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Talk with Young. Ten to 16.

**HOOD RIVER FOLK GREETED IN HAWAII**

(By A. D. Moe)  
Honolulu, Feb. 8, 1925.

We were down to see the Los Angeles come in, and it was one of the big steamer days that are a common event in Honolulu life. The boat was a little late, and did not dock until 11:30 a. m. The band was there and a committee had boarded the boat at quarantine to give the Long Beach excursionists a royal reception and welcome. Each one was presented with a lei, a rope of paper to hang around the neck, and many also had wreaths of flowers. Some of the lucky guests had so many around their necks that they looked like a big bouquet. We did not see the Hill party as they came down the gang plank in the big crowd, but located them afterwards at the Young hotel. The excursion party has its program all laid out and the eight weeks they spend here and at Hawaii will be taken up with sightseeing and entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Hill are delighted with Honolulu and agree with us that it is the finest place they have ever seen.

"I am sorry that we did not plan to stay longer," said Mr. Hill. "Honolulu is as far ahead of southern California as a place for a winter vacation as that place is ahead of Oregon. I would like to live here."

Mr. Hill has his visit marked by a cold that has settled in his head and threatens a nasal affection, so that he was obliged to consult a physician.

We also learned that Mrs. Jeannie Miller, mother of Mrs. K. W. Sinclair, arrived Saturday morning on the ship at the President Adams, having boarded the ship at Los Angeles for a tour around the world. We secured a pass to visit the boat, then had to take it to the collector of customs to have it visited, and had the pleasure of a nice visit with her last evening on the boat. We were surprised and very glad to see someone from home. A very congenial crowd is with her and she has enjoyed the trip so far. Only one day was spent in Honolulu. Their next port of call will be Kobe, then Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, etc. But one to two days are spent in each port. She plans to stop off two weeks at Alexandria and resume her journey on the next boat.

Yesterday I met H. L. Kelly, brother of Fielding and R. W. Kelly, of Hood River, who is in charge of the Fish and Game Commission, on the islands. He had just returned from a ten days' trip and is busy getting matters in his department ready for the legislature, which meets here February 18.

Today we planned to take a railroad trip half way around the island to the coral marine gardens at Haleiwa, but it was raining this morning and with black clouds over the mountains we concluded to wait for better weather, and have spent the day quietly at home. By noon, however, the sky cleared, and the languor of the soft tropical breeze as we sat on our lanai (porch) was so intoxicating and restful that we were content to rest and enjoy it. The Sunday paper was read through, scanned carefully for a bit of news from the mainland, but very little did we find. However, the local events are beginning to interest us, and the marine news, telling of the position of the ships going and coming, the date of arrival and departure of the mail boats and liners to all points of the compass, are read with interest.

As I sit out on the lanai or on the lawn under the dense shade of the rain forest, with its flowers of many kinds, and the soft breeze, flower laden with perfume, gently swaying the tall coconut (it is spelled without an "a" here) trees, it is hard to realize that it is winter back home, or that I dreamland somewhere. Whatever the weather, whether raining or sunshine, there is little difference in the temperature. It is a restful life, and one feels at peace with the world. Perhaps it would dull the energy of one who had an abundance of work which would require intense effort to accomplish in a given time, but we have left our cares behind us and are living for the moment only, enjoying the surf bathing, sleeping long hours, feeling refreshed in the morning, and up with the sun to find another glorious day before us. Always summer of the right kind, neither too hot nor too cold, every day a repetition of those oftentimes perfect summer days at home when an outing in the mountains or the cool retreats along our highways make a picnic party a happy occasion.

I think I said last winter that we liked San Diego. We do, but we had not seen Honolulu. San Diego is all right, but every day is not perfect in that delightful city. Perhaps we would get tired of this sameness here all the time, but most of those who have lived here many years are glad to stay. Mr. Jeffries says he has been here seven years, and has made several trips to the mainland, and every time he comes home old Diamond Head looks better to him as he rounds the point coming into the harbor.

Have been reading with interest a story in the Saturday Evening Post with the plot laid around Honolulu. The native words and descriptions of local scenes are correct in detail except a description of the ride in the Waikiki street car to the city skirting rice and taro fields. That was the case not long ago, but these fields are now being dredged and filled with coral rock and sand to enlarge the beach residence district. We ride back and forth to the city on the car line along Kalakaua avenue and King street.

This evening we went over to the Moana hotel to attend a Hawaiian concert, the program of which was given by native singers entirely in the Hawaiian language with orchestra accompaniment. The wealth and beauty of Honolulu turned out and filled the large veranda (or lanai) surrounding the banayan court, which is formed by the two wings of the hotel reaching to the sea wall. The branches of the large tree in the center almost entirely fill the large court. The performers were in the center and seats were placed there to accommodate the audience of about 1500. At 8:30 the lights were extinguished and the soft strains of the native melodies floated up, and filled the enclosure. The full moon reflected upon the waters of the bay and the white caps of the breakers in the distance shone like streaks of silver, while the waters gently lapped against the sea wall with no little force as to make no disturbance. It was a fitting climax to a perfect day

characteristic of this land of flowers. The gentle sea breeze harmonized with the soft, languorous melody, with no chill in the air as we sat under the light of the moon and stars of a tropical night, and we stroled home with a feeling of peace and contentment.

Hilo, February 11, 1925.

We arrived here at 7 o'clock this morning after a rather rough trip (to us) in one of the inter-island boats. The regular boat on this run is in dock, so we took the smaller boat on this run and left Honolulu at 2 p. m. There was some advantage, as we saw the islands of Molokai and Lanai by daylight, running about three miles from Molokai for a couple of hours. The boat was a motor launch (Lahaina) at 8 p. m. The boat dropped anchor a short distance from the wharf and passengers and mail were taken ashore in launches. The full moon came up over the high mountain just back of the city, which rises to a height of over 10,000 feet, and on the top of which is an extinct crater large enough to hold the whole city of Portland.

The trip over here from Honolulu crosses the channels between the different islands and we struck some pretty heavy swells in the cross seas, which gave an unpleasant roll to the little boat and made us look after our staterooms. I did not want to miss anything, so stayed out on deck and visited with those who kept their sea legs, although a lump persisted in coming up in my throat. Finally a school of flying fish shot out from the side of the boat, and I went to the rail and fed them.

Molokai has no high mountains, and the south shore line presented rolling low hills, mostly covered with vegetation, with considerable rocky or partly barren and waste land. A portion of the northwestern end of the island is set apart for the leper colony, where no one is allowed to land without permission. The incurable lepers are sent here for life, but have every comfort that can be given them. The new cases are treated in a detention hospital in Honolulu, and wonderful success has been had with the new treatment of chaulmoogra oil. Cures are being effected, after which the patient is on probation and under observation for a certain period.

We came into harbor early and had a fine view of snow-capped Mauna Kea, which is about the height of Mt. Shasta. Along the shore line were vast plantations of sugar cane, also some sugar mills. The railroad runs along the coast for 50 miles and is the only standard gauge railroad on the islands. A trip on the railroad is one usually taken by visitors.

The city of Hilo claims 12,000 people and is the only city of any size on the island. At the last election there were 7096 votes cast on the island, which included 2523 women. Of this vote 747 were Hawaiian, 840 part Hawaiian, 840 Portuguese and 715 Japanese. The city population has about the same proportion, with most of the retail business in the hands of Japanese and Chinese. We passed one of the main streets this afternoon and we are sure from the odor of one of the shops it was run by a native of Canton, China.

The vegetation around Hilo is even more luxuriant than in Honolulu. The annual rainfall is 140 inches, 90 per cent of which falls at night, due to the fact that the wind usually comes from the sea by day and from the mountains at night, bringing the rain. We witnessed several very heavy showers this afternoon. Bananas grow to perfection on this island and those displayed in the markets are of the best. They grow everywhere, without any attention. Coconuts are also very plentiful. The gardens look better here than in Honolulu, owing to the heavy rainfall, and the great craters, which come from time to time without regard to season, so that fresh vegetables are in the market every month in the year. Papaya trees with great bunches of melons hanging below the top fringe of leaves and mango trees in the yards around the city. This fruit ripens about May. Breadfruit trees are also common.

Sugar is the principal product of the island and is raised without irrigation. Rice culture is quite limited. On the west coast kona coffee is being raised, but the industry is at a standstill owing to lack of organization of the farmers engaged in the industry. But few pineapples are raised.

One of the big industries of the island is the Parker cattle ranch of 500,000 acres on the northern part of the island, which has been operated for many years.

There are no lakes or rivers on the island, but many small mountain streams resulting from the heavy rainfall. However, the southwest coast has thousands of acres of waste, barren land, called the Kanaka desert, with very few plantings of this land, however, would be suitable for bananas, with irrigation.

The principal attraction that brings tourists to Hawaii is the volcano, and that was the principal object of our visit. But the great crater, which is dormant, and aside from steam rising from numerous cracks around the crater, and from the bottom of the fire pit itself, it is dead. Many of the visitors to Honolulu are postponing their visit here in hope of the volcano becoming active again, but when that will be no one knows. It may happen at any time and it may be that the mission has been fulfilled and it will become extinct like many others in this volcanic country.

Yet the pit itself, which is 3500 feet long, 3000 feet wide and 1500 feet deep, with almost vertical walls, is well worth a visit. The balance of the crater is three miles long and two miles wide, and a trail leads across it. All around the crater the rocks and earth are warm. The volcano house is a fine hotel near the edge of the old crater, where accommodations may be had for \$7.50 per day or single meals \$2. About 5,000 acres around the crater have been set aside as a national park and there are many interesting places to visit. One of the curiosities is the tree mounds, where an ancient lava flow engulfed a forest and buried trees to the depth of many feet. The lava cooled around the tree, which was slowly consumed by the heat, leaving a mould of the tree in the lava rock. There are many of these interesting relics in a large field, and a golf links is being laid out in this field. At another point a lava tunnel 1800 feet long and about 30 feet in circumference has been made accessible by a bridge approach and steps leading out at a point 400 feet from the entrance.

The elevation at the peak is 4000 feet, and the air decidedly refreshing and cool after the warmer area at

the seashore. Here also is located the recreation camp for the soldiers. Once a year the soldiers are allowed ten days at this camp, and each week the detachment comes and goes. We started for the volcano immediately after going ashore this morning. The 30 miles of road is paved over half way and the balance a fairly good macadam. The road passes through large sugar cane plantations near the city, then finally through great fern tree forests, where the ferns rise to a height of 10 to 20 feet, some of them from old trunks, much like palm of a foot in diameter. They are indeed a novel sight, one of the peculiar forest growths of this fairland. Also many strange and beautiful flowers were to be seen on trees, shrubs and the moss along the road. Frezeliads, roses and nasturtiums grow in wild profusion on the uplands. Frequently a seedling banana is pushing its way up through a tropical jungle, and farther up the mountain wild cranberries dot the landscape with their scarlet berries, and have oftentimes saved the lives of tourists who have been lost in the dense forest jungles until found days later by searching parties.

Hilo, February 12, 1925.

We made up a party including Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Mayhew and daughter, Miss Marie, of Topeka, Kansas, and spent the forenoon on a trip along the scenic coast line of Hawaii through the sugar cane plantations, and we enjoyed it even more than the trip to the volcano. We were fortunate that it did not rain, and even the sun came out through the clouds occasionally. It rains nearly every night in Hilo, and not many days escape a shower or two at least, and the showers are not "liquid sunshine," as they call them in Honolulu, but sharp downpours that cannonade the tin roofs with a roar like artillery. Last year was a dry one in Hilo, the rainfall for the year amounting to only 10 feet, while the normal is 142, and a real wet year will amount to as much as 16 feet.

The heavy and frequent rains, however, are necessary to the heavy growth of the sugar cane, and all vegetation around Hilo has a heavier growth, while lawns and gardens are always green without any further irrigation. Some very beautiful homes were passed on our drive through the city. All houses are built up on the ground, to allow a free circulation of air, and most of the smaller bungalows have a space of about six feet under them, usually enclosed with lattice work, and the space utilized for drying clothes on wash day. The road is paved for about 16 miles out, and after that good macadam. The road follows the rugged coast line and the railroad, often crossing the tracks or going under a trestle. The highway is as crooked as the Colaba highway, but with sharper hairpin turns where it goes down into a ravine that breaks in from the coast, then out again to the higher levels. There was not a break in the cane fields from the time we left the city until we turned back, and all the afternoon until dark as we left the harbor on the boat, we still saw the unbroken area of sugar cane extending from the coast to the foothills two or three miles.

Every two or three miles we came to the plantation settlements, with a sugar mill, store, school houses and community houses for the workers. Each plantation, as a rule, has its own mill and community. There are no small holdings operated by individuals in this section, and practical all the land is in the hands of a few growing in the hands of a few wealthy corporations, but few stockholders holding the majority of the stock. The numerous creeks kept full by the heavy rainfall furnish power for the sugar mills, which are used to transport the cane to the mills after it is cut and stripped of leaves. Portable V troughs are laid out through a field after the cane is cut, then the stalks are cut in short pieces and thrown into the troughs, which empty into a main flume and are floated to the mill. It makes very cheap transportation. We stopped one of the mills and were taken through by the chemist, who explained the various processes from the grinding of 100 tons of cane per day to the final operation of the raw sugar which is far as the refining is done on this island, the refining being done at San Francisco. There is one refinery on Oahu that refines enough for local use only. The chemist said that they could do the work too, as well on Hawaii as in San Francisco, but the planters preferred to utilize the plant on the mainland. The common laborers are paid a dollar a day, with a bonus of 21 days or more are worked for a month, and a third bonus according to the price of raw sugar. In addition they are furnished free living quarters, lights and fuel for cooking, hospital attendance and compensation insurance. There have been a few strikes this winter, but a few labor agitators, mostly Filipinos, are responsible for trouble and are being evicted from the plantations.

Along the highway were many entrancing views. As we rounded a curve and started down grade to round a cove that was an indentation of the coast line, with precipitous cliffs 400 or 500 feet high, a small boat needed a good crew of natives and bananas and a garden below us on perhaps an acre of level land 25 feet above the swish of the tide as it rolled into the cove. A Japanese came out of the house with a fish pole and threw in a line from the edge of the bank by the house, and even while we passed up the road on the other side of the cove, he was having good luck. It was a scene typical of the native mode of living before the coming of the white man. A mango tree in the yard, coconuts, bananas, breadfruit, and a taro patch with which to make poi, with plenty of fish in the sea, furnished all the necessities of life. A variety of palm also grow on the steep hillsides with which matting and hats are made, while the hau tree bark and the fibrous palms furnished material for cloth.

We saw the canefields in all stages, from the fresh plantings to the large ripened stalks. It takes 18 months to mature the cane, but plantings are arranged so as to have some part of the plantation ripening at nearly all times of the year, so that the sugar mills grind ten months of the year and run 24 hours a day.

The plantation villages vary from small settlements to nice little villages, with school houses, community halls and a few fine residences with the wonderful setting of flowers, trees and shrubs.

7 a. m. Friday morning. Although the boat had an unpleasant roll, we fared much better than coming out through the clouds occasionally and light up the landscape, while the mountains towered in the distance, the tops hid in the clouds. The rugged coast line, with precipitous cliffs sometimes 1000 feet high, indented frequently with small coves or large ravines that extended back in the hills, with the breakers at the foot dashing high up the sides, made a picture and not even the boat's roll lessened my charge of the hills. Hawaii has no coral reefs or coral sand beaches, so that surf bathing is not as popular in Hilo as in Honolulu, although we were told that it was very good on some parts of the west coast. The rugged mountains in the interior contain many wild goats, sheep and turkeys, started from strays from domestic flocks, and these afford good sport for hunters.

**FINS, FURS AND FEATHERS**

Those who maintain that a cougar cries might have found backers among the residents of the East Side just outside the city last Thursday. Mrs. John H. Kogrog and others reported that they heard the scream of a big cat the night before. Search around a slaughter house revealed tracks of the animal.

Unbroken forests extend from the city to the Mount Hood national forest along the spur range east of the valley, and hunters who Thursday with dogs beat the woods near town in vain thought the cougar had returned to the highlands.

To end the nuisance of several hundred pigeons that inhabit the corners of public buildings, city authorities have asked suburban rural residents who may wish the birds to erect coots on their places and attract them to the country. The pigeons visit within a considerable radius around the city, in the quest of food, and it is declared that they would soon find no habitations, if the ranchers would place grain about them. Profitable squab farms may be developed.

Unless the pigeons are lured away, according to city officials, it will be necessary to destroy them.

The spring run of steelheads and salmon trout are luring numerous local anglers to Hood river. Sunday the season's record of salmon trout was caught by Herman Switford, who landed five of the handsome game fish. Arthur Johnson caught two salmon trout and a beautiful steelhead. The men caught their fish in the Parker hole more than two miles south of town.

The name Horse Heaven, to designate rolling land between the Columbia river and the Yakima valley and between the Kluhlan Gap and the workers an area of 100 by 30 miles, soon will be a misnomer, because the bands of wild horses that have roved over the hills for many years are being slaughtered daily. By spring the bands will be gone and with them will pass another phase of the history of the range country in that district.

The late J. B. Switzer ran wild horses in that district for many years, and his son, William Switzer, known to thousands of spectators at the Pendleton Round-Up as "Wild Bill," carried on the business. The range formerly dotted with cayuses will carry an additional number of sheep in the future, because the horses have to be sold and are being slaughtered.

A number of men headed by Floyd King recently purchased 700 head of the range horses from Mr. Switzer at \$3.50 a head. The animals will be killed for their hides and by-products and the bones will be sent to sugar factories in California. The flesh will be cooked and converted into tankage to be fed to hogs. Mr. King said that he expected to have 10,000 adult horses to be slaughtered later at Plymouth, a station north of Umatilla across the Columbia.

If digger squirrels or gophers trouble local folk they may find it beneficial to follow the example of a Tabloquah, Okla., sweet potato grower, W. W. Dawkins, who has found another use for the much despised moth ball and has been saved from ruin. Gophers were tunneling under the sweet potato beds of Dawkins and he had almost given up hope of raising crops. A friend told him to roll moth balls down into the holes, where the gophers were making their homes and that he would soon be rid of them. Dawkins thought his friend was kidding him, but, as he had tried everything else suggested, he saw no harm in giving the moth balls a whirl. He tried the experiment and reports that it worked fine. The gophers now give him a wide berth and he expects to raise a bumper crop of sweet tubers next year.

Residents, whose homes are near the center of Hood River, are privileged to glimpse wild life at present. A cub bear was presented to the family of V. A. Bower. The young animal, inhabitant of a backyard woodshed, has declined to hibernates. The young bear, however, at times apparently becomes homesick, and his cries at this time give a sense of reality to warnings of mothers when telling their children of "the bogey man."

**K. P. Cemetery Improved**  
Members of Waucoma Knights of Pythias lodge spent a day recently cleaning up their cemetery just south of the city. Oak and pine trees bordering the plot were trimmed. The lodge men plan further improvements of the property. Fences will be rebuilt and whitewashed, and roads will be gravelled. Plans, too, are under way to secure a supply of irrigation water for the cemetery.

Many prominent pioneers are buried in the fraternal cemetery.

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