With the Colors

A. E. F. Army of Occupation, Neuenahr, Germany, Jan. 17, 1919.

Mr. C. B. Cherry, Sec'y, B. P. O. E. No. 433, La Grande, Oregon.

My dear brother Cherry: I have had it upon my mind to write you a letter for some time, and after receiving your Christmas card, memorial program and copy of speech delivered by Brother Crawford, I feel more keenly than before that it is really a duty.

There has been quite a number of names added to the list of "our absent brothers," since I left La Grande. Many of them I knew so well and in seeing their names upon this list, I realize that, through the uncompromising hand of death, I have lost a friend.

It is indeed a relief to know that this great world war has come to a close, and that the American losses were quite low, considering all that they went up against, and all they accomplished. Those that did die upon the battlefields of Europe, certainly did not die in vain, and, God knows, they died the most honorable death, fighting under the Stars and Stripes.

The La Grande hospital unit or, as it is officially, 167th field hospital, has played mighty lucky in this war, having only one man wounded during the whole campaign of the 42nd division. There seems to be a great number of different ideas, at home, as to what a field hospital is, what it does, and where it is located, at the front. In the first place a field hospital is part of any fully equipped combat American division, there being a sanitary train with each division, which is composed of four field hospital companies and four ambulance companies. This train is under command of the division surgeon, who ranks as a colonel. Then there is the train director, director of hospital section, director of ambulance section, and the company commanding officers, etc.

A year ago, before any of the American division had gone into real active service, there seemed to be some question as to how the army was going to use the field hospitals. The British did not use them, nor the French, and they seemed to be getting along quite nicely in this man's war. The 42nd division went into active service last February, on the Lorraine front, first just the other side, north, of Luneville, where they stayed for about one month, and then moved south, along the same front, east of Baccarat.

We certainly thought that war was hell, to hear those cannons roar, could also see a Hun plane once in a while, and wonder why the anti-aircraft guns could never bring one down. While we were there the Boches put over two or three gas attacks that were quite successful, and owing to the inexperience of our men and the suddenness of the attack, it put quite a number out of commission. It was seen that some means should be at hand for prompt treatment of gassed men, so they hit upon the idea of using two field hospitals for gas treatment, and the other two for the treatment of wounded and sick. Treatment at a field hospital is, of course, not complete. Their duty is simply to give emergency treatment and evacuate as soon as possible to the rear.

In the treatment of gassed patients we first had to undress the man, clip his hair, give him a drink of alkiline solution, a shower bath, wrap him up well in blankets and put him in bed, or rather place him on a litter, some hay, a cot or on some other prepared place; it depended a good deal upon where we were and what we had to work with. Our shower bath was some outfit. It was a portable outfit and easily knocked down, and hard to put up. Sergeant Currey, who handled the bath tent, with his good man Happersett, who pumped the water into the heating tank, certainly had his troubles.

So, when we left the Lorraine sector last June and headed for parts unknown, we were a gas hospital and it was planned that when the division went into the lines again we should operate as such. The two gas hospitals and the two that handled wounded were to relay. Two would go up and establish themselves at some specified point as close to the line as was safe, and closer than was many times desirable for those concerned, then as the line advanced, the other two outfits were to jump over past the first two and relieve them. It was a fine arrangement, only with us, we always moved up first and the other outfit never out-jumped us. We took the advance position on every front and some of them were exceedingly warm; in fact, at time almost suffocating, made a fellow want to get out and run like hell, create a good breeze and get fresh air.

The move from Lorraine took us quite a distance, and we finally pulled up for a halt near Chalons. We had made the trip with our trucks.

We have seven three-ton Pierce Arrow trucks, having been on the road for about seventy-two hours, with practically no stop for rest and sleep. After resting for a day we moved up under cover of a dark night and we discovered that we were on the Champagne front. We arrived at our assigned location the night of July 4th. It was a quiet night for the Fourth of July. We were just ten days ahead of time, for a real "honest to goodness" celebration.

The 42nd division was the only American division on the Champagne front at that time, and it was ordered in there, I believe, owing to the fact that it was close at that time, and the big German offensive was rapidly showing signs of coming back to life. As you know, the last German offensive took place July 15th and it found the 42nd division holding part of the Champagne front, and they held it, too. General Gouraud, in expressing his appreciation to the 42nd division, said "You have saved the day, broken the German offensive, held the Germans at a standstill and kept them from advancing to Chalons."

Whether this division saved the day or not I do not know, but I do know that, in holding the line at this point, the boys in the line fought like fiends and refused to retreat, even though the Germans sent wave after wave out against them. The artillery action which started about 12:30 the morning of the 15th of July was something terrific, the noise of the guns, the rockets and the flares was a sound and sight I shall never forget. It seemed as though some superhuman hand was at work and that the very bowels of the earth had broken loose. Our hospital site was in a rather bad location, it seemed, for there were two or three big guns working on us. It is bad enough during the daytime to have those big boys whiz over you or break near-by, but at night, to me it seems worse, and one is apt to feel somewhat upset and his circulation feels as though it had gone on a vacation. As daylight began to slowly dawn, I believe that everyone had a much more at-ease feeling and to locate all the other fellows and find that they were not injured helped a great deal. The wounded from the front were coming in; there were very few gassed, so about all we had to do was make ourselves believe we were dodging one every time we "ducked" as they whistled through the air. Of course, arrangements had been made to handle wounded and gassed, which the ambulances brought in from the dressing stations at this point. Things were looking quite serious—there were quite a number of wounded on hand, and more coming.

Now and then two or three gassed but the Huns were evidently not using much gas. The shells were breaking close around the hospital, seemed to be gradually getting closer. The ambulances were all busy working to and from the front, and there was no means to evacuate the wounded men on hand to the rear.

Finally, arrangements were made for transportation, using trucks and ambulances. Everybody was working to get all the patients out before they were blowed to pieces. One shell exploded near one of the wards, and it looked like a hit, but it simply had hit an outbuilding. They had about all the patients out and on the way to the rear, except one ward which was filled with seriously wounded. A big shell hit and exploded directly on top of this building and when the smoke and dust had cleared away, I noticed that the center portion of the roof, and part of the side wall was blown away. I remember I was standing; sort of under cover, by a steam sterilizer engine, with Sergeant Rice and one or two of the other boys, when this one hit. My heart, I think, missed several strokes, for I knew that somebody had been killed or seriously wounded when that shell exploded. I went down shortly after and looked into the building. There had been a number of wounded men lying there awaiting to be moved. Lyle Stringham, one of our boys, who had been wounded in the head by a shrapnel shell, early during the morning, was in this building. Two men were killed outright, and a number wounded for the second time. Lyal Stringham's arm was broken by a heavy piece of flying steel. He had just come out from under the effects of the ether. Orders came that we were to close up, pack up, and get out and that the wounded men would be sent farther back. We did not get out, however, until about 7:30 that evening; the shells were breaking around us, off and on, all during the day. When we did pull out that evening, I can assure you it was a "grand and glorious feeling," because Busy le Chateau was, that day, no place for a man who had hopes of seeing the statue of Liberty, or La Grande, Ore., again.

We have been shelled several times since then, but never in such an elaborate manner. The main reason for this is that July 15th marked the last big German attach and when it failed, the tables turned and most of the artillery action was in their direction from that time on.

From Champagne the division went to Chateau Thierry, took Sergy, Hill 212 and a few others. The line boys had hard fighting there, too. We were also quite busy and for the first week we were going night and day. There are lots of men sent back gassed, but the greater part of them are soon back to duty.

The next place the division went is was at the St. Mihiel salient, and they run the Hun from the tip of the horseshoe to their objective, which was a point even with the rest of the line. We were on this front about three weeks, and then moved over to the Argonne Woods. This was a very difficult front; the Boches had it well wired and held many strong points from where they could command the valley and woods. There was a great deal of artillery action, also aerial action.

The Americans had a great number of bombers, but it did not seem that they were well equipped with combat planes, but apparently they had good protection for the bombers, for they would go over the German lines in waves of eight or ten planes, and it was a common sight to see over a hundred planes in the air at one time.

The night of October 31st the Americans put on their big attack, which broke down the Hun defenses and made it possible to cut their main lines of communication with which they supplied their armies, and without which they were forced to make a general retreat. We were in a small village name Anthe, when the armistice was signed November 11th, one brigade of infantry from the division had advanced as far as Sedan, when they were relieved.

All during these different engagements we were kept very busy. Sometimes we would be quite close to the front and other times about five or six miles back. It depended altogether upon the front, whether an advance was likely, or whether it would be a standstill, and lots of fighting, where our position was. At Champagne we were about twelve kilometers behind the line, and the morning of the St. Mihiel drive we moved up about two kilometers ahead of our own artillery.

Considering the active service our unit has had, and the number of times we have been under shellfire, it is somewhat remarkable that we are all well, and not full of holes today. I am sure that every man in the outfit appreciates the fact, now that the hard days are, no doubt, over, that he did go through the American part of the war from start to finish. We also appreciate the fact that we are part of the Rainbow division, representing Oregon in the Rainbow, and we have realized the responsibility to such an extent that every man wanted to make good, and he did, and the unit did.

Another thing this little organization has to be proud of, and that is that we are the only original and all-Oregon unit in Germany with the American army of occupation. All of the other Oregon national guard outfits had rather unfortunate luck, possibly with the exception of the railway engineers, which was organized at Portland. The Third Oregon were sent over her with the 41st division, which was used at a replacement division, so they lost their identity as a regiment, and were badly split up. The Third Oregon was the best drilled regiment of men I have seen in the army, and it was a shame that they did not go through intact.

The soldiering here in Germany is pretty fine, and it surely makes one realize that to the victor belongs the spoils. All the soldiers have beds and are quartered in houses, hotels and public buildings, and I presume that the German government, that is as soon as they locate a good one, pays the bill. The German people treat us very courteously, and the shop keepers are making special arrangements to keep the boys supplied with fancy souvenirs, at fancy prices.

There are several other brother Elks in the company, all of whom I showed the Christmas card and memorial program. It will be a great day when we can all step into the club rooms of La Grande lodge No. 433.

From all appearances we shall be here for three or four months yet. I am figuring on being home by July 1st myself. Until that time, I wish you, Brother Cherry, and all the members of B. P. O. E. No. 433 success and happiness, and I send my best regards to you all.

Fraternally yours,
CHAS. R. HARDING.

WOMEN CARPENTERS

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 14.—Lady conductorettes, motorwomen, elevator chauffeurs and such are all O. K.—but when it comes to handling a hammer and saw, well the women just don't fit in; that is, they don't fit into the plans of the union carpenters of "this man's town." Chicago's union of carpenters made this declaration in unmistakeable terms at a recent meeting.

The thirty-eight women now teaching carpenter work in the public schools of Chicago were the object of the carpenters' protest. T. M. O'Dea, chairman of the educational committee of the local carpenters' union, says women carpenters are not practical and that they should give way to qualified teachers of the male species.

The lady carpenters have not been heard from, but officials of the union are expecting a hammer and tongs battle before the ladies are ousted.

BIG PER CAPITA WEALTH

WOODLAND, Cal., Feb. 14.—Yolo county has the highest per capita wealth of any county in the United States, according to statistics compiled by the Chamber of Commerce here and the local banks. These showed that Liberty Bonds purchasers in Yolo county totalled $285 per capita, or $3,958,600. The banks of the county have $7,112,845 on deposit, or more than $474 per capita.

ELKS, ATTENTION.

Elk's social dance, Monday night, February 17th. All Elks and their families invited.

ELKS' SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

ENGLISH WAR CROSS

Besides Immortal Honor Attached To Victoria Medal, Pension Is Given.

The intrinsic value of the Victoria cross is a few coppers. Apart from the immortal honor, it carries with it a pension of 10 pounds a year in the case of non-commissioned officers and men, 5 pounds being added for each bar.

Unlike the ordinary medal, which is turned out by the thousands by means of a steel die, each V. C. is made separately. There is no die in existence, the bronze, part of some of the Russian guns captured in the Crimea, being weighed out to the workmen as carefully as to they were so much gold.

The first Victoria cross was modeled in hard wax, and after the design had been approved a model pattern was cast. This is preserved with the greatest care, and from it are made the molds from which every other cross is cast. The bonze is heated in a clay crucible up to a temperature of 2000 degrees, and then poured into the mold through the little tubes left for that purpose. Every drop of spilt metal is carefully saved.

When it comes out of the mold the cross is rough at the edges, the reign is flat and dull, and the color that of a dirty penny. Skilled workmen do all the finishing by hand. The edges are filed, and the design brought up by the "chaser," who works with small punches and a light hammer.

The cross, when finished, is sent to the war office for inspection, and its ribbon is attached.

Don't Suffer

MANY men and women are suffering because they are treating effects instead of removing causes.

Why bother with liniments and lotions for rheumatic pains, backache, stiff joints, sore muscles, biliousness, nervousness, floating specks in the vision, dizziness, puffy pouches under the eyes, or other symptoms of kidney trouble when the kidneys can be made well and strong, thus removing the cause of the symptoms?

Foley Kidney Pills

Have been used for kidney trouble and bladder ailments by men and women with success for many years. They seem to get right at the root of the trouble, invigorating and strengthening, healing and soothing weak, sore or disordered kidneys and bladder. They help the kidneys throw out of the blood the waste and poisons that cause the symptoms of kidney trouble.

G. W. Weisinger, 2324 Buena Vista, San Antonio, Texas, writes: "I have suffered more or less with kidney and bladder trouble for the past ten years. The only thing I have ever been able to get relief from was Foley Kidney Pills. I cheerfully recommend them to any one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble."

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to think about your car. The Standard Auto Repair shop, corner Adams and Fir, is doing very satisfactory work. ED CYR, Prop. 2-1-1m

Getting Rid of Colds.

The easiest and quickest way to get rid of a cold is to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This preparation has been in use for many years and its value fully proven. No matter what remedy you use, however, care must be taken not to contract a second cold before you have recovered from the first one, and there is serious danger of this. A man of middle age or older should go to bed and stay in bed until fully recovered. It is better to stay in bed three days at the start than three weeks later on.—adv.

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ELGIN		$12.00
HILGARD		$ 4.50

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CLAIM $10,000 BOARD BILL AGAINST CUDAHYS

Old High Cost of Living has been covered. Now comes a court record which talks of a $10,000 unpaid board bill. Suit has been filed by a hotel company of Pasadena, Cal., against Jack Cudahy and wife, a son of the famous meat packer, alleging that this sum is unpaid for the housing and feeding of the Cudahy family. Here is a new picture of Mrs. Cudahy and her three daughters, Anne, Edna and Maria.