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G. W. PEPPER, Special Agent, Standard Oil Co., Hood River, Oregon

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But don't neglect it. Drop in from time to time and let us inspect your battery—we can tell in a few minutes if it needs some minor attention or if distilled water should be added.

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THE NASH SIX

Perfected Valve-in-Head Motor

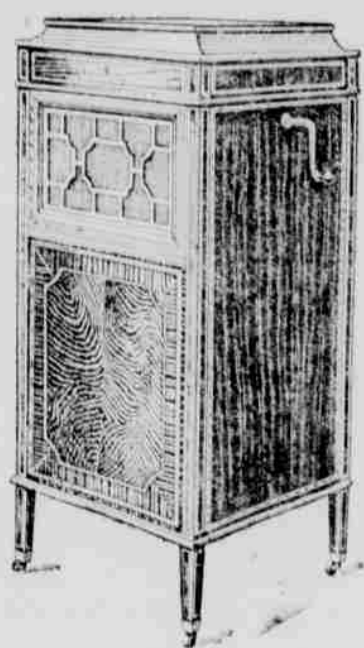
FIRST EXPERT JUDGMENT PROVED CORRECT BY TIME

"A distinct advance in motor engineering," summed up expert opinion when the Perfected Valve-in-Head Motor of the NASH SIX was first shown two years ago. Now we know that this estimate was justified. The Nash motor has lived up to its promises. In the hands of users everywhere it has shown unusual power, economy and quietness.

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 - Four Passenger Roadster \$1720.00
 - Seven Passenger Car \$1880.00
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- Prices F.O.B. Hood River

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Letters From and About Soldiers

It is unlikely that in all the 2,000,000 doughboys in France any one was more greatly disappointed when news of the armistice came than Glen Patterson, The Dalles soldier. And with good reason, for it had been Mr. Patterson's absorbing ambition from April 5, 1917, to take part in actual combat against the boche.

Mr. Patterson, who was here last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. I. Shoen, and his ammunition train had just received orders to move up to the front when news of the armistice reached them.

"I got it," he declares, "all of the way out of me."

If Mr. Patterson, who is now employed by the Warren Construction Co., would only take the time to write, as interestingly as he tells of them, of some of his experiences in officers' training camps, aboard transports or in cantonments of draftees, his contribution would form a very humorous chapter on sidelights of the great war. Mr. Patterson is an optimist, and though the war was spoiled for him, he didn't reach the trenches, in his reminiscences he recalls only those incidents that leave his hearers laughing.

Glen Patterson entered the first officers' training school at the Presidio in 1917 and received a second lieutenant's commission in infantry. However, he was placed on the reserve list, and this was not at all to his liking. The army had a need for artillery officers, and the young man sacrificed his infantry commission to enter an artillery officers' school. He says, however, that the Lord never intended fellows as dense as himself in mathematics to become artillery directors. Mr. Patterson was next tried out in a training school for aviation officers.

"I do not blame anybody but myself for failure in aviation," said Mr. Patterson. "I thought I knew everything about wireless, but I fell down. I couldn't receive fast enough. I lost out."

And let me tell you I was in a pretty pickle. Nothing was left for me but the draft, and it appeared that everybody else was ahead of me in the first class of the draft."

But Mr. Patterson wired to his local board in Wasco county and was successful in being advanced to the head of the list. Within a few weeks he left The Dalles with a quota of draftees. While en route east with a trainload of rookies Mr. Patterson found himself in Los Angeles. It was early morning.

"I asked the conductor how long his train was going to remain at the station," says the returned soldier. "He told me an hour. So my bunkie and I decided to slip out and get some breakfast. We were just 12 minutes at a lunch counter, but when we started back down the tracks we saw the tail end of our special disappearing. On inquiry we learned that the train would stop for a time in a suburb to the east, so we caught an electric car and boarded her there."

Mr. Patterson says that his car was in charge of one of those serious-minded but well-meaning young second lieutenants whose responsibilities rest heavily. The young officer had counted his men at least a dozen times between Los Angeles and Colton and the count always showed two men missing. He was about ready to resign when the missing men arrived.

"I began to give up the regulation calling down," says Mr. Patterson, "when I explained that the conductor had told us the train would stop for an hour. The conductor didn't tell you any such thing," he vehemently denied. "No, sir, the conductor didn't tell me the train was going to stop for an hour. I instantly agreed, and for the next 30 minutes I never spent a more strenuous session in my life, trying to agree with all my officer said."

At a Virginia cantonment Mr. Patterson was made a drill sergeant, and his heart was broken. Finally, however, by prayers and threats he was transferred from his sergeantcy to a high private in an ammunition train. His unit was ready and the men were being inspected when the officer asked Mr. Patterson if he had ever taken gas drill. It appears that no man was eligible to overseas duty without trying a dose of gas.

"When I told the officer that I had not had any such drill, it stunned him," says Mr. Patterson. "You can't go," he told me, but I replied that I had to go. He telephoned to the hospital division and asked if a man could be given the gas drill in the next hour. It happened that a class was just going in. I never waited to be ordered to the gas drill quarters. I ran all the way. I was the last man to be handed a mask, and fortunately I got it on in the six seconds' respite given me. I went through the test all right, but I did not notice that the lenses were covered with some kind of preparation to prevent corrosion, and by the time I was ready to return to the outer world I had forgotten the steps leading from the ground level down into the gas-filled pit. I stumbled at the stairs and pitched my head into one of those steps."

Mr. Patterson with his ammunition train went west with 2,000 negro stevedores. A U-boat attacked their boat, and the panic of the negroes, he says, was a spectacle not to be forgotten. That sub, coming up out of the deep and firing a torpedo at their ship was more than unstrung nerves could stand. Destroyers drove the sub away, after her shot had missed.

"We arrived at Brest, and on disembarking were ordered to take the doughboys," says Mr. Patterson, who returned home with the two stripes of a corporal, "but if he will just look around he will always find some fellow who had a little bit worse time than himself."

When A. von Hacht recently wrote to Willis Van Horn telling him of the pleasure that he has in eating apples grown on the Van Horn place, he enclosed the following poem, entitled "A Message."

So you are going home, Bud! Well, you're lucky, And we are anxious to see you. What's that? You ask when we are going? Well, nobody seems to know. You see we are from all parts of the States, From the East, West, South and North. What outfit? Well! I'll tell you. The ill-fated 21st. Yes, we've done everything that they asked us. With a will, with some pep and with cheer!

But somehow or other, Budgie, They've forget that and left us here. Yes, we've belonged to three armies. And now, Bud, give a guess: They've dropped the curtain on us. And we now belong to the S. O. S. Yes, we've got mechanics in our rear!

And they're all damn good ones too! They've done everything else, and that's no dream. But what they were supposed to do, that there's no soldier to that, Bud. As each task helped to win the war. And now that the Big Thing is over, The boys are going home.

Yes, we want to go back to our own country. To the ones that we love dear. We've done our job and done it well, And still they seem to care. When you get back to the States, Bud, And you ever have a chance, Speak kindly to the old soldier.

And tell him we're still in France; Or else point a good sized banner, Bud, We'll gladly pay the cost. Inscribe these words upon it, "The Twenty-fourth is lost." And after a number of years, Bud, We'll figure the years as ten, Some bright sunny day. You'll see us marching down Broadway A regiment of old, bearded men; The loud won't be playing ragtime And the old men won't be displaying their eyes.

You'll see some of us limping along with our canes. And damn few will be in step; There won't be a lot of cheering, As that will be a thing of the past. Of course, some will say, "Who in thunder are they?" Then tell them it's the 24th home at last.

When Earle M. Spaulding, member of Co. F, 15th Engineers, arrived with the contingent of soldiers in Portland en route to Camp Lewis, he received a telegram that his father, Rev. Frank Spaulding, first Methodist pastor of the Hood River valley, who has been in charge of eastern Washington and Idaho churches for the past two years, was in a critical condition at his home at Oakesdale, Wash. Young Mr. Spaulding received news of absence and hurried to his father's bedside.

John Gupper, former member of the company who was invalided home recently, was in Portland to greet his comrades and was with Mr. Spaulding when he received the message telling of his father's illness.

Other local members of the 15th Engineers to return were Alva Hardman and Jesse Hinton. Both young men have returned to Hood River.

In a letter to his mother, Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, Sgt. Ray E. Nicholson, who for nearly a year has been stationed at Ft. Sill, Okla., in the supply department, writes that he has been transferred to Antwerp, Belgium, accompanying his company to that place as quartermaster of the Third Army, now in Germany. Sgt. Nicholson becomes chief day clerk of the department.

Recently Sgt. Nicholson was a member of a party which distributed five truck loads of garments and supplies to refugees in Belgium. The party went as far as Brussels.

Louis Pregar, brother of Herman Pregar, who went overseas with the 122d Regiment last, who recently returned to this city with a unit of the 28th Division of Pennsylvania troops, has arrived home. Mr. Pregar spent several weeks in a base hospital in France recovering from shrapnel wounds, one in a leg and the other in his arm. Five minutes before the shrapnel felled him a bullet passed through his helmet grazing his head.

"I have just had the most pleasant surprise of my life," writes Arthur Kerr, in France with a battalion of the 39th Engineers, to his father, L. A. Kerr. "I had just received a leave to go to Paris, and hardly had I started down one of the 'trous' when I ran head on into my old neighbor, Bert Ledford. Maybe we didn't just hug each other like a couple of fratres."

Mr. Ledford is stationed in Paris with an aviation squadron.

Homer Mays, who has been with a company of the 63d Infantry in New York city on guard duty, has just been mustered out and has arrived home. Mr. Mays is the second of three brothers to return from service. Clyde E. Mays, who was overseas, reached home two weeks ago. A third brother, Cheney K. Mays, who was a member of the 48th Artillery, remains at a New York hospital ill from a heart attack suffered when his regiment was ready to embark at Brest for home.

Harold Hershner, first sergeant of a field hospital company of the 91st Division, who returned to Camp Lewis Thursday, May 8, and who arrived home last week after demobilization, resumed his duties as assistant cashier of the Butler Banking Co. Monday. Mr. Hershner has been absent from home about 22 months, having spent 11 months in training at Camp Lewis and 10 months abroad. His company was in the Argonne drive.

Cpl. John E. Lauterbach, who enlisted January 1, 1918, and who participated in the Chateau-Thierry and Argonne forest drives with the 5th Battalion Co., arrived home last week following his discharge at Camp Lewis, to be with his mother, Mrs. A. R. Lauterbach. Cpl. Lauterbach, despite the heavy duties his company participated in returned with the perfect physical record with which he entered the army.

H. A. Franz, telephone engineer, who was in service in France with the 348th Field Artillery, after a visit here with his wife and baby, has left for Everett, Wash., to resume work with the Puget Sound Telephone Co. Mr. Franz returned home to greet for the first time a little six months old daughter, Barbara, born while her father was in the trenches.

Carl Alfred Thomson, son of J. P. Thomson, has arrived home from Camp Lewis. The 11-month-old man passed through here last week en route to the demobilization point. He has seen more than 18 months' service in France with a regiment of the 41st Rainbow Division. Mr. Thomson was recently transferred to the 46th Cavalry Company.

Harry Post, son of Dr. and Mrs. William Post, has arrived home from overseas duty. Young Mr. Post left Fort Stevens with the 5th Artillery, but was transferred to another branch of the service after arrival in France. Dr. Post and family motored to Portland Tuesday to meet the young soldier and escort him home over the Highway.

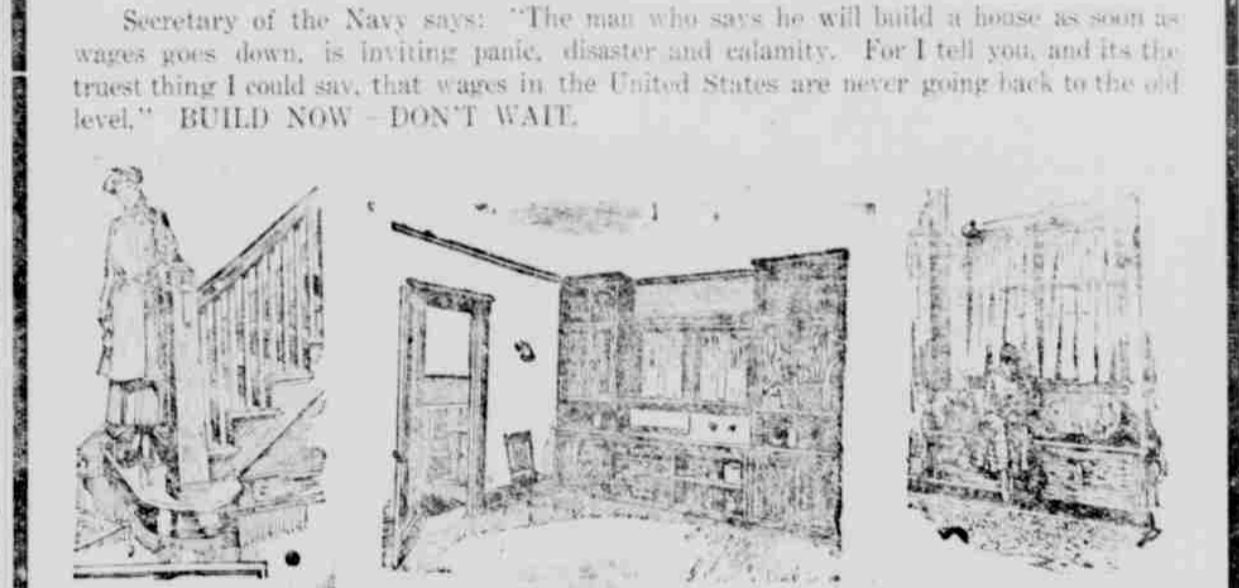
George Cooper, Upper Valley boy just back from overseas duty, was greeted here by a large number of Upper Valley friends. Mr. Cooper, who received his discharge within 12 hours after his arrival at Camp Lewis, says officials there are rushing demobilization as fast as possible.

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AT THE GEM

Today

Ruth Clifford will be shown in a great dramatic offering, "The Game's Up." Also Pearl White in the third episode of "The House of Hate," the serial that is a feature of the Gem's program every Wednesday and Thursday.

Friday and Saturday

Ethel Clayton will be shown in "The Mystery Girl," her latest Paramount offering, and a Bray Photograph, one of those little Paramount features.

Sunday

May Allison, the beautiful Metro star, will be seen in a delightful little comedy offering, "Foggy Does Her Bit."

Monday and Tuesday

Lila Lee, the new Paramount star, familiarly known as "Cuddles Lee" in the vaudeville stage, will be shown in "The Cruise of the Moose Believer," also a new red Haxford Lloyd comedy, "By the Sea Side Waves."

Darwin Wood at the piano.

Influenza Claims Little Girl

Little Vivian Pauline Pettit, seven year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pettit, of the Belmont orchard district, died last Thursday night of influenza pneumonia.

Little Vivian was born at Oregon City March 19, 1912. She was loved by all who knew her and among her little schoolmates will be greatly missed.

She leaves to mourn her loss father, mother, little brother, Carroll, her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Day, and an uncle, Lowell Gates.

A precious one from us has gone A voice beloved is still; A place is vacant in our home That never can be filled. God in His wisdom hath recalled The boon His love had given And though the body slumbers here Little Vivian is safe in Heaven.

H. L. Hasbrouck, Optometrist.

All of us are now happy as we welcome back the returned service man.

The returned sailor, soldier or marine, his family and his friends, are always welcome at our store.

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