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at PAT'S PLACE

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FOR THEIR Eatables DO LIKEWISE TRY THESE—THEY ALL PLEASE

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Letters From and About Soldiers

The following interesting letter telling of "the boys" and their troubles while spending it, was recently received from John Cooper, member of the 18th regiment of Engineers in France:

"At Limoges I had about 15 hours lay over to catch a rapid back over the city. It reminded me a great deal of Seattle, being built more or less on edge. Looks like it might be in the process of being remodeled as many buildings had new fronts on them, widening streets in places, etc. That was one of France's china and porcelain manufacturing cities before the war and I saw many pretty neat little pieces I would have liked had I the money.

"At this place I saw my first sample of the Red Cross work. I've often heard of it, but never been north of here before. They had a kitchen and cafeteria at the station, operated by American women and serving about the same meal as our camp meal, but of course it tasted better because it was prepared by someone else. It cost just 30 cents per meal and was much better than I could touch for \$1 any place else. Inasmuch as my train left at 1:30 a. m. I could not go to a hotel, but was very tired so a lady showed me a hall where they had about 50 beds for just such occasions. I slept well and was called 30 minutes before my train. I can't say too much for the Red Cross.

"After leaving Limoges I went north and east and when I woke the next morning I was up on the high plateau in Central France. I thought of making a side trip up to Vichy, but left that for my return trip. About 10 a. m. I got on the southbound Paris-Lyon express and traveled almost as we do in America, arriving in Lyon at 4 p. m., 48 hours after I left camp and only about 400 miles away.

"I was indeed surprised at the city. I think it has close to one million population but it was quite different in many respects. The houses were the street cars I found made a station stop whenever I got strayed I just mounted a car and soon found myself. I was free after I left the depot and was just about as unnecessary as a person could be. There were very few Americans there, which made me feel still farther from home.

"During my stay I put in one afternoon in the Public Garden, a most beautiful place. There I found more roses and greater variety than I've seen in any park at home. There was very little natural beauty to the place even the river and lake bank being walled up, but as a man-made place I never had seen its equal.

"An amusing incident of the trip was a dinner I got while there. When I got on the train at Limoges I got into a compartment where there was a little girl perhaps 15 or 16. I assisted her in changing trains three times. I talked with her most of the time, but neither asked her name nor gave her mine. When we left she carried her package to the door then went to the American M. P. office. Several days after I was sitting on a bench on one of the many little monument places along the main street when I looked up and saw her with her mother in a trolley. The mother called me and said the little girl had been telling her about the genteel American she had seen on the train and insisted that if I had time to come out to dinner. I found a very nice home and the little girl was just what I needed after being tired from wandering the streets.

"I found near Lyon a most beautiful country, something like the Yakima valley, flat but with foothills and mountains all around. The houses were somewhat like those in the States, not grouped in villages to such an extent as they are here. Also they were built of a red rock, while everything here is white limestone.

"I went out on a branch line to look up a daughter of a friend I have here and while waiting for her to come home I dropped in next door. There was an old lady there about 55 who had lost her husband before the war and her son is now at the front. I watched her with her knitting needles and after about two minutes she handed me a piece of her work which was a nice thing to buy. I found out she did not own the yarn, but was making shawls for a store in the city for 50 cents each, making two each day in her spare time. She asked innumerable questions about our country, showing she, like most everyone, knew the Americas was west of here, but not much else. Among her questions was one about our cattle. She asked if we had real cattle, stating that she had heard we ate the meat of red cattle. She said her husband had a red cow several years ago, but the butcher would not buy it. They had to kill it and send the meat to Paris. I never saw anything but white cows in that country.

"When I ran out of money at Lyon I came back to where Walter is and spent three days there making wine with friends I met before I moved. This wine making is something like our fruit harvest, of course it is done largely by women at this time. The old ox cart goes out in the field with two barrels that hold about 300 gallons each. The women cut the grapes and dump them into a small tub, two men carry the tub to the wagon. Of course grapes pile up rapidly so soon one of the men takes off his wooden shoes and gets in with his feet. Small chunks of mud go in too, I suppose it lends color.

"After making an attempt for more than a year Julius Le France, son of Leon Le France, local truck gardener and native of Belgium, finally succeeded in getting in the Navy. When he first applied for enlistment the young man, not yet 20, was turned down because of hernia. He underwent an operation at a Portland hospital, and by the time he recovered the rules prevented enlistment. After playing a waiting game, he was finally admitted to the United States Merchant Marine. In a Christmas letter home he tells his parents of taking Christmas dinner at Vancouver, B. C., where the ship to which he was assigned was taking on a cargo of coal for the Philippines.

"Sergeant Melvin Le France, an elder brother of the young sailor, when the armistice was signed, was assigned as an instructor in a French training camp. He enlisted with a Washington National Guard organization before war was declared. He expects to visit relatives in northern France and Belgium before returning home.

"In confirmation of her belief, at the time she received an official telegram recently, announcing that her son, William H. Parker, had been missing in action since November 4, that her son was still safe, Mrs. Ida Parker last week received a letter, written by her son, December 25. On the day before the arrival of the official telegram, Mrs. Parker has received an undated letter from her son, but at the bottom of his message had been appended the following hurried scrawl: 'This is the eleventh; we'll soon be home.'

"In the letter received yesterday the young soldier, member of the 396th infantry regiment, wrote that his company had been making many hurried movements lately. 'We marched 20 miles today,' he wrote.

"Roger W. Moe, called to Camp Lewis last spring with a draft quota of Wasco county, has been mustered out of the service. He returned home Sunday. Mr. Moe, who made repeated efforts to get into the service in 1917 but whose enlistment was denied because of slight physical defects, was publisher of the Mosier Bulletin, publication of which was suspended when he went into the service.

"After his arrival at Camp Lewis the young man was assigned to a company of a regiment of the 91st Division. On the day before the regiment departed, by way of Canadian points for an Atlantic port of embarkation, much to the disappointment of all the men, the company to which Mr. Moe had been assigned was held under quarantine because of an outbreak of scarlet fever.

"Now that it is all over, it was a great experience," writes Sgt. Harold Hershner in a Christmas letter to his father, Rev. J. L. Hershner.

"But those were times," continues Sgt. Hershner, member of the 364th Field Hospital with the 91st Division, "when I was very blue and discouraged. Many a night I slept on the wet ground, pitching my tent in the rain, and a hard day's hike. But, it is over now. We already enjoy talking of our experiences, but all agree that at some time or other we had a good scare. There were a good many times that I had a thrill, to put it in the words of the boys, 'had the fear of God in me.' But nothing happened.

"We all like Belgium and the Belgians very much. One noticeable thing about them, they seem to have fine teeth. Ghent is the best city I have seen since coming over here.

"Now the big question with all of us is, when do we go home?"

"Sgt. Hershner, a Past-Worthy Patron of the Order, while stationed at Camp Lewis, was presented by the Hood River Chapter of the Eastern Star with a kit containing knitted garments and toilet articles. He writes that all were lost, except a sweater he wore, in the Argonne forest.

"Sgt. Hershner's letter was written from Andernaade, Belgium. In chronological order he sets down the movement of the 91st Division from the time it left St. Nazaire August 24 until news of the armistice was heard at Weareghem. The day after peace came the field hospital was moved to Andernaade, where a hospital was set up for ill and wounded.

"According to the letter the 91st Division was held in reserve for the St. Mihiel drive.

"On the evening of September 13," Sgt. Hershner tells his father, "I received your cablegram carrying birthday salutations. It was wonderful to get it.

"In his letter Sgt. Hershner notes how time was computed from the first to the 24th hour, instead of turning back again to one when 12 is reached.

"I had our first experience under fire from big guns at Brabant," writes Sgt. Hershner, "but were so inexperienced that we were not frightened. On October 2 we reached Very, where we had some real thrills—air raids, bombs and lots of H. E. shells. We left there October 6 and we were ready to go."

"Sgt. Hershner enclosed in his letter photographs of a famous cathedral in Andernaade. The walls, roof and tower of the wonderful building formed a target for German shells and were severely damaged. The hospital operated by Sgt. Hershner's company was located within three blocks of the cathedral.

"Sgt. Hershner says he is now eager to go back home and resume his work. This spirit prevails in the ranks of the overseas soldiers, he says.

"On two occasions," writes Sgt. Kirby Ross, former member of Co. B, of the Third Oregon, who is a veteran of overseas service with the 162nd Regiment of the 41st Division, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Ross, now Portland residents, "I said a little prayer and told you folks good bye."

"The letters of Sgt. Ross are filled with interesting chronological data of the Third Oregon. They arrived December 23, 1917, at St. Nazaire. For three months the Oregon troops were engaged in training and military police duty, and then were sent to Centres for intensive training. June 1 Sgt. Ross and six comrades were sent to the front line trenches for advance observations. His company went over the top July 1 in the Chateau Thierry sector. It was here that Sgt. Ross saw his comrade, Sgt. Fred Merritt, Jr., of Portland, killed. In a letter he states that he returned to his fallen comrade, after the company reached its objective, and found that Sgt. Merritt had been killed instantly.

"He was resting," he writes, "as though he slept. Since I have visited the grave and placed a wreath of flowers on it."

"Of the original seven men of the company sent into the trenches for advance observations, Sgt. Ross alone remains without a scratch. All of the other six were killed or wounded. Sgt. Ross saw his comrade, Sgt. Wheaton, another Portland boy, fall in action. He had supposed he had been killed until he recently received a letter from him, written from a hospital, where he was convalescing from dangerous wounds.

"On July 15 Sgt. Ross was cited for the Distinguished Service Cross. This honor was gained by heroic work in burying dead. July 5, answering a call for volunteers, Sgt. Ross and eight other men left their trenches, and while under fire cleared a space in front of them of bodies that had lain there since June 4. The mass of putrid human flesh was piled in the cover of a forest. The next night Sgt. Ross and his comrades buried the dead men. He declares that the horror of those two nights will linger with him forever.

"For three days, during the Chateau Thierry drive, Sgt. Ross writes, he and his comrades lived on water and hardtack.

"Shortly before the armistice Sgt. Ross was detailed to attend an officers' training school.

"Hell, Heaven or Hoboken by New Years," has been a kind of slogan of the American expeditionary forces, writes Pvt. Fred A. Thomsen, of Battery E, 65th Artillery, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Thomsen.

"And we have come near realizing it," says the artillery man. "That is, the Hoboken part of it. We expect to get home in the early part of the New Year. I am just looking forward to the time when I can get on a real train instead of a box car and in my possession a ticket to my dear old Hood River."

"Mr. and Mrs. Thomsen have just had a letter from another son, Carl A.

Thomsen, member of the 117th Engineers, with the army of occupation in Germany. The troops were moving so fast that part of the letter was written in Belgium and a part from Luxembourg.

"Hundreds of flags of the Allied nations are seen flying from the towns of Belgium and France," writes the engineer, "and one of the peculiar things about the United States flags is that most all of them show the old original 13 stars only."

"The first returned Hood River veteran of overseas fighting, Cpl. Lee Spaulding, of the marines, who wears on his breast a distinguished service cross and who walks with the aid of a cane, arrived last week. Cpl. Spaulding was with the marines at Chateau Thierry, where the great German offensive was turned back toward the Rhine. His company was in the thick of the fearful fighting that broke the German advance.

"With his knee shattered by a bullet the young man had been ordered by a superior officer to proceed to the rear. Frank Spaulding, the young man, has three brothers in service, Earl M. Spaulding, with the 18th Engineers; Olin B. Spaulding, with an overseas aero squadron, and Frank Spaulding, of the navy.

"In a letter to his mother Mrs. E. L. Thomas, of this city, Roy Thomas, of the 91st Division, tells of slight wounds sustained in Belgium. Infection set in, and it was necessary to send him to a hospital.

"I have been in two Belgium hospitals," he writes, "but expect soon to be sent to England.

"Fance is certainly a queer place, and one rarely sees a civilian man here. We have been chasing the Huns over the hill pretty fast. One day our regiment captured 600 and they seemed tired to death at the privilege."

"Mrs. Thomas has also just received a letter from another son, Lieut. L. M. Thomas, also recuperating at a base hospital from wounds received while serving with the 91st Division. He declares that the greeting of the Belgian people for the United States soldier is very impressive.

"Mrs. W. N. Wildin, of this city, has just received a letter from her son, Howard Wildin, former Hood River High School student, who announces his promotion to first class yeoman in the navy at San Diego, where he is stationed. The young man enlisted as apprentice seaman on April 23, 1917.

"In his letter the young man writes: 'Sailors are not allowed to go to church, movies, pool halls or any other places of amusement because of influenza. We have to wear masks and have our noses and throats sprayed when we go out from the base or return. I went down to the Sailors Club on Christmas day and enjoyed a supper served by the ladies. The meal was followed by singing and other amusements.'

"C. W. McCullagh has just received a letter from his brother, R. H. McCullagh, prominent miller and cattleman of South Dakota, who has been with the 91st Division in France and Belgium as a Y. M. C. A. secretary. Mr. McCullagh pays the highest compliment to the men of the Northwest. He declares that none of the soldiers of the Allies are better fighters.

"Those husky men from the Pacific coast and Northwest," the letter states, "have any of the others over here beaten when it comes to going after the Hun roughshod."

"Mr. McCullagh wrote that he was in Brussels when the king and queen of Belgium made their triumphant return. He declares it one of the most impressive events he has ever witnessed.

"When peace came Tom Cameron, former local automobile mechanic, who enlisted in 1917 with the Aviation Corps, was at Issoudun, France, the location of a large training ground for air pilots. In a letter home he tells of his experiences at English and French training camps. He says that all of his unit are kept busy with the work just as before hostilities ceased.

"But this," he adds, "is more to keep us out of mischief than of any thing else."

Henry Haas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Haas, having been mustered out of the service, has returned home. Mr. Haas, who was with the sanitary train of a Coast Artillery Regiment assigned to Fort Worden, Wash., was at an eastern port of embarkation, when the armistice was signed. Later he returned to Camp Grant, Ill., where his unit was kept busy fighting the influenza epidemic.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gibbons have received word from two sons, Charles

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MADE in Hood River by the Hood River Creamery Co. is guaranteed to be made from pure rich pasteurized Cream produced by the Hood River Valley Farmers. The public is at liberty to visit and inspect the plant in which this Butter is made at any and all times. Buy "OREGOLD" Butter and you will help those that help you—

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"Oregold" Butter is on Sale at all Grocers and Markets.

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Gibbons, with the Canadian forces, and Albert, member of the First Regiment of Engineers of the American expeditionary forces, that both are recovering from wounds.

Chas. Gibbons is at a British base hospital convalescing from shell wounds and gas poisoning. Albert Gibbons, the first Hood River soldier to suffer severe wounds, has been discharged from an American hospital.

Reconstruction was a simple matter for Sergeant John Carson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Carson, of this city, who, following his demobilization at Fort Warden, Wash., where he was gas instructor with a unit of coast artillery, returned to Portland immediately resuming work with a shipyard concern. The young man, only 17 years old, was one of the youngest sergeants in the army.

C. S. Field, West Side orchardist, has received a letter from his son, Herbert S. Field, who left an automobile business here when he entered the service, announcing that he is safe in France. Mr. Field, whose first training was at Camp Lewis, was transferred to a California cantonment and went over seas with the Sunset Division.

Corporal Bert Head, after a furlough with his mother, Mrs. Melinda Head, has returned to Camp Lewis. Corporal Head is now a member of the 737 Motor Truck Corps. He expects to remain at the big cantonment for some time, as his duties now consist of transporting the mail from Tacoma to camp postoffices.

Mrs. R. L. Thomas is expecting her son, Roy Thomas, of the 91st Division, home soon. She has received a letter announcing his arrival in New York. The young man is suffering from infection to a wound sustained in the Argonne drive. Lieut. L. M. Thomas, another son, writes that he is stationed at Dunkirk, Belgium.

E. S. Olinger has received word from his son, Winfield Olinger, member of an aviation squadron, that he is still stationed at a Florida flying field. Mr. Olinger was sent to the Florida field following special training at Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Skinner have an interesting letter from their son, Horace Skinner, of the Gas and Flame unit, who tells of an interesting leave spent at points along the Mediterranean.

PERFUMERY

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We have just received a new lot of

Country Club Toilet Preparations

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YOUR Druggist

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to replace the old one because it has been badly punctured, cut or torn. Bring it here where by our vulcanizing process we repair the damage so the tire will be as good as ever, perhaps better in the places where we do the repairing. Don't use a new tire until you have to. Tires cost too much money these days to be used lightly.

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