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M. S. Shrock, former well-known farmer, stock raiser and citizen of this section of Washington county, is now engaged in newspaper work, editing the Dairyman's official organ, and writes to have the old home paper come to his desk that he may keep in touch with local happenings. Mr. Shrock is a live wire and puts the ginger into the official organ all right. —Forest Grove News-Times.

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TEXAS PAPER PRINTS BOOST FOR NORTHWEST

This article was written by a former Texas, now living in Portland, and we take pleasure in reprinting the article for the apologetic way in which he says the good things he does about this wonderful Northwest country, and for the good it may do the home people to read it, as well as the passing stranger who may chance to peruse this article.

The Denison Daily Herald.—Dear Friend: As I have written a number of the relative, friends and acquaintances describing the unparalleled beauty and advantages of this Northwest country, I feel that you also should be willing to become a victim of the same outrage. My advice to anyone whose beam heaven and throbs as his eyes feast upon nature's wild riot of beauty and massive cloud-piercing peaks, is to get a Ford and see America first, that is, if you can find a Ford that will behave itself.

On September 2nd last, we turned the nose of our little Ford northward, leaving good old Texas, but failing to shake off all the dust of Texas. Lord knows, the Ford shook hard enough but the dust just stuck on, and it wasn't very long until we had five layers of it from the five states that we passed through. After conquering some wonderful (?) roads in three states, the little tin wagon was still "peppy" and eager for the chase. Being anxious to see the mountains (we had never seen them before) we made the gravest mistake of the trip. We had forgotten for the moment about the poor little timid, frightened Ford, accustomed only to shimmying across a Texas prairie. Why, the little fellow trembled all over. We ran into one of those terrible mountain water-spouts, way up at the top of Ute Pass. The tin lizzie, by this time was so frightened that the wild Bam, Bam, Bam, of its motor was plainly audible through the roar of thunder and falling waters. Then seeing visions of Texas dirt roads after a rain, and thinking it time for a much needed rest, the tin wagon pulled a cute trick. In spite of my efforts to the contrary, it slipped over against one of those dizzy walls of rock that ended somewhere above the gushing clouds, disobeying my orders and stopped head-down at the top of the cord. I always will believe we would have made that hill, if we had at first hindfolded the thing.

Well, that's the nearest we ever came to drowning on top of the mountains. We fought streams of water for two hours, and when the rain changed from solid sheets of water to the ordinary Texas gully-washer type, we crawled out, and found that the timid Ford was willing to wheeze and cough again, but refused to take that hill.

The wife then took the wheel, after looking up directions in the little book that came with it when it was new, fed it four double rations of gasoline. I don't know how many rations I fed it of a more explosive gas (under my breath). Anyway it moved on up the remaining eighteen miles, the Ford "poppin" with action, while I popped with perspiration and impressive oratory. After eight days and nights of this we finally reached the top of the world at Tennessee Pass.

Suddenly the little Ford went wild. I acted just like it had been shot from a gun. Great guns! There's nothing that will beat a Ford when it comes to running down hill! It just simply scorned the gas's everything. We smelled something like a punk cigar. Somehow I got the idea to look for a hot box, just like the brakemen used to do on the Katy, when we smelled something wrong, smoking, and the only way I could think of to manage that blame road louse was to feed it the "high" explosive that I had used coming up the hill, and strangled myself trying to do it under my breath.

The best way to lose your religion is to start out over the Rockies in a Ford. I lost all mine on the first jump, and for six hundred miles I kept losing more of it that I didn't know I had.

From the standpoint of height, Colorado's bleak, rocky peaks and crags excel, the mighty work of later volcanic upheavals. Oregon's Cascades and Coast Ranges are perhaps centuries older, countless seasons having crumbled and ground the naked rock into fertile soil, rounding its lofty peaks, impacting thereon the

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vegetation, which beautifies it to an extent unbelievable. From every rock springs a delicate fern or mat of moss. Every slope at certain seasons, is a veritable bloom from which to tread, every crevice and canyon is a cascade of garnet, clearest, coldest melted snows, ready at all times to quench the burning thirst and soothe the parched lips of the plainsman. And believe me, they come in droves. You should be one of them. Shriners who attended the convention here in Portland would drink Mt. Hood's melted snows as it bubbled up in the street drinking fountain and exclaim: "Why it's lead!"

The Shrine parade was quite an affair—nearly large bands and the same size decoration from everywhere. It took them three hours to pass in review, and the Rose Carnival floral parade, two days later was just as lengthy and unequalled in splendor. Also electrical parades at night with beautiful floats ablaze with light supplied by trolley tracks. The ninety bands gathered together one day on the golf grounds and played. Well you missed it by not being there to see it all, and I would have to wear out the typewriter to tell you about it. Saw a number of Texas friends, and hundreds of Shriners from Texas.

An nov on the road all the time and have visited many beautiful places, among them the Willapa bay in Western Washington. The bay is enclosed by a thirty-mile strip of peninsula called North Beach. The peninsula itself is a thing of beauty, and a famous summer resort. It has twenty-seven miles of unbroken beach so smooth that when the breakers wash over it, in the sunlight it has the appearance of glass. The wet sand is so hard that the heaviest auto hardly leaves a track, and there isn't a pebble, or hardly a ripple in the sand to mar its glassy surface. This peninsula is the home of the famous Southwest Washington cranberry bogs.

We boarded the little passenger steamer Shamrock at Nabotsa, the peninsula's point, and passed the small islands whose wild growth is so fine and fluffy that it resembles green hair on a monster goring float-boat. Blue-winged and long-billed ducks fly in pairs just a few inches above water, along a course as straight as a surveyor's air line, and movements as precise as those of a toy monkey on a string. At a distance a thick group of sea gulls look like someone had emptied a feather pillow in the air, or ditto if lit on a sand bar. When a flock of sea ravens fly between one and the sun, a shadow, as from a small cloud, floats along over the surface of the bay. The sea ravens are a lighter shade of black than the ordinary crow, about the same size with longer wings. On this particular day they were after sardines. The sardines swim in long schools. The ravens were strung out above them in a string a mile long. The wily sardine is constantly changing course, and the ravens fly from place to place like a flock of Texas cow birds. Miles across the bay can be seen a huge white sand bluff. When the ravens fly between you and the bluff, it looks like volumes of belching black smoke. A large flock of gulls took after the little steamer, flying close to the aft deck. I threw a handful of rose peals overboard, and instantly every one of them dashed down to the water, and gobbled them up, chattering just like a bunch of noisy, greedy children.

One of the prettiest sights of the bay is the untold millions of glittering sunbeams winking at you from the little curled peak of every wave. Oh! You are simply held spellbound as you look upon miles and miles of shimmering, dazzling, silvery jewels of wind and wave. And when you look off through the gray that separates the great bay from the trackless deep, you observe a long line of ghost-like geyzers, tossing seemingly a dozen feet in the air, ceaselessly rising and falling. They are the great breakers of the Pacific dashing over the sand bars. It is a gripping scene to a plainsman.

We loaded the boat at two ports with crabs and clams. They just pile them in large boxes and nail them up alive. When they reach the market they are still alive, and are dropped into boiling water, and presto! We have a delicious crab.

Speaking of fishing, the biggest snap I ever heard of is the little wiggling smelt. All you have to do is to hold a small net or an old bird cage stuck on a pole down into the water and they run into it till it is full. They "run" up the Columbia River and into the shallow tributary streams just a few days once every year.

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It's good for a forty-pound salmon if you are lucky. The best salmon and trout fishing is either in cascades or right up close to falls. Along the rapids of the Klickitat, Deschutes and Columbia, it is a common sight to see the Indians conquering the big ones with rod and reel.

The prettiest streams that I have seen so far are the Salmonberry, Klickitat and Deschutes rivers. You couldn't possibly dream of more charming mountain cascades. The Deschutes is a large river. From the railroad that follows its gorge, in places you look down hundreds of feet to the channel and see the water dashing furiously through perhaps half a dozen parallel gorges in the rock, very deep and so narrow that it seems you could jump them. The water is a beautiful creamy blue and dashes white spray in every direction as it encounters the massive boulders in its rugged bed.

Last week I drove up the Yaquina river valley from the ocean to its source. The 65 miles cost me \$25 auto hire, and I must confess that the scenery alone is worth double that amount. It was simply entrancing! The moss, the ferns, the wooded hills, wild flowers of a size and richness of color unbelievable, the sparkling Yaquina, dense forests, with its wild creatures—game of every kind and fish in abundance.

Soms say the Columbia highway affords the choicest scenery. I do not agree. I believe the world's most fascinating scenery lies along the railroad between Portland and Tillamook, Oregon. I made that trip in April, and at the summit of the coast range large, fluffy flakes of snow were falling, screening the deep green forests with dots of white—a beauty so thrilling that you just gasp at it breathless. A little further on the snow changes to a torrential rain. From the car window you are surprised to see every drop of water that trickles down the mountain slopes, and through the canyons it is so clear that it sparkles, although it is churned into spray over and over.

Perhaps you have heard of Oregon's wonderful climate. Every night we sleep under wool blankets. No flies, no mosquitoes or other pests. No poisonous reptiles or insects west of the Cascade range. The big bear are so thick in the forests that you can buy bear meat at the markets, just like beef. Not an uncommon sight to see bear swung up like hogs in the Texas markets. The sea and streams are black with wild duck and water fowl. If the thermometer registers 75 or 80 the people think it's dreadfully hot. Rains are welcomed here just like you welcome the golf breezes in July. They are so healthy and makes you feel so good. When it begins to rain you have a hearty appetite. Haven't heard it thunder or seen any lightning since last October, the month I arrived. No storms or earthquakes here. No severe winters or torrid summers. Once every forty years the temperature will go to zero, as it did once last winter. No malaria or spotted fever here. Everybody's face is pink, eyes clear and disposition sweet, in spite of the high price of sugar.

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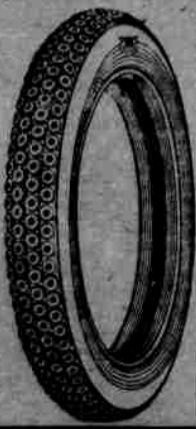
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