

# OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

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E. E. BRODIE, Editor and Publisher.

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## BOYS OVER HERE—OVER THERE

### Interesting Facts About Oregon City Boys In The U. S. Service

Otto J. Buol, a Clackamas county boy, recently leaving here for the training camp in California, is with Company C, Eighth Infantry, and is at Camp Fremont, California.

Elmer Kleinsmith, of Clackamas county, is stationed at Camp Fremont, and is with Company D, Eighth Infantry.

Kenneth Robinson, of Portland, who is with the infantry, and at present on the draft board in Portland, was in Oregon City Tuesday evening visiting relatives.

Carl Kirchem, of Logan, who has been stationed at Camp Morrison, Va., is now on his way to France, according to letters that have arrived and received by Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Kirchem, of Logan.

Phillip Messenger, of Company E, Twelfth Infantry, is stationed at Camp Fremont, California.

Ivan Goldsmith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Goldsmith, of this city, and one of the most popular young men leaving for the service, is rapidly recovering from his recent illness. He is stationed at Fort Scott, California, and has been very ill during the past three weeks. He is now able to leave the hospital, and has again resumed his duties with the Coast Artillery.

Irl R. Horton, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Horton, of Gladstone, who was among the first young men of Oregon City to answer Uncle Sam's call for men to go to the front, and who has been in France since the arrival of the 162nd Infantry, has been transferred to Headquarters Troop, Fifth Army Corps, with his mail going in care of A. P. O. 763, A. E. F., France. He is one of the boys of Clackamas county who is being remembered with a letter of cheer and a dollar green-back by the Patriotic Edition.

Ernest Schooley, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Schooley, who is in training at the U. S. Naval Training Camp at Seattle, Wash., and who has been spending his furlough with his parents, left for Seattle Wednesday evening. Schooley has been suffering from blood poisoning in his foot, and has recovered so that he will be able to resume his duties upon his arrival in Seattle. He has visited among his numerous friends at Gladstone and Oregon City.

Mrs. Nettie Hall, of this city, has two sons in the service, Earl Hall, stationed at Camp Fremont, Cal., and who is with the Field Hospital No. 11, and Ray Hall, in the navy, and has just made his fourth trip to France on the U. S. Finland. The latter enlisted on July 1. Earl Hall has presented his mother with a gift in the form of a \$100 bond, this having arrived a few days ago. Mrs. Hall is also doing her bit for her country, and is employed in the government work at the Oregon City woolen mills, and was one of the proud mothers marching in the parade on Mothers' Day recently observed in Oregon City. She marched with the government workers, and carried a large American flag for which her sons in the service are fighting for.

Mrs. Alfred Klenssen, of Canemah, is in receipt of a letter from her brother, C. O. Rickabaugh, of the 43rd Aero Squadron, stationed in England. In his letter the young man says that the place where he is located is a little like Oregon, and seems to rain nearly every day, but that he does not care for the place as he does for Oregon. "My border pin has arrived, and am caring for it," he writes. He further says: "Yes, I get the Oregon City paper, and received about a dozen of them this morning, and saw many things in these that were of great interest, and was sure glad to get them. It looks like we are winning in this war, and I hope to be home some time within the next four or five years. I have seen in the papers where some of the Oregon City boys have been gassed. I received a letter a few days ago from the Oregon City girls, and the letter contained a dollar bill. I think I will keep it until I get back for it is all the real money I have. I would rather have a dollar bill than five pounds of English money, for it doesn't look good to me."

Henry Wilson, a well known Oregon City boy, whose parents are both dead, is in England, and his address is in care of Company G, 162 Infantry, Romsey, England. Wilson, in a letter recently, says he wants his friends to write him, as he longs for letters from home. He says the last mail brought a letter from his little sister, who is blind, and attending the blind school at Salem, and another letter from Mrs. C. W. Richardson, of this city. He also spoke of receiving a Christmas box recently from Mrs. Richardson, and was the only one he received. His brother, Joseph, who was reported drowned on the ill-fated Tuscania, is safe and well, and with his company in France. Wilson is to be sent a letter containing a dollar bill from the Patriotic Edition.

## MILLFEED SCARCITY CAUSE MUCH WORRY SITUATION IS DARK

Why is there no millfeed with which dairymen may feed their cows? Why is the situation becoming worse all the time? Why is it to blame? Will the Coast ever have any more dairy feed and, if so, when?

These are all questions which are being asked by dairymen throughout the state and entire Pacific coast. The situation is becoming worse all the time. Not a pound of millfeed can be bought wholesale at any price. A little may be picked up here and there at retail at not less than 2 cents a pound and it is, generally speaking, of inferior quality, but better than nothing.

Millers want their mills to run at capacity. They are willing to buy wheat from the growers, in fact, are anxious to, but under the circumstances do not dare. The government will not buy the flour. Their mills are idle. None of them are operating. And in spite of the serious condition existing all along this Coast the government at Washington sits calmly by and allows matters to get worse all the time. The food administration could settle the question in a moment; so, too, could Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the grain corporation of the food administration, who is in charge of the buying of flour and other supplies for soldiers, sailors and allies. But up to the present time those who hold the key to the situation have not spoken or given the slightest intimation that they intend to.

## DEMOCRATS ARE ASKING AID OF SHIP BUILDERS

"The quicker you get it to us the more good it will do you."

The foregoing is the closing sentence of a second letter received by officers and stockholders of ship-building companies constructing ships for the government from F. A. McNamee, chairman of the finance committee of the Democratic national committee, brazenly asking them for funds for the Democratic war chest.

Mr. McNamee also assails the Republicans, declaring it would be a "calamity" for them to procure control of either branch of congress, although it was the Republican members in congress who stood loyally by the president when such Democratic leaders as Champ Clark, Kitchin and Dent fought the selective draft and whom the funds Mr. McNamee is attempting to collect would be used to re-elect.

As the Democratic leaders had proclaimed that politics was adjourned during the war, Republicans were amazed at the first letter from Mr. McNamee, and they pronounce the second a misrepresentation of Republicans in congress who have uniformly supported the president and a reprehensible attempt by a political party to exact toll from government contractors.

## OREGON CITY BOY HAS BEEN PROMOTED IS NOW A CAPTAIN

Another Clackamas county boy is making good in the United States army, as word was received from Ren Holsclaw by his mother, Mrs. G. F. Anderson, yesterday saying he had been promoted from lieutenant to captain, and is with Sixty-seventh Field Artillery, West Point, Ky., having just reached that place, after visiting his old home in Oregon City.

Captain Holsclaw has recently returned from France, where he was a lieutenant of the 120th Field Artillery, and several times was gassed, and writes he is recovering from the effects, and that he is ready for duty again. Captain Holsclaw was confined in the hospital in France for some time after the gas attack.

## RELATIVES OF A. T. M'CAUSLAND WORRY OVER DISSAPPEARANCE

Search is being made by relatives of Albert Thos. McCausland, a local registrant, who disappeared from a Portland hospital Thursday, following his recovery from an operation which has kept him there for some time. McCausland was to have had his questionnaire filed with the local board Thursday, and had accepted a position with the Grant-Smith-Porter company of Portland, intending to go to work Thursday.

His relatives are much worried over his disappearance and reported the matter to the local board Thursday. His address given at the time of registration a few weeks ago was Borning Oregon, Box 21-A.

## Oswego School News

(By Doris Niebusch)

Several of the old students who attended Oswego school at one time left for Corvallis Sunday to take the students' training camp work. They are Robert Wilson, Lennie Davis and Otto Erickson.

The eighth grade students held a class meeting Tuesday and elected Della Davis, President; Doris Niebusch, Vice-President; and Cleo Taylor, Secretary and Treasurer. They decided on purple and gold as their class colors.

Mr. Westergard visited our school Monday morning and gave the students a splendid talk on "Character Building." Mr. Westergard has two children in our school and is very

## LIEUT. MATHESON IS ORDERED INTO CAMP AS AN INSTRUCTOR

Lieutenant John Matheson, who recently was commissioned second lieutenant at the officers' training camp in California, has been appointed instructor at the training camp at the University of California, leaving for that place a few days ago.

Lieutenant Matheson was a student of the University of Oregon when the young men were summoned from that institution to California to go into training. He is a graduate of the Oregon City high school and was born and reared in this city.

### STEAMSHIP TORPEDOED

Madrid, Oct. 7.—The government relinquished steamship Francoisi has been torpedoed 14 miles off Cape Palos, it was officially announced here.

## OLD HIGH COST OF LIVING JUMPS But That Makes No Difference to the Millionaire With a Hobby

Old High Cost of living has so jumped during the past twelve months that mere existence has become a sort of luxury.

Your groceryman tells you he simply has to charge the price asked; the clothes store tells you that the same suit he sold for \$20, are now \$40 and \$60 each, and a bargain at that; your milkman strikes you off the list in a hurry if you dare demur to \$3.75 per quart a month; your wife's winter coat will be close to the \$60 mark, and her shoes will be a bargain at \$14.50. As to your winter's wood pile—the least said is the better.

Such are the fruits of war, and such are the burdens to be borne by the great army of the secondary defense. It's a great life—if you don't weaken.

But what would your groceryman say if you asked him to knock off his profit in these troublesome times? What would happen if you informed your shoeman, your milk man, your dry goods man, and the rest of the bunch, that they would have to let you have the goods at a reduced price? Would these gentlemen politely accede to your request? They would not. Bankruptcy would follow if they did.

You couldn't expect it—you would not ask it! These are not the good old days of old. Costs have gone up on everything, and quite naturally, too.

In view of the general condition of affairs it is a rather astounding bit of legislation that Sam Jackson, editor of the Portland Journal, would foist on to the statute books this fall. It is astounding to the person unacquainted with the facts, but to those who understand the motives underlying the proposed measure, Mr. Jackson's scheme is petty, diabolically dirty, and as malicious as any piece of legislation that was ever framed to be "put over" on the citizens of Oregon.

You have your home paper, you believe in it, and you realize that its influence as a community builder is

big. Do you know, also, that a man high in affairs of the nation has recently stated that the First, Second, Third and Fourth Liberty loans would never have been possible without the generous support of the press of Oregon and of the nation? Do you know, too, that not one cent of advertising was appropriated by the government to help the press make the loan a success?

But to return to Jackson's malicious measure. He and some Portland attorney have decided that the legal advertising rate, which provides that publishers shall not be paid a greater sum than five cents per line, is altogether too high to suit his imperial taste. He therefore has prepared an initiative petition and wants the voters of Oregon to lower the rate, in accordance with his wishes.

This is Millionaire Jackson's way of "getting even" with the press of Oregon. He has been unable to dictate to the thinking editors of the state who have steadily refused to be whipped into line to support Jackson's single tax and other campaigns waged by the Journal. He has chosen the psychological time to carry out his nefarious plan—a time when probably ninety per cent of the papers of the state are struggling to keep the wolf from the door, that they may "carry-on" in their important mission of helping Uncle Sam's war activities. It is a scheme quite worthy of Jackson and a really clever way to cut the throats of the the country editors. Bring his advertising rates down below the level and you can run him out of the field! Isn't it a commendable work for a millionaire publisher to be engaged in?

Unfortunately for Jackson the voters are onto his little game. They believe in their own communities, they believe in their home papers, and they are generous enough to admit that the newspaper men of the state have a God-given right to live in Oregon, in spite of Editor Jackson's personal wishes in the matter.

## WEEKLY SOLDIER LETTER

Miss Urell Armstrong is in receipt of an interesting letter from her brother, Corporal Dellas (Curly) Armstrong, written in the American Rest Camp, England, as follows:

"My dear little Sister:

"I am going to try and write you a real letter. It seems that every attempt at it, I fail utterly.

"When I came over to the garage this morning, your letter was waiting for me. There were also three from Edith.

"I did not get up until 9:30 this morning, as I slept late because I was out late last night with the car. I took the Major over to Winchester, in fact, I was over there twice yesterday. There was some kind of big doings over there in the evening—a banquet and a dance for American officers I think.

"You know we were stationed at Winchester for about a month just before coming here. Oh, if I only knew a third of all there is to know about the town, I should write pages and pages to you. There are books upon books telling about that ancient capital of England. Winchester was the seat of the first government. It was there that the Romans first came. Many, many battles have been fought in that area by tribes wishing to rule Britain. In the early days there was a wall, a big stone wall around the city, a portion of which still stands. The most interesting part of it is the gateway into the city. It is called the bar gate and above the archway is a compartment—a fortress, where the defenders took their stand against the invaders. There are loop-holes and slits from which they poured moulten lead upon their adversaries. In this compartment today one can see the original masonry, the same as we use now.

"You see I have the opportunity of seeing hundreds of things of real interest that I would not if I were not driving the Major's car. He has a lot of engagements to go out and see many historical points.

"Last week I was out to the house where Florence Nightingale lived. Three weeks ago I was out to an estate where the Kaiser used to spend a part of the summer. I was in the room where he slept. In it are two stained glass windows that he had put in.

"Back to Winchester—the cathedral is the most wonderful sight I have ever seen in beauty of architecture. It was built in A. D. 1360, and is a combination of all the styles of architecture of the early times—Roman, Norman and early English. In 1896 the building was repaired, that is a new cement foundation was put in. When it was first built the ground was a marsh or a swamp, so in order to find solid base they drove piling or great huge logs a hundred feet into the ground. How they did it, I can't imagine because they did not have the machinery in those days.

"When the new foundation was laid a few years ago they put in a cement base about 30 feet deep and 20 feet thick at the bottom, taking out the original piling, some of which were in almost as good condition and as sound as the day they were cut from the forest.

"I went through the whole building one day when a guide or lecturer was taking a bunch of wounded Canadians. It was very interesting because he told us every little detail. He surely knew every feature connected with the building, both inside and out. The outside is not very attractive—not nearly so much as the one at Salisbury, but the work inside is wonderful. Such beautiful work in stone and such artistic carving on both stone and wood.

"There are tombs that many of the early kings had built for themselves while they yet lived. One famous old monk, along about 1700 worked for fifty years on the chantry above his tomb. He was an artist in wood carving, I should say.

"The historical events connected with the things about which the lecturer told us made me wish I had listened to the advice of my mother and studied harder while I was in high school, especially my history and literature. While he was giving his lecture, he brought up all kinds of history from the early Romans to the present day.

"I forgot to say, while writing about the Winchester castle, that I saw in it the original round table around which King Arthur and his knights used to sit.

"Little sister, I will say just one more word and close. Let my lesson be a lesson to you. Study, girl, while you are still in high school your history and your literature. You think they are dry, unimportant subjects, but one never knows when they will be some time of use. You don't know—you may some day travel. You may come over here—maybe on your honeymoon, if the husband has the 'dough' and believe me, knowing things helps.

"Love to all,

"Your brother,

"CORPORAL DELLAS ARMSTRONG"

"P. S. You asked me what O. A. S. on my letters meant. It means "On Active Service." On Active Service after the words "Soldiers Mail" takes the place of a stamp on the soldier's letter home. That is the reward we get for coming across the big ocean.

"You tell the world, if I ever get back across the ocean, I will never cross it again till they build a bridge across it. If ever I get back to Oregon City, I am never going to leave again. I am not even ever going fishing.

"Oodles of Love,

"CURLY."

Miss Norma Freytag, of Parkplace, is in receipt of an interesting letter from her cousin, Sergeant Elvin W. Smith, of Company B, 116th Engineers, A. P. O. 735, stationed in France. The letter is as follows:

"Somewhere in France, Aug. 24, '18.

"My dear Cousin Norma:

"Your very nice letter of July 22, arrived yesterday, having taken exactly one month and a day to make

the trip, but this is about the average time required, so I guess I can't complain.

"You bet, I know how it can rain here, and I wish it would cool off a bit here at present, I'll swear that it is 10 degrees hotter than here, and still heating. Today promises relief for the sky is clouding up.

"I came near not sending you the photograph, for I was afraid the surprise would be too much for you, nevertheless, I took a chance, and I am glad to hear you did not go under. You say I have changed in my appearance, maybe so, but I can't notice any difference. No doubt I will be the same old Elvin that used to chase flying ants with you on those long summer evenings long ago. These were the days, though they are gone, but not forgotten.

"I should have liked to have been home to help celebrate the Fourth, but I did fairly well as it was. Our sister Nation partook of the festivities alright, but not as enthusiastically as they did on their independence day, July 14. Those of us who are to return home, ought to be there in time to have a regular blow out next Fourth.

"I do not leave the camp very often during the work, as I have seen the town, and there isn't anything else of interest to be seen. On Sunday I usually take a short trip out into the country. Last Sunday I took a trip down the river for about ten miles on a little excursion steamer. It runs to a little old town, and a couple of stops out of town, and one is a nice industrial town from country."

Mrs. J. E. Hedges, of this city, has received a letter from her son, Sergeant Joseph C. Hedges, who is with the Ordnance Armament School in France.

The letter arrived in Oregon City this week, and is as follows:

"Dear Mother:

"There seems to be some sort of a hold up in the mail just at present, as I haven't received a single letter for over two weeks nor has anyone else here. However, when the letters do begin to arrive they will probably come in bunches. It's mighty disappointing to go to the mail box day after day and find nothing at all, not even a postal card.

"The summer is passing rapidly, it is now past the middle of August and it seems but a few weeks since the summer began. Time passes so rapidly, there is so much to do all the time and when one is so busy, time never drags. I can scarcely realize that it has been almost six months since I left New York harbor bound for this side, and yet in about three weeks I shall receive my first foreign service stripes, which I'll prize above any shoulder bars.

"Our beautiful weather still continues, although the approach of fall is quite noticeable. The evenings are beginning to get cooler, and it is always chilly and foggy in the mornings.

"There is little of interest that I can write about since the time of my last letter, with the exception of a trip that Henry and I took last Monday. We drove up the St. Nazaire with the supply officer, and had a very enjoyable trip, and also somewhat exciting trip. We hit the ditch on the way up as a result of trying to round a turn a trifle fast, and smashed the car up in pretty bad shape. Luckily, we did not turn over, as we all escaped with a few scratches and bruises. Needless to say, we completed our trip on the train.

"While in St. Nazaire I saw my old friend, Sergeant Kenney and had dinner with him. Later walking down the street I ran across E. R. Holt, a fellow whom I knew very well in Portland. I learned from him that quite a bunch of old University men, classmates of mine, were stationed there, a short distance out of town, but it so happened that we were scheduled to leave in half an hour, so we couldn't see them. If we had seen Holt an hour sooner, we would have been able to 'cut it short.'

"With love to all,

"Your loving son,

"JOE"

France, Aug. 30, 1918.

Mrs. David Caulfield is in receipt of a letter from her son, Lieutenant Leo J. Caulfield:

"Camp Montierchaume, "Chateaux, France.

"My dear Mother:

"Get out your map and see where I am. Under a recent order, those of us on the service of supply are allowed to tell our whereabouts. See also that spot marked Paris, I've been there, too, for a day and a half, but that was long enough for once. They say it is dead from the effects of four years of war. If so, Heaven help the American who hits there when it is alive.

"We saw the show at the Folies Bergere the evening we were there. It was nearly all French, even the shape and costumes of the chorus girls. Which reminds me—shortly after landing one of our men wrote home that this was a funny country, as nearly all the inhabitants spoke French.

"At this show everybody smoked—men, women and all, which, of course, seemed odd to me.

"Was very much surprised and pleased to receive a letter from Terry Williams yesterday. He is up at school where I was and heard a captain mention Mr. Vernon so asked if he knew me—which he did, of course, so Terry got track of me through him.

"I am back here with the Battalion again. I am glad to be back and half way settled. I must be getting 'old' as I don't care much about rambling around.

"The Battalion moved to another job where we were at school. We are very comfortably situated here and everything is running fine. We are having some quite hot weather right now, but that is to be expected.

L. J. CAULFIELD,  
1st Lt., 318th Eng.

In a letter just received by Mrs. David Caulfield, from her son, Sergeant Waldo, who was recently cited for bravery, tells of a number of interesting instances that have taken place where he is located—Somewhere in France. He says "For the first time in a couple of weeks, I received come mail—two letters—and one of them was from you written July 15. I was puzzled for a few days wondering why I did not have a letter from you, speaking of the citation, when all the rest of the family wrote speaking of it.

"One thing and no mistake, there were many of the boys, who went 'Over the Top' deserved it: a great deal more than I was only doing my duty.

"I wish you would thank Nan Cochran for sending me the copies of the papers. I was mighty glad to read those interesting things in the home papers.

"Glad to hear that you people were able to get some blackberries—for if things continue the way they have for the last few months, I may have a chance to eat some of them.

"Sorry to hear that Congress did not think enough of the men in the service to save at least a part of the Southern Pacific land, but I guess it is what we can expect.

"Believe me, if they put the country dry while we are all 'Over Here,' they may hear from the American Expeditionary Forces some of these days. I can honestly say that I believe that 70 per cent of the A. E. F. who have thought prohibition was O. K. do not think so now, when they see the French way of handling it.

"We have at last had a rest—no duty—for a whole week, and have gotten rid of the 'coolies' or lice for the first time in over five months. Very pleasant to be rid of them.

"Along in April or May I wrote to Frank Bradley and George Bannon, but so far I have not heard from either of them. Wonder if they ever went through to Oregon City. Is Frank still in Oregon City?

"At the present time we are in a quiet section. It is really what is known as a 'rest section.' We have had enough action that I believe we are entitled to the rest all right. This summer has sure been a big thing for the allies, and believe me, I am glad I saw my share of it.

"We enjoy getting the papers or clippings from the same, also letters."

WALDO.

Among local men to attend the Third Officers' Training Camp which convenes at Eugene October 5th, are Deputy District Attorney Thomas A. Burke, Wallace Telford, William Stokes, former well known groceryman, and Herbert Clark, a rancher of the Clackamas county. Mr. Stokes attended the second camp and is going back for additional training.

There are many other things of interest, but as the censor might object if I described them, it is better to leave them untold.

Your affectionate son,  
ELBERT.  
Pvt. E. H. Charnan, Rep. "Stars and Stripes," A. P. O. 720, A. E. F. France.

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## TRAINING CAMP AT EUGENE TAKES FOUR FROM THIS COUNTRY

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