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CRADLEBAUGH AND COUNTY DIVISION

(By Capt. H. C. Coe)

Had John Cradlebaugh been a resident of some other section of the country than Hood River, the following article would be of no special interest to anyone outside of his personal friends. But he was a pioneer citizen of Hood River and closely linked with the prosperity and up-building of the city. Especially will all be interested in his earlier attempts and the long, hard-fought battle for county division. He was the man who brought the Hood River Glacier out of oblivion and distress, and made it a fine paying investment, and whose racy, pungent, fearless editorials gave it a name and a fame far outside of the city and county. My position as townsite proprietor and owner of the water system that then supplied the city made me almost a daily visitor to the editorial sanctum, and a friendship sprang up between us that ripened into a life long affection. He was the truest, best friend I ever had.

I first heard of John Cradlebaugh as a seep-box orator in Portland during the anti-Chinese excitement many years ago, and right here let me say that my memory, while fairly good, otherwise is utterly unreliable and treacherous to me. As an actual fact I cannot remember the birthday date of a single member of either my father's or my own family, and it keeps me guessing as to my own; they are coming so fast. John once sheepishly referred to his exploits at that time.

At the time he was editor of the Glacier it was housed in a building of "Third street, between Oak and Wawona avenues" (afterward changed to the plebeian, overworked name of State street, a wretched substitution for a beautiful name). The press, composing room and sanctum were all in one room in the front, while the rear of the building occupied by editor and family. One afternoon when in a friendly chat with the editor the question of county division came up, shortly after Sherman had been cut off from the east side of Wasco. I do not remember who first broached the subject, but the possibility was conned over and we determined, as Cradlebaugh expressed it, "to give it a whirl." Now the political situation in Wasco county at that time was about this: The Republicans had, with Hood River's cooperation, a safe working majority, but Hood River, strongly Republican, could turn the election to either party should she give it her solid vote. But the G. O. P. were far from solidly cemented together, there being two factions of about equal strength, one headed by Robert Mays and the Frenches and the other by the late Malcolm Moody, son of ex-Governor Moody, of Salem. The Mays and Frenches were of the old reliable G. O. P., never give up or change, while Malcolm Moody was a splendorous up date progressive boy and was giving the opposition a lot of trouble. However, it behooved both sides to cater to the Hood River contingent. I will illustrate this peculiar condition by relating the events at a certain nominating convention from which Hood River, with all of her supposed political prowess, emerged with a bowl of mighty night soup.

The delegation, headed by myself, consisted of, if I remember aright, six. I do not remember the personnel other than E. S. Olinger and Peter Isenberg, a well known and popular politician of the valley. In Hood River at that time there was a young school teacher who had made himself quite popular and who had been spoken of as a very proper per-

son to fill the office of county school superintendent, and the meeting had instructed us to ask for his nomination and to accept no other office, and not to combine with either faction. I promised faithfully to observe. Mays wanted a Mays man (himself, I think) as chairman of the convention and Moody wanted Pete Isenberg for his side.

The Hood River delegation could elect either one, but found itself hand and foot by instructions. Moody pleaded earnestly for Isenberg and I called the delegation into conference. Moody was almost on his knees, telling us we could have the school superintendency or anything we wanted and our combined votes would sweep opposition away. Finally it was all shouldered on to me. In my first lessons in corporation work was obey orders if you break owners' and I replied, "Isenberg cannot be chairman."

It was a bitter ending of Moody's plans and I always regretted my decision, as we turned against a man who could have been a lot of help not only to us, but to the convention. The Mays party was organized and solid, but we were at sea without a captain. Finally a man from the Mosier delegation made a speech on the occasion and I said to Moody, "What's the matter with that man?"

"Nothing," he replied, "but he is not the man for the place, but if you say so in he goes." And in he went for the second time. I saw just what had happened, as he was utterly unfit for the place; just a huge joke. When it came to nominating the school superintendent we, of course, nominated Gilbert, and to our surprise the Mays party got on their feet and nominated Troy Shelley, a Hood River minister. And to complete to a finish our bungling job enough of the Moody party voted for Shelley to nominate him and he was duly elected to the office. Well, Shelley was a good man and made a good superintendent. At the next election, however, Gilbert won out, and I believe, served two terms. But I was feeling mighty cheap at the result of our battle with the royal Hood River, for the gas bomb we hurled into the enemy's ranks had been when the wind was in the wrong direction and we got most of the perfume.

I again took up the question of division with the Glacier man, who entered heartily into the idea. Not long afterwards I had an opportunity to revenge myself on The Dalles G. O. P. and I took advantage of it and pressed it to the limit, with the invaluable aid of ye Glacier man. That paper then was nominally independent, but Cradlebaugh was a Democrat most of the time, and so could sidle-walk either party when so minded. I think it was the ensuing election after the Shelley election that The Dalles G. O. P. nominated C. N. Thornbury to the county judgeship for his second term. Now, Thornbury was a good man, but was much under the orders of political bosses, and thereby committed some grave mistakes; not criminal but contrary to common usage. As an instance, it was usual to appoint the road supervisors by petition from the district where they resided and west Hood River had sent in an almost unanimous petition for the appointment of a certain party who had proved himself very proficient in road work, but who was not satisfactory to the G. O. P. bosses. Another party had gotten up a petition with not more than a half dozen names and won the nomination, or rather the appointment. Exactly the same thing had occurred to a petition sent in from the Tygh precinct. There was many an earnest confab in the Glacier office and we determined to drive the opening wedge for county division. The matter had been quietly broached to some prominent politicians of The Dalles but had been turned down with but slight

courtesy, so we prepared another gas bomb of much more pungent odor, selecting a day to hurl it down the seven-mile hill when there was a chinook wind blowing, so that the fumes would not drift down the river again.

Judge Thornbury was to be the victim selected for the opening attack. Now a bitterly caustic review of certain pleasant gentlemen and a general favorite with both factions. He had gone in with a large vote to the good and at the ensuing primary nomination convention practically the whole tire board was renominated. The Democrats had headed their ticket with George C. Blakeley, a Dalles druggist and a mighty good man, too. All their ticket consisted of fairly good men. This opportunity was golden and we took it. I wrote a letter to The Dalles Chronicle, I think it was so named then, with John Michel, editor. He would not publish it over my name although Cradlebaugh had sent it to him before sent. I then notified Michel that if he did not publish the letter that I would publish it in the Democratic paper then published in The Dalles and would send a copy to every Republican voter in the county. Then the letter was published. It was a review of Thornbury's acts as county judge, dwelling particularly on his high-handed appointment of supervisors and ignoring their petitions.

A few days after as I was passing the Glacier office Cradlebaugh called me and said, "Have you seen Thornbury's answer to your letter?" "No," I replied, "I have not." "Well," said he, "we've got the old man over a barrel and, believe me, we'll roll it." And he certainly did, for he wrote the next letter almost entirely. It was a bitterly caustic review of his official acts as county judge, particularly regarding some transactions in closing the Sherman county separation. It did the business, as Cradlebaugh said, to the men's taste, a favorite expression of his. Practically the entire Democratic ticket, excepting the school superintendent, C. L. Gilbert, was elected.

The county division proposition was now brought out in the open, leading citizens were interviewed and as a rule the proposition received hearty support. The next step was to fix the county boundary. That was easy for three sides, but the east side was a hard one. If I remember aright the committee consisted of Cradlebaugh, John Leland Henderson, A. S. Blowers and myself. The east line was set at the seven-mile post, in plain sight of The Dalles. The committee was unanimous in locating the line there with one exception, myself. I wanted it at the nine-mile post instead of the seven. It seemed to me like flinging a red flag at a mad bull. The nine-mile post would have given us about two-thirds of the Mosier valley, and would have gone a long way towards soothing the ruffled feelings of The Dalles citizens; but no, we wanted all of Mosier and we were going to have it, so they set the line at the seven-mile post and trained them on The Dalles. We'll see what happened. The political situation was this:

The Cascades was openly against the division proposition. Hood River valley practically solid for it and Mosier lukewarmly for it. At the coming election T. H. Johnson, of Dalfar, was a candidate for the lower house, and he had been given the endorsement of the Mosier valley. In his speech he made no allusion to county division, but in a private interview with some of the leaders of division he practically said, "I am not in favor of a new county idea, but totally ignored us when in the legislature. True he introduced a division bill, but finally refused to support it and requested indefinite postponement." At the next session we put T. R. Coon on the ticket and elected him in the lower house. We supposed that Mr. Coon was in favor of the division measure, but before the session was over he had changed his mind and was flatly against it. For a long time afterward there was a standing joke at The Dalles of having treed our Hood River coon.

Then we determined to boycott The Dalles and to remain in Hood River. "Do not trade or go to The Dalles unless absolutely necessary," Hood River people religiously observed the order. Anyone who did not do so was brought to account about it, and that was what hurt. On one occasion after the boycott had been on for some time, I was in The Dalles and met Malcolm Moody, who said to me, "Henry, take your 4-8 old county and let me have Cascade county, Hood Riverites come to us as of old, but you can't have Mosier; we will fight you till doomsday before you can have it. Make Rock creek your east line and you can have Cascade county at the next session of the legislature."

The matter was duly laid before the steering committee and the offer accepted, as Mosier had solidly declared its intention to remain in old Wasco. So the great scare cannon at the seven-mile post blew the breach pin out at the first discharge and its contents went backwards, blowing the Mosier precinct out of Hood River county. The day after half we got none of it. Now there was more trouble for the steering committee.

There was not land enough left to make a county with the loss of Mosier. Then our ever good friend, Multnomah county, on the west, came to our rescue, offering: "You can have as much of our elevated scenery as you may need to fill out your quota of land; take to Bridal Veil if you wish, or even to the Sandy river." But we had a lot of elevated scenery of our own, plenty of it, and of the kind that enough was too much, but what were we to do? Then that astute lawyer and surveyor, John Leland Henderson, came just in the nick of time to save the day. "Why men," he said, "we have been counting the Cascade range as level land, which it is not by any means. Why, we have more land than we need. By measuring the land up and down instead of east and west it will give us more than enough acreage to fill the requirements of the law." We did not have to borrow Multnomah's half of the Cascade mountains to make Hood River county; we had plenty of our own. This story sounds a little fishy, but nevertheless it is absolutely true. By measuring the side hills on each side of a mountain we had the required quota. At the following session of the legislature Hon. E. L. Smith, a prominent Hood River citizen, represented Wasco county and was elected to preside over the lower house, and the Hood River county bill became a law.

I have never been in Hood River county and of question whether it did not Cradlebaugh ever has, but to the Hood River Glacier can be given the lion's share for the successful ending of the county division fight, for with-

out its assistance county division would have been deferred many years. I have always bitterly regretted my part in it. After the smoke of battle cleared away I said to Cradlebaugh one day, John, has the game been worth the candle, and has it really been worth the while?" The Dalles people were good people and were willing to treat us right, give us a third of the court and assist in every way possible. I lay most of my part in the matter to that infernal county convention when I made a wretched political blunder and got nominated. It was my first and last attempt to be a political boss. Judge Thornbury was a warm, personal friend, a man I esteemed very highly. He never forgave me for the part I took in his defeat for he did not get a precinct in the county, and he was grievously hurt. R. F. Gibbons, county clerk, said to me one day while in the office: "Henry, why in time did you not make your east line at three-mile creek, and let us be in your new county? You are making a mistake." Gibbons was one of those men who, when you get him in office, you never want him to quit.

But The Dalles people were good people, and I knew them all and called them my personal friends. There were the Laughlins, Frenches, Condons, Abrams, Gibbons, Moodys and Donnels, good people all. I never met John Cradlebaugh but once after leaving Hood River. When on my way to southern Oregon I dropped into the Spectator office—I think it was the Spectator—and he came to meet me with both hands extended said, "Henry, he always called me Heinrich, 'there is not a man in the state of Oregon whom I am as glad to see as you.' Dear old John; yes, the best friend I ever had, and I never saw him again."

Who Watches Your Water? (By Frederick D. Stricker, M. D., collaborating epidemiologist of Oregon State Board of Health, in cooperation with the United States Public Health Service.)

In the country, each household is responsible for its own water supply. Almost every home has its own well, pump or spring. It is up to the householder to see that the water is pure; if it is contaminated, it rarely affects more than a few people. Towns and cities supply water to hundreds or thousands of people. The home which gets its water supply cannot itself look after the purity of the water but must rely on the city to see that nothing harmful comes with it. One of the first duties of a city is to see that the water which it furnishes its citizens is not dangerous.

There are three great water-borne diseases: Typhoid, dysentery and cholera. In past ages, before attention was paid to the importance of clean water, recurring epidemics of these diseases decimated cities almost everywhere. Long before their infective nature was recognized, it was found that by providing pure water the epidemics were stopped and that the diseases grew much less or even disappeared. The lesson was learned; but even now vigilance is the price of freedom from disease.

Two things must be done by every city providing water. The first is to pick its source so that, as far as possible, it shall be free from all likely contamination. This means that not only shall the water be pure as a thing, but that it must be controlled so that no filth can get into it. A few years ago there was a sharp outbreak of typhoid fever in a town which arose in the hills. It was found that the water was a family living in the hills had had typhoid fever. Their wastes, which had been frozen on the ground through the cold weather, thus preserving the germs, were washed into the water by the first spring rain. The epidemic of typhoid in town immediately followed. Here we had a source of water which was usually good, but could easily be contaminated by the first spring rain. The epidemic of typhoid in town immediately followed. Here we had a source of water which was usually good, but could easily be contaminated by the first spring rain. The epidemic of typhoid in town immediately followed. Here we had a source of water which was usually good, but could easily be contaminated by the first spring rain.

When they are suspicious, however, the greatest vigilance is necessary. The morning of July 1, all new cadets were drawn up in a hollow square on the main plain, facing the corps of cadets, where the ceremony of their taking the oath to the Constitution was enacted. The morning of July 4, for the Defense Day ceremonies, the new fourth class took part with the rest of the corps. After the ceremonies were concluded, the new class passed in review before the superintendent and other distinguished visitors.

The summer training for the new cadets is divided into a preliminary period, July 1 to 5, and three regular periods. Throughout the day all drills are of 20 minutes length with a rest of 20 minutes between drills. The new class is divided into six companies, each commanded by an army officer assisted by eight cadets of the first (senior) class.

"Eve's Apple" Poisonous Trees that bear what the Mohammedans regard as "Eve's apples" flourish in Ceylon, but are difficult to grow elsewhere. The blossom has a pleasant odor, but the fruit, which resembles an orange on the outside and is a deep crimson within, is poisonous. The apples are dented as though a piece had been bitten out of them. Naturalists have been unable to explain this phenomenon. The Mohammedan belief is that the mark and the peculiar coloring of the fruit are warnings against its noxious properties.

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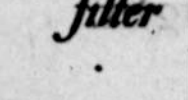
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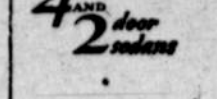
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FRANZ AD CONTEST INTERESTS MANY

Twenty thousand full page colored advertisements, clipped from national magazines, were gathered in the unique Franz Gold Seal Conquest advertising contest closed last Saturday evening by E. A. Franz Co. No contest of its kind has ever created a greater interest here. The valley was canvassed for old magazines. Prizes were awarded for the largest number of the specified advertisements and for the oldest advertisement.

Winners were announced as follows: First prize, \$125.00, Congoleum rug, Mrs. W. N. Weber, Odell, 4,332 ads. Second prize, \$75.00, Congoleum rug, Miss Olive Shepler, Hood River, 1658 ads. Third prize, \$34 Congoleum rug, Mrs. Irl Blagg, Hood River, 1,375 ads. Prize for oldest ad, 6x9 Congoleum rug, Mrs. W. H. Gibbons, Odell, November 1913.

A small Congoleum rug was also given to each contestant who brought in 100 or more ads and special prizes to White Salmon and Husum entries.

CHRYSLER PRODUCES 750 CARS PER DAY

Seven hundred and fifty Chrysler cars, 500 of them the new Chrysler four, are now being turned out every day by the Chrysler corporation in its effort to catch up with the country-wide demand for its cars. The plants are working on a schedule of 16,000 cars in July. Unfilled orders at the factory are the greatest in the history of the organization, according to J. E. Fields, vice president in charge of sales. The Chrysler is handled here by the Mt. Hood Motor Co.

"The first showing of the Chrysler four has attracted thousands to our showrooms," said Mr. Fields in a statement issued recently. "Scores have placed orders, without demonstration, after a first view of the car. So instantaneous has been its

appeal that, already, public demand exceeds our scheduled production. "Every facility of the great Chrysler plants is concentrated today on meeting the demand in delivering the Chrysler four. Production is now running 500 cars a day—the greatest output of four-cylinder cars ever attained in a Chrysler plant."

"Chrysler dealers today are making delivery with a rapidity not anticipated by the thousands who placed their orders, content to wait until delivery could be made."

This huge production by the two Chrysler plants in Detroit is made possible by the installation of several hundred thousand dollars worth of new and improved machinery. The Chrysler Highland Park plant, where the newly announced four-cylinder car is being built, is operating on a schedule larger than it has ever before reached in order to fill the flood of orders which began when the car was first shown a few weeks ago. The Chrysler Jefferson avenue plant is turning out 250 sixes a day. Increased efficiency in the Jefferson plant has recently permitted the production of an additional 100 to 125 cars a week.

The rapidity with which production of the new Chrysler four has jumped approximately 100 cars a day to 500 is a feat which has astounded automobile manufacturing executives of long experience, says W. Ledgard Mitchell, vice president in charge of manufacturing. This phenomenal increase was made possible through new machinery designed and installed under the personal direction of Walter P. Chrysler, and adds another manufacturing achievement to his long career as the leading figure in that field in the motor car industry. It is even more of a feat, adds Mr. Mitchell, because of the greater number of and more rigid inspections to which each Chrysler four is subject before being permitted to receive final approval. Cars are being turned out at the four plant as rapidly as is consistent with quality production, says Mr. Mitchell. Every facility of the entire organization is concentrated on meeting the demand in delivering the four. Production from the Jefferson plant is likewise the greatest ever attained.

Mr. Fields announces that orders for both four and six cylinder cars

taken by Chrysler distributors and dealers shows the advent of the Chrysler four. June 25, have consistently been the largest reached at any time in its history. He estimates from reports filed by factory district super-visors throughout the country that an average of more than 1,000 retail orders for Chrysler fours and sixes have been placed since that time.

Pear Core Breakdown Causes Losses Core breakdown causes heavy losses in stored pears in Oregon unless they are picked at the right time and handled in the right way. Of the various lots under observation at the O. A. C. experiment station in the last seven years, only the late-picked fruit developed the disease to any extent, regardless of the kind of storage.

"The later the time of picking the more serious the trouble becomes," says a recent station report prepared by Henry Hartman of the station staff. "The use of the pressure tester to determine time of picking has in many cases eliminated core breakdown entirely."

Pears are often handled so poorly by the trade and by consumers that even high class products deteriorate into poor stuff. Although properly grown and handled by the grower, they often go to waste or develop into cookers, because poorly treated in the ripening period.

Breakdown is characterized by softening and darkening of the core and the fruit about it, even while the outside of the fruit seems perfectly sound. As the disease advances the pear emits a foul odor, often just as the fruit should be approaching its prime condition.

Unlike most fruits, the pear develops its best quality only when picked immature, and the big problem of the grower is to determine just the right degree of maturity. Usual maturity signs such as size, color of seed, ease of picking, fruit color and nature of the bloom are not reliable, and a special pressure test has been developed by the station to aid growers in making their own determination. Methods of using the tester and handling the fruit are contained in the report issued as station bulletin 216, free to residents of Oregon.

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