

Summons
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas.
Christina Demmer, Plaintiff,

vs.
Abraham Zidell and Annie Zidell, husband and wife, and William Zidell and Martha Zidell, husband and wife, and A. E. Kern, Defendant.

To Annie Zidell, and William Zidell and Martha Zidell, husband and wife, Defendants above named:
In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff above named, filed against you in the above entitled cause, on or before March 15th, 1919, that being the date set for you to appear and answer herein, and being more than six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons herein; in default whereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint in this suit, to-wit:

Judgment against you in the sum of Eight Hundred no-100 (\$800.00) Dollars, together with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from July 27, 1917; the further sum of Eighty no-100 (\$80.00) Dollars, attorney fees; and for the further decree foreclosing plaintiff's mortgage on the West one-half of Section two (2), township seven (7) South, range two (2) East of the Willamette Meridian, Clackamas County, Oregon; forever barring all of the above named defendants, and anyone claiming thru them, of all right, title and interest in and to the above described real property; and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just and equitable.

This Summons is published once a week for six consecutive weeks in the Oregon City Courier, by order of the Hon. J. U. Campbell, Judge of the above entitled Court, made and entered on the 29th day of January, 1919; first publication thereof being in the issue of said paper dated January 30th, 1919.
Date of first publication, January 30th, 1919.
Date of last publication, March 13th, 1919.

C. T. HAAS,
of Attorneys for Plaintiff, 220-221 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

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Summons
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas.
Beulah McCauley, Plaintiff,

vs.
James McCauley, Defendant,
To James McCauley, the above named Defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above named suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear or answer said complaint, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and for an order awarding the custody of the minor children, Olive, Elton, and Guy, to Charles White.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable J. U. Campbell, Judge of the Circuit Court, which order was made on the 9th day of January, 1919, and the time prescribed for publication thereof is 6 weeks, beginning with the issue of January 9, 1919, and ending with the issue of February 20, 1919.

JOHN DITCHBURN,
Attorney for plaintiff, 401 Dekum Bldg., Portland.

Summons
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas.

A. E. Latourette, Trustee, Plaintiff,
vs.
August Erickson, Marie Erickson, J. E. Hedges and The First National Bank of Oregon City, Oregon, a corporation, Defendants.

To Marie Erickson, of the defendants above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this Summons, and if you fail to appear or answer said complaint, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for a judgment against you and August Erickson, your husband, for the sum of \$2000.00 and interest on same at the rate of 7 per cent per annum from July 1st, 1917, until paid, and the further sum of \$100.00 insurance premium heretofore paid covering insurance on the property hereinafter described and interest on same from January, 19th, 1918, at the rate of 7 per cent per annum until paid, and the further sum of \$300.00 attorney's fees herein, and for a decree ordering the following described property sold and the proceeds from said sale to be applied towards the payment of plaintiff's said demands, to-wit:

Lot 3 of Fruitdale in T. 2 S. R. 2 E. of the W. M. except a strip of land 77 feet in width of the Easterly side of said lot. Also all of the interest of the mortgagors, or either of them, in and to Lot 5 of said Fruitdale, in Clackamas County, Oregon.

Also the following personal property upon said land:

Three pianos.
Kitchen range and kitchen furniture.
All household goods, including bedroom furniture and all other personal property used in the Erickson tavern on the aforesaid land.

This Summons is published by order of the Honorable J. U. Campbell, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made on the 27th day of January, 1919, and the time prescribed for publication thereof is six weeks beginning with the issue of January 30th, 1919, and ending with the issue of March 13th, 1919.

EARLE C. LATOURETTE,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Address: Oregon City, Oregon.

Summons
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas.

William Swarthout, Plaintiff,
vs.
Susie Swarthout, Defendant,
To Susie Swarthout, the above named Defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above named suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear or answer said complaint, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable J. U. Campbell, Judge of the Circuit Court, which order was made on the 17th day of January, 1919, and the time prescribed for publication thereof is 6 weeks, beginning with the issue of January 23, 1919, and ending with the issue of March 6th, 1919.

J. J. FITZGERALD,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Mohawk Bldg., Portland, Ore.

Notice to Creditors
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Henry F. Melody, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Clackamas county, and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present same, duly verified as by law required, to the undersigned at 501 & 2 Stock Exchange Bldg., Portland, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published February 9th, 1919.
EDWARD M. MELODY,
Administrator of the Estate of Henry F. Melody, Deceased.
L. W. O'Rourke,
Attorney for Estate.

"Somewhere in France" with Arthur Guy Empey Author of "OVER THE TOP"

(Continued from Last Week)

The Tommies were very skeptical and every time baseball was mentioned they would gaze in our direction with a sneering look. This completely got our points.

One evening we were sitting in a dugout of the support trench; it was raining like the mischief, and we were cold and downhearted. Pretty soon the rations came up. The ration party generally brings the rations down into the dugouts, but the two men carrying our "dixie" set it down in the mud of the trench and almost "shot the chutes" down the entrance to the dugout. They were breathless with excitement. One of them yelled out: "Yank, there's a limber full of parcels down in the reserve dugout. They're all addressed to you, Empey, and they're from America!"

Stewart let out a shout and I felt warm all over. How we lusted it over those poor Tommies. That night we were to be relieved and go back to rest billets. We could hardly wait for the time.

The next morning was Sunday, and after church parade we made a mad rush to the orderly room to get our mail. The quartermaster sergeant was waiting for me, and behind him stood every officer in the company, trying to disguise the expectant look on their faces. Every eye was turned in the direction of a heap of parcels. I thought the "quarter" never would start. Even the captain could not stand it, and giving way to his eagerness, said: "Sergeant, you had better issue the mail."

Stewart and I were all anxiety. Then, stooping down, the sergeant took up a parcel and read off: "Empey, No. 5203," and threw it over to me. I caught it on the fly. The sergeant kept on reading out "Empey," and parcels came through the air like a bombardment.

The first parcel I picked up was stamped "Passed by Censor," and con-



Contained twelve Brand-New Baseballs.

tained twelve brand-new baseballs, or at least, eleven, and the remains of one. This twelfth ball was stamped, "Opened by Censor," but search as I could, I could find no stamp reading "Sewed Up by Censor." We did the sewing up, but that ball looked like a duck's egg when we had finished. Stewart and I roundly cursed the censor. Later, we both cursed the inventor of baseball. There was a reason.

The readers of the newspaper appeared to have nobly responded to our appeal. There were enough gloves and bats for two teams, and even a chest protector and mask. The mask was an article of great curiosity to all. Some of them thought it was a bomb protector. Every one in turn tried it on, and every one, upon learning that the catcher was to wear the mask, wanted immediately to sign up for the position. Stewart and I could have been elected to parliament right there, if these Tommies could have had their way.

The next afternoon the candidates, forty in all, and the whole company, turned out en masse on the baseball field, which we had laid out during our previous stay in rest billets.

From that day on, Stewart and I led a dog's life. Though on paper everything looked bright, and the candidates were letter perfect in the game, or thought they were, on the field they were dubs of the worst caliber—regular boneheads. If McGraw of the Giants had had that mob wished on him he would have chuckled up his job and taken the stump for woman suffrage; so you can appreciate our fix.

Stewart was a really good pitcher; plenty of curved stuff, having played semi-pro ball in the United States. It was my intention to catch for him, and fill in the other positions with the most likely candidates. This scheme did not work in with the popular version a little bit. Out of the forty trying for the team, twenty-eight insisted on being catcher. They wanted to wear that mask. If there had been a camera, each of the forty would have had a photo taken of himself wearing the "wire cage." Here was a great dilemma. At that time I was only a private, and there were sergeants, corporals, and even an officer, who wanted to catch. Stewart again came to the rescue. Calling me aside, he said: "Leave it to me, Empey. I'll fix 'em. I'll try out each one in turn. Let them wear the mask, and I'll send in some curves, and when the ball cracks them on the shins a couple of times you

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couldn't pay 'em to put on the cage.

The Tommies were strange to curved balls, and Stewart had speed. It did my heart good to see him dampen their ardor and dent their anatomy at the same time. The Tommies would see the ball coming to them and would reach up their hands to get it. Then the ball would "break" and hit them on the shin or knee. After five or six had retired, rubbing sore spots and cursing Stewart out, no one else wanted to catch, and the situation was saved.

Tommies is a natural born soccer player and clever with his feet, but stupid with his hands when it comes to baseball. Several of them had a bad habit of stopping grounders with their feet, especially our shortstop. He would see a hot grass-eater coming his way, then, instead of using his hands, he would put his foot in front of it. The ball would climb his leg and get him on the chin or in the eye. After receiving a puffed-up lip and a beautiful black eye, he flatly refused to play unless I would let him wear the mask. Americans, picture a shortstop wearing a catcher's mask, and then sympathize with Stewart and me. The shortstop was a sergeant, and through diplomatic reasons, I gave the mask to him. At this every infidel wanted to wear it. Stewart solved the problem by putting in another shortstop and giving me the mask.

In England they have a game called "rounders," in which you are supposed to hit the baserunner with the ball to put him out. This is generally a tennis ball and does not hurt very much. Well, those Tommies had a habit of laming the baseball with all their might at the unfortunate runner. Many an early practice was broken up this way, because the team would lose interest in baseball when they had a chance to view a fight between a giver and a receiver.

After about ten days' practice we had picked two pretty fair teams and arranged for a scrub game. Stewart's side won, due to his pitching. Then, as is usual in baseball, things began to happen. A flux seemed to rest on our candidates. Every time we had to go up the line on a working party, one or two of the players would get wounded or killed; in fact, being a baseball player got to be a perfect Jonah, and the Tommies commenced getting superstitious. If one of our team happened to be working among ten or twelve other company men, he was sure to get hit, while the other fellows came through without a scratch. Stewart and I also began to get frightened, and decided to chuck up the whole thing before we got it ourselves.

Then we went further back behind the lines. During this stay we rounded out a passable team. A Canadian battalion, just sent out from England, on their way to "Wipers," went into billets about a mile from us. This was our chance. Stewart went over and challenged them to a game for the following Sunday. The challenge was accepted.

We had a week's time in which to strengthen some weaknesses and to teach the bunch a little "inside" baseball. Then the flux popped up again. On the morning of the game with the Canadians, our cleverest infidel, the first baseman, picked up an old German hand grenade and brought it to the billet. This man was a great souvenir collector; always hammering at "dod" shells, trying to remove the nose-caps.

Seeing him fooling around with the German bomb, I told him to throw it away; that one could never trust those things, and that I did not want to take any chances of losing a first baseman; but being of a naturally curious disposition, he refused to do so. Taking the bomb out behind the billet, he proceeded to take liberties with its mechanism; result, right hand blown off and another vacancy to be filled at first base. What we said about him would not be fit for publication.

The game was scheduled for two o'clock, and exactly at one-thirty-five Mr. Fritz plunked a stray "five nine" shell into our infield between home and first base, making a hole big enough for a lumber to hide in. This meant picks and shovels for all hands to fill in the hole. By this time a large crowd of rooters for both sides had lined themselves along the foul lines. The compliments that were waived back and forth made the chaplain pack up and leave before the game started.

Then the betting commenced. It waxed hot and furious. I don't believe there was a loose penny in the crowd after all bets had been placed. Stewart and I tried to discourage this betting because we knew that if we lost we would be ostracized from that time on. We explained to the Tommies that the Canadians were baseball players, and that we were in for an awful trimming, but they wouldn't listen, saying that anybody who could make a ball curve in the air the way Stewart could was enough to win for any team, and that all the Canadians would strike out. We insisted no further.

We came to bat first. Our first man up got beamed, and instead of taking first base he went out into the pitcher's box to lick the pitcher. After a

little argument we managed to get him on first.

The Canadian pitcher was wild. The next ball went over the catcher's head and our runner took second.

The next man up struck out. I batted third, hit to the outfield, the right fielder dropped the ball, and I reached second, the runner ahead of me moving to third base. Then Stewart got up and placed a corking double out into left field. Stewart was a fast runner. I started for home, touched third, the runner in front of me plowing along for home plate. He ran like an ice wagon. I was shouting to him to hurry up. I could hear Stewart pounding behind me. The Tommy's cap blew off, and instead of going home he stopped to pick it up. Stewart was shouting, "Log it, here comes the ball," as he slid into third base. I could not precede the runner in, so we were trapped for a double play. Stewart's angora was bristling and mine was tugging at its chain.

The Canadian rooters were tickled to death, their sarcastic remarks burning into Stewart and me. Stewart was fast losing his temper.

(Continued Next Week)

Notice of Hearing of Final Account

Notice is hereby given that the final account of Sidney Graham, administrator of the estate of Aaron Graham, deceased, has been filed in the County Court of Clackamas County, Oregon, and that the 3rd day of March, 1919, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. has been appointed by said court for hearing objections to said final account, at which time any persons interested in said estate may appear and file objections thereto in writing and contest the same.
Date of first publication, January 16, 1919.
SIDNEY GRAHAM,
Administrator of said estate.

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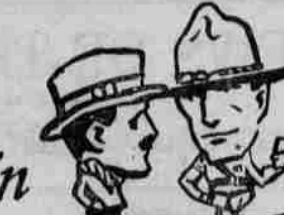
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