

HONOR ROLL FOR EASTERN MULTNOMAH

The following list of names includes those from Gresham, Troutdale, Fairview, Corbett, Pleasant Home, Pleasant Valley, Borine, Etc.

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Terse Tales of The Town

One of the reasons given by the postoffice department for establishing the "station to station" rule in long distance—telephone payment evasions is one of the crafty villainies of mankind. After the 21st of this month, when the operator tries to get a particular person at a distant place on the wire the toll will have to be paid if a connection is made with the place where the particular person is supposed to be, even if the person can't be found.

Such a case of beating the game was practiced in Portland not long since. A man down there wanted to know if a certain officeholder was in Salem or at another place. He was certainly in one of the two places, and if not in Salem he was at the other. So the Portland man put in a call for Mr. Blank at Salem and instructed Central that no one else need answer. Pretty soon the word came back that Mr. Blank was not in town and then the Portland man knew just where to find him. He got the information free, as the old rule was in vogue of not paying for a call unless answered by the person wanted.

There was a story told on the street the other day about Mr. Jones, but that isn't his name. He loves his better half dearly, but is unfortunately more lavish in love than money. Starting one day on a long business trip, he left Mrs. Jones short of cash, but promised to send a check, which, needless to say did not arrive. When the rent became due his wife telegraphed: Stone broke. Landlord wants his rent. Wire me money.

Mr. Jones answered: "Am short myself. Will soon send check. A thousand kisses." The wife answered back: "Don't bother about the check. Gave landlord one of the kisses. He was more than satisfied."

You know the man who clips things out and passes them all round about; he finds a caustic paragraph and brings it to you with a laugh, and says: "This item, through and through, reminds me perfectly of you." You know the man who clips hints which almost every paper prints, and tells his daughters and his wife that each may lead a happy life if she will make her last year's things look new as per the hint he brings. He clips each recipe he finds and every evening he unwinds a bale of them, and says: "I wish that you would have some dainty dish cooked in some new and novel way—like these I've read about today." No matter whom he'll chance to meet in house or store or on the street, he'll have a clipping that he feels to each

good friend of his appeals—from what to do with old steel rails to how to cure ingrowing nails. Well, then, this human scrapbook, he is one great bore to you and me. And if you know of such a man here is a neat and tasty plan to even things in manner grim—cut this stuff out and hand to him.

November 11, 1918 was a day long to be remembered. Peace came just as the 11th artillery had fired its 11th round in the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month. But some patriotic citizens, fearing that they might forget that eventful day, have left flying the ensigns they hoisted to the breeze that morning to keep them reminded. These same patriots talk long and boasting of a flag which has never touched the ground and has never been stained, a flag respected by all the peoples of the earth and known in every port, brightening the skies of the seven seas. And as they talk above them flies the remnant of a once bright flag—Old Glory, torn to ribbons by the wind and faded by the sun and rain, neglected so long that to take them down means to take down pole and all, the halyards being fouled and the pulleys rusted from non-use.

If there is anybody around here who made a New Year resolution he has not been heard from, although there is no ban on making New Year's resolutions. A resolution can be made at practically no cost and, indeed, the model resolution usually means a saving in money, if it is kept.

There used to be a stock newspaper story, good on the last day of December, about the start of the water wagon on its annual journey. That story was outlawed in Oregon three years ago because of prohibition. There may be some who have been having their nips just the same; but they have no legal standing and the water wagon was not run this year because there was no authority for its existence.

Mark Twain said that it was easy for him to stop smoking and added that he must have stopped at least a thousand times. The swear-off resolution of the veteran smoker is one of the hardest to keep. As the clock hands approach midnight and the old year dies the smoker takes his last loving draw on pipe, cigar or cigarette. Back of him, forever, are the days when he smoked. Divorced he is from Lady Nicotine and he faces the future, serene in the knowledge that no longer will he be a slave to habit. This resolution is kept until the following morning, provided the smoker goes to bed as soon as the new year comes in.

AVIATOR NEVER HEARD SO MUCH NOISE BEFORE

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stanley have received several interesting letters since the signing of the armistice from their son, Sergeant J. Earl Stanley. The latest, under date of December 5, is as follows:

Dear Mother and Father:—This is for both as I owe each of you a letter. I got your letters yesterday. Yes, I remember three years ago when I came home for my birthday and would liked to have come again this year, but don't think I'll miss it many months. Have no idea just when I'll get started home but think it will be soon after New Years. Have moved back from the front and I hope it's my first move towards home.

Was at Neuart when the firing ended and sure was glad to see the end. Was sent there to do dispatch riding for one flight of six planes. While there I was on an old German field which had been captured about a week, was close to the heavy artillery and the closest to the front any aeroplanes had been stationed. Went in there on the ninth so, of course, was there when the armistice was signed. Never heard so much noise before in all my life as on those last two days of fighting.

Will try and tell you where I have been in France and England. Landed in Liverpool December 1 and went from there to Winchester. Was there seven days. Then we went to South Hampton and took a boat for La Harve. At La Harve we stayed three days and then started for Tours by train. The were no Putmans, but box cars with signs on them saying: eight horses or forty men. I'll never forget that ride and how cold it was when I got to Tours on the 12th. I could hardly talk, I had such a cold. There I had quarters and was O. K. again when we moved to a field about two miles from town. That was on the 16th and from that time until March 1st, I drove truck. Then 29 of us left to get trucks for the squadron. We got them and went to Paris for supplies where I met Ross Brown. Was there just a week and then joined the squadron at Mialli and

there I first heard the guns. But had the pleasure of being bombed in Paris on March 11th.

At Mialli I left the squadron and went to Colomber-les-Belles for more supplies. I got back two days later. Got the planes at that place and did nothing but practice flying. Here I had my first flight and landed in the trees—not hurt at all. I still have a piece of the propeller that was broken. I was put in the hangars then and was given a plane to take care of. Got to ride quite a lot and liked the work.

On June 1st I moved to Amanty and stayed just a month but did very little work over the lines. Then on July 1st I went to Leulx and there got new and larger also better planes. While there I got a trip to Belfort and another to Epinal where some of our planes were flying over the lines. On September 10th I went to Souilly, near Verdun, and our planes flew over the St. Mihiel sector. There is where our work started in earnest. I was up before daylight and never went to bed early. Was there ten days and then moved to the other side of Verdun and our planes worked over the Argonne sector near the town of Evers. About November 1st I moved still closer to Verdun and on the 9th I went to Neuart and was there at the finish.

At Souilly I saw a German plane shot down and it was sure a great fight.

Just now I am near Bar-le-Duc but don't think I'll be here when you get this. I hope I'll be on the way home then. Am driving a touring car now and travel quite a lot. Got back yesterday from a 300 mile trip so I will see some of France yet.

Saw Emerson Brown a few days ago. He isn't far from here. Have a pass to go see him tomorrow. Haven't heard from Wilbur for some time but will try to locate him.

I suppose Ralph is home again. Did he learn squads right and how to salute? Am sure glad he didn't have to come but know he wanted to bad enough.

Well, it is getting late and I have told about all I can think of. Don't think it will be long until I will be home again. Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and love to all. Your son, EARL.

Your Advantage

It is decidedly to your advantage to have your money, whether you have much or little, always under control, and to have it safe.

It is also to your advantage to know where to go for business information; to have a bank able and willing to accommodate you; to feel that your bank is your friend, striving to help you by its careful attention to your requirements and interests. We want all to know that the customers of this bank have these advantages. We always feel that our customers are our friends and as such we are interested in them.

BANK OF GRESHAM

Gresham

Oregon

DESCRIBES FIRE-FIGHTING

Continued from page 1

other shack was simply picked up and carried away.

At this moment some one decided that a cafe near by was in danger. Just why this decision was reached I can not say unless it was because the place was a cafe. At any rate a goodly crowd dashed into the premises. There were a lot of young trees planted in large buckets sitting all over the lawn. These were rather large for hand grenade practice but as shot puts they all landed on the middle of the street. A bunch of colored troops dashed into the cafe and after saving the entire stock of cognac, retired from the scene. The gang must have figured that the place was by this time safe or else there was nothing more worth saving for they now retired.

By this time the Q. M. warehouses were ablaze and a gang of men were busy with shovels keeping this hot melted stuff running down the street. An elderly lady came hurrying dazedly out of a house near by. No one was near her and she went straight for this stream of hot stuff. Everybody yelled but it did no good, and probably only crazed her more. At any rate, before any one could get near her she had walked into this molten fluid. Her position as she walked was exactly as though she were stumbling and was trying to catch herself. This alone kept her from falling. She walked through this hot stream and then of course some one grabbed her. Her shoes just fell off and her clothes were burning. A coat was at once wrapped around the poor woman and the flames smothered. The pain seemed to make no impression on her, and she felt weakly around for a little purse which she had dropped. A lieutenant picked it up and gave it to her. She was placed in a waiting ambulance and rushed to a hospital but she died in a few hours. Never before have I seen anything so pitiful.

Here enters the French fire department. There was no department at P. so as soon as the fire was discovered, a call was sent in for the firemen at L. a city just two or three miles away. When the talent at L. received the call they decided to make the journey via street car. Accordingly they made their way to the car line and waited. The car eventually arrived. Upon its arrival it was found that all the empty seats were occupied. Were the firemen to ride they would be obliged to stand up. Would they ride? They would not and did not. The heroes about faced and paced back to the fire house and cranked up their "I Thee We Trust" and started out. This machine was almost as big as a Ford, covered with mud guards, very much underslung, and was probably produced about the time that the miners arrived in California. A big bell fastened on uprights was violently jangled by means of a rope, thus warning the pedestrians that they were subject to prosecution should they be run over by this vehicle.

Well, they are now off and as the fire hasn't been burning much over an hour they talk it over and figure that if they are too late to do anything else, it will be a cinch to save the lot anyhow. And as they have almost three miles to travel before the blaze is reached, I will describe their dress. I will have plenty of time.

First of all they wear a big, brass helmet, so shiny that they actually hurt your eyes when the sun shines. One of them would be great for

heliograph work or a trench mirror. The jacket and trousers are blue and fitted—a la exceedingly loose, in fact one could hardly call them fitted. I imagine that these suits were ordered and made at the moment the first fire call was received in L. and that the firemen waited for the suits.

Their shoes are c assy, being light, pointed, black leather shoes. The rest of their uniforms consist of—, but they have now reached the fire.

The grizzled veterans alight, shine their helmets anew, shake hands all around, and unload their apparatus which consists of one 12-foot ladder, a two man pump, a barrel, several buckets, some hose, and a nozzle. The pump was placed at a convenient distance from the fire, the barrel near it, and the two connected by a three inch hose. Then a two inch hose led from the pump to the nozzle. The bucket line formed and water was carried from a nearby hydrant and poured into the barrel. Two men at the pump, a hand car, were allowed to draw the water from the barrel and force it through the two inch hose. After several moments of frenzied endeavor and no water appearing at the nozzle, the fire chief began an investigation and located the trouble. One of his men was standing on the hose. The chief removed him and the water charged on through. It reached the nozzle and squirted, probably all of three feet. These two men were pumping through two hundred feet of two-inch hose, I presume no pressure was expected.

Some "soldat Americaine" rushed up and asked a fireman for his ladder. Despite the Yanks repeated efforts and the use of his very best "pigeon" French, the said fireman couldn't grasp him. Even some exceedingly good examples of a contortionist climbing a ladder failed to give the desired impression. So back went the Yank and a ladder was built out of some salvaged lumber. A few moments after its completion the Frenchman arrived with the article in question, asking, however, that it be used carefully as never yet had the paint on it been scratched.

About this time the fire chief looked at his watch and discovered that his regular hour for "mange" was at hand. Accordingly all work was stopped and the entire fire department proceeded to a cafe and I knocked over a couple, after which operations were again resumed. No sooner had they once more resumed their hazardous calling than a Q. M. truck came down the street to pick up a load of the salvaged goods. The chief stopped the truck and announced that the street was closed to traffic. Somebody in that truck was wearing hip boots. Deftly slipping one of them off, he caught the chief squarely in the chest. The truck went on.

The fire eventually burned itself out just as all fires do in France and when that time came we went home. The last I saw of the fire department they were violently chatting, arguing the matter.

Well fellows that is all I remember. I'm glad that it is and I expect you are tickled to death. News is scarce and I believe I will get off here. Sincerely hope that the old G. V. F. D. is giving a good account of itself and that everyone is in the very best of health and spirits. We are O. K. here. If we felt any better we couldn't stand it.

So long fellows and be good. My very best regards to everyone.

Your old pal, HAL. KERN.

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"Eight years ago when we first moved to Mattoon, I was a great sufferer from indigestion and constipation," writes Mrs. Robert Mattoon, Mattoon, Ill. "I had frequent headaches and dizzy spells, and there was a feeling like a heavy weight pressing on my stomach and chest all the time. I felt miserable. Every morsel of food distressed me. I could not rest at night and felt tired and worn out all the time. One bottle of Chamberlain's Tablets cured me and I have since felt like a different person."—Adv.

War Svings Stamps save lives.

Extra Outlooks of the Christmas issue will be mailed at 5c each.

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