

TROOPS MET WITH EMOTION AND JOY

Great City Turns Out en Masse to Greet Troops.

VICTORY WAY IS PACKED

Every Effort Made to Give Battle-Scarred Veterans Warm Remembrance of Day.

(Continued From First Page)

Downs of buildings along the line of march.

All in all, Portland posed out her hand and showed herself proud of her name and the deeds of her heroes.

DAY TO BE LONG REMEMBERED

Portland Accords Ovation Like Nothing Ever Before Given.

Just such an ovation has Portland never accorded any band of men as that encountered by the sturdy, swinging boys of the 65th from the time they passed beneath the "welcome" banner.

It wasn't a vociferous welcome, Portland's vocal faculties—well, it's not surprising that they displayed a bit of weariness.

It was the sound of the old familiar battle call of "assembly" and "first call" that broke the spell of that glad hour of embraces and at 4:45 the procession of stalwarts began to form before the station on Sixth street.

Headquarters company and supply company were followed by batteries C and D. Leading batteries E and F came the Multnomah Guard band, which had disbanded from the ranks as the troop trains emptied their battle-wreathed passengers at the station.

The parade passed up Sixth street, which was decked out for the occasion as never before with pennants of the national colors, bunting, banners, specially designed shields, topped with flag festoons on white-garbed lamp posts.

Silently the marchers paid tribute as they made their way before Liberty temple. For there stood the temporary monument, erected in memory of the brave boys never to return from the fields of Mars.

STILL RAIDED AND ALLEGED MOONSHINERS CAPTURED IN LANE COUNTY.



—Photo by Martin.

OFFICERS AND PART OF CONFISCATED STILL IN LANE COUNTY WOODS. MAN WITHOUT COAT IS H. W. BUCHINGHAM, ONE OF ALLEGED MOONSHINERS CAPTURED.

EUGENE, Or., Feb. 18.—(Special.)—Eastern Lane county enjoyed all of the thrills of a real old Tennessee mountain moonshiner still raid, just such as are told of in tales of the "beyond-the-bluegrass" country.

Colonel Benjamin H. Kerfoot, commanding the 65th, coupled with the headquarters company, the supply company and the band. The entire battalion of the regiment, numbering 400 men, switched off at Kansas City for Camp Kearney, which is 15 miles north of San Diego.

WITH THE BOYS OF THE 65TH

Portland welcomed but two battalions of the 65th, coupled with the headquarters company, the supply company and the band.

Many mayors of various Oregon cities were here yesterday to greet the troops. Mayor Baker telegraphed most of them personal invitations and made it general by asking them through the press to come to Portland.

The trip across the continent from Camp Dix (Wrightstown, N. J.) has been an uninterrupted joy procession. Until the regiment left Kansas City there were three sections, and in every city and town where the trains were scheduled to make stops of any duration the men were feted.

A well-known Portlander who served efficiently in the Spanish-American war watched the 65th, rugged artillerymen thrashing their way into the walking arms of loved ones at the station.

Going to Montaucon, Corporal Robert Case, Portland, and Walker, B. Church, chief gunner discharged at Camp Dix and who hails from Eugene, stood in the cathedral where the then crown prince of Germany directed the operations in which he lost so heavily at Verdun. They also observed the American doughboys pushing back the pretzel kids at the first Argonne.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Roach and a sister greeted Hal Roach, Kindorf Road, Bents, as he hopped off the train. It was a happy quarter that had dinner in their tents home last night.

news from their home town. The war is over and the task which they were given is completed. For ever since the armistice was signed, November 11, they have been waiting for the trains to come and their every thought has been of home and what was doing.

The frame of mind of the boys is strangely reminiscent of the old story about the little chap, aged 7, who ran away from home on the morning, but decided to return that night and, as he entered the kitchen, remarked to his mother, "see, the trains are coming and they are great, but he looks natural."

Corporal Benjamin G. Fleishman asked if it were true that Portland was to have a club in the Pacific coast League, and before he could be answered, Gunner Homer H. Bowden, who had just returned from the front, and with two questions in his mind to answer, the correspondent filed a third when Gunner Bruce Turner asked if he was to be played in Portland this winter.

Most of the boys have a Cortina French-English dictionary which greatly assisted them in "ogg wawing" with their best French "soils."

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Thousands of out-of-town people were in the city. They came from all parts of Oregon and Washington. Hotels, restaurants and theaters were flooded.

"Camp Dix is a real place," asserted Private Harry W. Moss, Portland man, "it has wooden barracks, hot and cold water, beds and mattresses, everything we didn't have for a year, paved streets, street lights, stores, theaters, Knights of Columbus quarters, Young Men's Christian association halls and ball fields, in fact, it is a real military city. It even has a jitney line. I'm so happy to be home that I simply cannot tell you about it."

Brigadier-General Charles F. Beebe brought from the Arlington club to the 65th extending the privileges of the club during their stay in Portland.

Commenting on the "killed in action at Brest" editorial which appeared in The Oregonian yesterday morning, officers of the 65th in fact, that condition was not so poor there as it seemed. It seems that all officers have been warned not to mention Brest to the American public.

However, the officers say that it is a fact that 3000 American soldiers died there as a result of the lack of sanitary conditions. They say that Brigadier-General Smedley D. Butler, United States marine corps, who some time back charged the Pontonians, Brest, is doing his utmost to clean the place up.

A large trench rat was discovered on the first section Sunday night. Two of the men were munching on a sandwich in the trench when the "veteran of Verdun" pranced across the aisle. It was quite late and rather than disturb the sleepers he went to the men's quarters and did not search for his pet, but insist that he is their mascot which followed them from war-torn France. A thorough search failed to uncover Mr. T. Rat yesterday morning.

An interesting passenger on the train was Edward W. Wong, thoroughbred Chinese and mighty proud of his mother, Mrs. Wong Toy of Portland, greeted the scrappy oriental as he stepped from the train. Wong brought home a German officer's belt and helmet. He was born in Portland 22 years ago and resides with his parents, Mrs. Miguel Morales, at 30 1/2 North Twenty-third street. Wong formerly attended the Ladd, Atkinson and Couch schools, and has spent two or three fish canneries seasons in Alaska.

It brought tears to the eyes of those who saw this greeting: Hally A. Abbey, Eugene, is a good blacksmith. He was embraced by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Withers, and his two sisters when he first placed foot on the depot platform of the Oregon City train. "Hello H. A.," said Artilleryman Withers, as his mother threw her arms about him.

"Champion pie-eater of the 65th," is the non de guerre planted on Private James "G-I" Garvey, Colonel Kerfoot's regular army orderly. All the day long he was in the kitchen, satisfied to supply him with pie and he's not particular whether it's peach, apple or mince. "Where are you going?" asked the hospital corpsman, who was "shoving away" from the depot yesterday afternoon. "For a piece of pie, sir," Private Garvey shot back. "For breakfast, Garvey, has coffee" and pie; for dinner, pie and coffee and for supper just plain pie.

"I suppose Portland grows quite a bit," soliloquized Sergeant Roy F. Crim, of Portland, as he finished shaking hands with his many friends at the union station and the Dalles was reached before he finished. Corporal Slark shrieking like a sparrow in a gray sweater's back all the while. It finally took half a dozen colored porters to pull Wagoner Abbey off. "He's a wagoner, all right," asserted Corporal Slark.

65TH IN CHARGE OF VETERAN OF 2 WARS

Colonel Benjamin H. Kerfoot Served in Philippines.

TROOPS WELL CARED FOR

Commanding Officer Makes Personal Inspection of Positions in Each of Five Offensives.

Where there is fighting, there also is Colonel Benjamin H. Kerfoot, the regular army officer who brought Oregon's prize regiment—the 65th—through 79 days of intensive fighting at the front and now has returned the men to their homes from a battlefield more than 7500 miles away.

Colonel Kerfoot is a veteran of two wars and claims the distinction of having been in every engagement participated in by the units to which he was assigned in both instances. He was a member of Funston's famous "20th Kansas" in the Philippine insurrection and the name of Colonel Ben Kerfoot is written in big letters wherever the 65th has been in the European conflict.

That Colonel Kerfoot took good care of the men while they were in service is evident in the fact that in each of the five offensives in which the 65th was engaged the colonel inspected each battery position to personally criticize the camouflage and other protective work. One of the colonel's most insistent requirements while the regiment was in action was that food should be plentiful and inspecting officers have often remarked regarding the sanitation and plentiful stores in the organization's culinary department.

Colonel Kerfoot is a native of Kansas. He was educated in that state and later moving to Missouri. While a student at the University of Kansas the colonel began his military career. After graduation he served in the 21st Kansas regiment because the ranks of that organization were filled, he could not reënter the desire to engage in military service. He enlisted in the 20th Kansas, the regiment which later distinguished itself in the Philippines.

At the battle of the Rio Grande the colonel was given a commission for meritorious service and since that date has been doing things in army life that have made him one of the most popular officers in the service today. During the insurrection he fought in 19 engagements, being one of the two men in the company who witnessed the entire campaign.

When the European war broke out, Colonel Kerfoot was serving as a captain at Fort Casey, in the coast defenses of Puget Sound. Orders were issued to the 65th to be sent to the front and before the organization left for overseas on February 27, 1918, he was given his majorship. Before the Northern Pacific landed at New York, he was made lieutenant colonel and arrived in France second in command of the 65th.

Regiment Is Divided. During the training period at Limoges, France, Colonel Kerfoot was one of the most active officers in the regiment and to him is due much credit for the training and discipline of the regiment. When the 65th was billeted near Limoges the size of the regiment made it necessary to divide the men into two sections. Colonel Kerfoot trained the first and third battalions at Nison, while the second battalion learned its big gunnery at Pierre Buffiere.

When the regiment started for the front Colonel Kerfoot was second in command of a groupment and spent most of his time supervising the installation, camouflage and general administration of the batteries of the regiment. When Colonel James F. Howell was relieved to be placed in command of the brigade—the 124th—Colonel Kerfoot's eagles alighted and he assumed command of the regiment. That was immediately after the sec-

ond engagement at the first Argonne offensive had been completed and the colonel took the organization through the intensive fighting at Verdun and the second Argonne under his command. So well did the regiment perform for its commander that it was called "Kerfoot's Hell-Raising Howitzers" by both officers and men with whom it came in contact. The achievements of the regiment are known to Oregon followers of the fortunes of the 65th and further elaboration would be superfluous.

Nothing Is Impossible. One of Colonel Kerfoot's fundamental principles in life is that "nothing is impossible." When the outlook seemed blue for the allied cause the colonel was the greatest optimist in the American expeditionary force. When they suggested making the big 9.2-inch howitzers offensive weapons and called for rapid movement and installation of the bulky pieces—a feat which was never before accomplished—the colonel was in the front with his personal energy and did much toward making this very thing possible. There were many occasions on which the troops in his command doubted that there was never a time when the colonel doubted.

One of the things which instilled confidence in the men of the 65th was the fact that the colonel was always around when the big shells were bursting most rapidly. Due to the excellent camouflage and wonderful discipline of the regiment, the effect of Fritz's big stuff was negligible. However, the boys knew that somewhere in the vicinity were the "hell-raising howitzers" and he was in the front with his personal energy and did much toward making this very thing possible. There is one story told on Colonel Kerfoot which shows somewhat his temperament under fire. The colonel was in the front with his personal energy and did much toward making this very thing possible. There is one story told on Colonel Kerfoot which shows somewhat his temperament under fire. The colonel was in the front with his personal energy and did much toward making this very thing possible.

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Everybody slept peacefully after the colonel's kind words. But the next morning the adjutant explored the vicinity and found five large craters just to the rear. "I can't sleep with you fellows awake. Honestly, you make more noise and disturbance than the shells."

The colonel was one of the first artillery officers to cross no man's land at St. Mihiel immediately after the infantry had advanced. He took a party of officers on a reconnaissance of new positions.

Strict Obedience Demanded. While the colonel is always the first to appreciate a good joke, he is possessed with a determination which makes those who serve under him appreciate that he wants things done exactly as he directs. Lieutenant Jesse Drain, Bellingham, Wash., assistant adjutant, tells one of the colonel's strict orders. The colonel went into a French store to purchase some grapes and as it is an unusual thing to find an English-speaking clerk in a French store, he asked the clerk to get some grapes. The clerk, who was perfectly good French for two "liters" of grapes, and as it is an unusual thing to find a young woman spoke good English. However, she and she smilingly asked the colonel:

"You want two quarts, don't you, colonel?" But the colonel was not to be bettered in the argument, so he fired back: "No, by George, I want liters."

Colonel Kerfoot is married and has one daughter, Mrs. Kerfoot, and Miss Margaret Kerfoot live at Fort Worden, Wash. The colonel's mother and sister live at Kansas City, Mo.

Mining Convention Abandoned. SPOKANE, Feb. 17.—Definite abandonment of this year's convention of the Mining Engineers' Association, scheduled to be held here next month, was announced here today. It had been twice postponed on account of the influenza situation in the northwest.

Phone your want ads to the Oregonian. Phone Main 7070. A 4095.

COLONEL IS DISAPPOINTED

MRS. BENJAMIN H. KERFOOT IS UNABLE TO GREET HUSBAND.

Wife of 65th's Commander Telegraphs She Will Meet Him on Arrival in Seattle.

"Who says a traveling salesman worries about his wife and family? What about an army man's wife?" With this hurried shot at the news hounds gathered in the vicinity, Colonel Benjamin H. Kerfoot, commanding officer of the 65th regiment, coast artillery corps, commenced to search for his wife and daughter immediately upon alighting from the first section of the train which carried the Oregon boys.

The colonel was a bit disappointed, but felt somewhat better a few seconds later when he was handed a telegram from his wife. It was impossible for her to make the journey to Portland, but that she expected the colonel in Seattle today so that they could celebrate the 65th anniversary of their wedding. Nearly a year ago Mrs. Kerfoot and her little daughter said goodbye to Colonel Kerfoot.

Colonel and Mrs. Kerfoot were married on February 18, 1903, in Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Kerfoot was Miss Roberta Adkins, daughter of Judge Robert Adkins of Kansas City, before her marriage.

The pride of the Kerfoot family is Miss Margaret Kerfoot, 14 years old. Little Margaret was born at Fort Columbia, Wash.

Mrs. Kerfoot and her daughter are domiciled at Fort Worden, Wash.

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THAT WEAK BACK

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