

# The Hood River Glacier.

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No. 17

## Would You Like To Be An Executor?

If some friend asked you to settle his estate, would you welcome the responsibility?

Hardly!

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Executorship takes time, experience and an intimate knowledge of law as it affects trust matters.

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## ROUND-UP IS GREAT SHOW

PENDLETON WAS A COLORFUL CITY

Town of 7,000 Entertains Successful 30,000 Guests—Every Visitor is Part of Western Classic

The king is dead, long live the king. Paddy Ryan passes, for the coming year at least, into the discard, and Bob Crosby, New Mexican buckaroo, is king of cowboys.

Those who visited Pendleton last week, as years come on apace and sprinkle their locks with gray or remove the hair entirely from their parts, may and perhaps will forget Paddy Ryan and Bob Crosby, but even though they live to be a hundred, when they behold a rainbow there will come remembrance of a happy day at Pendleton, the biggest little city on earth and the most colorful.

Pendleton, the cowboy capital of the world, sets among the rolling wheatfields in the approximate center of Umatilla county, now noted for those same wheatfields instead of its cattle ranches. When one looks down from the rim of these bare hills, he sees a city of wide streets, tree-lined, an inviting scene. He is not impressed with the size, for to all appearances, as viewed from surrounding eminences, Pendleton does not seem a very large place.

But roll into Pendleton on a late evening, in the midst of Round-Up week, catch the color of banners, intermingled with flags of the nation, be struck speechless as you watch the surging throngs of humanity, men and women, whose garb is of greater variety of hues than the much talked of coat of Joseph of old, be dazzled by the displays of flaming handkerchiefs, screaming shirts and waistcoats in show windows, be lured by the signs of restaurants and the cry of the hot dog and hamburger man—aye, when you have seen all of this along the main streets and the side streets of Pendleton on an evening in Round-Up time, you are made to feel the magnitude of this comparatively small eastern Oregon town.

Where, in all the world, will you find a town of 6,000 or 7,000 people who can take care of 30,000 guests? The residents of Pendleton do this. Indeed, this year the guests reached considerably in excess of this number. On the last day of the Round-Up 40,000 spectators were in the grandstand and bleachers.

The daily program, out at the Round-Up grounds, while, of course it is the horse race that brings folk from the four quarters of the globe, is by no means all of the show. The night pageant down at Happy Canyon has a kick every bit as wallowing as the races, bucking contests and bulldogging of the main event. Indeed, there are many who prefer the Happy Canyon pageant, with its real Indian and white cowboy participants, even more appealing to the emotions than the Round-Up itself. Happy Canyon was once the land of mounted Indians. Then came the white hunters, followed by the conquering pale faces. The tepee of the Indian gave way to the wild west village, with its bizarre and dance hall, with gambling den accompaniment.

The opening scenes of the pageants show the spectator a virgin land, where trees and sage brush grow unmolested, with here and there an Indian trail. While the lights are down, the foreground scenery is moved out, and the pageant closes with the business and recreational habitations of a frontier country brought to view. The band strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner," the crowd rises, and when the national anthem is completed, every one of the 5,000 spectators moves off the seats down to become a part of the show in dance hall and gambling den. Many rubs shoulders with the landlady as she lays a wager at the roulette wheel, at chuck-a-luck or on sand poker. Pendleton is going to have to expand its Happy Canyon concessions. They were far too small this year.

Let it be said, unless some of the ultra-pure may be shocked, that all gambling in Happy Canyon is done with "fun money." You buy 10 bucks for a dime, and if you happen to win more bucks, you may spend them for dancing or at the bar. Everything in Happy Canyon is for pure fun.

But the crowd that annually motors and travels by train to the Pendleton Round-Up is not merely a part of the show at the Happy Canyon concessions. Every man, woman and child becomes a player when once he or she arrives in the Round-Up town.

Of course the bucking horse contests and roping of wild steers, the confusion of the race of the wild horses, all these are thrilling, but one would be disappointed were these all of the show. A big part of the show is up in the grandstand and over on the bleachers. And let not the Indians be left out. The Round-Up without the aboriginals would be as the coffee of a dowdy restaurant. One of the high points of a Round-Up afternoon comes when the 500 braves, their squaws and pageants form their grand march and after their parade enter the arena for a ceremonial dance. If you have never seen this spectacle at a Pendleton Round-Up, you do not know the meaning of flaming colors. They say no one has ever seen a rainbow at Pendleton at Round-Up time. The reason for this is that, were the sun's rays to form a rainbow, it would be so dimmed as to be invisible in the presence of a Round-Up crowd. No crowd of football rooters ever presented such an array of hues as the masses of men and women who sit and rise and shout during the four full hours of a Round-Up program.

The Pendleton Round-Up was not such a modest, wee show in the days of its babyhood 15 years ago. Today it has grown into the wild west classic, as its press agents call it. And they haven't stretched it a bit. It draws folk from every corner of the United States, railway presidents and state senators, writing functionaries — by this we mean those writers who have grown so famous that they can make an asset of their reputation and turn to

writing advertising copy for smoking tobacco and cigarettes — all come to see the Round-Up. Those of us of lesser lights and the ordinary herd are there in the legion. Photographers for all the motion picture outfits are there clicking their cameras. Indeed, the Round-Up is no longer an Oregonian or a Pacific Northwest event; it has become national in scope. This year a Dutch girl globe trotter, Madame Blankenbagen, after seeing the spectacle from every angle, declared she had an ambition to send other roving friends of continental Europe here next year. So the wild west classic bids fair to become international.

Do not be surprised if one of your Hood River friends, who saw the Round-Up came home and started painting word pictures that seem exaggerated. Just listen and be patient with him, or her, if it be one of the gentler sex—they become Round-Up fans with as much speed as the men. They are not exaggerating a bit. They are doing their darndest to give you a

(Continued on last page)

## PIONEER DAYS AT HOOD RIVER REVIVED

(By W. H. Walton)

The spirit of the days when everybody at Hood River knew everybody else and called them by their first names and when the sound of the boat whistle on the river was the signal for everybody within a reasonable distance to start running for the landing to meet a possible arrival or see "hallo" to the captain was rife at the gathering of old time Hood Riverites and their families and friends at Hood River Pioneer day last Thursday.

Of course the big event of the day was the get-together dinner which was given in the basement of Asbury Methodist church. There the old-timers mingled for a few minutes in saying how-do and in handshakes that had lost none of their business despite the fact that Old Father Time had frosted the locks of many and caused their steps to falter.

Age, however, had not diminished the ability of the pioneer ladies in the culinary art nor the grace of their daughters in placing on the table and serving a feast of the good things that delight the inner man. And while beans and bacon no doubt were a welcome feed to the hardy men and women who first set foot in Hood River many years ago, the viands served at the dinner to commemorate the meeting once more of the Hood River pioneers would have caused the chief at the Walden to raise his eyebrows in astonishment if he could have seen and tasted them.

About 150 first settlers, those who came 25 years ago, and their families and friends were at the dinner which followed a few seconds later. E. D. Odell, retiring president of the organization, and a short prayer delivered by Rev. G. W. Kennedy.

At a meeting held in the library auditorium later in the day a program of speaking and music was given and an election of officers held. S. E. Bartness presided and the speakers told of the old and perhaps happier days at Hood River, when the wants of the people were modest. Many things were busy being out the horns and clearing the acres that were destined to form the nucleus of the now famous city and valley. When a trip to the Dalles over the mountain trails was more arduous than a trip to the Adian coast now is and when the Upper Valley and the section around Mount Hood was looked on as an impenetrable wilderness and all thought of a paved highway that would encircle the beautiful mountains would have been characterized as a "pipe dream."

Among those who took part in the program were Rev. Troy Shelley, Henry Howe, Circuit Judge Wilson, T. R. Coon, E. E. House, Rev. G. W. Kennedy and Mrs. Pierce McGee, the latter a guest here from The Dalles Historical society.

At the election of officers which ensued Mrs. Edward Lage was elected president; S. E. Bartness, vice president; Henry Howe, secretary; treasurer, and Mrs. T. R. Coon, historian.

An interesting feature of the day was the fact that in paying their dues to George Prather, who acted as treasurer for the occasion, the pioneers handed in silver dollars that bore the dates of 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1883. Whether these coins had been reposing behind the family clock or hidden in the recesses of grandma's chest off stocking all these years is a question that George is trying to solve.

## SCHOOL FAIR DRAWS CROWD

EXHIBITS VARIED AND INTERESTING

Displays Entered in Annual Contents From All Parts of County—Winners Go to State Fair

A large crowd from all parts of the county was present last Saturday for the annual Hood River County School fair, held at the high school. The auditorium was filled with community exhibits, which were complete and colorful and attracted a widespread attention. Winners in numerous classes will be given a free trip to the state fair next week.

Premiums were awarded as follows: First prize winners in club work were: Potato Growing, Robert Beal, Parkdale; Vegetable Gardening, Harvey Hutson, Parkdale; Poultry Raising — Chickens, Mary Lewis, Central Vale; Turkeys, Frank Hagen, Central Vale; Ducks, Eleanor Furden, Barrett; Rabbit Raising, Clyde Raiser, Parkdale; Canning—Division 1, Mary Lewis, Central Vale; Division 2, Ruth Cornett, Barrett; Sewing—Division 1, Class A, Jean Howard, Odell; Class B, Lela Gerrits, Barrett; Division 2, Ada Huff, Parkdale; Division 3, Leona Sheibon, Odell.

Cookery — Home Cookery, Nellie Crapper, Barrett; Camp Cookery, Ernest Annala, Oak Grove; Pig Raising, Harold Dismoor, Oak Grove; Calf Raising, Loren Reed, Oak Grove; Elene Downing and Ruth Ingalls, members of the sewing club from Central Vale, won the trip to the state fair. They will demonstrate there. Mary Lewis, Central Vale, Leona Sheibon, Odell; Harvey Hutson, Parkdale; Loren Reed, Oak Grove, were the four winners who will be given a trip to the state fair at Salem.

Gerard Osborn won the Union Pacific scholarship.

Non-club first prize winners were: Bird-Club, Ralph Perry, Pine Grove; Popovers, Roy Einarsson, Pine Grove; Hubbard Squash, Loren Baker, Odell; Pie Pumpkin, Edward Mohr, Pine Grove; Stock Squash, Vernon Dethman, Pine Grove; Tomatoes, Billy Mortimer, Hood River; Leonard Gerrits, Barrett; Potatoes, George Beal, Parkdale; Cabbage, George Beal, Parkdale; Onions, Dale Ecker, Pine Grove; Beans, La Verne Dick, Odell; Bread, Donald Wadsworth, Odell High School.

Cake, Harriet Thompson, Pine Grove; Cookies, Irma Austin, Odell; Pie, Betty Walters, Middle Valley; Candy, Marlene Crites, Junior High, Hood River; Apron, June Bedasul, Parkdale; Dress, Hilda Johnson, Odell High School.

Other Article of Sewing, Lenore Lage, Pine Grove; Asters, Carl Cummings, Barrett; Glandoll, Robert Noel, Barrett; Dahlia, Carl Cummings, Barrett; Dahlia Exhibit, Special, Dorothy Bugliosi, Junior High, Hood River; Chickens, Neveling Crosswell, Barrett; Bantams, George Marlor, Frankton; Rabbits, Wayne Forry, Barrett; Glasses, Gerald Osborn, Barrett; Calf, Howard McCarty, Barrett; Pup, Merrill Haskins, Frankton.

## FIRST FOOT BALL GAME ON SATURDAY

The Hood River high school football team, with a strong nucleus of last season's veterans, will play its first game next Saturday afternoon with the Franklin high school of Portland. The local squad has been engaged in intensive practice since school began here the first Tuesday in September. Coach Garber, former Oregon Agricultural College varsity man, declares that he has high hopes from the Hood River team.

The tentative line up of the Hood River team for Saturday's game has been announced as follows: Carson and Ostner, ends; Fike and Barger, tackles; Foreman and Osburn, guards; Koborg, center; Wright, quarterback; Mendenhall, full, and Miller and Woodford, halves.

## DRUM, BUGLE CORPS TO HOLD TAG SALE

The drum and bugle corps of the American Legion met next Saturday will stage a tag day, the proceeds of sales going to paying for the new suits of the legionnaire body, which next Monday will go to Salem to compete in the \$1,000 drill team contests to be held there.

The members of the Women's Auxiliary will have charge of sale of the tags, which will cost 25 cents.

Saturday evening the corps will stage a party on Oak street between Second and Third and will execute the drills to be given by them at Salem. The boys will appear in their brilliant new uniforms, which, according to those who have seen them, are the best ever worn by a similar organization in Oregon.

## ANOTHER WRESTLING BOUT BEING PLANNED

Plans are complete for another wrestling bout here at the Bialto theatre Thursday evening, October 1. Cyclone Smith, who defeated Harry Sonniksen here last week, will meet Fred Mortensen. Cyclone declares he will handle Mortensen just as he did Sonniksen, but Mortensen's friends hold that he cannot do this trick.

Sailor Jack Wood, of Texas, will meet Bill Thornton, light heavy weight champion of Canada, who has challenged Ted Thee.

The regular picture program will be shown also. Prices \$1.10, lower floor. Reservations can now be made.

## FOOTBALL LUNCHEON TO BE NEXT TUESDAY

The Hood River high school football team will receive the backing this season of the Chamber of Commerce. "Football Day" will be observed next Tuesday at a luncheon by the chamber at the Columbia Gorge hotel. Students, faculty members and citizens will deliver addresses tending to spur the local team on to the mid-Columbia championship this year. The luncheon will be held under auspices of the Lunch club. It will be the last visit to the Gorge hotel for this season.

Ira Reynolds was a visitor at the club luncheon at the Waucoma hotel last Tuesday.

## Judge Derby Awarded \$1,500

A jury Monday awarded Judge A. J. Derby, who was suing the Columbia Stages Co. for \$7,500 in a personal injury case, the sum of \$1,500. Judge Derby last spring sustained bruises and a gash down the side of his face when a stage in which he was riding collided with a passenger car at the intersection of streets in The Dalles. He produced testimony to the effect that the bus was traveling at an illegal rate of speed at the street intersection.

Judge Derby was represented by Senator R. R. Butler, of The Dalles. Senator Geo. W. Joseph, of Portland, was chief counsel for the defendant corporation.

## FOLLOWING BOSSY'S FOOTSTEPS

Of the total farm wealth produced last year, dairying brought 15 per cent of the whole. Those who followed Bossy's footsteps received two and one half billion dollars from this greatest branch of agriculture.

But there is probably no other farm activity which requires more study and analysis of modern methods than dairying. The Pacific International Livestock Exposition at Portland, October 31st to November 7th, furnishes the dairy-men of the Northwest an exceptional opportunity to view the progress of others and to benefit thereby.

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(We are indebted to MR. O. M. PLUMMER, General Manager Pacific International Livestock Exposition, for the above copy.)

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These trees are grown on virgin soil from buds and scions of my own personal selection and are the finest lot of trees I have grown for 25 years, and are absolutely guaranteed every way. My policy is to sell direct, therefore saving agent's commission.

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1924 Chev. Roadster—Special job, very little mileage  
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R. E. SCOTT, AGENT

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We are now advising growers to sell for current prices. We want some WINTER NELLIS PEARS to fill out an order. List your crop with us for sale.

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