

THE SCIO TRIBUNE

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No. 50

Return From 800 Mile Trip

On Friday morning, July 10, the editor and wife, and their son and wife, left Scio on what was to be a fishing and rest trip to Clear Lake, but failed to get there on account of the roads leading in from Sisters being in bad condition.

Over 800 miles was covered on the trip, which consumed 7 days. The itinerary took us over the Mt. Hood Loop, which is a most wonderful drive over well-oiled wide roads amid beautiful scenery. At no time does a driver have to shift into second gear. From Scio to Hood River by this route is 198 miles, where we camped overnight. On Saturday we started for Bend, going by way of Biggs over the Dalles-California highway, arriving at Redmond at 6 o'clock, covering 189 miles that day. Redmond has a beautiful city auto camp, is well kept, good water, and is an ideal place to camp, in fact is the best we found on the trip. Mosquitoes are thick there, but they did not find the editor good food, while the other members of the party suffered considerably from their bites. The pests do not survive long there and probably are all gone by now. Redmond is a prosperous little city and most of its streets are paved. We met two young men by the name of Dobkins, who were born in this community, the mother being a Sims. The men had been in the garage business, but had just sold out. The caretaker at the camp is solicitous for your comfort.

The grain crop from The Dalles to Redmond looks good from the auto as one drives along. There is but a third of the acreage this year on account of the freeze last winter and the scarcity of seed for spring sowing. However, stock looks good and evidences of prosperity is everywhere noticeable.

Leaving Redmond at noon, the party drove to Bend. In the last five years this city has doubled in population and paved all her principal streets, thus putting herself in the metropolitan class. Two large sawmills there afford a big payroll, which, with the distributing point for all of Central Oregon, makes Bend a prosperous city.

From here we went to Cold Springs, a government camp on the McKenzie highway about four miles west of Sisters, where we camped Sunday night. Monday morning we started for Belknap, coming over the lava beds and down a winding road that a little carelessness would mean death, arriving at noon, where we expected to spend the remainder of our vacation, but the rates were prohibitive to a poor editor. After eating dinner we decided to go to Newport, and got as far as Eugene and pitched camp. Every convenience for the tourist is at this camp, which is called Gateway.

Tuesday morning we headed for Newport, arriving a 2:30 p. m. We camped at Jump-Off Joe, and had a fine place to stay. Great enjoyment was had hunting agates, but none of value was found. The weather

was cold and the wind high, and two days was all we could stand. We visited Guy McKnight at his place of business, found him busy and happy and looking fine. Also met Anton Holub there. He and family also camped at Jump-Off Joe. They plan on soon returning to Ione to harvest his second crop of alfalfa. Tony says he has a good crop of apples, for which he is receiving 5c a pound on the tree, but his peaches were a failure.

Soon after arriving at Newport we heard of the accidental death of a Jefferson lady on the day before, caused by being hit with an airplane, but could not learn the name there. Since returning home we learned it was the mother of our fellow citizen, Roy Thurston. The Tribune at this late date, along with hundreds of other friends, extends its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in the untimely death of wife and mother. Nye Beach, where the accident occurred, is too narrow for airplanes to arise and alight when it is filled with people and should not be attempted.

While in Newport we also met W. A. Young and wife, who were visiting relatives at Toledo.

The trip was restful, inspirational and educational. It is worthwhile taking, for you see people as they are when away from their daily labors—they are just common folks. Not a mishap occurred, not a thing was lost, and the Chevrolet made the round trip of 806 miles without a moan or complaint, and though heavily loaded no hill was too steep for it to climb.

We left Newport at 4 Thursday afternoon and arrived in Scio at 8, a distance of 98.6 miles.

Purchases Donkey

The Crown Mining Co. is branching out and acquiring more property, but not real estate. It is livestock, and only one at that. The need of a pack horse or pack mule to take supplies in has been known for some time, and Monday the animal known as jackass was purchased. In an improvised carrier on the back of an auto the donkey was taken up Tuesday. The keep of a donkey is negligible, is stout and over a trail is sure footed.

Swimming Party

Several enjoyed swimming on Crabtree Creek Friday evening. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Flanagan and daughters, Dolly and Juanita, and son George; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hassler, Eldrid and Marvin Long, Lonard Arnold, Mrs. Joe Harmon and daughters Mary, Margie and Helen, and Rudolph Young. After dark, all enjoyed a weinie roast until late.

ON 10-DAY VACATION

E. D. Myers, cashier of the Scio State Bank, and Postmaster J. S. Sticka, and their wives, left Sunday morning on a 10-day trip through British Columbia and other parts of the Northwest. They will visit Rainier National Park enroute. On their return trip they will come through Spokane and make the Mt. Hood loop. Mrs. J. F. Wesely will have charge of the postoffice during Mr. Sticka's absence.

Car Bargains—Terms

1924 Chev. coach.
1925 Durant touring, balloon tires.
1923 Dodge touring, balloon tires.
Fred T. Bilyeu.

Scio Milk, 10c per can at Couey's.

Month-Old Baby Dies

Mrs. Emil G. Tschanz of Portland sent the Tribune the following item, which will be sad news to many of our readers:

"Cooper—In this city, July 8, 1925, Franklin Cooper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Cooper. Funeral services will be held Friday, July 10, at 11 a. m. at the grave in Mt. Scott cemetery."

The baby lacked one day of being one month old at the time of his death, which occurred at the Emanuel hospital. Mrs. Cooper was formerly Miss Ruth Miller, and taught domestic science in the Scio High school during 1919-1921, and has many friends here who will extend the bereaved their sympathy.

Elect and Install

The following officers have been elected and installed by the Knights of Pythias to serve until Jan. 1:

Chancellor Commander, John I. Shelton.
Vice Chancellor, C. C. Bilyeu.
Prelate, Guy Johnston.
Keeper of Records and Seal, C. A. White.
Master at Arms, Art Shelton.
Master of Work, C. W. Bragg.
Inner Guard, Gilbert McDonald.
Outer Guard, J. L. Rodgers.

Eye Painfully Injured

About 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, July 11, Ralph Hassler met with an accident that might have caused the loss of one or both eyes. Ralph is working at rock crusher on the Rorer place, and while winding a cable several pieces flew off, one striking him in the right eye. He was rushed into Scio, where Dr. Peery of Portland, who was visiting here, removed the piece. Ralph was off from duty several days, but is recovering nicely.

Received Sad Message

Yesterday afternoon H. O. Shilling received a telephone message from Silverton conveying the sad news that his nephew, Earl Hay, 16, son of Mrs. Kate Hay, was instantly killed in the timber. It is not known here how the death occurred. The burial will take place at the Miller cemetery, but the time had not been set when we went to press.

LECTURE TONIGHT

By posters distributed around we learn that a former priest and now a Presbyterian minister is to be in Scio tonight and deliver a lecture at the Z. C. B. J. hall. Just where he is located and his name we were unable to learn. Some who have heard him say he is a fluent speaker and will answer all questions within reason. Everybody is invited we understand.

Scio Milk, 10c per can at Couey's.

People's Theatre

Saturday-Sunday

Presents

THOMAS MEIGHAN in

Alaska

And ARTHUR STONE in

"Just a Good Guy"

A Comedy

SCIO 5, TOLEDO 4

Quite a number of the local fans accompanied the Scio baseball team to Toledo Sunday, and from reports of the game they were not disappointed in the game. Unfortunately Scio was short one man, Miller, but used a Toledo man in his place. Scio played real ball, was pitted against a team that had not been beaten this year, and of course feel all puffed up. The umpire was a Toledo man, and for the first seven innings was eminently fair but during the remaining two innings was just as unfair. Nevertheless, Scio trimmed their antagonists to the tune of 5 to 4. Ray and Densmore were in the box for Scio.

Knox Butte comes Sunday for a game with the locals, and they are said to be a strong team, having defeated Lebanon last Sunday 9-4.

ONE DAY'S OUTING IN BONNER COUNTY, IDAHO

After a few miles out from the lumber town of Dover we seemed to be circling the great Pend O Reilli lake, upon a road made from the mountain side—on one side the deep blue lake, on the other a solid wall of stone. Diverging from this we struck a sort of wooded valley lying between the highest hills we had ever seen. Where in the distance we could discern entrances of extinct mines and prospect holes. Traveling thus, for some two hours, the way became more narrow and short bits of macadamized road under which trickled from the mountainside the purest and coolest water ever.

I was just thinking how fortunate we did not meet another car to possibly crowd us off the way, when suddenly from around the abrupt turn a truckload of stove wood loomed in sight. For a moment imminent danger seemed certain, but knowing that drivers solicit no dictation in extreme cases we remained silent.

The driver of the truck also stopped and a man who stepped from the rear, sidetracked by crowding the bank and we triumphantly passed on the lower side.

Soon we saw a pretty and thrifty appearing vicinity which was in every sense composed of mountain homes. It reminded me of a remark I heard once by a knight of the road: "Ye's will foind papl livin' every where and some of thim air thrifty." A little farther we reached the goal of our destination. The free feeling and relaxation one gets, for oh, ye Greeks of old, we were between 2500 and 3000 feet elevation. At this campus stands the remains of several log houses which, bearing the hieroglyphics of time, tell part of a story where human force was pitted against the monsters of the forest and a logging works had been held. And there Trussel creek, a beautiful mountain stream of no mean capacity, still is flowing on and on, singing its rippling chorus to the abundant fishes that abound therein.

Soon we had the campfire going and the majority of our party were taking little exploring expeditions around about to console the uneasy feeling in our stomachs as it was long past the noon hour, and the "mama" of the party had slyly adjusted her fishing paraphernalia and "vamoosed" up or down stream, we knew not which. With patience we waited, called and whistled in our hands.

When who stepped from somewhere within the dense foliage—no, it was not the Missus, as we were expecting—but the gamewarden, well armed with shooter and ax, and who seemed a very cordial fellow as he and the men were already acquainted. But who said as he turned to go: "Have fire if you wish, but for heaven sake turn a bucket of water on when through." Just then Herself appeared with the finest basket of fish, but we did not wait as the lunch had already been spread and we all "fello" and "ate and ate till we almost at the turnip up."

Most of the party went angling. The small boys and I explored the mountain near, by way of the smaller path, where we gathered all sorts of flowers. The daisy family, primum mating also

Not Expected to Live

A week ago Tuesday C. C. Bilyeu was taken to the Albany General Hospital, where he underwent an operation for hemorrhoids. The operation was successful, and Mr. Bilyeu was on the way to a speedy recovery, expressing to some of his friends who called on him that he never felt better in his life.

In the early hours of Monday his fever commenced rising and soon his temperature reached 104. He became delirious and in the afternoon became unconscious, in which condition he has remained ever since. His wife rushed to his bedside and is still there. No hopes is held out for his recovery by his physician, Dr. Prill, who cannot account for his patient's sudden turn for the worse. At 8 o'clock last night he was reported as growing weaker and the end near.

There were Indian torch and many others. Here, too, we found many mineral specimens, which the mineralogist of the group pronounced galena as his dad had often "seen such and knew." A ways on, we came to overgrown fields and several deserted houses. Inquiring the why of this in such an enticing section, one could soon sense the answer—land owned by large companies and held at too great a value. While we were musing in the rights and wrongs of human plans one of the small boys was having adventures with a yellow jacket, from which he came out second best. But thanks to thoughtful Don, who intends to be a doctor when he grows up, he applied a small portion of iodine which he "always takes along when they go to Trussel." Also we had been hearing much of a "haunted house" that stood near because a half breed Indian and Swede had told the other boys, and as we did not wish to disturb the haunts and possibly not have to remain in their midst which might have been had we gone much further, we retraced our steps to headquarters, where we found the folks ready to embark homeward, which we reached in a few hours with most of the children asleep and the grownups anxious to get the opportunity.

—Oregon Mist.

Fly-Tox

Kills

- Flies
- Moths
- Mosquitoes
- Roaches
- Fleas
- Ants
- Bed Bugs

Use It On Your Cows

Yours for SERVICE!

KELLY'S
DRUG STORE

DR. A. G. PRILL

Physician and Surgeon
District Surgeon S. P. Railway
Scio, Or.

DR. C. FICQ

DENTIST

Albany - Oregon

ZANE GREY'S
'Border Legion'
AT
Star Theatre, Stayton
FRIDAY-SATURDAY
JULY 24-25