March 3, 1879.

MOSIER, WASCO COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1915.

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VOL: VII

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The Home of 'Tum-A-Lumber'

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## JOB PRINTING

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### TRIBUTE PAID PIONEER WOMEN

VALLEY MOTHERS POSSESSED FAITH

D. A. Turner, Earliest Pioneer Surviving, Tells Interesting Stories of Days Before The Orchards

On land, some of which has since sold for \$1,000 per acre, the Hood Riv-er valley homesteaders a half century ago found difficulty in making a living. Some of these pioneers are today among the apple district's wealthiest

'But had it not been for the wives

"But had it not been for the wives of those settlers," says David A. Turner, the earliest surviving pioneer of the community, "I do not believe a single one of them would have remained here."

No man knows better the history of the mid-Columbia region than does Mr. Turner; for he has lived it.

Mr. Turner was born in Randolph county, Missouri, September 21, 1836. His mother was a Kentuckian and his father had emigrated to Missouri from Virginia. The lure of gold carried Mr. Turner to El Dorado county, California, in 1857, but after four years of the life there he came with William Odeil to Hood River, settling where he purchased the squatter's rights to a homestead plot in the Odell district, the place now being owned by Dr. M. Thrane. Mr. Turner has lived more than 10 years longer in the Hood River valley than any other surviving pioneer.

"I pay my tribute to the wives of us"

East Side orchardists, had planted a slarge tract of commercial apples. T. R. Coon, too, had given the valley a boost by demonstrating that strawberries could be grown here secuclesfully.

"Che pioneer settlers in the Upper Valley," says Mr. Turner, "were Androw H. Tieman and Mason Baldwin, who took up land in the meadowland country of that region and began stock raising."

Mr. Turner was married March 18, 1866. "I cooked my own wedding dinner," he says, "and it was a good dinner," he says, "and it was a good dinner, too, if I do say it myself. The mister, Rev. Thos. Ramsdell, had to walk a part of the way to my Odell place, where my bride, Mandy J. Neal, and her family had assembled, on skiis.

"The mext day I went out and began grubbing bushes on my homestead. As soon as my wife had finished washing up the breakfast dishes she joined me and burned the brush while I grubbed, You see, pioneer wives helped all they could."

Three sons and a daughter were

"I pay my tribute to the wives of us "I pay my tribute to the wives of us pioneers," he says, "because I have seen their husbands pleading with them to pull up stakes and leave for a more fertile region. I have seen women helping their husbands saw wood day because I have seen women helping their husbands saw wood day frost. Mr. Turner has now retired in and day out; I have seen them assist with the farm work. But a woman is wife readie in this city.

more home loving than a man. These mothers of the Hood River valley had

more home loving than a man. These mothers of the Hood River valley had grown tired of the ceaseless moving from place to place. Perhaps they had some foreknowledge of the days of prosperity that were to come. They certainly had more faith than the menhad, and they have deserved all of the reward they have received."

When Mr. Turner and his partner reached the district now known for its hundreds of acres of flourishing orchards, the families residing in different parts of the community could be mumbered on one's fingers. Nathan Benson was occupying the place now owned by F. H. Button. Nathaniel. Coe, known as the founder of Hood River would grow fine corn. I hought 10 pounds of ear corn in The Dailes 50 years ago, paying a dollar time. The was residing on the Hood River would grow fine corn. I hought 10 pounds of ear corn in The Dailes 50 years ago, paying a dollar time. The was residing on the Hood River would grow fine corn. I hought 10 pounds of ear corn in The Dailes 50 years ago, paying a dollar for it. I planted the seed, and from the was getting along at the game. The was residing on the Hood River would grow fine corn. I hought 10 pounds of ear corn in The Dailes 50 years ago, paying a dollar for it. I planted the seed, and the seed, and the seed, and the seed, and who had time I have not been without corn, and plenty of it. My neighbors always used to grow it. In the early days we hauled our grist to the old that home and telling them of the place later owned by Dr. W. C. Adams and now known as Paradise farm. On Indian creek was the pioneer home of James M. Benson. On the East Side, now the most thickly populated section of the valley were but two families, those of Peter Nesl and Jerome Winchell.

Mr. Turner carries his 79 years well. Mr. Turner is an optimist, and likes

Mr. Turner is an optimist, and likes

Mr. Turner is an optimist, and likes or or more of his clubs, but exerted his will power and held him.

Mr. Turner recalls but one other man in the valley at that time. This was ago.

A. C. Phelps, who was engaged in making whiskey kegs on a little creek to leave smiles. He is a musician, too, and a pioneer meeting is never compared to leave smiles. The confounded game of the city that today hears the large clubs.

"For many years," says Mr. Turner, this keg manufacture was the chief loved fiddle. At a recent pioneer related to the findustry of a present dry community. The hillsides west of town were all covered with oak trees, the timber of which was of a fair quality. There was great demand for the kegs at The Dalles. Whiskey was shipped there on board the Columbia steamers in barrols. But the harrels were too heavy. "Ponce de Leon did not steamers in barrols and speaking quickly he said:

"Traveler" by Mr. Turner on his violin, and speaking quickly he said:

"Traveler" by Mr. Turner on his violin, and speaking quickly he said:

""The same mentioned the quest of and with the quest of all the foundation of the foun rels. But the barrels were too heavy for burros, and the fire water would be transferred to five and 10 gallon kegs to be packed to the mines of Idaho and the content part of the safet."

"Ponce de Leon did not come far enough west. That fountain, I think, is located up here on Davy Turner's old farm."

the eastern part of the state."

The first man ever to drive a team of oxen direct to the Hood River valley was Davies Divers, who with his family settled in the Summit district on the ranch now owned by Gao. T. Pra-

"I remember how astonished we all were when he drove down by the way of Mosier," says Mr. Turner. "There were no trails even, in those days, and the feat was considered the most re-markable one we had any record of." The winter of 1861 and 1862 was the most severe in the records of Ore-

gon's history.

"The country was paralyzed from Portland to Walla Walla," says Mr. Turner. "On New Years Day the ice that had formed in the Columbia put an end to boat traffic. One of the boats was found in the columbia put an end to boat traffic. One of the boats was forced to tie up here at Stanley's landing. The caretaker, who swept the decks of the craft each day, measured each day's snowfall. His records showed at the end of the snowfall a total of 13½ feet. The river remained frozen until March 19.

"It would be impossible to tell you what we went through that winter. My partner, who had taken up an adjoining claim, and I had laid in a lot of barley. Our food for weeks consisted of barley and poor venison. The Nesla, our nearest neighbors, were without flour for a period of five weeks. We finally grew so desperate that Jerome Winchelland I set off for The Dalles for provisions. The entire trip consumed four days.

sumed four days.

"We came down to the Columbia and walked up on the ice. At Rowens George Sniper had a settlement. I became terribly thirsty when we were opposite this place, and fearing the settlement. opposite this place, and fearing to drink from one of the air holes in the ice we went ashore and called at his place. There were five dead cows on the man's front porch, and between the Sniper place and The Dalies we counted hundreds of dead horses and cattle. I shall never forget the horror of that winter. It caused the death of all the cattle in the Hood River valley. Of course, the Neal and Winchell fami-

Of course, the Neal and Winchell families slaughtered some of their animals for food, but the beef was so poor that it had but little nourishment in it. Actually, the cattle were so thin that they would scarcely bleed when stuck. "On our return trip from The Dalles we were accompanied by George Carrom, a saddler. He, too, carried a bag of flour thrown over his shouldres. As we passed up through a lot by Stanley's landing the last poor fcow of the community was standing in the path ahead of us. Carrom was ahead. You know a starving cow is very fractious.

her. She attacked Carrom. However, she was so weak she could do him little harm. But her wild bellowing and lunges frightened the man, and dropping his hag of flour he took to a will low tree. The cow then turned her attention to the flour hag, making wild hooks at it with her horns. Flour, however, was too precious for cows,

and we drove her away as quickly as

"I know of at least 50 families who came, lingered a while and then went somewhere else," he says. "The real development of the valley did not begin until about 25 years ago, after David Sears and J. C. Porter, the pioneer East Side orchardists, had planted a large tract of commercial apples. T. R. Coon, too, had given the vailey a boost by demonstrating that strawberries could be grown here successfully.

The captain in charge of the guns told the young lieutenant that he could have some nice turkey. The young man took a hearty bite of the offered meat; then, looking up suspiciously, asked:

"Beg your pardon, captain; did you say this was turkey?"

name of the valley's first manufacturer. plete until after Mr. Turner has ren-"For many years," says Mr. Turner, dered some old time melody on his be-

#### GROWERS' COUNCIL MAY GO ON ROCKS

(From Hood River Glacier)

seems likely now that the Northwestern Fruit Growers' Council, formed last February at Tacoma, Wash., will go the way of the North Pacific Fruit Distributors, from which the Apple Grow-

breaking up, that is, in the eyes of lo- that prince of practical jokers, Theocal growers, is the demand of a cent a dore Hook, to perpetrate the most aubox to be used next season in the ad-vertising of the apple and in a cam-hoax, that for the time aroused all paign for a broader distribution of northwestern fruits. The sentiment of local men is for an expenditure for the advancement of Hook bet a guinea that a certain modadvancement of Hood River's products.

However, the Association, according to Wilmer Sieg, will remain absolutely neutral in the matter.

for the growers to decide for them-selves, and we will make no recom-through damage to their goods, others

## ELECTRIC THEATRE

Thursday and Friday

companied by appropriate music. The in his music is even better than that of a full rica."

Saturday

Robret Edeson in "The Absentee." Sunday and Monday Louis Meredith in "Help Wanted."

Tuesday and Wednesday Madeline and Marion Fairbanks in 'The Flying Twine,'

# - The -

The following story is reported from the trenches in France:

"When spring came you may guess we were all ready to leave, but the faith of those women held us."

For the next 25 years, according to Mr. Turner, settlement in the Hood River valley did not prorgess very rapidly.

A young German lieutenant and his orderly were doing patrol duty. All day long they had been riding through the woods without a bite to eat. Toward evening they came to a battery of heavy artillery, where they disof heavy artillery, where they dismounted and asked for some supper.

"Why, sure, that's turkey!" He took a few more bites and asked again, "Are you really sure, Herr Captain, that this is turkey?"

The lieutenant finished his meal in silence and thanked the captain for his hospitality. Then he called his or "Fritz," he directed, "saddle our turkeys!"-Everybody's.

"Certainly, Herr Lieutenant; turkey

Securely cabined in the ship below, Through darkness and through storm 1 cross the sea,
A pathless wilderness of waves to me.

But yet I do not fear, because I know
That he who guides the good ship o'er
that waste
Sees in the stars her shining pathway Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering

maze, Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain

Through thorn set barren and through deep morass; But strong in faith I tread the uneven And bare my head unshrinking to the

again! I'll take my gosh blamed clubs and I'll-I'll sell them!"-Boston Her-

When Booth Laughed.

William Mestayer, the comedian, once said: "I never saw Edwin Booth laugh heartily but once. We were playing Julius Caesar' at Baldwin's, in San Francisco. Booth was Brutus, McCullough was Cassius, Harry Edwards was Caesar, and Charley Bishop and I were plain, everyday citizens. It was the last night of the run, and we all felt frisky. So when Caesar spoke the well known line, 'Let me have men about me that are fat, Bishop and I, both fat men, walked boldly up to Caesar and shook him heartily by the hand. As far as Hood River is concerned, it Booth laughed outright."

Honxers exist in every profession and walk of life. They flourish in every age and clime. They ply their art el ther as a means of livelthood or from ers Association withdrew last spring. the sole desire to gull the credulous The rock on which the Council is public. It was the latter which incited London to laughter and indignation. As the Association centralized all of its effort the past season on its two main varieties of apples, Spitzenburga and Newtowns, so it is proposed to specialize in advertising the Hood River product. request that they would at a certain hour on a certain day deliver their 'This," says Mr. Sieg, "is something street. Besides the unfortunate shopwere included in the fun. The lord mayor, the lord chief justice, the archbishop of Canterbury and the commander in chief were among the many victims that fell into the trap and duly arriving at the appointed spot, experienced most unceremonious treat vient amid the turbulent and exasper ated throng.

An Egg In the Wilderness. ompanied by appropriate music. The nusic is even better than the content of the c

orchestra for accompaniment.

Hazel Dawn in a five reel Paramont, I found in the open. I supposed it had been dropped by the ostrich before she had decided where to make her nest. I ate that egg in omelets for three days, thinking myself lucky to get an egg so far from civilization, but marveling much at its peculiar flavor. From later experience of ostrich eggs I now know that that egg was bad!

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