

No. 33 REPORT OF CONDITION OF
MOSIER VALLEY BANK
At Mosier, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, February 28, 1928.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$23,926.71
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	76.82
U. S. Government securities	654.35
Other bonds, warrants and securities	25,711.81
Cash on hand in vault and due from banks, bankers and trust companies designated and approved reserve agents of this bank	6,000.00
Exchanges for clearing houses and items on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank	7,142.06
Total cash and due from banks	545.30
TOTAL	\$63,966.05
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$10,000.00
Surplus fund	2,500.00
Undivided profits, less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	869.27
Individual deposits subject to check, including deposits due the State of Oregon, county, cities or other public funds	47,273.70
Cashier's checks of this bank outstanding payable on demand	11.80
Time certificates of deposit outstanding	3,301.28
TOTAL	\$63,966.05

STATE OF OREGON, County of Hood River, ss
I, R. J. SCARBLE, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
R. J. SCARBLE, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of March, 1928.
J. P. MARSHALL, Notary Public.
My commission expires Sept. 1, 1928.

CORRECT—Attest.
Chas. T. Bennett, R. D. Chatfield, Directors.

GOOSE HUNTING EXPEDITION RELATED

(By S. E. Bartmes)

Life is not a tragedy, life is a series of events, more or less serious. It only takes on the tragic when we, perchance, are arrested for bootlegging, breaking the speed limits, hunting without license during open season, hunting with license during the closed season. You may think these observations have something to do with the goose hunt, but they have not. It was the open season, and licenses were procured, and it was prior to the age of highways and automobiles. I will endeavor to show you that even then the world was not large.

Ed Wright, Will Cole and I had heard there were geese in abundance at Wasco, and we were headed for that place. Going by rail, we got off the train at Biggs, intending to take the branch line to Wasco, but met Frank Clark who had just come in from that place, and said there were no geese in that locality on that day. Then our train had left Biggs, and a freight train was standing on the siding, and I said to Wright and Cole, "I'll take this freight and run up to Blaylock and see if there are any geese there, and if you follow on the evening passenger."

Going into the depot, I learned the fare to Blaylock was 75 cents. When I went to the outside the freight was moving, and my "Pullman" was the full length of the train back, and in all probability was moving, too, but by running to meet the caboose I succeeded in getting aboard and rode there alone for about twenty minutes when the brakeman came in. He inquired, "Where did you get on, and where are you going?" I answered, "At Biggs, and going to Blaylock." He replied, "You'll get the d— when the conductor comes." I sat down and wondered how it would feel to get that way from the conductor. I waited for my sentence, and resolved to plead guilty, hoping in that way to get nothing more than a life sentence.

In a few minutes the conductor arrived, and walked up to me and asked the same question the brakeman had put to me, and I replied as to the brakeman. He told me he would not stop the train to put me off, but would expect me to leave the train at the first stop, even though it was in the sage brush, for he would lose his job if he carried passengers, as it was strictly against their rules of the company, and he could not do it.

Of course I felt very much humbled, but tried to console myself with the thought that perhaps I could hunt geese in that sage brush. I missed a moment and then said, "If you will let me ride I will help you keep the other boys off." He said, "All right, but how about the price?" I told him the agent at Biggs told me it was 25 cents. He replied, "Six bits goes," and turned around and commenced making out his reports.

Feeling somewhat relieved, I engaged the brakeman in conversation, and went back towards the conductor. In a few minutes, the conductor walked up behind me, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "You're Sam Bartmes, are you?" I answered, "That's my name, but I don't know you." He said, "Sam, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You and I were in the public school together and played on the streets and on the school grounds in Dayton, Indiana." "Yes," I said, "I played with the boys there, but I can't place you." He said, "I'm Wes Shibley." At the end of this parley we went into a cinder and the brakeman, acting as referee, yelled, "Break away." Wes said, "Sam, that six bits you gave me was counterfeit. I can't use it, and you can't use it either." I assured him that he was a good conductor and in the line of promotion. He told me that he had sat at the table and figured me out after 27 years of separation.

True to my prophesy of promotion, Wes Shibley is passenger conductor now and his run brings him through Hood River every day or so. The world was not large even before the time of highways, automobiles or airplanes.

The above is the first chapter of the goose hunt and it was not the least interesting part of that hunt.

If you can forget the sand blowing in your eyes while waiting in the pit on the best hunting days, it is easy to imagine you are having a good time. It is not customary to carry a mirror with you but when you look at the other hunters, you can't blame geese for not recognizing them as human beings. Will not try to describe what Ed looked like. I could only imagine what was my appearance by noting the expression reflected on their faces when looking my way. Anyhow, we got some geese.

There was one outstanding event in the hunt that should be mentioned. Will and Ed have told it many times, but have always had trouble to remember how they told it the last time, so I will make it authentic. The expression "silly as a goose" is universal, but if you want to see the geese give that assertion the lie, just hunt them for a while. As a test, when the flock is approaching, just move your gun barrel one inch and observe the flock bark and leave you wondering how it all happened. But once in awhile a goose will be guilty of the silliest thing imaginable, which brings disgrace upon the whole goose fraternity, and challenges the lie the other geese have given you.

We were in our pits watching a flock coming out of the river a mile or so away, and with the decoys at our backs. We felt perfectly safe in standing and engaging in conversation as to the probability of that flock coming our way, when I turned around and saw a goose walking amongst the decoys. He had flown in and lit without saying a word. I looked towards Ed and Will and found them giving the flock their undivided attention. Realizing I could not give that goose a sportsman's chance, or the boys would beat me to it, I shot that goose on the ground amongst the decoys in a most cowardly manner. Ed asked, "What are you doing? Shooting at the decoys?" I told him I could not find anything else to shoot, so shot that silly goose.

Once in a while you will hear hunters complain of the treatment they receive from the ranchers, but there is a rancher's side also. When they tell you of the cutting of wire fences, flogging of pits without permission, causing many days of work in the spring before they can harvest the next year's crop, shooting the stock and doing other damage to the ranch, then you cannot blame them for resenting the acts of some hunters. If the hunter will treat the rancher fair, the rancher will treat the hunter fair, the rancher will be fair with him.

Bluff shooting is more agreeable than the pit, but uncertain, for the conditions must be just right. A heavy fog or a high wind will bring the game down within reach; otherwise the geese will fly too high. Having constructed a good blind I sat down to await the coming of the geese, when a hunter approached and we passed the usual courtesies, "What luck and where do you live?" He replied, "Nothing yet, and I live in Portland." Then he asked,

"Whose land is this?" I answered, "I don't know, and do not want to walk down to that house to find out; thought if they did not want me to hunt here they could order me off." His question, "What would you do if the owner ordered you off?" "I would walk off." "Then you had better walk; this is my ranch." He was evidently one of the "good ones," and I gave him my version of rancher versus farmer, informing him that I had owned a farm at one time and knew of his troubles. We talked for a few minutes, and I said to him, "Here is your fence, and I inquired, 'That wire fence over there.' I asked him if they allowed hunting on that ranch. He said, 'I don't know.' I told him I could find out, and for him to take my blind and I would go to the other side of the fence. He replied, 'No, you stay right here and I will find another place.' That sounded better than 'you had better walk.' There are two trails leading from Blaylock to the top of the bluff; an upper and a lower. The next morning I was going out on the upper trail, and a man calling from the bluff above me, 'Going out to your luck again? Go over to the house and tell the men I said for them to give you your dinner.' At noon I was ready to carry out his instructions, and went up to the door and found two men just ready to sit down to a roast goose dinner; gave them the message and was invited in. They asked me if I had hunted on the bluff the day before, and said I could take a goose. Told them I did both, and the geese flew around the point of the bluff and I lost it. They said the geese will in the road right in front of the house, and bade me sit down and help eat it. I was invited to come in at 6 o'clock and have supper on that goose, and at the end of that meal they urged me to remain with them for the night, and help finish that goose at breakfast, but would not accept any pay for the accommodations.

It is not customary to be the recipient of so much hospitality, but this instance seemed to have been an exception, for we do pay and are willing to pay and should pay for the accommodation; but it proves again the adage, "Your neighbors are just about what you make them." This is a valuable lesson in the walks of life.

If the conditions are unfavorable for bluff hunting, you are somewhat compensated by the interesting sight of flocks of geese coming in from the grain fields. They will fly eight hundred feet above the bluffs, retain that altitude until directly over the river, and then begin the descent by a series of gyrations, loop the loops, barrel rolls, dips, right side up, up side down, that would make Tex Rankin exclaim, "What the heck are their nuts up and collisions no geese is provided with a parachute, yet they all alight safely in the river, and join in the bedlam that continues far into the night.

I have heard some Hood River ninny-muds say that that sight is worth the trip, even though the geese they brought home added to the expense account.

WHITE FINDS CONDITIONS VERY GOOD

Harry E. White, horticulturist for Sherwin-Williams Co., who was here last week, says he finds Hood River orchards and prospects are fine for a crop. Mr. White, however, after a tour through local tracts, declares it his opinion that growers should practice the clean cultivation method, in order that tree growth may be promoted.

"Some such practice as this should be followed by growers," Mr. White said, "in order to insure a good wood growth may be secured each year. Mr. White, who formerly traveled through the Yakima, Wash., orchards, says that conditions there are very encouraging. He said his aim is to have an excellent tonnage of fruit this fall, he says.

Mr. White says that growers who contemplate setting out new orchards of the Newtown variety here should utilize Mammoth Big Twig stock and then top work to the Newtown at least four feet from the ground. This, he thinks, will insure orchards of healthy, fast growing stocks that will be largely immune from diseases that attack the root grafted Newtown.

Mr. White, the first of the week, passed through here on the way to the Wenatchee district. He was accompanied by A. F. Swain, entomologist for Sherwin-Williams Co., who will be in charge of some experiments in dormant and summer pruning of orchards. The men stated that some local experiments in summer oil may be conducted.

"We find, too," said Mr. White, "that much interest is being displayed in dusting this year. This has great possibilities especially in those districts where the codling moth is so hard to combat. Growers with Ortleya and Jonathans are interested, because they may be able by the dust to get away from washing."

SANCTUARY LAKES BEAUTIFUL SPOTS

Among the most alluring places of the mid-Columbia district is the fish and game preserve, Sanctuary Lakes, being developed by E. L. McClain, Jr., of Los Angeles. Judge A. J. Derby, associated with Mr. McClain in the development of the preserve and surrounding country, just back of Wind mountain, has acquired the imposing Columbia gorge promontory. In the near future the Hood River Crag Hotel plan a hike to the top of the mountain. On their return from the trip they will be guests of Judge Derby, who will serve them a trout dinner.

Judge Derby, accompanied by S. L. Banks and the writer, visited the lakes last Thursday afternoon. Numerous improvements are being made on the big preserve by J. R. Phillips, superintendent, and added lure will attract motorists here this summer.

Goodyear Man Visits Here

Holt Guerin, representing the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of California, was recently here visiting Edward Sparks who handles the Goodyear line at his service station at Front and State streets, says he anticipates an excellent tourist traffic in the Pacific northwest the coming summer. Eastern visitors will increase over last year, and an influx of California motorists will begin as soon as the warm weather sets in.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sparks were in Portland the first of the week, and while there called on the Goodyear office. Mr. Sparks is now featuring the popular tire, the reputation of which has long been outstanding here.

Brush Rake Demonstration

The Conitor Motor Co. will give a demonstration of a new type of brush rake tomorrow. The new equipment, drawn by a Fordson tractor, will be shown at the Brookside drive place of Dr. H. D. W. Pines.

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