

# OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

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E. E. BRODIE, Editor and Publisher.

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## BOYS OVER HERE—OVER THERE



Rufus Kraxberger, who has received his honorable discharge from the army, was in Oregon City Tuesday. His home is at Mackburg, and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Franz Kraxberger of that place.

William Witzel of Boring, was in Oregon City Tuesday. He has just received his honorable discharge from the service.

Orville Long, who has been in the service, is one of the young men receiving his honorable discharge and was in Oregon City Tuesday. His home is near Aurora.

Thomas Gregory, who has been in the naval service for over a year, has returned to the Gregory farm at Greenwood. He has been stationed at Mare Island, Cal., since entering the service, and had planned to go on the sea, and was disappointed in not being transferred from the island. He has gained in weight and is looking fine.

Harry Edward Sellar of this city, son of Rudolph Sellar, is among the Oregon City young men receiving his honorable discharge from the naval service. Sellar has had some experience that he will not soon forget, while he was on the transport making the trips to and from France. The transport he was on had three battles with submarines and came out each time with flying colors. Sellar has made nine round trips to France, and thoroughly enjoyed his experiences on the high seas.

Word has been received by relatives in this city from Florian R. Burns, brother of Mrs. Fred W. Baker, telling of receiving injuries in the right hand during the last days of the war. He has been discharged from the hospital, where he has been receiving medical attention. The young man has been writing home with his left hand, not telling his relatives of the injuries received in battle, until he was discharged from the hospital. He is well known here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Frost of Gladstone, have two sons in the service, Neil Frost, who entered the service April 5, 1917, the day before the United States became involved in the war, is in the navy, on the U. S. S. South Carolina. He has enlisted for the four years service, and is enjoying the life of the navy. He left for France February 15.

Earl Frost is at Bremerton, Wash., and is also in the navy. He has returned to that place to be mustered out of service, as he enlisted for the duration of the war. He first went to Bremerton, then to Seattle, and then to Hampton Roads, where he attended naval school. He is with the Signal corps.

Mrs. Ethel Roberts of Dover, is in receipt of a letter from her youngest son, Webster Roberts, who is with Base Hospital No. 14, telling her not to write any more, as he was ordered home. Her other son, George E. Roberts, is still with Company 19, 20th Engineers, and is disappointed in not getting started for home.

Mrs. Roberts also has a half-brother Isaac H. New, of Company A, 18th Infantry with the American Expeditionary Forces.

In a letter to Mrs. C. W. Richardson from her son, Private Charles Richardson, who is in Germany with the Army of Occupation, he says: "Just a few lines to let you know I am O. K. Hope everyone is happy and well at home. I am happy because I heard we would be in New York in March. I sure hope so. Well, Mother, dear, won't we have a grand time when I return? Oh, boy! Give everybody a hello. Don't send any money to me."

"We are having a little snow at present. We are going to have beef-steak for supper."

"Wait until I get my hobnails on Main street. Wow!"

"I have been swimming in the Marne river, but I would rather go in at Canemah in the Willamette river. Tell Phoebe Mouton's mother he is O. K. and is in Germany."

"CHARLES."

Lieutenant Lloyd Harding, son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Harding, has written many interesting letters to his parents and other relatives here telling of some of his experiences and travels since arriving overseas. In one of his letters he tells of some of his travels, and of the work of the Red Cross, and is as follows:

January 25, 1919.

"My dear folks: "We drove into this town—Bourges—about 125 miles south of Paris this afternoon, and we are quartered here for the night, putting the men up at the Red Cross."

over here. The Red Cross here is situated at the depot, and when I arrived in town I went up to this organization and stated I had 65 men that I wished quarters for that night. The Red Cross gladly gave the men the quarters and also two meals. Those in charge said if the men had any money they could pay a franc and a half for each meal, but if they did not have any money it was really quite immaterial, and they would be fed just as willingly and that is their spirit right through.

"This evening there were some Red Cross workers came through the rest room where most of the men were before going to bed, and they gave each man a package of cigarettes and a cake of chocolate."

"I believe every cent that is put into the Red Cross organization is put to good advantage, and the men certainly get the advantage of it. Then too, there is a bunch of practical people running the organization that understand the American soldiers, and they really have much more influence over the men than certain other organizations."

"The weather is quite cold with the ground frozen, which means much work at night draining the radiators and thawing out the machines and starting them in the morning. So far I have not had much trouble on account of the cold."

"With love,  
"BEN."

Private Charles S. Wallace, son of Mrs. W. A. Henderson of Meldrum, a member of the 76th Company, Sixth Marines, is visiting at the family home on a three-weeks' furlough. At the end of the furlough he will leave for Washington, D. C., where he will receive medical treatment, as he is suffering from three wounds received in active service while in France. He expects to leave next week.

Private Charles S. Wallace was a student of the Oregon City high school when Uncle Sam called for young men to enter the service. He was one of the first young men of this county to answer his country's call. As he was not of age, he received his mother's consent to enlist. In company with Merle Bingham, son of Mrs. Axford of Mount Pleasant, the two young men left to enter the service, and were first stationed at Bremerton, Wash., where they were in training but a short time before being sent overseas. Wallace was awarded a medal as a sharpshooter at Bremerton, the medal he proudly wears. After their arrival overseas, the young men engaged in the same battles, and it was during the battle of Champagne that Wallace was wounded in the morning and his comrade, Bingham, was killed in the evening.

Both the young men were very popular here, and Wallace is being greeted home by his host of friends.

Mrs. Annie Helsby of 364 South High street, Oregon City, has received the following letter from her son, Clyde Helsby, who is at the Marine Barracks, Naval Station at Quantana Bay, Cuba:

"Dear Mother and the Bunch: "Yes, we got to the tropics. It isn't hot. Nope!"

"We got on the boat at Norfolk, Va., Monday, the 17th, and got off at Cuba Sunday—just a week's trip, and believe me, it was awful. I wasn't sick, but felt rather funny several times. Gee! I had to laugh at the other poor fellows 'heaving' up all they had eaten for a week. There were 1700 of us aboard, and three-fourths of them were sick, so I had all I wanted to eat. Ha! Ha! We had to sleep on the deck, wherever we could find a place. It was so crowded we hardly had sleeping room any place. I slept in a life boat on the first night, but the following night wasn't so lucky, and was not able to get one. Had a hard time finding a place to lie down on the top deck. There wasn't walking room for the ship's crew to work or do their duty. We slept on our blankets, and wrapped up in our overcoats, and when the wind blew hard you would find yourself ten feet away from where you started. We almost froze too until we got down in the tropical zone."

"They separated me from my old standby today. He went to one camp, and I went to the other, and some of the rest stayed right there. He went to the old soldiers' home, and I was sent here to the wild man's outfit, the worst I have been in yet. Men here are all half crazy or mad—Ha! Ha! Most of them have been here 15 months, and they thought we were four-year-boots to relieve them, but they were badly mistaken. They work you day and night here to keep you alive I guess."

"There are no white people here at all. They are all Spiks, negroes and chinks, mostly Spiks (the Regular Cuban people). "The Atlantic fleet is here and the Quantama bay is sure pretty at night. I guess you read in the paper where the big fleet left New York somewhere around the 15th. There were 14 battleships, and I do not

know how many submarines, sub-chasers, sea planes and cruisers there were, but it was sure some sight.

"I hope I will receive some mail after awhile. A month gone by and none yet. I guess you folks have gotten it all back or it is lying in the dead letter office, so tell me everything I your next letter, as I do not been on my way. It came down here once, and was sent back. It will a month before I hear from you I suppose, so I want lots of news. Send me the newspapers once in a while, if there is anything interesting in them."

"We get funny money here and smoking, matches, and everything is so queer alongside of the old States. I will bring back a few of the odd things when I return. All you see here are palm trees and cacti plants and brush. Oh, yes, and water. "Hoping you are all O. K. as usual. I am as always,  
"Your son,  
"CLYDE."

Mrs. Gozesky and son, Joseph F. Gozesky of this city, have received the following letter from the former's son, Sergeant Stanley M. Gozesky of this city, and now in Is-sur-tille, France: "Dear Mother: "Just writing a few lines today to let you know that I am well and getting along as well as anyone can. "A few days ago I wrote to the Chief Paymaster of the United States Marines asking him where Anthony was. I haven't had an answer yet, but I think it will come soon, then I will write home and tell you all about it."

"How is everything at home and everything in Oregon City? "I heard that the 91st division was going home soon, but I don't think that we are going with that division."

"I am enclosing a piece of aeroplane that was wrecked here a few days ago, when one man was killed and the other badly wounded. I have also mailed you other articles including pictures of Paris, the front and besides the little book called 'The Yanks.' These things I want you to keep for me until I come back, for I have no place to keep them."

"It is pretty cold here now, and we have a few inches of snow on the ground. I don't know when I am coming home yet, but I think it will be quite awhile yet, so don't expect me too soon. "I am your son and brother,  
"MICHAEL S. GOZESKY,  
"Baking Company 344, A. P. O. 712, A. E. F."

## FORMER RESIDENT OF CLACKAMAS COUNTY ENJOYS NAVY LIFE

Mrs. George Maple and son, Ray, formerly of this city and Parkplace, but now of Portland, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Kent of Parkplace, Monday. Ray Maple has had experience as a marine and also as a sailor. He was in the marine service for four years and then entered the naval service, having just received his honorable discharge after a four-years' service. He will re-enlist again as soon as he visits relatives in Portland and elsewhere, and is much impressed with the life of the briny deep. Since leaving Milwaukie, his former home, after residing in Oregon City, he has been on the cruiser New Orleans, and was also chief cook on that boat about three years ago. He later went to Key West, Wash., a torpedo station and then was transferred to the New Orleans at New York. He has made 22 trips across the ocean to France since was declared, and was on one of the boats conveying ships and also transporting wounded soldiers. He has lately been on the Manchuria, the last three trips of that vessel bringing the wounded back to the United States. Just previous to his discharge from the service he was chief commissary steward of the Manchuria.

"The men said up until the armistice was signed that their treatment had been very bad. One of the boys said at the camp where he had been that about 200 of the 2000 died of ill-treatment and exposure the last month before the armistice was signed. The German guards would stand over men who were dying and just laugh at them. The boys had very little food, the only thing they had was the old soup and black war bread that you have read so much about. The men were also forced to carry shells that the Germans had captured from the English. After the armistice was signed the food commenced to get better, as the food parcels that had been sent to them by mail weeks before were handed out to them by the Germans. They said that they never received any war news, but could always tell how the Allies were getting along by the way they were being treated. When the Germans were losing the treatment was always the best."

"These men said at the present time that the civilian population of Germany has a big shortage of food, but that the military had large stores of it at which the people did not get a chance."

Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1919  
"Well, I will try to write a little more. We are taking inventory of the clothing aboard that belongs to the ship, and I have been checking up on it."

"I got to see the sights of Edinborough for a couple of days, but one must put in a long time there to get a good idea of the city. It is the most beautiful city that I have been in on this side of the water. Princess street is said to be the most beautiful street in Europe. It has a lot of statues and fine buildings along its way. It is situated along the side of a little valley which is made up of parks. Across the valley is the Edinborough castle, the view from there is the best of all in the city. The castle is about the same as the tower of London as far as the buildings are concerned, and was used for the same purpose."

"I went through St. Giles cathedral, John Knox' house, Holy Rood Palace and several other places. I will not attempt to describe them, as we had no guide when we went through and I am not very well versed in Scottish history."

"Was at Edinborough but a couple of days, and then I went out to Melrose, and was at Melrose Abbey and Dryburgh Abbey and Sir Walter Scott's home at the time of his death. The abbey are a mass of ruins at the present time. A lot of the former kings, queens and other famous persons in Scotch history are buried there."

"Abbotsford is located on the river Tweed, and there is Scott's home with quite a few acres of land attached to the place. The scenery around there is fine, about the best of all I saw in Scotland, I believe."

"I left Melrose Thursday night about 11 o'clock for London, arriving

the next morning about 9 o'clock. Went to 'Going Up' at the Galey in the evening and left for Plymouth at 12, as we had to get back to ship at noon Saturday. It was a sure tired-out bunch of boys that put in an appearance the next day at about 12 o'clock. One had to travel nearly all the time at night, so as to be able to see any of the sights where we were located."

"I expect to go to Paris on my next leave, that is, if we are on this side of the water when that time comes. It is fine weather here at the present time only raining about 7 days out of the week. It sure starts raining here quicker than any place I have ever been before. Well, there is not much more to write about so I will close for this time. Say hello to every one for me.  
"ART."

The following letter has been received by Joseph F. Gozesky of this city from his brother, Sergeant A. J. Gozesky of 96th Company, Sixth Marines: Rhelabroh, Germany, February 18, 1919.

## WEEKLY SOLDIER LETTER

U. S. S. C. No. 252,  
U. S. Naval Base No. 27,  
Plymouth, Eng. Jan. 19, 1919.

"Dear Mother: "I arrived here from my trip yesterday, but was too tired to write then."

"I sure had a fine trip and got to see quite a bit of the country. I left Plymouth last Saturday at 1:45 P. M., took the train to Bristol, England, but just stopped there for a couple of hours and then left for Glasgow, Scotland. Arrived there at 6 A. M. Sunday. Just as we got off the train a Y. M. C. A. man caught hold of us and took us into the Y. M. C. A. headquarters at the station and served us with coffee, sandwiches and cake without charge."

"It was a fine trip from Plymouth, for all one had to do was to sit up and freeze. We went to the American Y. M. C. A. to put up, and it was sure a fine place to stay. It is the best of all the Y. M. C. A. headquarters where I stayed while on this side of the water. This has good rooms, two single beds in a room and good bath also. The meals were served family style and were sure good."

"Sunday afternoon I put in seeing the sights of Glasgow. I went through the art galleries and saw a few more different places. Glasgow is not noted for its sights, as it is strictly a commercial city. The largest ship-building plants in the world are located there on the river Clyde."

"The streets are nice and wide, and the buildings in general look more modern than the English cities."

"I met a couple of American soldiers, who live near Portland, and they said that G and I companies of Oregon are located at Liverpool, England, at the present time. They said that these companies did not get to see any action in France."

"There are not many United States soldiers or sailors in Scotland. About the only ones being there are those on leave. I was with one of the boys from the 252d. We were invited by a couple of United States Y. W. C. A. girls to go to Edinborough with them to see a Red Cross ship bring a load of troops, who had been prisoners in Austria and Germany. We accepted the invitation, arriving in Edinborough and went directly to the wharf, and the boat was just drawing alongside as we arrived there. There was a band aboard, and it played patriotic airs, and the men sang them. They were sure a happy lot. After the boat was made fast the men commenced filing off to the tune of music—by a band of Scottish pipers. They were served a good, hot dinner by the Edinborough Y. M. C. A. An American Y. M. C. A. man had some cigarettes and chocolate, which the two Y. W. C. A. girls we were with and this man distributed to the troops."

"The men said up until the armistice was signed that their treatment had been very bad. One of the boys said at the camp where he had been that about 200 of the 2000 died of ill-treatment and exposure the last month before the armistice was signed. The German guards would stand over men who were dying and just laugh at them. The boys had very little food, the only thing they had was the old soup and black war bread that you have read so much about. The men were also forced to carry shells that the Germans had captured from the English. After the armistice was signed the food commenced to get better, as the food parcels that had been sent to them by mail weeks before were handed out to them by the Germans. They said that they never received any war news, but could always tell how the Allies were getting along by the way they were being treated. When the Germans were losing the treatment was always the best."

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"ART."

The following letter has been received by Joseph F. Gozesky of this city from his brother, Sergeant A. J. Gozesky of 96th Company, Sixth Marines: Rhelabroh, Germany, February 18, 1919.

"Dear Brother Joe: "I am just dropping you a few lines to let you know that I am well and feeling fine. I have not been sick a day since I left Oregon City."

"I received a letter from Brother Mike last night. He has just located me, and I just located him by mail. It is the first mail I have received since last September. We have been here since December 13. We are living in an office of a factory building on the bank of the river Rhine. We have electric lights and steam heat, and get more than we can eat. Everything is fine, except the mail. I have written many letters home since I have been here. I also wrote home when we stopped for a rest at the German border. I have just received an Oregon City paper from Mike, and according to the paper you seemed very much worried over me. Somebody is an awful good guesser to guess that I was in the thickest of the fight. I did not write to anyone telling them I was going in the drive, nevertheless I was in the Argonne-Meuse drive from November 1-11. Our division (Second) gained a distance of about 40 kilometers. To top off the show we went over the top the night of November 10, when we put on a night attack, and November 11, the morning the armistice was signed we were in the front lines with the Heines going to the rear. We were wet, dirty and hungry. I would be willing to bet that you or Mother could not have recognized me. I did not even wash my face, let alone shave, during the drive for those ten days. We got an average of one meal per day. After a few days' rest we started on our march to Germany. We marched 354 kilometers (our company) over 200 American miles. It was some hike. Of course, we joked about everything that happened, but I have gone twenty-six days without any shelter, except stretching a shelter half over a hole, and I have gone sixteen days without removing my shoes."

"We took everything cheerfully as it came, but this business about our mail certainly gets our goat when we find out that our people do not get our mail, which causes them to worry, and it makes us feel bad in return."

"I hope you will hear from Brother Mike soon. He will tell you I am all right."

"Please let me know about the allotment. The paymaster should be sending a check to Mother for \$25 every month for twelve months. Let me know so I can get it straightened out."

"I will close for this time, with best wishes.  
"Your brother,  
"ANTHONY."

Miss Mary Mitchell of this city, has recently received two letters from her brother, Roy Mitchell, a well known Clackamas county boy whose home is at Sandy, and who is in the United States Marines. One letter was written January 23, and the other February 1.

"Dear Sister Midge: "Well, Midge, I am still 'kicking around.' It has stopped raining here for the present, and it hasn't rained for two days. It is clear and cold, and the mud is frozen up, which makes it more agreeable around camp."

"I expect to get home in about three months, if I have good luck. I am not going back to my outfit. I am in a casual outfit, and think that the casuals will be sent home within the next couple of months."

"I have found out where my mail is. It is at the paymaster's office in Paris. I would write for it if I thought I would be here when it arrived, but as it takes ten days to get it here, and do not think I will be there, and in that case I would rather leave it where it is. The last letter I had from home was one from you and was dated September 29. I received it October 10, the day we came out of the Champagne drive."

The second letter, dated February 1, was as follows: "Well, Midge, it seems as though I can't get away from St. Aignan."

"Last week they sent a bunch of us Marines to LeMars, supposing to be on our way to the States, but after staying there for a few days, we were shipped back here again."

The weather has been pretty cold for the last two weeks, snowing every day, and riding in the box cars is no pleasure. There is no such thing as getting warm in this country in winter time. We have no fires in our tents or barracks."

"I would sure like to get back home by spring, so I could go to work. I am not doing any good over here now, that the war is over, and if I was home

I could be making good use of my time.  
"Hoping this finds all well, I am  
"Your loving brother,  
"ROY."

"O yes! Did I tell you I received my Xmas box? It was in splendid shape and I enjoyed it hugely. I also received a \$5.00 bill from some of my friends. American money looks mighty good, after a fellow has had nothing but little French soap wrappers for a spell."

"I want to thank you all very kindly for the Christmas remembrance. "I haven't received any mail since December, so guess we all have the spring fever."

"Love and best regards to all.  
"Your son,  
"PETE."

The following is a letter received by Mrs. P. M. Rinearson of Gladstone, from her son, Sergeant P. M. Rinearson, Jr., now with Company D, 27th Engineers in France: Le Chene, France, Feb. 3, 1919.

"My dear Mother: "It has been a long time since I wrote you, but I guess I have excused enough, if I should produce them."

"We are near the city of Nantes, now, and are ready to sail for the States, but I doubt if we leave for several weeks or months."

"I am well as can be, but one never knows when he might take sick in these parts. The climate here is very much like that at home. It is damp and chilly, but neither very wet or dry—not very warm or cold."

"The main trouble is that the French houses are old-fashioned. Heaters are unknown and wood is very scarce, so that the little cold weather we do have raises 'Cain', although the natives don't notice it like we do. A great deal of the wood used here is much smaller than the hazel brush at home, and an arm load of it costs 1-2 francs, or about 30 cents."

Lieutenant Thomas N. Burns, a former Gladstone young man, who is well known here, and who is with Company 2, Service Battalion, Army schools, writes a letter to the Women's Patriotic Edition of the Morning Enterprise for a dollar greenback and letter. For many months it was feared that Lieutenant Burns was among the missing in action in France, as he failed to receive letters from home, and his letters failed to reach relatives here. Since being in France he has been promoted to Lieutenant. The following is the letter just received: Langres, France, February 4, 1919.

"From Thomas N. Burns, Second Lieutenant Infantry.  
"To the Editors:  
"To the Editors (Kathryn Sinnott, Nan Cochran, Dolly Pratt, Ciss Pratt, Through Shortest Channels):  
"Subject:  
"Acknowledgement of Receipt of One dollar Bill (from God's Country) and a dandy letter full of good cheer.  
"Hello Girls!  
"Please don't think that I am unappreciative or that I have forgotten my good friends in Oregon City, for such is not the case. The reason for not answering your most appreciated letter of August 15 was that I just received it today. Perhaps you would be surprised to know that I received no mail from the time we left our training area for the St. Mihiel front the first of September until a few days before Christmas. Am making up for lost time, however, as I received thirty letters today dated from August to November."

"The efforts you have made, and in fact, everyone at home, have been thoroughly appreciated by the boys over here."

"No doubt you are this very minute listening to some 'rattle brain' doughboy telling of some impossible feat he has performed, but don't be too rash in your judgment of him, for the American doughboy is second to none, and no honor is too great for him. I could repeat tales by the hour where some N. C. O. or even buck private in the rear rank has proven himself the 'missing link' and turned defeat into a decided victory. Often a sergeant has led a whole company in a drive of three or four days' duration, with every man, who could stand on his feet fighting like hell."

"To illustrate the fighting, perhaps you would like to know that they captured papers stating that the 91st Division would be in the line on or about October 30, and any soldier who captured a man from the 91st U. S. Division would be given an 18-day leave. You can't imagine how a fellow will fight for an 18-day leave over here, so it is needless to say 'Jerry' did his best."

"Well, to make a long story real short, the 'Wild West' took its five-day objective and were ready for another 'show' in two days. If you think for a single minute the boys from the West were not in the fun, just ask 'Fritz'. He knows his sorrow."

"Now, I don't want to give you the impression that the 91st was the only regiment of heroes over here, for every division over here has done wonders, but of course I am more interested in the 91st. The 42d, or Rain-bow division has the best record, but perhaps it had more opportunities, and who can tell what others would have done had their places been reversed?"

"We won't speak of casualties, for I know that every boy, whose name is on the Honor Roll can rest undisturbed in his honored grave, well knowing that his father, mother, wife or children will want for nothing as long as there is a single star left to shine in Old Glory."

"My part in the big 'show' has been so small that it isn't hardly worthy of mentioning. I was sent from the St. Mihiel front to Port de la Bonneville near Langres, France, where men from every division in the American Expeditionary Forces, who had shown officer abilities were given the acid test, and were instructed in the most modern formations and tactics."

When the smoke cleared away after six weeks of strenuous efforts on half rations, I stood third in my class. "We were supposed to leave on Monday night for the front, where most of the 'shave tails' took command of a company, and continued the drive. On Sunday night orders came from general headquarters for me to report to the commandant of the army school as an instructor. Can you beat it? Of course 'am' orders, so I said goodbye to the boys, and took up my new duties, which I am pleased to say I have discharged with more or less success, as I have had two very favorable mentions. One was from a lieutenant colonel and one from a colonel."

"Just at present I am living the life of ease, as the schools are almost full in this area (advance zone), but I expect to go to Godricourt soon for reassignment. It's about my luck to draw a job as instructor in Russia, but who would blame a fellow for getting cold feet on a proposition like that?"

"Miss Anderson, an Oregon City nurse, was visiting for a few hours last Saturday at Base 53, which is an evacuation hospital near here. She heard that I was at Langres, so called me up. Say, the visit was had!"

"Just a word about the American Expeditionary nurse—Of course she has done wonders, but it is best expressed as one doughboy put it—'The Red Rose of No Man's Land.' She has been mother, sister and sweetheart to the wounded boys over here, and her uniform commands as much respect (and more) than if she wore two stars on her shoulder."

"I'll not spend that real dollar for anything except ice cream, but that is almost a perfect stranger in France. I may wait and have a dish with the Goddess of Liberty Somewhere in U. S. A. next summer. I am going to spend this week-end in Paris, as I haven't had a day off since I left home."

"Thanking you again for your kind remembrance and wishing you all the happiness in the world safe for democracy,  
"I remain,  
"Your true friend,  
"TOM."

Lieutenant Thomas N. Burns, Company 2, Service Battalion Army Schools, A. P. O. 714, A. E. F., France.

## FORUM OF THE PEOPLE

HOW TO AVOID SMUT  
Upper Highland Country, Clackamas County, Oregon.

Question—What makes smut? Answer—The Sun.

My neighbor sowed oats with blue stone. Half on one side of the road and half on the other. When it commenced raining he had to wait three or four days before sowing the balance. He vitriol all the same time. The right hand side sowed before the rain was not a speck of smut; all nice beautiful oats—A No. 1. The left hand side was one-third smut, some a foot long on top and smut below.