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WINTER WEATHER STARTS SPECULATION

Oregon farmers are being warned by the Sears-Robuck agricultural foundation against placing faith in forecasts of an extremely cold winter ahead to be followed by an unseasonable summer in 1926. The winter may be extremely cold and the summer unseasonable, but scientists have no means of telling it at this early date. A week is the longest dip possible into the weather future.

Neither is there reason for believing that the winters in this section are no longer so cold nor the summers so hot as formerly, according to the foundation, which quotes weather bureau figures on the point, running back three decades. The mean December-January and February temperature over the decade 1895-1904 was 41.9 degrees. For the decade 1905-1914 it was 40.3; and for 1915-1924, 40.1 degrees, a difference in the total range of 1.8 degree. The mean temperature for the same three winter months of last year was 40.5 degrees.

"Snows that lay on the ground for months on end, skating that began in November and lasted until March, snow drifts that reached almost any height one might mention, were the exceptional occurrences in grandfathers' day as they are today," the foundation declares. "One mild winter starts the rumor that overcoat manufacturers had better go into the Palm Beach suit business, while an extremely cold winter is dubbed as a good old fashioned winter. One explanation for this is that memory is tricky and recalls the exceptional rather than the average. Another is that modern living has taken the edge off the extreme weather. A snowfall that our forefathers would have trodden under foot for days now is shoveled away before we get up in the morning. Better heating, too, makes us feel the low temperature less, and ice refrigerating plants and electric fans make extremes of heat more endurable."

While the weather is constantly changing from one year to another, big climatic changes are too gradual to be observed in the lifetime of one or even a hundred generations, the foundation states. Scientists figure that the climate of this continent has not changed in some ten million years, not since the passing of the glacial period, and probably will not for another ten million.

The dust of David Green—Who tried his best to mix a batch Of corn and gasoline. They gathered all the pieces Of all the car that they could save, And got it running once again—But couldn't fix up Dave.

THE TRACTOR.

The tractor on the farm arose Before the dawn at four; It drove up cows and washed the clothes, And finished every chore. Then forth it went, into the field, Just at the break of day; It reaped and threshed the golden yield, And hauled it all away.

It plowed the field that afternoon, And when the job was through, It hummed a pleasant little tune, And churned the butter, too, And pumped the water for the stock, And ground a crib of corn, And hauled the baby round the block, And still its cries forlorn.

Thus ran the busy hours away, By many a labor blest; And, yet, when fell the twilight gray The tractor had no rest. For, while the farmer, peaceful-eyed, Read by the tinsten's glow, The patient tractor stood outside, And ran the dynamo.

—George Fitch.

Signs of the Times.

"Why these muddy streets?" asked the tourist stopping at Spindleburg. "Have you no tow pride?" "That ain't mud, stranger," replied the country store clerk. "That's Ford axle grease."

FORMER GRESHAM MAN DESCRIBES TRIP TO THE WALLOWA MOUNTAINS

A TRIP TO THE WALLOWA MOUNTAINS

By B. F. ALDRICH.

About 5 a. m. last August 24, when "Old Sol" was just peeping over the edge of Oregon's famous mountain and the air was crisp and cool, S. S. Prentiss and I started from my lodge on the Mount Hood Loop for a week-end's sojourn among the peaceful slopes of the Wallowa mountains,—the trout streams and lakes therein, where we thought a stray red side, eastern brook or rainbow might be waiting to strike at a royal coachman or a brown haddie.

The snow-capped peaks of the Cascades stood out in magnificent grandeur as we rounded the base of Hood. Mt. Jefferson to the south towered above the giant firs. Mt. Adams and the mighty Rainier stood out in bold relief against the northern horizon. The Rev. Billy Sunday's ranch, surrounded by apple orchards, ripening corn and green alfalfa, formed a pleasing picture in the Hood valley. Farmers were just emerging from their warm cots and the gray smoke was commencing to roll from many a chimney, reminding one, of course, that the good housewife, even then, was starting the morning meal.

Our first stop was at The Dalles where we filled our gas tank and hunted up a small drink of "home brew." By this time it was sufficiently warm so that the Cadillac was rolling along as smooth as a yacht in a peaceful sea. Arlington, Umatilla and Pendleton were passed in order.

Immediately after leaving the "Round Up" city, we started up the grade of the Meacham pass over the Blue mountains; and as far as the eye could reach to the north and westward the fertile rolling wheat fields were all that met our vision. After rounding many an acute curve, we reached the summit and viewed the monument dedicated by President Harding shortly before his death to the intrepid pioneers who first crossed the mountains in quest of homes where the golden sun fades in the waters of the Pacific.

After descending the east slope of the pass, we sighted the city of LaGrande in the Grand Ronde valley. Here before us a beautiful panorama was unfolded. In the center of the valley below nestled the quiet city and all about the valley intensive agriculture of a diversified nature seemed to

be carried on. We saw oats, corn, wheat and alfalfa growing in abundance, and apple orchards surpassing many in the Hood River valley. Hogs and cattle were grazing about.

What a change in less than 60 miles! On the west slope all was dry and parched and on the east so green and fresh appearing. Even along the right of way of the Union Pacific railroad, corn, ten feet or more in height, was growing. Presumably this was planted to show easterners who ride over this great transcontinental railway a close-up view of how corn grows in the Grand Ronde valley of Oregon.

After leaving LaGrande, we followed the Grand Ronde river for miles, passing over one of the finest gravel roads, I think, in the state, and at 7:30 p. m. we reached Joseph, which is near the outlet to Wallowa lake. Here we stopped for the night and registered at a small hotel. I said to my friend, "We've passed over one of the most picturesque highways in the world. We've been from balmy breezes to snow-clad mountains; from dry golden wheat fields to rich green valleys, all in one short day, and have covered only 404 miles. 'Tis truly a wonderful state for variety."

Joseph is a small village and surrounded on two sides by beautiful mountains, the most noted being Twin Peaks. In the stock and sheep-raising days some 30 or 40 years ago Joseph was a busy village, but now large blocks are vacant, the sidewalks crumpled and the busy past is but a memory. The setting, however, is delightful and it seems quite natural that the great Indian chief Joseph, of the Nez Perce tribe, chose rather to fight than to yield to the demands made upon him by the white men. It is said that it is the only valley in the United States for the possession of which our government was compelled to carry on a war.

The highest and most rugged mountains in eastern Oregon are in this range and center in the peak called Eagle Cap, 9,335 feet high. More than 60 lakes of various sizes, and scores of waterfalls, creeks and rivers full of clear cold water are here to be found where the finny tribe abounds in profusion.

Wallowa lake is at the head of Wallowa valley and is the largest and most noted. It is a beautiful sheet of water about four miles long and from one and a half to two miles wide, with the mountains on two sides rising almost perpendicular from the water's edge. The outlet of this lake irrigates some 50,000 acres and the rights are perpetual, the annual cost ranging from 50 cents to \$2 per acre. This lake is the Mecca for tourists and an attractive rustic hotel, called "Wonderland Lodge," has been built on the south shore in a fine grove of pine timber. A grocery store and various amusements are to be found in the electric lighted grove for the convenience of hotel guests and campers.

We tried our luck with rod and reel on this lake but only made a small catch, merely sufficient for our evening meal. We camped on the bank for the night and the soft ground under the starlit heavens was our resting place. I found a couple of brickbats near the water's edge and by covering them over with leaves, I made a fair pillow. When dawn appeared, my head felt a trifle sore, but my slumber had only been disturbed by two or three dreams. To relate one will be sufficient.

I thought I ventured into a thicket in the hope of finding a fishing stream. It was so dense I emerged with scant raiment, and finally when I reached civilization an officer arrested me for wearing only tattered under garments. I was locked up and the next morning the officer gave me an over sized pair of overalls that I might be "presentable in court", as he termed it. Upon entering the courtroom the clerk read the charge and I pleaded "not guilty." The prosecutor called the officer and he told of my condition when arrested. I undertook my own defense and offered my fishing license in evidence as a right to hunt fishing streams in the "black growth."

I testified that I found the briars and thorn trees growing very close together and that I could not get to the stream without going through them. At the close of the testimony the court granted me ten minutes for argument. I commenced in a mild tone but soon warmed up to my subject. My body was at fever heat. I reached points of eloquence befitting the patriarchs of old. I stated that I was exercising my prerogative under a license granted me by the state and that the license was still in force; that the way and manner in which the thorn trees grew was an act of God and that wearing tattered under garments under conditions which confronted me was not a crime, at least, under modern interpretation.

The prosecutor waived argument. The court, a man of the "old school," rose from his chair, demanded that I stand, tipped his steel-bowed spectacles and in a stern voice said: "Mr. Prisoner, find you guilty as charged and sentence you to ten days on the rock pile." The bailiff then shouted: "Hear ye, hear ye, this court is now



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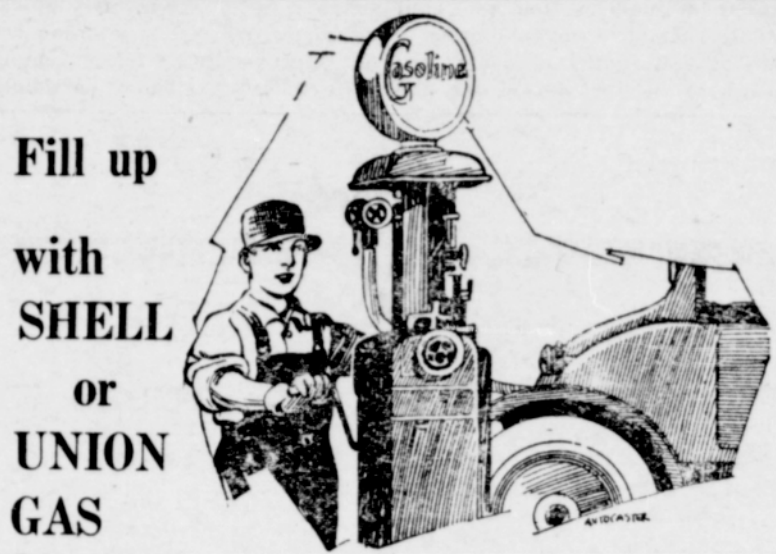
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adjourned." I nearly collapsed and was led to the prison quarry and when I started to break those huge rocks, I awoke to find my peril was imaginary, my great forensic effort all in vain.

When we passed through LaGrande we were informed by Rube Zweifel, the champion fisherman of the Wallowa country, that Minam lake was the "best bet right now." So in the morning after cooking a fine breakfast over the camp fire, we started for Lostine. Here we left the highway and drove over a narrow and treacherous mountain road for 15 miles to a point called Iron Dyke. Near here Al Sherman had a camp and kept a few saddle horses for rent at \$4 per day. We engaged two and left word to have our mounts ready at 3 a. m. and then set out to make camp and get our afternoon meal.

A real meal we had indeed,—bacon, eggs, potatoes, raisin bread, peaches and coffee. Never did food taste better. It had been many hours since our 6 o'clock breakfast. After this bouyant repast we strolled up on the side of a bluff, sat down on a log, lighted our pipes and gazed about.

The mountains were beautiful to behold. Giant granite cliffs from 4,000 to 7,000 feet were all about us. Hardly a sound pervaded the stillness save the rolling of the mountain streams. We chatted until nearly dark and then walked back to our camp and spread our blankets under two large pines. Clouds were gathering when we pulled our quilts over us, but we did not expect rain. About 10 o'clock the wind started to whistle among the trees and raindrops commenced to fall. Thunder pealed in the distance. I arose, lighted the lantern and told my companion we would have to seek shelter. We remembered seeing a miner's cabin not far distant and, with bed in arms, we wandered about in the inky darkness for nearly a half hour and finally discovered the hut after getting slightly wet. The storm raged with considerable fury for nearly two hours, and while the thunder rolled in muffled tones, we closed our eyes in sleep.

In the early morning I was awakened by a cougar's voice. I lighted a match and glanced at my watch. It was 2:30. My friend was "sawing wood" with a vengeance. I gave him a shake and told him it was time to get up for the cougars were calling. I reached over to see if "old trusty" was ready for action and listened closely. The sounds presently grew fainter, so I paid no further attention.

The moon was shining brightly. I hastened over to Sherman's camp and told him we would be ready for the horses in less than an hour. Breakfast was hurriedly prepared and lunch packed in our knapsack. We were all animation, wondering what the country would look like and whether

Zweifel's "bet" was a good one. "Trout we must have at almost any sacrifice" was practically our only thought. Mounting our horses at 3:30, we started for the lake. The trail was steep and winding, but sufficiently marked so we had no difficulty in finding it. We followed along the gorge of North river, but occasionally the trail ran high upon the side of a cliff, where the horses found difficulty in getting a footing.

It was a beautiful morning. The mountains were different from anything I had ever seen before, save possibly, some spots in the Yosemite. The brilliant coloring found in the American and Canadian Rockies was missing. The only touch of color was the green grass and the scrub pine in the canyons. The storms of ages had washed the grayish granite clean of all debris. There in the gray dawn these rough towering sentinels stood, defying the elements and the ravages of time.

But presently the sun commenced to shine on the top of the loftiest peaks and in less than half an hour the opalescent coloring had completely changed the scene. It seemed like another world, so great was the transformation. We gazed with bated breath at the marvelous spectacle. Now I wonder not that the Wallowa mountains are called, "The Switzerland of America."

On we journeyed and at about 7:30 reached the lake. A cool wind was blowing and the ruffled surface looked ideal for casting. On the shore we found an old boat without oars, but we soon made a couple of paddles and was able to push the boat along slowly. Soon after I entered the boat, I was ready for action. I commenced to cast to get the kinks out of my right arm and after throwing my line for less than five minutes, a big fellow struck at my coachman, and I started to reel him in. We were both excited. My friend had difficulty in holding the boat steady. He reached for the net and tipped the boat. I nearly went over board. I dropped down in the boat and took a firm grip on my pole and started to reel furiously.

Finally I got the trout within eight feet of the boat, when he gave a savage lunge. He pulled out about 30 feet of line and as I reeled the line back, all I found on my hook was a small piece of his lower jaw. This sobered my senses and thereafter I netted every fish that I hooked but one. We caught 36, nearly all eastern brook trout, and had our limit, in pounds, by noon time.

After packing our catch in grass and moss, we started for LaGrande, where we fed them, and remained for the night. The next day we journeyed to Portland, well repaid for our memorable trip.

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