

FROM THE FAR WEST

Needy, Oregon, July 29 – Editor Budget: – A few brief notes in regard to a pleasant trip to Little Nastucca bay may be of interest to some of the readers of your worthy paper.

A party of five left their homes on the morning of July 11th for the coast. In the party were G. A. Kinzer, wife and two daughters and the writer. We left Hubbard about 9 o'clock with our prairie schooner, took the wagon road west to St. Paul, where we see lots of nice wheat, oats and hop fields. The grain is nearly ready for the harvesters. About one mile from St. Paul we stopped under a large oak tree and took a good dinner. Starting out again we soon crossed the Willamette river at Glen's ferry and follow up the river for quite a distance. It is very warm and we drive through timber so thick and tall that no breeze touches us. The roads are very rough here, but after emerging from the timber the roads become better and it is more pleasant to drive. We soon come to Dayton, nice little town. Here is an open grave in the cemetery, the bell is tolling, the solemn funeral procession passes through the streets. The grave was for a little girl about 12 years old; six of her schoolmates acted as pall bearers. Here we turn towards the south and crops are not as good, and there is much "French pink" in the grain. Here the roads are nice; we meet some Indians who had been to the mountains; you bet they were copper colored. There was a pair of loving ones among them; they were beauties. We are now nearing the mountains; they have a fine country and nice gardens, fruit orchards and hop yards.

We leave Amity to our left; here they had a picnic and we saw the balloon go up; it was a surprise to us and a nice sight. The next town on our route was Bellview, but we drive on about one mile further, where we encamp for the night. We build a fire and cook our first meal on the camp fire, and tastes pretty good after riding 40 miles. The ground serves as a bed for some of our party, and it is so hard that we get up at 2 o'clock and begin preparing for an early start. By sunrise we are on the way and reach Sheridan before the stores were open. Here the country becomes more broken; it seems all the time that we are just at the foot of the mountains, but they are yet a great ways off. There is not much grain raised here; mostly hay. The inhabitants are nearly all French and Indians; they have very scanty looking homes.

We now reach a little mountain town, called Willamina. Here we again come to a river and follow it for 22 miles. It is becoming more and more mountainous and we follow on up the river. Leaving the river to the left we reach Grand Ronde agency, where the Indians have their schools. We drive through timber that the sun never shines through. It is noon and we stopped for lunch. We have now reached the summit of the Coast Range mountains at last and now it is nothing but up and down hill. We arrive at Dolph about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This is the last town we get to. Here are located the toll gates and we have to pay \$1 before we can pass through. We now strike the Little Nastucca river with mountains high on either side. We encamp on the river, seven miles from the bay. A few of the party go fishing, while the rest prepare supper, but they do not have very good luck and soon return to get supper; we then retire for our night's rest, for the first time in the tent, where we had a refreshing sleep. In the morning we continue the journey and reach our destination at 10 o'clock. After pitching our tent we get dinner then we go down to the bay and spend the afternoon in watching the waves of the fierce old ocean rolling in. On Sunday we went to the clam beds and got a fine lot of clams; we then started out in a boat. We caught three Flounder fish and then pulled for our tent. We also went bathing and all enjoyed our trip very much. I think it is very healthy to camp out, at least it improved my appetite very much. Eleven nights we had been from home and did not sleep in a house during that time.

This leaves us all in good health.

Mrs. J. L. K.