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CHE-CHE-PE-TO-I-GOI RECITES SOUTH AFRICAN EXPERIENCES

Che-Che-pe-to-i-go—mentioned in last Saturday's edition as a product of the Canadian northwoods, and now living in La Grande, was, also, in his day an English officer in the Boer war. The Englishman has in his possession many interesting relics of that terrible campaign, and among them is a diary he kept during South African fighting. "Dear Jack" heads these reminiscence notations of the conflict, made on the ground, and, albeit the Boer war is now a matter of history, interesting sidelights on that struggle are brought out in the diary. Che-he-pe-to-i-go—and, by the way, in reintroducing Che-che-pe-to-i-go to Observer readers we would say that this is a Canadian Indian name signifying "The man who moves his hair," and not the name he is known by in La Grande—referred the Observer representative to these notations in his diary when he was asked to recite some Boer war experiences. Here are some of them:

Dear Jack—Thank Heaven we are at last away from the railroad, on a flying column after a Boer command whose leader goes by the name of Schufer. As I told you before, in my last letter, our cavalry regiment is 700 strong. Then there is a bicycle corps 400 strong; about 300 cape carts loaded with grub, ammunition and the big 47 guns. We are sure some outfit; no tents and only one blanket each. We made Sweetfortein first day out—about 35 miles. There was a half-fast hotel at this place so three lieutenants and myself went down there to get something to eat. When we sat down a coon came to wait on us and say! he had a slit in his face for a mouth; gash, it reached from ear to ear. He kept grinning at us so I called him over and asked him what was the matter. He said: "Soy boss, I would sure like to be a soldier."

I told him to come over to the camp if he was any good at smelling chick-

ens. "I understand chicken fine," he answered.

Later, at camp I gave him a suit of old khaki, boots and hat. It was then our surprise to see him head my horse up ready for mounting with just a hat on his head and a pair of boots on his feet—no pants, no coat, and he didn't even wear the boots long for they hurt him. He gradually came to wear the coat, alternating pants one day, coat the next but never both at the same time.

He was a good cook though. He could smell chicken and ducks miles away. The major of our squadron tried hard to get him but there was nothing doing.

One night we came home to camp after riding hard all day and all Sam had ready for us was hard tack and coffee. I told that coon to never let that happen again. So next night when we returned Sammy was grinning from ear to ear again and running to the fire every few minutes or so. We knew Sam had something good for us.

"Sam!" I called. "How's supper?"

"Fine, boss, plenty to eat tonight," he wisely replied.

There were three lieutenants and myself and the captain of the squadron who always eat together, so when we sat down on the grass and

yelled to Sam, a roasted suckling pig was brought forth. Just as we began to carve we heard a terror of an uproar over at the colonel's quarters. Then we saw the colonel coming over to us and he was mad—sure enough mad.

"Say——," he called to me, "you are eating my suckling pig."

"Excuse me," I said, "my servant Sam got this down at the last village we passed."

"Don't tell me that because I bought the only pig they had," answered the colonel. At this juncture Sam swore his brother gave it to him. The colonel declared Sam should be shot but he retracted when we asked him to participate in our meal.

Sam was persuaded to tell where the pig came from. After being assured there would be no shooting as a consequence, he proceeded to say: "Boss, I was awfully sick. I couldn't get chicken, no duck, no pig, no sheep. So I walked around camp and I see the colonel's cook bothered very much over his fire. I upset his water pails. By and by he had to have water. While he was gone I was to tend the fire but I moved the pig to our quarters instead. When the cook came back I admonished him not to open the oven door as that would destroy the flavor of the pig he was roasting. I watched him all

afternoon helping him keep a slow fire and he didn't look into his oven. Here is your pig boss."

We found on moving on a high plateau the next day, how the Boers taught recruits how to shoot. They built rifle ranges, set sticks in the ground at 200 yards, topping each with a chunk of dirt. I suppose that represents British heads.

Well bye, bye, Jack, will write you again next week.

Next Saturday the Observer will follow Che-che-pe-to-i-go through harrowing and human-nature episodes in Canada.

Dentist Has Long Fast.
Geneva, O., July 29.—Dr. H. G. Huffman, Youngstown dentist who three years ago fasted 47 days and regained his health after physicians said he would surely die of stomach trouble within a few months, is now nearing the end of his third long fast. He has not tasted food for 29 days. Last year he fasted 31 days. Dr. Huffman told the United Press today that he would do without food this time a few more days so that his system might be fully rid of poison.

Mrs. Huffman, who married the dentist at the completion of his fast last year at Camp Phoenix, near here, joined her husband in the food

taboo a few days ago.

Huffman doesn't enter his fast gradually. He has a hearty meal and then just quits eating.

One of the prime necessities at Camp Phoenix is a soft bed, to afford a cushioning for the bones," says the dentist.

Two weeks after Huffman ends his fast he is strong and well. He is now mostly skin and bones.

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