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PERFUMERY LADIES' LADIES! We have just received a new lot of Country Club Toilet Preparations. Come in & let us show them to you. Chas. N. Clarke YOUR DRUGGIST

Dissolution of Partnership. This is to announce the dissolution of the partnership between myself and C. A. Tucker in conducting the Cascade Garage. I have purchased the interest of Mr. Tucker and have assumed all liabilities and will collect all debts owed the firm. In order that the business may be settled at once will all who have accounts due the Cascade Garage please remit by mail or call at the Heights Garage where I am continuing in business. J. F. VOLSTORFF.

THE ARNOLD GROCERY COMPANY OFFERS ITS CUSTOMERS The Food Administrations' Wheat Substitutes WE ALSO HAVE Canned Vegetables, Fruits and Other Products THE USE OF WHICH WILL SAVE MEAT Remember the change in delivery system and order before noon. BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

A Good Man to Work for is a Good Man to Vote For! A Slogan chosen by the many men who have worked for L. J. SIMPSON. The Highest possible endorsement. The most right test that his politics, practiced over a period of twenty years, are SOUND, JUST and EFFICIENT. THE BEST POSSIBLE PROOF that his pledges to the citizens of Oregon are not mere words, but WORDS BACKED BY WORKS.

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Letters From and About Soldiers

The following interesting letter from Sgt. Kent Sheemaker, of Fort Canby, was received last week by Jasper Walsh and can be read for yourself in the Lodge, Knights of Pythias, who read it to the lodge. I received your card last night and was indeed glad to be remembered by yourself and members of Wausonia Lodge. I am glad indeed to hear that the Lodge is prospering and gaining in membership so fast. It makes me wish I could be with you again at some of your meetings but in eight months we have learned to almost forget all we know about civil life and are living in a little world all our own.

To those who do not know just where Fort Canby is, will say that it is on a small peninsula on the Washington side of the river, at the extreme mouth. The peninsula is surrounded on the east by a bay, on the south by the Columbia river and on the west by the ocean. Those who pay us a short visit declare it is a beautiful spot, but we who have been here for the last eight months declare there is nothing more for us to see and are all anxious for a move. Spring and good weather finds us all hard at work, getting ourselves harder and harder, and at the same time starting the green recruit on the road to a good soldier. When I say green, I mean some of the greenest young men that you can imagine, just from country farms in Wisconsin, North Dakota, Tennessee and Alabama. Some of them were never inside a school room and can neither read nor write. You can imagine that it is quite difficult to explain certain drill movements to them, but we have learned to be patient and continue to hammer it into them from morning until night, day after day, until the present of them, pick it up.

Besides drilling all day we are called out twice each week for night drill. We fall out at the sound of call to arms and are required to stay out until after 11 o'clock at night. We drill on the search lights and night signaling and the other we take a night march. The call to arms is first sounded by the bugler of the guard and then taken up by all buglers on the post. It has more pep than any other call in the army, and when sounded on the bat field I should think would set a man's blood to running so that he would at once want to go over the top.

With all our work we have certain pleasures. Last Sunday the four companies of the post, 72 men each, went out to assist the Red Cross of Ilwaco gather moss. This moss is to be substituted for absorbent cotton. It is found on the low, marshy lands, and completely covered the ground and extends to a depth of six to 20 feet. It is said to be capable of absorbing 20 times its weight of water, and it is claimed, will be used extensively for bandages. We took our lunch, which was served by our kitchen force, and after lunch had a base ball game. The citizens of the little town of Ilwaco have been very nice to the soldiers and we are always ready to give them a hand on any occasion.

On this Sunday Sgt. Foust and I were invited to take an auto ride down the beach. For 30 miles the beach is just as level as a floor and all the way from 1,000 to 2,000 yards wide, and a better drive I never saw. Of course, the air at this time of the year, near the water, is quite cool. On our ride we saw a whale that had been washed on the beach by the tide. It measured 25 feet in length and was indeed quite a sight.

We stopped on our way and dug some clams. This, to one who has never tried it, is some job. We have caught numerous crabs, but that was the first I ever dug or ever saw dug, and it was an interesting experience for me. We returned to the home of our friends and it wasn't long before the Mrs. invited us to be seated at her table, and before us was a steaming clam chowder. Our appetites had been sharpened by the hike in the moss gathering, the light lunch, and auto ride, etc., so I don't know whether you can appreciate my meaning when I say that we enjoyed that meal. While we get plenty to eat it is not like that served on a family table, so if you want to see somebody enjoy something just invite a soldier out for dinner. I am fortunate enough to be invited out for dinner about once each week, and believe me, I never refuse an invitation.

Since the company was called out there have been about 200 men transferred out. New ones are, of course, transferred in to take their places. Each time they take the oldest man. It seems that I am the goat, as I am one of three left in the company that were mustered in with the company on August 16, 1916. Our officers change about every month, so that the keeping of the records of the men as they come and go is left to me, and with the red tape of the army it is some job to keep them all straight.

Personally, I get mighty homesick at times, especially when a bunch of old men and my best friends, are transferred out of the company. Besides attending drills outside of our mess, we are eating plenty good enough, and we feel that if the people at home will continue to stand behind the soldiers there will be no question as to the outcome of this war. We all hope to see Berlin before the opening of the year. We would sure hate to be kept here for the duration of the war.

The January number of the Spiker, published somewhere in France by the 18th engineers, railway, U. S. A., a copy of which has just been received here by Mrs. H. P. Davidson, is one of the most interesting and entertaining of soldier publications that has been received in Hood River. Entitled, "The Day is at Hand," the January number's leading editorial is as follows: "The loss of a firm national character or the dissolution of a nation's honor is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. This is the verdict of 6,000 years of recorded history."

"When Germany officially declared her solemn treaty obligations to be scraps of paper," she prostituted her national honor and became an outcast among the nations of the earth. She has outraged civilization and stands at bay snarling like a wild beast—and dreads the day of final accounting. "That day is fast approaching. The western front is civilization's ear-ring house. All national obligations are due and payable in the year of our Lord 1918, and there will be no days of grace. Germany will do well to remember that the world does not go backward and that in this great world clearing house all bad paper goes in the discard."

"Junkerdom has damned the German people even to the third generation and vandalism has desolated the once scientific and classic fields. "The day is at hand when the imperial German government must bow its head in shame, beat its breast in humility and and murmur the ancient supplication of forgiveness, 'Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa, Mea Maxima Culpa.'"

"The treaty of peace should be signed at Verdun—and the peace commissioners of the allies, as they tread above the dead who died for liberty, should make it plain to the representatives of the so-called imperial German people that millions unborn are dedicated to die as those men died, or live like free men—free. "Post-bellum days must differ from ante-bellum days. When the German comes to our shores, whether it be to break bread under our roof tree, or to barter, there shall be no duplicity or double dealing. "Like Dante's dicer, we lingered sorrowfully behind—"Glad to see the thrives we are learning by our grief."

In a communication in the Spiker from Capt. Kenneth D. Hauser, commanding officer of Co. F, composed of Portland and Oregon boys, five of whom are from Hood River, it is announced that the total of five deaths in the engineers' regiment have been suffered entirely by Co. F. Capt. Hauser writes: "While we are at loss to understand why these calamities should be visited on us, let us resolve that they shall only serve to cement the rest of us closer together and build up our organization to withstand any future shocks we may be subjected to. May it also serve as a guide for our action in the future, so that the unworthy things we may be held accountable for should some similar disaster abruptly confront any of us, be reduced to a minimum."

"If we will consecrate our future standards of living and actions to their memories, then the five wonderful boys who gave their lives for their country—the Co. F honor roll, Mercer, Gramps, Hancock, Sapue and Barrett—will not have died in vain. The soldier paper mentions the Cooper boys, John and Walter, of this city."

The following letter was recently received by Sam W. Stark from Glen Lenz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Lenz, who is now at Camp Morrison, Va., a member of the 12th Co., 1st Division, 2nd Corps. I received your most welcome letter last evening and will endeavor to tell you what I am doing and where. I am in the isolated hospital now with the mumps. We arrived here February 25, and God knows when we will get out of here. When we arrived here we were quarantined for the scarlet fever, and then we got out and believe me I have been on the go day and night ever since. But now I am in the hospital, so I have a few minutes to spare to myself. I have been putting it off to write you and let you know where I was. I wish to thank you for the letter of recommendation you sent me. I didn't get to see it at Omaha, as my company commander wouldn't let me out. He said he wanted me with him, as a mechanic and driver, and as the company was "out-going" he wanted me to stay. He said would get a chance to get into the aero machines after we crossed. I am now a first-class chauffeur and get \$51, and that isn't so bad. It is not just the work I want. I want to get into the airplane work.

I have been so busy here studying artillery, French, motors, infantry, the drill first aid etc. that I have hardly gotten a chance to write home. I was sorry that I couldn't get into the motor mechanics reserve. But I am pretty well satisfied now for my company's class at Washington D. C. as the best of the company in the service and all my officers are "strong" for me. We are six miles from Newport News at an aviation concentration camp and plenty of work to be done, as it is a new camp. Several of the Hood River boys are over there. Haven't been outside the post yet. At the first opening I am going over to see them. Lieut. Brosius is there studying artillery and Bill McGuire is at Norfolk in the navy aero school as an instructor. I would like to see the boys again but I don't know whether I can get a chance.

You said that everything was green there, Gee! how I would like to see old Oregon again. But I can't think that until old Kaiser Bill is in hell or so other tropical place, I am certainly glad that I have been in the motor mechanics reserve. She sure has done her part in men and money and I am proud that I am an Oregonian, for there is no place like the west. They are sure having some fight over there now, but I think the allies will soon show Dutch Bill where to head in. The Germans have sure lost a bunch of men.

I don't know John Wynn, but I have heard of him at Hood River. I wish I had a Hood River boy with me it would make it better for both of us. Well I am out of news for today, but I will write you more in the near future.

"We can't say too much in praise of the Y. M. C. A.," writes Stanley J. Shere, former agent of the Mount Hood R. R. Co. who left recently for Camp Lewis, where he is now a member of a casual company, "and the work they are doing in the army. There are at least 10 or a dozen huts here and each one has an entertainment every night. The huts are always crowded and the boys have a fine time. The workers do all they can to keep up the boys' spirits, and those who go to the huts do not find much time to associate with the men."

"I can't tell much about the camp, as I have been in quarantine, Saturday having been the first day I was out. Ashley Wilson, my brother-in-law, was here from San Francisco, and I was here from Saturday and Sunday to be with him in Tacoma. I haven't seen many of the Hood River boys—Ivan Dakin and Ed Woodman, who are in the field hospital, and John Schiller, who was first in the same brigade with me, but who has since been transferred to the light artillery. I also saw Lieut. Pineo, who, even after his stay in the hospital, has the look of a fighting American soldier.

"The officers are having a busy time taking care of the newly arrived recruits. They are coming so fast that they are having their hands full."

Raymond Glass is winning a reputation at Bremerton Army yards, where he is a yeoman at the training station. In a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Glass, the young naval student writes that he has won two important wrestling matches. In one, at Port Townsend, Wash., recently young Glass threw a wrestler who has held a championship in the light weight class. "I wouldn't be out of the navy for anything," writes the young man. "I'm getting ready to lick the kaiser."

C. B. Compton, Dee orchardist, who is a veteran of the Spanish-American war, having seen service in the Philippines, writes that he has been assigned for a course at the signal officers' training school at Leon Springs, Tex. Mr. Compton, who also served for a time in the Filipino constabulary, came here in 1916 from Manila, where he was a newspaper reporter for more than 10 years after his army service. Mr. Compton has been stationed at Camp Lewis.

Capt. Lyman G. Rice who won his commission at the second Freddido officers' training school, writes his wife, formerly Miss Florence Avery, of this valley, that he has been assigned to the command of a battery of field artillery at Camp Lewis. Mrs. Rice will come here from Pendleton the home of herself and Capt. Rice to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Avery.

More than 75 letters came Saturday morning from the 88 Hood River boys, members of Battery E, 6th Artillery, who are now stationed in England, to friends and parents. One of the officers of the battery is Lieut. Van Horn, formerly with 12th Co.

The young men declare that they are well and that they have made numerous excursions into the countryside surrounding their camp to visit historic spots. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kimball last week had a letter from their son, Fordham B. Kimball, who enlisted last year in the heavy artillery and who, after training at San Antonio, Tex., was sent to France for special duty, announcing that he was interested in his work, well and happy. Mr. Kimball's brother, Stuart Kimball, left Monday for Camp Lewis, having been called to fill a Hood River draft quota.

Hugh Coppie writes his father, S. Coppie, that he has just been promoted to rank of sergeant at Fort Canby, where he is with 12th Co. Mr. Coppie says that his time is taken up exclusively with drilling new recruits from middle western and southern points. He declares that he is impatient to get a transfer overseas to active service.

Mrs. Chas. Lancaster last week received a message from her son, Paul Lancaster, commanding a machine gun overseas. Six other Hood River boys were in same contingent with a number of artillery men formerly stationed at Fort Stevens, who were placed in quarantine at San Francisco when their regiment was en route to New York city.

Hubert L. Hasbrouck writes his father that he has successfully passed all examinations given so far at the radio school at Harvard University. The young man, who enlisted in the navy last fall, was transferred almost immediately from the Goat Island navy yard to the Harvard radio school.

Howard Wildin writes his mother, Mrs. H. W. Wildin, that he has received his rating as a third class seaman after a period of training at the San Pedro, Calif., submarine training school. The young man says that two other Hood River boys, Leslie W. Stone and William Tolman, are at the San Pedro training school.

Mrs. Edgar Franz receives word that her husband and Willard Young, members of the aviation corps, are still stationed at Garden City, N. Y. The pictures of the young men, in a group around a Y. M. C. A. but, recently appeared in the Graphic magazine.

C. S. Bowe, of the Upper Valley, who enlisted last summer, has written local friends that he is now located at San Berrito, Tex., with a troop of the 10th Cavalry Regt. Mr. Bowe says the men of the regiment are eager for overseas service.

Jakku Among N. A. Recruits. Through an oversight the name of Eino Jakku, one of the Hood River national army recruits, who left Monday of last week was left from the printed list in the Glacier.

Cut This Out—It is Worth Money DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with fee and mail it to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley's Kidney Pills, for pain in sides and back; rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments; and Foley's Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic, for constipation, biliousness, headache and sluggish bowels. Sold everywhere.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale. By virtue of an execution in foreclosure duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the County of Hood River, State of Oregon, dated the first day of April, 1918, in a certain action in the Circuit Court for said County and State, wherein Elnor Bullard is plaintiff and the Northwest Lumber Company is defendant, judgment against said Elnor Bullard, in the sum of Fifty-one and 25/100 (\$51.25) Dollars on the 29th day of March, 1918.

Notice to Creditors. Notice is hereby given that I will on the 17th day of May, 1918, at the east front door of the Court House in Hood River, sell to the highest bidder at public auction in the afternoon of said day, sell the following described property, to-wit: Situated in Hood River County, State of Oregon, the Northwest Lumber Company's quarter of the Northwest quarter (NW 1/4) of Section 24, Township One North, Range Nine East of the Willamette Meridian and more fully described as follows: Beginning at a point which is the section corner common to sections 11, 12, 21 and 22, Township One North, Range Nine East of the Willamette Meridian and running south five hundred and twenty (520) feet; thence north 86 degrees east nine hundred and ninety (990) feet; thence north thirty (30) degrees and twenty (20) feet to an intersection with the south boundary of Lot number one of the first Addition of the Riverside Park Subdivision; thence south 86 degrees west nine hundred and forty (940) feet to the place of beginning, containing thirty acres more or less. Taken and levied upon as the property of the said defendants, or such thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of Elnor Bullard against said defendants, with interest thereon, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

Dated at Hood River, Oregon, April 10th, 1918. MARY J. FLETCHER, Sheriff. Administratrix.

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