

ST. JOHNS REVIEW

VOLUME 15

ST. JOHNS, PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1918.

NUMBER 2



THANKSGIVING
Red sumac flames across the hill,
And in each wood-fringed hollow,
The autumn breeze among the trees
Calls, "Follow, follow, follow!"
The pumpkins gleam like vagrant gold,
The grain is silver shining;
The very clouds a' ve unfold,
To show a rosy lining!

Red sumac flames across the hill,
Where fading sunlight lingers,
And points the way for me to stray,
With soft, enchanted fingers—
And as I stand beside the way,
The world seems throbbing, living—
And there I feel God's love today,
And thank him for Thanksgiving!



OBJECTED TO CUSTOM

Observance of Thanksgiving Was for a Period Not Popular in Southern States.

IN the South Thanksgiving day was practically unknown until 1858. In that year Governor Jones of Virginia sent a letter to the state legislature urging a recognition of the day that he might issue a proclamation for its observance; but he was advised that as most of the citizens of the state regarded this day as "a relic of Puritanic bigotry," he ought not to urge its observance.

Two years later Governor Wise, the successor of Jones, without asking advice of the legislature, issued a proclamation, and the people, generally throwing aside their prejudice, observed the day.

In the next year, 1858, eight governors of southern states issued proclamations after the model of New England, calling upon their people to observe the last Thursday in November as a day for thanksgiving. But the Civil war was at hand, and the bitterness engendered in the long controversy over slavery caused many violent opponents of the North to oppose the proclamation, because of the introduction of a "Yankee custom."

Undoubtedly our present Thanksgiving day has its prototype in the Plymouth thanksgiving festival of 1621. It has been asserted repeatedly that the Plymouth festival was suggested to the Pilgrims by the Jewish "Feast of Ingathering."

If the Plymouth festival has immediate kinship with similar events in the past, it has analogies with the harvest home of England. The Pilgrims were familiar with the English celebration, and many of them, no doubt, had participated in it. The dominant mark of each was the joy over the ingathering harvest.

The chief difference between the two was the want of ceremony at Plymouth that characterized the English festival. In some parts of England the merrymaking was around the "Noddingstool" or "kern baby," and in many places the last loaf of the harvest was drawn to the barn in a wagon called the "hoor cart." In front went pipe and tabor, and around it gathered the reapers, men and women, singing joyously as they proceeded. At Plymouth there was no ceremony. There was no harvest song so familiar in the fatherland:

Here's health to the barley mow;
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both harrow and plough and sow.

Time for Self-Examination.
The Thanksgiving season is a good time to examine self and see if there is anything in our life that hinders the progress of the neighborhood. It may be that we are standing in the way of community progress unaware. It may be that while we feel that we are leaders we should be followers instead, or at least one who works with others instead of in advance of them. Society does not care whether we lead or whether our neighbor leads. What society wants is progress and we will be held responsible if we do not sacrifice our own peculiar views if necessary for the welfare of the neighborhood.

SOMETIMES



Landlady (at Thanksgiving dinner)—
We should be thankful for small mercies.

Boarder (looking at small turkey)—
We have to be.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner for rent. H. F. Clark.

Writes From Seattle

U. S. Naval Training Camp, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 19, 1918.
Dear Friend: I just received another copy of the Review today. While the Review isn't as large and imposing as the Seattle papers and never has the headlines like the Seattle Star, it certainly means a great deal more to a fellow from St. Johns. A person just glances at the headlines in the large daily papers and don't believe half of that, but in the little weekly paper from home he finds details and home news that interest him.

There isn't really much doing in this camp. Life just rolls on from day to day, being nothing more than a chain of small incidents, unimportant but with just enough variety to not get too tiresome. A great majority of the men here are very anxious for a change, though. Some have been here for nearly a year and the newest arrivals have been in camp for about three months, so it seems that we should be almost due to leave. Rumors have floated around to that effect since the day I first got here and probably for a long time before, but it seems that we are no closer to shipment than before. I think the fellows were more dissatisfied before the war ended than now, because they still had hopes of getting over there and seeing action, but now I guess all hope for anything like that is gone. For my part I'm not ready to go home yet, and I've heard a number of St. Johns boys say the same thing. We enlisted to go to sea and don't intend to come home, after spending a few months here, until we have seen sea duty.

There are certainly a number of St. Johns boys in this camp. It really seems more like St. Johns than it would at home, as one or more are in nearly all of the seaman companies, radio and officer material schools. I must close now as I have to report for duty. Sincerely, Bill Vinson; Company 3.

President's Proclamation

Following is President Wilson's Thanksgiving Proclamation:

"It has long been our custom to turn in the autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for his many blessings and mercies to us as a nation. This year we have special and moving causes to be grateful and to rejoice. God has in his good pleasure given us peace. It has not come as a mere cessation of arms, a mere relief from the strain and tragedy of war. It has come as a great triumph of right.

Complete victory has brought us not peace alone, but the confident promise of a new day as well, in which justice shall replace force and jealous intrigue among the nations. Our gallant armies have participated in a triumph which is not marred or stained by any purpose of selfish aggression. In righteous cause they have won immortal glory, and have nobly served their nation in serving mankind.

God has indeed been gracious. We have cause for such rejoicing as revives and strengthens in us all the best traditions of our national history. A new day shines about us, in which our hearts take new courage and lead forward with new hope to new and greater duties.

While we render thanks for these things, let us not forget to seek the divine guidance in the performance of those duties and divine mercy and forgiveness for all errors of act or purpose, and pray that in all we do we shall strengthen the ties of friendship and mutual respect upon which we must assist to build the new structure of peace and good will among the nations.

Wherefore I, Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of November next as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease upon that day from ordinary occupation and in their several homes and places of worship to render thanks to God, the ruler of nations.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Fighting is stopped, but you can still send snap shots to the soldiers. Currin Says So.

The Kaiser's Reply

The following is purported to be an answer to a letter written by the crown prince to his father, which was recently reproduced in the Review:

My Dear Son: I must receive your letter; it finds me sick in der bed mit nervousness. Our family doctor has der same sickness, so dey called in a Yankee prisoner, vats claimed to been a doctor in America.

I never herd a feller talk such foolishness. He told me my nervousness was caused by cold feet. I don't see how dat could be, or my feet sweat derribly. Anyhow I told him maybe mamma should nit me der voolen socks. Den he showed me more ignorance by telling me dat it would do me no good to wear voolen socks. I vonder vat he meant. He laffed ven he told me vat. Anybody knows dat vool keeps out der cold.

Vot you tell me about dat feller saying "To hell mit der kaiser" is offel. I would not believe it if it had not been told me by my son vot I taught to be honest like his vatter. No, my son, I don't tink he effer read my speeches; he probably could not read von if he had it, for dere is about only von per cent of der Americans dat can read, and dat von per cent got der education in Germany.

I will send you dem breast plates for de back. You did not say how long you vanted dem. Don't you tink dey should come down about eight inches below your middle, for you can't tell vot dose ignorant, uneducated Yankees vill do ven your back is turned. Dey haf no regards for international laws. Look vat dey are doin mit our U-boats—dey sink dem mitout warning. Und dey are so cowardly dat dey

Celebrates His Return

The evening of November 18th will ever be remembered by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Debenham of 930 North Kellogg street. Mr. Debenham had been in Michigan the past year on business and, on his returning home, a party of their friends gave them an old time chivari, after which the following mock marriage ceremony was performed:

"Raise your left hand and right foot and repeat these words: Man's Part—I will now swear (darn) that I will take this woman as my wife for better or worse—expecting the latter—to feed and clothe and to darn my old socks, patch my overalls and generally to make life as unpleasant as possible for her."

Woman's Part—I do now promise, without an oath, that I will take this fellow as my husband, if he will produce the coin in big enough quantities to buy the following articles, i. e., mops, flat irons, dishrags and dishes. I now take great pleasure in pronouncing you who have been 2 very distinguished individuals as one extinguished person, and may no flees, bed bugs or ticks appear near to bother you in the near future."

Mr. Ogden acted as minister for the occasion.

The presents were then presented and opened by the bride who was dressed suitably for the occasion. Some of them were a kiewpie doll with all the necessary clothes for it, a rattle and rubber ball. The evening was spent in playing games and telling stories, after which a dainty luncheon was served by their charming daughter, Mrs. Ivy Turniciff. The others present were their grand children, Fred and Lucille Turniciff, and Mrs. Harley Robertson, Dal-

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 Hoskell, Ray Clark, Benajah T. Swan, Hubert Martin, Leon Sorber, Donald Strickland, Lowell Anderson, John Laville, Frank L. Thompson, Oron Lear, Hal J. Davis, Donald N. Trowbridge, Bert Larson, Alan Rutherford, Homer Plaskett, Henry Brandenberg, J. W. Welsh, David Bowe, Clyde Heath, Walter Mayer, Fred Scamling, John Boggs, Ernest Johnson, Hiram Eastinger, Kenneth Simmons, Thornton Toole, Eugene Hiatt, Dove Walker, August Jensen, Ray Meyer, 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 Bellinger, Zeita 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. Willikson, Edw. G. Willikson, 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, Ray Vanderbeck, Richard Barley, Cecil Magone, 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 Gatten, Thos. Cochran, Dewey Brown, Henry J. Amala, Alva and Ralph Smith, Eugene Thurmond, Harry Reichmeyer, George Schmidt, William Sneed, Alec S. Kokalas, Louis Fletcher, Roy Muck, Paul Irvine, R. L. Smith, Frank Steichen, George I. Letson, Merle Andrew Teeling, Guy Edwin Teeling, Albert Wrinkle, Enes Small, Raymond Sprouls, Robert and Roy Andrews, Leonard H. Gagen, Frank Carlson, John B. White, Donald M. Flynn, Raymond Smith, Tony Halicki, Fred Marlett, Albert V. Marey, John Balke, Edward Crosson, Anton Picklip, F. E. Wright, Vernon C. Scott, Emil Bronsart, Lester E. Ellis, Fred De Villette, Elmer Sneed, Harry W. Fassett, Percy M. Johnston, Fred Sterritt, Willis Vinson, Claude L. Peters, Lester E. Barry, Cyril W. Magone, Jerome H. Whisler, Eugene Brown, A. Earl Jayne, Wyeth Jayne, John McGregor, Thos. J. Donlon, Roy Thompson, J. Morton Lindley, Wylie K. Hessinger, Harry A. Imboden, George H. Royer, William Hughes, Clyde Thayer, Leo Sterns, Edward Hanson, Casper Hanson, Sam Dewey Peterson, Theo. Fred Muller, Viking Larson, Gardner M. Whipple, William M. Koeter, Gilbert M. Olson, Earl Keliher, Ernest Jensen, Clyde Hein, Melvin A. Butts, Raymond F. Buemann, Allen F. Sterritt, Wm. J. Kirkham, Olney Crosson, Lawrence Layton, Alva J. Asper, Geo. S. Payne, Fred Herwick, Robert G. Clark, Jos. C. Galloway, David Dickson, Chas. Spackman, Elgin L. Barton, Frank Walden, Jos. G. Allen, Michael B. Ferschweiler, Clarence J. Cannard, Francis W. Cannard, Albert G. Cannard, Joseph J. Bowley, Albert Vanderbeck, A. Fred Iringer, Amandus L. Verdegan, Harvey P. Brown, Chas. S. Dane, N. R. Zimmerman, Geo. J. Hufford, Everett Smith, Carl Dahl, Geo. L. Urban, Jas. D. Schriener, Wm. A. Johnston, C. C. Curran, Archie L. Meyer, J. Russell Meyer, Everett Day, Delbert Edward Howard, Randolph Howard, Louis Dunsmore, Russell Smith, Wm. Schroeder, Raymond Miller, Joseph Toole, Merritt Whitmore, Samuel P. Maples, Wayne S. Coville, Leroy F. Coville, Marshall T. Shaw, Walter Markwart, Frank Parks, Robert Irish, Dorsey Hill, Raymond Thompson, Harry Peterson, Wesley Wrinkle, Clifford Luce, Hobart Thies.



I'm thankful for a lot of things,
I'm thankful I'm alive,
I'm thankful I'm six years old,
Instead of only five.
I'm thankful for my tops and toys
And for my Kitty Gray.
I'm thankful for the big outdoors
Where I can run and play.
I'm thankful for the things that grow,
The apples—aren't they good?
The corn where we played hide-and-seek
As in a little wood.
I'm thankful for the pumpkins round,
Just like a golden ball,
And jack-o'-lanterns, big and queer—
They don't scare me at all.
I'm thankful for Thanksgiving day,
For pies all in a row;
I'm thankful Grandma made them sweet,
She knows I like them so.
I'm thankful for the turkey, too—
How brown it is, and nice!
And I'd be very thankful, please,
For only one more slice,
—Elizabeth H. Thomas, in Youth's Companion.

DAY'S NEW MEANING

This Year National Rejoicing Is Allied With Thought of Glad Sacrifice.

TO a very great number of us, especially the fathers and mothers and wives of the United States, Thursday will be one of the most realistic Thanksgivings we have ever spent. At last, after many years in which this national holiday was nothing more than that—merely, in fact, an occasion for feasting and gathering and pleasure-seeking—this distinctly American day is to mean something very real and intimate to us all. Just what message and benefit it brings to us will depend largely, if not wholly, upon ourselves. And the character of our appreciation of the blessings that have come to us will measure the depth of our patriotism and love of country.

We are not of those who believe the whole sacrifice belongs to the man who has gone away to fight. As much in some cases even more—bravery and courage and devotion to duty and to country have been necessary on the part of those who remained behind.

And we are certain that those who stop at home will, on this coming Thanksgiving, realize more completely than they have heretofore that the call fate has made upon American manhood and womanhood is indeed an opportunity for service, not merely a disagreeable duty to be shirked if possible. For only if the men in the ranks, and equally the men and women at home who support and encourage them, enter this war in such a spirit of glad, eager sacrifice will it ever bring us more than disappointment and regret and terrible loss.

So let Thursday be a day of gladness, not of sorrow. Let your tears, if tears there be as you sit beside the empty chairs, be evidences that your heart rejoices in the realization that your son or husband or brother or friend was brave enough and willing enough, yes, eager enough, to risk all that selfish men hold dear and desirable that his country might win honor and security through his blood.

EVEN EXCHANGE



To the board they brought the turkey,
With its stuffing roundly puffed;
Soon they took away our berries—
It was Katie who was stuffed.
Note the label on your paper.

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