

GRESHAM BOY WOUNDED BUT IN WAR AGAIN

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Camp have received letters recently from their son Albert, who was formerly a member of Co. 162d Infantry, but who has been transferred to another organization. Albert received a wound in the battle of Cantigny and was for a time in a hospital but is now with a headquarters company. His letters are under dates of July 10, 16 and 20. Some excerpts follow:

"We had a pretty nice time on the Fourth. Had a baseball game and athletic sports. The French helped us celebrate and their houses were all gaily bedecked with flags and all were out in their "Sunday-go-meeting-clothes." The French are going to have a big day next Sunday, July 14. It is just about like our Fourth. In Paris they named a very beautiful street after President Wilson on the Fourth.

"How are the cow and chickens? Would like to have some real cream and fresh eggs. How is the garden this year? I suppose fine, as I heard the crops were better this year than they have been for a long time. I suppose you are eating war bread now. I like French war bread. The loaves are about two and a half feet long and about three inches through at the ends and about five in the middle, and are a little flat.

"Did you get my letter saying I was in the hospital? Well it wasn't much and I have been out almost a month now. I am doing orderly work now in the sergeant major's office. Like my work fine.

"Almost every night there is something interesting at the Y. M. C. A. Last Night they had a minstrel show composed of A. E. F. boys and it was great. A couple of nights ago they had a regular old home party. There were a few French there but they could speak good American. All had an enjoyable time.

"I am well and hope you and the children are the same. Tell all my friends hello for me. My address is Headquarters Co. A. P. O. 726, A. E. F. France."

ONE-HALF BILLION LOANS TO FARMERS

President Wilson has placed at the disposal of the Treasury and Agricultural Departments \$5,000,000 to enable them to furnish aid to wheat growers in certain sections of the West who have lost two successive crops by winter killing and drought. The Federal land banks will act as financial agents of the Government to make and collect the loans.

This fund is not intended to be lent to farmers who have banking collateral; the action of the War Finance Corporation in urging the banks to finance such farmers and its promise to support them in such financing, it is believed, will amply provide for them.

Loans from this fund will be made to individuals who have not banking collateral, and only where it is necessary to enable a farmer to continue to grow food products. The money will be advanced upon the crop of wheat or substitute grains planted on the land, and to loan will be in excess of \$3 per acre and no applicant financed beyond 160 acres.

The use of the fund will be under the joint control of the Treasury and Department of Agriculture; as the machinery for the work is already in existence, no substantial delay is expected.

The cooperation of local banks and local associations and individuals is looked for.

JUDGE STAPLETON VISITS SANDY LEAGUE

The Sandy chapter of the American Loyalty League held an interesting meeting at the I. O. O. F. hall a few days ago, at which time F. W. Canning was elected president to succeed M. A. Deaton, and Blanch R. Shelley was selected as secretary, succeeding John Revenue. The meetings will be held hereafter at Sandy on the first Friday of each month, until later in the season, when it is hoped that semi-monthly meetings may be resumed. Judge Stapleton was the speaker at the meeting.

Why is it that when an automobile falls into the hands of a fool it makes him a criminal?

Get your wood now. Call Ekstrom Truck Service. Gresham 851.

Say Thrift Stamp to the grocer.

HEPPNER YOUNG MAN WEDS GRESHAM GIRL

A wedding of last Sunday was that of Miss Nettie E. Currin and W. Prentiss Cox. The marriage was solemnized at the family home of the bride on Powell street with Dr. A. Thompson officiating in the presence of friends and relatives.

The bride was lovely in a simple dress of white crepe de chine and silk lace with a veil of tulle and orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses tied with tulle and satin ribbon. The couple was unattended. The rooms and porch were a bower of gladioli and ferns and evergreens and after the ceremony a buffet supper was served to the guests on the porch.

The bride's going-away-custume was of maroon broadcloth with a stylish black fall hat. After a ten-day trip motoring in Washington and in British Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. Cox will make their home in Heppner, Oregon.

Mrs. Cox is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Currin of Gresham, formerly of Heppner. She is a graduate of the Oregon Agricultural college and several of her sisters and friends who assisted about the rooms were also graduates of the same alma mater.

Mr. Cox is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cox of Heppner, where he is a prominent and popular young business man, having been connected with the First National bank of that city for a number of years.

Present at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. George J. Currin, the Misses Mabry, Mary and Virginia Currin, parents and sisters of the bride and Mrs. H. S. Bond, her grandmother and Dr. Thompson all of Gresham, also Mrs. C. A. Hapgood with her son Edward and daughter Elizabeth Frederica, Mrs. Wiley Benefield and daughter Helen of Wasco, Miss Kate Moore of Echo, Miss Grace Smith, Miss Georgia Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Mahoney of Portland, Mrs. J. Currin of Corvallis and Guyle Shurtz of Vancouver, Washington.

CAMPING AT EAGLE CREEK

Mrs. Joseph A. Mahoney of Boston, Mass., camping at Eagle Creek, correspondent for eastern papers, has favored the Outlook with a description of camp life in the Oregon forest. The writer made the acquaintance of Gresham campers recently at Eagle Creek and expressed her great interest in the west especially the majestic forests of Oregon and Washington. This great country she designates as the Land of the Future and the "Land of the Beginning Again," a poem which Mrs. Mahoney recited at the camp breakfast. Her impressions will be read with much interest.

In this big-tree country, day was scarce breaking o'er the hill, when the vacationists and motorists, were calling merrily to each other "Good morning," "Good morning." And right they were to be merry, for they had the good fortune to have camped in this delightful nook, Eagle Creek, just off the finest highway in the world. Now each was doing merrily his part towards the community breakfast, that was in order.

As we approached the grove we saw that a most homey charm was given to the several tables joined down between the pillars of the Douglas firs that seemed to pierce the blue of the August day, and the fragrance that was wafted both from them and the coming breakfast gave zest to our appetites, not to speak of the crisp-edged ham and bacon sizzling on the forest stove and the orange hearted eggs that were cooked straight up or over as you preferred, and the perfect stacks of golden brown flapjacks so dear to campers' eyes; but the symmetry of these stacks, as soon as the dogwood swayed its benediction over us, was spoiled by all, but especially by the Yankee boy, who proudly oasted of twenty-five tucked under his jacket in no time.

I ate looking at these big men and women. Each one held some important position in his own community, and I felt they were truly as much larger than we Easterners, as were the maple leaves that hung above us larger than ours.

The great logs in the immense forest stove cracked merrily, throwing a warm glow over the grove and the faces of the happy group of cooks, both men and women. I felt privileged to be allowed to eat this first meal of the new day with these people of the great Northwest, who truly knew the meaning of the word neighbor.

Smiles greeted us on all sides and more astonished I grew as I learned while I sipped their honey and tasted their logan berry jam that these Oregonians and Washingtonians had all

GRESHAM WOMAN SUES FOR AN ACCOUNTING AND RETURN OF MONEY SPENT ON VISTA HOUSE

A lawsuit for the accounting of every cent spent in the construction of the Vista House at CrownPoint was filed in the State Circuit Court on Wednesday. It charges breach of trust, fraud, deceit and misrepresentation against the Multnomah county commissioners, John B. Yeon, E. M. Lazerns and numerous others.

The suit has an added local flavor in that the action was filed by Mrs. Nora Withrow of Gresham. She demands an accounting of every cent spent in construction of the edifice.

The total sum involved in the suit is \$110,215. The plaintiff, who says she represents herself as a taxpayer and all other Multnomah County taxpayers, demands that every cent spent on the Vista House be returned to Multnomah County. Chief of her charges is that the County Commissioners wrongfully entered into contracts for the construction of the Vista House, knowing that they had no legal power to do so. It is further charged they were influenced by John B. Yeon and S. Benson.

The Vista House Association is named as defendant, as are the officers of this organization. The plaintiff asks that the officers be made personally liable to Multnomah County in the sum of \$13,965. She asks that John B. Yeon, County Commissioners Muck and Holbrook, E. M. Lazarus, architect, and S. Benson be made liable in the sum of \$100,000, and that she have judgement against Rufus C. Holman, chairman of the board, for \$96,250. Even the caretakers of the Vista House, L. M. Lund and wife, are made defendants in the suit, as are a majority of the county officials and most of the contractors who furnished supplies for the construction of the comfort station.

The Oregonian, in telling the story says that although Mrs. Withrow asserts in her complaint that she is a taxpayer of this county, her name does not appear on the county tax rolls in the office of Sheriff Hurlburt, nor is there any record in the recording department where property might recently have been transferred to her name. Her attorneys, however, say she pays taxes on property owned by an estate.

The filing of the suit had been expected for several weeks, as it was known that employees in the office of the County Commissioners have been assisting in procuring data upon which the suit might be based. This information, it is said, was secured at the direction of County Commissioner Holman, who knew several weeks ago that the suit was to be filed, and who, according to other county officials, inspired the filing of the suit.

Mrs. Withrow is a Gresham business woman and conducts the Withrow cafeteria at the Liberty fountain corner. She is known to be a taxpayer on some valuable Portland property, although it is assessed in her former name. In speaking of the matter yesterday she made it known that she is acting for an association of taxpayers whose property has been depreciated somewhat by certain activities and that they are making a protest against laying for unnecessary improvements anywhere, however slightly or ornamental they may be. Her attorneys are J. E. Fenton and Schneider & McQuirk.

In connection with the lawsuit matter, and probably inspired by someone who is among the defendants the following squib appeared in yesterday's Oregonian:

A deal was closed yesterday for a new apartment-house to be erected on the property of the late George S. Withrow.—Adv.

That little reader will give a clue to Mrs. Withrow's interest in the matter. It is misleading, however, and, according to Mrs. Withrow is false. She is the sole owner now of her late husband's property besides above-named property situated at Twenty-first and Upshur streets. She has not sold it and will not do so unless she gets the price she deems it is worth.

She and her attorneys have been receiving numerous commendations for their action in bringing the Vista House matter into court. It has been contended that the building of the monument was unnecessary and a willful waste of public money. It is known that Mr. Holman opposed the scheme all the way through but was overruled by others in authority.

understood. I learned that her husband was on a short respite from arduous duties in the Navy Yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal of Chehalis, Wash., kept the fun going at their end of the table as well as their namesakes from England were wont to do. I felt a qualm of conscience when I saw the flushed face of the kindly cook, and wished her to enjoy some of her crisp cakes, but learned of her constant unselfishness from my jolly left hand neighbor who was fortunate enough to be her life partner, I tried to claim relationship with these nice Clarks of Glendale, Oregon.

But there was another compassionate soul, the young father of the forest, as well as the young father of Alice Cleo Wiesdinger, who made her appearance in this state last week. He also took pity on the cook, as he is ever doing on the petty troubles of the campers and tried to keep the Boston Boy's plate filled, but soon finding it an impossible task returned to pay court to his stately mother who is enjoying a visit at his forest home.

As I ate and watched all these happy, useful people, I wondered what New Englanders might have become in such a climate, with the example of the tall trees, high mountains and wide stretches ever before us, and longed for the time when this same kindly spirit will penetrate the East, that I have seen constantly demonstrated among these great westerners. For it seemed "That laughter was most what thereafter was in this Land of Beginning again."

But even pleasant breakfasts must end for want of room and time, and the camera man as ever was in evidence. We called the unwilling children, Paul Evelin, Elenora and dear little Helen, who were having all the capers of cupid among the big trees—for what was having their pictures taken to the game of hide and seek that was in progress. But, golden-haired Don, little man that he was, set the example by standing serenely in his father's arms. Even the dogs of the part, Nig, and Joe agreed to disagree long enough to occupy a given space, after they were promised the luscious leavings. If the ground diggers and chipmunks were disposed to share them—

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DOESN'T WANT TO SELL PENCILS AFTER THE WAR

An interesting letter has been received by Joe Patenaude from Wilson Eastman, formerly of Co. E., 162d Infantry, but now of another regiment. The letter was written on June 30 on stationery of le Foyer du Soldat, the French organization corresponding to the Y. M. C. A. He says:

"I have been transferred into the 127th Infantry and it is from Wisconsin. There are a good many officers in it who have been in the 1st, 2d and 3d Wisconsin for a good many years, so you might have known some of them.

"I have been in the trenches twice and believe me, there is some excitement there, although I don't believe I would regret the experience, providing I don't have to sell pencils on First and Alder in Portland when it is over."

TWO INSTITUTIONS NEED ASSISTANCE

The following is an appeal from the Pacific Coast Rescue and Protective Society, with headquarters in Portland. One of the institutions, the Louise Home, is situated but a few miles from Gresham:

To the Mothers and Sisters of Oregon:

It will be needless for me to go into detail and explain to you the problem of feeding 118 women, babies and children. The task is difficult at any time; but a tremendous burden at present. I appeal to you to remember the girls and babies during this coming season, and put up a little extra fruit, with or without sugar, to ship to the Louise Home and the Albertina Kerr Nursery Home, where we are caring for abandoned mothers and babies. We assure you that whatever you can do in their behalf will be greatly appreciated. Why not form a club in your town and ship a barrel of canned fruit or canned vegetables at Thanksgiving?

For shipping instructions address correspondence to Gen. Supt. W. G. MacLaren, 195 Burnside St. Portland, Oregon.

THE KAISER'S TALK TO HELL

The Kaiser called the devil up On the phone one day; The girl at central listened to All they had to say. "Hell," she heard the Kaiser's voice, "Is old man Satan home? Just tell him it was Kaiser Bill That wants him on the phone." The devil said "Hello" to Bill, And Bill said, "How are you? I'm running here a hell on earth, So tell me what to do. "What can I do?" the devil said, "My dear old Kaiser Bill If there's a thing that I can do To help you, sure I will."

The Kaiser said, "Now listen, And I will try to tell "Is way that I am running On earth a modern hell. I've saved for this for many years, And I've started out to kill, That it will be a modern job, You leave to Kaiser Bill, My army went through Belgium, Shooting women and children down; We tore up all her country, And blew up all her towns, My Zeppelins dropped bombs on cities, Killing both the old and young, And those the Zeppelins didn't get Were taken out and hung.

"I started on for Paris, With the aid of poisonous gas. The Belgians, damn 'em, stopped us, And would not let us pass. My submarines are devils, Why, you should see them fight. They go sneaking through the sea And sink a ship at night.

"I was running things to suit me, Till a year or so ago, Then a man called Woodrow Wilson Wrote me to go more slow. "We have told you for the last time, So, dear Bill, it's up to you; And if you do not stop it, You have got to fight us too."

"I did not listen to him, And he's coming after me, With a million Yankee soldiers, From their homes across the sea. Now that's why I called you, Satan, For I want advice from you; I knew that you would tell me Just what I ought to do."

"My dear old Kaiser William, There's not much for me to tell, For the Yanks will make it hotter Then I can for you in hell. I've been a mean old devil, But not half so mean as you, And the minute that you get here I will give the job to you. I'll be ready for your coming, And I'll keep the fires all bright, And I'll have your room all ready When the Yanks begin to fight. For the boys in blue will get you, I have nothing more to tell; Hang up the phone and get your hat, And meet me here in hell."

Mt. Angel College, St. Benedict, Ore., will begin its 32d year of educational work Sept. 12, 1918. Address Rev. R. T. Meier.—Adv.

GUY JONES GETTING REP AS MEDICO

D. W. Hazen, the Evening Telegram's special correspondent with the Oregon soldiers in France, has lots to say about the home boys over there. His latest concerns a well-known Gresham young man, Guy D. Jones under date of June 26, as given in the Telegram of Tuesday last:

Perhaps the Gresham folks did not know that the Jones boy studied medicine. He is one of those chaps who sometimes keeps his light under a bushel. But over here, Sergeant Guy D. Jones many a time and oft puts his knowledge of medicine and surgery to a good purpose. He has relieved numerous aches of the head and pains of the stomach in his own company, and his fame is spreading.

In that mysterious manner in which news travels in a small town, the native residents learned that the formerly-of-Gresham soldier is a "doctor." They came to him with their troubles; he has many of his own, so tried to lose his new friends. Nothing-doing. They continued to call on "the doctor" until he did what he could to aid them. He had wonderful success; no Chinook Indian medicine man could have had better luck.

Three days ago an old man, who might have passed for at least 100 years of age, called at Jones' office (the Greshamite is company supply sergeant). The weight of the seasons had bent the wrinkled caller. The soldier speaks French, and he soon learned that the ancient man had a severe pain in the chest, and rheumatism and other ailments. The sergeant advised him to see the local physician; the citizen shook his head; Jones insisted, and the visitor tottered down the street.

But the next day he was back. And he brought with him the cheerful tidings that he was going to stay until he was given relief. The student fixed a pleurisy plaster; it did not stick on well, so he made it function by using liquid glue. Then the sergeant mashed three C. C. pills and two acetanilid tablets, mixed the powder in a bottle of water, into which he put two drops of nitric acid, told the old man to take a tablespoonful before each meal and to stop drinking wine.

This morning the patient called on "the doctor." The old fellow was gay and happy, and said he was better than he had been in three years. The sergeant is going to have him write out a testimonial stating that "sixtablespoonful of Jones' Bitters cured him of an illness that began in Napoleon Bonaparte's time." The man from Gresham does not charge his patients one centime; he simply practices on them.

When "the doctor" wants to get away from callers, he goes up to the company's headquarters. This is in a nice room in the north part of the village on their way to the drill field. There are pretty pictures on the wall, plenty of chairs and an old-fashioned bed. Besides being an office it is also the billet of Top Sergeant Walton S. Daniel.

TWO GRESHAM BOYS WORKING TOGETHER

Ray Palmquist has written to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Palmquist concerning his experience in the 148th Field Artillery, now serving in France. He says:

"It has been a long time since we had any mail, but they say we will have some here in a day or two. "The training we are getting now is a lot different from what we have been having but so far it has been quite easy. You wanted to know if I have been close enough to the front to hear the guns. Well, when you wrote that letter we were a long way from the front but I can say I have heard them now.

"Ike Anderson is in the same gun section as I am now, so we work together all the time. "Don't look for letters as often as you used to for I may not have much time but will do the best I can."

What your son lacks he will acquire at college. Mt. Angel College, St. Benedict, Ore. Address Rev. R. T. Meier.—Adv.

Stop reading here and turn to the want ad column.

When in doubt try a Want Ad.