

MRS. BEALEY HOME FROM FRANCE
Former Oregon Woman Tells of Horrors of War On European Continent

Mrs. Robert J. Bealey, daughter of Mrs. C. T. Hickman, of Oregon City, arrived here Monday from France, where she went to bring her son, Walter Bealey, well known here, where he has visited on many occasions at the home of his grandmother. The young man has been a lieutenant in the British army, and is just recovering from injuries received in battle. He is a well known aviator, and succeeded in bringing down two enemy aeroplanes while in service. At the present time the young man is recuperating from injuries at Barbadoes.

The following interesting letter is written by Mrs. Bealey:

Oregon City, Or., April 9,
 314 Pleasant Avenue

I have been asked by a representative of the press to tell something of my experiences while in Europe. I am not a writer, though I have written for papers very occasionally, and will endeavor to tell you a few things as they are. One thing I must impress upon each, and every one is, we must win this war, regardless of what it costs us.

When the news came that Germany was violating Belgium and insulting France, we held our breath with anxiety till England took up the cause of humanity and civilization. After the news came that our beloved England was at war with the unspeakable Germans, we all of us, who had sons, turned our attention to our own. My son, Walter Bealey, was a student in the Royal Academy of Music in London. He cried: "Mother, may I join the army?" I replied, "No, come home."

He came to Vancouver, B. C. A few days after his arrival he informed us of his secret mission to Germany, having joined some newspaper men and gone into that country. He says "Mother, dear, the Germans have acres of store houses filled with corn, wheat, dried meat and all sorts of provisions and raw material. They have millions of trained men, guns, Zeppelins and gold in plenty. These people boast they still have the indemnity they got from France."

Walter said "Mother, before this war is over my dear country—Stars and Stripes—will be into it, and to beat them it will take all our men, money and brains." He was not quite 21 years old then.

A few days after this the cable from the war office brought the news of Captain Robert Buscomb's death, who was a schoolmate and "pal" of my son, so when he came home and said "Mother, I've joined the officers' class in the Duke of Connaught Sixth Regiment, and you'll have to be brave, cheerful, as you have been such a good, "sport" mother, so just "buck" up now and play the "game." Only a mother knows how to be brave and smile when her heart is breaking. I spent the night trying to see my boy, my only one—a soldier. I knew from the history of France what a fight with the Germans meant.

My son went to Victoria, where he joined the officers' class, received his lieutenancy and his imperial certificate. He did not see any chance of getting to the front at once, so came in on Saturday evening for dinner. While at dinner he announced in a very high pitched voice "Well, Mother, Mine, I have three months' leave, and have bought my ticket for London, England." I gasped, and he said, "I am going to see Lord Kitchener, and ask him to put me into the regular army." Walter started on Sunday night via Canada for England. At that time they would not allow a Britisher to pass through the United States in uniform.

Mr. Bealey and myself left on the following Tuesday via New York, and the Holland American liner "Rotterdam." While going over we talked to the "Hoffmeister." I asked him why Holland did not join the Allies. He replied: "We are such a small country, we are afraid of Germany, and besides the Prince Consort is German." "Why," he said, "There are three million dollars worth of wheat in the hold of this ship right now for Germany." When I heard that my heart leaped within me. "How could we get that wheat for England. I told my husband, and at his suggestion I wrote a wire to the war office, wrapped it with a ten dollar bill, and placed it around a beer bottle (ginger beer rather), and while we were anchored in Falmouth waiting for the tender, it grew pitch dark, and were informed that we would not go ashore that night, but the tug would come out with letters, papers, etc. As I stood and leaned over the top rail, I dropped my ginger beer bottle over just as the tug came alongside of our vessel, and called out "keep the money, but wire this message up to the W. O. Some sailor answered "aye, aye." I did not sleep a wink that night, as the Dutch sailors sang all night, and I was so excited at 5 o'clock when we went up on deck, and to my delight we were summoned by British destroyers. At 10 o'clock the passengers were taken off by the tender, and before we had finished with the customs, they were taking wheat off from the boat. That was the last trip of the "Rotterdam," unless she has made a trip within the last few months.

We arrived in England a few days before my son arrived. He did not know that his "Dad" and "Mother" were there. He was surprised to find us chatting with friends in the lobby of the hotel. My son received a letter to Lord Kitchener from an uncle, who had been through South Africa with Kitchener. Walter saw Kitchener and asked to be placed in the regular army. He was immediately given a second lieutenancy in the Prince of Wales North Staffordshire Regiment, stationed at that time in the Island of Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands. He took his training, then was put to training "rookies" for six months. He was later attached to the Royal Flying Corps, and was trained at Gasport, Oxford, Reading and Noyce Green, in England. He was an instructor in the R. F. C. for months and then was sent to the Ypres neighborhood in France as a scout.

While scouting over the German lines, he was attacked by five German machines, but he brought two of these down, and was wounded, and "made" for over our lines, and Thank God arrived safely into the lines. He fell into a shell hole, and was injured. We received a cable from the war office, saying: "Wounded in the forehead and concussion." I started as soon as possible via New York, waited a week for a steamer, and went over in a convoy of ten ships. These ships carried fifteen thousand soldiers. There were four hundred officers on my ship, and some of the finest specimens of young American manhood I ever saw. We were seventeen days and a half reaching Liverpool. All civilians were held on the ship until the military disembarked.

I reached London at 6:30 o'clock. There was no one to meet me, but I went to my hotel, and was at the telephone trying to get my son on the phone when I looked through a glass door and saw him coming towards me. The relief to see him alive and able to "hobble" about only a mother can know. I gave up all work and devoted myself to getting my son well. We used to go about London together, and some of the scenes we witnessed, we shall never forget. One night when the alarm or as the English say "maroon" came, we went into a tube station for shelter. There were thousands of Jews, Russians, Germans and people of every nationality on earth, except English and Americans, crowded into these tube stations. Some of the people brought their mattresses, and spent the night with their families in these places. We were crowded like rats, and the odor of humanity was stifling. We never went into these places again. My son and I decided that we would take our chances of being killed in our own rooms or in the fresh air.

We went up to the Westminster one day, and lo there was "Old Glory" floating in the breezes from the House of Parliament. We alighted from the bus, and took off our hats and with tears of pride in our eyes, we saluted our flag and pitied those who were not free-born Americans. I had visited England many times before the war, and their attitude toward the American never led me to believe they would under circumstance whatever fly the Stars and Stripes over their Parliament building. Well, my fellow Americans, our flag is there, and the English are glad to have it there.

The winning of this war is the winning of peace, civilization and freedom, and do you realize it means life and death to all right and decent living, and it is now up to the Americans to win. We have got to win—anything else is unthinkable.

I spent five weeks with my adored

son. His specialist said he was not fit for service owing to a weak heart. I asked for his discharge. The war office gave him the rank of Captain, and his honorable discharge, and he has now gone to the British West Indies to recuperate. He has served three years and two months in the Imperial Army. Now he is not fit for service, he worries but he hopes soon to be able for service in the American army.

I never realized until this last trip to Europe how much depends upon America. When I say America, I mean the United States. The Germans are stronger than we know. They have talked world domination so long, and they have prepared for our men, our money and all we can do to win this war. We must give until we feel it, and then give some more. We must work until we are tired, and then go on and on working. Just stop and think of this one fact, that in "No Man's Land" the Germans are slitting the throats of wounded American boys, our men, our soldiers. Men and women of America, do you realize that they are our boys they are murdering? It may be your boy, and it may be my boy. Can any of you stop work or stop giving? Can we ever forgive our enemy, who knows no law of war, or decency?

If each and everyone of you could go to Charing Cross, as I have done, and see our wounded come in by the train load you would never think of slacking in the work of the giving. In four months eleven thousand blind soldiers have passed through the English hospitals. One sees crippled and maimed soldiers everywhere.

Sir Arthur Pierson, who is blind himself, is giving all of his money, and all of his time for the benefit of the blind men. They are most wonderful cheerful, and are so anxious to become self-supporting.

The wounded never complain. They are so cheerful and poor, dear fellows, as they come in. Some of them are maimed beyond recognition. They are so thankful and appreciative for any kindness shown them. I have tried to "mother" them all I have room in my heart for everyone of them, but unfortunately I have only one pair of hands and my purse is limited.

I think that every man who puts his country's uniform on and says "I am ready to go," is a hero. God bless them, every one of them. Even the prisons and jails of England are emptied, these men having gone to help to fill the trenches with good fighting men who have redeemed themselves by their loyalty and bravery for their country.

I have many letters from the trenches. Some of them are sermons in themselves, and are stimulating war nerve tonic.

While in Liverpool I stayed at the Adelphi hotel, and the American Army and Navy Club have headquarters at the Adelphi. While sipping coffee in the lounge, I saw among the crowd of American officers, a smart, trim, well turned out lieutenant. He looked strangely familiar, but I could not place him, I noticed he was looking quite often at me. Finally, when I left the lounge, he met me at the elevator (lift in England), and as I had my American flag pinned on my coat, he said, "You are American?" I said, "Yes, what part of America did you come from?" He said, "Near Portland." I said, "What is your name?" He replied: "Blanchard." I said "I knew Mr. and Mrs. Link Blanchard at Oregon City," and he informed me that they were his father and mother. We clutched each other hands, and "grinned" at each other. I had not seen him since he was six months old. This was Lieutenant Eldon Blanchard, disembarkation officer at Liverpool for the American army, and a good one too. With a softness in his voice and eyes, he told me of the little wife and babies he left in Oak Grove, Oregon, and I promised to go and see them. He said "Ring Mother up, and tell her I am well."

Oregon City may well be proud of this young man. It takes courage to leave his dear ones, and go so far away among total strangers in war time.

The flying men are wonderful—brave to a fault; afraid of nothing. Going over on our steamer not an American soldier touched a drop of liquor, and they all seemed to realize that the honor of their country rested on each and every one of them.

In a foreign land, among all classes and conditions of men when one is homesick and tired from over-work and short rations, and one sees a khaki uniform tipped with a white collar, one knows it is from one's own country, a lump gets into one's throat, and you feel what a wonderful country we belong to. We are the best country; the richest country, and the very cleanest living country in the world. Are we going to slack to let the German swine take our country? No! No! A thousand times No. Are we downhearted? No! No! We shall put our shoulder to the wheel and win. We owe it to our forefathers to win. We owe it to future generations to win. Let each and everyone take a new oath to our beloved country to do all in our power

to win and to keep our own great country for Americans. Only those of us, who have lived in a foreign country in war time can properly appreciate this wonderful land of ours.

In London I experienced an air raid, and often we were really hungry, as food is pitifully short. In my hotel lived a darling little girl, Miss June Waller, the granddaughter of the late Lewis Waller. June said to me "Auntie, if you place salt on an American biscuit (our soda crackers) and eat it, it keeps one from getting hungry." It is hard to see the children getting thinner and pale from the lack of food.

Dear people of Oregon, I am yours to win the war.

EMME BEALEY

**ADVANCE-MT. ROAD
 RED CROSS AUXILIARY**

Advance, Mt. Road Red Cross auxiliary gave a basket social and barn dance at Mountain Road in Mr. Robinson's barn on Saturday night, April 6. George Brownell, of Oregon City, and E. D. Olds, of Oak Grove, gave interesting talks about Red Cross work and the Third Liberty Loan, which was much appreciated by all.

The music was furnished by Fred Koellmer and son, Clarence, and Mr. and Mrs. L. Koellmer, John Walser auctioned the baskets off. There were sixteen baskets and they brought \$84.10. Grab bags were also sold, which netted \$11.50. Dance numbers netted \$9 and the ladies served cake, salad, pickles, sandwiches and coffee to the amount of \$9. George C. Brownell generously gave \$5 and then \$12.35 was given by a band of patriotic boys and men, which swelled the proceeds of this dance to \$113.35.

This Red Cross auxiliary has already bought two sewing machines, and doing its "bit" to help out this great work of the Red Cross. Nearly every man and woman in both districts are members of the Red Cross, and proudly wear a Red Cross button.

Mrs. Belle Koellmer is chairman of this auxiliary and Mrs. Belle Robinson, secretary and treasurer.

WALTER A. DIMICK
 Candidate for
REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

for
State Senator
MR. DIMICK'S RECORD UPON PROHIBITION
 Backed by facts and not mere assertions upon his part

At the close of the 1915 session of the Legislature, he received without solicitation the following letter from the Oregon City W. C. T. U.



Oregon City, Mar. 6, 1915
 Senator W. A. Dimick,
 Dear Sir:
 We the members of the Oregon City W. C. T. U. wish to express our appreciation and thanks to you for the stand you took on the Prohibition bill at the recent Legislature in Salem.
 We had many anxious moments concerning the bill after it had passed the House and what the Prohibition Bill is today we feel we owe to you.
 Thanking you for your splendid services on this and other amendments, we remain,
 Yours very truly,
 MRS. A. D. McDONALD,
 Secy. W. C. T. U."

Mr. Dimick asks the public to read this letter and let them draw their own conclusions as to who has been true to Prohibition.

(Paid Advertisement by W. L. Mulvey, Oregon City, Or.)

CANDIDACY FOR REPRESENTATIVE IS ANNOUNCED

H. C. Stephens, of Estacada, has announced his candidacy for Representative in the legislature at the Republican primary. He was a member of the House at the last session, and served as chairman of the committee on counties, and as a member of the committees on banking and on ways and means. On both of the latter committees he did efficient work in announcing his candidacy. Mr. Stephens issued the following statement:

"This is a year for patriotism, rather than for politics. Every energy should be devoted to the winning of the war. To this end the only consideration in the selection of men for public office should be their fitness for the positions to which they aspire and their experience and demonstrated ability in public and private affairs.

"The coming session of the legislature will require men of experience in matters of state government and particularly those well versed in the financial affairs of the state, since the increased cost of living and the added expense of the State incident to the war will necessitate the most expert handling of the appropriations of the state for the next two years.

"As a member of the ways and means committee of the last House, the most important committee in the legislature, it was my privilege to be one of seven members of the house to assist in accomplishing what many considered to be an impossible task, i. e. to properly maintain the state institutions and carry on the various state activities within the limitations of the six per cent. tax amendment, thus reducing taxes for state purposes to the lowest possible point. I feel that my services to the state were sufficient to justify my reelection. If the voters agree with me, I will appreciate their support. If not, I shall cheerfully abide by their decision.

"As to the question of county division, I shall abide by the decision of the voters at the polls. I feel that

the selection of the best men to represent the county should not be based upon a question which will be settled by the voters themselves before the Legislature convenes."

MARKET REPORT

As given by the Brady Mercantile company and Parr Brothers.
 During the past few days feed for chickens has gone up slightly. Cracked corn has gone to \$4.35; bone from \$4.00 to \$4.50. There has been a slight decrease in the price of ground corn.

BUYING	
Creamery butter	48c
Potatoes	50c, 75c, & \$1.00
Onions, per 100 lbs.	\$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00
Butter (country) per roll	50c
Eggs, per dozen	31c
SELLING	
Potatoes, per 10 lbs.	\$1.00 & \$1.25
Eggs, per dozen	35c
Butter, per roll (country)	\$1.00 @ \$1.10
Creamery butter, per roll	\$1.15 @ \$1.10
"Feed"	
Oats, per 100 lbs.	\$2.50
Shorts, 80-lb. sack	\$1.60
Bran, 55-lb. sack	\$1.05
Flour, per sack	\$2.65, \$2.75, \$2.80
Salt, 50 lbs. "high grade"	75c
Hay, per ton	\$25 @ \$35
Chick feed, per 100 lbs.	\$5.00
Scratch food, per 100 lbs.	\$4.60
Bone, per 100 lbs.	\$4.50
Twin Four feed	\$2.50
Beef scraps	\$6.50
Berkshire	\$3.50
Kackie feed, per 100 lbs.	\$3.00
Holstein dairy food, per 80-lb.	\$1.90
Oil meal	\$4.00
Blood meal poultry, lb.	10c
Albers mash food	\$3.50
Whole corn	\$4.00
Cracked corn	\$4.45
Cocunut oil meal	\$2.75
Ground corn	\$4.45
Easter oyster shell	\$1.50
Sugar, 11 pounds	\$1.00
Western Shell	\$1.25
Ort, per 100 lbs.	90c
But-er,	\$2.10
Livestock—Buying	
Live Hogs	16 @ \$16.35
Dressed hogs	20c
Young Roosters	23c
Old Roosters	15c

OUR WAR GOVERNOR IS

Safe and Sane



Governor Withycombe is a candidate on the Republican ticket for a second term.

He has conducted his office patriotically, fairly and economically.

He is justly entitled to renomination and election.

Keep a courageous man on the job at Salem.

Vote for Withycombe

HANK AND PETE **THEY'RE THE SAME, BUT WON'T ANSWER THE SAME PURPOSE** **BY KEN KLING**

SAY, FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE THROW AWAY THAT ROPE! HOW CAN A GUY READ WITH ALL THAT SMOKE IN THE ROOM!!

PETE - I DON'T MIND IF YOU SING, DANCE, OR YELL, BUT Y'GOTTA CUT OUT 'SMOKIN' IN THIS FLAT, THAS ALL!!

BUT HANK - IF YOU TAKE TOBACCO AWAY FROM ME - IT'S THE SAME AS TAKING AWAY MY LIFE!

WELL, IF YOU MUST USE TOBACCO, WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME SMOKELESS KIND!

GOWAN, Y' POOR BOOB - DID YOU EVER HEAR OF 'SMOKELESS' TOBACCO?!!

SURE - CHEWING!!

OOO!!

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