

# Alt. Scott Herald

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## LENTS RED CROSS "OVER THE TOP"

EAST SIDE WORKERS FOR MEN  
"OVER THERE" MAKE RECORD  
IN DRIVE FOR OREGON'S QUOTA.

John Walrod, Captain of Precinct 122 reports the first day's work of his team in an appreciative manner. He says: "I believe I had the finest team in Precinct No. 122 that there was in the city, and the finest looking ladies. They were so pleasant no one could help but give freely. They had no words with any one and I don't think they missed a house. If any man or woman was missed, just hold up your hand and see that you are called upon."

I want to thank Mrs. Myrtle Stephens, Susie Gates, Alice Orendorf, Addie Allen, Lenora Parker, Adia Abraham, Jennie Robb, May Rossall, Minta Denton and Estella Huntington for the very businesslike manner in which they did their work. Their work was well done and they are deserving of great praise."

The result for the canvas was \$323.05

Report From Precinct 114 Good

Alice M. Croft was captain of Team B, Precinct No. 114. Her helpers worked in pairs, each pair taking two avenues. From 10 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. on the first day \$113.55 was taken in. In the two days' work a total of \$158.05 was collected.

The captain says of her team: "I wish at this time to especially thank these team workers for their interesting efforts in behalf of the 'Greatest Mother on Earth'—the Red Cross, and to those who so generously gave the blessings of millions of suffering humanity will be added."

Local Unit Busy Workers

Since January 8 the Lents Red Cross Auxiliary has made 43 bed shirts, 78 pajama suits, trousers and coats, 21 surgeon aprons, 20 napkins, 6 bed socks, 50 tea towels, 70 arm slings, 8 tray cloths, 42 pillows, 11 body bands, 16 pillow slips, 60 caps, 12 T-binders, 58 handkerchiefs, 36 tape shirts, 16 packages of gun wipes, 68 pairs of socks, 17 pairs of wristlets, 34 sweaters, 5 helmets and 8 scarfs.

The Rebekah Lodge of Lents also has donated eight knitted squares for quilts.

The Parent-Teacher Association and Junior Red Cross of Lents turned over \$15 to the auxiliary, the proceeds of their recent entertainment.

Many of the members of this auxiliary work from 10 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon. The Lents public school furnishes hot lunch for the workers.

Jefferson High Raises Goodly Sum

More than \$700 for the Red Cross is the record made by the Jefferson high school, according to Mrs. E. U. Will, captain of precinct No. 258, which includes the high school. Mrs. Will reported Thursday afternoon that she, together with her solicitors, had already obtained \$1000 from the precincts.

Clackamas County Active

Clackamas county went clear over the top the first day. Every person and place was canvassed and given an opportunity to do his bit. An angel cake containing the whites of 42 eggs was sold at one of the most enthusiastic Loyalty league meetings ever held in Clackamas county at Beaver Creek Wednesday evening. The cake was cut into slices and auctioned off, each slice selling for 30 cents. The proceeds from the cake alone amounted to over \$15. The money all went to the Beaver Creek Red Cross chapter. Before the cake was sold it was christened with tiny candy hearts in honor of General Pershing.

Deaf Children Help

Wonderful interest was shown in the school for deaf children, which is a division of the Buckman school. Seventeen school children raised \$70 through methods unique, all the more so considering the unfortunate afflictions of the young patriots. Three little girls collected 50 cents in odd change and opened up a lemonade stand near the school on Ankeny street. They wore Red Cross nurse costumes and decorated their little stand artistically with their mothers' best flags. They did a flourishing business. Six dollars—600 per cent—was realized on the investment, and the entire amount was turned over to the canvassers. The stand is still doing a very good business and the proceeds will be turned over to the fund as long as the business proves profitable.

These little girls have shown an energy and patriotism that older citizens might well pattern after.

Rev. U. C. Fowler, pastor of the Tremont Nazarine Church, is helping in the organization of the annual Assembly, which will be held in the M. E. Church South, Union avenue and Multnomah street, June 4.

## Memorial Day's New Message



Brave soldiers, who have worn the blue!  
Brave soldiers, who have worn the gray!  
Alike to human rights renew  
Your pledge of fealty today!

## Blue, Gray, and Khaki

All One Color Now That  
the Country Calls on  
the Loyalty of  
Her Sons.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER  
of the Vigilantes.

WHENEVER, here in the little town of Flushing, on Long Island, we have had a pathetic affair in connection with the present great world war, the little handful of aged men who are all that is left of the Grand Army of the Republic here, have had seats on the platform. In the parades they have had their place in line, seated in automobiles. Last year, when these aged veterans had their annual Memorial day parade, they permitted the Liberty Loan committee's automobiles to occupy a place in the line.

No doubt, when these old men are asked to the seats of honor in affairs having to do with the present war only, there is a desire, on the part of those who invite them, to honor the men who fought through one war and who have lived to see another and more enormous war. Sitting on the platform or in the automobiles the old men may think, "Even in these mighty times we are not forgotten."

They are not forgotten. Indeed, they are more freshly and more importantly remembered than they have been for many years. It is hardly too much to say that they are only now being remembered. Except on the one day—Memorial day—set aside in honor of their dead comrades, the old men in blue have been fairly well forgotten. They have been submerged in the onward rush of new times and new interests, and not remembered except when they put on their uniforms to place flowers on the flag-marked graves. When, to secure a few dollars for one purpose or another, they held some small affair, we remembered with something like surprise that they were still alive. Then we forgot them again.

These old men seem, as they sit on the platform these days, rather silent and unmoved. There is so much enthusiastic youth and lively patriotism in the seats facing them that by contrast they seem stolid and uninterested. What they are thinking of it all I cannot tell. They are very old men, many of them, and many of them are none too well, for they have the infirmities of age. No, I cannot guess what they are thinking. One may be thinking that he would be more comfortable in bed; another may be thinking how pitiful it is that he should have fought and lived to see, in his last days, a new and a greater war, as if wars were never to end; another may be thinking of similar meetings and similar patriotic fervor that leaped into being when Sumner was fired upon.

Sight to Arouse Patriotism.  
I wish we could have, here in Flushing, or out yonder in Iowa, or in Oregon, a band of the old men in gray to sit on the platform at a patriotic meeting, as we have the old men in blue, sitting. I know how we would feel when we saw them seated there

before us, with the flag of our country over them, and perhaps the flag of the Confederacy they fought for hanging at its side. Someone would start singing "Dixie," and every one would sing. Someone would start singing the "Star-Spangled Banner," and every one would sing. If there were old men in blue sitting side by side with the old men in gray, we would weep. We could not help weeping. It would be a night none of us would ever forget, because the presence of the old men in blue and in gray would mean to us the union of complete patriotism, North, South, East and West, in a consecration of this just war against ruthless autocracy.

That would be the first night we saw the old men in gray and the old men in blue sitting there. Presently we would become accustomed to seeing them sitting there, just as we have become accustomed to seeing the old men in blue here in Flushing. We would applaud them each time, but we would not weep again, because that first great sweep of emotion would be over. Then we would feel just what we now feel when we see the old men of the Grand Army of the Republic at our meetings.

We would feel that they were there

Yes, it Was Here!



to typify the greater, the everlasting patriotism.

Too Many Lack Real Patriotism.

In a time of great stress, such as the present, ideas are in flux and each day brings its high and low tides of patriotism. Each day, town, and village has its high and low levels of patriotism. There are men who are all but disloyal, and men who are like gleaming beacons of loyalty. There are partisans who put party above country, and shifters who change with every breeze. There are siders who weaken at every German lie and strengthen between lies. There are fake intellectuals who gurgle and croon over any bit of unpatriotism and who scream for world-democracy but sneer at America. Each city, town, and village is just such a pool of swaying, senseless, unanchored feeling. And on the platform sits the little group of old men in blue—American once, American twice, American now and every minute and every hour.

That is what we see when we look at the old men in blue on our platforms here in Flushing. Rather silent

and rather unmoved, they sit there with their blue hats across their knees—Americans all the way through! It is what those of the South see when they look upon their old men in gray. These men have fought. They have lived long. Out of their battles and the well-fought fields came the Republic as it is today, strong and noble, and they have seen it and know that it is good. We come in from an air that is permeated with disloyalty, petty questionings and German-propagated doubts, and we see these silent, unmoved old men, the faithful. They are not questioning why. It is enough that the Republic has been insulted and assailed. That is, when we come to think of it, enough for all of us.

Great Republic Born in War.

Out of the wars that have been fought on our soil we have created a Republic. Washington, Lincoln, Davis, Grant and Lee, the thousands in blue and buff, in blue and in gray, wrought a Republic out of the raw, chaotic ideas of freedom, braving foreign powers and daring a struggle at home in order that the best might result, and the Republic still stands—the best the world has yet known. It is good enough for the old men in blue and the old men in gray; it is enough for them that it has been scorned and insulted by a bloodthirsty imperial Germany.

The aged men in blue and gray remind us that there is still a Republic, a fact we are too prone to forget. They file in slowly, some of them leaning on canes, and take their seats, and put their hats across their knees. They look out upon the audience with eyes that are dim; they stand when the "Star-Spangled Banner" is sung, and then sink into their seats again, silent and rather unmoved. They listen to speeches and rather wonder what it is all about, I imagine. Why should this man shout so loudly that we must beware of this or that? What has that got to do with it? The Republic has declared war and the war must be won though it cost the last life and the last dollar. That is what the old men think, I imagine. They fought; they offered their lives—what is all this pother about? Have the Germans already annexed the country, or is it still a free and independent Republic? Well, then, there are but two things to do—fight and win!

Their Duty Done; Ours to Do.

In their old age they sit there, the veterans in blue and gray, and they are rather helpless. They are old and they are feeble; they cannot fight, few of them can so much as work; they look out with dim eyes, not quite understanding, but with faith that we will do what they are no longer able to do. In a few days they will slip away and no longer be, and these last hours they loosen their fingers and let slip into our hands, for safety or for loss, to be preserved or dishonored, the Flag of the Republic.

And we? We dispute and complain and whine and falter. But, hark! What sound is that? The old men in blue and gray arise and salute with trembling hands. Their old eyes fill with tears. They stand and listen to the tramp! tramp! tramp! of many feet. There are still men to carry the Flag of the Republic, for out of the hands of the men in blue and the men in gray the Flag has passed to the hands of the boys in khaki, and we see them marching by—thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands—the defenders of the Republic; no North, no South, no East, no West, but the Republic, One and Indivisible, Now and Forever!

W. Y. Richmond and family had a pleasant outing on the Columbia Highway and along Eagle Creek Saturday.

Miss Helen Gentry returned from teaching near Reeburg Saturday.

## STILL ONE OF THEM

Veterans Always With the Boys  
in Spirit, Though They  
May Not March.

COMES the old-time feelin' at the beatin' o' the drum,  
An' I'm sittin' in the sunlight  
an' a-watchin' o' 'em come!  
An' I seem rejuvenated!—see the  
old-time battle sky,  
An' I'm one o' them same youngsters  
—with the boys a-marchin' by!

Don't they keep step fine!  
An' I'd give the world to fine!  
(They's lots o' grayhaired fellers  
that could form a battle line!)

Comes the old-time feelin' as I see  
'em march along;  
The winds that wass the old flag  
seem to sing a battle song!



An' the rifle on the rack there—must  
I see it with a sigh,  
My war days gone forever, an' the  
boys a-marchin' by?

Keepin' step so fine—  
How it thrills this heart o'  
mine!

(An' lots o' grayhaired fellers that  
would form a battle line!)

It isn't to the old brigades they're  
handin' out the guns,  
Though when it comes to trouble we  
are all the country's sons!

An' that's why I'm a-sayin', when  
the time's drawin' nigh,  
I'm one o' them same youngsters—  
with the boys a-marchin' by!

Don't they keep step fine!  
An' I'd give the world to fine!  
(They's lots o' grayhaired fellers  
that would leap to battle line!)  
—Frank L. Stanton, in the Atlanta  
Constitution.



## NOTHING SAFE FROM THEM

Gen. Hancock Evidently Had High  
Opinion of the Foraging Abilities  
of the Nineteenth Maine.

"There is some doubt as to what part the Nineteenth Maine played in the war," remarked a veteran of that regiment. "The fact is, the Nineteenth ate up the Southern Confederacy. They stole pigs, robbed hen roosts, cleaned out orchards and cellars and foraged the country so thoroughly that the enemy had nothing left to feed on, and so lay down and died."

Then Al Wells of the same regiment took up the thread of the story:

"We were sweeping along one day, dining on the fat of the land, as usual. Another troop was ahead, and between them and us rode General Hancock. As the general was passing one plantation, the aged proprietor came out and stopped the general's party."

"General," said he, "I want some sort of safeguard. Those troops that have just gone by stole my pigs, lifted my hen roosts and emptied my cellar."

"I'm sorry," said Hancock.

"Yes," replied the old man, "they stole everything but my hope of immortality. Thank God! none of them can steal that."

"Don't be too sure about that," retorted the general. "The Nineteenth Maine is comin' next."

George Jones, of the Eighth Company of the Columbia, Fort Stevens, made a brief visit at the home of his grandparents one day last week.

## TENT CITY RISES FOR CONFERENCE

FORTY NORTHWEST ADVENTIST  
CHURCHES SEND LARGE DELE-  
GATIONS TO CRESTON CAMP.

Forty churches are represented at the campmeeting at Creston station. The conference opened Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. More than 300 tents make up a young city, planned to glorify the Redeemer of mankind.

A number of prominent pulpit orators will speak during the two weeks the conference is in session.

The Oaks Now Open

The Oaks amusement park opened Saturday with an unusual number of features for entertainment. The auditorium where Clough's band will give its concerts, will seat more than 2000, while the skating rink will accommodate 7000. The dance hall is large enough for from 200 to 300 couples. Manager Cordray announces that all concessions and pleasure devices are in readiness for the crowds.

German Names of Streets Changed

Final action to change the Teutonic names of certain streets in the Brooklyn district has been taken by the city council. Under the ordinance passed the following changes have been authorized: Frederick street to Pershing, Karl to Haig; Rhine to McLoughlin; Frankfort to LaFayette; Bismarck to Bush.

Government Allowances Mailed

In answer to inquiries from families of soldiers and sailors, the war risk insurance bureau has announced that all checks for April allotments for pay and government allowances were mailed on the 25th of May.

Freight Rates Increase

The Oregon Public Service commission has received word from W. G. McAdoo stating that he would increase all freight and passenger rates, in order to meet cost of operation.

## CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

The State encampment of G. A. R. held at Albany recently closed with the election of the following officers: T. H. Stevens, Portland, commander; E. F. Sax, Albany, senior vice; A. C. Spencer, Ashland, junior vice; J. E. Hall, Portland, medical director; Daniel Drew, Portland, chaplain.

Officers of the Ladies of the G. A. R. are: Mrs. Eva Carnegie, president; Minnie Simons, Portland, senior vice; Belle Elwood, Lents, junior vice; Myrtle Eggeman, Springfield, treasurer; Elmira Underwood, Portland, chaplain; Veleria Benvie, Portland, counselor.

Officers of the Woman's Relief Corps are: Bertha Drew, Heppner, president; Mrs. S. Watts, Corvallis, senior vice; Mary Simons, junior vice; Minnie Horseman, Portland, secretary; Jennie Bentley, Hood River, inspector.

All three organizations selected The Dalles for the next state encampment.

The State Woman's Press Club has sent out a circular letter over the state urging all clubwomen to endorse a resolution sent out concerning the zone postal act and urging all to send in protests to Congress.

The seventh annual convention of Oregon Grand Chapter of the P. E. O. Sisterhood was held at Salem last week.

The East Woodstock Red Cross unit, of which Mrs. Seiden J. Cochran is chairman, will in the future meet on Wednesdays instead of Tuesdays.

Mrs. Dora Gerardy, president of the Creston Parent Teacher Association, who has been ill for a number of months, is recuperating and hopes to be able to take up her work again soon. She says she is very grateful for the flowers and notes which have been sent her by the various organizations and wishes to express her thanks.

The next congress meeting of the Multnomah C. E. Union will be held next Tuesday evening, June 4, at the Sunny-side Congregational church at 7:30 p. m. Annual election of officers will be one of the features of the evening.

The Portland Grade Teachers' Association will give a dance at the Lincoln High School for uniformed men, June 1.

Mrs. A. J. Boatright is seriously ill and was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital Tuesday evening.