

EXCLUSIVE STORY OF THRILLING BATTLE IN WHICH 'TOM ATKINS' UPHOLDS PRIDE OF GREAT RACE

(A leaf from the notebook of Lem A. Dever, assistant to Philip Norton, acting director of the Russian division of the American Committee on Public Information, with the A. E. F. Siberia, in 1918-1919, until the forces were recalled by the government. The facts in this story illustrate the spirit of our race and how it conquers or dies on the far-flung battle lines.)

HISTORY will record, in a brilliant chapter, the fact that the splendid old Diehards of the Middlesex "phantom" regiment of English veterans, numbering about 500 fighting men, nearly all invalids and cripples from France, rushed to Siberia for emergency service in August, 1918, deserve

to rank with the old Contemptibles of eternal fame and glory, who halted the onrush of the German legions in France.

It is the story of the battle of Savignia, in the Vladivostok district in August, 1918.

Americans Arrive, Eager for Action
The first American troops arriving at Vladivostok were the 27th infantry, on August 15, 1918, from Manila. The 31st infantry arrived on August 21. On September 2 Major-General William S. Graves arrived with replacement troops. Ambulance company No. 4 and field hospital company No. 4 arrived on September 14. On September 29 came the evacuation hospital No. 17 with 200 nurses, a 1,000-bed hospital and several thousand troops. Reinforcements arrived on October 4.

These dates are given to show that the Americans, eager for service, arrived, unfortunately, too late to take part in the only real battle in Siberia—the bloody engagement with the swarming Bolsheviks at Savignia, fought by about 12,000 Japanese troops under General Oi and the Diehards or old Middlesex "phantoms," so named because they really were invalids, recovering from wounds and disease, but full of valiant energy.

General Oi was field commander. He had one full regiment of field artillery, wireless and airplanes, four scout machines and two bombing machines for reconnaissance and artillery range. The English Diehards, who had insisted on taking part in the fight with the Reds, had their rifles and side arms, four three-inch naval guns and two six-inch siege guns, which they had managed to convey to the battle scene from the cruiser Suffolk, which lay beside the Yankee cruiser Brooklyn in Vladivostok harbor—symbols of Anglo-American sea power.

"The Yanks are coming" is flashed soon after the arrival at Vladivostok. The 27th infantry, under Colonel Morrow, 4,000 men, lit out pell-mell after the Bolsheviks, all hoping to reach the front in time for the battle.

"The Yanks are coming" was the message flashed by radio to the grim Diehards, who were with the Japanese. The march of the 27th was an epic in itself—but that's another story.

General Oi is a famous strategist. He outmaneuvered the Red commanders, who had about 20,000 men, mostly conscript peasants, supplied with artillery and, by reason of early ar-

PERPETUAL YOUTH

by CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD
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TIME, to be ever young, is born again
With every year, and thus he flaunts his youth.
Were he incarnate once alone, sure then
He evidently would be old, in truth.

Thus is he envious, yet all his frost
But pales the crimson banner of the rose.
It laughs upon his spiteful labor lost,
Renewed in fragrances when winter goes.

Nor knows the urchin the interior star
That, all untouched by him, will yet attain
Its heaven, and from its glorious heights afar
Will twinkle down and smile at him again.

rival, holding a commanding position in the woods on a hill a mile and a half from the railroad station, Savignia—not spelled that way, but so pronounced.

The Bolsheviks had a cover of thin woods. These were two ravines and a narrow valley. Knowing the quality of English valor, General Oi placed the Middlesex men on the direct front. He did not order them to hold it, but said afterward he knew they would do it. The Japanese infantry held the right flank, and a strong force of cavalry was concealed in the bush on the left.

Thus the forces were arrayed for battle. The leaden skies and the sweltering heat, the presence of the death angels eager for spoils, only increased the battle fury of the Diehards. Every man was "eager to be up and at them." The Japanese moved with machine-like precision—grim, first-class soldiers. Volley firing from the hill-top, the thunder-rumble of cannon and the defiant howling of the Reds created pandemonium. Suddenly General Oi sent forward a wave of Japanese infantry, only to be badly shot up and forced to retreat.

English Calmly Refuse to Retreat
"Do not fire a shot until the order is given," was General Oi's command to the English, which made them sorer still. Their deep oaths of protest and discontent were characteristic. Presently General Oi sent the British an order to fall back toward the railroad station; in other words, to retreat.

A calm refusal was given. The English would die, their officers said, but never would turn their backs upon the "carrion Bolsheviks."
General Oi, at his headquarters on the right flank, smiled grimly. Again he sent the order. It was as promptly refused. "We mutiny," was the reply with a crisp British soldier's opinion of the order. They would see the Reds and the Browns in hell first, they said. Then the Diehards made ready to charge—500 against 20,000!

General Admires Grit, and Explains
This time, the observers said afterward, General Oi smiled and laughed aloud; then sent his third request to retire, together with an explanation of his strategy. He figured on fooling the Reds into believing that the Middlesex Diehards—the flower of English chivalry and valor—were giving way before their onslaughts, which would mean for them, perhaps, the victory and an astonishing new chapter in human history.

The general's third order, with the explanation, ended the mutiny at once. Instantly the "phantoms" fell back, in camouflage disorder. The Reds set up a thunderous roar of jubilation and swarmed out after them. General Oi let them swarm, and, at the strategic place and moment, the Japanese cavalry, on their jute Korean ponies, dashed from their cover of brush on the left, cut off the disordered enemy and drove a part of them with the sabre—quick action, lightning swift and deadly work—to

delight the souls of the Samurai. Said a British officer: "It was a fine sight, believe me, to see those bloody little blighters go—standing up stiffly in their stirrups and hewing those devils down."

Several thousand Reds were killed and about 14,000 fell in the district within three days. The Japanese routed them, they pulled lairs and drove them like sheep in panic. Thousands of Bolshevik rifles and other equipment were thrown by the conscripts into the Ussuri river.

General Praises Diehards for Victory
General Oi praised the Diehards for their share in the strategy which brought the easy victory. Afterwards, also, when orders were given to English troops, pains were taken to be plain and explicit, and ever hereafter the Orient will remember that the Anglo-Saxons, in last ditch emergencies on the far flung battle line, upholding the pride and glory of the race, know not the meaning of retreat or surrender, but always know how to die.

The Yanks of the 27th, dashing up afterward, were sore on finding the "fun" all over and the Reds all gone—except the dead ones. The woods were full of dead men, swollen big as barrels, wrapped up like mummies. Sergeant Ward found three with their hands tied behind them and their throats cut. "Gee, fellows," he exclaimed, "see what the Japanese do to them—their cans nearly chopped off."

Spirit of Yankee Troops—Two Types
Pitching camp that night, a very young Yankee soldier stumbled upon a dead Red, half buried, feet and face out, grinning at the harvest moon. It so shocked the boy that, in nervous agony, he broke down and wept like a child. Bill Haskell, a comrade, old campaigner, comforted the boy and buried the Bolshevik, placing his own poncho over the grave he camped upon it all night. "Don't worry, kid," he said, "I'll hold this Bolshevik down."

Later the Czechs found 15 Bolsheviks hanging around the troop trains and interrogated them. The Czech leader made a significant motion of throat-cutting. The spies were stolid, silent, sullen, and looked like semidemons. Shot at ten yards, they whirled and fell dead.

In a temporary hospital at Savignia station, were about 60 wounded Japanese. Not one complained, nor groaned. They lay there in the bloody sawdust, wounded side up, loading themselves. Let no one say the Japanese aren't fighters; they are daredevils, intrepid, stoical, heroic, regular little tigers, in action. The Russians also are good fighters, when well led.

Composite Picture of the Bolshevik
The Yanks found many ghastly sights; evidences of Bolshevik bestiality and cruelty. Two examples: A Japanese soldier, who had been wounded and captured, was skinned alive, his eyes gouged out. He was dying, smiling, without complaint. A peasant woman was found with a babe at breast, the child's back

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ELKS DECLARED TO BE SOLID AGAINST MENACE OF KU KLUX

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 20—(Special)—The Elks are solidly arrayed against the Ku Klux Klan, Charles A. Grakelov, exalted ruler of Philadelphia lodge, announced in an address at a testimonial dinner in Atlantic City lodge.

"The day is fast approaching when Americans will be forced to take a decided stand against the Ku Klux Klan," he said, "and Elksdom will be lined up solidly against that organization."

"God delay the day when Americanism has to be darkened and shrouded. Clean and upright men do not need shrouds. There is not an organization in the United States that will play as important part as will the Elks in the coming issue."

The above lying dispatch appeared in the Portland Telegram of Dec. 20. One GRAKELOV, by name, evidently some alien from the slums of Europe, mutters an imprecation against the great Klan and the redneck press seizes upon it as a sweet morsel and scatters it by lightning as news of importance.

Grakelov, of course, is nobody. He has no right to speak for the great Elks lodge, thousands of whose members will back up this statement, by word and act. Grakelov is merely a member of a Philadelphia lodge. He is undoubtedly a "KC," and has the nerve to complain of shrouds, when the "KC" outfit uses the jet-black shroud as its formal regalia. Let any KC dare deny this and we will prove it to the public over their own official signatures from KC records which they cannot question.

The redneck Romans have been striving for years, by their boring-in methods, to capture the Elks and to use it for their own un-American designs, but they have failed. In some places, where rednecks predominate, the Elks lodge is known as an auxiliary to the "KC," but the Elks organization, as a whole, remains patriotic and loyal to American principles.

If you don't believe these are facts, ask any true Elk.

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