

HONOR ROLL FOR GRESHAM AND VICINITY

(Note—Request is made for additional names of men in the service from Gresham and vicinity.)

- CARL ALLDER
FRANK ARMSTRONG
EARNEST JOHN WM. ANDERSON
ISAAC W. ANDERSON
GLENN ANDRE
ROBERT ANDREWS
HERBERT ARMSTRONG
EDWIN FOREST ARNOLD
TOM BAKER
ELMER BANKS
HERBERT BASLER
ERNEST BATES
BYRON BELL
CORP. FRANK G. BELL
LESLIE BEKKE
OTLEY BERKE
PETER R. BERKE
ALBERT A. BEYER
CARL F. BEYER
ELMER C. BEYER
JOHN BICHAN
HENRY BOTTLESON
LIEUT. AMOR WATT BOTKIN
CECIL BOZARTH
SGT. BOYD O. BRASWELL
EDGAR BRIDKS
EMERSON BROWN
FRANK BROWN
JOHN BURBA
LEON CADDY
ALBERT CAMP
ED. CANIFF
LEON CARLSON
EMERSON A. CRAWFORD
ERNEST CHRISTENSEN
LEON CHURCH
GEORGE CLARK
CARL CONGDON
PERCY COLEMAN
HARRY COOLEY
RALPH E. CRANDALL
LIEUT. FRED CRANE
FRANK CRAWFORD
EDMUND G. CONVILL
MILO M. COONS
DOMINICK CUNNINGHAM
CORP. CARLYLE A. CUNNINGHAM
FRED DAVIS
W. DEAVEN
CHAS. DEHAVEN
EDWARD DICKENSON
ROY D. DIX
CECIL DUKE
RAYMOND DUNBAR
ED DUNY
HENRY ELTON EASTMAN
WILSON EASTMAN
VENCIL EVANS
ED. EVERETT
W. S. EVERETT
ELIS FORSGREN
ISAAC FOSTER
JOHN FOX
ERNEST J. FREEMAN
KEVIN FREEMAN
DEWEY GIBBS
ROY H. GIBBS
MERRILL H. GOOD
MERVIN H. GOOD
HOMER GOSSETT
WILLIE H. HALL
FLOYD HALLOCK
OLIVER HAMBLEN
CORP. FRANK A. HAMLIN
JOHN HAMILIN
CLIFTON HARRIS
THEODORE HARRIS
FRED HARTY
C. HENDRICKS
CORP. W. A. HENSLEY
MAYRL HENLEY
CORP. CLAUDE HESLIN
CHARLES HICKS
JAS. O. HILL
J. WILLIAM HILLYARD
CONRAD HOECKER
VICTOR HOLM
JOHN K. HONEY
HERBERT H. HOSS
EVERETT HUGHES
CORP. G. W. HUMASON
CORPORAL RAYMOND HUMASON
CORP. W. F. JENNE
SGT. GUY D. JONES
ALBERT A. JOHNSON
GUSTAVE A. JOHNSON
WILLIAM E. JOHNSON
ROY JOHNSON
ALBERT E. JOHNSON
ALEX. JOY
FAXON JOY
AXEL F. JOHNSON
JOHN A. JOHNSON
FRANK KERN
HAROLD KERN
GLENN H. KESTERSON
RAY KESTERSON
NELSON KIRKWOOD
ELGIN B. KIRKWOOD
RICHARD KIRK
ROBERT KNIERIEM
GEO. K. KNIERIEM
HAROLD LARSON
PETER LARSON
EMIL LAUBER

Father Benoit and Bouledogue

"Truly, he is not a beauty, this English bouledogue," said Father Benoit, the cure at V., "not a beauty as you see even when he smiles, but for loyalty and courage, one may well believe there is not in all Christendom a dog to excel him"

This said the good cure to the American, who was that day his guest at dinner. "I am ignorant," said Father Benoit, "whence he came. It was a keen, cold day in February. Mother Margot, the cook, took in this stranger. She heard a moan without and opened the door. He was all but frozen. He crept up as closely as he could to the fire.

"One of his forepaws was crushed and bleeding. Mother Margot bathed the wounded paw. From that moment they were good friends.

"There was another firm bond between them. They both hated the boche without stint. The bouledogue seemed to detect boche blood unerringly, perhaps by its odor. Mother Margot by some instinct as sure, arrived at a conclusion that could not be explained and could scarcely be disputed.

"A score or more of boche prisoners passed through the village one day. Our dog—to him we had given the name Victor—was frantic to get at them. Mother Margot with an enormous grid-iron in her strong right hand was scarcely less so, as she saw them pass by.

"It was shortly after this that there came to this village a man of thirty years or thereabouts. He claimed to be from Alsace-Lorraine. He was on detached duty, he said, and though his name was Mayer, he was accepted as a good Frenchman. We could readily believe this. We knew that in the two provinces wrested from us in 1871 many of the best French bore German names.

"We had little more than the word of monsieur, the lieutenant, for it, but that was enough. He surely was a man of many accomplishments. He could dance. He had a good tenor voice and sang well. He was a lover of art. He knew much about pictures and marbles. He could fence with sword and rapier like a regimental master-at-arms. He had a broad scar on his left cheek. This, he said, had been given him in a little passage of arms. He could row, he could swim. He was skilled in athletics. He spoke the best of French, admitted modestly that he understood some German, though he spoke it imperfectly, and that he had a slight knowledge of English. How could we, simple villagers, do otherwise than admire this gifted young man.

"He was a light-hearted, clever fellow and was soon in high favor with every one. Yes, every one except our bouledogue and Mother Margot. Whenever the dog came near Monsieur Mayer, who wore the uniform of a lieutenant, he would growl ominously. So, too, would Mother Margot. He was agreeable, was Mayer, to my niece, and when my nephew Lucien, of the aviation, visited here—this he did occasionally—the Lorrainer was a pleasant companion. He had traveled much and told fine stories.

"One day word came to us that Lucien would be here. He was on his way to Paris and would stop here at nightfall. We all were delighted to have this visit. Lucien would lodge here and early the next morning he would set out for Paris. We discussed among us the nature of his visit. We said that perhaps he carried important papers from the front and, thus distinguished, some new honor would

soon come to him. He would see President Poincare and—I once knew him quite well—I could give a letter to 'the tiger,' as they now call Monsieur Clemenceau.

"All this conversation was before our new friend Mayer, who said he would be delighted to see our nephew, but unfortunately, he had to go to a neighboring city from which he could not return for a day or two.

"It should here be said that our bouledogue, Victor, sniffed and growled whenever Lieutenant Mayer appeared, and Mother Margot, with no reason at all manifested like symptoms of distrust, not that she growled and sniffed, but she might as well have done so.

"The evening in which we expected Lucien passed. He did not come. We retired much disappointed, for he should have brought to us news from the front, where our poilus have so bravely battled the boche.

"The night was bright and free of clouds, almost a full moon. In this honest village we sleep without bolts or bars. It is 'lift up the latch and come in'. So it has been lately when Mother Margot took it upon herself to change all this. She double-barred every door and fastened every opening with a stout window stick. I deemed all these precautions to be foolish and unnecessary. Instead of making me to feel more secure I could not for some time sleep, bottled up as I felt myself to be, away from all my people.

"In the middle of that night I heard a great crash of glass below stairs and a series of growls. It is the bouledogue I said, and turned upon my pillow to go to sleep again. There was then silence for a time. More growls. Then I heard the voice of Mother Margot—no mistaking that, and a shriek from my niece.

"I hastened downstairs. I approached the room from which the noises and voices had come. Ah, what a sight met my eyes. My niece, poor girl, had fled from the room. Not so Mother Margot. With visage grim as that of an ancient Greek, her hands clenched, she stood beside the bouledogue.

"In the window, his head within the room; his neck fastened by the heavy sash, the dog with his fangs in the intruder's throat—I turned away for the moment to gather courage to look at this terrible object in the window. His sockets. His feet and hands were outside the window. He was wholly unable to help himself. Between the window's weight and the dog's fangs he had been strangled. He was dead.

"Within the room lay a long sharp dagger—this, it so looked, had fallen from between the teeth of the wretched man. He had come prepared to commit murder, should it be necessary, to secure Lucien's papers. In the distorted features of the dead man I did not at first recognize this murderous intruder. Mother Margot and the bouledogue disclosed his identity. It was Mayer, you have already guessed it. He was the German spy.

"So I say our English bouledogue for that night's work—it was a fearful night—deserves the reward of a hero, the croix de guerre. I must confess (here Father Benoit crossed himself) I could not find in my heart any pity for this execrable creature, cut off when about to commit a great crime. His death was a visitation sent by le bon Dieu himself."

"And Mother Margot?" said Sergeant Antoine, of the American army. "Mother Margot," said the good cure, "will get her reward in heaven."

LUSTED

Miss Marie Dollowitch met with a painful accident by which she lost one of her fingers on the right hand. She was working in a Portland factory making cans.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Hossner spent the evening at the home of Ed Hamilton and family last Wednesday. E. E. Qway had the misfortune to lose a horse recently.

The section boss and two of his men met with what might have been a serious accident on the Mount Hood Railway between Cottrell and Mabery. The gas speeder, being heavily loaded, in some manner jumped the track demolishing the car and throwing the occupants clear of the wreckage. Roy Parsons, the section boss, and Harris Hamilton and William Dollowitch were badly shaken up and received many painful bruises.

There have been some deer in the neighborhood for some time which are probably tame deer from some park. They have done some damage to gardens. Joe Dollowitch suffered considerable loss to his kale patch. He considered it any way ten dollars.

DAMASCUS

Rev. Wm. Hawkinson will preach at the Damascus church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The sermon will be followed by communion service. A cordial invitation to all is extended.

Somebody is waiting to know what you have to sell—a want ad tells

FAIRVIEW

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Heslin have received letters from their son Caryl and Mrs. Leslie T. St. Clair has heard from her husband in France. The letters were written more than a month ago. The boys are in the Supply Company with the 65th Artillery, Coast Artillery Corps. They were in strenuous training at that time.

Mrs. S. Dixon and children are spending a few weeks at North Yakima visiting her father, Mr. Inglis.

A number of Fairview people are spending their vacation at Newport. Those who are there now are: Mr. and Mrs. Art Copeland and son, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Brooks and son, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Burlingame and children, Mr. and Mrs. Will Brooks and children and J. Burlingame.

Mrs. J. W. Mollen and daughter, Marjorie are spending a few days at Gervais, Ore., guests of Mrs. J. P. Province.

Summer Complaint.

During the hot weather of the summer months some member of almost every family is likely to be troubled with an unnatural looseness of the bowels, and it is of the greatest importance that this be treated promptly, which can only be done when the medicine is kept at hand. Mrs. F. F. Scott, Scottsville, N. Y., states, 'I first used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy as much as five years ago. At that time I had a severe attack of summer complaint and was suffering intense pain. One dose relieved me. Other members of my family have since used it with like results.'—Ad.



WHILE WAITING

for the next Liberty bond issue, we suggest you purchase U. S. treasury certificates to net 4 1/2 per cent.

We can supply them.

BANK OF GRESHAM GRESHAM, OREGON

POWELL VALLEY

Sunday August 11 the young peoples' meeting will be held at the Lutheran church. An entertaining program will be given to which all are invited.

The members of the girls' industrial club who are taking sewing are requested to meet at the seagold house next Wednesday at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Alta Gentry, the club advisor, will meet with them to assist in plans for finishing the course before fair time. Any who desire to take up the work or any other members of the club who are taking up other work are invited to attend.

P. A. Johnson and daughters Lillie and Hilma, Myrtle Anderson and Emil Lind have been spending a week at Seaside. They went by auto camping out one night each way.

Harold, Wendell and Cecil Gustafson spent Sunday visiting their Aunt, Mrs. Richard Gustafson of Portland. The two former with a cousin visited The Oaks and Council Crest which they report crowded with soldiers out for a good time. In the afternoon the boys with their aunt went to the city park where they joined a party from Powell Valley which was spending the day at the Park. These were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Palmblad, Mr. and Mrs. August Olsen and baby, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Palmblad and family and Mr. and Mrs. Swan Magnuson and family.

Chas. Unis, John Unis, Ida and Ellen Unis, Mr. and Mrs. David Palmblad and son, Mrs. Chas. Palmblad and baby and Frank Gustafson visited friends at Colton, Oregon recently. They made the trip from here in Mr. Gustafson's machine and report the roads rather rough and steep in places.

A party of friends and relatives met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. August Johnson Sunday, August 25 to celebrate the birthday of the latter's sister, Miss Lillie Johnson. Those present beside the host, hostess and guest of honor were, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Johnson, the Misses Nellie, Emma and Hilma Johnson, Carl Johnson, Emil Lind, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lindgren, Miss Myrtle Anderson, Mrs. C. P. Johnson, Miss Florence Johnson, Bert Olsen, Emil Eklund, Miss Ester Truedson and Hakan Truedson.

The lawn social given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Nelson recently was a most delightful affair. There was a large crowd which thoroughly enjoyed a social time on the lawn. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson's home is well adapted for an occasion of this sort, with its wide lawn and the moon furnished light although Jackolanterns added the magic touch. Icecream, cake and coffee were served and the sum of \$22.61 was cleared, which has been turned over to the Red Cross.

Mt. Angel College, St. Benedict, Ore., the place for your boy. Address Rev. R. T. Meier.—Adv.

PLEASANT HOME

Mrs. Grant Sloop entertained on Thursday Mrs. G. M. Thorpe, her daughters Carrie and Marie and son Alton. Mrs. Thorpe and family have been living at Astoria but are expecting to make their home in Portland.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid society will meet on next Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. M. Quicksall. Lunch will be served. A large attendance is desired as matters of importance will be attended to.

H. W. Snashall, president of the Farmers Mutual Fire Relief Association, reports the association has broken all former records in 1917.

The annual statement shows 383 new members gained, 17 fire losses paid, aggregating \$4911; \$1,036,677 of insurance written, one assessment levied, and \$700 invested in Liberty bonds during the year. The association is entering its 14th year, and has over 4000 members carrying \$4,250,000 insurance. It has made an annual saving of over 50 per cent to its members. At the annual meeting in January Andrew Brugger of Gresham was re-elected director for the ninth year. Farmers desiring to join may obtain information from H. W. Snashall, Gresham, R. A. or Herman Loeding, secretary, 403 Stock Exchange Bldg., Portland.—Adv.

GRESHAM TIME TABLE

Table with columns for destination (Estacada, Portland), departure times, and train names (Bull Run, Mt. Hood Depot).

Table with columns for destination (Mt. Hood Depot, Estacada, Gresham), departure times, and train names (Mt. Hood Depot, Estacada, Gresham).

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C. A. McCARTY, Special Agent Gresham, Oregon.

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Stomach and Liver Troubles. No end of misery and actual suffering is caused by disorders of the stomach and liver, and may be avoided by the use of Chamberlain's Tablets. Give them a trial. They only cost a quarter.—Ad. Tailoring For men and women—cleaning, pressing and repairing done well. Peter Lenard, Powell street. POWELL VALLEY Preaching services will be held at the Mission church on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. In the morning the pastor will preach at Damascus. The usual meeting of the young peoples' meeting will be on Saturday evening and that of the prayer meeting on Thursday evening. All are invited to attend. Read by all—Outlook want ads.

An Ad in the OUTLOOK will help you draw business EVERYBODY READS IT! Illustration of a man in a suit sitting at a desk with a large arrow pointing to him, surrounded by people.

EKSTROM'S TRUCK SERVICE Office with Commercial Delivery Co. 225 Ash Street Between First and Second Gresham Office, old Garage near Lumber Yard, Residence same ALL KINDS OF HAULING BETWEEN GRESHAM AND PORTLAND Estimates given on outside trips. Coal or Briquets Gresham Phone 851 Albert Ekstrom Portland Broadway 2002; A-2078