

A DEER HUNT IN SOUTHERN OREGON

(By B. F. Aldrich)

I took a few days from business and started on October 1, with Joseph Peak of Gresham, for Eugene. Here we picked up Dr. Virgil Brooks and journeyed to McKenzie Bridge where we stopped at the Log hotel for the night. The next morning we found that our guide, Harry Hayes, had everything in readiness which included four saddle horses, a pack horse and three pack mules with sufficient food and camping equipment for a week's stay. The night before it had been raining hard and the downpour was still at its height.

Dr. Brooks and Mr. Peak forgot to take along their "slicker" coats, but the guide fixed them out with two that he found hanging. It was said, in the back closet at the bridge ranch. The one he gave "doc" was a long yellow one with a hole on the left shoulder and it trailed on the ground as Doc strode away to mount his steed. Joe's was of a cloth texture and reached only to the top of his hob-nailed boots.

All was ready at 8:45 and we started up the mountain side after crossing the McKenzie river, and followed the Olallie trail for something like 10 miles. At this point we veered in a southwesterly direction over the Lowden trail, a rough and somewhat perilous grade for a distance of about 12 miles.

When we were a little over half way on our journey our guide informed us that he usually lunched and baited the animals at this point, but owing to the constant downpour he deemed it advisable to keep on going. Numb with cold, we remained in our saddles until we reached an elevation of 6300 feet where we dismounted with difficulty about 5 p. m. After raising our tent, "Doc" and I started after four pails of water. We had to go down the mountain side about an eighth of a mile to a spring. My teeth were chattering from the cold. Doc was pale and trembling like a leaf in a stiff breeze.

I started up the mountain side with my pails filled, ahead of "Doc" and left them at the camp where Joe was trying to light a fire. We waited patiently for "Doc" to return, but he failed to appear. Back down the mountain side I hastened and found him sitting on a rock. "What's the matter?" I inquired. He had difficulty in replying, but finally said, "Guess I'm sick." He was pale and trembling. I took his water pails and he staggered along to camp where Joe and the guide had a fire burning slowly.

The guide, being a teetotaler, thought that a little hot water was all that "Doc" needed and it was soon administered, together with a crust of bread. The diagnosis was correct, for the doctor was only suffering from cold, the elevation and the lack of food for ten hours. Joe was in better condition, although wet to the skin. His coat was little better than a lace curtain wrap so far as keeping out the rain was concerned. His hob-nailed boots were full of water and we took turns trying to pull them off. Supper was prepared and we early wrapped ourselves in the damp blankets and slept the sleep of the just until daylight. Next morning (Sunday) the sun came out brightly and we started out hunting, none the worse for our experience of the day before. Each went in a different direction. About 10 o'clock I found a fresh deer

track and followed it down the mountain side into a deep canyon. Presently I jumped a three pointer and as I raised my gun, I slipped and found myself sitting on the sharp rocks. In this position I fired and must have missed the buck by at least four feet in 300 yards. Having an automatic gun, I leveled again and "led" the fleeing deer about six inches. The bullet struck the animal in the side of the head and passed through his liver. The deer fell, remained down about ten seconds and then started further down the canyon. I fired again. The third bullet passed through his side, but he kept on running. I hurried down the rough and brushy canyon in hot pursuit. I noticed blood in considerable quantities and I knew sooner or later he must fall. I followed the bloody trail for something like an eighth of a mile and found the buck in a thicket, dead. I dressed the animal and took the liver and heart back to camp for our evening meal.

I took along a few delicacies from home, among which was an apple pie. Although it was well covered, the filling had shaken to one side, so that one half was merely crust. This we discovered before our guide returned to camp, and then and there we decided to leave the crust part for Hayes' desert. We had finished eating before he arrived and sat around the camp fire in jovial mood, smoking our corn cobs. Hayes had not eaten anything since breakfast. He was a good faster, as so proven by our first day's journey to camp. When he had nearly finished, "Doc" said, "Aren't you going to have a piece of Aldrich's pie?" "Sure", Hayes replied. "This is the first time I've been treated to such a delicacy in camp." He reached over and started to munch the pie. A small bite was taken at first. The next one was a little deeper, evidently trying to reach the filling. This he chewed slowly, passing us a sly glance. Another savage bite was made and Doc started to laugh. "How's the pie?" he inquired. "Pretty good, I guess" said Hayes, "but I can't seem to hit the filling. What kind did you say it was?" "Apple", Doc said. "There was plenty in ours." Joe and I started to chuckle at the conversation and Hayes came to and said, "Well, that's a good joke."

Monday was as bright as Sunday. I worked hard, but didn't see even a jack rabbit. Joe came into camp with a big black bear, and the next day I was obliged to leave in order to attend to some business matters, leaving Doc and Joe behind with regrets. Our hunting ground was a beautiful spot about 15 miles southwest of the South Sister in the Cascade range. Broken Top, Bachelor and Diamond Peak were in plain view and looked clean and majestic in their fresh mantle of snow. Some day I want to visit this spot again.

PORTLAND MAN WEDS POWELL VALLEY GIRL
Miss Judith Larson, a resident of the Powell Valley district, was quietly married to Richard D. Phillips, of Milwaukie, Oregon, in Portland on Friday, October 15, by Dr. Thomas J. Villers, pastor of the White Temple. After a short wedding trip to Seattle, the couple will return to Portland to reside where Mr. Phillips is employed by the Portland Gas & Coke company. The bride was a graduate of the 1923 class of Gresham Union high school and has been employed in an insurance office in the city.

ROCKWOOD GRANGE HAS SUCCESSFUL FAIR

With tables piled high with all the good things heart and appetite could wish for, and a substantial supper to boot, Rockwood Grange held at its hall last Saturday night a very successful fair. There were fine displays of fancy work and vegetables and fruit and many donated articles of household use which were sold at private sale or at auction. Joe Dunne, after speaking in behalf of his candidacy for the state senate, acted as auctioneer.

There was quite an array of political speakers who occupied much of the evening. Between the speeches were interesting musical numbers.

Among the candidates who urged the favorable consideration of the voters on November 2 were Frederick Steiwer, regular republican candidate for the United States senate; Judge Wm. A. Ekwall, who seeks election to the circuit court, department No. 8; Judge Dixon, democratic candidate for the same office and the present incumbent; Governor Walter M. Pierce, for re-election; Clifford G. Schneider, for district attorney.

I. L. Patterson, republican candidate for governor, was represented by Seymour Jones, and Robert N. Stanfield, independent, irregular republican candidate for United States senate, was represented by Mr. Leady.

The governor presented a lengthy appeal for support of the grange income tax measure and defeat of the Dennis resolution.

The meeting was presided over by Dr. C. L. Haynes who introduced the speakers.

Card of Thanks.
We wish to thank our many friends and relatives for their sympathy and floral offerings during our late bereavement.

Mrs. K. W. Andersen and Family.
Are you getting ready for November 2?



Hero

George Ashford, numbed with cold was hanging from a rope fadder beneath soaring plane. Seeing his danger Lester Kirk (photo above) took off in another machine—jockeyed underneath and grabbed Ashford, while guiding with but one hand. This heroic rescue happened at Evansville, Ind.

Invitation to Queen Marie.
An invitation has been extended to Queen Marie of Roumania by United States Bennett Hall, president of the U. of O., to attend the semi-centennial celebration at Eugene, October 21 to dedicate the site for the Fine Arts museum.

Queen Marie will at that time be a guest of Sam Hill, son-in-law of James J. Hill, at his place near Lyle, Washington, and it is believed that she would be willing to come to Eugene. The Fine Arts museum will be dedicated to the late President Campbell.

Outlook Want Ads will help you on the way to success.
Many new Want Ads today.

DEATH BRINGS RELIEF TO SUFFERING WOMAN

Mrs. Louise Andresen passed away Sunday noon at her home near Sandy at the age of 59 years, 9 months and 22 days. She had been in poor health for a considerable time and for the past three months had been bedfast. Funeral services were held this afternoon at the Gresham Free Methodist church in charge of the Gates Funeral home and interment was made in Sandy cemetery. Besides her widower, Andrew Andresen, the deceased is survived by five children, Willie, Lief, Harry, Olivia and Louis, all of whom reside at the family home 12 miles east of Gresham and a mile west of Sandy. Mrs. Andresen was born in Norway and was married there in 1897, Mr. Andresen making the trip from the United States to Norway for his bride. They lived there about six years and then returned

to America. They have lived in the vicinity of Gresham and Sandy for the past 23 years. Mrs. Andresen had been a member of the Free Methodist church for the past five years and died in the full assurance of Christian faith.

Overlands, Fords, Chevrolets, with a large list of other used cars. Hessel Implement Co.

If you want lumber write Sandy Lumber Co., Cherryville, or phone Sandy 223.—Adv.

Vital Topics

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PORTLAND
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A BUSINESS MAN for a BUSINESS JOB
Vote 68 X
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AUCTION SALE
OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS
At M. D. KERN Residence on South Roberts Avenue, Gresham
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1 p. m.
Six-hole Cook Stove, Wood Heating Stove, 3-hole Gas Stove with oven, common Kitchen Table, large common Table, light Oak Dining Table and six Oak Chairs, 2 Library Tables, Hall Rack, Stand, 5 Rocking Chairs, large Morris Chair, 2 China Closets with glass, 4 Dressers, 3 Bedsteads, Springs and Mattresses, some bed clothes, large 9 x 12 rug, several small rugs, some carpets, some stair carpet, lounge, 3 common chairs, lot of dishes and kitchen utensils of all kinds, lot of garden tools, saws, planes, brace and bits, tarpaulin.
TERMS—All sums \$20 or under cash, over \$20 six months' time with interest at 8 per cent. Those desiring credit see A. Meyers at First State Bank before date of sale.
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A. MEYERS, Clerk First State Bank
W. S. WOOD & SONS, Auctioneer, Vancouver, Washington

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In our spacious, fire-proof warehouse we can store your produce, grain, furniture, etc.
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Vote the Republican Ticket

ELECT Frederick Steiwer U. S. SENATOR	ELECT I. L. Patterson GOVERNOR
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The election of Steiwer as U. S. Senator from Oregon is of national importance. By virtue of republican control of the senate Senator McNary holds the chairmanship of the important irrigation and agriculture committees. If the voters of this state should go so far afield as to elect a democrat it might mean a loss of republican control of the senate and a consequent surrender of Senator McNary's vital committee chairmanships.

A vote for Steiwer, the regular republican primary nominee is a vote for republican control of national affairs.

Patterson is familiar with the problems that would confront him as Governor of Oregon. A farmer, he understands the problems of the farmer. A business man he knows the needs of business. He promises fair and just treatment for all. He will seek to lower taxes through a reduction of the cost of state government. He will not follow established precedent and spend most of his time away from the state capital.

Patterson will be your Governor on the job, attending to the business of the state as it accrues.

STAND BY YOUR PARTY BY ELECTING
STEIWER AND PATTERSON
Vote 15 X Steiwer, Frederick
Vote 18 X Patterson, I. L.
Paid Adv.—Republican State Central Committee, Phil Metechas, Chairman

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