

DR. J. E. ANDERSON



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**"BONE DRY—WIN THE WAR
—DEVELOP OREGON"**

Candidate for Republican Nomination for GOVERNOR

To the Citizens of Wasco and Hood River Counties:

In asking my home people to support my candidacy for the Republican nomination for Governor, I do so with the knowledge that you are familiar with my record as your representative in the Legislature since 1913 and as Mayor of The Dalles for three terms. It is upon this record that I base my claim to your favor.

I realize the importance of the office to which I aspire, and appreciate the fact that personal ambition, selfish interest, or lust for power should be cast aside and only the welfare of the commonwealth considered, as the State alone is of paramount importance.

I am heartily in accord with the administration at Washington in its efforts to discharge in full our obligations to humanity, and if elected I will exert every influence of the office, and exhaust every power at my command in supporting our President in his humanitarian task. Everything must be subordinated to the winning of the war.

If nominated and elected it shall be my earnest endeavor to discharge the duties of the office with only one object in view—the welfare of Oregon.

I believe in national as well as state wide prohibition and will not only insist on a rigid enforcement of the Oregon law, but will also work for the ratification of the National Amendment. I will also support the Constitutional Amendment for National Women's Suffrage.

I am a firm believer in Good Roads and shall insist on a wise and careful expenditure of the Good Roads funds, to the end that we may receive a dollar's worth of good roads for every dollar spent.

Laws should be made more favorable to the organization of irrigation districts so that more of our vast acreage may be brought under cultivation. I pledge myself to a vigorous prosecution of our claim for more equitable support from the Federal Reclamation Bureau.

The war is thinning the ranks in all walks of life. This is especially true of those whose hands and brains have received special training. We must provide for the future by offering our boys and girls every opportunity to acquire an education, that the depleted ranks may be creditably filled. Our educational institutions from the humblest rural school to the University and Agricultural College must be strengthened, supported and financed to the extent of our ability.

You are familiar with my life in The Dalles for the past sixteen years. You know the principles for which I stand and the ideals for which I have fought. All that I ask is that you consider my candidacy with an open mind, and, as patriotic American Citizens, vote as your best judgment dictates.

Sincerely,

J. E. ANDERSON.

(Paid Advertisement)

Gill to Enter Service
Roy R. Gill, formerly with the Pacific Fruit & Produce Co. here, will enter the service in the spruce division of the Signal Corps. Gill's induction has been transferred from the local exemption board to that of Great Falls, Mont., where Mr. Gill has been for the past several months engaged for the fruit shipping concern. Mr. Gill will be detailed for special work in Portland.

Letters From and About Soldiers

In a letter to his mother, Mrs. F. H. Blackman, Harold J. Blackman, who is at Fortess Monroe, Va., attending a coast artillery officers' school, recounts interestingly of some of his duties.

"A week's work over and not half bad so far," he writes. "It hasn't started out hard, but I know what's coming, and some of it is harder. I am not going to worry, though, because the instructors say that with a little work, if one has any qualities at all as an officer, there is no need to worry. They want us to get through and make it, not to fail. So I'm just going to do the best I can, and leave the rest to them."

"And now I'm a soldier every minute. I suppose you have an idea of what that means. It means being as military and correct as possible. Salute with lots of snap. In fact, do everything with a snap. Do as you are told, and do it quick."

According to Mr. Blackman's letter the food of the eastern fortress is lacking in quality in comparison with that of the Columbia fortifications.

"We do not get any sugar," the letter says, "not even for our coffee. If you want to send a small box of something that will stand traveling it will be the best thing that can happen here. All of the sweets that any of us get here we go out and buy."

The artillery student says he has been impressed by the numerous negroes, and that he has become a southerner, almost, in so far as they are concerned.

"I've seen some of the fine old southern homes, too," he writes. "They are fine, too—big green lawns with lots of trees. I can imagine what they used to be. I'll have to see more of this country, though, to like it better than the west. I saw some Hood River apples in several stores yesterday evening. The price of them, Blue Diamond Arkansas Blacks, 150 count, was \$3.75 per box. The grocer had paid \$3.25 for them. Some price, isn't it? There seems to be lots of Hood River apples here, though, and most of them Arkansas Blacks."

Mrs. F. L. Broughton has received a letter from her husband stating that he is being transferred from Mare Island to Hampton Roads, Va. He writes: "Last Monday they took the three best drilled companies to Nampa, Cal. I was fortunate enough to be among them. We paraded for a short time, then had a dance. Our own band furnished the music. We were served a very pretty dinner before we returned to the island. Nampa is about 20 miles from Mare Island. It has a population of about 6,000. It is what Jack London called 'The Valley of the Moon.'"

Mr. Broughton enlisted in the navy last December as a fireman and expects to see at least a few of Uncle Sam's ships across.

Mrs. Phoebe Morse has received a letter from her son, Sgt. Ellis Morse, member of an aero squadron in France, who tells of recent interesting front line observation work he has been engaged in. The young man writes that his advance post was camouflaged to such an extent that it was difficult to return to it from quarters behind the lines.

Russell R. Morris, formerly a machinist in a local garage, is now sergeant in an aero squadron stationed at an American training camp in England. In a letter to Harry Duck, the young soldier expresses the highest praise for England and Englishmen.

"This is a great country," he writes, "and I am certainly glad of the experience that I am getting. It is so fine here now that a fellow does not feel like staying inside—green grass, flowers budding and leaves just coming out."

Walter Kimball, chairman of the Ways and Means committee of the Red Cross Chapter, has received word from his son, Fordham B. Kimball, who announces his safe arrival in France. Mr. Kimball enlisted with a regiment of heavy artillery last summer. He has been in training at San Antonio, Tex. Mr. Kimball, who has been assigned to special service abroad, is engaged to Miss Alice Gilman, of Portland.

Although he is not yet 18 years of age, John Carson, the third son of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Carson to enlist, after drilling for three months at Fort Worden, Wash., writes his father that he has been made lance corporal. Young Carson says he has never worked harder in his life than during the last few weeks.

Harold Ingalls, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ingalls, member of a troop of cavalry, is now stationed at a cantonment in Arizona. The young man, who enlisted in Wyoming, spent the winter with his regiment in Honolulu.

FISS, FURS AND FEATHERS

"It never rains but it pours, and don't I know it?" says Sam Klinger, who operates a delivery system.

Saturday a week ago Mr. Klinger's team ran away, smashing his wagon and tearing up harness. One of the horses was badly cut. A friend advised Mr. Klinger to make an ointment of melted lard and turpentine. The deliveryman built a fire in the kitchen stove, put a skillet on the hot range and then absentmindedly poured a bottle of turpentine in the skillet. When the excitement was over and the neighbors had saved the house from flames Mr. Klinger found that he needed bandages and ointment worse than the horses. His forearms were badly burned.

Sunday a neighbor, returning from a successful day's fishing, dropped in to inquire as to Mr. Klinger's condition and to leave a fish. The fisherman went away and left his rod. Some salmon eggs had been allowed to remain on the hook, and the Klinger cat, satisfying its fondness for fish, swallowed the eggs, hook and all. The cat was soon engaged in an endless series of gymnastics that aroused the neighborhood. With his injured hands Mr. Klinger was unable to cope with the situation, and neighbors were called in to dispatch the unfortunate cat.

A. G. Wing last Friday received by express from a California apiary 24,000 live, humming bees. The insects were confined in small wire enclosed receptacles. The bees weighed six pounds. Four queens for the new colonies were shipped in specially equipped and more palatial receptacles.

Scores of orchardists are adding small apiaries to their places, conforming to the advice of food administration officials. The bees are also invaluable in carrying pollen during apple blossom season.

Don't Let it Linger
A cough that follows la grippe or any other cough that "hangs on" from winter to spring wears down the sufferer, leaving him or her in a weakened

state unable to ward off sickness and disease. Jos. Gillard, 148 Fillmore St., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I was suffering with a dry hacking cough and a pain in my chest, but since taking Foley's Honey and Tar I have been relieved." It soothes, heals and cures coughs, colds and croup. Good for whooping cough. Sold Everywhere.

One Minute Please!

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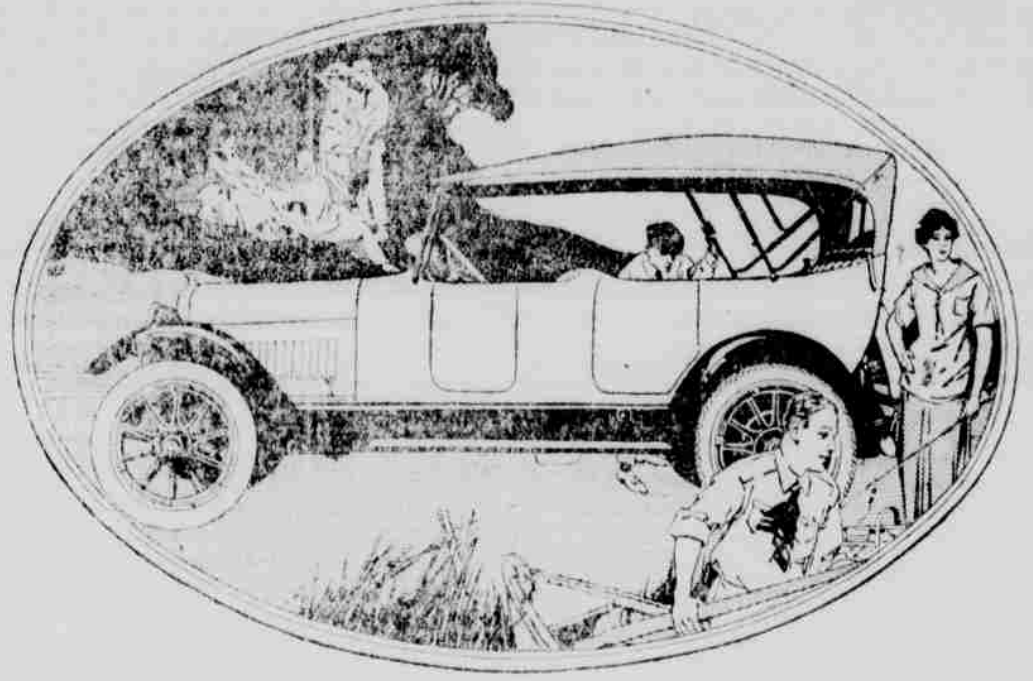
QUALITY JEWELRY

W. F. LARAWAY

THAT'S THE MEDICINE WE GIVE OUR ENEMIES—YOU SWINE!
(SCENE FROM THE KAISER, THE BEAST OF BERLIN)

AT THE HOOD RIVER LIBERTY THEATRE May 1 and 2

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