The Hood River Glacier.

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Ore Historical Soc Auditorium

Hood River County

is one of the best Counties in Oregon in which to locate—just as Hood River is the best town. And then, speaking of one of the best banks—remember the First National of Hood River ranks very high.

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HOOD RIVER, OREGON

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Come in and hear the new Victorola Records.

BUTLER BANKING CO. HOOD RIVER, ORE.

The Sowers are the Reapers

Last week we used a quotation from Dr. Samuel Smiles, a noted Scottish writer and while his book on thrift is still in mind we want to quote him again.

"The great highroad of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing and they who are most persistent and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful. Success treads on the heels of every right effort."

Our idea, of course, is that successful people are the best bank customers and thinking along these lines is good for us all.

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I have eight acres, beautifully wooded, just west of City Automobile Park, which I will sell as a whole or will sub-divide. Upper lots front on Sherman Avenue, those of lower level on Columbia River Highway. Here one may have a home combining the freedom of country life with city conveniences. This tract will be closed out right away.

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I have fruit land for any purpose on new Mt. Hood Loop Highway. No raw land of the Valley more conveniently located. On west slopes of Booth Hill with perfect air drainage and proof against frost damage.

Two hundred and fifty acres of perfect-lying land, sixty already under cultivation at Boneboro on Mt. Hood R. R. line, half way between Parkdale and Dee.

Ten acres of 12-year-old orchard, with crop of 4000 to 5000 boxes this year. Concrete packing and storage house. Two miles south of city on West Side.

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LEGION PARTY EXPLORES HOOD

MOUNTAIN PEAK ENTIRELY CIRCLED

Legionnaires Also Go Over the Top and Pass under Portions of Reed Glacier

Five members of the Hood River Post of the American Leigon the past week spent five days in the most thorough exploration ever participated in by any individuals or organization on the snow peak of Mount Hood. The legionnaires made their strenuous trip in order to gain a personal knowledge of the snowfields and glaciers, which they annually exploit in the Mount Hood Legion climb.

The great war veterans, headed by Mark Weygandt, official guide on Legion climb parties, on their five-day jaunt went over the mountain, around it, and they declare that they passed under a good portion of it in their unprecedented feat of exploring Reed glacier, located on the southwest side of the peak.

Tuesday, August 8, the Legion men, including Kent Shoemaker, Hans Hoerlein, Fred Donnerberg, Harry W. Farrell and William Cochran, penetrated the upper portion of Reed glacier. They were told by the guides of the south side of the mountain that the undertaking would be impossible. Indeed, without exception the explorers themselves say they decided several times that they reached an impasse, and it is likely that they would have back tracked if they had not considered a forward march less difficult than the task of dipping into dark ice caverns and forming living bridges across deep glacial chasms already encountered. The men and their guide figure that they traveled at least six miles on the cracked surface of the huge ice cake in making one mile as the crow flies. The feat required 7½ hours. Frequently they were 30 feet down in huge crevasses. They made their way through numerous ice tunnels, the bores 15 or 20 feet long.

"Take a cake of artificial ice as it comes from the freezing can," says Mr. Shoemaker, "and then hit it several times with a big sledgehammer. Imagine what you have left magnified a million times and you will have some idea of what Reed glacier is like. Its surface is criss-crossed with giant seams. The ever grinding force of the mountain has heaved portions of the field up into giant ice pinnacles. At other points we were walking along crevasses that seemed to have no bottom. Rocks dropped into these depths clink clanked away, as they grazed projecting sides for many seconds after they had left the light of day. It kind of gave a fellow a creepy feeling as he waited for the rising sounds to end. Reed glacier is the place for the mountaineer who wants to test his endurance and experience a thrill for every moment of the trip across it."

The legionnaires, however, declare that every hour of each full day of their exploration at the high elevation had its moment of inspiration and thrill. No novel experiences were met with Saturday afternoon. At crack of day Sunday the party was out on Eliot glacier. They spent several hours securing photographs of crevasses and ice cascades here and investigated a huge crack into which a pack mule slid July 14 when preparations were being made for the annual climb of the legionnaires of this year. The mule had disappeared into the "innards" of the ice field. The body of the animal, it was declared by Guide Weygandt, may remain frozen for several hundred years before emerging at the snout down the mountain side.

The party then proceeded over the ridge above Coopers Spur to Newton Clark glacier. Sunday afternoon was spent in sliding down snowfields there and in exploration of the glacier of the White river. The party camped the first night at the timber line beside the trail leading from Government Camp up to the summit.

Monday morning a further investigation was made of White river glacier and after viewing the crevasses of Zig-zag glacier, the recreationists and Mr. Weygandt climbed the mountain from the south side.

As the party topped the summit the sun was just sinking into the Pacific, and the month's full moon, the harvest moon, was lifting itself from the horizon of eastern Oregon pleateau country.

"We were tired, of course," said Mr. Shoemaker, "after our strenuous efforts of that day and were ready to throw ourselves down any old place for a rest, but there, with the mountain almost calm, an unusual phenomenon for the great elevation, the snowy pinnacle just tipped by the last sun's rays on the west side and the silvery light of the moon laying a halo around it on the east, we stood in a kind of awe. It seemed that the world was turned into some giant auditorium, with the sun and moon two giant spotlights, and we were in these spotlights. It seemed as though we were floating for a time out in the infinite. Such a moment makes a mere man feel awfully small and insignificant.

"The sun dropped with a suddenness that seemd almost to have sound to it, and the western slope of the mountains and the vast expanse of forests were in deep darkness. The moon, however, lighted with an unusual brilliancy for Luna, all the world to the east. The night atop Mount Hood was unusually warm, the forest lookouts there told us. The minimum temperature was only 38 degrees.

"We just sat on our high perches there that night content to look off into space and listen to an occasional crack as some glacier split or the internal forces of the frozen-over volcano caused some other rending of the rock and icy heap. There is still a fire somewhere down in the depths of Hood and vapors, dense and sulphury, arise constantly from around Crater Rock on the south side. We might have watched throughout the night but for our need of sleep for the next day, when the difficult trip over Reed glacier was scheduled.

"It seemed that we had been sleeping for only a few minutes when someone called a warning that it was sunrise. None of us Legion men ever hope to see a more beautiful sight than that of last Tuesday morning when the sun broke suddenly and grandly from the eastern Oregon plains. One moment it was dark, and the next the light of day was resting on the top of the mountain. There was no slow process of dawn there. The sunlight danced for a moment on the brilliant snow atop the peak and then it fairly raced its way down the sides of the mountain. We were in a rosy glow, while all below us was black, gloom of night's last stand turning to a purple as the sun ascended. An eagle swept up from the gloomy depths of Sand canyon, where on some pinnacle he probably left his mate to guard a nest, to meet the sunshine. The rays fairly glinted on his wings as he struck the sunlight."

Tuesday, before proceeding to Reed glacier the party explored Crater rock. Mr. Weygandt climbed for 200 feet up to the summit of the jagged point. There he stood on a surface two feet square while Mr. Donnerberg took his picture.

The legionnaires spent Tuesday night at the edge of Paradise park on the southwestern side of the peak. Here they say the forest is dotted with beautiful meadows, where acre expanses of colorful wild flowers are blossoming. Where the night camp was made the tracks of wild animals, deer bear, wild cats and foxes, were as plentiful as those made by domestic animals in a barnyard. Mr. Farrell, historian on the mountain jaunt, who took notes on the various points of interest, gathered 22 specimens of unusual wild flowers.

"There were many other species," says Mr. Farrell "but I only picked such as were a novelty to us lowland dwellers. Some of the flowers are startling for their coloring. Others have a sweet perfume that fills the highland atmosphere. They attract humming birds and bees, and butterflies may be seen migrating to the highland nectar-bearing blooms.

"To me the mountain trip was the most wonderful experience I have ever had. The old peak and its environs of highland forests with their flowering meadows certainly sold themselves to me. Our trip has made me a more ardent booster for our annual climb, for I feel that every citizen of the nation should be brought into closer contact with the inspiring attractions, soon to be made more available to the general public by the Mount Hood Loop Highway. But the completion of the road will result in no more than a beginning of development of this scenic asset of our state. We need to begin at once to promote construction of trails around the entire base at the snowline, in order that recreationists may see the glaciers and the fields of appealing flowers.

"We had numerous adventures on our trip, and at times we were in some danger. The closest call to an accident, however, occurred the last day while we were on Coe glacier. Mr. Donnerberg wanted to take a picture of a crevasse. The wind had been blowing somewhat. He asked Mr. Shoemaker and me to hold to his coattails, in order to steady him should the gale resume itself with vigor. It was fortunate that we did. A sudden gale hit us. We dropped to our knees as though by instinct. It was well that we did, otherwise we might have been pitched bodily into the 100-foot depths of the crevasse. If we hadn't been holding Donnerberg he mihgt not have noticed the sudden squall until too late. We had to brace ourselves with our alpenstocks to keep the wind from pushing us over the icy precipice."

From Reed glacier the explorers passed over to the glacier of the Sandy river. The view from the snowfields here into the enormous clefts made by the river were declared magnificent. They journeyed up Sandy glacier and crossed above Barrett Spur onto Ladd glacier. The huge promontory on the west side of the peak, the climbers declare, is formed by an almost solid rock, while Coopers Spur is made up of a formation of loose boulders and some earth formation.

The surface of the Sandy, Ladd and Coe glaciers, the latter between Ladd and Eliot glaciers, is considerably smoother than that of the others. The legionnaires found many vantage points for thrilling slides. Ski enthusiasts, they say, would have an opportunity of excellent sport throughout the summer. At several places natural toboggans are available. Coleman's slide and Seymour slide offer the recreationist steep inclines several hundred feet long, where sliding can be indulged in safely.

All of the climbers returned with extreme praise for Guide Weygandt. They say he made possible safe trips over the glacial fields, where an amateur might have precipitated a tragedy at any step. When the party was engaged in negotiating some unknown and rough glacial field Mr. Hoerlein was always sent ahead, while the guide held him with a rope, to form a front anchor. Guide Weygandt remained behind to form the rear anchor, and thus others of the party always had a steady lifeline to hold to. Guide Weygandt performed some remarkable feats in negotiating several difficult points in bringing up the rear without the aid of a rope.

Each of the climbers carried about 40 pounds of baggage. The rationing was worked out before the trip by Mr. Farrell and Mr. Hoerlein. Breakfasts consisted of bacon, rice, bread, butter, sugar, coffee and prunes. The rice and prunes were put to soak the night before. For lunch the men had bread, butter, cheese, corn beef, chocolate and raisins. For supper they ate ham, soup bread, butter, coffee and sugar.

Wednesday morning, before any other member of the party noticed any peculiarity of the atmosphere, Guide Weygandt remarked that they would have to hurry their explorations as soon as possible and leave the mountain before afternoon was well under way. He remarked that a storm would break on the peak before the day was over. He said the very feel of the atmosphere told him of the coming of a storm.

"Soon," said Mr. Farrell, "his prediction was proven. While we were on Eliot Glacier we noticed a peculiar phenomenon on the top of the mountain. It was as though some giant on the south side of the peak was tossing over millions of little feathers. This fog formation, caused by the moist warm air striking the cold peak, was caught up by wind on the north side and tossed and twirled. The entire whirling mass was shaped like a huge bowl inverted over the top of the peak.

"This farewell greeting impressed all of us. It seemed as though the old mountain, after the days of calm that has been given us, was really showing us how dangerous she could be and how mighty were the forces of nature there, once they were loosed. Our trip had been a great success, for we had come to this great mother of Oregon

(Continued on Last Page)

APPLE VALLEY GREETING WARM

UNANIMOUS SUPPORT OFFERED FAIR

1925 Caravan Has First Meeting Here Saturday on 1100-Mile Swing Around the State

The Apple Valley greeting of the 1925 Exposition Caravan, the 82 members of which rolled in at 4.30 p. m. Saturday, exactly on time, initiated the 1100-mile journey with a spontaneous enthusiasm, declared by the booster party as prophetic of a statewide impetus to plans for the great Oregon fair. The estimated 1,750 people who crowded a roped-off city block on Oak street between Second and Third, where the caravan cars were halted during their 30-minute stay, raised their voices in one concerted "Aye," when W. P. Merry, of the Portland Ad. Club, asked them if they favored the 1925 fair. It was significant that 75 per cent of the crowd were ranchers and orchardists in town for Saturday shopping.

The keynote speech was made by Portland's mayor, Geo. L. Baker, who urged not only elimination of sectional differences between Oregon communities, but that Portland, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles forget jealousies and work in cooperation for the upbuilding of the Pacific coast. He cited the need of new population in Oregon to leaven the tax burden, and declared that the fair must be held in Portland, characterized as the key to the Oregon situation. But Portland, Mayor Baker said, cannot exist without the state behind it. The speaker urged that Oregon citizens vote for the proposed constitutional admendment, in order that the city might vote $3,000,0000 in bonds for the fair. Public citizens and business men there, he said, will subscribe an additional $1,000,000.

"You will not be asked for further aid," he said, "but your public spirited citizens, if they wish, may add their own subscriptions to ours voluntarily."

Mayor Baker cited how attendance at former great international expositions had journeyed by rail, but he predicted that the state's $73,000,000 good roads investment and the ever increasing popularity of motoring would result in the visit of thousands, attracted primarily by the exposition, to every part of the state.

The caravan was met at the Columbia Gorge hotel by a committee composed of Mayor Scobee, County Judge Hasbrouck, Truman Butler and Leroy Childs. As the caravan entered the gateway to the valley, after traveling through a driving rain the most of the way up the Highway, the sun broke through a cloud bank. The meeting was opened by brief talks from Judge Hasbrouck, Mayor Scobee and Mr. Childs, who pledged the fair their aid. A feature of the gathering was the ensemble singing of "When You Come Out to Oregon in 1925," with Walter Jenkins leading. A box of apples was distributed to the crowd.

The caravan literally stopped a show in The Dalles Saturday night. It was the Sells-Floto circus, and Mayor Baker was the star in the act which halted things. Citizens of The Dalles had arranged as a feature of the caravan's entertainment there a trip en masse to the circus. The caravan crowd sat in a specially reserved section, after marching in double file, gayly-colored parasols spread.

After the grand entry and march around of the regular circus hosts there was a dignified pause and then came along Billy Sunday, the biggest elephant in the circus, gayly caparisoned, and in the howdah sat Mayor Baker. The elephant was stopped in the center of the ring and the caravaners arose and cheered.

Then Mayor Baker launched into a live talk in support of the 1925 exposition project, bespeaking the moral and active support of the people of the state at large and telling why the exposition is to be for all the state as well as for Portland.

The caravan personnel was: Kirk Thompson, Tommy Luke, James S. Sheehy, A. H. Johnston, A. E. Shearer, Geo. L. Baker, David B. Seger, Geo. L. Rauch, W. P. Merry, D. L. Hoggan, E. N. Strong, Leslie Butler, L. E. Wynkoop, E. E. Gilmer, D. S. Williams, A. W. Stanchfield, G. B. Hegardt, Dr. C. G. Black, J. Ira Routledge, G. A. Poggi, A. R. Ritter, L. A. Jones, Al Cleveland, A. C. McDonald, W. D. Whitcomb, Mrs. W. D. Whitcomb, John E. Gratke, Phil F. Buebke, Jerry Parker, Ralph Sheppard, Walter Jenkins, Ed Burness, J. Hartung, Sergeant J. A. Myers, Corporal H. A. Slowik, Corporal L. G. Andorfer, W. H. Barton, C. T. Burg, W. P. Strandborg, Shelby L. Wigigns, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stoner, A. H. Madden, Russell Smith, C. H. Stewart, M. M. Ringler, Kenneth Ringler, Paul R. Kelty, G. F. Peek, William Peek, John Hedderly, Otto Hartwig, Jerome Stack, A. W. Cauthorne, "Sandy," C. S. Piper, George McGarr, H. R. Wright and J. L. Henderson.

PROSPECTS FOR PEARS ARE MUCH BETTER

The Hood River Valley pear crop, according to latest reports of growers, will be of greater tonnage than anticipated following the failure of the season's record bloom to pollenize. The heavy blossom indicated a record tonnage of all varieties of pears, but cold weather throughout the period of blooming prevented working of insects, and the setting of the fruit was very poor.

The season's weather conditions have caused the fruit to grow rapidly, and the pears will be of good size. The Bartlett yield, will be one of the best ever harvested. The harvest of this variety, which canners are now buying at prices ranging from $40 to $60 per ton, will begin next week.

Growers are offernig d'Anjous for $3.50 per box, but no sales have been reported to date. Formerly d'Anjous have been harvested largely in September. Experiments by Leroy Childs and Gordon C. Brown, of the Hood River Experiment station, developed last winter that the pears will keep as well as apples if allowed to mature on the trees, and the d'Anjou harvest of this season will not be started much before October.