in which he is camped or stationed to form a direct and constant link between the soldier or sailor and his relatives. Thereby the relatives are quickly made acquainted with the needs of their boy in the service, and he is provided with an avenue of quick communication with his home.

This linking of home and camp, combined with the personal attention of the Christian Science workers in the camps, has frequently been the means of changing a soldier's outlook from one of gloom to one of joy, and not infrequently it has proved to be the means of relieving relatives of financial embarrassment, the committee in the home state making loans for use by the relatives until their boy in camp should be prepared to forward money to them.

The net result, for which the Christian Science committees and camp workers have received many commendations, has been a noticeable raising of the morale of many men in the service and the development of a better feeling at home regarding the participation of their boys in the service.

The camp workers say there is an increased willingness among the commanding officers and surgeons to allow Christian Science treatment for those men who ask for it, and many Christian Science healings have been recorded. Recently, two requests for Christian Science services in hospital wards were received by camp workers from medical nurses who had observed the beneficial effects of Christian Science treatment.

In or near numerous camps, the Christian Science committees have erected substantial buildings, with quiet places for reading and writing, and other buildings are in the course of construction. A light touring car has been added to the equipment of the Christian Science camp workers at each camp to be used whenever and wherever possible in assisting the men.—Boston Sunday Advertiser.

C. G. Christenson desires us to say that if the party that stole and hid several sacks of his wheat in his straw pile will come forward and make himself known he will be paid for his trouble in hiding this grain as Mr. C. does not want any one to work on his place without pay. He also feels somewhat thankful that he discovered the hiding place in time to save this thief more hard work in taking this stolen grain away.—Dayton Tribune.

"The Lion's Claw"

The great and only wild animal serial starting at the Baker theatre next Monday and Tuesday; also Jack Pickford in "The Spirit of 17." This is a full program. Do not miss it. Special admission prices 5 and 10 cents.