

# OREGONIAN NEWS MEN IN SERVICE WRITE LETTERS HOME

## Major Richeson Writes of Trip Through France.

Recent Letter Mentions Leslie Toose, Killed by Hun Sniper.

NEWS of the wounding of Major A. B. Richeson on the western front while commanding his battalion, which was received by Mrs. Richeson in a cablegram Wednesday from the Major, makes one of his recent letters received here of unusual interest. Major Richeson was in command of a battalion



Major A. B. Richeson, Former Oregonian Copy Editor, Wounded Since Writing Letter Printed Here.

which undoubtedly was in the thick of the fighting, as last week news was received here of the death in action of Lieutenant Leslie O. Toose.

Mr. Richeson, formerly a member of the news staff of The Oregonian, came to Portland several years ago, following newspaper work in the Hawaiian Islands, which he took up after being honorably discharged from the Army at Schofield Barracks, where he was stationed several years after seeing service in the Philippines. One of Mr. Richeson's latest letters reads, in part: "In France, August 18—My first breathing spell since I landed in France! So here goes to tell you all about it. Shall try and write you regularly hereafter."

"On our first night in France we were far away, but heard distinctly the booming of the big guns in Marshal Foch's great counter offensive and have had splendid news every day since. We remained one day at the airport 'rest camp' and then came here by rail in two days. Here we are in a peaceful farming community, the regiment being billeted in the little towns.

"The conditions among the people here are exactly as I expected to find them. Americans are exceedingly popular everywhere, as our troops really stopped the big Hun drive after they had broken through at Chateau Thierry and we contributed in no small measure to the grand success that followed.

"At present our division (meaning undoubtedly the famous 1st, which is composed of many Oregonians and Washington boys) is in a so-called training area. As you easily may guess, the work has been tremendous. We don't bother about little things like Sundays, except to stop and plan the next week's work.

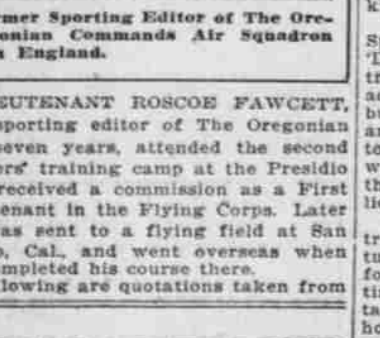
"We had a car for our own use, but it burned up the other day. Yesterday I made a hike to maneuvers, tin hat, gas mask and all. Dog-tired last night. In the near future I expect we will move closer to the front for more advanced training. I have gone on business to the city where our general headquarters are and where do you think they are?—and met several old friends among Army officers on the staff. Yours, Richeson."

## Roscoe Fawcett Sees Airmen in Perilous Feats.

Former Sporting Editor of The Oregonian Commands Air Squadron in England.

LIEUTENANT ROSCOE FAWCETT, sporting editor of The Oregonian for seven years, attended the second officers' training camp at the Presidio and received a commission as a First Lieutenant in the Flying Corps. Later he was sent to a flying field at San Diego, Cal., and went overseas when he completed his course there.

Following are quotations taken from a letter written during the summer: "Ever since arriving in England my squadron has been affiliated with the Royal Air Force. I have been quartered with British staff officers and have enjoyed the sojourn very much. My men have been employed at a well-known British airfield, where they have had a chance to familiarize themselves with all of the latest British machines. Machines are leaving and arriving every day for and from France. They do not think anything of flying



Lieutenant Roscoe Fawcett, Who Edited Sports for The Oregonian and Now Commands Aero Squadron.

across the channel here. One of my sergeants was taken across on a joy ride one day last week. Some time ago I had a trip across the channel with Captain James Taylor, whose brother, by the way, is pastor of a church, Grace Memorial, I believe, in Portland.

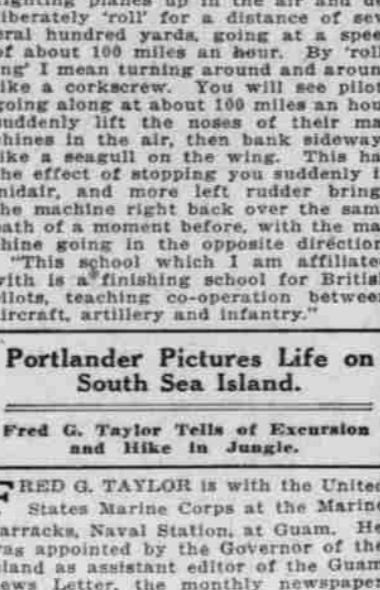
"We see some wonderful flying here, but that is due to the fact that these pilots who are instructors here have put in over three or four years of fighting on the front, where they had to fly through barrages of shell and rifle fire day after day, fighting and maneuvering their machines in a way that no man ever would risk were it not for the dire necessities of war. Quite naturally they think nothing of doing crazy things. The other day I saw a pilot take one of the speedy camel fighting planes up in the air and deliberately 'roll' for a distance of several hundred yards, going at a speed of about 150 miles an hour. 'Rolling' I mean turning around and around like a corkscrew. You will see pilots going along at about 100 miles an hour and suddenly in mid-air the machine ruder brings the machine right back over the same path of a moment before, with the machine going in the opposite direction. This is a finishing school for British pilots, teaching co-operation between aircraft, artillery and infantry."

"Some of the galleries underground are just wide enough for a man to get through and a fellow does not go about too much, for it's the easiest thing in the world to become lost. They are just getting the artillery into camp for the 13th Division, which is forming, and pretty soon, I expect, we shall be kept awake nights when the guns begin to pound."

## Bordeaux Is Cosmopolitan City, Says Oregonian.

Willard Shaver Writes of French Seaport and Its Characteristics.

WILLARD SHAVER is in France with Company F, of the 18th Engineers Railway. Previous to his enlistment he was a member of the staff of The Oregonian, where he came after graduating from the University of Oregon. He is sporting editor on the staff of "The Spiker" which



Willard Shaver, With Engineers in France, Who is Continuing Reportorial Work on "The Spiker."

An interesting description of the city of Bordeaux, France, where he is billeted, is contained in a letter written to his sister, Miss Cora Shaver, of this city.

"Bordeaux is a city of rather unstable population at the present time, although its normal population is near 400,000. It is a very cosmopolitan place, rich in tradition that harks back to the time of the Caesars, and contains in itself and environs, some of the most historical monuments to be found anywhere in France. It is spread over a great many square miles of territory, as there are no buildings in the city of more than five stories. Buildings are almost universally of soft stone and tile with slate roofing. Many of the buildings now inhabited by the small shopkeepers and their families have been in use for 300 years.

"The main part of the city or Bordeaux proper is in the shape of a semicircle, with the skirting street extending along the entire curve. That is, you can take a tram at the river at the north of the city, and with but one change, end at the river at the south side of the city. Radial streets from this main part converge at a large place called the 'Quinconces,' which plaza contains two of the most beautiful of the many architectural attractions that the city possesses. Outside of this semicircle are the different suburbs of the city, of which there are many, each possessing its town government."

"I have been having a good time here, my horse collected enough to try out the flivver on, and the scenery is wonderful, so what more could you ask?"

"I have been pretty lucky too, haven't killed any Frenchmen nor French dogs or anything of that sort, and you know, I was not what you would call an expert chauffeur when I started in. I did take a colored stevedore on the 'tail light' one evening when I was driving out the river road. However, when he got up he was alive enough to ask me for 5 francs, which he did not get. I decided that he could not be very badly hurt, so drove on.

## Sham Battle Is Realistic, Writes Harry Grayson.

Portland Youth Now Stationed at Marine Training Camp.

HARRY GRAYSON is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Grayson, 909 Haight avenue, of this city. At present he is attending the Marine Officers' Training Camp at Quantico, Va. He was formerly assistant sports editor of The Oregonian.

Parts of a letter to his mother, dated September 15, follow: "A beautiful Sunday morning, and thoughts of you. It was cold last night and frost was on the ground at breakfast time. I woke up about 5 o'clock this morning and grabbed the blankets off the bed of the man next to me. I had six thick-nesses of blankets over me when I awoke at 7:30. Breakfast on Sunday mornings at the camp is at 8 o'clock, allowing us time for a dandy rest. I have been reading the Philadelphia Public Ledger, which we receive every morning. This afternoon will finish up my note book for the week and get busy on tomorrow's lesson."

In a letter written October 2, Harry said that he was fireman for the day and didn't like the job a bit. "There are two stoves in the bunkhouse, and some one has to stay in each day and look after them, and it was my turn today," he wrote. "The last couple of weeks here the weather has been beautiful, although it gets awfully cold at night."

"We are about through with one-half of the course, and are down to field work. I like it very much. Yesterday we had a big sham battle. We used dummy cartridges and it seemed realistic as the deuce.

"I am getting to be some husky boy and you will hardly know me when I get home."

Harry Grayson, Who Wrote Sports for The Oregonian, Now in Marine Officers' Training Camp.

## Twenty-One Oregonian News Men Now Serving in U. S. Ranks.

All letters printed on this page today are from men who left the news department of The Oregonian for military service. Besides those represented here, others in service are Walter Giffard, who resigned as automobile editor to enter the English army and who ranks as Captain; James Olson, who is attached to the Medical Corps at Vancouver, Wash., and James H. Cassell, who recently enlisted in the Tank Corps.



George F. Stoney, Who Left Oregonian Copy Desk for Service With Canadians.

Altogether 21 Oregonian news men are in service, this number not including several who had left The Oregonian shortly before enlisting. It is interesting to note that all but three of the 21 enlisted voluntarily. Of the three drafted one voluntarily asked to be put in class 1 after being granted deferred classification.

The letters printed on this page were written to friends and relatives in Portland, and the writers did not know that they were to be published.

"I am getting to be some husky boy and you will hardly know me when I get home."

will indeed that I still hold my original hope of being home for Christmas.

"I am afraid I have often bored you with my ideas about the patriotism and heroism of women. My cousin's only son, a very promising boy who had just graduated with the highest engineering honors, the son and grandson of noted engineers and inventors, was one of the early war victims. A very lovable boy. They were all his slaves, you might say. Well, his sister showed me his study with all his books, his sabre and war souvenirs, his sketches made in France, and other little personal things. Then she showed me a War Office map with the cemetery where he was buried marked thereon, and the papers that very day told of fighting over that particular spot.

"She went through all of this with me, with a smile on her face. If that does not need a courageous heart and heroic nature, I don't know what does. It is a thousand times harder than facing an enemy's guns, and I tell you, I came away from there with a feeling of the deepest humility and thanksgiving. The Almighty from my heart that it may be permitted me to fight in behalf of such women, of which she is not an isolated case, but it is perhaps typical of the better class of British.

"There seems to be a lull in the fighting now, but everything is on our side. The Americans have done wonders and they won't be satisfied to stay quiet for long. The French and British, too, are only getting their breath for another advance, and it won't take so very long to get the Boche out of France. In fact the Americans have been on German soil in one place along the Alsace border for some time.

"The morale of the central powers seems to be badly run down and prisoners are easier to take than even a few months ago and manpower is beginning to tell now. If events in Russia develop so that Germany has to put an army there she will be up against it properly and may have to weaken the western front so greatly that it won't be able to stand the strain. The reverse is true with the allies, thanks to America. We are growing stronger every day and our shipping is increasing, too. It's all our way and nearly won."

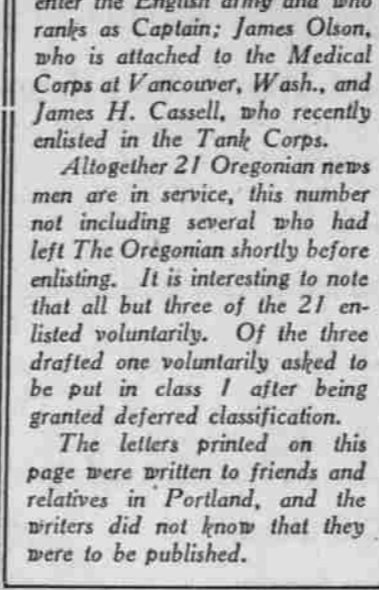
Oregonian News Men in Service.

George F. Stoney Fred G. Taylor Harry Grayson Roscoe Fawcett L. L. Davies F. M. White Jerrold Owen Edgar Piper, Jr. Frank Barton L. J. Mauley J. H. Collins A. N. Jones Willard Shaver Walter Giffard A. B. Richeson James H. Cassell Earl R. Goodwin James Olson Maurice H. Hyde

## Oregon Newspaperman Is on Stars and Stripes.

Frank Barton Stationed at Bordeaux for Army Publication.

FRANK BARTON is with the 18th U. S. Engineers in France, where he is on the staff of "The Stars and Stripes," which is the official A. E. F. publication. He is also on the staff of "The Spiker" which is the publication issued by the boys of the 18th Engineers. While in this city, Mr. Barton



Frank Barton, Former Oregonian Reporter, Now Handling Circulation for "The Stars and Stripes."

was on the local news staff of The Oregonian.

In a recent letter he states that they would not let him stay in Paris, so they sent him to Bordeaux. A letter written from Bordeaux is given here: "They sent me down here to do a little missionary work. I am handling the circulation for 'The Stars and Stripes.' Once in a while when I get hold of a juicy news item, I send it in, just to sort of keep my hand in, you know.

"The 'flivver' is laid up for repairs just now. It developed something wrong with its inwards the other day. It was too much of a problem for me, so I took it to the shop for overhauling. I haven't heard yet what the results of the autopsy were.

"I have been having a good time here, my horse collected enough to try out the flivver on, and the scenery is wonderful, so what more could you ask?"

"I have been pretty lucky too, haven't killed any Frenchmen nor French dogs or anything of that sort, and you know, I was not what you would call an expert chauffeur when I started in. I did take a colored stevedore on the 'tail light' one evening when I was driving out the river road. However, when he got up he was alive enough to ask me for 5 francs, which he did not get. I decided that he could not be very badly hurt, so drove on.

"Seth Bailey, who worked around The Oregonian office a little and who ran the jitney paper, is now on the staff of 'The Stars and Stripes.' He is in Paris and takes weekly trips to one of the front line sectors for the paper.

"People have been coming into the office all afternoon and I can hardly get my feet out of the door. I did write. First it was a Spaniard looking for work and then it was a French woman, who wanted an interpreter, and then it was a naval intelligence man who insisted on telling his stock of stories."

Experiences of Trip From Oregon to France Told.

Linton L. Davies Glad to Get Over and at Boche Desperados.

PRIVATE LINTON DAVIES, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Davies, of 742 Greenwood avenue, served for nearly a year with the Canadian Light Field Artillery, receiving honorable discharge due to injuries when he was run over by a field gun. When he returned to this city he enlisted with Base Hospital 46, with which he is now serving in France. Previous to being called into service he was on the staff of The Oregonian.

A letter dated August 10, telling of his trip overseas, is as follows: "All of the letters I have written since I left Camp Lewis have been usually of necessity, fragmentary and lacking, so I will try to clean up in this one. Having edited soldiers' war letters by the score for The Oregonian, I may be able to avoid some of the usual stuff and give you as much as I can of what we never got from the others over here.

"On my trip from Camp Lewis was not particularly eventful, although we made several stops and interested ourselves in the scenery and the natives of the communities we got an eyeful of. The odd part of it was that we came right down from camp to Portland, but shot

Linton L. Davis, Former Oregonian Reporter, Who Writes of Trip to War Zone.

away East without getting into town. We struck the main O-W. track at Troutdale.

"Hood River and The Dalles had been notified of our coming, and were at the station with flowers and postcards and a regular Oregon welcome and goodbye. We can't forget the smile they sent us away with.

"The same experience was ours at Glenns Ferry, Idaho, where we departed for a three-mile hike. Vivava-

## French Enthusiastic Over Deeds of Americans.

Newspapers Play Up Valor of U. S. Boys, Says Edgar Piper, Jr.

LIEUTENANT EDGAR PIPER, JR. is in France with the 1102d Aero Replacement Squadron. He is a graduate of Reed College, later being employed on the local staff of The Oregonian. He attended the officers' training school at the Presidio and holds the rank of First Lieutenant.



Lieutenant Edgar Piper, Jr., Formerly on The Oregonian News Staff, With Aero Replacement Squadron.

"We have just finished reading the account of another important military event and we feel this time a great deal of pride, for it was mainly by the efforts of our own American soldiers," he says in a recent letter to his mother, Mrs. Edgar B. Piper. "A long-needed and highly desirable change has been effected in the map of Northern France. I can easily picture the way this news has been received in America—with whistles and bells and hats in the air. And over here—perhaps you don't think anyone appreciates the Americans. But no, happily, the French are never lacking in enthusiasm, and they are all talking about the Yanks more rapidly than ever. The papers have been keeping us in head-knocks for weeks. There isn't much space in a French journal—only a single page—but they never omit the articles which tell of the wonderful things the Yanks are doing and cartoons of Yanks cutting the terrible Boche wide open. They say that at least the war has started.

"I have seen so many different things lately and neglected writing about so many that the job seems hopeless. But I did intend telling you about the Englishman we met on the train going to Osnerville. He was a middle-aged man and might be described as a cross between Dr. Chapman and Jack Herring. He had been a sportsman and explorer before the war and had been wandering around a good deal after his discharge and seemed to be principally interested in a shotgun they were making for him that he could operate with one arm. His other arm was lost in the war and the empty left sleeve is pinned up across his chest where he finds it convenient as a carrier for his rather large cigar case.

"I have just spent another week-end with the family Pauls. They are great. Everyone talks French and gets very much excited over the conversation nearly all the time, and I feel very much at home around that place. I don't possibly see how the cook could originate, but I overheard the conversation. These French; they hate to contemplate the possibility of a paroling thrust also, and I don't think that their collar will go dry very soon."

"Harold Weeks (formerly Reed College correspondent of The Oregonian) is still with the 89th, getting on as an observer."

Quaint French Customs Are Interesting to Oregon Boy.

Fred M. White Says Men's Costumes Run to Knee Breeches and Bicycles.

PRIVATE FRED M. WHITE is in France with Base Hospital 46. He was a student at Reed College for some time, later being employed by The Oregonian as a police reporter.

Interesting descriptions of the French people have been given in letters written to Portland folk, some of which are given here:

"You should see the costumes. The old women are all dressed in black and wear white caps and funny little lateral wings that bow out over the ears and bend back to the crown. The most striking feature of the dress of the young and more fashionable women is low shoes with wide flaring bows that stick out like the fins on a catfish. Men's styles seem to run to knee pants and bicycles, and also funny headgear. Some wear the large, shape-

less Affairs that Bohemian artists wear in pictures in the Cosmopolitan, some affect the large cap worn in the Apaches of Paris, and still others wear wide-brimmed flat hats with long ribbons streaming behind that must have been handed down from father to son since the time of Dumai's heroes. Wooden shoes seem to be the regular thing for fatigue wear among the civilian population. All civilian men wear whiskers, not young or middle-aged men

Oil Under Fingernails Is Indication of Day.

Glenn Quiet Writes Interestingly of Life at Camp Fremont.

GLENN C. QUIETT is with Company B, of the 24th Machine Gun Battalion, stationed at Camp Fremont. He was a student at Reed College for some time. Previous to his enlistment, he was a member of The Staff of The Oregonian.

"I know the date but 'tis Saturday in the morning, and I'll let it go at that," is the way he begins a recent letter to friends in this city. "I know it's Saturday by the spoolie grit on my hands, the oil under my fingernails, and the kink in my back. These lesser evidences let pass. Behold the well-scrubbed floor of our tent, and the mess kits shining fit for shaving mirrors. If you have followed me this far, you will conclude that there must be a special reason for this overactivity. There is. On Saturday we are inspected, or rather, in Army parlance, we 'stand inspection,' and everything has to be shipshape, with no dirt in the cracks.

"Newspaper training is ruinous for a rookie. Instead of throwing papers on the floor, we have to pick 'em up. Not only papers, but straw-apple cores and cigar stubs. Just think of 'em 'snipes.' At 6:45 each morning we flock down the company street like a plague of locusts, picking everything clean before us. Even when I am in San Francisco, my fingers twitch every time I lamp a cigarette butt and I want to police the hotel corridor and adjure the thoughtless persons to quit throwing their candy bags and chewing gum ends on the sidewalks.

Now they even make us go out on the parade ground and pick up all the leaves. The way these trees shed! I think they have the mange. The only thing we can do is to pray for a strong wind to blow them down to some other company's area."

May in Health Service.

Besides The Oregonian news men actually in military service, Walter W. R. May, ex-assistant city editor, is now in the public health service. Mr. May is conducting a campaign of education in industrial plants for the division of venereal diseases of the public health bureau, with headquarters at Washington, D. C. There are in military service, also, several former news employees of The Oregonian who had left this paper a short time before enlisting.

## Camp Life Is Likened to Newspaper Work.

Jerrold Owen Now Instructor at Camp Grant, Illinois.

FIRST LIEUTENANT JERROLD OWEN, formerly a member of The Oregonian's reporter staff, was stationed at Camp Lewis, until recently ordered to report to Camp Grant, Ill., for duty as a military instructor at the consolidated training school. For some time he was an instructor at the fourth officers' training school at Camp Lewis. He received a commission at the officers' training school at the Presidio.



Jerrold Owen Now Instructor at Camp Grant, Illinois.

Parts of a recent letter written from Camp Grant follow: "The work begins at 7:15 A. M. (reveille) 6:45 and continues straight through until 9 P. M. About as bad as working on a newspaper. The two hours in the evening, 7 to 9, are usually study periods, but instructors must study themselves those hours by compulsion, and usually an hour more by necessity.

"The system here is to have the platoon leaders, of which I am one, do all of the instructing. No specialists. I have to handle all drills, all lectures, everything for my platoon. Quite some little job.

"Rockford is a pretty town five miles from here and my wife is well located at least. I can only get away on Saturday nights, and have to be back at 5:30 on Sunday nights, so it is not very pleasant for her.

"Quite an epidemic of Spanish In-

fluenza has struck us. Since Sunday there have developed 52 cases in my company, and two of them are expected to die. I have had a very bad case, but I have not caught it, though I have had to carry into the barracks one of my men who fell out in ranks.

"We have three officers from overseas as instructors in this company. Nice fellows. They have had experience which I certainly envy them, but none of them is a naval intelligence man, who insisted on telling his stock of stories."

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