

The Hood River Daily Expositor

VOL. XXXIX

HOOD RIVER, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1927

"I'd Rather be Safe Than Sorry"

—said one of our savings depositors the other day

"I like to know my money is in a safe place. I've worked hard enough to make it. I like to know I can withdraw it when I want to, although I do not intend to touch it unless I have to. And it's a satisfaction to know that it is earning more money for me."

SAVINGS equals SAFETY



FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Pity Your Poor Summer Suits

They have a lot to put up with at this season—what with the heat and the dust and all.

You can't blame them for looking a little the worse for wear!

But you can help them to stage a snappy comeback if you send them to us regularly for dry cleaning.

And they'll come back crisp and fresh and lively—ready to make you look and feel 100 per cent cooler!

We specialize in taking that "all gone" look and feel out of droopy suits. When shall we call for yours?

MEYER & SMITH

City Tailors

WE CALL AND DELIVER
Clothes do help you win—Dry clean them oftener!

Hood River Day

AT

KOBERG BEACH

Sunday, August 28

Exhibition of Red Cross Life Saving

Prizes for Best Divers, Races and Comical Stunts

The Battling Amazons

Program Starts at 2:30 Prompt

Teachers As Well As Students

Our Hats, Dresses and Coats

Are selected to meet your particular needs. Style, quality, service, appearance, price. As we avoid duplication your individual taste can be satisfactorily supplied. Our experience enables us to secure the better lines—our low overhead permits lower prices.

This Week We Are Showing New Coats

New color effects in dressy and sport coats. New dresses in silks, satins and worsteds. New hats, velvets, felts, and combinations.

The Specialty Shop—The Leiora

Buy It Anyway

We told you FOLKS some time ago that one of our CUSTOMERS had given us a new SLANT on this advertising IDEA and now we GOTTA NODULE idea. It's this: We can't AFFORD to tell you each week about ALL the bargains we have in the STORE here. IF we DID, this space would be an catalogue and it would take a WEEK to read it. Now you may not BELIEVE this but we DO put in a lot of THOUGHT on these ads and LOTS of times when we go to WHITE then we are so OVERTHREALED with BARGAINS that we don't know which ones to MENTION. So we just write about something BLESS entirely and HOPE you will take this little MESSAGE of ours as your PERSONAL invitation to come to our STORE.

MORAL—Ask us for what you want, even if it isn't advertised.

KRESSE DRUG CO.

The Rexall Store

NEW VICTOR RECORDS EVERY FRIDAY

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT

Once upon a time, in the city of Bagdad, lived Hakeem, the Wise One, who said: A THING THAT IS BOUGHT OR SOLD HAS NO VALUE UNLESS IT CONTAINS

THAT WHICH CANNOT BE BOUGHT OR SOLD

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF HIM WHO MAKES IT.

This is another one of those advertisements which, to be effective, must leave something to the imagination.

BUTLER BANKING COMPANY

Member Federal Reserve System.

Now Buying

All varieties of Apples and Winter Pears at good prices. See us at once if you have not sold your fruit.

We are prepared to have fruit washed and packed at Hood River or Odell, and can furnish boxes and other supplies. Fruit with one cover spray will probably pass without washing. We will buy unwashed fruit if it will pass the British export tolerance. Phone or come in and see us.

DUCKWALL BROS.

CASH BUYERS APPLES and PEARS

FRANZ BUILDING

Second Floor

Phone 3531

Definitely established at Hood River, our hands free to handle only THE ARTCRAFT STUDIO, we are now fully equipped and ready to handle you—

Kodak Finishing

At a Big Saving in Money to You!

Any size roll developed and six pictures finished for only

30 Cents

Studio open Sundays from 2:00 P. M. to 5:00 P. M.

The Artcraft Studio

Brosius Bldg. Tel. 6171

KIND ACT IS UNFORGOTTEN

C. A. BELL WAS KIND TO SYRIAN

Dr. Kanaga Brings Strang and Dramatic Story Here from the Detroit Foreign Colony

To set it forth that humankind may read it and sense it and let it sink down into their understanding, a story that Dr. E. D. Kanaga, former local physician, brings from Detroit, Mich., ought to be told in that simple, purposeful, expressive language used by the ancient wise men, prophets and apostles, who have left us the Bible. It is a story of an act of human kindness, the ramifications of which have extended into many lands. It is a story that should be printed on the front pages of newspapers in these days following the execution of the radicals, Sacco and Vanzetti and the concurring hysteria of their fellows scattered over the globe and inebriated with draughts of anarchy.

It is a story that will renew one's faith in the capacity of simple folk to remember and be buoyed up by a desire to return to a land with a "lure of beauty in its mountains and streams." It is a story that will make you think more deeply of that old adage about "the bread cast out upon the waters."

Dr. Kanaga for a number of years has been a practicing physician in Detroit. He and Mrs. Kanaga, en route by automobile to Tacoma, Wash., where he was formerly engaged as a physician, stopped here for a visit with old friends, and while here told the story, which carries an interest more keen than any one of fiction. But let him tell it.

"Detroit is filled with foreigners, there working in the great industrial plants. Among them I found a Syrian colony, a very fine type of people. It fell to my lot to treat the children of these families, and among them were five people, and one day I was invited to attend a festival occasion arranged in my behalf. It was truly a gala event."

"After a dinner, at which they served the delicacies peculiar to their land, I became engaged in conversation with one of the men. Just before the great west of us, this man had sent his family back to Syria. He had returned, too, to bring them home, and was caught in the net laid by Mars. He was drafted into the army and with his fellows went forth to battle. It was discovered that the men against whom he and his military unit had been pitted were on friendly terms. No blood feud existed between them. They held a parley, and it was agreed by their leaders that they would not fight. Instead they all fled into a mountain range, planning to hide their time together until the heat of war should cool down. But the makers of the truce fell into misfortune. The mountains were the abode of tribes of wild men. The peace loving Syrians were captured by the nomads and stripped of all their clothes except breech-clouts and shoes. Thus they were handicapped in essaying a return across a wide expanse of desert country to their homeland. Finally, however, they tried the journey, but after several days turned back again to the mountains, where at least food was to be had from the shrubs of the wild, the plum and wild grape vines. A second wandering band discovered them, and those took even the shoes of the refugees."

"In this condition the men again started across the waste lands to their homes. They were about half way on the perilous journey when the entire party was all but exhausted and starved. They finally discovered in a crevice in the sand one night, burrowing as a protection against the cold, a kind of edible clay that enabled them to exist. They had already eaten the last of their supplies. Finally, however, they had carried in their hands on the beginning of the journey."

"While the man was but a private, an obscure soldier, he won recognition from his fellows for his resourcefulness. He said to me: "It seemed that we all were going to perish. I, too, was ready to join the others in utter despair and give up. But for me there was always a picture of other lands, where there were other mountains. (Ogon's mountains he repeated to me as he spoke over.) There in those lands were people who had no blood feuds. The forests of those mountains were beautiful. The streams rushed along, sweet water, singing songs. To what land were there in those mountains. I saw the picture of them in the visions I had, and I kept telling my companions of them and persuaded them that we must keep courage and get back to our homes and then some day we might get to the land of these other mountains."

"From the story this man told me in his broken English, I judged that he must have coaxed, taunted, enjoyed and used force with his companions. But he finally led them back to the homeland, where friends nourished them back again to health. "And then came the tedious task, coupled up with redtapes, of getting together his family. A daughter had been born in America. The father first came back to the land of liberty, and then he gradually gathered together the others. The family had worked its way across the United States, having reached as far as Detroit when I met the man. It was his only aim in life to return to that land of the other mountains, where people were kind, where they had no blood feud. "His enthusiastic conversation seemed wanting, and I little dreamed of the climax that was coming, when with another spurt he began telling me of his hope to get to the great land of promise, where he knew that Charlie Bell would find suitable work for him and his companions. "That name, Charlie Bell, caught my attention. I began asking questions. It was now as eager in my talk as was this teller of the strange story. I applied questions in quick succession. I found that the Syrian had been engaged in Hood River in construction of the first concrete streets laid in the city in 1912. Mr. Bell, who was a pioneer in the logging industry and who had later entered the hotel business, had been kind to the Syrian when he was in Hood River. That bit of kindness and the impress left on him by the benign climate of Oregon with the lure of its scenic beauties had filled his whole life. He had saved his

life, he would have me believe, and that of his companions, when the lure of Oregon mountains, streams and people, beckoned him on across the desert waste when he and his refugee companions fled back from the wild, barren mountains of eastern Europe.

"There was a climax to the festival when the Syrian learned that I had lived in Hood River when he was here, that I was personally acquainted with the embodiment of a great kind western American as he had come to personally him in Charles A. Bell. He called his companions around him. He told them how I had known the man whom he had come to consider a savior. It was a confirmation to them of all the stories he had told. To them, up to that time, I believe, my Syrian friend's tales had been a kind of myth. They had looked on it as a kind of folk story. When the realism of it became apparent they went through a peculiar ceremony. The women took down their hair, and the significance of many of their actions was lost to me. They ended, however, by cries of rejoicing and all crowded around to grasp my hand. Those people are coming to you some day, and it will be a day of great joy when they can set foot in your town the memory of which, lingering in the mind of one of them, was destined to play so great a part in the drama of their lives."

C. A. Bell, the Charlie Bell of the story as told by the Syrian, died in 1925. For years Mr. Bell was head of the organized charitable work here, his acts of individual charity and philanthropy were unnumbered. He was a counselor of such as the simple, ignorant Syrian, and it is likely that many other stories similar to that of the Syrian might be told of him, but none, perhaps, more strange or dramatic.

CAMP FIRE GIRLS CAMP SUCCESSFUL

The outstanding features of Camp Linberlost during the second week were Ellis Island night, and a visit by Theodore A. Harper and Anthony Enver. On Ellis Island night, all girls dressed as immigrants. Each came up the gang plank, received a number and was examined by a group of inspectors who labeled them with an individual almsheet. Individual stunts by the immigrants were interesting.

Monday afternoon at 3:30 a crew of seven girls was ready for the trip across the lake to meet Theodore A. Harper, the writer of "The Mushroom Boy" and "Slugging Feathers." We arrived at the dock at the designated time and saw to our surprise another passenger awaiting us who was none other than Anthony Enver, our valley post. We were interestingly entertained by the stories of these two camp fire friends. Our only regret was that one evening had to hold the stories of two such interesting story tellers.

Thursday evening a ceremonial was held at which new members were taken into the Camp Fire. Girls' ranks awarded and honors presented. The new members are Rebecca Thomson and Opeline Green. Ranks were captured by the new members: in Camp Fire, Mrs. Wm. Sylvester, Torchbearer, highest rank in Camp Fire, Matilde Knoll. Honors presented were—Hindcraft, Apprentice, Kathleen Cronyn, Gertrude Backinger, Mary Housell, Dorothy Anderson, Mary Babson, Kathleen Hartwig, Rebecca Thomson. Journeyman, Editha Hartwig, Dorothy Anderson.

Camp Craft, Fugot Finder—Kathleen Cronyn, Mary Babson, Matilde Knoll, Kathleen Hartwig. Trailmaker—Editha Hartwig, Matilde Knoll. Nature Lure Seeker—Eleanor Halliday. Finder—Miriam Knoblock. Swimming—Tollywoog—Kathleen Cronyn. Frog—Anne Housell, Gertrude Backinger, Eleanor Banks, Julia Banks. Fish—Miriam Knoblock, Eleanor Halliday. Flying Fish—Viola Clara Bryant. First Aid Honors—Miriam Knoblock, Matilde Knoll, Edna Rainey, Elbarna Volstorf, Anne Housell, Viola Bryant, Gertrude Backinger, Florence Beirler.

Those receiving the highest camp Linberlost honors which has 20 requirements are: Editha Hartwig, Miriam Knoblock, Anne Housell, Gertrude Backinger, Kathleen Cronyn, Mary Babson, Matilde Knoll, Eleanor Halliday, Kathleen Hartwig and Dorothy Anderson. The requirements for the Linberlost honor were:

1. Advance one rank in swimming.
2. Advance on rank in one of the following crafts—Hand, Camp, Nature.
3. Do not eat between meals.
4. Observe the gospel of the clean plate.
5. Take setting up and dips every morning unless excused by nurse.
6. Observe rest hour which means complete relaxation, no reading or talking, etc.
7. Do not talk between taps and first call.
8. Go on camp hike.
9. Enter first aid class, folk dancing, sports, etc.
10. Keep health chart while in camp.
11. Write story, legend, or poem, or send in one set of camp pictures.
12. Improve in posture.
13. Have approved table manners.
14. Have clean tent average of 75 per cent.
15. Be neat in personal appearance all day.
16. Show good camp spirit and true sportsmanship.
17. Do one voluntary service daily.
18. Be on time for meals and classes.
19. Make some camp site improvement.
20. Observe all camp rules cheerfully.

GRANGE PROMOTES SCHOOL FAIR WORK

County School Superintendent J. W. Crites, who has announced Saturday, September 17, as the date for the annual county school fair this year, says that in many sections of the country the activities of industrial clubs of children have been taken over by organizations not connected with the schools. On the West Side the Rockford Grange is sponsoring the school fair work. Mr. Crites says that the exhibits of the coming fair will far outnumber any of any former fair.

GROWERS HEAR CANKER TALK

WOOLY APHIS SPREADS

Childs, at Experimental Farm, Urges The Prevention of Spread of Disease in Valley Orchards

Hood River orchardists, who begin to save their apple trees from attacks of perennial canker, which is characterized as the worst disease now confronting growers, must use meticulous surgery and the application of some form of fungicidal paint or sprays. It will also control wooly aphis. Such was the pronouncement Friday of LeRoy Childs, superintendent of the Hood River experimental station at a meeting of growers at the station's experimental farm just out from town on the west side.

Mr. Childs, who exhibited numerous specimens of wooly aphis branches with which he has been experimenting, said that perennial canker was not definitely recognized as a distinct disease until 1925. For many years, because the perennial canker appears attacked callousness made by anthracnose, he said, the two were confused. The two organisms were present in a single canker.

Since 1925 Mr. Childs has had under observation 2,000 cankers, and he declared that he had reached the definite conclusion that wooly aphis is the cause of the spread of the disease. Ninety-seven per cent of the wounds or cankers on apple trees which showed the presence of wooly aphis developed perennial canker. While 91 per cent of the wounds or cankers where the aphis was not present failed to develop the disease.

During the mild winters of 1924-25 and 1925-26 the infection was negligible, but during the past winter, when the temperature dropped to 10 degrees below zero, the perennial canker attacked trees at a frightful rate.

Mr. Childs says that entomologists for 40 years have been combating the wooly aphis. He urges that orchardists go over their trees thoroughly, using specially devised knives for scraping out all wounds. These, he said, should be painted with a tree paint that adheres closely, in order to prevent the aphis from penetrating beneath it. Where the rain forms a coating and lifts from the wound, Mr. Childs said, it makes a perfect protection for the insect. Mr. Childs said that in wounds painted last year with the proper kind of preparation more than 50 per cent failed to develop infection. The station superintendent believes that trees can be prepared for elimination of wooly aphis at not so exceed \$1 each.

Another method of preventing the activity of the aphis, Mr. Childs said, will be the spraying of the main branches with a solution of nicotine sulphate. The perennial canker is rarely found in pears.

MILLER COMPLETES PHELPS CREEK WORK

Because he takes a keen interest in the betterment of the road passing his country home and connecting the golf links between the Hood River country club with the Columbia river highway west of the city, Gus Miller, Franconia man, has done much in the past year toward improvement of the highway. Mr. Miller took charge of crews in construction of cuts and fills on the road, which is becoming one of the best of rural thoroughfares, although at one time it was little more than a hilly trail.

The most recent improvement of the road is a newly completed stone masonry concrete bridge over Phelps creek. The bridge, the coping on the side wall of which is 12 feet from the center of the stream, cost only \$1,000. Highway engineers who have seen it declare it would have cost the state at least \$2,000. The wingwalls of the bridge are seven feet wide and the arch is 8 feet. The stone from which the bridge is finished were quarried near Mr. Miller's home. The masonry work was done by Will Zolis.

The bridge is not of veneer or facing type. Concrete was poured back of the masonry walls, after they were in place, and thus the stone and concrete are a solid mass. Those who have seen the new structure have declared it the most handsome highway bridge on a Hood River county road.

CRUTCHFIELD BROS. SEE LOCAL ORCHARDS

Albin and Robert Crutchfield, sons of J. S. Crutchfield, president of the American Fruit Growers, Inc., arrived here Tuesday to spend a few days with J. H. Coderwall, Oregon manager, and study a plan of fruit production in Hood River valley. The young men have been in California and southern Oregon fruit districts. They will go from here to Yakima and Wenatchee before returning to their homes in Pittsburgh.

LOST LAKE WILL GET NEW TRACT

A piece of land along the east shore of Lost Lake, necessary to the government plans for the recreation development of the vicinity, has been obtained for the national forest by exchange with private owners. The federal government has for years desired to acquire the property in order to have more ready access to the Lost Lake recreational region. The law does not permit purchase, but an exchange with a private party is allowed. The government gave a stumpage tract on the east side of Mount Hood in the trade. Major Guthrie announced that development of the Lost Lake area region with adequate roads and summer home sites will now go ahead without further obstacles.