

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
BARNETT JOHN WM. ANDERSON
ISAAC W. ANDERSON
GLENN ANDRE
ROBERT ANDREWS
HERBERT ARMSTRONG
EDWIN FOREST ARNOLD
TOM BAKER
ELMER BARKUS
HERBERT BASLER
ERNEST BATES
HYRON BELL
CORP. FRANK G. BELL
LESLIE BERKE
OTLEY BERKE
PETER R. BERKE
ALBERT A. BEYER
CARL F. BEYER
ELMER C. BEYER
JOHN BROWN
HENRY BOTTLESON
LIEUT. AMOS WATT BOTKIN
EUGEN BOZARTH
SGT. BOYD O. BRASWELL
EDGAR BROOKS
EMERSON BROWN
FRANK BROWN
JOHN BUBBA
LEON CADDY
ALBERT CAMP
ED. CANIFF
OSCAR CARLSON
EMERSON CHAWFORD
ERNEST CHRISTENSEN
LOUIS CHRISTENSEN
GEORGE CLARK
HARRY CONLAD
ORRIS CONLAD
PERCY CONLAD
HARRY COBLEY
RALPH E. CRANDALL
2D LIEUT. FRED CRANE
FRANK CHAMBERLAIN
EDMUND G. CONVILL
MILO M. COONS
DOMINICK CUNNINGHAM
CORP. CLAYVE A. CUNNINGHAM
FRED DAVIS
W. DEEVER
CHARS. DEHAVEN
EDWARD DICKENSON
GOUGH O. DIX
HARLOW M. DOUGLASS
CECIL DUKE
RAYMOND DUNBAR
ED. DUNN
HENRY ELTON EASTMAN
WILSON EASTMAN
VENCIL EVANS
ED. EVERETT
W. S. EVERETT
ELIS FORSGREN
ISAAC FOSTER
JOHN FOX
ERNEST J. FREEMAN
KENNY FREEMAN
GEORGE GIBBS
ROY H. GIBBS
MERRILL R. GOOD
SERVIN R. GOOD
HOMER GOSSETT
WILLIE HALEY
FLOYD HALLOCK
OLIVER HANBLIEN
CORP. FRANK A. HAMLIN
JOHN HAMLIN
CLIFTON HARRIS
THEODORE HARRIS
FRED HAHTT
C. HENDRICKS
CORP. W. A. HENSLEY
CARL HESLIN
CORP. CLAUDE HESLIN
CHARLES HICKEY
JAS. O. HILLYARD
WILLIAM HILLIARD
CONLAD HICKER
VICTOR HOLM
JOHN K. HONEY
HERBERT H. HUGHES
BYRETT HUGHES
CORP. G. W. HUMASON
CORPORAL RAYMOND HUMASON
CORP. W. E. JONES
SGT. GUY D. JONES
ALBERT A. JOHNSON
GUSTAVE A. JOHNSON
WILLIAM E. JOHNSON
ROY JOHNSON
ALBERT E. JONSRUD
AHLAN JOY
FAXON JOY
AXEL F. JOHNSON
HARRY JOHNSON
JOHN A. JOHNSON
FRANK KENNY
HAROLD KIRKWOOD
GLENN H. KESTERSON
RAY KESTERSON
NELSON KIRKWOOD
ELMER B. KIRKWOOD
RICHARD KNARR
ROBERT KNIEREM
GEO. K. KNIEREM
HAROLD LAKE
PETER LARSON

- EMIL LAUBER
LEONARD LAUDERBACK
JULIUS LAMPERT
FRED J. LEDBURY
WM. LEHUR
JOSEPH C. LETSINGER
LLOYD LITTLEPAGE
ALTON LOVELACE
LIEUT. CHAS. R. MCCOLL
SGT. C. W. SHERMAN
MCCARTER
SGT. ROY MCCARTER
HAROLD MCCREARY
E. J. MCCULLOCH
JOHN MCGINNIS
ARCHIE MCKEOWN
LEWIS BURL MCKINNEY
ROY MAGNUSEN
WILLIE MAITIN
CHARLES MAYER
NEWTON L. MARYOTT
SGT. LEE MEHRILL
WALTER W. METZGER
ADELBERT W. METZGER
FLOYD S. METZGER
JOHN MILAN
BAYARD MILLER
CORP. GLENWOOD MILLER
H. C. MOFFETT
LEIGHTON MONTEITH
THOS. P. MORGAN
LELAND L. MOORE
GEORGE NELSON
LOUIS NELSON
GEORGE NELSON
EDWARD C. NOREEN
OSCAR E. NOREEN
BOY OLSEN
PAUL PALMBLAD
RAY PALMQUIST
TOM PARKER
VERL PARKER
IRVIN PALMLEY
FEDER E. PEDERSON
CLIFTON PETERSON
ELMER L. PETERSON
LEONARD PLATT
FAY E. POTTER
EDWARD POWERS
CECIL PULPER
DENTON QUENINBERRY
RULAND QUENINBERRY
SGT. EARL RADFORD
ELMER RADFORD
ERVIN E. RADFORD
FLOYD RADFORD
JESSE RADFORD
ELLSWORTH RAKER
HARVEY RAKER
GUY H. READ, Severely wounded.
ROSS E. READ, Cited for bravery
CHAS. C. REED
REYNOLD RICHY
VERNE RICHY
L. E. RICHMOND
WALD RICHMOND
HARRY C. RICKERT
VICTOR RICKERT
W. RICHY
2D LIEUT. LESTER RICHY
1ST SGT. KENNETH ROBERTS
CLAUDE ROBINSON
FRANK ROGERS
JOE ROSS
NELSON ROSS
CORP. D. E. RUSSELL
JOHN DALE RUSSELL
EDGAR L. RUSSELL
CLAUDE RUSSELL
LESLIE T. ST. CLAIR
RUDOLPH SALQUIST
E. G. SCHEIDT
OSCAR SEDIG
RAY SHRINER
GEORGE SCHWERT
FRED MURRAY SMITH
WALFRED STAFFENSON
EARL STANLEY
HARVEY STANLEY
SGT. WILBUR STANLEY
SGT. VERN STATER
PAUL STEVENS
CLARKE STILLIONS
OSCAR STONE
ALTHEA STRUBIN
GEORGE B. SWAGERT
LESTER TALLMADGE
CORP. FRANK TEEVIN, severely wounded.
WILL TEEVIN
LLOYD TEGART
2D LIEUT. ERNEST THOM
EDITH THOMAS
FRANK W. THOMAS
FRANK TOWNSEND
GEORGE TOWNSEND
LESLIE TOWNSEND
ALPHONSE VAN DONINCK
E. G. VIKER
JOE VERETTI
JOSEPH WALCH
W. M. WALCH
CORP. THOS. M. WATSON
EDGAR WEDIN
ALBERT WEISS
LESLIE WILSON
GLEN C. WOLFE
GUY E. WOLFE
LEM. W. WOODWARD
ROY E. WOODWARD
LEWIN YERGER
CORP. HENRY ZENGER

Father Benoit's Tale of Feast

"Ah," said Father Benoit to Sergeant Antoine, of the American expeditionary forces, "it is one of the few plaisanteries of this village of V... Plaisanteries since the coming of the Boche into la belle France, have been few enough. I wonder that you have not heard it.
"The story starts and ends at the modest restaurant of Madame Campaux, who, with her daughter Suzanne, carries on what little business there is while the husband is at the front.
"I shall for the third time call the bans for Suzanne's marriage at the church next Sunday. Soon after that Jacques Chevalier, a brave poilu with the cross of war on his breast, will appear and make Suzanne his wife. This is all very jolly as they have been lovers since they were school children.
"As Father Benoit was about to begin the story the cheery sound of children's voices came through the open window from the narrow, crooked, little street. It was a procession of boys marching by with wooden guns, wooden sabers and paper caps. They were singing as only the French can sing that wonderful creation of Rouget de l'Isle, the Marseillaise.

Onward children of my country, The day of glory has arrived. "Not yet," said Father Benoit. "But soon," said Antoine, "we are bringing that day to you across the Atlantic."
The priest's eyes moistened. He arose, the sergeant also. They shook hands with impressive emotion and then resumed their seats.

A Handsome Girl. "Suzanne Campaux," said Father Benoit, "is a handsome girl, dark of skin and very black eyes. She is true French, good housekeeper, a willing worker, and economical—ah, we have all earned the lesson of economy in these three hard years.

"It was on the arrival of the Boches in our village, praise God, they did not tarry long, that Madame Campaux placed a placard at the door of the restaurant. This was in the boche language written out by Pierre Santerre, who had been a prisoner beyond the Rhine and had been sent home to us a hopeless cripple, he whom we had known as our champion wrestler, a young Samson. He had learned some of their jargon. The placard read:

"Fine rabbits served here to German officers only—stewed, grilled or fricasseed.

"As this placard could not be read or understood by any of the villagers it was naturally an object of suspicion. Besides this a number of the village boys were conducting themselves enveloped in an air of mystery that was quite unusual with our youngsters.

"This little sign with its offer of game to officers only caught the eyes of the invaders 'The officers only' was a golden legend to all the 'Vons,' while the stupid boches in the ranks, if they even took the trouble to look up, were unmoved by it. Anyhow, these rabbits stewed, grilled or fricasseed were no for them.

Plunge into Restaurant. "The Prince Von Something or other and the Colonel Von This or That were first to see this sign and with the juices of anticipation dripping from the corners of their mouths plunged into the restaurant of Mme. Campaux. With what obsequious graciousness, what fervent politeness and respect did she receive them. Really, one might well doubt her loyalty to la belle France.

To German Officers Only. "Yes, yes, she could put all her tables together and serve rabbits to twenty. They must all be officers. Her rabbits could not go to the cannelle. They must go where they should be appreciated. So to German officers only.

"'Ach,' said the Prince, 'you are a wise dame, and this is your charming daughter.' Here he chuckled Suzanne under the chin. What will you ask me for the entertainment, twenty plates of rabbits and such food as you may serve?

"'Alas,' said madame, 'there will not be much else than the rabbits. I was in most happy fortune to get them. You will pay me my price for they cost me dear.'

"I am the Prince Von Teufels-Hollenzollern-Sigmaringen and never haggle about price. I either pay or do not pay. This time I will pay. You are quite different from the French women we have met before. Yes, I will pay.' "She named a good price. The hour was set for the dejeuner. The prince and the colonel departed. Hardly were they gone than a dozen boche soldiers appeared. They were loaded down with flasks of wine for the feast. Every boche believes that 'good eating deserveth good drinking.' Every cellar in the village had been ransacked and not a flask remained to us. They even carried off

the wine from the sacristy to enliven the feast.
Indeed a Feast.

"'Ach,' said the Prince von—, sniffing the steaming exhalations that rose from the table (what snouts these boches have!) "this is indeed a feast. Be seated, Mein Herren! The feast went on. The company did not spare the wine. The Prince von— was more boisterous than any one with the tippie. All declared they had never tasted game of a higher, of a more exquisite flavor.

"There is nothing," said Colonel Von, "nothing, I hope your excellency will not be offended, to compare with it on your estate."

"I am not offended, lieber herr. Your choice epicurean taste quite agrees with mine. When we make France our own, I shall have a game preserve where I shall breed these rabbits at the very edge of this village and you may all count upon being guests at my first great rabbit-feast."

"Madame and Suzanne waited upon the table serving the diners who became more and more tipsy and at each mouthful more appreciative of the viands. The face of madame was not one in which one might read strange matters. Whatever was there was concealed behind her set smile and ponderous politeness. From time to time in whispered tones she chided her daughter for indulging in a little cackling laugh or now and then in a suppressed giggle which would make itself evident though she tucked her apron in the corner of her mouth.

"When the feast had ended and Madame Campaux, the guests having departed, had shoved away the price thereof in her bosom, mother and daughter threw themselves into each others arms and laughed hysterically. 'Oh, mamma, mamma,' exclaimed Suzanne, 'how could you ever do such a piece of plaisanterie as this?'

"'Oh, these boches, these boches,' laughed Madame Campaux! If it had not been for the wine we never could have got through with it. The wine warmed their entrails, not their hearts, for hearts they have none.

When the Storm Broke. "Some days later, the banqueters having hurriedly left our village," continued Father Benoit, "the storm broke. Neighbor woman after neighbor woman and the children of many households began an inquiry as to what had become of their cats. Persians, Spanish or Tortoise-shells, Maltese or Carthusians, and other fine varieties, as well as a large number of common tabbies, were missing.

The boches were gone and it was no longer necessary for the boys of the village who had provided the family favorites at a price to the thrifty dame of the restaurant, to keep silence. These were the rabbits at that great feast.

"For a week or more as Madame Campaux passed by on the street the women would cry out to her from their doors and windows, 'scat! scat!' to which she could make no reply. As for Suzanne, they called that poor girl 'Puss in Boots.' But it has all blown over long ago and the women of our village have not only forgiven Madame Campaux, but they speak with admiration of her deed, laughing in fine good humor as they tell of it.

How They Were Served. "But," asked Sergeant Antoine, "how could she do it? Cats' feet are not like rabbits' feet?" "No," said Father Benoit, "she cut off their paws."

"In my country," said the sergeant, "a rabbit's foot is often carried in one's pocket to bring good luck."

"Ah, why didn't Madame Campaux know that of the rabbits? The feet of the game she served to the boches might have answered almost as well. She could have sent the talsman to our poilus at the front."

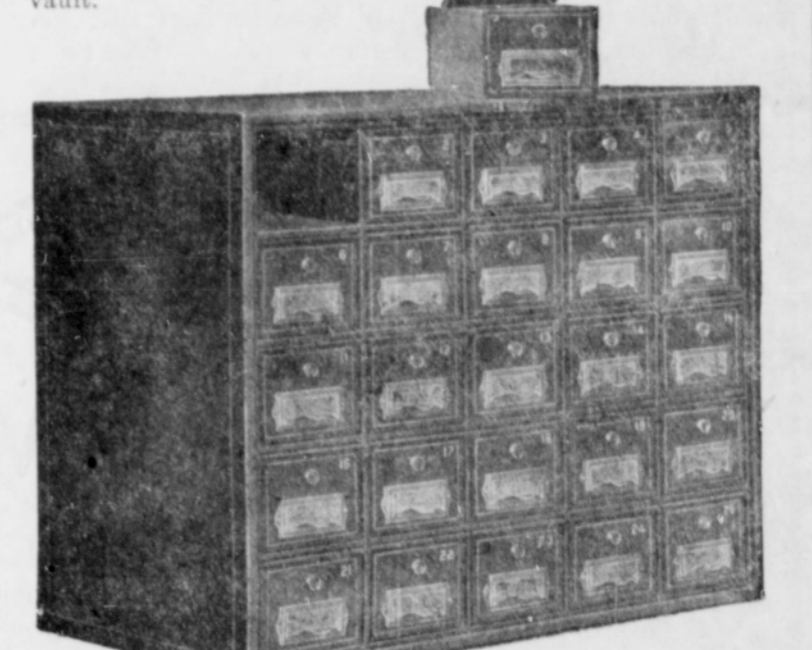
The boys in procession had returned and were passing by the window. Again the heroic strains of the Marseillaise: To arms, citizens, form your battalion! March on! March on! all hearts resolved for victory or death.

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Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administratrix of the estate of Charles Dahlquist, deceased, has filed her final report as such administratrix, with the County Court of Multnomah County, Oregon, and the Court has set Tuesday, the 30th day of September, 1918, at the hour of 9:30 a. m., as the time for hearing said final report. Any and all persons having objections to said report are hereby notified to appear and make the same known to the Court on said date above mentioned. Dated July 30, 1918. JENNIE DAHLQUIST, Administratrix of the Estate of Charles Dahlquist, Deceased.

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