

# ST. JOHNS REVIEW

## St. Johns Leads in Nation

Now, it's "Oregon First" on sea and land, for when the Grant Smith-Porter Company steamer *Wasco* left Portland for the sea last Friday she was the first wooden steamer ordered by the Emergency Fleet Corporation to get into service. Yards in every part of the United States were striving for the honor and the glory which is Oregon's marks it as one of the greatest achievements in war work.

The *Wasco* was one of the first keels laid by the big yard at St. Johns, and was officially designated at that place as hull number 250. Work actually began on her in October of last year. She was launched on February 17, not the first wooden hull to take to water, but that very nearly.

Even as the invited guests of the builders began arriving at the yard at St. Johns Friday morning to witness her departure men were still putting on the final touches, storing away supplies, or adding this and that. Electricians and other mechanics could be seen working away, and yet when she steamed away from the dock she was a completed vessel, every detail in strictest accord with the demands of the sea.

In commenting upon this feat of St. Johns, the Oregon Journal remarks:

She is built of wood, and is a staunch ship, and true. Steam was up, and she was about to go to sea. There is always a bustle about a ship when she is making ready to sail. There was that sort of a bustle about this one, and something more. There was an atmosphere of importance, and a buoyancy in the air and a look of pride on the many faces about.

In the knots of passengers waiting to go on board there were United States officials all the way from Washington, and shipbuilding officials, and shipyard owners and some prominent citizens. A flag lazily moved by a summer morning breeze told that this ship belongs to the U. S. A.

Three blasts on a steam whistle mean "good luck" to mariners. As this ship backed away from her dock three lusty whistles came from the Portland shipyard at which this ship was built. It was the mother's good bye and godspeed to her child.

And all the way down the river from shore and from ships and boats in the stream came the three whistles, with a like response from the speeding ship, with the result that it seemed as if all the good will in the world is along the Columbia river between Portland and the sea. She is an Oregon ship, built of Oregon timber from Oregon mills and fashioned by Oregon workers. She is the first wood ship turned over to the government on direct contract from the Northwest. Another built at Coos Bay was turned over to the government three days before, but Coos Bay, although in Oregon, is strangely designated as in the California district, and California got the credit of delivering the first wood ship, directly contracted, to the government on the Pacific coast.

This ship is the *Wasco*, named for an Oregon county. She was built at the Grant Smith-Porter yard. She is 286 feet long, 46 feet beam and 24 feet draft, loaded. Her capacity is 3600 dead weight tons and her speed down the river was 13 miles an hour.

She is of the Hought type, which means that a marine architect named Hought was the designer of her class of vessel. Roughly speaking, there is a million and a half feet of lumber and timbers and 400 tons of steel in her construction.

She was built on ground which a year ago today was water 15 to 21 feet deep. That ground is 1000 feet square in area now, representing the dredging of 400,000 cubic yards of earth from the bottom of the river. On it are eight ways, with a ship in every way, and every machine, tool and device known to modern mechanics for wood ship building. There is a yard hospital with a trained nurse constantly in attendance, and, nearing completion, a recreation and cafeteria building with an auditorium on the second floor capable of seating 1000 employees. There is a proud record at the plant of a ship launched in 49 days after the keel was laid, and it is going to be lowered.

On this morning that the *Wasco* pulled away from her dock scores of automobiles, owned by the workers, stood parked around the shipyard. These workers ride to and

from their work with the same comforts and conveniences as do the owners of the plant, and when the day's work is done there is a ride for the family out on the highway or elsewhere.

It is a wonderful thing to stand on the deck of a home built ship—a ship built by the people to help the fighting boys over there,—and feel her vibrate beneath your feet.

In the water fronting the yard, two abreast, were 12 other ships like her, launched from the same ways, receiving their installations of machinery and equipment. Massed six deep and two side by side they looked for all the world like an army of ships getting ready to fight the kaiser, and that in effect, is exactly what they are. They are to carry food and fuel and all else to keep America going strong for the combat.

As the whistles blew and the proud workers at the plant viewed their handiwork and swung their caps and cheered, the throbbing, pulsating, almost breathing vessel beneath your feet seemed a thing of life. Her great whistle blowing its farewell was a note of triumph, which seemed to say, "We are coming, Father Abraham, 100,000,000 strong."

The throbs of any great ship make you think of life, but when it is a home built ship whose heart beats pulsate under you, and when you know she is going away to be a part in the war, there is the flush of pride on your cheek and a flash of fire in your eye.

There is a thought worth while in the going of the *Wasco*. Seven thousand miles away from the great swaying battle line where democracy and autocracy are in a death grapple, by a stream 4000 men are striving, driving, straining, sweating, struggling to build a bridge of ships to Pershing. Each in his place, all for one and one for all, a remarkable organization of men are fashioning and fabricating with one impelling, all pervading, ever present thought—build the ship and build her fast.

Four thousand of them, with foremen and heads of gangs, and superintendents and managers, and at the head of all the keen, alert, penetrating and organizing brains of the owners, they are all directed to one thing, the winning of this war. The 12 ships, two abreast, built on made ground that a year ago was 15 to 21 feet of water, the things achieved on the edge of the western Hemisphere, 7000 miles from the war.

And the 4000 workers are but one regiment in the army of nearly 30,000 in Portland, and the 30,000 are but a few in the grand army in this mighty nation striving and straining to back our own blood, somewhere in France.

## Pioneers of St. Johns

One of the most enjoyable gatherings of the Pioneers of St. Johns was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Clark, on North Ivanhoe street on Tuesday the 11th. Many of the members were absent, but a goodly number responded to Roll Call. Those present were as follows: Mrs. and Mrs. L. B. Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Severance, Mrs. and Mrs. T. J. Monahan, Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Anna Downs from Washougal, Wash., Mrs. J. C. Scott, Mrs. P. T. Smith, Mrs. Susan M. Roberts, Mrs. D. C. Hoyt, Mrs. May Hoyt, daughter and son from Portland, Mrs. Benjamin, Mrs. C. H. Thayer, Mrs. A. J. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Clark. The business before the meeting was duly carried thru, approved and accepted in due form. Election of officers for the ensuing year were as follows: Pres., Mrs. Anna Downs; Vice Pres., L. B. Chipman; Chap., T. J. Monahan; Sec'y, and Treasurer, Mrs. A. J. Hanson. New members were as follows: C. H. Thayer, Mrs. Benjamin, Mrs. May Hoyt. Quite a discussion was held by several of the members as to the renaming of the several school buildings in St. Johns. As there was no final decision, it was dropped as a dead note. Many new ideas and plans were brought forth and the growth and success of the Association was discussed at length. Those of the members who have passed over the river never to return will not soon be forgotten. A free will offering was taken up, the funds to be used as needed. A short program consisting of recitations by Mrs. Scott and Mrs. H. A. Severance, and the saluting of Old Glory by all the

## St. Johns Chautauqua

The first announcement of the Chautauqua program for this season indicates clearly that it is dedicated chiefly to national service. President Wilson has strongly endorsed the Chautauqua in a letter saying, "Let me express the hope that you will let no discouragement weaken your activities, and that the people will not fail in the support of a patriotic institution that may be said to be an integral part of the national defence." That the other officials of Washington are of the same mind is evidenced by the fact that the Government has requested special lecturers to be sent over every Chautauqua circuit in the United States.

Probably the most important government-accredited lecturer to appear on our week's program will be Lincoln L. Wirt, war correspondent direct from the Western Front. He was sent by the government solely to obtain information on the actual conditions in Europe and to present them to Chautauqua audiences. He was in Europe in the spring and brings the last word from the war zone, dealing chiefly with Pershing and "our boys" in the American section of the line.

The U. S. Food administration, under the direction of Herbert Hoover, is sending a food demonstrator to Chautauqua on the morning of the last day to present new recipes and manners of conserving food which have been evolved in the government kitchens at Washington. This demonstration will be free to everyone.

Another lecturer commissioned by Washington, Dr. C. J. Bushnell, who will be in constant touch with the Bureau of Information, will present at Chautauqua our war problems, as seen by the government, on this side of the Atlantic.

Other prominent lecturers of the week will be Judge Roland, W. Beagott, Dr. D. F. Fox, H. V. Adams, Ned Woodman and Edna Eugenia Lowe.

A strong patriotic note will be reached in the music of the week. The feature attraction for the first night will be the "Old Soldier Fiddlers", under the direction of Col. J. A. Pattee. These old veterans of the Civil War, two from the North and two from the South, present a rousing patriotic program of instrumental music, camp fire and war time songs. The most noteworthy musical attraction of the week will be on the fifth day when Thavius's Exposition Band comes to Chautauqua for two programs. This Band was honored with opening and closing of the San Francisco exposition and is both the largest and the best band ever brought over the Western Chautauquas. In their evening program they will be assisted by three Chicago grandopera singers. Other musical attractions will be the Treble Clef Club; Morrison-Smith Company; Zedeler Symphonic Quintet and the Fenwick Newell Concert Company.

The closing evening at Chautauqua will be known as "Hawaii Land of Music," featuring the Royal Hawaiian Quintet and Mildred Lee Clemens in her illustrated travogue, "Traveling Through Paradise," Miss Clemens, cousin of Mark Twain, journeyed to the Hawaiian Islands fifty years after Mark Twain's sojourn there, visited the places he has made famous in his writings and brings remarkable dissolving views and motion pictures of the places of interest, including Mt. Kilauea, Hawaii's active volcano. The Chautauqua will appear at St. Johns the week of July 16-22.

Since the above was in type a public hearing on the Columbia Slough matter has been called for June 25th at 10 a. m. in Room 321, Custom House, Portland, where oral as well as written arguments will be heard. The call is signed by Col. Zinn, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. Parties vitally interested in this important matter should make it a point to attend. So far as we have been able to learn the people of the Peninsula are unanimously opposed to the proposed closing of Columbia Slough.

It was the youngster's first experience at Sunday-school and he sat eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the lesson on the board. The superintendent drew the path to heaven—one straight line—and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger, and finally when he arrived at the gate of heaven he could not get in. Whereupon the superintendent turned to his small audience and in a tragic and sorrowful tone, said: "You see, he is so puffed up with sin that he can not enter."

"Try him sideways, mister!" called out the youngster.

Percy Freeman, wife and child, of Framingham, Mass., arrived at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Freeman, in this city, the latter part of last week. Mr. Freeman is now using his energies in aiding Uncle Sam to build a bridge of ships to France at the local ship plant.

## Should Not Be Closed

Emphatic protests against the closing of the Columbia Slough were made before the City Commissioners last Friday by property owners, with the result that the Council voted to leave the whole matter to the United States government. The Council had previously filed with the war department at Washington a protest, which was reaffirmed by the Council at this meeting. According to R. G. Brand's report of an interview held with Colonel Zinn, United States engineer, after the slough is once closed it will require an act of Congress to reopen it. D. C. Lewis said it would be a long time before the water way could be reopened when it had once been closed. Suit for damages against any and all persons connected with the closing of the slough was threatened by Rev. Love, who claims that to dam the slough would create a sewage nuisance and serious menace to the public health. D. C. Lewis, pointing to the Columbia Slough as Portland's most valuable asset, a district that will be utilized in the future for a great industrial center, urged the Council to "sit on the safety valve" and, instead of considering a plan to remove the ptoest now on file, to send additional protests to Washington. Mr. Lewis declared that 99 per cent of the residents of the Peninsula were opposed to the closing of this water way. Commissioner Keliher announced that he was and would be at all times opposed to any movement that would close the stream. He contended that it was against public policy, and that every movement should be in the direction of opening up streams for navigation. The result of the meeting was that the Council adopted a resolution reaffirming its former protest, and it was decided that a public hearing for final decision be held within the next three months, the whole matter to go before Col. Zinn, corps of engineers, United States army for final adjustment.

The City Commissioners are to be commended upon their action in this matter. They have shown a fairness and a grasp of the situation that is pleasing to note. The closing of this Slough would be an act that could only cause regret in the future. If the promoters of the closing project want to reclaim the land let them do so at their own expense by dyking on both sides of the Slough and leaving that stream intact. A temporary closing might amount to practically a permanent closing, and a such closing would depreciate the value of property to a considerable degree in the Lower Peninsula, besides depriving us of a water way that with dredging and proper care could be made into a fine navigable stream. Certainly the Columbia Slough should not be closed—temporarily or otherwise.

There were gobs of consternation in the regions of damnation when they got a wireless message from Berlin. "Keep things humming. Kaiser Bill is shortly coming. Be prepared to open wide and let him in."

Satan called the imps together for a vote to find out whether Old Hades would tolerate this frightful guest. Every face was blanched with terror. All declared 'twould be an error to defile the place with such a rotten pest. Orators began to holler as they foamed beneath the collar. And the gang with one accord began to groan: "There will be a revolution if you load this institution with the fiend that occupies the Hunnish throne."

"Crooks and thugs are here abound— Scoundrels, cutthroats most astounding— All the worst this old world ever heard of saw, But with Belgium's case before us Don't you ever dare to bore us With a lobster whose vile murders are so raw."

"All that's good and clean and clever Has been lost to us forever; Here eternal brimstone has no chance to quell, But please keep from us the vulture Who distributes Prussian culture, For there's still a spark of self respect in Hell."

—Pacific Woodman,

## Letter From Merl Teeling

Mrs. A. J. Teeling, 219 W. Tyler street, has received the following letter from her son, Merl, formerly a member of the St. Johns branch of the fire department, and who is now in his country's service in Georgia:

Camp Hancock, Ga., June 5, 1918.—Dear Folks: How are you all getting along? It is raining here now, but it is still very warm if it is raining. We heard last night that we would move to Ft. Sheridan about next Thursday. Ft. Sheridan is about thirty miles from Chicago, Ill., and all the fellows that have been there say it is a very nice place. We are not working this afternoon, so are getting a greatly needed rest. I suppose all the boys around are registering today for the draft. Did Clyde leave yet? If so, where did he go? One good thing about this service, a fellow has a chance to advance quickly, for I was made acting corporal this morning and got along fine so far. If a man shows any spirit at all he gets a chance, so I am going in to get there, as there are lots of goods jobs and more money. Acting corporal has charge of a tent and eight men, so has something to do. He reports all the absent and present at roll call. I think that it will be easy to go ahead after we move for there are lots of vacant places. If a fellow knows he is in once he ought to try hard to go ahead, for there is not so much work to do then for he is the boss and makes more money. Have not got any mail for two days, but I guess it takes about six days for it to travel across the country.

This army life is a good life, but the weather here is punk. We sweat sometimes until the sweat runs out the eyelets of our shoes, so you see how hot it is here, and we don't drill hard either. Have lost about ten pounds since I came here, but still I like it, for there is something about it you like. We had a lecture on heat yesterday and first aid for heat strokes. Our officers are nice men and know how it goes, so I am all right. The only thing that bothers me is when I get to sweating so it runs down in my eyes and I can't brush it out, for we are not allowed to move our hand while drilling. So we have to grin and bear it until we get rest. Discipline is a great thing in the army, for without it it becomes a mob and of no military value. It may be hard for some people to understand why they are so strict, but it has to be, for there are so many shirkers in the army. When a fellow gets out of the army he will be a jack of all trades, and if he wants to spit he will try to dig a hole in the side walk, for you are not allowed to spit in camp. You carry matches in a box and if you light one and put it out you put it back in the box and keep it until you get to a stove. We will all be first class house keepers, for we make beds and wash dishes and shave every day and we shine our shoes every day here, for it is so dusty that you can't keep them clean any other way. We have personal inspection twice a day, so have to be very neat. But it is a good thing, for some people are regular "pigs." We have our tent inspected every morning and have been praised every morning. We have a half hour of physical drill every morning, and it makes you straight. It is funny to see so many men and know so few, for I only know about seventy-five in this camp. But of all the men you meet they are all nice fellows. We had wild blackberry pie for dinner, and say, it was good. We have a junior cook in our tent and he makes all the pastry and we have pie every noon. We get coffee in the morning, lemonade for dinner and iced tea for supper. One man gets four and one half pounds of food a day, so we have plenty to eat. We get up every morning at 6:15 and on Sundays and holidays at 7:15 and go to bed at nine sometimes, but are allowed to stay up until eleven o'clock. It is not very warm here at night, so we sleep good.

Well, I guess will close now for I have to do some washing and shave. Write soon and do not forget all the news, for we never hear a thing here about the west. The people here don't think of Oregon as being the west. If they go to Chicago they think they are going west. Well, tell Mrs. Cooper that we will soon lick the kaiser and come home, for all the boys say it will not last long after they

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## St. Johns' Honor Roll

Following is a list of those from St. Johns who have enlisted in Uncle Sam's service. Persons knowing of any names omitted will render a favor by reporting same to this office.

Taylor M. Whitmore, Athill W. Irvine, Dean H. Knowles, Earl H. Knowles, Theodore Bugbee, H. Bryon Poff, Armand Olin, Claude E. Harris, Russell Poff, R. P. Galloway, Chas. E. Garlick, Murne Donaldson, Glenn Haskell, Ray Clark, Benajan T. Swan, Hubert Martin, Leon Sorber, Donald Strickland, Lowell Anderson, John Lavillett, Frank L. Thompson, Oron Lear, Hal J. Davis, Donald N. Trowbridge, Bert Larson, Alan Rutherford, Homer Plaskett, Henry Brandenberg, J. W. Welsh, David Rowe, Clyde Heath, Walter Mayer, Fred Smalling, John Boggs, Ernest Johnson, Hiram EATINGER, Kenneth Simmons, Thornton Toole, Eugene Hiatt, Dowe Walker, August Jensen, Ray Myer, Walter Pearson, Elmer Maples, Roy Gagnon, Lester D. and Basil B. Smith, Bryant Kilkenny, Paul Rude, Emory Gillmore, Lewis Wirth, Harold Meredith, Ray Hawkins, Hugh Ward, Kindle C. Satterlee, Gordon and Wilbur Bellingier, Zelta Rice, Leslie B. Moulton, Harry Truman, Frank Green, Walter Rickson, Frank Whitney, Thomas Reynolds, Carlyle Cunningham, Percy Smith, Frank Whitney, Arthur C. Clark, Alphonso Fox, Harry O. Hughes, Geo. Downey, Thos. E. Edwards, G. and Ingolf Willikson, F. Edward Isbell, Graham Moxon, G. Lincoln Fassett, Harley Manning, Grover Carroll, Clyde Miller, Adolph Ascher, John Basey, Wm. Moe, Albert Hyde, Reed Chamberlain, Kay Vanderbeck, Richard Barley, Cecil Maxone, Frank Bugbee, Ivan Faber, Bert Sundstrom, Gail Perrine, Norman Nelson, Grover Barron, Harry J. Simmons, Thos. Roberts, Max J. Witters, A. Tallman, G. W. Stevens, Christ Lind, William E. Galloway, Geo. Worthington, Jack L. Douglas, Joy Milton Carnahan, Elmer Flynn, J. Elmer Thomas, Eugene Small, Howard and Basil Holcomb, Carl Smith, Sprague B. Marsh, William Ward, Bert Sundstrom, Glen Weiser, Louis St. Johns, John F. Brownley, Ross Gatton, Thos. Cochran, Dewey Brown, Henry J. Amala, Alva and Ralph Smith, Eugene Thurmond, Harry Reichmeyer, George Schmidt, William Sneed, Alec S. Cokalas, Louis Fletcher, Roy Muek, Paul Irvine, R. L. Smith, Frank Steichen, George I. Letson, Merie Andrew Teeling, Guy Edwin Teeling, Albert Wrinkle, Eneas Small, Raymond Sprouls, Robert and Roy Andrews.

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## Kaiser Bill Rejected

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## GEORGIA RICH

Teacher of Piano  
Technic and hand development. Pupils developed from beginning to public appearance.  
Studios—507 S. Columbia Bldg. 812 North Kellogg street  
Phones—Main 3319; Col. 591.

## Elmer Sneed

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Phone Columbia 202

## Mrs. Gabriel Pullin

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London Training  
Available for Concerts and Recitals  
955 Lombard Street, corner Wall  
Phone Columbia 182

## Mrs. Frank A. Rice

TRAINER OF  
Violin, Mandolin and Piano  
Pupil of Notre Dame  
Studio: 509 W. John Street  
Telephone Columbia 259

## Theodora Bushnell

Teacher of Singing  
Assistant to John Claire Monteith  
507 Columbia Bldg. Main 3319

## Dr. Gilstrap & Seely

Physicians and Surgeons  
Glasses Accurately Fitted  
OFFICE HOURS  
9:00 to 12 M. OFFICES  
1:30 to 4:30 P. M. First National  
7:00 to 8:30 P. M. Bank Building  
Sundays, 9:00 to 10:30 A. M.

## Dr. Evart P. Borden

DENTIST  
Painless Extraction of Teeth under Nitrous Oxide Gas  
Office Peninsula Bank Bldg.  
Office phone Col. 625; res. phone Col. 477  
Hours—9-12 a. m., 1:30-5 and 7-8 p. m.

## Dr. Herbert F. Jones

CHIROPRACTOR  
311 North Jersey Street  
Office Hours: 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.  
Res. Phone Columbia 450  
Office Phone Columbia 297

## JOSEPH McCREENEY, M. D.

Office Room 5  
Peninsula Bank Building  
Hours—9 to 10 a. m., 1:30 p. m. and  
evening hours  
Office phone Col. 254; Res. 920

## DR. J. VINTON SCOTT

DENTIST  
Office Hours 9-12 to 1:30-7  
Sunday 9-11  
Peninsula Bank Bldg.  
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