

Happenings Along Way North

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presented a beautiful sight, with many acres of solid pink covering the trees. It is feared that the last freeze and snow damaged the fruit, and that there will be a short crop, although the bloom is heavy.

Atlanta is a big city. We reached here just before the postoffice closed and were pleased to get letters and copies of the Glacier, which gave us late news from home. The narrow streets and congested traffic made it so difficult to drive around, and it being nearly 6 o'clock that we went on to the next town for the night without seeing much of Atlanta, which we had not visited since the cotton exposition over 20 years ago.

We started for Chattanooga the next morning, and still had good roads with hard surface or good gravel nearly all the way, except a detour or two. Near the city the Cumberland mountains loomed up in the distance. At the state line we had hard surfaced road that through the foothills entering the city. We stopped for lunch at the restaurant of Williams & French, the latter a brother of Floyd French, of Hood River. Leaving the city for Fayetteville, the road crosses the mountain range and then zigzags west for 120 miles. Halfway the road winds up a long grade to an elevation of 2200 feet to Monticello, a very picturesque drive, equal to some of the scenic mountain drives in Oregon. The road winds in and out of valleys and over foothills after the mountain range is crossed all the way to Fayetteville. Part of the road is the Dixie Highway going to Nashville, a hard surfaced road, then later we crossed over a dirt road, but smooth, that wound in and around the valleys through very fine farming country to Fayetteville, where we stopped for a visit, with Mrs. Siddle Thomson and daughter, and were also entertained at the home of Tolman Thomson.

This country looks the best of any we have seen in the Southland. A ride a round this old historic country, with its valleys, high hills and prairie land, is a pleasure. From the high points on the road one can catch glimpses of green fields with wheat or blue grass, cotton fields and corn, or many plow fields. The land is cultivated clean to the top of the hills and is exceptionally fertile. Here were the old plantations before the Civil War, with some of the grand old farm houses still standing, although many have been replaced with more modern structures. An old stone bridge crossing the river in this city still stands, one that S. F. Blythe remembers crossing during the Civil war. A church still stands in the city that is over 100 years old.

Across the bridge is a field where Andrew Jackson drilled his soldiers. Many old orchards can be seen on hillsides, some of them yielding very profitable crops. A new Borden milk condensing plant is nearing completion in the city, while a large cotton factory furnishes a payroll for city employes. Spring is on its way here, peach trees in bloom and trees beginning to leave out, the weather warm and delightful. It is the equinoxial period, however, and rain and cooler weather is expected. We are therefore preparing for a little more winter as we go farther north, putting out summer clothes away in the trunk and getting out our woollens and winter coats.

Kenosha, Wis., March 23, 1927. We are again experiencing winter weather, and while not severe for this time of year in this country, yet we notice it all the more after enjoying six weeks of real summer weather.

Leaving Fayetteville, Tenn., in a threatening storm, it was still warm. The drive to Nashville was a pleasant one, with good roads over a hilly country and some pretty long grades in places. We encountered a heavy rain at Nashville and spent

the afternoon visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Murray, whom we had not seen since we left St. Paul 25 years ago.

The next day we got to Louisville, Ky., in a heavy downpour, which continued into the night, and spent the afternoon and night with Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Caldwell, the latter a sister of Joe D. Thomson. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Montgomery came over from New Albany, Ind., across the Ohio river from Louisville. They are the parents of James Montgomery, formerly with the Glacier, but now of Marshfield. The weather prevented us seeing any of the interesting sights of Louisville, which we regretted very much.

The next morning after crossing the Ohio over a toll bridge we realized that we were going north, as there was a decided change in the weather, so we closed up the windows in the car, put on more wraps and turned on the heater. After spending an hour with Mr. Montgomery in his newspaper office at New Albany we started west. Vincennes, Ind., where a concrete road runs straight north to Chicago. The road passes through West Baden and French Lick, and we anticipated visiting these noted health resorts. However, we were disappointed. The continuous heavy rains had filled all the streams to overflowing, and a few miles west of these cities we began to ford little creeks that were flowing across the road, and soon came to a lake where the White river had overflowed its banks and filled the roadway as far as we could see. A Ford car started across and was soon up to the running board in water. Not caring to risk being stalled in the lake of water we turned back to Peola and took another route that was reported open. It was a gravel road in fair condition, but very hilly and rather crooked, so we could not make very good time. We found several places where water covered the road, but nothing over a foot deep, so were able to get through. The whole country is soaked with continuous rains and all low lands under water. We had not yet reached the Illinois line by dark, so stopped for the night at the little town of Hillsboro.

The next morning a cold wind was blowing, with occasional flakes of snow, and heavy clouds still threatened a snow storm, but it cleared up later. After traveling 50 miles the concrete road was reached and by noon we were in the south suburbs of Chicago. The land along the highway in Illinois is a rich black loam, with corn, hogs and cattle the principal crops and all the farms looked prosperous.

It took three hours to get through Chicago, there being almost a continuous city for about 70 miles, although most of the suburbs are separate corporations. We drove through the city on Michigan boulevard and the lake shore drive to Kenosha. It is a very wide street with no street cars or trucks to block the traffic, and we got through very easily. After leaving the business section the road winds along a park drive, with Lake Michigan in sight most of the time, passing along fine residences, colleges, parks and through one military reservation, one of the prettiest drives on the trip.

We saw the first snow lying on the ground in places in Chicago, then more as we reached Kenosha. In this section a sleet storm had covered the trees the day before and many branches were broken off and lie scattered on the ground, with patches of snow here and there.

It has been 15 years since we visited our cousins, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Campbell, and over 45 years since I used to spend summers here with my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Abram Gulick, parents of Mrs. F. H. Blackman. There are still a few of my old playmates around here, and have enjoyed meeting them and talking over old

times. The old Gulick home, that had stood here for 75 years, burned last year, so there is quite a change in the place. Many of the old landmarks are still standing, however, and look the same as I remember them when a boy.

We called on John Morris in Racine, another cousin, now left alone since the death of his wife a year ago.

Will Kingman, another boy playmate, is now timekeeper at the Kenosha Brass Works, and took us through that mammoth institution, covering over two large city blocks and employing 1700 men. It was very interesting to see copper made into brass, then worked into all kinds of designs for manufacturing purposes. Copper wire is also made here, from heavy cables to wire as fine as hair.

One of the Nash automobile plants is located here, covering 191 acres and employing 52 men, although now working at only two-thirds capacity. It took two hours to walk through the plant seeing all operations from the foundry to the assembling of the finished car. The plant is turning out about 200 cars a day, a car being started off on its test run every 2 1/2 minutes. The car is run about an hour then turned in for final inspection. Twenty-five men are kept busy taking out the cars for the test run. Two other Nash plants are located in Racine and Milwaukee.

There are over 50 factories in Kenosha, which has a population of 50,000. Most of them are not working full time, as business is rather dull in the east.

Union Pacific will spend \$750,000 this year for heavier steel on Oregon lines.

Oregon hops sell up to 21 cents a pound, with 7900 bales still unsold.

Locals

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Tousey left Saturday for Lewiston Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Caton have moved to the O.-A. hill.

Helen Veal is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cropper moved into their new home last Saturday.

Wm. Brimmer has purchased a house and lot on Second avenue.

Cleve Tisdale is driving an Essex sedan.

Lester Sheeley was a Portland visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. J. Greenman is visiting in Olympia.

Mrs. E. Crow is convalescing after a long illness.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Weidker are moving to Salem this week.

E. W. Holtham has gone to southern Oregon on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson enjoyed smelt fishing at Troutdale last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Art Whitaker were Portland visitors Saturday and Sunday.

The Willing Workers meet with Mrs. Vernon Green at the Christian church April 13.

Mrs. F. Hanson left Thursday to join her husband at Weepah, Nev.

Mrs. Stratton was called to Deer Island recently by the serious illness of her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Creasey and Miss Cecil Webb left Sunday for Winthrop, Cal., to visit relatives.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Shipman, April 3, a boy. His name is Glenn Archie.

Morris McNutt has leased the O.-A. boarding house and moved in Saturday.

N. A. Johnson returned Sunday after a five-weeks' visit with his son and family in Portland.

Nell Green and Dorothy June Wolff have been quite ill but are improving.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Keasey, March 15, a girl. Her name is Marjorie Eloise.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Kullander spent the week end in Independence visiting friends and on business.

On Monday afternoon 20 of Charlotte Ann Covington's little friends gathered at her home and helped her celebrate her fifth birthday with a merry party.

On Saturday, April 9, we will have on special sale, Parker House rolls, Hard rolls and Poppy Seed rolls, all at 15c per dozen or 2 dozen for 25c.—Vernonia Bakery.—adv.

M. E. Carkin, district committeeman of the American Legion, department of Oregon, paid an official visit to Portland post Monday night. Last night he attended a joint meeting of Gresham and Estacada posts at Gresham.

The Parent-Teacher association will open a service shop in the near future.

If you have lunches to put up ask for Mother's Bread in the sandwich loaf size. It is a square loaf and it will make sandwiches that not only stay fresh longer but pack nicer in the lunch bucket. It is also fine for the table and it makes delicious toast.—adv.

We are still here, four doctors have left town since we opened office, our fees have always been lower, maybe we will be the next to leave. We thank our loyal patrons and those that say a good word, and those that cannot is a good boost. Drs. Wight & Wight.—adv.

Mother's Bread is the best bread that you can buy anywhere. A broad statement yes, but a trial will convince you of the fact that our statement is true as will be acknowledged, by a host of constant and satisfied users. Call for Mother's Bread by name and be sure you get what you ask for.—adv.

Quality in all goods is the watchword of the Vernonia Bakery. Our ingredients cost more because we buy only the best but in the end are worth it with its keen competition only quality goods can be successfully merchandised and we aim to give you quality always, regardless of cost.—adv.

Police Notes.

The following were arrested by Marshal W. J. Kelly in a local restaurant Sunday for disorderly conduct and fined as follows: Goldie Scott, \$25; H. Harbeson, \$25; Thos. Colvin, \$40; Jean Paddock, \$25.

Statewide honey producers and cooperative selling plan started at Astoria.

Tillamook will vote on bonds for \$80,000 schoolhouse.

Federal authorities will do much dredging and improvement of Willamette river this year.

New Columbia Lutheran hospital will have 40 patient rooms and latest equipment at Astoria.

Total of 209 miles of telephone line was built in national forests of state.

Gland Specialist advertisement with logo and text: Be Well. Endocrine Glands are the source of Prostate, Kidney, Bladder and Constipation troubles, causing High Blood Pressure, Rheumatism, Loss of Vitality. My remarkable treatment re-energizes these glands, restoring health and vitality. Send today for FREE descriptive book. DR. H. Z. THARP, M.D. 325 FITCH BLOCK - PORTLAND, ORE.

Large advertisement for a local merchant with a portrait of a man and the headline 'His word is his bond!' and text: A 'personal guarantee' means very little to you unless you know the man who makes it. Ninety per cent of the things bought for your home are selected by the lady member of the firm. She is the purchasing agent. Most men admit that she is a capable buyer, and the reason is this: She must be shown — convinced by proof — that an article is what she needs and is worth the price! For that reason, she sees the advantage of dealing with a local merchant — a man whose 'personal guarantee of satisfaction' means just what it says. She knows that what he advertises in this paper is entitled to her consideration. Because she has confidence in her neighbor—the local dealer—she can safely invest the family funds in what he guarantees. Read the Ads in this Paper and save yourself money by trading at home.

FINNEY OF THE FORCE



By F. O. Alexander



Just Good, Clean Fun



Famous Flop-scenes #00



Advertisement for 'THE GREAT GRAND NO-BULL PRIZE' with text: WOULD YOU PLEASE TO HELP A POOR TRAMP WHOSE WIFE IS OUTA WORK. THE GREAT GRAND NO-BULL PRIZE TO MR. HOWARD MINKAU, AUSTIN, TEX.