

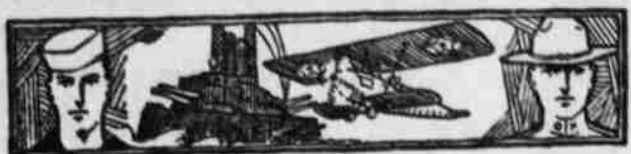
OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

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BOYS OVER HERE—OVER THERE



LETTERS WANTED

Soldier letters are wanted by the Enterprise, as all are anxious to hear about our soldier boys here and over there.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. O'Neill have received a letter from their son, L. R. (Tip) O'Neill, one of the well-known Oregon City boys entering the service.

"Dear Ma: Well, this is Sunday night, and everything is closed tight, except churches and restaurants."

"Our ship is in the drydock for a few days. I think we will leave for France in about a week."

"On my 45-hour furlough I went to Richmond, Virginia, and went through the confederate museum. It sure was worth while. It had all kinds of relics from the war. There were fifteen rooms in the house, and each room represented a southern state. Here were all the belongings of the officers and even the generals. This was formerly the home of Jefferson Davis in the years of 1861 and 1865. I also saw the home of General Lee and the house that General Stonewall Jackson died in. I bet Pa would have liked to go through some of these places."

"We also saw the old battle grounds around there. Write before sailing. Tell all the boys hello, not forgetting yourself. I am always, L. R. (Tip) O'Neill."

Care Postmaster New York City, N. Y. Baker First Class, U. S. S. Ryndam.

Bert Harvey, who is on the U. S. S. Willamette, is now on his way from Gibraltar to Trieste, Italy. He is on the ship, and is anxious to return home. All know Bert in Oregon City and his many friends are planning to give him a royal reception upon his return.

Joseph Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Miller of this city, is in the navy and is on the U. S. S. Floridian. In a brief letter to friends in Oregon City Wednesday morning he tells of the ship getting on fire, and the boat is in bad shape, but will be ready for sailing about March 15.

Milton Nobel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nobel of this city, who has made many trips to France, on the U. S. S. Ryndam, has been enjoying a nine-days' furlough while the steamer was in port at Newport News, Virginia. He has set sail again for France, and is anxiously awaiting his honorable discharge from the service. At the time of enlisting Nobel was connected with the Bank of Commerce.

(Tip) L. R. O'Neill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. O'Neill of this city, was accompanied by his brief furlough to Richmond, Virginia, by Clyde Montgomery. The latter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Montgomery, and both young men are now on their way back to France on the U. S. S. Ryndam.

John Montgomery, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. John Montgomery in the service, has received his honorable discharge from the service, and has returned to Oregon City. John has been on the receiving ship at Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y., and was much taken up with his work, but of course is one of the boys who is glad to be mustered out of service and returned to his home. He has a host of friends here, who gave him a most cordial welcome. He has been in the service over a year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wade of Carus, Clackamas county, have three sons in the service. These are Miles C. Wade, aged 24 years, eldest son in the army; Alva R. Wade, aged 22 years, and Pearl O. Wade, aged 20 years, who is in the navy.

Miles C. Wade is with the Field Artillery, Battery B, and is now at Oklahoma, where he is in charge of the bulletin board of the mess house. He helped to train the soldiers at Fort Sill, and also was one of the assistants on the big caterpillars. One of these exploded within about 20 feet of him while he was sitting on a car track, and he only escaped by stepping behind a freight car.

Alva R. Wade is on duty on the Rhine, and was on the front from July 6 to the time of the signing of the armistice, and was one of the young men firing the last shot. He is with Battery E. In the last letter received

by the mother he said he was just recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. Alva Wade enlisted on October 8 at Walla Walla, and says he is anxious to be home again. Pearl O. Wade went to Mare Island, and then to Honolulu, later to Japan and then to Siberia. From there he went to the Philippine Islands. He is in the marine service, and joined the 6th of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Betzel, formerly of Oregon City, but now residing at 1426 East Eighteenth street, Portland, have three sons in the service. Lieutenant Irwin Leonard Betzel, who was graduated from the Oregon Agricultural College, and was an assistant instructor in pharmacy when entering the service, is in France, and writes his parents that he expects to return to America about March 1. He was at the officers' training camp at Camp Lee, Virginia, and was also stationed at Camp Funston, Kansas, before going overseas. He entered the service January 5, 1918.

Charles J. Betzel has been in the service since a year ago last December. He took up his training at Goat Island and San Diego, and is now on the U. S. S. Alabama. Betzel has made a number of trips to France and England.

Dorian Betzel is on the hospital ship Herbert Pratt. He has been in France several trips on the hospital ship. He entered the service at the same time as his brother, Charles, in December, 1917.

A service flag of three stars adorns the window of the Betzel home in Portland, and the parents are proud of their son's loyalty to their country.

Mrs. Sophia Moody of this city, received word from her son, Kent, who is with the Third American Army of Occupation, stationed at Newstadt, Germany, 12 miles from Coblenz, Wednesday. This American army is further east of any army in Germany up to date, and he says he has been from one end of the Rhine river to the other, and so far has seen nothing to compare with the scenery of the Columbia river highway. He is well and he hopes as well as the rest of the boys, to be home in the early summer and back to his native state—Oregon.

LILE DAILEY HOME AFTER SACRIFICING MUCH IN WORLD WAR

With the empty trouser leg as evidence of his sacrifice in the world war against the Hun hordes, Private Lile Dailey of Portland, formerly of this city, is home visiting his mother, Mrs. Ella Dailey, 809 Moores street.

Private Dailey is a member of Company G, 18th Infantry, and came to Portland from the Walter Reed hospital at Washington, D. C., where he has been receiving treatment. He was injured at Soissons, receiving wounds which later necessitated amputation. He enlisted with the old Third Oregon regiment at Oregon City.

Arthur Dailey, a brother, who has been in the navy for 21 months, recently has been given his discharge.

KING WRITES LETTER TO BOY OF THIS CITY

The following letter was received from King George by Albert M. Scripture, of the 642 Aero Squadron, now in France, and is highly prized by the young man, who is the son of S. F. Scripture of this city, the letter having been sent home by the young man for safe keeping.

Windsor Castle, England, April, 1918. Albert M. Scripture, 642 Aero Squadron, France, A.E.F. "Soldiers of the United States, the people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the armies of many nations now fighting in the old world the great battle for human freedom."

"The Allies will gain new heart and spirit in your company. I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you and bid you God-speed on your mission. "GEORGE, R. I."

PROBATE COURT

Petition for probate of the will of the late Gustavus Oldenburg was filed Thursday by Aml Oldenburg, a son. The estate consists of real estate in Clackamas county and is valued at \$1500. There are several heirs.

Effingham B. Sutton filed for letters of administration of the estate of the late Allen McKenzie Sutton, who died at San Francisco in 1915. The estate consists of property in Clackamas county valued at \$1500. There are several heirs to the estate.

SMALLEST DISTRICT IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY IS STANDARDIZED

School district No. 21, the smallest in Clackamas county, is to be standardized, and in order to have this done, some of the boosters of the school of this district, which is at Linn's Old Mill, and about four miles from Oregon City, forgot their farm duties Saturday, and repaired to the school grounds to do their bit. These were Joseph Spees, G. L. Evanson, George Spots, Mr. Beernetz, George Closter, B. H. Stewart and William Spargue.

The work to be done to make the school house that of a standardized school was to change the windows, the desks, the blackboard and the doors. This was accomplished and the men worked like beavers all day. As their homes were located near the schoolhouse, they were able to partake of their usual hot noon meal.

This little district is one of the most patriotic in the county, and the residents of that little settlement have always done their part in bringing that part of the county over the top in every drive.

Plans are being made to give an entertainment at the school house on the second Saturday of March, when the proceeds therefrom will go towards purchasing paraphanelia for the school grounds for the pleasure of the school children.

ORGANIZATION MEET HELD LAST THURSDAY AT CONCORD SCHOOL

An organization meeting of the three departments of the farm bureau was held at the Concord school house Thursday evening, when Miss Anthony, the home administrator agent R. G. Scott, county agent, and T. L. Olmstead, in charge of the boys' and girls' club work of Clackamas county, were in attendance. Each presented the line of work to be taken up in the county, and explained to those in attendance how the work was to be carried on.

The people in attendance were allowed to select the subject to be carried on in the district. Mr. Scott's project is fertilizer demonstration, and the project leader appointed was T. P. Worthington; seed improvement leader, C. P. Andrews; drainage, John Baumgartner; poultry, Mrs. C. P. Laudan; extermination of rodents, J. J. Gross; extermination of Canadian thistle, John Riskey.

Miss Anthony did not organize at this meeting, but will attend a meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association when the leaders will be appointed. Mr. Olmstead appointed Mrs. O'Connor as a club leader for gardening project, and John Baumgartner was chosen chairman of the executive committee.

H. G. Starkweather presided at the meeting, which was largely attended.

INDUSTRIAL CLUB AT MOUNT PLEASANT IS FORMED LAST WEEK

Industrial Club work was started last week at Mount Pleasant school with the organization of three standard clubs. A club, to be standard must be composed of at least five members and must conform to various other requirements of the Oregon Agricultural College.

The clubs and their officers are as follows: Baking Club—local leader, Miss Anna L. Erickson; president, Hermania King; secretary, Lucille Wilson; vice president, Elsie Bisterstecker.

Poultry Club—local leader, Miss Margaret H. Thompson; president, Virgil Webb; vice president, Lee Barnum; secretary, Forrest Yexley.

Canning Club—local leader, Mrs. W. A. Barnum; president, Edna Jubb; vice president, Alice Hulten; secretary, Helen Erickson.

There are, besides the three standard clubs, three pupils who have enlisted in other projects. The officers of the main club are: president, Cecil Wilson; vice president, Gladys Thomas; secretary, Alice Hulten.

The clubs will hold five meetings during the year. At these meetings each club will give a half hour program, which must be an original one, prepared wholly by its own members. Great enthusiasm is being shown by the pupils in the competitive scheme and the teachers expect better results than ever in the Industrial Club work this year.

BANKS DONATE BIG U. S. FLAG FOR CONTEST

The banks of Oregon City have given a U. S. Army regulation 7x11-foot American flag to be given to the school which gives the most per capita for the suffering children in Armenia and Syria. The contest closes February 28.

WEEKLY SOLDIER LETTER

The following is a poem composed by Private Robert H. Richards of Company B, Eighth Infantry, in France, and one of the Clackamas county boys, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Richards, of this city:

The Eighth Infantry sailed from old Broadway, To Sunny France, so far away. On November the 9th, they landed at Brest, Then hiked to Camp Pontanzen to take a rest.

Upon learning of their arrival, old Kaiser Bill, Threw up his hands and went over the hill. And on November the 11th, the rough Hun So frightened at the appearance of the Native Sons, Said to Hindenburg: "The Armistice you must sign Before the fighting Yanks cross over the Rhine."

Then the fighting Eighth, still raring to go, Started for the front on a train so slow. After two days travel they reached Jonzac, And staged a battle against Cognac. Battle after battle we successfully did win.

Then they threw in the reserves (unbottle de vin) Gallantly they fought with but one thought in mind, To conquer or die, this native wine. After struggling day and night, both officers and men, The battle of Jonzac did finally win. Then back to Brest, we started once more.

Expecting to embark for the American shore, Alas! The boat on which we were to sail, Must have met with disaster in an Atlantic gale. Then up the log hills, through the chilling rain, To the beautiful Camp of recreation and refrain.

But the Camp was unfinished, so we rested over night; Next morn, "Chow" call sounded long before day light. Then to the mess hall you should see us rush, To hear the cook say "No seconds on mush."

After breakfast we went out to fatigue, Some to the docks, others to dig. So now, we are stevedores and engineers as well, And some of the boys say we are S. O. L.

On every job we are highly complimented, But still the boys seem to be discontented. Their hopes all vanished when they drew rubber boots, But the hardest blow of all, was the oil skin suits.

And the only rumor I have heard today, Is that the Eighth is sure to go home in May. But we and the 319th Engineers, Would not give up in a thousand years.

We came to France to do our bit, And we'll do it, you know, for we've got the grit. I know it hard now, as though the mud we trod, It seems that we are entirely forgotten by God; But soon we'll hear them say "Roll your pack."

The boat's in the dock to take us back, So patiently we wait for the final decision. The lonesome units of the Eighth Division, PRIVATE ROBERT H. RICHARDS, Co. B, 8th Infantry, Brest, France.

The following is a portion of Bert Harvey's diary dated January 17, on board the U. S. Willamette, and received by the young man's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Harvey:

Jan. 17, 1919. "This surely has been the darndest thing, checking, taking inventory and every ten minutes some one looking you up for this, that or the other. Certain days I have ever put in, with all the uncertainty of whether we were going across or transferred to a navy ground here. I worked my head off, but between getting supplies aboard, packing, taking a mad house aboard this ship since word was received we were to continue on her."

We are stationed now at Staten Island. From here we go to Gibraltar for orders, and that is a hundred to one shot that we go to some port in the Mediterranean or Black Sea. Understand several ships have been here lately and out of here for Gibraltar, from which point they went to Batum, Armenia. Hope we go also, as long as we have to go. May get ashore at Constantinople if I am lucky, at any event, but will get to see it navy style through a port hole. Mr. Pasco has just been telling us all about the beauties of the Mediterranean, both climate and the water, and from his description it must be as fine a place to live in as the Pacific Northwest which includes Seattle.

Mr. Pasco says it will take us about 25 days to go from here to Gibraltar, and a week or ten days to Batum (if we go there), two or three weeks to unload our cargo, as it seems they don't have the facilities or pep in for had they any intention of sending this cargo to France or north, at this time, we would have gone to England or some port in France for orders."

January 17, 1919. "Noon. Well I'll be darned—orders changed again, result being we now are to take the ship across, sailing some time tonight or tomorrow morning early. Assuming again that information is correct, I am going to get this set of copies off this afternoon, to counteract the effect of the ones mailed last night. "I was busy packing up my canteen

this morning, when a messenger came sign countries to handle cargo like they have here, then of course time of our return to this coast again depends upon what they do with us after getting rid of our present cargo. While I think of it, it must be borne in mind may be two months before any further mail from me can reach any of my friends, as Gibraltar will be the first port we will touch where we can put mail ashore, that will be from 20 to 30 days from now, then allowing for delays in mail boats, and time across the Atlantic and overland. Don't suppose six weeks or two months will be much out of the way."

"I am certainly glad we are not going to Norway, I would simply have frozen to death in that country, as the sun forgets to shine at this time of the year. In the same breath, though, I know it is possible, but hardly probable, that we may go any where in this world of ours, as they can change orders on you just as often as they please, and they do change them in a hurry, as I well know. Within reason to think our orders at Gibraltar will be to go to France, or some place north of it, but hardly probable about a note for me from the paymaster, who is over in the city, to the effect that the ship would not now be turned over and to have the captain report over in the city this afternoon for orders. I did so, and the only thing delaying his sailing was repairs to the engine, which would be completed this evening, taking off the motor sailors and barges, and 115 tons more of fresh water. It is all supposed to be completed this afternoon, so want to make sure of getting this out today sure. Don't know, but best of my information is we go to Gibraltar now for orders, which may mean any place at all in Italy, Austria, Turkey, Armenia, Russia, or—Lord knows where. Here I had all my small stores packed, and most of my canteen. Now will have to turn in and unlock the whole works."

"Dear friend Anna: Miss Anna Rinearson has received the following letter from Private Percy Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of Gladstone: Cavite, P. I., January 11, 1919.

"As it has been some time since I last wrote you, I thought I would write again and let you know what has been doing here for the past two months. We have had lots of excitement with the holidays and the wars ending, so I will tell you about it. "We had the usual turkey dinner on Thanksgiving Day, Christmas and New Years. The barracks were all decorated up with flags and greens from Xmas until after New Years. "The natives had a carnival during the early part of December, with parades and all sorts of games and races. The girls played base ball and needless to say the Marines rooted loudly for Cavite. The negro team from the Ninth Cavalry played two games. They are awfully funny and had a good time here. The negroes put on a vaudeville act at the movie show here, a large crowd was there and their buck and wing dancing received much applause. There has been some kind of a benefit show here almost every week for the last month. The Red Cross raised over \$100,000.00 in the drive and secured many new members. They gave several dances also to raise funds.

"I went over to the club Xmas Eve to a combined dance and entertainment. The typhoon came up and I had to stay over night. A big steamer was wrecked and twenty-one people lost their lives. Much damage was done to the rice fields and to the hemp and sugar cane plantations. It was unusual for such a hard storm at this season of the year. "We had games and sports of all kinds again, and two greased pigs to chase which were not easily caught. We had a holiday from Xmas until New Years with not much to do. I went to Manila again New Years Eve to the Club. There were thousands of people upon the streets with all sorts of noise making things in their hands. They kept blowing the horns and tooting whistles, throwing confetti for hours. At 12 o'clock things tore loose for fair and they kept it up for over an hour. "I have been quite busy since the first of the year, but we have most of our work caught up now so that I am able to get out and enjoy some of this nice weather we are having. The days are bright and sunny but a little cool at times. "I have been going out swimming and sailing for the last week, we have a dandy sail boat and it is great sport to go skimming over the waves, but I have acquired a lot of sunburn which is not much of a comfort to me. I am feeling fine now and taking on weight after I recovered from the "flu". There were over 36,000 people died here and some still have it in the other islands. I read in the paper about the time they had in the State with it. It is awful. Only three people in the service have died from it. "I read in the papers about President Wilson's trip to Europe and about Theodore Roosevelt's death. The flags are at half mast in his honor and services are going to be held tomorrow in all the churches in Manila. I may go but may not be able to get away. "I suppose Pete will soon be home again now that the men are being discharged out of the army. I expect to get away from here in a month or so, if our relief ever gets here. I have about four months to do so perhaps I will see you about Decoration Day. I will certainly be glad to be free again and don't think I care for any more life in the tropics as I have seen sun shine for so long that I want to see

some rain and snow again and some fir trees.

"Sincerely your friend, "PERCY WILSON."

"P. S.—We have a little black pup for mascot. He is awful mean as some one is always teasing him. Please excuse one mistake as this is a written hastily."

Leslie Kellogg, son of Mrs. Ina Kellogg of this city, has arrived safely at Camp Stuart, Va., from France. The following is the letter written previous to sailing for the United States: Somewhere in France.

"Dear Mother: We are located in the heart of the wine district of France. About all that is grown here is grapes and the people give us all we want to eat. Yesterday as we were on our daily hike across country, we saw the way wine is made and it is not an appetizing sight. They build a large hardwood box of indefinite proportions, which has drains to catch the juice, then what do you think? First they fill the box with grapes, take off their shoes and get into the box with their bare feet and smash the juice out. Ugh! Wouldn't you like a nice fresh glass of grape juice? I never imagined they made wine in any such primitive, did you?"

"I don't believe I ever told you what market day looks like. It is strange but market day is always on Sunday. There is a square in any town of any importance at all and on Saturday night the farmers arrive and set up their stands—Just like Booster Day in the States. Each one specializes and they don't try to run anyone but themselves out of business. It sure is fun to watch them buy their necessities at the different booths. Butter is made in long rolls about three feet long and a man cuts off as much as the customer desires. Their bread takes first prize though, for it is about two and a half feet long and weighs five pounds. This size seems to be standard and it is a common sight to see a kid lugging a loaf larger than himself down the street."

"We have almost forgotten what a modern house, or Maison Moderne, looks like. Everything goes back several hundred years or longer. In one town there even is a castle with moats around it just as in olden times. The houses are made of stone that is mined from the ground as we mine coal. They dig a large hole down to the rock, then branch out in every direction. In one of them we could walk a block under ground, in one little cave. In one place there is a whole city underground which was very popular in the days gone by. We have also traveled on one of the oldest roads in the world. It is lined with Sycamore trees on both sides, which are hundreds of years old. These trees are very plentiful here and are a great deal like our Maple trees at home."

"One funny thing here the people all start to say "Goodnight" right away after noon. One thing we hear more than anything else, I think, is "No Compre" which means "I don't understand" in America. Whenever you say anything they don't like, that is what they say. It sure sounds funny to hear them say "Merci", meaning thanks whenever one buys anything. "Our billets is an old chateau on top of a small hill overlooking the surrounding country for several kilometers. We can see for maybe twenty-five kilometers to north and the villages are as thick as pimples on a person with the measles. The farmers are just in the midst of their fall plowing which they do with oxen exclusively. They have the strangest way of plowing I ever heard of. They plow the land up in dead furrows and hillocks alternately, and then seed the high places. Old John Ray must be quite a veteran by this time. I was at the same school Frank M. Milliken was and returned several weeks ago. "Later—We have taken our first step in the journey homeward and are very impatiently waiting for the next one. Last Saturday we left Lusac and hiked into Libourne and have been here ever since. Talk about a happy bunch of fellows! There couldn't have been any happier bunch than the 69th when we rolled our packs and started West. We have not received any mail for over a month and won't get any more until we hit the States, so I haven't much idea what is happening in old Oregon City. But don't worry about us as we will soon be where letter writing is unnecessary which means Home, Sweet Home. "Love to all. "JES."

The following letter has been written by J. R. Stafford of Company E, 188th Engineers, Railway: Is-sur-Tille, France, Dec. 3, 1918.

"Dear Uncle Jack: It has been a long time since I heard from you. This Christmas will be different from those gone by. However, time changes a great many things. Here I am, miles from any where, yet it is a large place from a military view, with its vast stores, warehouses and yards. It sure sounds good to hear those American locomotives whistle, after listening so long to the little screech of the Belgian and French type. We have a great bunch of huge engines and small box cars over here. The box cars look big, but they are only 36 feet long and 35-ton size. You see the cars over here are made for short hauls, so are very small. They carry from 10 to 20 tons and are rolled right into a warehouse or factory by hand power. The tracks are double, and the engineer travels by block system instead of orders. It is positive but somewhat slow at times, as there is no operator to tell what is wrong, or know why a train is late. "Our camp life here is just the same. Everyone is very anxious to return home. The wounded have all gone to the camps, from which they will be sent home. I am in charge of keeping the construction motor transportation in good repair. It is a good place too. I am the only one of my company left here. I have been up here almost five months."

"I left Bordenaux the first of August. Have seen a bit of country but none of the war zone. Made two trips to Pontallier on the Swiss border and was down to Nevers and up to Langres. Dijon, the home of the Sparkling Burgundy is our nearest city, it being twenty miles away. Here we have one of the largest bakeries in the world, 1,500,000 pounds of bread a day if necessary; also have complete machine shops, to repair guns, cannon, and everything in a fight. Has a great gas plant not far away. Have separate shops for engineers' equipments, all very complete. "The farm land around here is not of much account. But around Nevers they have very fine places, with stock of all kinds, turkeys, geese, etc. We had turkey Thanksgiving by chipping in five francs each. It costs seventy cents per pound. It costs one dollar up to get any meat. Rooms are fifty and seventy-five cents in the small towns. But we do not get to run around Army life is that of a prisoner. "I am glad to know my folks have kept well while I'm over here. I have not lost a day since I have been in the army. "With best regards to all, "I am sincerely yours, J. R. STAFFORD, Co. E, 18th Engrs., Ry., A. P. O., No. 712."

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BATTLE IS EXPECTED ON OLEOMARGARINE MEASURE IN HOUSE

SALEM, Feb. 24.—A battle is expected on the floor of the house today when the Pierce oleomargarine bill is reported with a divided committee composed of the house manufacturing and the house food and dairy products committees. The manufacturers are opposed to the measure, while a majority of the dairy committees favor it. It seems that a majority report will be submitted against the bill and a minority report in favor of it. The motion to substitute the minority for a majority report will be the opening gun in what promises to be one of the liveliest scraps of the session.

HIGHWAY COMMISSION TO RECEIVE BIDS ON FOUR PROJECTS

SALEM, Feb. 24.—Bids on four road building projects will be received by the state highway commission in Portland on March 6. The meeting will be held in the court house. California S. Benson will return from California to attend. The projects on which bids will be received are: Wolf Creek to Grave creek section of Pacific highway in Josephine county, 4.9 miles macadam. Grand Ronde section Yamhill-Nesqueam highway in Yamhill county, 2.7 miles, grading and macadam. John Day to Fish creek section of John Day highway in Grant county, 7.2 miles of grading and macadam. Jefferson-Albany section of Pacific highway in Linn county, 6.9 miles of grading and paving.

DIVORCE BILL POSTPONED IN UPPER HOUSE

SALEM, Feb. 22.—(Special)—The little difference between Senator Dimick and Representative Cross over the salary rises for certain Clackamas county officials was still unsettled when the Legislature adjourned today over till Monday. Cross expressed belief that it would be settled Monday in some amicable form. Dimick was busy yesterday engineering Schuebel's board of conciliation and arbitration bill through the senate, which he did by a heavy vote and his brief conference with Cross on the salaries of officials got nowhere. Oregon City is still to remain a mecca for martyrs of mismatched marriages as the Cross bill, which passed the house, requiring a plaintiff to reside in the county six months before bringing divorce proceedings, was indefinitely postponed in the Senate and the mills of the cruel little god may grind along uninterrupted. Dimick increases at the midnight action of the house last night in killing Senate Bill 67. "Those fellows told me they would pass that bill and it has gone to the slaughter pen," he declared today. An ineffectual effort was made today to re-refer Schuebel's inheritance tax bill in the Senate to increase the amounts contained in the bill, Pierce declaring he wished to do this to take care of some of the salaries being raised.

WIRE CONTROL BILL TO COME UP THIS WEEK

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—Right of way over the mass of congested legislation was today given the Moon wire control bill, limiting government control of the telegraph and telephone lines to December 31, 1919, and a bill providing for the appropriation of \$100,000,000 for acquiring and establishing rural settlements for soldiers in every state of the union, in two special rules announced by the house rules committee. This makes it certain that these two measures will come up in the house this week.