

LEXINGTON NEWS

Alterations Start for Lex Telephone Office

By BEULAH NICHOLS

Mr. Gunderson and Mr. Stiger of the Western Electric company came up from Portland Sunday and on Monday commenced the work of installing the new equipment at the telephone office. When the work is completed, about July 15, this office will be operated by remote control from the Heppner exchange and no operator will be required here.

Representatives of the Martin Roofing company of Walla Walla were here last week and put a new covering on the roof of the building occupied by the Morrow Oil company.

The Lexington Home Economics club will meet at the grange hall next Thursday afternoon, July 8. All members are urged to attend.

Jack Odell's Columbians have been engaged to play for the dance at the Lexington grange hall Saturday night, July 3.

The next meeting of the Morrow County Pomona grange will be held at Irrigon on Sunday, July 11, beginning at 10 a. m. and continuing through the day. A basket dinner will be served at noon and initiation will begin at 5 p. m.

Ralph DeWeese, who was visiting at the J. G. Johnson home, left for his home at Corvallis Wednesday in response to a telegram telling him that his father had been injured seriously when a truck load of gravel overturned on him.

George Gillis and son, accompanied by his sister, Miss Margaret Gillis, returned from Portland Tuesday and have gone to the Arbuckle lookout station where George is stationed this summer. Mrs. Gillis remained in Portland.

Miss Irene Tucker has returned from Portland where she spent two weeks visiting friends.

Laurel Beach spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Elsie M. Beach.

Among Lexington people who spent Sunday picnicking in the mountains were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Smethurst and daughter Betty, Mr. and Mrs. John Graves and children, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bauman and family and Mr. and Mrs. Orville Cutsforth and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dinges and son Danny are visiting relatives in Portland and Corvallis.

Miss Peggy Warner, Miss Helen Valentine and Dale Lane of Lexington and Clarence and Richard Hayes of Heppner spent Sunday at Hidaway springs.

Arnold Sprauer has returned from several days spent in Washington. Claire Phelan of Heppner had charge of the barber shop during Mr. Sprauer's absence.

Mrs. J. G. Johnson cut her hand quite badly on a shovel while working in her garden Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hill of Redmond spent the week end at the home of Mrs. Hill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. McMillan.

Miss Opal Briggs and John Barber of Heppner were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fulgham Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Burchell of Sheridan were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Waid of Stanfield spent the week end with their daughter, Mrs. H. L. Duvall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Majeske and family motored to Pendleton Monday.

Mrs. Lorena Isom of Arlington is visiting her sister, Mrs. Margaret Swift.

Mrs. Maggie Doney of Portland spent last week at the Hynd ranch in Sand Hollow.

Mr. and Mrs. Oral Scott were business visitors in Pendleton Monday.

Mrs. H. S. Swift of Chicago is visiting relatives here and at Heppner.

Entomologist Lists Strange Oddities

Insects and their habits are a never ending source of wonder to mere man. The following insect oddities were compiled by Dr. Don C. Mote, entomologist at OSC, for use in one of a series of rural organization programs issued by J. R. Beck, extension specialist.

Insect pests of fruit have been in existence for 300 million years—just 99 million years longer than the hu-

Motor Cruising for Fun

New North Santiam Highway Provides Entertaining Vistas and Easy Access to Cascade Lakes from Willamette Valley



Inviting pools and riffles tempt the angler along the new road; inset, the motorlog car at Suttle lake resort

This newspaper is co-operating with the Oregon State Motor association and The Oregonian in presenting a series of motor cruises under the title, "Motor Cruising for Fun." It is hoped thereby to stimulate travel in the Pacific northwest. The following article has been condensed from a full-page article appearing in The Oregonian on July 4.

BY HERBERT S. LAMPMAN
Staff Writer, The Oregonian

Oregon's incredible Cascade lakes are moved half a hundred miles closer to Portland with the opening of the North Santiam highway. Though that winding thoroughfare isn't officially completed, The Oregonian-Oregon State Motor association cruise car managed to cover it without difficulty recently following a visit to Suttle lake.

Barring a brief detour—which was temporarily rendered difficult by intermittent rain squalls—the highway is not only passable but unique in its beauty. The new shortcut to Suttle lake, as good a headquarters as any in the region, brings that vacation spot within 139 miles of Portland. Compare that mileage with the old route through Raymond via Wapinitia cut-off. That route totals 210 miles on anybody's speedometer.

It will probably be several months before the North Santiam route is cleared to fast tourist travel, but it will be available this summer and can be traveled with a minimum of difficulty.

Loop Trip Made

The cruise car made the big loops from Portland to Bend and then up to the lake. The Portland-Bend highway needs no description and the road from Bend to the lake is as broad and smooth as a ballroom floor.

Like most of these mountain resorts, Suttle lake is girdled with trails and with a road that circles the area. If you wish to try your hand at riding, horses are available a short distance away.

One charm of the place lies in its proximity to other recreational areas. It is only six miles from the Metolus river—a famed stream where big rainbows may be taken—and only a scant dozen miles or so from Clear lake, headwaters of the McKenzie river.

The fishing at Suttle lake isn't of the best, although the lake is fairly well stocked. Fish are small. The lake is stocked with rainbow, eastern brook, Williamson's white-

fish and land-locked silverside salmon measuring seven inches.

When we left Suttle lake we turned the car onto the North Santiam highway and turned in, a few miles distant, to Clear lake. In other years this lake was attainable only by dint of driving over an extremely difficult road to Fish lake and walking the remaining two miles to Clear lake. We drove to Fish lake over a narrow but excellently kept road and continued on, over the same surface, to Clear lake, where we met Ted Rodman, state police game warden, and Captain Charles McClees, chief of the game division of the state police.

Captain McClees insisted that we row across the upper end of the

lake and see for ourselves the vast spring that gives birth to the McKenzie. We did. The sight was more than incredible. This spring wells out of the flank of the Cascade range in a lazy fashion forming a pool some 40 feet across. Jagged lava rings it and the same brittle paving covers the bottom.

"How deep do you think that pool is?" asked Rodman.

"About 10 or 11 feet," we chorused.

"Well, it's exactly 28 feet deep—I measured it yesterday," he replied.

The water, clearer than the clearest of glass, magnified every object on the bottom until you'd have sworn that it was less than 12 feet deep. Some idiot had tossed an empty tomato can into the center of the pool. It looked as big as a cookie tin of 30-gallon capacity.

Then we set forth again en route to Portland. The highway was broad and fast for a dozen miles, and then we hit the only rough "going" on the trip—a detour of perhaps 600 yards. For 10 or 12 miles the highway was rough and muddy but easily passable, and then we hit the finished surface along the Santiam.

Road Follows Canyons

We didn't get excited about the river until we reached Detroit. Here the road starts through the Santiam canyon proper and no trout fisherman ever saw a more inviting river. The mountain road, hard and smooth, twists through the canyon—now 50 feet above the river and now a full 200 feet over the water—for miles and miles.

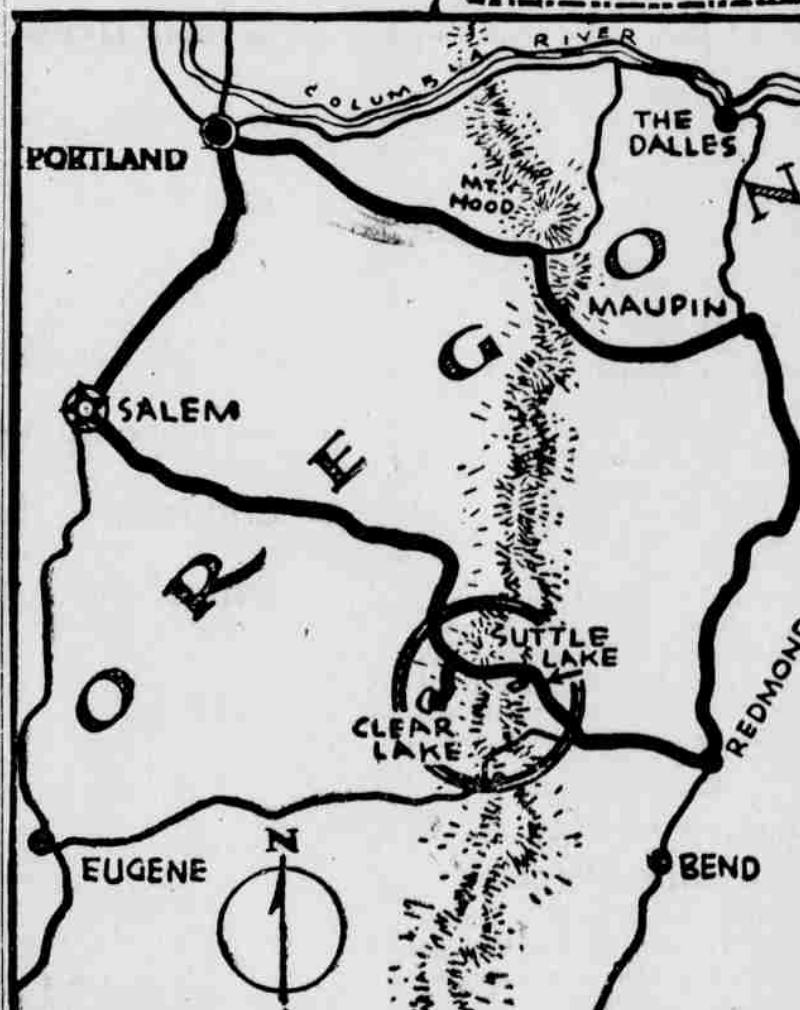
The river is one endless succession of rapids and deep holes, whittled down through the ancient basalt. If you are an angler born you will have difficulty in driving the road, since every other bend presents an angling eddy that surpasses the last one.

As a scenic highway, completed, it will surpass any road in Oregon. It is the most beautiful drive in the state right now.

The road follows the river down the west slope of the Cascade range in a grade that is an engineering masterpiece. The slope is so gradual that you won't even notice it for many miles unless you observe that the car's motor is "lazing along" under semi-compression.

Suddenly you bounce out at Stayton, surrounded by some of Oregon's most beautiful farm country, and thence to Salem and so to Portland.

It is a drive you might make on any Sunday, over a highway that drops you into the land of tall pines and sagebrush in a space of little more than four hours.



Map shows route covered by motorloggers

man race, according to best estimates.

The Hessian fly received its common name from the fact that it was introduced into America in straw by the Hessian soldiers during the Revolutionary war.

The female European earwig, now widely distributed in Oregon, protects its eggs and mothers its young like an old hen.

Many insects possess various protective devices. These devices are hairs, stings, odors, flavors, and irritants. In the eastern states only cuckoos will feed on hairy caterpillars. Blister beetles with their irritant fluids are apparently immune from all but the king bird.

If every form of pest control on growing food stuffs were stopped for five years there would not be enough

food grown to feed the human race.

Some insects prey upon other insects thus helping keep nature in balance. Examples are the earwig parasite and one on the codling moth.

Shellac is made from the secretions of the lac insect. This insect lives on trees of the fig family in places like India, Burma, and Ceylon. Twenty-five thousand tons of these

secretions are collected and sold annually.

The pea and vetch aphid female gives birth to living young without the necessity of a male aphid.

Perhaps Oregon's oldest bug is the blackberry mite. Fruit attacked by this very small insect remains hard and red and is preserved for many weeks, almost as if it were in the best of refrigerators.