

# The Hood River Glacier.

VOL. XXIX

HOOD RIVER, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1917

No. 11

## KOBERG Non Pareil Vegetables and Plants

WE are picking green beans now—Burpee's Stringless Green Pod. True to our standard we don't grow anything but the best in quality, and this bean as grown by us for many years is certainly Non Pareil.

Have you tried some of our Cauliflower? The seed was sown on March 20th, and it ought to be tender?

How are your plants doing that we grow for you? When we sell plants we want you to get the most out of them, and if you have any trouble that we can help you out on, you are welcome and entitled to our advice and service.

## Twentieth Century Truck Farm

J. H. KOBERG, Owner

## PRESTIGE

THERE IS NO SAFER or Better way of Paying Bills than by check. Your check acts as a receipt and keeps you from carrying around an extra amount of money. A checking account is a valuable asset to any business man, and a checking account in our bank will add prestige to you with other business men.

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

## NEW SAMPLES

Just arrived. Nifty woollens, latest patterns, correct styles and right prices. What more do you want? You don't have to go out of town to get good clothes. Let us make you a suit. We guarantee our clothes in every detail. Before you buy that new suit, see what we can do. If we can deliver the goods at the right prices, why shouldn't we have the business.

## Volunteer Suits

We have about fifteen on hand. Some are almost new, many of them tailor-made, every one a good bargain. A little money goes a long way here. From \$4.00 to \$10.00.

## Cleaning and Pressing

The only power machine dry cleaning plant in the county. Send it to us, we'll clean it. Prompt service assured.

## MEYER & WOOD

HOTEL OREGON BUILDING, SECOND STREET  
HOOD RIVER

"OUR TAPELINE IS WAITING FOR YOU"

## BUTLER BANKING COMPANY

Established 1900

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

LESLIE BUTLER - President  
F. McKERCHER - Director  
(Secretary Equitable Savings and Loan Association, Portland)  
E. H. FRENCH - Director  
(President French & Co., Bankers The Dalles, Oregon)  
TRUMAN BUTLER - Vice-President  
C. H. VAUGHAN - Cashier

## Meats and Groceries

Delivered at any residence in Hood River  
Prompt service and courteous treatment

E. M. HOLMAN, Twelfth Street  
The Heights  
Telephone 2134



## Keep Your Kodak Busy!

"The Army lives on letters" is the way the boys at the front put it. And when those longed for envelopes with the home town post-mark contain pictures of the home folks and home doings, they go far toward making lighter hearts and happier faces.

Keep your Kodak busy for the sake of the lads in the trenches, the boys in camp and on shipboard. Help keep tight the bonds between the home and those who are fighting for that home.

Vest Pocket Kodak—It Fits the Uniform, \$6.00  
Other Kodaks, \$9.00 and Up

## KRESSE DRUG CO.

The Rexall Store

All of our deliveries in all parts of the city are made by our exclusive automobile service. Your purchases of Meats, highest class fresh and cured, Butter and Eggs and Fish, will be taken to your home promptly.

We believe that we work for our own best interests, when we give our customers the best service that we can possibly render and supply their wants with the best product at the best values. This is our aim.

## W. J. FILZ MEAT MARKET

We give Green Trading Stamps

## MAXWELL

Most Miles per Gallon Most Miles on Tires

When 1092 cars of the same make average 27.15 miles on one gallon of gasoline each

—when 2040 cars of the same make average 29.04 on one gallon each

—that car must be mechanically right.

The figures cited are the certified scores piled up in the historic Maxwell gasoline economy contests of May and June.

They were made by privately owned Maxwell cars in actual daily use by the purchasers.

Only the highest standard of efficiency in engine, clutch, transmission—every mechanical detail—permitted the achievement of such results.



Touring Car \$745

Roadster \$745; Town Car \$1095  
Sedan \$1095. All prices f. o. b. Detroit

## ANDERSON & KEIR

## LIFE LOST IN FOREST FIRE

### FLAMES CHAR BODY OF ENGINEER

Oregon Lumber Co. Loses Equipment and Bridges—Mystery Surrounds Recent Actions of the Dead Man

With Robert Owens, engineer of a logging locomotive, fatally burned and logging equipment and two bridges of a logging road of the Oregon Lumber Co. destroyed, Hood River county suffered one of the worst forest fires in the valley's recent history last Thursday night.

The cause of the fire, which was discovered Thursday afternoon about 4.30 o'clock near a logging road of the Oregon Lumber Co. penetrating the country on the West Fork of Hood River, has not been determined. While I. W. W. incendiaryism is hinted at by some, such theory is refuted by officials of the lumber company. They think the fire was set by a logging locomotive. In addition to the two bridges of the logging road, about a mile of track, a logging locomotive and five cars were burned. Several donkeys were damaged. Since logging operations of crews of men will have to stop until the road is repaired, the indirect loss of idle machinery and men at the busiest season of the year will be heavy.

The fire, which started over an area of about three quarters of a mile square, spread like a flash through heavy slashings. Trains were run out from the lumber company's plant at Dee and 300 men banded throughout the night to prevent the flames from spreading to uncut timber.

Mystery surrounds the recent actions of the young locomotive engineer who met death. An unmailed letter, just written and addressed to Mrs. John La Roque, of Shelton, was found among his effects at a bunk house. The young man addressed Mrs. La Roque as his mother, and in the letter he told her that he had recently left Sheridan, where the I. W. W. were strong and that he had changed his name and had come to the local camp to be free from their influence.

His mother, it is stated, had recently written to him urging him to return home, show his patriotism and enlist in the army like so many of his former neighbors.

The engineer, whose age was about 25 years, and a bucker, A. Andregg, were with the locomotive and a string of five cars, when the outfit was surrounded by the fire. B. B. Smith, conductor of the logging train, had gone to a telephone to call for more help. On starting back for the train, he was beaten back by the onrush of the fire, and his engine stalled when the flames overcame him. A chain used for locking the wheels of the train was found near him, indicating that his last thoughts were on his duty. The engine and train of cars, after the flames consumed wooden brake adjustments, had run away down a grade and plunged into a burned trestle.

It is considered a miracle how Andregg, who was with the fatally burned engineer when the fire swept over the train, escaped with his life. The bucker says he laid down on the ground and rolled to and fro in what ever direction he felt the least heat. He was brought to the hospital Friday afternoon badly singed and with his lungs raw from inhaling smoke.

News of the accident did not reach the girl's mother Friday evening until all westbound trains had departed Portland. Mrs. Davidson, accompanied by Miss Mae Davidson, an aunt of the injured girl, who is a graduate of the Portland Academy and recently received appointment as teacher of domestic science at the Wasco high school, went to Portland Saturday morning to meet Miss Davidson when she was brought down from Government Camp.

Miss Davidson was returned to her home with her mother Saturday evening. Despite the fact that the blow resulted in a slight fracture and indented ribs, Miss Davidson is making a most satisfactory recovery.

## HELEN DAVIDSON SUSTAINS INJURY

Miss Helen Davidson, was seriously hurt Friday afternoon when a falling boulder rolled down from a cliff, as she and a party were starting on the descent from the summit of Mount Hood, and struck the young woman on the forehead. Miss Davidson was rendered unconscious.

Unable to carry the injured girl down the almost perpendicular 1,500 feet of the icy face of the east side of the mountain, members of the party succeeded in lifting her back to the summit, where a stretcher was improvised, and with six men carrying her, Miss Davidson was borne to Government camp. She was removed to Portland Saturday.

A party of seven, all residents of the Dalles except Miss Davidson, left Cloud Cap Inn at four o'clock Friday morning. At Pilot Rock, Miss Helen Gray, exhausted, was unable to proceed further. Left alone on the mountain side the young woman expected her companions to return at 2.30 o'clock. Because of the accident the other climbers all returned with Miss Davidson down the south side of the peak. A message from Elijah Coalman's lookout house on the summit of the mountain informed Cloud Cap Inn of the predicament of the young woman, and H. W. Acton, assistant manager of the resort hastened to her rescue. Mr. Acton reached Miss Gray at five o'clock. Suspense, worry and suffering from thirst had rendered the girl almost frantic.

In addition to Miss Davidson and Miss Gray, the other members of the party were: Mrs. W. O. Hadley, Chester Huggins, Wilma Donnell, Halbert Selby and J. R. Bixler. News of the accident did not reach the girl's mother Friday evening until all westbound trains had departed Portland. Mrs. Davidson, accompanied by Miss Mae Davidson, an aunt of the injured girl, who is a graduate of the Portland Academy and recently received appointment as teacher of domestic science at the Wasco high school, went to Portland Saturday morning to meet Miss Davidson when she was brought down from Government Camp.

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## PROBLEM OF BOX SHORTAGE WORRIES

Strikes of woodsmen and mill employees of lumber concerns, the plants of which are located on Puget Sound, unless terminated at an early date, allowing mills to proceed, may result in a heavy loss to Hood River valley fruit growers. Local sales associations have contracted for the most of their container supply from Puget Sound mills, now tied up by labor troubles. Market men admit that their gravest worry now is the impending box shortage.

Through the Northwestern Fruit Exchange the Fruit Growers' Exchange had contracted for enough boxes, not only to supply its own affiliations, but to stock growers shipping independently. The material is in kilns, dried and awaits the saw, but not a wheel is turning at the plant where the lumber is stored.

"I try not to be pessimistic," says F. W. Buff, manager of the Fruit Growers' Exchange, "but the situation is a grave one just now. While we are hoping that something may be jarred loose at the mills, we are looking in other directions for containers, for we must have them, and it may be possible that a good percentage of Hood River apples will go forward this season in corrugated cardboard boxes.

For a package about half as big as the regulation apple box, I believe the corrugated box will prove very popular."

In years gone by Indians, who annually flock from adjacent reservations to harvest the crops of huckleberries that grow luxuriantly on hundred acre burned over tracts around Lost Lake, have journeyed on the backs of faithful ponies, other cayuses carrying tepees, bedding and camp equipment. But the Reesman has adapted himself to the progress of modern times, and the first of this week, according to D. I. Stone, a party of Yakima braves, their families and their dogs arrived at the huckleberry grounds aboard bright new automobiles.

The Indians were garbed in their customary gay clothes, some of the papooses were swaddled in time honored woven baskets and camp equipment was no wise different from former days, but the ponies, formerly consuming so much of the time of squaws in attention demanded, were missing.

Mr. Stone says that the huckleberry crop is fine, and in addition to the Indians scores of white families are headed toward the fields of luscious fruit.

## KAESSER LAUDS PORT- LAND HOSPITALITY

E. E. Kaesser, who was in Portland last week to attend the events of Buyers' Week, declares that he was never in his life so royally entertained as during his several days' stay among the Portland people.

"Nothing was too good for us out of town merchants," says Mr. Kaesser. "We were dined and given loganberry and grape juice to drink, and were taken on a number of delightful excursions. I had the pleasure of seeing some of the big new shippards, where a bundle of activity prevailed, and also visited the woollen and paper mills at Oregon City. The trip was one worth while."

Other Hood River merchants who were down for the occasion were Geo. Ertle, who was accompanied by his wife, and Hubbard Taylor and family.

## MOUNT HOOD VIEWS APPEAL

LOCAL FOLK ARE VERY INDIFFERENT

Lovers of Natural Beauty, However, Journey from Afar to Glory in Wonderful Panorama

On almost any summer day you may journey to Cloud Cap Inn and you will find there a coterie of guests made up of a few Portland people and the rest from distant points of the United States. While Hood River people remain indifferent to the charms of the inspiring scenery, Cloud Cap Inn and the base of Mount Hood have become known almost as well as any other northwestern mountain resort. Travel through the Hood River valley today and you will be surprised to find comparatively few who have ever visited the base of Mount Hood. Many say they do not want to make the trip because they do not care to ascend the summit of Hood. Among this class the impression seems to have gone out that it is necessary to make the top in order to witness the wonders of the mountain. But this is not at all true. While a trip to the top of Mount Hood is decidedly worth while, the strenuous jaunt should not be undertaken by the timid, weak or unhealthy. Yet any man or woman can put in a day, and on the return it will always be counted a red letter day, on the base of Mount Hood. The exertion of visiting the pinnacles of Eliot Glacier will not overtax any one.

On clear days, when one is privileged perfect vision of the surrounding country, almost as much can be seen from the top of Cooper's Spur as from the summit of the mountain. Off to the south may be seen the Three Sisters, Jefferson and innumerable lakes dotting the green of thousands of acres of fir forests. The broad fields of eastern Oregon wheat fields soft and velvety in a summer sunshine, are spread out in a great panorama for the climber. To the north are Adams, St. Helens and Rainier, in the foreground of which may be seen the landscape gardening of the Hood River valley orchards. With glasses one may pick out the places of friends from Cooper's Spur. If one does not feel like the strenuous hike up to the Spur, all of the above mentioned sights, except Jefferson and the Three Sisters, may be seen from Cloud Cap Inn.

The lack of popularity of Cloud Cap Inn among local people has come in a great degree through the reputation that has been given the road leading up through the national forest to the resort. The bad reputation of a name lasts a long time and is hard to overcome. The Cloud Cap road does not deserve all that has been said about it. The chief drawback is the extraordinary grade, a climb for six miles with a minimum grade of 10 per cent, and by far the greatest portion of the road is per cent. But the road is smooth, and all cars of the standard makes of the day will make the route as far as the Upper Turn-around with ease. Above this one encounters China Hill, where the grade reaches 25 per cent. The hill is made up of heavy material and traction power. The last steep place is encountered just at the entrance to the Inn grounds, where there is another short grade of 25 per cent.

The road to Cloud Cap Inn is at its worst during August each year. Earlier in the season, just after the snow has melted and later, when the first rains have fallen, the surface of the route is soft and velvety, the kind of a road that autoists like best.

It goes without saying that no amateur driver ought to attempt to drive a car up the side of Mount Hood to Cloud Cap Inn, but as for that matter no mountain road should ever be attempted by one learning how to handle a car. Most Hood River car owners will be able to reach the beauties that may be beheld from the timber line.

The writer and party last week journeyed to the Inn with Chas. Rathbun, of the Fashion Stables, and his party. No scenery to look at en route, the journey will still be a pleasure, if one goes with Mr. Rathbun, just to see his careful handling of his machine. Charlie Rathbun is a great "joshier," and he may be cracking some pertinent joke every few minutes, but his eyes never miss a rut or a bump and he eases the big Chalmers over the roads of all kinds, although his legs are so short that he has to stretch them mightily sometimes if reaching for pedals. Nobody ever has a grouch who makes a trip with Charlie Rathbun.

And the unpopularity of Cloud Cap Inn in recent years has been added to because of a lack of judgment on the part of the management of the hotel. Up to this season a heavy toll has been charged for automobiles using the route. Formerly the sum of \$5 was charged for each machine. This was later reduced to \$3, and this year only \$1 is charged. It is true that the road is difficult of upkeep, and hundreds of dollars have been spent in rebuilding it each summer, but a toll, especially a heavy one, will not be tolerated by the traveling public, and those heavy charges have kept many people away from Cloud Cap Inn. Then, too, the hotelery has not catered in any marked degree to local people. The few people who visited the place became disgruntled and their stories did not make business for Cloud Cap.

But the day is coming when the Mount Hood loop road will be built, and then, it is safe to predict, a road of easy grade will lead up to Cloud Cap. Already Commissioner Hamann has started agitation that has resulted in the construction of part of such highway. The time will come when no Hood River man or woman will say, "I haven't been to the mountain." It will be as popular as the Columbia River Highway and will be the goal of as many as Mitchells Point tunnel. Cloud Cap Inn some day will be a far larger as well as a famed hotelery.

## AUTOS BRING INDIANS FOR HUCKLEBERRIES

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Baker is Permanent First Sergeant  
It was erroneously stated in last week's Glacier that Kent Shoemaker had received a telegram asking him to return to his old place as first sergeant of the Twelfth Company. This position, however, had already been permanently supplied by promotion of W. J. A. Baker to that rank.

The artillerymen, however, are very fond of Mr. Shoemaker, and he was invited by telegram to return to them.