

## News Items from Arleta-- Kern Park Neighborhood

The Arleta W. C. T. U. has discontinued its regular meetings till the last Tuesday in July, on account of the chautauqua at Gladstone.

Word was last Tuesday received by his parents at 5610 Seventy-first street S. E. that Wilford Hollingsworth, of the 349th baking company, was then at Camp Merritt.

Frank Hathaway, formerly of Firland, now of the West Side, who came home with the 148th field artillery, was calling on friends at Nashville station last Tuesday.

Rev. Lee Gray, pastor of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian church, went to Carlton Wednesday morning to accompany his daughter Margaret home. Miss Margaret has been visiting her grandmother at that place.

Mrs. E. O. Rivers, 5627 Seventy-second street S. E., went to Sheridan last Monday for an over-night visit with her brother's family, returning Tuesday, accompanied by her niece, Miss Grace Champlin, who will make a few days' stay in Portland with her aunt.

Carl J. Hollingsworth and sister, Esther, of 5610 Seventy-first street S. E., motored to Hood River last Saturday, returning late Sunday evening with Mrs. Hollingsworth and Baby Jean. On the way home, but still near Hood River, the party was the victim of an automobile disaster which delayed their arrival here.

Mrs. Sadie Orr Dunbar, of 7118 Fifty-third avenue S. E., returned home last Tuesday evening from an extended eastern trip which included her attendance at the convention of the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, which met recently at Atlantic City. Mrs. Dunbar is the state secretary for Oregon of this organization.

Mrs. George Stoner, 7411 Sixty-ninth street S. E., is now able to move about the house with the aid of cane, and to take short trips if very carefully aided. Her son, Richard Stoner, of the Pittsburgh, sailed recently for European points, including ports in Italy and western Persia.

Mrs. James Jones, 5262 Sixty-eighth street S. E., entertained her sister, Miss Della Herd, of Newberg, for a week-end June 21 and 22. The week following she was visited by her niece, little Miss Bernice Herd, also of Newberg, and last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Jones accompanied her home, returning to Portland after a short stay.

Between 40 and 50 members of the Ladies' Missionary society of the Arleta Baptist church picnicked on the lawn at Mrs. Brasura's home in Eastmoreland Wednesday, June 25. An interesting missionary program was enjoyed by all. Rev. W. T. Spriggs, former pastor of the church, now of Medford, lectured, and Mr. and Mrs. Driver favored with music.

Last Saturday evening the Scout troops of the city, under the supervision of City Scout-director James E. Brockway, held a celebration on Council Crest in honor of the signing of the peace treaty. About 1100 Scouts were there to engage in the troop stunts. Troop 21, of Kern Park, was there in nearly full quota to help dispose of the thousand or so bars of chocolate and to pow-wow around the mammoth bonfire.

Master Harry Wilson, 4135 Sixty-fourth street S. E., of Scout troop 21, and David Phelps were playing with a 22 rifle last Monday, when the firearm was accidentally discharged, the bullet lodging in Harry Wilson's head; permanently, it is feared, injuring his sight. The boy was conscious up to the time of his being taken to the Eye, Ear and Nose hospital, near the Good Samaritan.

After choir practice Thursday evening, June 26, about 45 of the members of the Arleta Baptist church choir surprised Mrs. Chambliss at her home, 4807 Sixty-fifth street S. E. The choir, under the leadership of Professor Finley, has an enrolled membership of 60, with an average attendance of from 30 to 45, the largest in this vicinity. The evening was very pleasantly spent with music and conversation, and a bounteous feed, donated by the crowd, was greatly enjoyed.

Ted Evans, 6715 Fifty-eighth avenue S. E.; Glenn Campbell, 6827 Fifty-fifth avenue S. E., and Carl Leabo, 5627 Seventy-first street S. E., returned Friday evening from Camp Lewis, where they had received their honorable discharge from

### THE SPECTER OF OWL ISLAND

(Continued From Page Two)

door! And the walls were cold, wet, rotten planks, musty and foul smelling.

On the floor in one corner we saw by the flash-light what appeared to be a partially decomposed human body. Instinctively we shrank away from the thing, and toward an opening which the flash-light revealed leading to another room of the house.

As we crowded each other through the aperture we heard a long-drawn-out scream from what seemed to be a young girl in distress—then a dead silence. The blood froze in our veins. My light went out—perhaps the fault of my trembling fingers—and our horror gave way to a paralyzing fear. Neither of us could speak, but clung together by mutual consent. As we stood there, trembling, the room became tinged with a pale-blue light, which, growing more intense, revealed something in the corner of the room resembling a white table. It was!

It rushed toward us, its castors thundering as it came. We were too terrified to move. On the table was the arm of a human body lying in a pool of steaming blood. The white fingers worked convulsively. As the haggled end of the arm raised from the table, we heard the murderous hacking of an axe and a muffled groan. The table vanished, but the arm remained, quivering, suspended in the air. After a moment it, too, moved away. As it floated through the rapidly fading light we followed it as if hypnotized.

We found ourselves creeping down a flight of dilapidated stairs. Here the arm disappeared, but, as we neared the bottom steps, we saw a sight more horrible: a pile of human skulls moving as live things. A huge reptile's head emerged from them, and, as the light faded, the horrid-looking creature crawled slowly toward us. We stood helpless.

Then in the darkness we felt the slimy monster wrap its cold body about us, with an ever-tightening grip. I clutched the thing, but in vain did I struggle. I felt dizzy and it seemed that we were being hoisted into the air. Suddenly an icy breath blew against us. We dropped into something cold and damp. Everything flashed white—it was snow. Just a few feet above us was a window about six feet square, over which an electric light blinked. We were on the lower side of the house of mystery with a cold, damp rope wound tightly about us. With difficulty we unfastened the rope, and like two boys caught in mischief, hastened to the car. As I put my foot on the starter we were startled by the sound of voices. We saw several policemen hurrying to the house, which became brilliantly illuminated just as they

stepped upon the porch. As the head spokesman put his hand to his hip pocket, a big, happy-faced man appeared at the door.

By this time Roy was elbowing his way through the group of blue-coats.

"What's the big joke, boys?" said Roy.

"I'll say it's a joke!" answered the big man, with a chuckle that shook his big frame all over.

"It's not more than two hours," said the officer, his hand falling away from his pocket, "since a nut dropped into the station with a tale of murder, ghosts, and everything else."

The other officers looked at each other and smiled.

"Well," resumed the happy-faced man, "I am Fred Gilson, owner of Owl Island Amusement Park and proprietor of the original 'House of Mystery.' Ever since I bought the island, I've had the thing on my mind; now it's materialized, and it's got any of the Coney Island stuff skinned a mile. The sensation-producing stuff in this house is operated by electricity from the control room; and through a system of mirrors the operator can see his victims. About three hours ago, the electrician, my daughter, and myself were in the control room putting on the finishing touches, when a couple of tramps came in. We put them through the mill, or tried to, but they got away before we could let the false walls down. Before we got ready to leave a couple of well-dressed simps—I mean a couple of young men—came in and we put 'em through the mill right. When my girl saw the demonstration, she fainted. Just step right in, gents, and see it all; but don't faint. I have no more water."

#### The Whole Camp Stood at Attention

A story is told of a private at Camp Lewis who was forever whistling; the last thing at night while he drew off his shoes, the first thing in the morning when he sprang up at reveille, he was at it, until it got on the nerves of his superiors. They reprimanded him and disciplined him but yet he whistled. One morning the officer of the day came upon him, whistling as usual, as he was busied about the camp. The officer's face purpled. He thundered, "Go out on the parade ground and stand at attention and whistle for an hour." The private walked out upon the parade ground, stood at attention, and whistled for one hour; but he did not stand alone—he whistled the "Star Spangled Banner."

#### LOST OR STOLEN

Black and white Jersey Holstein cow Saturday night. Reward for information. C. L. Kelley, 7303 92nd St., S. E. Tabor 9595.

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## Let the Eagle Scream

For tomorrow is the Fourth of July, therefore, it is the patriotic duty of every loyal citizen to cease his labor and celebrate the great and glorious Independence Day in an appropriate way.

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