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VERNONIA-isms

The story of the trek up Mount Hood really started several weeks ago at a picnic at Airport Park where the project was first discussed. That's where it should have stopped—with discussion.

I'll tell you now, that with the seventy-mile-an-hour winds and a wind chill index of 30 degrees below zero, we did not make it all of the way to the top.

As mentioned several times in this column before, I started my "training" several weeks before the climb. I really thought that I had things going my way as far as the training went. Just a day before the climb I peaked my training by going on a shopping trip with my wife. (She assured me it was for items we could not buy in Vernonia.) I really thought that if I could keep up with her while running to the area of the store where she wanted to be, and then standing for several hours while she decided what it was that was such a great bargain, I was sure to make it to the top. And then there was the challenge of following her directions. After that who needed a guide for Mountain Hood (as my youngest son calls it).

Nine of us left Vernonia Sunday night at approximately nine p.m. full of vim and vigor. The night was cloudless and the stars were shining bright. Only one thing was missing. The moon! One of our party had checked and the moon that was to light our way was to have risen at 10:30. It was now going on 11:30 and still no moon. A quick check of the packs revealed two flashlights, both pocket size. But that was the least of our troubles because the moon finally did make a showing about 1 a.m.

The real trouble started about the time we reached Sandy. The air was sandy, or better described as rocky. The wind was blowing so hard down the mountain that small rocks were being blown from the cliffs and roadside lots. By the time we got to Government Camp the driver was having a hard time steering the car. After a quick consultation at a reststop we decided to go on up the mountain and see what it was like. At this time the temperature was still quite warm.

When we got to the Timberline Lodge everything was quiet and dark. We were the only group around. We spent considerable time trying to locate a parking place that was somewhat in a sheltered area so that the wind would not blow the car off the top of the mountain.

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TOWN TOPICS

Mrs. Leighton Lee (Glenda) Alford, daughter of Ruby Normand, is in the Tuality Hospital at Hillsboro undergoing traction for a ruptured disc.

ST. MARY'S Thrift Shop open first and third Friday of every month.

Olga Johnson and daughter, Debbie of Portland were visitors in the Fredrick Johnson home this past week. Olga is married to the Johnson's son, Sgt. Stanley Johnson, who is presently serving in Vietnam.

There was a large self-contained camper sitting on the edge of the parking lot overlooking about a hundred-foot drop and I honestly thought that it was going over a couple of times. The wind was so fierce it was rocking the van like a ship in a wild sea.

But what the heck is a little wind; the temperature was still not too bad and the moon had finally broken over the rim of the hill and we all had more courage than brains as we started out.

I didn't even have to eat anything and "I thought I was going to die." After two hours of fighting the wind and the now increasing cold, we had made about a mile walk. At the end of that mile we found a control shack for the ski lift. It was about five by five and we had all nine of us huddled in it. Two of the fellows had space blankets and we all somehow got laid down and covered up.

We had been told before we started the climb that there would be lots of people to keep us company. So far we had not seen another living being.

One in the shack and out of the wind and having consumed a sandwich, one could appreciate the view. The moon glistened across the snow and ice and looking to the east we could see the light of a distant forest fire and to the west we could see the lights of Portland. The wind was so fierce that it kept me from taking any pictures of the lights. I could not stand steady enough to hold the camera still.

With daylight came, more courage and more beautiful sites so we started out again. Oh, if only I could have gotten my hands on that guy that said we would be sweating it out and not to wear more than a shirt and a windbreaker. To keep warm in this wind the windbreaker would have had to be in the form of a house.

At least we were not alone on the mountain now; there were other groups coming up the slopes. But they looked different than we did! They were all dressed in parkas and real snow gear.

After about two and a half more hours of climbing we were over-taken by some experienced climbers that took one look at our group and said if we wanted to go down in a bag we should get on our way down. I think that it was the excuse that most of us were looking for and we promptly headed down the slope. Going down was much easier as the wind was at your back and the only work was keeping your feet planted so you did not get going to fast.

All-in-all, the experience was a good one and I enjoyed it greatly. I would even be willing to try it again in the near future and hope for a better day weatherwise.

I thought that our efforts were outstanding in the face of adverse conditions. We'll make it next time.

I trust that all of you had a safe and happy Fourth of July. On the way down the mountain we picniced at Wildwood park. This park is under the management of the BLM. What a fine park it is. The cleanest and most well kept that I have ever been in.

After laying in the sun to warm our bones, we went for a swim in the Salmon River that runs through the park. We "body surfed" over the small rapids in the stream. Very enjoyable.

We returned home at approximately 7:30 Monday night and I spent the next twelve hours sleeping off the effects of the two-day "vacation???"



SO CLOSE yet so far away is the peak on Mount Hood. An unidentified climber was caught taking a rest as part of the Vernonia group made their way

towards the top. Fierce winds and cold temperatures turned the Vernonia crew back.



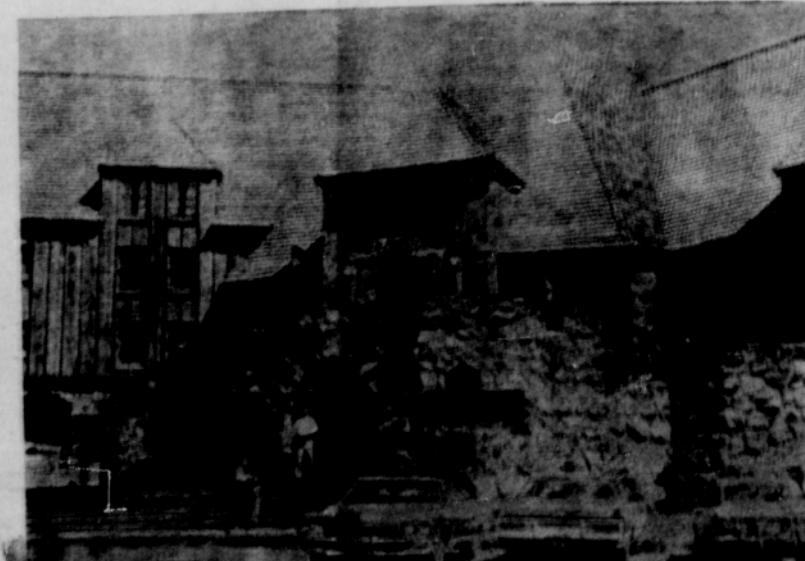
WITH THE sun at his back the photographer took this picture of the rock strewn slopes descending from Mount Hood. Members of the climbing party from Vernonia included Jack Carlson, Carl Holsey,

Scott Davies, Mike Johnson, Clint Holsey, Brad Garner, Paul Weidman and Jack Seeley. From Portland Dennis Meyers accompanied the group. Meyers is a former Vernonia resident.



JUST A FEW more steps to the top. Those last few steps were never taken by the Vernonia group as they were forced back down the mountain by fierce

winds and extreme cold. Many of the group vowed to try the climb again, holding out for good weather.



TIMBERLINE LODGE was the starting point for the group of climbers from Vernonia that tried to conquer Mt. Hood over the long Fourth of July weekend. The group started their climb at 1 a.m. Monday morning and returned to the Lodge at about 9 a.m. Monday.

USE EAGLE CLASSIFIEDS

VETERANS SERVICE OFFICE

Courthouse Basement — St. Helens, Oregon
Phone 397-2268 — After Hours 397-1730

Mon., Wed., Thurs.—9:30 a.m. to 12 Noon

I WILL NOT BE IN VERNONIA FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

OBITUARY

Funeral services for Mrs. Claudine Christman, 32, who was a longtime resident of the Scappoose area and who had worked in the credit department at Montgomery Ward's for over ten years, were Tuesday, June 27 at the Fulten Mortuary Chapel, Beaverton at 11 a.m.

The Rev. Gerald May, pastor of the St. John's Nazarene Church conducted the services with Mrs. Gloria Nybakken soloist. Concluding services and interment were at the Fairview Cemetery at Scappoose with Jim and Les McCluskey, Wayford Stallings, George Meisner, Dave Marsh and Larry Megert serving as pallbearers.

Mrs. Christman was a native of Hayti, Missouri where she was born May 21, 1940, the daughter of Ollie and the late Claude McCluskey. She moved with her family to Scappoose two years later and attended both the grade and high schools at Scappoose. She had spent most of her working years with Wards and had lived in the Scappoose and Portland area. She had just recently had moved to the Gresham area. Mrs. Christman was the driver of a car that was involved in a one-car accident in Columbia County June 18 that resulted in her death.

Surviving is her husband, Richard Christman, to whom she was united in marriage at Portland on July 25, 1970; two children, Denise and Kelly Reid, all of the family home; her mother, Mrs. Ollie McCluskey, Portland, her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Gerlie Stallings, Scappoose; three brothers, Jim McCluskey, Longview; Jack and Leslie McCluskey, Portland; and two sisters, Mrs. Levi (Darlene) Migneault and Linda McCluskey, both of Portland.

Mist Group Attends Motorcycle Races

MIST—Randy Hansen accompanied the Ted Kuljus to Olympia on Saturday to view the National Motorcycle Championship Races. Mr. and Mrs. Hansen attended the He-men and Mollenour wedding Saturday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Priddis and children of Hawthorne, Nevada will arrive on Monday to visit at the Hansen home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Turney and children of Irving, Texas arrived June 23 to visit her folks, the Doug Barrs. On the 24th, Mrs. Barr accompanied the Turneys to Seattle for a family reunion. From there they went over to Vancouver, B.C. visiting Horseshoe Bay, with an overnight stay at Nanaimo to visit friends. June 28, a trip to Victoria Island was enjoyed with many places of interest toured. From there they ferried across to Port Angeles enroute home. The Turneys remained two more days before going on to their home.

Oregon Welcome, Inc. Gets New Contracts

The State Highway Commission has approved two separate contracts with Oregon Welcome, Inc. totaling \$37,200 for various tourism promotional activities.

The new contracts replace two which are scheduled to expire on June 30. The contracts will extend through the next fiscal year. Oregon Welcome, Inc., generally concentrates its efforts on encouraging air tourism to Oregon and on building greater cooperation with travel agents throughout the country.

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