

WEEKLY SOLDIER LETTER

Mr. and Mrs. Frances Welsh, of 412 Pearl Street, Oregon City, are in receipt of several letters from their son, R. S. Welsh, of this city, who is with Machine Gun Company, 13th Infantry, Eighth Division, and at Camp Mills, New York.

Camp Mills, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1918.

Dear Folks:

I have a little time now so will write you a few lines. I received several letters yesterday. Maybe you think I wasn't glad.

Saturday noon I had a twenty-four hour pass to New York. I went there from Hempstead to Jamaica and from there took the elevated into New York.

New York is sure some city. What impressed me more than anything else was the big skyscrapers, elevated and underground or subway railways.

Sunday morning I went up to the top of the famous Woolworth building. It is 60 stories high, and the tower is 55 stories up. That is as far as one can go. I had the honor of being up there, but when I got up there it was so foggy you could hardly see anything.

They are making some big drives here for the war relief service solicitors. Only the civilians are asked to donate, and men in uniform are not asked.

I was so sorry to hear of Waldo Canfield's death, and note the fine record he had made while at the front.

I am so sorry to hear of the death of so many dying from influenza. A number of the Oregon City boys here or at Camp Fremont have been suffering from this. Among them are Otto Buol, Phyllis Massinger, Hutchison and Gradeland that I know of.

By the looks of the papers we may be mustered out in the near future. I hope so, as I am getting tired of "soldiering". There is one thing certain and that is we will not go across, as all movements of troops across have been stopped. The supposition is that we will be sent back to Camp Fremont, Cal., and mustered out from there.

We have been having a downpour of rain, but from indications do not think it will rain much more today.

Saturday morning we had regular barracks inspection, the first we have had since we left Camp Fremont. After the inspection the band boys of H. Q. Co., which is next street to us, gave a band concert. It was fine. They have one of the best military bands in existence. It is called the Thirtieth Infantry band, and is assigned to headquarters company.

The quarantine on this camp was lifted Thursday, and from one of the letters I received from Bernice, I see it is lifted at Camp Fremont.

Another letter written November 28, is as follows:

Dear Folks:

Will write you a few lines to let you know we are about to move. We are pretty sure of going over to Camp Merritt tomorrow sometime.

The Eighth Division is the only regular army division this side of the ocean. It is likely that we will be split up in units and be guards at different embarkation camps.

There is a rumor that all men with dependents will soon be mustered out and the companies be placed on peace strength instead of war strength. If that is the case I won't be in much longer.

Talk about making noise when peace news came. All New York fairly went wild. We heard nothing but whistles and yelling all day.

We had a review of troops this afternoon. It was the largest review I ever was in.

There is really not much news to write, so will close.

"RAY."

A number of interesting letters were received this week by Mrs. J. E. Mulligan, of Twelfth and Elm streets, Oregon City, from their son, Private Lawrence F. Mulligan, of Base Hospital No. 46, France, also his sister, Miss Ethel Mulligan, received several letters. Private Lawrence Mulligan, who is well known here, was formerly with the Southern Pacific Company of this city, when enlisting to go overseas.

The following are extracts from several of his letters:

October 26, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Sunday morning. No operations on board for this morning, so have a few minutes to spare. The sun is shining, and no sign of rain, and for this time of the year it is very pretty. In fact, if it wasn't for the mud in winter, it would be quite a bit like our winters at home.

Another letter dated October 31 to his mother says:

I received the most wonderful package yesterday. It won't take much guessing on your part for it is the socks and films that you sent over two months ago, but they finally reached me. I really did not expect to get the films as they are very hard to get over here, and supposed that someone would note the contents and "graft" them at least. I was certainly tickled to death, to get the socks that Mrs. B. A. Anderson, of Maple Lane, (Oregon City, Route 3) made me. They are really too nice to wear, and I will use them at night for bad sleepers. I was also pleased to receive the dollar's worth of films sent by members of the Patriotic Edition of the Morning Enterprise that were sent with the films you purchased for me. Please thank all concerned in that package when you get the opportunity. Am pretty well supplied with everything else here, except films, and need all I can get, for I really have a fine collection of pictures and lots that you will enjoy when I get back.

The last two days have been light ones for me, and I have secured a pass for tomorrow and will take a little

trip somewhere and get some more pictures and such "junk."

On November 7th he wrote the following: "I am enclosing some snapshots of myself, and you can see what your son looks like in this part of the woods. We are getting some wonderful news, and looks like we will be home before long. When you get this letter it will be about time to 'dir' my things out for I'll need them soon. Ha! Ha! Am still feeling very good and taking pictures for you. Tell Ethel that I haven't many pictures of French girls for they don't count over here, where we are, or at least in this unit."

(Mrs. B. A. Anderson, mentioned in the letter, has to her credit over 60 pairs of socks made for the soldiers. A large number of these were for the Red Cross of this city, and her work was among the finest that was brought to the Red Cross rooms.)

The following letter has been received by Mrs. H. P. Brightbill, of this city, from Miss Mary M. Rose, well known former Oregon City young woman, who is doing war work for the Y. M. C. A. in Paris:

Paris, France, Nov. 7, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Brightbill:

Your wonderful letter came yesterday. I have read it several times and find every word interesting. I cannot tell you how much good your letter did me. It seems to have been my lucky week. I had wonderful letters from Father and Mother a couple of days ago.

Paris has changed greatly during the past four months. Thanks to the recent victories, in which our Americans have played no small part, Paris feels justified after four years of gloom and discouragement in celebrating a little, and they know how to celebrate.

I wish you could see the hundreds of captured German machine guns and aeroplanes that line the Place de la Concorde and the Avenue des Champs Elysees. The Place looks like an artillery field. The guns are all camouflaged in the manner we have read so much of, and the aeroplanes show quite plainly the famous black cross.

It is rather pathetic to see the pale French children playing among these war relics, and toying with the mechanism of the guns that killed their fathers and brothers. It is interesting too to see a couple of American soldiers look them over and discuss the merits and demerits of German artillery.

It is very sad that so many of our boys are called upon to give their lives, but would be sadder for our flag not to be flying in Paris today beside the other allied flags. As it is, our Stars and Stripes are quite conspicuous here, and American khaki boys.

One of the many good things the "Y" did over here was to open a big hotel in Paris for enlisted men. With several other American girls I have the privilege of being there as often as I care in the afternoons and serving tea and chocolate to some four or five hundred American boys. We serve barrels and barrels of it, and then we sit around and talk. Interspersed here and there you will always hear "Gee! It's good to talk to American girls!"

At such times I am glad I am a girl and very glad I'm here. When think of the mothers and sisters and sweethearts, who are eating their hearts away longing for those fellows and here I am privileged to hear the many interesting stories of their life over here and probably able to pass them a cup of tea occasionally. They are such splendid fellows. I always get more good from our conversations than they do.

A couple of weeks ago I had a wonderful surprise. About 7:30 A. M. I wended my way over to headquarters as usual, and there waiting to receive me, who should I find but Lieutenant Harold A. Swafford. Oh, but I was glad to see him. He looks splendid. Well, we looked each other over and then I went to my chief and arranged to get the day off. Well, I have been so faithful a slave since I came here that I had no difficulty, and so Harold and I had a very pleasant day seeing Paris and talking of old times. He had to go that night at 8:30. It seems now like a pleasant dream. I intend to write to his folks and tell them how fine he was, but I never get time to write anyway. I haven't written to half the people I want to write to.

Going to leave Paris in a few days as I have been transferred to Bordeaux. I would rather be going to the front of course, but I am glad to get a chance to see some of France, and to get away from headquarters. It is a regular bedlam. I will have a couple of days' rest. I need it badly, but wasn't going to ask for it. I am glad someone had the grace to suggest I have a little rest before I start on my new assignment.

Halloween, 7:30. Started this letter a couple of days ago. My time is nearly up, and I haven't had any rest, and haven't written any letters. Keeps me hustling with the necessary papers signed and countersigned before leaving Paris. One cannot move here without giving a history of his life and getting the O. K. of the numerous American and French officials.

This letter promises to continue forever. It is now the night of November 1. Last night I started to finish it, but decided to go to a big hallow-e'en party instead. A big party was given by the "Y" for the soldiers. I had the first piece of pie I've had since I left the United States. When it was announced that pumpkin was to be served a shout arose from the throats of five hundred Americans that must have reached Berlin and awakened the Kaiser out of his "beauty" sleep. There was to have been a dance, but there wasn't room to move. Soldiers were sitting on the floor and filling every available inch of space. The "Y" secretary called on volunteers from the audience to en-

tertain. After considerable persuasion some of the boys got on the platform and gave clog dances, etc., and then one fellow sang. He had a splendid voice and apparently had considerable training. First he sang a funny rag song about the Kaiser that "brought the house down" and for an encore he sang that dear old song, "Mother Machree". He wasn't more than 21 years old and I suppose he was homesick himself so he let it creep into his voice. Never will I forget that picture. The lights were very dim, and the air was thick with smoke. American soldiers are always smoking. There were about five hundred of them and scattered around among them were a few Red Cross and "Y" girls. From a laughing, boisterous, jolly crowd, they grew quite serious. All at once, and as the tender words of "Mother Machree" reached their hearts I could almost feel the little pang of laughing that gripped each one. When he came to the words "Sure I love the dear silver that shines in her hair, etc." I could feel every heart travel thousands of miles in the space of a second straight home to "Mother." I couldn't see the singer myself. I blame it on the poor lights. It may have been something else.

"November 6. Am I never going to get this letter finished?"

"Well, I have been in Bordeaux since Sunday morning. I left Paris Saturday night. Travelled all night in one of the dinky compartments with two French officers and a civilian. One of the officers, a very young fellow, was just out of the hospital.

"I could write a couple of pages about that trip alone, but I must get this off on its long journey."

"Arrived at my destination at 7:30 Sunday morning. There was a soldier there to meet some officers that were coming in, so they took me to the American Hostess House.

"This American Hostess House is conducted by a couple of women, who came over on my ship. It contains about everything but two of the most necessary things for comfort—heat and hot water.

"Well, I don't think the censor can cut out any of this letter. I really haven't said anything worth while to the enemy or any one else.

"In case you worry about me, I will tell you I never felt better in my life. My appetite is enormous and sleep comes the minute I see bed."

"I had a wonderful girl living with me until two weeks ago, when she went out to the camps to do entertainment work."

"This is a good country to get acquainted with Americans. There are so many of them here that it must be very lonesome in the United States.

"Haven't had any letter from Oregon City for a long time. Please write often. With kindest love to you all."

"Lovingly yours

MARY M. ROSE,
12 Rue d'Aguesseau,
Paris, France.

Mrs. Martha Snidow, of Willamette, is in receipt of a letter from her brother, A. E. Schwerin, of Company A, 26th Infantry, who is in France. The letter tells of some of the experiences the young man has had while "over there" and is as follows:

Somewhere in France,
October 16, '18.

Dear Sis:

"Am lucky to be able to write you this note telling of my first engagement with the enemy. Went over the top at 5:30 one morning into nests of machine guns and snipers.

"The average American seems to look at the machine gun as a pea shooter, having no regard for them. We had the Germans on the run from the first day, our artillery putting over a fearful barrage that no human being could stand. We captured many prisoners. In one dug-out we got 15 prisoners and an officer. Two of us did this. A lad from another outfit and myself. They were glad to give up, giving us no resistance.

"The average German is war weary. I spoke to one boy 19 years of age, who was in the army for two years. When captured he said 'Si, Dank it is over.' Over for him, because he was a prisoner, and glad of it.

"I could have gotten thousands of helmets and German equipment, but my own is very heavy.

"We ran into the enemy artillery on the seventh day out. Had a taste of high explosives and mustard gas. Came near being gassed, but owing to a stiff breeze, the gas did not settle. We dug in one night, and it rained continuously the next morning, and woke up in six inches of water. Am now resting up after my first battle.

"The one best weapon of war is my little shovel. When you come in range of artillery the thing is to dig a hole and keep in it—the deeper the better.

"This is all I can write of my recent experience as a soldier, so will close.

"Your brother

"ART."

In expressing his thanks for the dollar greenback and letter from the committee having published the Women's Patriotic Edition, Sergeant A. B. Chindgren, of the 18th Company, 26th Engineers, a well known Clackamas county boy, whose home is near Molalla, has written the following letter to Miss Dolly Pratt, a member of the committee:

In France, Nov. 11, 1918.

Miss Dolly Pratt,
Oregon City, Oregon.

"Dear Miss Pratt:

"I was very much surprised to receive the letter and dollar bill from you. My heartiest thanks to you and the other members of the committee. I sure appreciated the dollar bill.

"Do you know that American money looks so good that we hate to part with it for anything.

"Well, I am looking forward to the day when I will return to dear old G. S. A., and especially Clackamas county, the only county on the face of the globe. You may say what you please, but I know, I have seen a good

deal since I left Clackamas county last December.

"We have now under construction one of the largest sawmill operations in France and will soon be ready to operate.

"The largest per cent of our men in our company are from Oregon and Washington, so you see we are some lumber jacks.

"I am in the best of health, enjoying myself in great style at leisure time.

"We have a nice Y. M. C. A. at our camp, and we are well entertained by the Y. M. C. A. circuit entertainers. We also have a twenty-piece band in our company, and a dandy male quartet, of which I am a member of both. We have given the quartet a name (The Tuscania Four), as we all were survivors of the boat.

"Many thanks again for the letter and dollar bill.

"Hoping to hear from you again and also to receive a copy of your patriotic paper, I am one of the Clackamas county Yanks over here.

"I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

"As ever

SERGEANT A. B. CHINDGREN,
18th Company, 26th Engineers,
"American Expeditionary Forces,
France."

The following letter from Miss Evangelina Dye who occupies the responsible position of supply sergeant for a thousand men of the S. A. T. C. at Corvallis vividly pictures the war situation at an Oregon camp:

Corvallis, Ore.,
Dec. 6, 1918.

My dear Mother:

"From all indications the college will be under quarantine again today. Whether this will include the whole town or not I do not know. The boys are simply wild eyed to think of another period when they will not be allowed to leave the campus. With absolutely nothing doing the boys get very restless.

The people came back Sunday night with a rush and Monday we had the largest number at mess that we have had.

Just now we are having a gay little time with dishwashers. The K. P.'s had done all dish washing up till Monday morning. From then on paid men were to do the work. It would be all right if we could get men but it hasn't been possible yet and this is Friday. Five people have been doing the dishwashing which 75 K. P.'s worked on before. Sometimes there aren't even 5 as last night when there were only 2 and we had a scurry to find some more. As a result there have been complaints that the dishes are not clean. The storm will soon be over though I am sure, but I've gotten so I expect a crisis of some kind every day. In fact it has gotten so that it takes a real crisis to make us sit up and take notice.

"The other day the baker got drunk on vanilla extract but yesterday he had to drink lemon as I had removed all the vanilla.

"Last Saturday night I went down to the church to a party. Everything seems a good deal the same as ever. They are expecting a new minister from California before long. I had a letter from Everett this week saying that I needn't write, he would be home so soon. He better not be too sure of when he will be home. These boys expected to go the 1st and they're all still here.

"With love,
"EVA."

Everett Dye is stationed with the Machine Gun Officers' Training Corps at Camp Hancock, Georgia, where the boys have been compelled to wear masks, confined strictly to their own quarters and not even permitted to visit the Y. The quarantine is now raised and Everett expects to be home by Christmas, which remains to be seen. He is due to receive a commission in a few weeks but prefers to return to civil life.

Deputy County Assessor William B. Cook is in receipt of a letter from Charley Austin, private of Company B, 26th Infantry, stationed in France. He is one of the well known Clackamas boys, whose home is at Oswego. Austin entered the service June 23, 1918, and was in charge of the boys leaving here for Camp Lewis. Since arriving in France he has gone over the top six times. He is one of the Yanks that Uncle Sam is proud of.

Somewhere in France, Nov. 4, 1918.

"Mr. W. B. Cook, Mother and Father:

"Don't think because I haven't written sooner that I have forgotten you. No, never will I ever do that, but owing to conditions, and the way I have been traveling around, I haven't written home as often as I have desired.

"Will you tell some of those pro-Huns around that part of the country that the d--n Huns are pretty well chased out of the woods here, and tell them that I helped to chase them out. I went over the top and stayed there for three full weeks before coming back. Now, believe me, we make them leave this part of the country in a hurry. Also tell those American pro-Huns that I saw any amount of good Germans, but they've all had, and the five Germans I did see all had that dirty, guilty look, the same as the American pro-Huns had, and also tell some of those four-bit' givers that to my notion money is the smallest thing that a person can give to help this war. If they gave every dollar they had they wouldn't be doing as much or any more than what we boys here are doing. What is money anyway compared with the lives of a few good American boys? As far as the Red Cross is concerned, tell Mrs. Cook this organization is doing a good thing, regardless of what a few of the pro-Huns say.

"I am sleeping in a pair of Red Cross pajamas, and I find them a very comfortable garment. I am in the hospital, just recovering from the grip, but am feeling pretty good again, so I think with a couple of more days' rest, and a few more good feeds I

will be able to go back to my company and do my bit.

"Well, this is enough of this war stuff for a while, so will switch off onto something else.

"I had a letter a few days ago from the States, and the letter stated that you folks had rented your farm and intended going to Oregon City to live. A good many letters have been received since I have been over here, but that was the only one that made me homesick. I had been figuring on coming back and renting it myself, as nothing would suit me better than to rent that place and live on it, and care for it as it should be cared for. Did you sell the team—old Bess and Kate? If so I would like to have been there and bought them, as I liked them as I did my own team.

"Tell your father, Bill, that the old place would look better to me after the war with your parents sitting in the front yard and in the shade and me out doing the work. At least, I think it would. It is always so home like. I think that arrangements may be made when I return that Mr. Cook will not have anything to do but to watch me raise hogs and cabbage and 'keep the old home fires burning.'

"Well, Bill, as it is getting time for me to fall in line for mess, I will close for this time. Hoping this finds you all well and enjoying life, and you will have a Happy Christmas."

"As ever your friend,
"CHARLEY AUSTIN."

TEACHER CHOSEN
SUCCESSOR TO
MISS BOWLAND

Mrs. Marjorie Cluff Stipp was Thursday elected a teacher in the grades to succeed Miss Jessie Bowland, resigned. The latter has been in ill health for some time. Mrs. Stipp was for several years a teacher in the Eastham school, to which building she will be assigned, taking the third grade, and Miss Erma Keen will be transferred from the third to the fourth grade.

The school board transacted considerable business of a routine character, and concluded to authorize the payment of the salaries of Gustav Flechter, musical director, and Miss Valera Meyer, librarian, for the time the schools were closed on account of the epidemic. The week of Christmas there will be school on Monday and Tuesday and the following week the only vacation will be on New Year's day, falling on Wednesday. The teachers have agreed to give their time to the schools during the holidays.

The proposal of Frank Koeltz to purchase the old gymnasium building on the Barclay grounds for \$40 brought out the statement that the building though sadly out of plumb, is perfectly safe and it is likely that it will be used for play during the winter. City Superintendent Kirk stated that a movement is under way to establish a recreation center in the Busch Hall, now rented to the Home Guards, and received unofficial assurance that the members of the school board favored a co-operative plan, under which the school students would be given gymnasium training. The scheme has not yet been worked out, and is in the hands of a committee from the Live Wires of the Commercial Club.

The vote of the recent tax election was canvassed and authority was given for the purchase of supplies for the manual training and science departments and for the renewal of subscriptions to periodicals selected by the superintendent.

REST ROOM IS
PROVIDED FOR
IN THIS CITY

At the meeting of the city council held Wednesday evening, the W. C. T. U. was given the privilege of using the Liberty Temple as a rest room for the visitors to Oregon City. A rest room has been needed for some time in Oregon City, and it was decided by the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to circulate a petition to the people of Oregon City. The petitions were readily signed, when all places of business and professional men were called on.

The present location is only temporary, and it has been the desire of the councilmen and business and professional men to leave the building at its present location until the return of our soldier boys. Many of these young men have never seen the temple, and in order to allow them the privilege, it will remain intact until their return.

It is the plan of the women having the building in charge to move it to a convenient location at a later date, and have the building equipped with lights and will also be piped and a lavatory and stove installed. The women of the organization are to have charge of the building, and each will do her bit.

Many business men have offered to do their share each month to assist in paying for the light and heating apparatus, and the women having charge and promoting the affair are much encouraged over the interest the people have taken in establishing such a rest room.

POLK'S
GAZETTEER

A Business Directory of each City, Town and Village in Oregon and Washington, giving a Descriptive Sketch of each Place, Location, Shipping Facilities and a Checklist of each of each Business and Profession.

By E. L. POLK & CO., Inc., Seattle, Wash.

NO EVIDENCE IS FOUND
IN MOONSHINE CASE
OF CANBY COUNTRY

Two revenue officers were here Wednesday to investigate the moonshine still found by Sheriff Wilson in the Canby country but the liquor found did not contain enough alcohol to warrant arrest of the owners of the still.

This same place was raided about a year ago and another still was found and destroyed at that time and there was nothing to convict anyone and no arrests were made.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

By Gordon Ramstead

The Athletic Board of Control met Wednesday noon and voted to give all the football boys letters that played the entire eight quarters of the two games. Louis Vierhus was also given a letter by a popular vote, because of his breaking his leg at the beginning of the season.

The Junior Red Cross drive was started Wednesday at 9:00 o'clock sharp and Mr. Tatro's roll room became 100 per cent a few minutes after due to the fact that after the announcement Tuesday night he asked the students to stay for a few minutes and elect their representative who is Louise Dryden.

The Class Red Cross representatives are as follows:

Seniors: Earl Boardman, Esther Staats, Robert Meyers.

Juniors: Harry Chandler, Marian Barum, Kenneth Swanson, Ruby Long.

Sophes: Louis Vierhus, Helen Anderson, Douglas King, Virgil Yonce, Gordon Wilson, Eugene Vedder, Gene Moffatt.

Frosh: Jack Loder, Frances Andrews, Ethel Chillet, Pauline Radtats, Ralph Gynes, John Bennett, Louise Dryden.

The entire Frosh class became 100 per cent by the fifth period Friday afternoon, some pep for the Frosh students of O. C. H. S. with good prospects for peppy future.

High School Gym Wanted by the Students

There is much talk among the students for a high school gym and the Senior class of 1919 is preparing a drive towards one. The drive will start about the first of the year. The town has two empty blocks next to the high school building called a park, and this is the object for the sight of the gym building and large football and baseball field, for the future students of the Oregon City schools.

Why shouldn't we support a gym; we have the school and now all we lack is the proper things to accompany it.

MUCH WHISKEY
IS CAPTURED
BY OFFICERS

Sheriff Wilson and Deputy Joyner made one of the largest hauls of bootleg whiskey Thursday that has been made here for some time when they stopped a large Washington car near Clackamas in its afternoon.

Two Italians were in the car and at first refused to stop when ordered but a shot fired in the air changed their mind and they gave up.

The car and men were brought here and about 12 cases of whiskey was found in suit cases and packed in different parts of the car. This was all in bottles of different sizes and well hidden.

The men were taken before Judge Selvers and gave the names of Pete Seburt and P. E. Collins. The latter plead not guilty and was placed under \$500 bonds, which he could not put up and will remain in jail until Monday, when he will be given a trial.

Seburt, after many excuses, plead guilty and was fined \$350 and given a jail sentence of 20 days.

During the trial the men said the officers had found all the liquor but the sheriff was suspicious and made another search of the car and in the two extra tires on the rear 18 more quarts were found. In all about 12 cases were found and the men claimed they paid \$800 for this. The retail price of this whiskey would bring nearly \$2000 if it had reached its destination.

The men claimed to be from Seattle and it had taken them four days to make the trip from California here.

AMERICANS IN GERMANY
TO RECEIVE MORE HELP

LONDON, Dec. 7.—The Berlin government has revoked its decision to disarm the troops returning to Berlin, according to a Central News dispatch from Amsterdam.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—Five additional divisions have been definitely assigned to the American army of occupation now advancing into Germany. General March announced today. They are the 2d and 7th (regular), the 28th (Pennsylvania) and 33d (Illinois) national guard and the 79th (Northeast Pennsylvania, Maryland, and District of Columbia) national army.

These five divisions have been given the task of occupying Luxembourg, General March announced, and go to specific areas around Mont Medy, St. Mihiel and Longuyon. They form the second line of the army of occupation ready to reinforce the other army on the Rhine if necessary.

JUGO-SLAVS
RESENT ACTION
OF ITALIANS

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—The Jugoslav national council at Zagreb, acting as the provisional government for all Jugoslav territory formerly incorporated in the Austro-Hungarian empire, has submitted a protest to the allied governments against Italian administration in the occupied territories of Dalmatia, Istria and Gortizia, according to a dispatch today by the Jugo-Slav press bureau here.

LONDON, Dec. 11.—The Manchester Guardian says it has received from a well-informed source the statement that "another very serious incident has been provoked by the forward action of Italy on the Adriatic coast."

The newspaper's informant continues: "Ten days ago, though perfect quiet reigned in that district and Serblan d'Espercy's army already were in occupation of Cetinje, the Italians insisted on landing 2000 troops at Cattaro, in Dalmatia. Happily, to counterbalance this, the allies secured the presence of an equal number of troops including French and American soldiers."