

# The Hood River Glacier.

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No. 6

## Community Development Is Sias' Hobby In Life

Man Who Originated Slogan of "Bury Your Hammers and Buy Horns" Coming to Chautauqua



ERNEST J. SIAS, community development man, originator of the slogan, "Bury your hammers and buy horns," is a primed "pep" promoter of progress. He knows that the range of an idea, like a bullet, depends on the power behind it. The "slights" are all raised on his artillery. He puts a "crimp" in the crank, loosens the skin of the hidebound and whips a town into boosting form.

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**J. G. Vogt**

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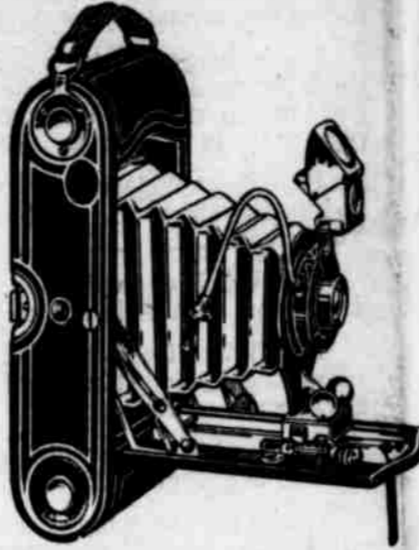
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Come in and see them.

The Star Grocery Perigo & Son  
"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

## SCENERY FORMS LOCAL ASSET

### CITIZENS AWAKEN TO REALIZATION

Columbia River Highway Opens Treasure Chamber and Motor Tourists Already Swarm Into the Mid-Columbia

While Nature was providing soil elements and climatic conditions in the mid-Columbia region of Oregon and Washington that have been found second to none in the production of fruit, she was incidentally establishing countless points of awe-inspiring and charming scenic interest. A summer weather condition that makes for good fruit is also beneficial to human beings, and the summer nights of the Hood River and White Salmon valleys, even of the lower altitudes, are rarely too warm for comfortable sleeping beneath a blanket. Nature has been ages, even eons, engaged in her task of building these two play and work places of the Northwest. As recreation centers they are just being discovered by the people of the Northwest and their visitors. The Columbia River highway has been the key that has unlocked the door of the scenic treasure house. Already this summer, the season scarcely yet loosing, it is probable that more people have motored through the Hood River and White Salmon valley than during any entire single season of past years. The citizens of the Hood River and White Salmon communities are awaking to the asset they possess in the appeal of their cascading mountain streams, their snow peaks, Hood, Adams and the fir fringed surrounding ranges. It may be safely stated that the summer resort business in the two sections is beginning, and that in future years, not so far distant, thousands instead of hundreds will make annual summertime pilgrimages here to drink in, while they lounge with their feet on the mountain air, the magnificence of Nature's prodigality.

The topography of the Hood River and White Salmon valleys are very similar. Each has its guardian snow-capped mountain peaks looming to the east at the south end of the Hood River valley and Adams, piercing the skies at an altitude of 7,000 feet and forming the north barrier of the White Salmon country. The two mountain peaks are approximately 65 miles apart, equidistant from the Columbia river. From the river to the base of each the altitude of the country gradually rises. A traveler in an automobile may leave either the local of the O. W. R. N. Co. or the North Bank station of White Salmon and in a few hours, although it be the hottest July or August day, be toasting snowballs at a companion. Purple lupin that blossoms in May on the lower levels is just beginning to add vivid color to fields on the high mountain sides late in July. But on the high mountains in the late summer the blossoms of other varieties of wonderful flora, not to be found elsewhere, lure an interest to travel the heights. The wonderful of the fragrant, delicately tinted blooms of Mount Hood lilies, attracting innumerable humming birds, perfume the great forests.

For two decades past comparatively small numbers of travelers have come to Hood River and White Salmon to visit the two mountains and stop at the regions' pioneer resorts, respectively Cloud Cap Inn, at a mile altitude in the east timberline of the base of Mount Hood, and the Gulter hotel, located in a more pastoral region on Trout Lake near the base of Mount Adams. The former was visited for the views at the side of Eliot Glacier, and the Gulter hotel held an appeal because of the delightful fishing in Trout Lake, and its outlet stream, Trout creek, and the numerous side trips to park like pine forests, lava and ice caves and a sight of the "Sleeping Beauty," the perfect silhouette outline of a reclining woman surrounded by mountain range and forest.

The Trout Lake resort was formerly owned by Chris Gulter, a native of Switzerland, who declared that he was attracted to the district because of its similarity to some of the meadowland regions of his home country. Mr. Gulter several years ago disposed of the property to J. E. Reynolds, who continues to operate the hotel. The address of the Gulter hotel has been recently improved and enlarged. In addition to providing indoor bedrooms, Mr. Reynolds has a large number of comfortably equipped tents for the accommodation of his guests.

A second Trout Lake summer resort, Mountain Brook Inn, has been operated for the past several years by Mrs. M. Billings. Mountain Brook Inn is a homelike place, and because of the excellence of Mrs. Billings' meals, has become very popular. It is within easy access of Trout creek and a glorious view is obtained of Mount Adams. Mrs. Billings operates an automobile on the road weekly, leaving each Saturday and returning Monday.

Mrs. J. M. Fillion has a string of tents in the meadows along Trout creek and Thode Bros. have a number of small summer cottages for lease to summer vacationists. The address of the Gulter hotel, Thode Bros. and Mrs. Fillion is Gulter, Wash., while that of Mrs. Billings is Trout Lake, Wash.

From White Salmon to Trout Lake resorts one may choose one of three different routes, all of them passing through dense forests. Two of the routes may be considered somewhat roundabout to the man in a hurry, but he will not regret the additional distance. These two routes pass up the east side of the White Salmon river to the Camas Prairie section of Klickitat county to Glenwood and thence northwest again through a pine area of the Columbia national forest. In dropping down from the rim of the surrounding ranges that envelope the Trout Lake valley the visitor obtains a superb panorama view of the pastoral scenes of the valley floor, broad fields of luxuriant alfalfa and many herds of cows feeding, handsome country homes and big, substantial barns. The white ribbon of the upper White Salmon bisects the fertile district.

In the White Salmon community proper, are two summer resorts. The Eyrie, on the bluffs of the Columbia, operated by C. W. J. Reckers, and the Jewett Farm place. Both are accessible, being readily reached from North Bank trains and the Columbia River highway, via the Hood River-White Salmon ferry system.

Located on a high promontory at the mouth of the White Salmon river, the Eyrie commands a number of unsurpassed views. The orchards of the Hood River valley lie before the eye of the visitor like the opened map of a landscape gardener who would charm you with his designs. For 20 miles to the east and almost as many to the west may be seen the Columbia as it cuts its way through the Cascades. If notified in advance Mr. Reckers will meet his guests at the railway station or wharf. Aside from the main individual cottages and modern tent accommodations, completely and most comfortably furnished, have been provided. An up to date tennis court, croquet grounds and comfortable lawn swings await the guest. Ample accommodations for housing private automobiles are available, and a complete livery service may be had on call. Saddle horses may be secured for those enjoying this recreation. The Eyrie table is set from its own garden patches and milk and cream from Mr. Reckers' private dairy.

In the Hood River valley, probably because the residents have been too busy growing apples, but a single summer resort, the Cottage Farm of Mrs. Alma Howe, has been in continuous existence during the past 10 years. The Wau Guin Guin hotel, on the bluffs of the Columbia at the head of a beautiful water falls of that name, was formerly operated by Robert Rand, who, however, retired from the hotel business four years ago. He continues to make the place his home, and attracts the attention of all motorists over the Columbia River highway with his uniquely laid out old fashioned flower gardens.

Cottage Farm is in the midst of the West Side orchards, a mile from the city on the Belmont road. The main building of the resort is surrounded by fruit trees and flowering shrubs, and apple, peach and other fruit trees grow around the tent cottages. Mrs. Howe found it necessary to erect to accommodate her increasing guest list. Virgin fir and pine trees grow in the ample backyard. While her neighbors were uprooting all trees, Mrs. Howe stood alone an exponent of conservation on a small scale.

Mrs. Howe, formerly a trained nurse in Portland, purchased the tract on which she now operates her summer resort in pioneer days. The place was opened primarily, on a small scale, for the accommodation of patients needing a rest in the region of scenic and pastoral appeal. For a decade her guests from Portland, and all of her guests have become her close personal friends, and she has gradually increased. Thomas W. Lawson has made several pilgrimages to the Hood River valley, seeking the seclusion and quiet of the Cottage Farm. Henrietta, a pure blood, enormous Berkshire sow, presented to Mrs. Howe by a noted Bostonian and writer of "Frenzied Finance," changed her residence from the Prineville stock farm of Mr. Lawson to Cottage Farm, and now she and her children in clean, well kept sties, are an attraction for the many children who spend the summers at the orchard resort.

Mrs. F. C. House, another West Side resident, whose place is on Avation Way, a little more than a mile from the city, has begun to keep summer boarders. Accommodations have been provided for a limited number of guests at "Homewood," an attractive place in the Odell community.

When the orchard boom was at its height a young Yale graduate, Homer A. Rogers, attracted by the scenery of Mount Hood, purchased a place at the summit of China Hill in the very southern end of the Upper Hood River valley. Mr. Rogers spent a portion of five years in the Swiss Alps. He has climbed all the principal peaks of the Alps. Mountaineering has become his life study. Mr. Rogers made a poor archer. He admits it, but three years ago he conceived the idea of turning his home into a lodge, where the man or woman seeking thrills of the wonderful sights of the Cascades might come and be entertained. The visitor to Mount Hood Lodge, as Mr. Rogers has named his place, may spend an entire summer visiting surrounding points of interest and still not have seen them all.

From the porches and lookouts at Mount Hood one can glimpse, in addition to Mount Hood, which looms at his very back, three other Northwestern snow peaks, Adams, Rainier and St. Helens. Mr. Rogers has added to his attractions the sport of horseback riding. Not a gallop over smooth country roads, yet good roads are available in the floor of the Upper Valley orchard district, if this is desired. The lodge boniface, philosopher and guide takes his patrons on the most alluring trails through the government national forest, at the edges of thousand foot chasms, over sprawling mountain torrents, to the feet of glaciers, the birthplaces of Northwestern rivers, and even over the snowfields of old Mount Hood.

Cloud Cap Inn heretofore has been the only point to which the visitor approaching the snow peak of Hood from the north side could travel to hotel accommodations. It will continue to draw its patrons because of its vantage point at the very snowline, but it has its drawbacks, since it can be operated only from July 1 until September. Snow falls on the road in July and by September mountain storms are imminent. Still, some of the best times for ascent of Mount Hood come in September, after the first rains and the smoky haze has cleared from the atmosphere. Mr. Rogers has discovered a new passage to the top of Hood, by way of Rocky Butte. His lodge is open at all seasons of the year. Indeed, from Mount Hood Lodge parties from Portland set out to enjoy the thrill of coasting and skiing on the vast snow fields in wintertime. Because of its being the hub of a diversity of mountain scenery, giving opportunity to the man or woman of almost any temperament, to gratify his desires, whether he be the more strenuous rider through the dense forests and over the rough trails or simply to enjoy a rest in the rural district, Mount Hood Lodge is winning great popularity.

Hood River county authorities, sided by the citizens of city and orchard district, are promoting the construction of a new highway to the parkline at Cooper's spur. When this route, eliminating the old steep toll road to Cloud Cap Inn, has been completed, it may safely be predicted that a new and imposing mountain hotel will arise on Hood's side.

Hood River folk and government forestry officials are also working toward the end that an automobile road may be built to Lost Lake. Scenes here, according to W. T. Andrews, a logging engineer of the forestry department in Portland, are not surpassed in splendor

## WEATHER FINE FOR THE FOURTH

### LOCAL CELEBRATION IS SUCCESSFUL

Strawberry Growers Spend Day Harvesting Crops—Huge Crowd Participates in the Festivities

It was rare weather Tuesday. A brilliant sun was prodigal with its rays in a cloudless sky. Every atom of smoky haze had been cleared away by recent precipitation, and the silver sheen on the hoary sides of old Mount Hood and Mount Adams were fairly dazzling. It was just warm enough for comfort.

Hood River's Fourth of July celebration, although for the most part impromptu, was highly successful. A large crowd was in town, local residents having been joined by many visitors from Underwood and White Salmon. The crowd was hilarious and rough at times, but peace officers found no trouble. In fact, Officer Carson did not find it necessary to appoint an assistant.

While a tentative set schedule had been provided for events that had been planned, this was upset at every stage of the program of the Fourth. When the parade of doll buggies, exponents of preparedness and Civil war veterans was ready at the point of assembling, it had been expected that Dr. F. C. Brosius would lead the files of marchers. Dr. Brosius' horse, however, was not ready. Master Russell Volstorff, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Volstorff, rode up on a tiny bicycle. Across his breast was a red sash. "Here's the officer of the day," shouted some veteran trooper of the Civil war. The suggestion registered with Dr. Brosius, who instructed young Volstorff to lead the marchers.

The feature of the young boy trundling earnestly at the head of the gray haired veterans, was truly one of the most impressive features of the day. Uphill and downhill over Hood River's steep streets the young officer of the day kept time with the music and did not once change his speed. He was a tired but proud little boy when the parade was ended.

Rev. H. V. Rominger, of Underwood, did not arrive in time for the day's oration. Rev. J. L. Allen, pastor of the Heights Baptist church, delivered a short address on "Americanism."

Following the formal speaking, members of the home companies of the Volunteer fire department participated in races on Cascade avenue. A near serious accident occurred when one of the hose carts ran down some of the boys dragging the heavy apparatus. Some of the firemen were dragged for about 50 feet over the rough pavement. No injuries were sustained to the bodies of adult firemen. Their "pants," however, were total wrecks.

On the afternoon of the Fourth the baseball team defeated a team of Japanese players from Seattle. The game, lasting for six innings, resulted in a score of 8-4 in favor of the Hood River boys. The Nipponese declared as they left to catch the train, that they were just getting warmed up, when the time came for them to depart.

The populace that repaired to the sloughs of the Columbia to witness some novel water fights and log rolling contests. The last event of the day was a new feature of entertainment for Hood River and one that proved decidedly popular. From a standing start different makes and models of automobiles raced from Columbia street up Ninth street to Sherman avenue. It is probable that the motor race was of more interest than any other event of the day. The big Fourth dance at the Cascade avenue skating rink lasted until 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

Much of the success of the day must be ascribed to the Hood River boys.

Winners in the athletic events were as follows: Log rolling contest, Malcolm Button; boys' 50 yard dash, Bicks; boys' 75 yard dash, Hudog; girls' 50 yard dash, Mildred Hebbard; water fight, draw hose wet contest, Walter Ford's company; local contest, W. J. A. Baker; 50 yard swim, Jack Suthoff; greased pig, caught by Tump Osborne; auto hill climbing contest, Fields in Hudson car.

### Pre-Fourth Booze

"I feel like a bartender," said R. E. Johnson, agent for the American Express Co., Monday, as he handed to numerous callers their packages of two quarts each of liquid alcoholic refreshments laid in for the Fourth of July celebration. A pile of more than 25 liquor packages was heaped in one corner of the express office. Since June 30 the express office has made a record delivery of 72 packages of liquor.

During June the freight office delivered 30 cases of beer.

by the famous Crater Lake, and on the northwest shore of Lost Lake, some enterprising man is some day going to erect a hotel that will draw thousands of tourists.

Since the opening of the Columbia River highway, local commercial hostilities, the Hotel Oregon and the Mount Hood hotel, both excellently equipped for the purpose, have become to a great degree resort hostilities. Numerous motor parties visit the hotels, spending several days touring in their cars to surrounding points of scenic interest. Hood River and White Salmon are winning renown as being the hub cities of the scenic mid-Columbia Cascade region.

All roads in Hood River county are in fair condition, and even the more remote resorts are easy of access. The Mount Hood Railway Co., operating a rail automobile, carrying comfortably 30 passengers, connects with O. W. R. N. trains and conveys passengers for Cloud Cap Inn or Mount Hood Lodge to Parkdale. The Mount Hood line itself operates a well equipped summer resort hotel at Parkdale, within easy reach of which are the Middle and East Forks of Hood river, where trout fishing is excellent.