



The home fire
Perfection Oil Heater
stands guard against
dampness and chill in
the home. Easy to
carry about.
Lights at the touch of
a match. Gives long
hours of cozy, comfort-
able warmth on one
filling with Pearl Oil—
the ever-obtainable fuel.
No smoke or odor.
Economical.

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Heater today. Dealers
everywhere.
Standard Oil Co.
(California)

PERFECTION OIL HEATER

These Heaters For Sale By
I. A. Franz Co., Hood River, Ore. Rogge Hardware, White Salmon, Wn.
Blowers Hdwe. Co., Hood River, Ore. W. E. Chown, Mosier, Ore.
Underwood Merc. Co., Underwood, Wn.
Stewart Hdwe. and Furn. Co., Hood River, Ore.
White Salmon Hardware Co., White Salmon, Wn.
G. W. PEPPER, Special Agent, Standard Oil Co., Hood River.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank

AT HOOD RIVER,
in the State of Oregon, at the close of business on
November 1, 1918.

RESOURCES:	
Loans and discounts, including rediscounts	\$401,824.80
Notes and bills rediscounted (other than bank acceptances sold)	7,837.50
Overdrafts, secured, none; unsecured	134.72
U. S. Bonds (other than Liberty Bonds, but including U. S. certificates of indebtedness)	100,000.00
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000.00
U. S. Bonds and certificates of indebtedness owned and unpledged	12,500.00
Liberty Loan Bonds:	
Liberty Loan Bonds, 3, 4 and 4 1/2 per cent, unpledged	6,700.00
Liberty Loan Bonds, 3, 4 and 4 1/2 per cent, pledged to secure State or other deposits or bills payable	5,150.00
Bonds, Securities, etc. (other than U. S. deposits)	30,000.00
Bonds, other than U. S. Bonds, pledged to secure postal savings deposits	5,000.00
State or other deposits (postal, excluded or bills payable)	8,200.00
Securities other than U. S. Bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	24,857.04
Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S. stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock	88,057.04
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription)	475.00
Value of banking house	3,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	45,750.00
Real estate owned other than banking house	7,245.48
Legal reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	16,502.33
Cash in vault and net amount due from national banks	37,845.27
Cash on hand and net amount due from national banks	66,919.64
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank	158.54
Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank and other cash items	924.74
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	5,000.00
Total	\$773,150.15

LIABILITIES:	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	2,500.00
Undivided profits	12,983.42
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	10,906.82
Amount reserved for taxes accrued	3.23
Amount reserved for all interest accrued	1,166.26
Outstanding notes	100,000.00
Net amount due to banks, bankers and trust companies	90.56
Demand Deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to reserve (deposits payable within 30 days)	302,808.69
Individual deposits subject to check	5,687.83
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)	1,975.01
Cashier's checks outstanding	29,658.38
State, county, or other municipal deposits secured by pledge of assets of the bank	
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to reserve	\$370,006.91
Time Deposits subject to reserve (payable after 30 days, or subject to 30 days or more notice and postal savings)	14,280.59
Certificates of deposit (other than for money borrowed)	3,090.25
Postal savings deposits	183,821.71
Office time deposits	
Total of time deposits subject to reserve	\$171,192.55
United States Deposits (other than postal savings)	25,000.00
War loan deposit account	
Total	\$773,150.15
Liabilities for rediscounts, including those with Federal Reserve Bank	7,837.50

State of Oregon, County of Hood River, ss:
I, E. O. BLANCHARD, 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. BLANCHARD, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of November, 1918.
J. M. CULBERTSON, Notary Public for Oregon.
My commission expires June 14, 1921.
Checked—Attest:
A. D. MOE, C. PEDERSEN, O. H. RYDQVIST, Directors.

Letters From and About Soldiers

"It makes me dizzy to think of what I have been through within the past seven weeks," writes Sgt. H. A. Franz, member of a field artillery company in France, to his wife. "Seven weeks of hell and out o' k., so I feel confident that I am going to go through the rest the same way. Lost four of my pals, but it is all the game. I was down five days myself as a result of shell shock. It blew up about 15 yards from me, and the lights went out for a while. I am quite nervous yet, not scared at all, but the shock was terrible. That shell got several, but I happened to be busy at something that kept me lying on the ground, and by luck the fragments went over me.

"I never thought that gas was a dangerous thing, but the boys have more fear of it than anything else. While in camp we scoffed at the idea of getting a mask on and adjusted in six seconds, but I am sure I can do it in three seconds and am tickled to death to know that it is so.

"The interest the men show once on the front is wonderful. The officers have difficulty in restraining the men in their daredevil stunts. Such is the American army. The men do not have to be driven. They know perfectly well what is to be done, and they do it. The front looks like hell turned upside down and the fire burned out. An old fashioned slaughter house has nothing on parts of it for smells. Horrors are common. For instance, when we dig emplacements for machine guns, legs and arms stick out like the roots of trees. As one goes up to the front he hears a pounding and rumbling that grows continually louder.

"First we hear our own heavy guns and then occasionally see black or brown columns shoot up. It is a heavy German shell bursting. This gets worse and worse as the front is approached. The big ones rush, scream and growl, and then burst with a bang. They have a businesslike rumble and sound like a train crossing a bridge. On getting up to about six or seven miles from the front we have to kind of dodge shells bursting overhead and on the ground. There are not persons over one of these shrapnel cans dumping its load of steel shells on our heads. At times the noise is almost unbearable. You can almost feel your self going 'nuts'. However, we do not stay long in a place and never give an inch of ground under any circumstances. We are just naturally going to push these huns back to their river Rhine, and shot them all as they swim across.

"Forward observation work is certainly a goat grabber. It is front line duty, and is quite often out in front of the front line trenches. I'll say that it is the hottest place in the world. You should see our guns. I am certainly proud of them. They can shoot 20 miles as easily as one, and are as easily handled as a toy. The barrels are 30 feet long and they hurl six inch shells that simply scream. They are as different from the old style of guns as day from night. They are mounted on a regular chassis some thing like an auto truck chassis, and have huge rubber tires. They are hauled by tractors that travel along like freight trains.

"Sleep is something that you can talk about but don't get. The time I tried it I got a little, but the pounding and thumping made me hug old mother earth pretty close, so close that I made a kind of wallow before I had to give it up. The seam squatters and pure audubonites try to make life miserable for a man.

"You can tell inquirers that the American army is going to win this war. The moral effect of our men, buying up the spirit of the Allies, has been wonderful. The French can't understand the dash of the Americans, but they follow us and stick like fleas. Honest, on some of the fronts it was like a Sunday school picnic, the opposing soldiers getting almost on speaking terms. But the American soldier broke this up. They waded in and started something. Whenever any of us sit down to rest, other men jump up and take our places. It is one continual relay race and the Germans can't hold out against it long.

"The air is full of planes, and some of the aerial fights are worth coming thousands of miles to see. While you can't tell from the ground, often, which one takes the final plunge to the ground, such battles bring a series of something like a baseball game and you just can't help yelling when a good play is made. I have a piece of wood from a German Fokker that I am going to send to you.

"Uncle Sam feeds me. We have no worries over cigarettes, candy, candles, soap, clothes and eats. Everything is always clean and good. I am for government control of everything after this. For instance, we pay only eight cents for a package of cigarettes that cost 20 cents at home, and bottles of malted milk that cost \$1 in the States are sold here for 42 cents each.

The following interesting letter has been received by Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Hershner from their son, Sgt. Harold Hershner, of a field hospital somewhere in France.

"We arrived at this billet after a series of marches covering four days and nights, but the marches were mostly at night with plenty of rain falling to make things interesting. It surely knows how to rain here and gets terribly wet. We slept wherever we could, on the wet ground. With thoughts which we gathered we kept some of the mud off of our bedding and clothing. But this series of hard marches brought us to a very old French village, situated on a hill overlooking the country around for several miles. The fields are beautifully green, the roads are white and lined with trees and the valley dotted with villages. No wonder they say France is beautiful. We were lucky to be billeted in a nice large barn located just outside the village. The barn was a new one, built of concrete and stone in 1908 and was filled with nice, clean straw and hay. No stock was in it at all. A shrine right near the barn bore the date 1764. Rather old, I would say.

"While billeted here a bunch of German prisoners were brought by. They were greatly surprised to see so many American soldiers, as they had been told that only a few were here. They also were told and believed that Paris had been destroyed. They were greatly pleased at the treatment accorded them. They were nearly all very young men, seemingly not over 17 and 18 years old.

"From this village we were taken by a series of night marches to a beautiful grove near the front line trenches. The constant roaring of the big guns did not worry them any. The coming and going of the air planes was very interesting. I saw one air fight, but the boche machines got away. No Allied air plane was lost in this fight. From the way the boys

Letters From and About Soldiers

vellied you would have thought they were watching a hotly contested football game in Portland.

"We were not here long until the 81st Division was given leave to go over the top. The boys could scarcely be restrained. They went with a will and leap, yelling as they went over the top. 'Power river—a mile wide and a foot deep. Let 'er buck.' The boys cleaned the boches out and completely overran them. But some of the boys never came back. Others were brought back wounded. But our losses were not as great as at first reported. The boys were brave as they were brought into the field hospital—there no fear of us has been very successful. We are now on the ground that the Germans held for a long time and we are still going forward. It sure is exciting enough here for anyone. I don't think I ever will get used to seeing shells. When you can hear them whistle through the air and then burst near you, it is time to move a little closer to the ground. I had one trip up to the front on a motorcycle and they were shelling the road all the time. We went for about three miles with the big ones bursting all around us. When you get mixed up with them that way you want to get in a dugout quick. But there were no dugouts there, so we gave the soup and broke up records getting out of that neighborhood.

"Hearing that some of the old 12th Company boys now in an artillery battery were over here, I looked them up. I met Orville Thompson, of Parkdale, a stationer, who was in the company forming the naval anchor company on the Meadbrook and J. P. Thompson ranches, on sale at the canteens," writes Mr. Compton. "From the price charged I am of the opinion that the orchard business is a good one to develop.

In a letter to his wife Walter W. Shay, in charge of aeroplanes at a Warco, Inc., flying field, announces his promotion to 2nd sergeant. In his letter he tells of an interesting trip just made in a big machine.

"I have just returned from a two-day trip in which we made 300 miles. We visited many parts of Texas. I was along as a mechanic. It was certainly great."

The Glacier last week received from Pharmacists' Mate Angus C. McDonald, stationed at Camp Logan, Ill., one of the largest inland naval training stations, a picture showing students forming the naval anchor company on the Meadbrook and J. P. Thompson ranches, on sale at the canteens," writes Mr. Compton. "From the price charged I am of the opinion that the orchard business is a good one to develop.

Thurston Laraway, according to a letter received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Laraway, has been assigned to duty aboard the U. S. S. Matsonia, and is expected to sail from New York city for European waters at any time. Mr. Laraway, in the medical reserve corps of the navy, has been training at Hampton Roads, Va.

Chas. F. Johnson, son of Sheriff Johnson, is now stationed with a contingent of United States marines at Galveston, Tex. The young man qualified after training at Mare Island as an expert rifleman. In a letter to his father, he writes expressing hopes that he will be sent to France for duty.

Mrs. W. G. Weber has received a letter announcing the promotion of her brother, Lieut. Robert L. Murray, to the post of camp intelligence officer, operations at Camp Fremont, Calif. He will have charge of all espionage cases arising in the neighborhood of the cantonment.

Earl Weber is stationed as a Y. M. C. A. recreational director at a spruce production division camp at Seaside. In a letter to his father Mr. Weber states that he spent last week engaged in the United War Work drive in coast counties.

GREAT PICTURE IS COMING TO LIBERTY

"I have been to the land of my birth, and during the trip I saw the last resting place of many of our past but not forgotten men of literary fame," writes Arthur C. Loftis, who is now aboard a submarine chaser, to L. B. Gibson, his former professor. Mr. Loftis is a native of London, having come to America with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Loftis, when a very small boy.

"In letters from home," Mr. Loftis continues, "they have told me of the military training carried on in the Hood River high school. I am certainly glad to hear my old school is doing all she can to help the country in her crisis. You should see the little fellows in uniform here. They seem to start to train the boys before they get out of the kindergarten. Little fellows from 12 to 14 years are to be seen about the streets every day. They are in the regular uniforms of the army and navy. The country is sure building up a great reserve. One never sees an able-bodied man around unless he is a shipbuilder.

"We often wonder how long the fight is going to keep up and how long it will be before we get to return home. But as a usual thing the boys are desirous of staying with it until the glorious end. There are no pacifists among us. They are all looking for the fight.

"You can hardly imagine how I long for the good old times. Gee, but wouldn't I like to be out for football practice this afternoon! Just think, too, of those gay moments with the 'young ladies'. Your reproving glances in class and those everlasting posting notices would be counted as personal favors now.

"We just came in from a trip yesterday. We have a few days for repairs and rest and then go out to sea in a class and those everlasting posting notices would be counted as personal favors now.

"I never enjoyed a Fourth of July any more than the last. I paid a visit to a number of Hood River boys, members of an artillery regiment. I saw Orville Thompson, Pearl Perkins, Allyn Button, Earl Dunbar and Walter Regnell. Our boys are certainly giving the boches the devil now and I do not believe it will be long until we can return home."

The engineer soldier in his letter stated that he and his comrades were enjoying their fill of grapes, peaches and plums.

Through the visit of Mrs. Carrie F. Allen, now a resident of Bull Run, with local friends last week, it has been learned that Mrs. Allen has two sons and a daughter in service. Miss Vera Allen is a surgical nurse in France. She has a brother, Don Allen, also in France. William Allen, another brother, is a member of the student army training corps at the University of Oregon.

No Hood River boy has made more rapid advancement since his enlistment last spring than Howard Cooper,

son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cooper. The young man who was studying mechanical engineering at the Oregon Agricultural College at the time of his enlistment, received his first training at Bremerton navy yards. Following grades of 100 per cent in successive examinations, Mr. Cooper is now battalion commander, the highest position in non-commissioned ranks, at the naval steam engineers' school at Pelham Bay, N. Y. Mr. Cooper, who was 21 years old in May, has reached a rating as chief mechanics' mate.

In a letter to his old playmate, Miss Georgia Lynn, Ben Ross, formerly a gunner aboard the U. S. S. Pittsburgh, tells of his new experiences at a navigation school at Norfolk, Va. Gunner Ross' term of enlistment ended last summer. He secured employment with a tug boat and entered the night classes of the navigation school. He has just recently been awarded an ensignship and is now spending a furlough with his mother at Cleveland, O., before resuming his duties in Uncle Sam's navy.

"It is one of the finest schools in the country," he writes, "and in addition to the excellent education we are fitted to earn handsome salaries."

Hood River apples are available for the soldiers of camps on the Mexican borders, according to a letter just received from Lieut. C. H. Compton with the United States Guards at El Paso.

"I noted Hood River apples, grown on the Meadbrook and J. P. Thompson ranches, on sale at the canteens," writes Mr. Compton. "From the price charged I am of the opinion that the orchard business is a good one to develop.

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Fool Dad with a pound of UMECO NUT MARGARINE
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Live or dressed, or any kind of poultry. Good demand for large Potatoes. We want a lot of apples, Spitz, Jonathans, Northern Spy, or any good cooking or eating Apple. Send us a sample shipment, packed or orchard run. Can also handle some dried apples and prunes. Send sample.

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Because of the shortage of help, we would urge all our customers to inspect their implements and articles on which repairs may be needed, frequently and give us advance notice. Do not wait until the last moment, where it can be avoided.

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