

One Year... \$1.50
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MOSIER BULLETIN

VOL. VII

MOSIER, WASCO COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1916.

No. 50

ADVERTISING RATES

Professional Cards... per month \$ .50
One square... 1.00
One-quarter Column... 2.00
One-half Column... 3.00
One Column... 10.00

Business locals will be charged at 5 cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements will in all cases be charged to the party ordering them, at legal rates, and paid for before adverting is furnished.

What Time Is It?

Everyone asks this question many times daily. Our lives are regulated by our watches. You are beginning a New Year. Begin right by having your watch thoroughly cleaned and adjusted.

W. F. Laraway, Jeweler and Optician
EXPERT SWISS WATCH REPAIRING

John Davis, he often to me said,
'My chickens will not lay;
I feed them dollar wheat for feed,
But cannot make it pay.'

One day he asked his neighbor,
Why his chickens laid so well.
He said, 'Not feed nor labor,
But my hen house built so well.'

See 'Lumber Bill' for 'Tum-A-Lumber'
and built your hen house snug and warm.
And the eggs roll out from under,
All the chickens on the farm.

'SEE J. S. ANDERSON ABOUT IT'
AT THE HOME OF

Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co.
Mosier, Oregon

Electric Light Globes

The kind best adapted to Mosier Service



Hotpoint Electric Irons, Stoves, Ovens, Coffee Percolators, Electric Toasters and all other electric appliances. For sale by our agents

Arthur Pharmacy, Mosier, Or.

Pacific Power & Light Co.

'ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE'



A Popular Confectionery Store

where the most delicious candies can be procured, is always a source of attraction to the girl with a sweet tooth, which is the reason for the demand upon us at all times.

S. E. Francisco
Proprietor 'THE OAKS'

Better Equipped than ever in our new location for High Class Portraits. Open Evenings

The Towne Studio

216 Third Street

The Dalles Oregon

HOOD RIVER 60 YEARS AGO

SON OF PIONEER WRITES STORY

H. C. Coe Tells of White Man's First Winter in Community—Early Indian War Account

(H. C. Coe in Hood River Glacier)

Hood River has just passed the half century mark of its first settlement. The ranks of those hardy pioneers, upon whom can tell the story of its earliest settlement, are being so rapidly decimated by the Great Destroyer that very soon the last of these forerunners of civilization shall have crossed the dark river and passed into the great unknown beyond.

Those of you who now, with wondering friends, as you pass from farm to farm, point with pride to the magnificent orchards that are scattered everywhere; as you pass the steeply graded and overflowing schoolhouses, can little appreciate the vast wilderness—the utter loneliness that surrounded the pioneer settlers of this lovely valley. For lovely it was, even in its solitude. Deer, bear and elk roamed at will through the park-like forests; cougar, wolves and coyotes were in plentiful evidence; grouse and pheasants were found in abundance, while the streams were filled with trout and the river with salmon. Nature was indeed lavish in her animal and plant life that could be used by the pioneer for himself and his herds.

But when winter came with its dreary snows and storms and he was unable, work however hard he may, to provide sufficient sustenance to properly care for his dumb beasts, then anxiety hovered over the pioneer's home; he eagerly watched the sunset skies for the first signs of the coming west wind that meant warmth and strength to his famished stock.

Summer came at last; his herds became sleek and round, and the nutritious grasses, and all nature seemed to smile upon him. But anon distant rumors chilled his blood. They came nearer and nearer, until an Indian war in all its horrors was upon him. The sickening, monotonous beating of the war drum, the yells of the infuriated savages, the blazing walls of his neighbor's home—all these have been the experience of the early pioneers of Hood River.

I am under many obligations to Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, daughter of Judge William C. Laughlin, the pioneer settler of Hood River, for a very graphic and thrilling account of their awful winter's experience in our valley. You who, these winter evenings, sit by your comfortable fireside, the room flooded with electric light, let your thoughts wander back to the horrors of that dreary winter just as a century ago. Imagine if you can the little log cabin almost buried in snow, surrounded by hundreds of starving cattle; the desperate fight for life itself, the sickness, hunger and cold within, and then tell me if you can the quality and number of joys that paradise should hold to requite the pioneer, even in part, for the privation he has undergone.

First Winter Recorded

By Mrs. Elizabeth Laughlin Lord Hood River was first settled by William Cateley Laughlin and his wife, Mary Laughlin. Both of them were born in Kentucky. They moved to Illinois in 1832; were married and moved to Missouri in 1840. They crossed the plains to Oregon in 1850, lived in the Dalles two years and moved to Hood River in the fall of 1852.

Having accumulated quite a number of cattle and horses by trading with the Indians and immigrants, Mr. Laughlin decided to locate a good range and make a home for himself and family. Dr. Farnsworth, an old friend and family physician, having arrived from Missouri early in the season, they concluded to settle at Hood River, then called Dog river. Mr. Laughlin had looked the country over and thought it the loveliest spot on earth. However, they delayed moving down until the immigration was all in, when they took all the stock they could get to winter for a stated price per head. Mr. Laughlin had about 100 head of horses and the same number of cattle of his own, and about 200 head of cattle to herd for others. Dr. Farnsworth had about 100 altogether.

Some time in October they engaged a flat boat to take the families and supplies down the river, the doctor going down with them. Mr. Laughlin, with two hired men and the doctor, in a small boat, drove the stock over the trail. The boat made the run down and landed where the ferry landing now is, in one day, while the stock took two days to make the trip. After driving the stock across the river, Mr. Laughlin and his men joined the families in camp, and the next day crossed the river by fording with ox teams.

Mr. Laughlin landed on the Coe place and built a small log cabin. Owing to the lateness of the season and the serious illness of his eldest son, James, who had typhoid fever, he hastened to get a shelter over his family. Dr. Farnsworth took more time and built a better and larger cabin on the place afterwards known as the Jenkins place.

Everything now seemed propitious to the making of happy and permanent homes. But a short time elapsed until a very heavy snow fell. I have no date, but know it was in November, and much of the snow remained on the ground until March. The cabin was in the edge of a beautiful grove of medium sized fir trees, and all of the cattle from far and near made their way to that grove. There were several men down near Mitchell's Point herding over 500 head of cattle, and they all came up to the Laughlin cabin.

No one who has not witnessed such a condition can imagine what it was like. They came in the night, and all crowded around our poor little cabin, bellowing and howling each other, until it seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose. On looking out there appeared a sea of heads and horns as far as the eye could reach. They broke in the door several times. The family was terrified, as it seemed as if the walls would give way. Mr. Laughlin fought them away until morning, when he tried to drive them off, but they were all gentle animals and came to the

grove for shelter. Our own cows came to us for protection and all the rest followed. Mr. Laughlin felled trees to make a large enclosure to keep them away. When the storm abated he sent an Indian with a message to those men to come and take their stock away. But the men abandoned the stock and went to their homes at the Cascades. The cattle stayed in that grove until every one died. All of Dr. Farnsworth's and all of Mr. Laughlin's but 14 head also died. At that time there was quite a deep ravine running from just below the spring down through the grove. By spring that ravine was full of dead cattle.

After Christmas Dr. Farnsworth became discouraged, so he and Mr. Laughlin felled a large fir tree, dug and burned and hewed out a very large canoe, in which he loaded everything he had and drifted away from Hood River forever.

This left Mr. Laughlin's family very forlorn. They had a winter of struggles and hardships. With the help of the Indians whom he hired he felled trees to make corrals to separate the weaker cattle and try to save some if possible, hoping from day to day for a chinook wind. Finally flour gave out. Then he hired Indians to go to the Cascades to buy some. They were gone for a long time and returned with shorts, and demanded half of that, of which they brought but little. Very soon this, too, was gone. Then Mr. Laughlin dug out a small canoe for himself and went up to The Dalles for supplies. While there he made arrangements with Major Alvord to lease land for a farm on the government reservation (the same land which he afterwards held as a donation claim). As soon as the snow had gone off he gathered what horses were left and hired the Indians from White Salmon, who had five canoes, to take the family up the Columbia to The Dalles, while he and his son, James, drove the pitiful handful of stock back over those hills where so few months before they had driven such a large herd.

Early in the spring of 1854 a family excursion party consisting of N. Coe and wife and the writer, then a boy of nine years, left Portland, Ore., for a trip to Fort Dalles, at that time head of navigation on the Columbia river. Our first day's ride was on the little side wheel steamer Fashion, VanBergh master. The James P. Flint was the pioneer boat on the middle Columbia, but traded seemed better on the lower river, so she was taken over the Cascades the year before and renamed Fashion.

At all day's trip brought us to the lower Cascades, where we were very hospitably entertained at the home of R. B. Bishop, brother-in-law to the Bradfords, then in the transportation business at the Cascades.

The portage of six miles was a rather complicated process. Freight for transportation was first loaded in schooners, which, when the wind blew sufficiently strong, were driven to the landing then known as the middle blackhouse, but which is now called Sheridan's Point. They were unloaded into a tramway that came around Sheridan's Point, and was hauled up by a winch run by a very patient and intelligent mule. When the car reached the summit of the incline the mule was unhitched from the winch, attached to the car and started for the upper Cascades over a wooden runway, with a couple of boards in the middle of the track for the 'engine' to walk on. Arriving at his destination, the mule was unhitched, turned around and coupled onto an empty flat car, and started on his return trip. A pole was lashed to his side and then to the car. This acted as a kind of automatic brake to keep the car from running over the engine. This arrangement worked well for a while, and saved the services of a conductor, but the mule got onto his job, and when well out of sight would stop to get up more steam and incidentally to take good long naps, thereby seriously interfering with the transportation business. Eventually a fireman had to be added to the list of train hands.

At the upper Cascades the Bradfords had just completed a small schooner of about 40 tons burthen, which was used on trips to Fort Dalles when the winds were favorable. At this point stood Bradford's store, where two years afterward a handful of brave, fearless men for three days held at bay hordes of Indians, in that is known as the Cascade massacre.

We boarded the schooner and with a fine breeze blowing we made good progress and about noon reached Hood River, then known as Dog River. The trip to Fort Dalles was made with the general aspect of the country and my father determined to return at his earliest convenience and examine the lands with a view of locating if satisfactory. We reached our destination at the termination at Fort Dalles, which then consisted of a government post located about half a mile south of the few scattering houses on the river, where now stands the city of The Dalles. We remained over a day, this place, which had at that time but few attractions.

The only steam vessel then on the middle Columbia was the little propeller Allen, Captain Tom Gladwell, that was capable of carrying few passengers and little freight. She only made a few trips, however, when she was wrecked or cast away, and her old iron hull may still be seen at any low water a short distance above Mitchell's Point on the Edgar Locke farm. As the schooner that we came up on would not be ready to return for some days, and a down river trip was likely to be a tedious one, we determined to take passage on the Allen, which was to start the next morning.

The trip down the river was a rough one, and after an all day battle with the winds and waves we reached White Salmon, then the only settlement between the Dalles and the Cascades. The white resident here was E. S. Joslyn, who with his wife had located there, if my memory serves me right, the year previous. It was determined to remain here over night, and as there was no accommodation on the boat—not even a cold handout—Mr. Joslyn, who was at the landing, very cordially invited all hands to his home, which invitation it is needless to say was gladly accepted.

It is remarkable how a man's personality is reflected in everything that surrounds him, and the welcome extended to the hungry and tired passengers and crew of the Allen by Mr. Joslyn and his estimable wife seemed to extend down to even the old watch dog, whose business it was during the

night to post the moon on the events of the preceding day. The morning grooves and the rest of the trip was uneventful.

SHIP THROUGH AGENCIES, IS ADVICE

However large they may have been, campaigns and meetings among fruit growers of the northwest dwindle in comparison with the propaganda of education proposed by no less an institution than the Department of Agriculture of the United States, which is now looming, according to advices received in Hood River by Wilmer Sieg.

C. W. Moomaw, C. E. Bassett and W. H. Kerr, representatives of the Office of Markets of the United States Department of Agriculture, who have been in Washington since the middle of January preparing a report on an investigation made in all the fruit growing states, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, have been instructed to return to the northwest, and tomorrow they will meet with the members of the Shippers' League at Spokane. At this time they will make known their report and will undoubtedly offer some suggestions to the League, but the primary purpose of the meeting, as suggested by a letter received by Mr. Sieg from Charles J. Brand, chief of the office, will be to outline plans for cooperation of fruit growers in every section of the four states.

Judging from Mr. Brand's correspondence the government investigation has found the chief failures in the marketing of boxed apples due to lack of cooperation on the part of individual growers, who make shipments to different markets direct. Mr. Brand evidences a feeling of confidence in the work of the Shippers' League, and the ability of the organization of shipping concerns to stabilize to a great degree the marketing of their product. But before the work of the government can be made effective, it is declared, it will be necessary to carry a message direct to the growers themselves and educate them to the necessity of cooperation, not merely in name, but in reality—cooperation that will be practiced.

All growers will be told to form some affiliation with a representative and reputable shipping organization. It is probable that the plans of holding growers meetings have been more thoroughly worked out for the state of Oregon than for any other of the northwestern boxed apple states. Mr. Brand says that Dr. Hector McPherson, of the Oregon Agricultural College, has been chosen to collaborate with the Office of Markets and assist with the proposed meetings. An absolute neutrality, as between the different marketing organizations will be preserved; apple growers will merely be told to join some selling agency, and working in conjunction with the government the Shippers' League will be expected to work out the actual task of the best manner of distribution and

Plans of an incorporation of the Shippers' League were held in abeyance until after the report of the Office of Markets had been submitted. It is expected that this incorporation will be effected along lines suggested at the Spokane meeting tomorrow.

The report made last week by the Office of Markets on the distribution of northwestern boxed apples is characterized by Mr. Sieg as one of little value. This report, however, is distinct from the one to be made tomorrow. Data from the former was gathered by representatives of the Office of Markets sent to Spokane early last fall. The men planned to secure statistics as to actual tonnage and points to which it was shipped. 'The report itself,' says Mr. Sieg, 'shows that growers failed to cooperate with the government, in that out of 9,407 cars of apples reported, but 4,313 were reported by shippers. The delinquent shippers, however, were not among the growers associations, but were made up from growers who were shipping independently.'

HOOD PARK MAY BE HELD UP

There is little chance that congress, this session, will authorize the creation of the Mount Hood National park. The lands, other than private holdings, that could be embodied in the Mount Hood park are today included in a forest reservation, under the jurisdiction of the Agricultural department. If the park should be created the public receipts involved would be transferred to the jurisdiction of the interior department.

Discussion of the Mount Hood park in Oregon has brought to members of the Oregon delegation numerous protests from sheep and stockmen who have been using the range on the east and south slopes of Mount Hood for summer range, under permit of the Forest service, and they are loudly protesting against the creation of the park, because it would deprive them of their grazing privilege. Sheep and cattle grazing is not allowed in national parks.

Another feature has developed in connection with the park project that may have the effect of delaying action. As long as Mount Hood and the surrounding territory remains within forest reserves roads and trails can be built by the Forest service out of the receipts from timber sales, grazing permits, etc. The Forest service, and particularly Forester Graves and the local officials in Oregon, have shown a strong desire to open up this scenic section as fast as funds are available.

McArthur Introduces Road Bill

Representative McArthur, of Portland, last week introduced in the lower house of congress a bill appropriating \$200,000 for a Mount Hood roadway from Government camp to the Hood River valley, with laterals to Elk and Brook meadows, and to connect with Dufur and The Dalles.

The original plan of the bill was to pay the cost from the national forest receipts and reimburse the state for its share of the funds. McArthur says he abandoned this because of objection from other parts of the state, and because the proposed national park would remove jurisdiction from the forest service, making a direct appropriation necessary.

Nichol & Company

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22k Gold Crowns - \$5 Porcelain Fillings - \$1.50
Bridge Work, per tooth - \$5 Silver Fillings - \$1.50
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Dr. Wm. M. Post

Office Hours 9 to 12, 1 to 5 Phone 2401
Rooms 18-19 Heilbronner Bldg. Hood River, Oregon

Weather

We have had lots of weather the past month,—not all agreeable. 'Rainy days' come to all of us. If you have a bank account you will be prepared for the rainy day that is sure to come.

MOSIER VALLEY BANK

Mosier Oregon

Dalles, Portland & Astoria Navigation Company

Steamer 'Dalles City' and 'Stranger'

Leaves Portland 7 a. m., arrives The Dalles 6:30 p. m., Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, (not Friday) and Saturday. Arrives up at Mosier about 4 p. m. Leaves The Dalles 7 a. m., arrives Portland 6:00 p. m. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, (not Saturday). Arrives down at Mosier about 2:45 a. m. Wednesday of each week is set aside as 'Stock Yard Day' and then the steamer 'Dalles City' will take live stock for delivery to Portland Union Stock Yard. This service will permit the individual to ship as few animals as desired and get the benefit of low freight rates. For further information telephone number 32.

J. O. BELDIN, Agent Phone 321

Cheer Up!

Prosperity is on the Way.

Business is good.

The Mosier Book Store

STEAMER TAHOMA

PEOPLE'S NAVIGATION COMPANY

CHARLES NELSON, MANAGER.

Leaves The Dalles 7:00 A. M., Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Arrives at Mosier at 8:15 A. M.

Leaves Portland on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays from Oak Street Dock. Passengers and freight.

Mosier Dock in charge of J. W. Huskey, who will meet all boats and attend to transfer. Phone No. 85.

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