

The Hood River Glacier.

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No. 38

First National Bank

New Business

This is the time of year to consider and plan the campaign in all lines of industry. The officers of this strong bank are always glad to assist in your plans and convince you of the advantages of a savings or checking account with us.

A. D. MOE President
E. O. BLANCHARD Cashier

Bank Advertisement No. 80

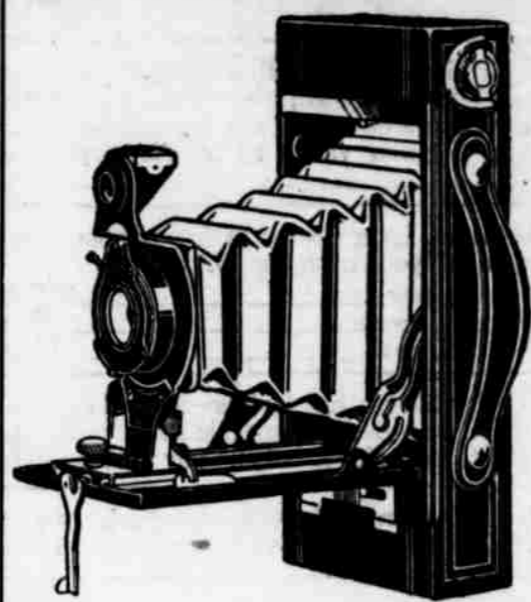
"The Nature of the Banking Business."

By H. S. McKee

(SERIES SIX)

"What public service do the banks perform? They create and furnish to the public a circulating credit more useful and convenient than money and several times greater in amount than the total money supply of the country. How does any particular customer obtain this credit from his bank? By exchanging with the bank his own note for the bank's credit, in the manner described. What must the customer do to entitle him to this privilege? He must establish his own credit. He must satisfy the bank that his own note is good, and otherwise do his part in strengthening and supporting this entire credit system. The very foundation of the customer's credit is knowledge by the bank that he is the kind of man who, if he gives his note or promise, will certainly perform it; or in other words, character, without which, of course, no credit can exist. He must next satisfy the bank that he not only intends to, but is also able to pay; and not merely pay sometime, but pay when the note is due. This is partly accomplished either by depositing security with the bank, or giving it a correct detailed written statement of his business condition, and the nature of his business operations."

BUTLER BANKING COMPANY



No. 2 Folding
Autographic
Brownie
Camera \$8

Come in and
let us show
this wonderful
new addition
to the
Kodak Line

Kresse Drug Co.

Seeds

Burpee's—best by test. Burbank's wonders. Our stock will be most complete ever offered. Our prices same as you would pay the grower—packets, pounds, bushel or by sack.

Catalogues Leaflets, Free

Automobiles

Are you tired after a ride? Franklin owners ride to rest. Does your gasoline bill seem high? Franklin's average 32.08 miles to gallon. How is your oil costs? Franklin's average over 800 miles on gallon. You think the year's repair high? Franklin repair shops lose money. You cannot afford not to own a Franklin.

Catalogues Leaflets, Free

Furniture

Persistent care has secured for us a most complete assortment of new goods at prices surprising low. This consignment includes Linoleum, Oil Cloth, Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Shades, etc.

Hardware

The advancing market finds our stock so complete that we can fill your every want at saving prices. STOVES have gone up, but we will continue our standard prices—a \$79 home comfort range for \$50.

Stewart Hardware & Furniture Co.

Your Credit Is Good. You may pay cash and save 5 per cent

The Only Place to get Accurate Abstracts of Land in Hood River County is at the office of the

Hood River Abstract Company

Insurance, Conveyancing, Surety Bonds

LADIES ATTENTION!

Special Introductory Sale

As a means of introducing our Ladies Tailoring Department, we will make to you measure

\$40.00 Suits for	-	\$35.00
\$45.00 Suits for	-	37.50
\$50.00 Suits for	-	40.00
\$55.00 Suits for	-	45.00
\$60.00 Suits for	-	50.00

These suits will be tailored in our own shop by skilled tailors, thereby enabling us to give you a perfect fit and satisfaction.

DALE & MEYER

105 Third Street

Tailors to Men

Tailors to Women

"Good Things to Eat"

Van Camp's Red Kidney Beans, 2 cans	25c
Van Camp's Chili Con Carne, can	10c
Van Camp's Hominy, 2 cans	25c
Heinz Prepared Spaghetti, 2 cans	35c
Del Monte Succatosh, 2 cans	35c
Preferred Stock Sweet Potatoes, can	15c
Preferred Stock Baby Beets, can	15c
Libby's Kraut, 2 cans	25c
Libby's Asparagus, can	25c
Gebhart's Frijoles, can	10c

Star Grocery

Perigo & Son

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

Following the policy of presenting to the residents of the Hood River valley of today authentic sketches of early life of the community, the Glacier will reprint a series of articles written 35 years ago by H. C. Coe, son of Nathaniel Coe, the city's first permanent resident.

The first of the articles is given below:

Hood River has just passed the half-century mark of its first settlement. The ranks of those hardy pioneers, who alone 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 steeped churches and overflowing schoolhouses, can little appreciate the vast wilderness that once surrounded the pioneer settlements of this lovely valley.

For lovely it was, even in its solitude. Dense and oak-wooded, it was a wilderness through the park-like forests; cougar, wolves and coyotes were in plentiful evidence; grease and pheasants were found in abundance, while the streams were filled with trout and the river with salmon. Nature was in its glory 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, because they had no hay, 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 as they fed upon the nutritious grasses, and all nature seemed to smile upon him. But 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 warriors, the wailing wail 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, a 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 firesides, the room flooded with electric light, let your thoughts wander back to the horrors of that dreary winter just half 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 Cateby 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 on a good range and make a home for himself and family. Dr. Farnsworth, an old frontiersman 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 200 head of cattle, 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, and they were going down with them. Mr. Laughlin, with two hired men and the doctor's 16-year-old son, drove the stock over the trail. The boat made the run down and landed at 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 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 precious 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 wheel steamer Fashion, Van Buren master. The James P. Flint was the pioneer boat on the middle Columbia, but above seemed better on the lower river, so she was taken over the Cascades the year before and renamed Fashion.

An all day's trip brought us to the lower Cascades, where we were very hospitably entertained at the home of B. 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 blockhouse, but now called Sheridan's Point, where they were unloaded onto a tramcar that came around Sheridan's Point, and was hauled up by a windlass run by a very patient and intelligent man. When the car reached the summit of the incline the mule was unhitched from the windlass, attached to the car and started for the upper Cascades along over a wooden tramway, 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 into 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 burden, which was making 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 what 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. We were all very much pleased 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 that evening 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 at 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 Fort Dalles and Cascades. The sole white resident here was E. S. Joely, 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 hamlet—Mr. Joely, 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. Jo.

HIGH WATER IS PREDICTED

BIG SNOWS WILL BOOM COLUMBIA

Record of 1895 May Be Reached When Warmth of Springtime Brings Down Mountain Precipitation

River men are now predicting that the Columbia will reach a record high water mark this spring, when the deep snows of the mountains and headwaters of the river begin to melt. The river raised steadily all last week. From Monday till Thursday night the stream raised about three feet. Thursday night the phenomenal raise of eight feet was recorded, the heavy, sudden flood caused presumably from the breaking of ice jams. Friday night, the wind shifting to the east, and the temperature dropping to zero or above zero, the thaw was stopped temporarily, and the river fell a foot Friday night and Saturday.

The thaw was slow at all times here last week. Local streams did not exceed the usual winter flood stage. Several heavy rains were held by the snow, and the water did not reach streams as quickly as if the earth had been bare. The only damage reported happened when a miniature lake, formed by snow water impounded on the flat top of the east side gorge of Hood river, flooded the switchback section of the Mount Hood Railway Company's line, washing out a portion of the track.

Since Saturday the Columbia has fallen about four feet. But still the stream is higher than ever before even here at this season of the year.

"Extreme floods in the late spring," says Roy Roberts, "all depend on how the thaw strikes the headwaters of the Snake and Columbia. If it strikes both at the same time, we will have higher water than in 1895, when the river was about 34 feet higher than at the present time."

The Columbia is now free from ice. After a two weeks' tie-up ferry boats began operating the latter part of last week. Bert Kent is landing at the point north of the passenger depot. He usually lands here not earlier than May.

Floods on local tributary streams of the Columbia have caused no great damage. The worst sufferer has been the Mount Hood Railway Co. A bridge above Dee has been taken out, and the switchback washout has caused delays. It has been planned to secure a pile driver from the O. W. R. & N. Co. to bridge this washout. However, it was learned Tuesday that this could not be effected, and work was begun at once at Dee to construct a pile driver. It now seems improbable that the line will be opened before the first of next week.

However, even if this washout did not exist it would be impossible for the road to operate on account of slides. One morning this week it required three hours for an engine of the company to reach the switchback. It was necessary for a crew to accompany the locomotive and dig a way through by hand. The engineer is making every effort to get its track open and relieve the isolation of the Upper Valley people.

TOTAL SNOW FALL WAS 119.75 INCHES

Data supplied by E. W. Birge, a West Side orchardist and United States cooperative weather observer, shows that the precipitation here from January 1 of this year to last Thursday, 9.07 inches, lacked less than an inch. Several inches more were recorded during as much as that of last year from January 1 to November 1. The rainfall for the first half of last year, however, was below normal.

The total snowfall for the current winter, according to Mr. Birge's record, has been 119.75 inches, of which all but 17 inches have fallen since January 1. The normal annual rainfall for the Hood River valley is 23 inches.

The snow has been melting so slowly that banks five feet deep still remain heaped on the city's streets. No strong chinook winds have prevailed, and the streams have not assumed any flood stage. The water is soaking into the earth, and an unprecedented amount of moisture will be stored for the production of predicted bumper crops in all lines throughout the valley.

DAMAGE TO ORCHARDS WILL BE SMALL

So slowly has the deep snow melted during the past week that damage to orchards, according to reports from all districts, will be comparatively slight. Orchard fears existed among growers Sunday night a week ago, when rain formed an ice crust a half inch thick on the surface of the snow blanket; for this heavy crust, if a sudden thaw had followed, would not only have stripped young trees, but would have taken many limbs off five and six year old orchards. This crust, however, was melted before the snow began to settle, and damage caused was negligible.

Growers have reported the breaking of young trees by shifting snow on hillsides and tracts of young trees in the Upper Valley will be made to look very ragged for several years because of stripped branches. In older orchards damage will be no greater than that of a normal winter.

Prominent Railway Officials Visit
The following prominent officials of the Harriman system, were here Monday on a tour of inspection: W. Averill Harriman, vice president of the Harriman system; J. D. Farrell, president of the O. W. R. & N. Co., and E. Adams, consulting engineer of the Union Pacific system. They were aboard a special train bound for Ogden.

The party was presented by the local office of the O. W. R. & N. Co. with a box of extra fancy Red Cheek Pippins. Mr. Harriman was accompanied by his wife.



You can make big bills smaller by buying your shoes here. Our little profit, many sales policy, insures you a saving every time you make a purchase; you know the character of our shoes, at least by reputation. Know now that in this store high class is not accompanied by high prices. Visit will prove that you can buy more advantageously here than elsewhere.

J. C. Johnsen, The Hood River Shoe Man

Rubber Stamps

AT THE
GLACIER
OFFICE