

ANDERSON TELLS OF HIS TRAVELS

Following is an interesting letter written by Sergeant William M. Anderson, of Lents, since the signing of the armistice:

Well the censorship has been, if not quite removed, at least it has been pruned up at the edges enough so that some news of my whereabouts can leak out. I am at liberty not only to tell where I am located but also tell all the battles in which I have been engaged, but I am not allowed to censor the censor or allied governments, grumble about the grub or cast caustic remarks at the cook. Therefore, beginning at the beginning, I will proceed to produce a reliable record of the ramblings of a raw recruit, fiercely fighting for freedom's flag in the gory battlefields of fair France.

It is now nearly one year since we left Camp Mills—November 26, 1917—to be exact. We packed up all our equipment the night before and set up all night so as to be ready to start about 2 o'clock in the morning of the 26th. The morning was cold and raw. Ice had formed in the pools of water along the road and the streets were rough and bumpy; but finally we managed to slip and slide and stumble through the dark down to the train where we played freeze-out—the cars were not heated—until they detrained at the ferry landing on East River. Then down the river through the harbor of New York, under the bridge—and Brooklyn bridge looks like the picture we had in the play—up the Hudson to Hoboken, where we went on board the good ship Mallory. The Mallory was nothing but a coasting vessel fixed up for transport. She was crowded and cramped. The sanitary arrangements were miserable and the grub—I forgot they do not allow us to censor these things—but I'll tell you all about it when I get home. Suffice to say that we nicknamed the tub—ship, I mean—maccaroni. That is what they fed us on. We sailed for France the night of November 26-27. The last thing I remember of America was seeing the "Iron Woman" down in the harbor called Liberty over the stern of the vessel. We set forth and sailed east, and north, and south, and west, and zig-zagged around and around at every point of the compass, and after two weeks of it we finally made land at St. Nazzaire, where we arrived on December 10. We disembarked on

OFFICER IS SELLING TICKETS FOR DANCE

The police force of Portland will give their tenth annual ball at the Auditorium Friday evening, February 22, 1919. These annual balls are given for the benefit of disabled, sick and incapacitated policemen.

Officer P. C. Anderson, the popular day patrolman in the Lents district, is selling tickets, and will be glad to exchange a bit of pasteboard for as many silver dollars as possible, entitling the holder to attend one of the best "hops" of the season. Don't delay, get a ticket before night. Help along a worthy cause, and besides, possession of one of these tickets might be the means of keeping you out of the city "coop."

WROTE MESSAGES WITH DYE

Material for Invisible Writing Used by German Spy Was Obtained From Silk Hosiery.

A cleverly designed method of outwitting the government officials and furnishing information to the enemy was revealed in the early days of the war by the arrest of a man in Paterson, N. J., by naval intelligence officers.

The man, held as an alleged spy in a jail in Brooklyn, is said to have come from Holland and to have been employed in a silk dyeing establishment in Paterson. His unique method of sending messages to Germany called for the use of silk hosiery of a peculiar dye. It is said that he had received a dozen pairs of these socks from German agents in Holland and that his method was to soak them in water and use the coloring matter which they gave forth as a writing fluid. As this dried it became invisible until brought out by a special process, which, however, the federal agents are said to have worked out.

They, in turn, in learning the secret, opened his letters and changed the contents and forwarded the letters. The information thus received by the Germans proved of little use to them.

But for a long time, it is said, there was not enough evidence on which to convict this man, until one day through carelessness he left one of the socks where a naval intelligence officer found it. When confronted with this the man is said to have confessed to the entire project.

WOODMERE and MILLARD AVENUE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

H. O. Case, of Tigard, father of Miss Bertha Case, is ill with the "flu."

W. L. Carnahan and family have moved from their former address, 5708 Eightieth S. E., to their new home in Woodstock.

W. S. Sanders, proprietor of the Grays Crossing market, is very ill. There is a nurse in attendance and everything is going as well as can be expected.

Miss Margaret Canning, a teacher in the fourth grade of Woodmere school, has returned after a prolonged spell of sickness. Her pupils are happy to have her back.

The Allens have bought the Woodyard home on Fifty-seventh avenue and Seventy-seventh street, and moved in on Monday. They are old residents of Woodmere, formerly living on Fifty-sixth avenue S. E.

Mrs. A. J. Hollingworth, 5610 Seventy-first street S. E., has been ill since Sunday. Her daughter Esther came down with the influenza on Monday. She is getting along nicely.

The members of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Millard avenue Presbyterian church all voted at their last business meeting to go to prayer meeting every Wednesday night. We all think it a fine New Year's resolution.

Friends of Mrs. S. R. Dowler, formerly a resident of Lents, will be pleased to know that they are comfortably situated in their new home at 322 West Eighty-first street, Los Angeles. They have a lovely Cali-

the eleventh and went into camp for a rest, which we did by working all night unloading the ship. It was while there that they raised Ned with our company by taking about half of our boys out of it and sending them to the first or second engineers up at the front. The rest of us were sent to La Courtine on December 20, where I spent two weeks in a hospital, the only time I have been sick since I have been in the army. I did not like the hospital very well and they would not let me go. They say I was delirious, but I think I was only normal.

One day I slipped out of bed, got a club and started. I sure started something—hit one attendant over the head, and it took three of them to get me back to bed. In three days they let me go, glad to get rid of me, I guess.

We left La Courtine January 21 for Goudrecourt and the first corps school, at which place we arrived January 23 and where I still remain. I said we left La Courtine; by that I mean part of us, for they split what was left of our company into little detachments and sent us every which way.

Goudrecourt is located about 32 miles southwest of Nancy, a little more west of southwest, and about 13 miles northwest of Neuf Chateau.

Now I have told you about it—excepting my battles, and I will leave that until I get home, as it would take too long to tell of all the Bosches I have killed and eaten since my arrival.

fornia bungalow with all built-in conveniences, except a place "for the dog."

Who says that porch climbing isn't allowed when it is below freezing and no fire on choir practice night? We're glad we have some athletes among the young ladies of the choir if they didn't have a chance to build the fire.

Rev. Lee Gray, pastor of the Millard avenue Presbyterian church, has started to review the bible at the weekly Wednesday night prayer meetings. All are invited to attend these interesting discussions. They are on Genesis at present. Bring your friends.

The mother, father and sister of Mrs. Lee Gray are at present visiting them at the manse, and are very ill. Friends and neighbors are very kind and are doing all they can to alleviate their sufferings. The good things to eat which have been kindly given are much appreciated.

The Woodmere Parent-Teacher association of the Woodmere school gave a reception in honor of the 1919 graduates and their parents at 3 o'clock Tuesday, January 14. Mr. Ball, of Franklin high school, spoke to the class and their parents about the course of study. The girls of the 8A class gave the luncheon and the sixth grade provided music. The members of the 1919 class are Evelyn Spooner, Florence Denboer, Vina Stafford, May Torey, Pearl Smith, Orié Cartozian, Mildred Cummins, Ruby Moore, Blanche Tigard, Zetha Schellhaus, William Hiezenbuttel, Oscar Hiezenbuttel, Thomas O'Brien.

MARSHAL PETAIN.

His enemies, who pounded so long at the grim walls of Verdun and left so many thousands of their dead on the slopes it crowned, will acknowledge that the marshal's baton could not have been more worthily bestowed than upon Gen. Henri Philippe Petain, the commander in chief of the French armies. At the beginning of the war Petain was only a colonel. The highest honor of a French soldier came through years of service in which he displayed such unusual military qualities as to make his promotion from one grade to another a rapid, certain and well-deserved advance, says New York Sun. He was an exemplar of Napoleon's famous doctrine, for the marshal's baton was always in his knapsack. It has been said that Petain's greatest quality was his grasp of the situation, his marvelous intuition of war and battle. As the polls saw him at Verdun, he was a man of infinite regard for details, and the energy, will power and ability to act decisively in the face of difficulties and reverses. But as superb as were all these qualities was that other one expressed in the darkest hour at Verdun—"Courage, comrades! We'll get them!" He is the third marshal of France that the war has made—Joffre, Foch, Petain. It seems peculiarly fitting that on the day that this great honor was conferred upon the last of these he should enter the old fortress of Metz and see the glory of France restored to the redeemed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

Material for Explosive.

As to the source of the toluol needed for explosives, it is pointed out that there has been recently a great increase in the number of by-product coke ovens in this country. However, says the Scientific American, if 20,000,000 tons of coke are made in these ovens during the present year we shall get from this source only 10,000,000 gallons of toluol, which is about one-fourth as much as the government estimated it would need for munitions. Another promising measure recently inaugurated is the stripping of city gas of this material, which can be spared without any serious detriment to the gas, and amounts to about .04 gallon for each 1,000 feet of gas. It is estimated that ten of the largest city gas plants of the country will yield about 10,000,000 gallons of toluol.

Talked Too Much.

Joe had been instructed that if he did not stop running away he could not go to the movies. Supposing the day's slate was clean, Joe's mother was taking him to a show. As the two reached the door Joe said: "Just running to the bridge wasn't far, was it, mother?" Joe was turned homeward, and put to bed. Hearing the little fellow talking to himself a few moments later, mother eaves-dropped: "There's one time, old man, you talked too much."

Gleaning.

England is delighted, and justly so, with her surprising success at wheat culture, the present home-grown crop of which released many thousands tons of shipping for use elsewhere. Incidentally, also, the home product saved England many millions that normally would have been sent beyond the ocean to Argentina and the United States for breadstuffs. It is now predicted that never again will the "island kingdom" allow her ancient agriculture to fall into evil ways as during the last half century. How well, indeed, the world has learned during the trials and restrictions of war that Mother Earth is a cherishing mother indeed, and that in hours of distress it is to her that man must turn for comfort and succor.

Slang in the Pulpit.

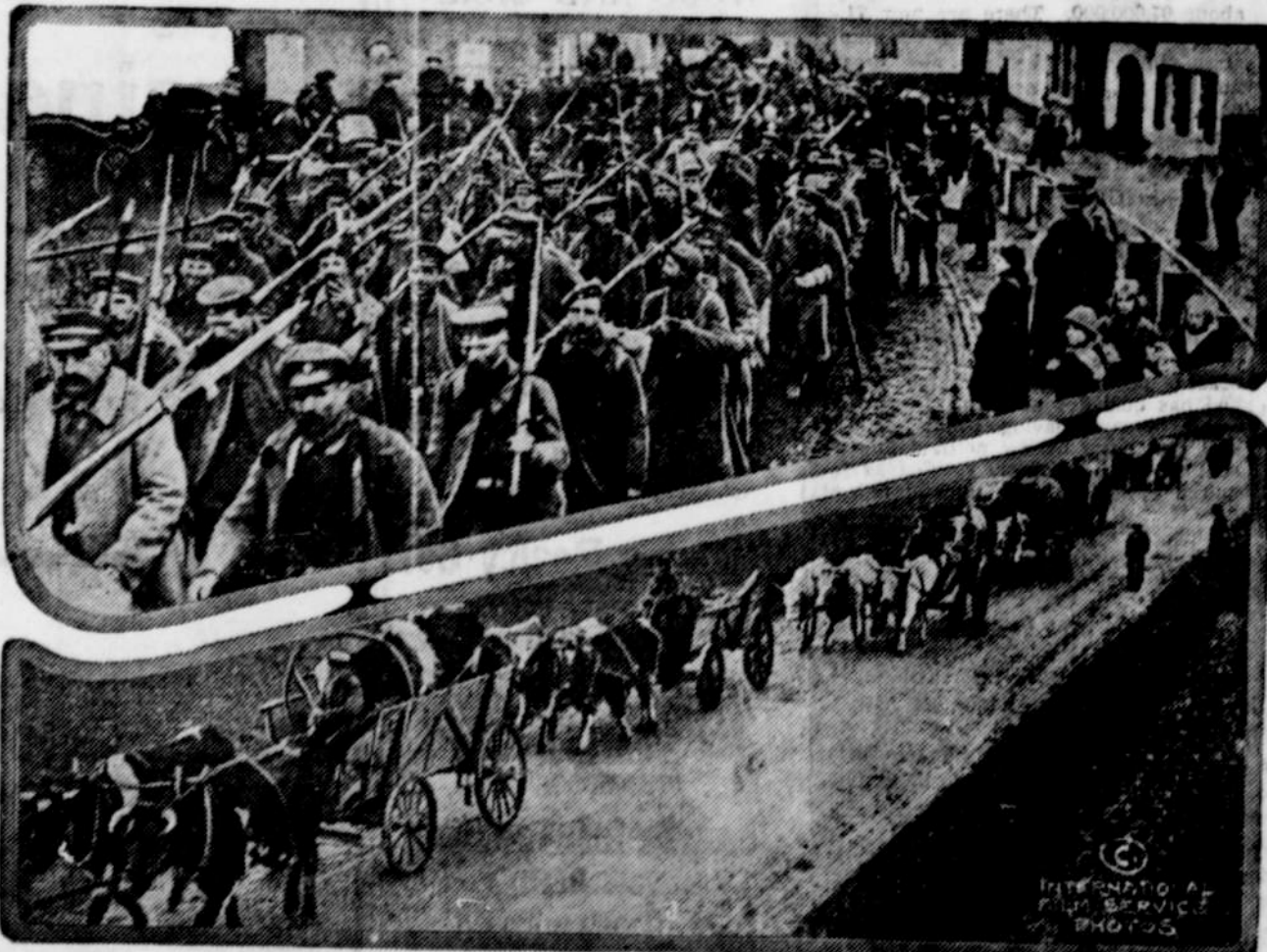
A striking instance of the force of American "slanguage" is afforded in one of America's leading preachers. The speaker, a doctor of divinity, was addressing a Canadian audience on Uncle Sam's efforts. In a 90-minute talk there occurred, among others, these "gems": "We are on this job to the finish. We are prepared to fight till hell itself freezes over, and if Germany isn't beat then we'll buy skates and get after her on the ice." "This Kaiser is the biggest duplex, double-action, high-powered liar in history. He told his people the Americans could never get to France. Waal, he and his people have got another guess coming."

Cement Industry Big.

Statistics of the cement industry in the United States in 1917, prepared by the United States geological survey, indicates that the total shipments of Portland cement from the mills amounted to 90,708,474 barrels valued in bulk at the mills at \$122,745,088. This represents a decrease in quantity of 4.1 per cent and an increase in value of 17.8 per cent compared with 1916. The production of Portland cement in 1917 was 92,814,202 barrels, compared with 91,521,198 barrels in 1916, an increase of 1.4 per cent. This production holds the record, the next highest output, 92,007,181 barrels, having been in 1913.

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