

The Hood River Glacier

VOL. XXXIX

HOOD RIVER, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1927

Are You Going Away?

If you are going away this summer, you should be sure your valuables are safe before you leave. Rent a safe deposit box in our burglar- and fire-proof vault and be free from worry.

Or—

If you are going to stay at home, you don't want to have your troubles multiplied by unnecessary worry and anxiety over your valuables. Place them in a safe deposit box here where they are beyond the reach of fire and theft.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK
HOOD RIVER OREGON

That Office Dress

YOU are wearing will look so much better and feel so much fresher if you'll let us dry clean it for you!

Things do get so dusty and droopy in the summertime.

On whom shall we call?
And when? And where?

MEYER & SMITH
City Tailors
WE CALL AND DELIVER
Clothes do help you win—Dry clean them oftener!

An Ideal Arrangement Koberg's Pavilion and Park

Is available to Private Parties and Clubs to Entertain their Members and Friends in an economical way.

EQUIPPED WITH HOT PLATES AND BRUNSWICK PANATROPE

Reasonable Charges

PATRONIZE YOUR LOCAL MAN
LET THE
GOODRICH TRUCKLINE
Haul Your Freight Between Hood River and Portland.
E. E. GOODRICH, Owner.
Telephone 3801 Hood River, Ore.

Ladies' Hand Made Pattern Hats
Choice of Our Finest
Selling at \$9.00 to \$13.50.....**\$5.00**
All Summer Millinery. Radically Reduced Now.
LADIES' HATS, \$1.50 up. GIRLS' HATS, 45¢ up.
LADIES' DRESSES, SUMMER SILKS AND PRINTS
\$1.95, \$3.95, \$4.95 and \$6.95
5th LEONORA Third St.

SHE GAVE US A JOLT

We had a WICKED one HANDED to us yesterday by a lady CUSTOMER in the store here when she ASKED us why we didn't ADVERTISE a particular kind of MERCHANDISE that had made a HIT with her. And when we TOLD her that we once blew four SIMOLEONS on some big TYPE and WHITE SPACE in the Glacier just to BROADCAST about that very ARTICLE she said she never READS advertising unless it looks INTERESTING and our BELDOM does. Can you TIE that one? We can't, but ANYWAY we are going to crank up the old BEAN and see if we can find something INTERESTING to tell you each week about this DRUG business of ours.

MORAL: A wise man takes a hint. Some of them also take home an Ice Cream Brick from our store.

KRESSE DRUG CO.

The Rexall Store

NEW VICTOR RECORDS EVERY FRIDAY

Last week we used a general advertisement covering

CHECKING ACCOUNTS
SAVING ACCOUNTS
INVESTMENT SERVICE
CONSULTATION
TRUST DEPARTMENT
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

This week we want to issue an invitation to the public to call and see our SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT.

It is entirely different from the average Country Bank vault and ranks as one of the strongest vaults in the state.

Here, at a nominal cost, your valuables may be kept under conditions so reassuring that you will know you are enjoying just one more of the blessings of modern life.

BUTLER BANKING COMPANY

Member Federal Reserve System.

GROWTH

This firm started shipping in a small way in 1916, with Wm. S. Duckwall selling the fruit in the East. Our growth and the volume of our shipments have been gradual but steady.

From a few cars sent to one market, we are now shipping to all parts of the United States, and to a number of foreign countries. Our brand is known in these markets, and our Trade Mark registered. This business is generally done direct, and this system tends each year to increase volume handled in this way, as the result of savings effected by buyers in distant markets.

We are buying for cash. Are you interested? We are prepared to furnish necessary supplies till harvest and buy for cash before picking time.

DUCKWALL BROS.

E. A. FRANZ BUILDING
Phone 3531

75% of our ever increasing demand for

White

clothing is from those who have had them before.

There is that satisfaction of doing our work well.

The new Fall Fabrics are here, and from—

\$35.00 to \$70.00

J. G. VOGT

HOOD FALL KILLS MAN

MAZAMA PARTY SLIDES FROM TRAIL

Dr. S. W. Stryker, brother of Mrs. C. A. Bell, dies, and eight others injured Sunday

Dr. S. W. Stryker, Portland dentist, member of a Mazama party ascending Mount Hood from Cloud Cap Inn Sunday, died from injuries suffered when he and eight companions of a roped-in line, slipped on the high north side of the peak and glissaded for 600 feet, dropping another 30 feet into a glacier.

Dr. Stryker fell on an alpenstock, which penetrated his side. The accident happened about 11 o'clock; he died just before three when a rescue party had started to remove him down the precipitous slopes to Cloud Cap Inn.

The other injured members of the party are: W. A. Herrin, of Portland, nose injury; Colonel Lewis Forrester, Portland, painful bruises; Miss Mary Malloy, Portland, broken leg; Harry Krebs, Portland, wrenched back and probable serious internal injuries; Miss Gypsy Johnston, Scappoose, seriously bruised; Gerald Moore, Oregon City, bruises; Miss Hilda, of Astoria, sprained ankle and injury to spine at base of neck; and E. M. Bergen, Portland, internal injuries.

The accident occurred while the climbers, who numbered 103 and who had left Cloud Cap Inn at 3 a. m., were halted, waiting for leaders to cut steps in ice across a crevasse. The victims had relaxed and were leaning on their alpenstocks. The snow field they were crossing was very steep and the surface soft. According to other members of the party, it seemed that the climbers leaned too far on their alpenstocks and allowed the pressure of their feet to push away the supporting loose snow. The men of the party, with Mr. Krebs as leader, made vain attempts to break the slide by digging their alpenstocks into the snow. For a few seconds one end of the line would hold, but the other would whip around and dislodge the group. Horror-stricken and helpless the comrades of the sliding group shouted frantic advice, as they watched them scurry down the steep snow field and then drop out of sight. Skilled mountaineers of the party, headed by P. G. Payton, immediately left the climbers, making a perilous journey down to a point where they could see the injured men and women. In response to calls from Mr. Payton, Mr. Krebs announced the serious plight of the party. As soon as the rescue party had made a survey and ascertained the seriousness of injuries, Mr. Payton was dispatched as a messenger to summon aid from a Hood River American Legion party, numbering about 200, which was just setting off across Elliot glacier to Coalman Scout to witness ski-jumping contests.

Members of the Legion party saw the Mazama line break and witnessed the descent of the injured persons into the crevasse. From their viewpoint they could see the yawning crevasse, and it was feared that all who had made the fateful slide might have been dashed to death, for some of the crevasses at the point of the mountain where the Mazamas stood are several hundred feet deep.

The Hood River party, on the mountain to witness snow sports were given an opportunity to participate in one of the most dramatic incidents that has probably ever occurred on an American mountain. The suspense was felt among all those who watched there from the rocky lateral moraine at the east side of Elliot glacier. Some members of the party had an old-fashioned mariners' telescope and with this the rescue party of the Mazamas was seen to pass down the dangerous snow field and penetrate the crevasse. Suddenly one of the party was seen to speed off down the mountain. Although the distance was about three miles, the messenger had arrived at the Legion party in a little more than 30 minutes. It was Mr. Payton, who asked that Hood River Crags Rats lend their aid.

Ray Conway, a Mazama and Crags Rat, took charge, and Mr. Payton returned immediately back to his injured comrades. The cry of the Crags Rats was relayed to every part of the mountain, where this organization of Hood River young men was busy guiding parties on exploration trips and arranging for ski-jumping contests. While the audience of recreationists was hushed, messages of instruction were relayed across the snowy wastes of the glaciers.

In less time almost than the telling requires, Crags Rats were off to the Legion camp for stretchers and to summon Dr. V. R. Abraham and ambulance from Hood River. Mr. Conway, who has had experience in mountain rescue work, asked that flashlights be provided the rescue party, as he anticipated that it would be dark before the injured men and women could be brought down the mountain. The following Crags Rats were dispatched with materials for improvised stretchers to the scene of the accident:

Arvo Hukari, Arne Hukari, Bill Hukari, Sulo Annala, Fred W. Donnerberg, Harold Davis, Don Lamson, Arne Annala, Aatto Annala, H. J. Blackman, Paul Horiela and A. L. Anderson, the latter the leader. They were accompanied by F. J. Simpson, a first aid expert of the Pacific Power & Light Co., who had a first aid kit with him. With the guides of the Legion party off on the rescue work, Kent Shoemaker, another Crags Rat, took charge, and L. A. Nelson, experienced Mazama, Judge Jacob Kastler, Fred Myers and J. B. Rice were detailed to direct the movements of Hood River recreationists. The ski-jumping was immediately cancelled, but the party was taken on a tour to ice pinnacles of Elliot glacier where they could see the progress of the rescuers.

The rescue work moved with a military precision. The 20 experienced Mazamas had already begun bringing out the injured, who had been given first aid by Dr. C. L. Booth, Portland physician, who was in the Mazama party. The Crags Rats met them and aided in drawing the accident victims for three miles down over the snow field on improvised sleds. Mr. Krebs

was the first to arrive at a kind of field hospital that had been arranged by Mr. Conway and Miss Gladys Burch, the latter Hood River county health nurse who was on the Legion climb. Mr. Herrin, Colonel Forrester, Miss Malloy and Miss Johnston followed. Walter B. Davidson had arrived with horses, which were utilized in getting the less seriously injured to the Legion camp, where they were met by ambulances and hurried to the Hood River hospital. Those hurt more seriously were given temporary care at the improvised field hospital and carried down the terminus of the Coopers Spur lateral on stretchers.

While the progress over the rugged trails of the mountain brought torture to a number of the injured, all won general admiration by their display of grit.

Clarence E. Oliver, Salem newspaper man, who was in a string of climbers just behind the ill-fated party and who aided in rescue work, declared the incident one of the most heart-rending imaginable.

"The women in other strings," said Mr. Oliver, "as they watched their friends plunging down the steep snow field to the crevasse, were too horrified to utter a sound. We men could only yell helplessly. It was almost a miracle that the entire line did not drop into the chasm of the crevasse. The snow on the upper side of the crevasse had formed an overhang, and the glissading Mazamas had been catapulted entirely across the crevasse and had dropped on a snow field 30 feet down. Had they been shot a few feet further, to the opposite edge of the crevasse they would have faced certain death in a slide into a giant crevasse just under that into which they dropped."

Dr. Stryker's body was brought to the Anderson mortuary here Sunday night.

BARTMESS RECALLS EARLY ACCIDENT

S. E. Bartmess, following the fatal accident on Mount Hood last Sunday, recalls that just 30 years ago a Portland man, who journeyed on the mountain alone, was killed.

"W. A. Langille, who is now with the state highway department, was then guide at Cloud Cap Inn," says Mr. Bartmess. "I have forgotten the name of the man who was killed. He walked to Hood River from Portland, thence to Cloud Cap. Mr. Langille wanted to accompany the visitor as a guide. 'No,' he replied, 'I have walked all alone here to the snowline and I am determined to make the journey up by myself.' Mr. Langille then instructed him never to leave the well defined trail while on the mountain.

"At one point on the trail that leads up from Coopers Spur is a place where one passes along as though walking at the caves of a roof. Just above this ridge like the roof's apex, and there was a natural tendency for one to want to climb on up to the apex for safety. However, the upper edge of this formation was really the top of a precipitous cliff of loose rock, covered with a shallow surface of snow. The lone climber left the trail and made for the upper portion of the formation. Mr. Langille saw him disappear, and knew at once what had probably happened.

"The edge of the cliff had crumbled under him and he had gone down 150 feet in an avalanche of snow and stones. Mr. Langille worked for more than a day recovering the body."

JUDGE'S TASK WAS A DIFFICULT ONE

The task of the judges named to pick the winners of the kiddies' pet parade last Friday afternoon was a difficult one. The children went by the judges stand so fast they were unable to get their numbers. Some of the children did not keep their numbers and the judges had quite a time in making decisions. They are not sure that the name and number correspond, so the prizes will not be given until Saturday, July 23, at the chamber of commerce office.

Winners were announced as follows: Boys—First, No. 98, Neils Volden, just married, \$5; second, No. 92, Clifton Volstorff, dog hitched to wagon, \$4; third, No. 93, Billy Mortimer, Brownie with bantam rooster \$3; fourth, No. 94, \$1; fifth, No. 2, Vincent Orcutt, bull-dog hitched to wagon, dressed as a soldier, \$1; sixth, No. 104, Indian, \$1. Girls—First, Coolidge baby, Pekinese dog, \$5; second, No. 77, Myrtle Burns, with duck, \$4; third, No. 95, Louise Volden, Mary and little ram, \$3; fourth, No. 3, Ann Follenius, Mt. Hood and dog, \$1; fifth, Ruth Emmel, Bo Peep, \$1; sixth, No. 103, Indian, \$1.

5 Climb Without Alpenstocks

With Edmond Miller, son of E. C. Miller, West Side rancher, as leader a party of five, without ropes and alpenstocks, climbed the Sunshine trail on Mount Hood Sunday. Behind them the Mazama party. Young Miller, who is not yet 20, had climbed the mountain before. The others were inexperienced. They were immediately behind the Mazamas when the string of climbers slipped. The Hood River party continued to the summit, returning down the east side trail.

Members of the party were: John Chalk, Marjan Nance and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Barr.

Band to Play on Heights

The K. P. Band will give its weekly concert on Twelfth street, the Heights, tomorrow night. The program will be: March, "The Jewel," Joe Barth; overture, "Rippling Ruby," W. L. Hangers; popular, "What Does It Matter?" Irving Berlin; march, "Pasadena Bay," M. Vessilla; selection, "Fanst," Genuod; popular, "There's Everything Nice About You," A. Tanken; finale, "Star Spangled Banner."

On Friday evening of next week the band will play for another street dance on Oak street.

Mrs. W. A. Hackett is visiting relatives and friends in La Grande. She will be in the eastern Oregon city for the Legion convention.

ENTIRE PARTY REACHES TOP

LEGION CLIMB WAS 100 PER CENT

Weather Conditions Ideal For Mountain Party—Crags Rats Efficient Guides

For Mount Hood Amateurs

(By Dorothy Hull) As the first streaks of a glimmered faintly in the east, the forest roared with the historian's cry of "Roll out!" "Time to get up!" Almost immediately the woods rang with a myriad of excited voices, and in short order the expertly-geared camp became a scene of lively activity. The odor of bacon and eggs combined with wood smoke floated aloft, and the crackle of a big camp stove fire was a welcome sound in the chill mountain air.

No second call to "Come and get it" was needed, and as the gray sky lightened and the eastern horizon became brighter the appetizing breakfast was consumed amid the bustle of preparations for leaving camp. In a few minutes the happy and expectant thrill-seekers were ready for departure. Garbed in heavy outing clothes, armed with alpenstocks and light packs, the long lines swiftly formed and with the ever-ready Crags Rats as bodyguards the happy and expectant thrill-seekers were ready for departure. Garbed in heavy outing clothes, armed with alpenstocks and light packs, the long lines swiftly formed and with the ever-ready Crags Rats as bodyguards the happy and expectant thrill-seekers were ready for departure. Garbed in heavy outing clothes, armed with alpenstocks and light packs, the long lines swiftly formed and with the ever-ready Crags Rats as bodyguards the happy and expectant thrill-seekers were ready for departure.

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They came the long zig-zagging march up the jagged ledges of the Crags Rats over on the watch for dangers that might be averted, in order that the joy of the morning might continue without the shadow of tragedy. Never had Dame Nature contributed a more perfect day; a sky of deepest azure, cloudless; warm July sunshine with a hint of a soft summer breeze.

No one turned back; but few even faltered, and at last—after five hours of steady plodding, a great host went up from below as the foremost line, one by one, went "over the top." From then on it was but matter of time until each group in turn swung over the edge, and at two o'clock the last member of the last line scrambled on to the summit, thus establishing a record of a 100% Legion climb, and also the second largest one in the history of the annual event.

It had been a long and tedious struggle, but "to the victor belongs the prize" and prize there is in this case, as anyone knows who has stood and gazed down from what seems to be the very top of the world:

In one vast sweeping vista
Eight snow-capped peaks loom high,
Their dazzling whiteness gleaming
Against ethereal sky;

While far below, the orchards of a fruitful valley lie.
Through green plateaus and woodlands
Bright, sparkling streamlets glide,
Snow fed by age-old glaciers
Along the mountain side.

While lakes of purest azure in the forest's fastness hide,
By rolling miles of wheat fields
The view to east is spanned;

To north and south and westward, too,
Lies fertile table land,
Each tiny part mute evidence of a Mighty Workman's hand.

If such a panorama is not worth the utmost effort of man, nothing can be. It uplifts the soul, and brings us through the door of Nature face to face with the Almighty creator of it all. In it can be found the inspiration to strive harder, to face life squarely and with infinite faith and trust.

After spending many long moments gazing at the awe-inspiring spectacle the climbers turned to the more material task of warming iced hands and feet in the shelter of the forester's cabin, and drinking the hot tea which the ever-thoughtful Crags Rats had provided. Then came the moment of the trip which to so many is the biggest thrill of it all, the first step in descending the perpendicular wall. After the first few hundred yards the life ropes were passed, and the fun commenced. The remainder of the trip back to the spur required from ten to forty minutes, according to the method of sliding best suited each individual.

And so, as the afternoon shadows deepened and all of the 135 reached their starting point, the Legion camp, tired, but safe and happy, it marked the close of the most successful group ascension of the peak, which has ever been accomplished and it seemed truly that man had scored a big victory over the merciless giant which has taken its toll of life and limb throughout the many years since the spirit of daring roused in the breasts of the most adventurous the desire to scale the heights. But in the cold embrace of the mountain smoldered a hate and a yearning of man—who on its mighty crags fades into invisibility and nothingness, man who thought himself master of all he surveyed. So all through the following night the mountain lay in

(Continued on next page)