



Get Your Easter Outfit at Our Store

NOW'S THE TIME TO SHELL OFF YOUR OLD, WORN, DULL-COLORED, HEAVY WINTER CLOTHES AND BLOSSOM OUT IN NEW, CHEERFUL, AIRY, SPRING ATTIRE.

TO BE HAPPY AT EASTER TIME YOU NEED NEW THINGS TO WEAR. YOU WILL FIND BOTH WHAT TO GET AND WHERE TO GET IT WHEN YOU COME TO OUR STORE BECAUSE WE WILL SHOW YOU ENCHANTING SPRING THINGS AT IRRESISTIBLY LOW PRICES.

NEW SPRING STYLES
Coats, Suits, Dresses and Skirts
 On display Friday and Saturday, March 22nd and 23rd.

Our opening shipment for the Spring Season of Nineteen-Eighteen (under our conservation plan) will please the most exacting tastes and surprise every one as to prices, as our plan eliminates all fixed charges, and permits us to make very low prices, and to show the most exclusive styles and best qualities. The House of Personal Service is justly proud of this service, as it is a real benefit to the community and a privilege that few communities have the advantage of.

Come and see the New Spring Styles—Friday and Saturday. Everyone Welcome

Special Announcement for Men Only

We have secured the Hood River Agency for the Royal Tailors—over 700 samples and the New Spring Style Book now ready for you. **And Listen! They have allowed us to make 1917 prices on most of the line.** Most of you will realize what that means, it means exactly this: **That we can give you an absolutely All Wool Made to Measure Suit for \$20.00.** We positively guarantee a Perfect Fit, Correct Style and Perfect Workmanship. Can you beat it? We think not; we are willing to leave it to you:

MOLDEN, HUELAT, SATHER CO.
 "The House of Personal Service"

No Stopping!

Bean Threadless Ball Valves
 can be opened up and every part removed
 in less than two minutes

and any valve can be flushed in a few seconds—all

WITHOUT drawing the liquid from the pump.
WITHOUT stopping the engine;
WITHOUT lowering the pressure;

All valves are large metal balls—no threads whatever in valve seat—a patented feature found only in the Bean. Seats are reversible—a new valve in a jiffy, without expense.

No regrinding of valves or chipping out the threads in the valve case as in other machines.

Saves time. Saves money. Saves profanity.
 Sprays when you want it to spray.

"BEAN" POWER SPRAYER
 THE TEN-POINT SPRAYER

Has nine other big money and time saving features. We'll be glad to explain all about them, and the complete line of "Bean" hand and power Sprayers and Appliances.

D. McDONALD
 Agent
 3rd and Cascade Streets
 HOOD RIVER, OREGON

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
First National Bank
 AT HOOD RIVER,
 in the State of Oregon, at the close of business on
 March 4, 1918

RESOURCES:	
Loans and discounts	\$261,884.97
Notes and bills re-secured	3,721.00
Overdrafts, secured, none; unsecured	44.12
U. S. Bonds (other than Liberty Bonds of 1917)	
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000.00
U. S. Bonds and certificates of indebtedness owned and unpledged	15,000.00
Liberty Loan Bonds, unpledged, 3 1/2 per cent and 4 per cent	24,000.00
Bonds, other than U. S. bonds, pledged to secure special savings deposits	5,000.00
Bonds and securities pledged as collateral for State, or other deposits (postal excluded, or bills payable)	10,200.00
Securities other than U. S. Bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	65,041.98
Total bonds and securities, etc.	80,241.98
Stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock	300.00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription)	3,000.00
Value of banking house	45,750.00
Furniture and fixtures	6,543.00
Real estate owned other than banking house	17,477.23
Real estate owned with Federal Reserve Bank	26,188.23
Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks	79,821.01
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank	53.52
Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank and other cash items	330.87
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	5,000.00
Total	\$662,126.43
LIABILITIES:	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Undivided profits	\$6,640.07
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	1,709.47
Amount reserved for taxes accrued	1,000.00
Circulating notes outstanding	97,900.00
Demand Deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to reserve deposits payable within 30 days:	
Individual deposits subject to check	222,724.01
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)	2,907.77
Certified checks	365.26
Cashier's checks outstanding	16,995.28
State, county, or other municipal deposits secured by pledge of assets of this bank	941.75
Other demand deposits	99,755.56
Total demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve	\$343,289.57
Time Deposits subject to reserve (payable after 30 days, or subject to 30 days or more notice and postal savings):	
Certificates of deposit (other than for money borrowed)	19,298.26
Postal savings deposits	4,127.82
Other time deposits	80,000.00
Total time deposits subject to Reserve	\$103,426.19
Bills payable, other than with Federal Reserve Bank, including all obligations representing money borrowed, other than rediscounts	15,000.00
Total	\$662,126.43
Liabilities for rediscounts, including those with Federal Reserve Bank	\$3,721.00
Total contingent liabilities	\$3,721.00

State of Oregon, County of Hood River, ss:
 I, E. O. BLANCHAR, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
 E. O. BLANCHAR, Cashier.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of March, 1918.
 R. W. SARGENT, Notary Public for Oregon.
 My Commission expires March 10, 1921.
 Correct—Attest:
 A. D. MOE, C. DEHMAN, O. H. ROADERS, Directors.

Letters From and About Soldiers

Writing to Mrs. LeRoy Taft, Second lieutenant Franklin E. Folts, who was aboard the torpedoed Tuscania, declares that his journey across the Atlantic seems only to have begun when the transport reached the Irish channel, where the vessel was the target of the Hun submarine.

Lieut. Folts, formerly a University of Oregon student, writes: "It was just six o'clock on the night of the sixth. I was in my own state-room talking with another officer. It was dark and very cold. The wind was blowing. The sea was quite choppy, but not rough. It was then that Fritz walked right into the middle of that big convoy, past the submarine destroyers and freight craft and picked us off. The torpedo hit us squarely amidships on the starboard

side. It penetrated to the engine room and the explosion was so great that the whole ship shook. The dynamo was destroyed and the lights went out on the whole ship instantly. My state-room was clear back at the stem end, and clear back there the old ship seemed to shudder. My flash light was ready and by means of it we got on sweaters, overcoats and lifebelts. When I got on and to my boat my men were already coming up from below and falling in at their assigned stations without the slightest evidence of confusion or excitement. I want to tell you right here that America wants to be proud of her soldiers. I never saw better, finer men in all my life than they were. They were men, honest-to-goodness men, first to last. All they asked was to be told what to do, and then they went and did it as if there wasn't any such ship as the Tuscania, sinking out there in the middle of the Irish channel. There were supposed to be six men of the ship's crew in launch and man each of two boats, but those that were assigned to my two boats, with the exception of one man, never showed up. If they were all like that one, I am glad that they never did. Finally managed to get my first boat loaded (that charge of two boats, as the other three officers that were to go with those boats never did show up) and swung over the side. When we started to lower it away, the ship's man, who had one of the two boats, let her end go and the boat was one end in the water and the other in the air, and over half of the men who were in it were thrown out. Finally got it in the water, sent more men down the ropes and it pulled away. Here we were some time with the second boat, as one of the falls was broken by that time, but finally got it launched and loaded and went down the ropes myself. We had a hard time getting the boat away from the Tuscania, but when she went down at just 18 minutes to nine we were about 300 yards away from her.

"There were some awful scenes on that sinking ship. Saw boat after boat smashed into the water, and then the water. Saw a loaded lifeboat fall 20 feet on top of another loaded boat that was in the water, and dozens of men were killed right there. Saw a lifeboat run down by a destroyer and then the boat was in the water; saw men crushed between the boats and the sides of the ship, and through it all those hundreds of men on the deck of the Tuscania were almost without exception as calm and cool as they were thrown into the water. When we would tell them that they were all right and that the ship would stay up for hours they just believed it without question. Their faith and trust in the officers was absolute, and in great measure that was our helplessness to do anything for them. That was the hard part of it all, the awful part. About 1200 men got off in the small boats, and the rest of the 2500 on board were thrown into the water. That taking big a chance of being torpedoed themselves, ran up alongside of the ship. If it had not been for them we would have lost over 1,000 men.

"It was just before six o'clock when we were struck and a little after seven when my last boat got off. We picked up several men who were in the water. One had his leg crushed and one had been in the ship's hospital with pneumonia. That man had nothing on but pajamas and a lifebelt. Made them as comfortable as possible, but our boat was from the very beginning full of water, clear up over the seats, so there was little we could do for the six sick men we had on board. The boat was so crowded that most of the men had to stand up and it was almost impossible to row. All we could do was to keep her head in the wind, so that the waves, which were beginning to run high, would not overturn us. As it was, every few minutes a wave would come in the front end of the boat, which was all smashed out and sweep right down through us. I figured that if we could stick to that boat, we would be all right. We were not nervous. The men behaved just as finely on the boat as on the ship. Kept them as busy as I could rowing and bailing. The water came in faster than we could pump it out. But they were men, every last one of them. There was no whimpering and no slackers. We saw the Tuscania go down and just afterward we found a box of flares in our boat. Two destroyers passed us at a great distance, but paid no attention to the flares which we burned at both times. There were 12 of these lights in the box but nine of them were so wet that they would not work. About ten o'clock the boat showed up off our port bow. The wind came up and it was starting to rain a little. A half hour later I could see that we were drifting very rapidly, and what was more, we were getting in very close to the high, rocky shore. We did what we could keep her off, but it wasn't long before I could see plainly that there was no use; the wind and the current had the best of us all right. The last 20 minutes before midnight was the worst of all that night. The men realized by that time just what was before us, but there were no howlers or no slackers in that bunch. We knew we had little chance, but what worried me was what we could do with our own hands. We got extra life belts on them, and that was about all we could do. Mighty little chance they had. It was just midnight when we saw the boat that picked us up. We had no more flares, but had my flashlight and believe me, it sure winked 'S. O. S.' He finally saw us and pulled alongside, and we got our sick men on board and then went up ourselves. That trawler was the finest ship I ever saw in my life; but I don't believe I was ever happier than I was right then. On the lifeboat I got so seasick a couple of times that I couldn't stand up. I know now what it is to be really seasick. And after I got on the trawler I was seasick again. The captain and crew of the trawler were as fine as they could be. They had hot stuff for the men to eat and drink, and gave them all the clothes they had. They picked up four other boats before they saw us, and one of them had medical officers on board, so our sick men were fixed as well as could be. The captain took the officers, there were four of us, down to his cabin, and there was not much of anything that he did not do for us, except dry clothes; there were so many sick men who needed those that he didn't have enough to go around. He was sure a prince of a man.

"After we got on the trawler had quite an adventure. These boats carry a 4.7 gun forward, and one of the shells for it got loose. They found it rolling around on deck. Those shells had about 60 pounds of T. N. T. (strongest explosive known) in them and about 140 pounds of ordinary explosive. Also there were about 600 pounds of T. N. T. stored on the forward deck. All that is necessary to explode these shells is a slight blow on the head, after which they go off in about 90 seconds. Believe me, they hustled to get that shell overboard and into the sea, and the captain sure gave that old tub full speed ahead.

"So you see, we had quite a night of it. From six that night to midnight was the shortest six hours I ever spent in my life. We were landed at a port clear up in the north of Ireland at 8 o'clock the next morning, and never did dirt look so good to me as it did right then. Funny thing, too, when I went aboard the Tuscania, a Ford taxi took us to the dock, and I'll swear that the same jitney met us there in Ireland. We got the men all taken care of that morning, and after a good feed started out to find a place for ourselves.

"I sure did fall in love with Ireland. The people there extended to us courtesy that we in the States do not even understand, say nothing about practice. We just don't know how, that's all. There was nothing in the world that they were not glad and anxious to do for us, and all the time they were afraid they were not doing enough to please us.

"There is one other thing I would like to tell you about, and that is what the Red Cross is doing over here. Of course, everything that we owned went down on the Tuscania. I know when I got off that trawler all I had to my name was a suit of clothes, an overcoat and a pair of boots, was soaked through and through with salt water and just about as sorry a sight as one ever saw. A Red Cross agent met us at the wharf and the first thing he did was to hand me \$25—I didn't have a cent before—and since then they have been right on the job every minute. They gave us a suit of dry underwear, a cap you should see me wearing a British Royal Flying Corps cap, toilet articles and even cigarettes. The first few days they fed us and got us pieces of food, if we did not have them. They took care of the enlisted men, too, and as a matter of fact, I don't know what we could have done without them.

"This morning I was talking with one of their agents. Of course, we are naturally quite concerned as to what we are to do for another outfit. There is not an officer in the lot who did not lose at least \$500 worth of stuff, and I know that besides that I lost just \$100 in good old American money. There are very few of the men who are in position to replace such a loss and there is no provision in army regulations for refunding us. Naturally we wonder what is to happen. But this Red Cross man said: 'Don't worry, we are working to get you a refund, and anyhow we will see that you get eats and a place to sleep, and don't freeze to death, depend on that.' It's a wonderful institution—the Red Cross, and I wish the people in the States could know just what a great work it is doing.

"Our stay in Ireland was all too short for me. I fell in love with the country and its people. Someday when you have lots of time, just write to Mrs. Patrick O'Toole, 72 Main St., Larne, County Antrim, Ireland, and thank her for what she did for me. I tried to, before I left, but it was a mighty poor attempt compared with the treatment I received at her hands. Believe me, I was sorry to say good bye to her. It sure increases our faith in life to get acquainted with such people.

Lieut. Folts, at the time his letter was written, was stationed at a rest camp in England. He told us just having shaken hands with two distinguished persons, Ambassador Page and General Bliss, who had called at the camp to see the Tuscania survivors.

Daily, for the past week, a shower of letters has reached Hood River from soldiers, now at eastern cantonments, who recently, passing through Hood River, were the recipients of apples and gifts of dainties, cigarettes and candy, gifts of women and girls and the untiring committee of the Red Cross Chapter.

It happened that the eastbound troops received hundreds of tasty lunches and other presents intended for members of an artillery company of Hood River boys who were expected to pass through Hood River, but who were routed to their new post over another rail line. Hundreds of local men and women waited at the station until all hope of seeing their own soldiers pass through had gone, and then mothers and sweethearts passed on gifts to boys from other places.

The following two letters, the first to a young man, prominent in Red Cross work and the other to a high school girl, evidence the appreciation of the men:

Will Boethen writes from Camp Greene, N. C.: "We arrived at our destination all happy and in good spirits, although it was a long ride across the good old U. S. A. The weather was just beautiful all the way and we more than enjoyed the sights.

"Surrounded by some very nice cities and towns and only two miles from Charlotte, Camp Greene is very beautiful. The weather is ideal. The apple trees are in blossom and the bees are making honey. We haven't drilled any yet. We all live in tents, but they haven't any barracks here, our tents are in cotton field. About half the people in North Carolina are drunks.

"I must thank you for your cake. We enjoyed it more than anything else on our trip. Please thank the all people in Hood River, for it was the best town we struck coming over. I am a Montana boy.

"This is the letter from Thos. McShellan, who is also at Camp Greene: "This is from a soldier who received your note and package of cats when we were en route from Camp Lewis to Camp Greene. I thought I would send you a line to thank you, personally, and the people of Hood River for the hospitality you showed us when we passed through your city at midnight. I assure you that as we go forth to France to fight for the Stars and Stripes, we can always look back with feelings of gratitude to you folks at Hood River; we were met very generously at all cities as we passed through, but few excelled yours. My home, in civilian life, is in Los Angeles, Calif."

Yale McCarty, 17 year old Hood River boy who left the high school last spring to enlist in the navy, writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. McCarty, that he has just completed a course in radio work at Harvard University. The young man states that he has been assigned for radio work to the U. S. S. Arizona.

Angus McDonald, now in training at a naval camp on the Great Lakes, wrote his father D. McDonald, last week, expressing optimism over examinations for promotion that had just been held. Mr. McDonald sent his father a high recommendation; he has just been given by the commanding officer of the camp.

"Passed my examinations and am leaving for Harvard" stated a telegram received Thursday morning, by H. L. Hasbrouck from his son, Hubert L. Hasbrouck, U. S. N., who has been stationed at the San Diego Naval Training Station. Young Hasbrouck will attend a radio school at Harvard University.

Letters from American friends go far toward maintaining an esprit de

Walter W. Shay, formerly a member of 12th Co., who was recently transferred to the aviation corps, is now training at San Antonio, Tex. Young Shay, in a letter to his mother, Mrs. W. E. Shay, writes that he has been promoted to a temporary rank, and has been made shop inspector for the contingent with which he is in training.

Lieut. E. E. Brosius is now at Fort-ress Monroe, Va., attending the Coast Artillery School. Lieut. Brosius writes his father that the work is the hardest he has ever participated in. Lieut. Brosius was formerly with 12th Co., having been a moving spirit in the organization of the local unit.

A number of parents received messages the first of the week from former 12th Co. boys now members of the 65th Field Artillery, who announce their safe arrival at Camp Merritt, N. J. Thirty-eight men from Hood River are in this contingent.

Mrs. F. H. Blagg has received a card from her son, Henry Blagg, who announced his safe arrival in France. Mr. Blagg is a member of a company of the 30th Engineers known as the Gas and Flame unit.

J. E. Bailey has received a message from his son, Sgt. C. F. Bailey, of Kansas City, Mo., who announces his safe arrival in France.

Red Cross Spelling Bee
 Saturday Evening, March 23rd
 Hood River High School
 Save that date

NEW WORLD LIFE

Why Not Reciprocate?

This company justifies its bid for local business, by contributing heavily to the development of the Inland Empire: **Over \$3,242,632 invested in Washington, Idaho, Montana and Oregon by New World Life to date.** Why not carry your policy with this strong company?

A splendid opening for local representation in your locality.

NEW WORLD LIFE
 SPOKANE
 JOHN J. CADIGAN, President.

The Black Plague Carbon!

It causes more auto troubles than any one thing—

Overheating
 Backfiring
 Poor Compression
 Dirty Spark Plugs
 Heavy Fuel Consumption
 Loss of Power
 and many other auto troubles.

Live Steam is death to Carbon.

It decomposes Carbon in Carbon Monoxide Gas and it is blown out thru the exhaust.

The Hart-Bell Carbon Remover
 does this.

Come in and let us tell you about it.

For Tractors, Autos and Stationary Engines.

E. A. FRANZ CO.