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## MCKENZIE PASS SCENERY THRILLING

(Continued from first page)

the Prineville country. Some of them had spent a week on route, camping beside forest stream and subsisting chiefly on trout. Everybody was going to return home by a route different from that traveled on the way into central Oregon.

Much of the conversation time of the editorial assemblies was taken up with talk about highways. In 1921 the state's editors had met at Bend. Many of them motored to the central Oregon metropolis that year. Last week in their talkbacks they compared the old crooked chuckly roads of five years ago with the magnificent thoroughfares of today. Then, of necessity, the car crept slowly along over the sagebrush country, dodging holes and leaving in its wake a cloud of heavy dust. Today the straight-ways and the broad, graceful curves are ascendant, and in most places they have been oiled. From Portland to Prineville but a single relic remains of the days of 1921, that is the five miles of approaches on either side of the Crooked river to the old bridge there. As one crosses the old bridge, which will soon become but a monument, he can look down stream and see the new steel span, the highest highway bridge in America. Crews are now completing the approaches to the new bridge, which will be opened to traffic early in July.

In 1921 it was an adventure to cross McKenzie pass. The road through the 1000-acre lava beds high atop the state's backbone, north of the Three Sisters, was but a trail. Indeed, there were places they called the ladder, where an automobile was supposed to hoist itself up over the jagged rocks on cherted boards. Big those you might see where the chickens go to roost in a henhouse.

Today the McKenzie Pass road is a scenic boulevard, well surfaced and alluring. The Willamette valley editors who arrived in Prineville over the pass, returned by way of The Dalles-California Highway and the Columbia River to Mount Hood Loop highways. Those who utilized the northern route on the journey in, traveled back home by the pass. The Hood River delegation traveled to central Oregon by The Dalles, Madras and Redmond. The distance from Madras direct to Prineville on a short cut route is some 10 miles less, but everyone going to Prineville should be advised to proceed to Redmond and take the Ochoco highway. The 19-mile distance to Prineville has been oiled and the highway surfacing is more pleasant than pavement. This Ochoco highway extends to the east, up the Ochoco river, through the irrigated lands, and eastern Oregon editors and their families made the last lap of their journey over it.

The distance from Redmond to Eugene over the McKenzie pass is 126 miles. The Hood River editorial party left the Crooked county seat at 6:45 a. m. Sunday and at 12:30 they were enjoying lunch in the university city. Some in that 126 miles the motorist has an opportunity to study every phase of Oregon life. The dew was still sparkling in the alfalfa fields when the car rolled out of Prineville and a farewell kiss waved from the bank of the Crooked river to the Cowboy Capital, nestled in its valley surrounded by escarpment rims. On the plateau, between the canyons of the Crooked river

and the Deschutes, the morning breeze so deliciously cool in the high elevation, where the atmosphere is rare, brought perfume of the sage Oregon sages. Junipers, dwarfed and stunted, big-butted and stooped, dotted the wayside. But after Redmond had been passed and the car was headed upward from the Deschutes canyon, pine trees began to show sparsely along the road. The sage brush began to thin out. Shrubs indigenous to mountain sides began to appear. The underbrush over when he thinks of the village of Sisters was passed.

And the magnificence of those central Oregon snow peaks formed inspiring panoramas. The Sisters off to the south and Jefferson and Washington to the north were all partially veiled in clouds. They were ever changing. Curves on the highway brought new views. It was a ride long to be remembered. It was a ride that will carry one back again to central Oregon, when vacation days offer an opportunity for a more leisurely journey through the wonderland.

For wild grandeur and a glimpse of a terrain that causes one to shudder when he thinks of the mighty turmoil that must have reigned in that summit region of the Cascades on McKenzie pass where volcanic peaks were spouting molten lava and ash, one finds it here on the new road. Imagine your mind's eye on a scene of broken, jagged rock, undulating like the waves of the sea, and you have the picture presented as your automobile glides around the curves through this region of rugged immensity.

Over the top you begin the steady descent, climbing downward and ever downward all the way to Springfield. In places the drop is sudden as the crew files, but never abrupt as the road travels its way around hairpin curves, never on a gradient that is not easy and yet by such quick succession of curves as to give the driver and passenger a thrill.

A heavy mountain rain had saturated the night before and wet down the roadbed the night before we journeyed over McKenzie pass. It left the fir trees and the cedars a more vivid, dark green, and the shrubbery was aglow. Huge sword ferns and smaller bracken in the copses, and ever angrier a mountain meadow, some of them big enough for 18-hole golf courses, were laid out among the forests. The last of the series of curves was passed and we met a motor caravan of a circus, heading over the pass for central Oregon towns. There must have been a dozen huge trucks, put-putting their way on the up grade. We had something to be thankful for, that we had not met them on the sharp curves.

The timber grew taller and more magnificent as the car climbed down on the lower levels on the McKenzie river. And the McKenzie, there is a river for poets and fishermen. Never was a stream more sparklingly clear. It cascades its way for 45 miles, down toward the Willamette, and the highway parallels it.

The banks of the McKenzie form a paradise for the lover of the out of doors. Scores have taken advantage of the opportunity to build hunting and fishing lodges between the road and the river. That journey there along the McKenzie was one of regret that we had not brought along fishing tackle and had at our disposal time for a leisurely day of angling in those inviting riffles or the pools, where huge trout lurk. The inhabitants of those

lodges crossed an envy, but one that is justifiable. And as the party headed north from Eugene over the Pacific highway, the journey was one of silence, except when someone recalled the vivid pictures of McKenzie pass or gave vocal evidence that he was planning some day a vacation tour at the soonest possible moment somewhere between Springfield and Prineville.

## OCHOCO SETTLERS ASK EDITORIAL AID

Misfortune, following in the wake of one of the most monumental blunders of Oregon irrigation development, has robbed the residents of the Ochoco district, near Prineville, of their hospitality. Last week members of the Oregon State Editorial association assembled at Prineville for their 10th annual convention. A feature of the meeting was a motor tour of the lands under the Ochoco ditch and a luncheon served at Grimes chapel by the members of the Ochoco grange.

That luncheon, because of its excellence, and the circumstances surrounding the display of hospitality, will live long in the memory of Oregon newspaper folk. Eighteen different kinds of cake, made by the housewives of the section, graced the table. Apple pie, devil's food, chocolate layer, pineapple layer, white cake and yellow cake, they were all there. What ever may have been the choice of one in the line of cakes, he found it at the Ochoco luncheon for Oregon's editors.

The editorial party was treated to fullness, and then the speaking began. It was not high flown oratory. Indeed, there were just two speakers, Engineer and Manager of the Ochoco project, and W. F. King, owner of the largest individual tract of land under the bonded system. Oregon newspaper men, sitting in that little weather beaten chapel, which cups an eminence there in the Ochoco valley, heard a story of pathos and tragedy, the story of an irrigation blunder that has left in its wake a pessimism. It has been a blunder that may rob hundreds of their homes and leave holders of Ochoco irrigation bonds mere possessors of worthless securities.

Mr. King admitted that under existing conditions the last ray of hope for the Ochoco and owners is flickering out. The estimates placed on the flow of water in the Ochoco river were twice too high. The acreage under the district is 21,896 acres. The total being farmed is but 12,000. Before the district was formed, 75,150 acres were being farmed.

The cost of the dam and the distribution system exceeded original estimates well toward \$600,000. Damages in \$625,000. This year the per acre charge exceeded \$10. The land, at its maximum of production, cannot stand this. And this year, when snows in the mountains were light and when rains were infrequent, the water impounded was at a minimum. Today the lake is all but dry, and the Ochoco crops will be a failure again this season.

Many of those Ochoco residents homesteaded the tracts they now own about a year. It is not the mere investment of a life's work but the loss of homes that they have learned to love that they are facing.

The solution of the Ochoco problem is not an easy matter. It was suggested at the meeting last week that the bondholders should form some kind of an association, with authority to act; that this association should meet with the land owners and offer a compromise through relinquishment of interest over a period of years and of a general scaling down of the bonds. As matters stand both owners of land and holders of bonds bid fair to face total loss.

Ordinarily, when members of the editorial association visit a community they are filled to overflowing with boosting statements. They are asked to go home and publish articles that develop. It was an innovation, to say the least, to be given a story of failure and to be asked to aid in the solution of a blunder.

But the editors listened to the Ochoco story and gave it thought. If one of them who evolves a solution he will be acclaimed wiser than Solomon. The newspaper folk pledged themselves to dig into the facts of irrigation and to devise, if possible, some means of relief in situations such as found on the Ochoco. The following resolution was adopted at Prineville:

"Whereas, settlers on and bondholders of the Ochoco irrigation district are confronted with loss of their homes and their investments, and

"Whereas, similar conditions exist as in other irrigation districts the bonds of which were certified by the state of Oregon and interest thereon guaranteed by the state for a period of five years, therefore be it

"Resolved, that we recommend the repeal of the bond certification and interest guaranty laws and the enactment of such legislation as will open the way for such adjustments of the existing difficulties as will protect the settlers from eviction, the bond holders from total loss and the state of Oregon from a default which reflects on its credit, and be it further

"Resolved, that we urgently request every newspaper publisher and editor to endeavor to become thoroughly acquainted with the facts and present them without bias so that the entire people be informed of the gravity of the problem."

The ranchers of the Prineville country who are showing the greatest evidence of property at present are

those who have adopted delaying Sheep men, too, are generous. And there is a hope for the district from the development of the lumber industry. Lumbermen at Prineville are trucks of yellow, Ponderosa pine. An estimated 5,000,000,000 feet of this valuable timber, said to be the best left in the state of Oregon, await the saw. Activity of large lumber interests in the section indicates that an early start to harvest the valuable timber crop may be made.

The state editorial convention this year was a profile of resolutions as the average session of a state grant meeting. Eleven resolutions were adopted. The editors expressed the feeling that initiative and referendum laws are "notoriously and flagrantly abused" and a resolution instructed President Melroy, of the association, to appoint a committee to confer with like representation from other organizations and public agencies to evolve and report a plan looking to correction of the evil.

The editors, too, are not pleased with the variation in abbreviations for the state of Oregon, and they adopted a resolution which calls for the full use of the word, Oregon, in newspapers and on stationery.

The State Highway commission was commended for watchful and efficient supervision, although the private citizens who compose that body receive no necessary reward. The commission was urged to construct such short gaps as exist between Dayville and Mitchell, in order that a more complete and efficient use may be made of the finished roads on either side.

## 1100 DENTISTS TAKE LOOP HIGHWAY TRIP

The largest caravan of motor cars, 210 of them, ever to visit Hood River, passed through here last Saturday carrying 1100 delegates to the Pacific Coast Dental Congress, held last week in Portland, on a trip around the Mount Hood Loop highway. It was the largest single party ever to negotiate the Loop road. An escort of traffic officers piloted the visitors, and not an accident was reported for the day.

Luncheon was served at noon at Parkdale and punch and cigars were provided at Eagle creek. But the greatest treat of all was the barbecued salmon fed at Ruby's farm, just out of Portland. There, on the green of the golf course, bordered with evergreens, long tables were set. Waitressed women moved here and there serving hungry folk, while Henry Thiele supervised the dishing of the tuscany fish, the Columbia river's finest, cooked over coals, in great ovens. There were loaves, too, made into 4,000 sandwiches, 1200 stuffed baked potatoes were provided, and 100 gallons of boiling coffee. One thousand pounds of lead watermelon there were, a garden full of lettuce, and apple pie and cheese. For each guest there was one bottle of beer and three glasses of punch.

Potatoes for the barbecue were sent to Portland by the Idaho State Dental society. They were an unusually large variety. Before supper was served the tables were used as hurdles to exhibit fancy riding, under the direction of Dr. Julius L. Field. Dr. Willis Ehler, on Flying Fox, and Miss Ethel M. Whelan, took the tables, neatly. Dr. Fred Pickering also rode.

The convention, which brought hundreds of dentists here from Oregon, Washington, California, British Columbia, Utah, Montana, Idaho and Nevada, is now officially closed.

James Johnson Wins Coyle Cup James Johnson, law student who just finished his junior year at the U. of O. recently, was awarded the Coyle cup last year. This cup is given to the best all around student on the campus. It is considered one of the highest honors to be aimed at Oregon.

Mr. Johnson is now on board a freight steamer, bound through the Panama canal to Atlantic seaboard points.

Man Held on Still Charge Sam Foster, Upper Valley rancher, was arrested Saturday night by a posse from Sheriff Edick's office who seized a small still just being put into commission. Foster, held in jail here, told officers that he was preparing to make a small quantity of liquor for the use of himself and a neighbor.

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