

WEAPONS PRESSES WASHINGTON EDITOR

Appalling Wreckage of Battle Viewed—Troops Live Underground.

U. S. HEADQUARTERS SEEN

American Officers Entertain Members of Congressional Party and Give Them Much Information of Activities.

BY MAJOR H. W. PATTON. After spending the night at Chalons-sur-Marne, we started early the next morning for what to me proved the most interesting spot in all France, the citadel of Verdun. I have often read of fortresses, but I never saw one before.

We were met at the entrance of this mighty citadel by the commandant, a tall, soldierly Frenchman, wearing a steel helmet and a very rough uniform. We passed through the entrance into solid rock, and found ourselves in a long tunnel running up to a winding staircase leading to still more corridors, which, like those below, were brilliantly lighted by electricity and enjoyed first-class ventilation.

Troops Live Underground. Thousands of men are housed in these galleries and other underground works, where there is a splendid electric light plant and a bakery, which supplies the bread for the French forces on this front.

In a long room, many feet underground, was a table set, surrounded by chairs with red plush bottoms, and other evidences of a banquet-room. Here we were entertained by the commandant, and I have as a souvenir the menu upon which appears his autograph. This I shall always prize as a choice possession.

Food Are Visited. After luncheon we were taken in cars to the outlying forts, Belfort and Souville. On the way to these forts I saw several cemeteries, in each of which there must have been 15,000 graves, so close together that there was no passing between them. At the head of each grave was a simple cross, marked with the name and the regiment of the dead soldier. It being near All Saints day, a rosette of the color adorned each cross. All of these soldiers had been killed at the storming of Verdun, when the Crown Prince made his unavailing attempt to break this key to the situation in that portion of France.

Fort Souville is a most remarkable place. We descended through a tunnel and down a rickety staircase to a depth of more than 100 feet, and as in the citadel proper, there were numerous corridors and galleries filled with soldiers who manned the mighty guns which formed the protection.

Afterward we went to the top of this fort by the commandant, who, although lame from a wound received in battle, can climb like a mountain goat, and he said that he had been here before the summit was reached. Here he pointed to a stunted and riddled tree not more than 150 feet from the top of the fort, where the Hun had gotten that close before they were stopped. They were stopped because the French had planted machine guns in the trenches or hidden behind little obstructions and parapets, and they turned loose on the German horde, and they say that the Boche died in five deep. It is estimated that 120,000 Germans lost their lives in this fight. We saw no crosses on the German graves, no headstones, but they probably were covered up where they fell.

While we were on the summit of Fort Souville, the guns from the German lines were belching forth shells at regular intervals. There were replies to them from French batteries in the valley. None of the shells came near us, nor could we hear the whining, but the noise of the explosions was quite audible.

Ruins of Verdun Seen. On our return to the citadel we were taken to an eminence and allowed to gaze over the ruins of what had been the beautiful city of Verdun. Not a single uninjured house was left, nor was there a house occupied, as the whole place was a mass of ruins.

We then returned to the fortresses, where the commandant again ushered us into the banquet-room, where champagne and merrily were served, and toasts in honor of the United States and France were given and responded to. It then being almost dark, lunch our visit to the fortresses having proved so interesting that we had overstayed our time, it became necessary to tear ourselves away just before dark.

As we speeded down the road towards our next stopping place, we approached a small town, and the French officer in charge of the party told us that we had better put on considerable speed, as the Germans shelled that town every afternoon at 5:30, and it was then 5:15. We hurried through and could hear the shells exploding behind us.

Autos Carry No Lights. It became pitch dark, and we were allowed no lights on the autos because of the fear that the airplanes of the Boches would drop bombs upon us. It is not a very pleasant feeling to drive at a rapid rate at night without any lights on your machines, especially when you know that there are enemy machines ahead of you, and three behind you, making it reasonably certain you will either run into the machine directly ahead of you, or the one behind is going to run into you.

I think the narrowest escape I ever had was when the machine in front of us came to a sudden stop, and our driver by a quick turn of the wheel threw us into the ditch, only missing the other machine by a hair's breadth. However, we did not turn over, and due time reached the town of Bar Le Duc, so famous for its jams and jellies. You will find no first-class hotels in America without these jams and jellies appearing upon the menu.

We arrived at this town about 10 o'clock at night, and as usual with the small French towns, the streets were winding and narrow, and it took us some time to find the officers' club, where supper had been prepared for us. I endeavored to secure on its native health some of these famous Bar Le Duc jams and jellies, but they surprised me to find that no resident of that city had ever heard of the native product, and we were served such condiments as has been made in England.

After supper we again started upon our way, and at 4:30 o'clock in the morning arrived at the hotel near the headquarters of the American Army. We stepped stiffly from our autos and received the pleasant intelligence that we would take up our journey the next morning at 7 o'clock. This gave us two and one-half hours of much-needed rest.

We left on time, and in due course arrived at the American headquarters, which are established in enormous buildings which had been used for

other purposes before the war. Here we were met by the Colonel in charge of the different departments, who in turn secured us upon the duties of these departments and gave us a great deal of valuable information. They also inspired us with the belief, nay, the certain knowledge, that the American forces were getting into action and were proving their efficiency.

Attack is Described. Just the day before we arrived at American headquarters had occurred the disaster to the first boys' brigade. Hugh Gibson had sent into the trenches. Of course these casualties were given out and you are familiar with them, but I will describe the manner in which the assault was made and so successfully carried out.

The Hun desired to capture American prisoners in order to obtain from them information regarding our forces in France and information regarding affairs at home. They looked for a place that trench in which a very small detachment of American troops had been placed. They started an intensive artillery fire along the line for several miles, then established what is known as a box barrage; this consisted of the dropping of shells on each side and behind the trench in which the desired men were. These shells were thrown with the regularity of a person driving nails into a board, making it impossible for those in the trench to inch back or forward or to the right or to the left. The front only was open. It also made it impossible for any person to come to the rescue of those in this inclosed trench.

Trench is Invaded. When the box barrage was thoroughly established the Boche went over the top in force and invaded the trench where our boys were. Three of our boys were killed, one had his throat cut from ear to ear, another had his head blown off, and a third was killed by gunshot wounds. Seven of our boys were wounded and 12 were taken prisoner and carried over into the German line. When the American headquarters the deepest resentment was felt at the brutal manner in which these men had been killed, and there was expressed a determination to get even with the Hun.

After a stay of two or three hours spent at the headquarters we started back to the American lines, where we arrived about noon, and were met by General Siebert and his staff. The American and French officers' entertainers at lunch, and at this function a very interesting bit of information was given. How much truth there is in it I am not prepared to say, but the American and French officers' headquarters at Chalons-sur-Marne, the turning point in this war, the reason for the disastrous defeat of the Germans at that time was given as follows: The German had approached within 15 miles of Paris. They only numbered the French five to one and the success of their arms seemed assured.

German Army Gets Drunk. They say that when the Germans marched through the Epernay district officers and men alike indulged deeply in the heady wines for which that district is so famous and when they finally arrived in front of Paris the whole army was drunk, or felt the effect of the wine. Von Kluck's officers failed to co-ordinate, the Hunna massed their men on the right and left with scattering troops from the center.

General Foch, who is the hero of that battle, although Joffre was in command, seized the situation instantly. He bagged up 5000 auto loads of soldiers in Paris and went through the German line at its thinnest point, curling it up and causing the forces of Von Kluck to retreat, which they have kept up from that day until this. In passing through the Epernay district the Germans passed through the American lines, and the only second to that which formerly existed in Rheims, but the Germans committed no acts of vandalism. They looted the property of the beautiful country for their own uses. When they went back through it they had no time to commit acts of vandalism and they say that the Boche dead lay five deep. It is estimated that 120,000 Germans lost their lives in this fight. We saw no crosses on the German graves, no headstones, but they probably were covered up where they fell.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

ASTORIA GERMAN TAKEN

VIOLATION OF WATERFRONT ORDER CAUSES ARREST. Frederick Wilhelm Reinhold Loth Reported to Have Said He Would Fight for Kaiser.

ASTORIA, Or., Dec. 28.—(Special.)—The first arrest locally for violation of the President's proclamation prohibiting a German enemy alien from entering the barred zone was made this morning, when Frederick Wilhelm Reinhold Loth was taken into custody by Deputy Collector Haddix and Immigration Inspector Geoch.

Loth is a native of Germany and has been in this country since 1902. He took out his first papers in 1915, but was never admitted to citizenship. He is the man who is alleged to have told a member of the legal advisory board when filling out his draft questionnaire that he was sorry he got his first citizenship papers, but would willingly go back to Germany and join the German army. If this accusation proves to be well founded Loth will probably face more serious punishment than simple internment. The charge has been filed with the Federal authorities.

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DASH TO ANTWERP MARKED BY DANGER

Hugh Gibson Tells of Pushing Through Belligerent Lines in White-Flagged Auto.

NARROW ESCAPES ARE HAD

Belgian Outguards Almost Shoot Occupants of Car, Saying That Germans Were in Habit of Using White Flag Foully.

BY HUGH GIBSON. Secretary of the American Legion in Brussels at the outbreak of the war. 107 Dowsland, Page Co. by Otis F. Wood.

(CONTINUED.) When I got to the office I found that Villalator had not sent over his contribution of letters, so I ran up to the Legation and saw him. He bade me farewell as though I were off to certain death and loaded me with a large bundle of letters and telegrams. When I got back to the shop I found my fellow passenger, the Count de Woeste, waiting for me. He is leader of the Catholic party which has been in power in Belgium for the past 30 years, and although he is 75 years old, he is still a big figure in the little country. He behaved very well on the trip, and if I were a Belgian citizen I should vote for him on account of his good nerve.

Armed Car Is Escort. We bowed off to headquarters, where I was mightily pleased to find that Von Herwart had assigned himself to the duty of taking us up to the outposts—just for a visit. It was the only satisfactory one I have had with him since he came. At headquarters there were two other traveling companions. My old traveling companion had a hard time to keep himself in hand and did not enter upon a joint venture with me until he had had a good deal of rest and recuperation. He did well, however, and my two passengers parted on good terms, even going to the extraordinary length of shaking hands at the outpost.

A big military motor, filled with armed men, was sent ahead to act as guide, and we followed along closely behind in a cloud of dust. From the outskirts of Brussels right up to the German outposts at Hofstade the roads were filled with German troops of every sort—infantry, lancers, heavy artillery and even three or four large detachments of sailors in blue blouses and caps. All the men, except the sailors and a few of the landsturm who wear conspicuous blue uniforms, were in the new greenish gray which has been a cut down. It is a pretty dreadful sight.

I left M. de Woeste at the Grand Hotel, where the cabinet is staying, and went back to the Legation. Had lunch with Sir Francis Villiers and Colonel Fairholme, and got my first view of the Belgian headquarters stopped issuing bulletins of German victories. Sir Francis showed me telegrams he had received about the German check and retreat in France; and Prince Koudacheff, the Russian Minister, who joined us for coffee, vied with him by showing me his telegrams about the Russian advance in Eastern Prussia and in Austria.

Messages Are Sent. After luncheon I had some pow-wows on the subject that had brought me to the front, and I visited for them whom I had messages. They are a lot more cheerful than the last time I was in Antwerp and are ready for anything.

From the Foreign Office I went to the Consulate-General, where I found a mountain of letters and the German check and retreat in France; and Prince Koudacheff, the Russian Minister, who joined us for coffee, vied with him by showing me his telegrams about the Russian advance in Eastern Prussia and in Austria.

Prime Minister Seen. After dinner I was again asked to go to the Grand Hotel to see the Prime Minister. He had nothing startling to say, but was anxious to know what was going on in Brussels. He showed me his telegrams from France, England and Russia, and his maps with the recent movements worked out with little flags.

On my way back to the Legation I saw a German officer who was to accompany us as far as the outposts and to inspect his men on the way back. He was a tall, thin man with a white flag.

White Flag is Raised. On the outskirts of Hofstade, under a brick railway bridge, we found the German outposts. The bridge had been hard fighting here at the time of the last Belgian sortie, and the bridge and the surrounding houses showed evidence of the fighting.

I was rather against putting up the white flag, but both Herwart and the naval officer were most insistent that we should do so, saying that the fighting between the lines was filled with patriots, both Belgian and German; that they felt that hostilities were to be commenced at any moment and that anyone who ventured into the district between the lines would stand a fine chance of being shot unless he carried a satisfactory emblem.

They rigged up a long pole on the side of the car with a white flag about six feet square, and, holding the flag, we went to the bridge. The German outposts were filled with German troops of every sort—infantry, lancers, heavy artillery and even three or four large detachments of sailors in blue blouses and caps. All the men, except the sailors and a few of the landsturm who wear conspicuous blue uniforms, were in the new greenish gray which has been a cut down. It is a pretty dreadful sight.

Belgians Are Met. About a kilometer farther on we came around a turn in the road and nearly ran into the first Belgian outpost—six men and an officer. As we came around upon them they scurried behind stone walls and trees and gave us the usual pleasant greeting of leveled rifles. As the most prudent thing to do under such circumstances, the car was stopped, and I went ahead to parley. The officer proved to be young Z... He turned quite white when he got a good look at me, and remarked that it was fortunate they had not had a sight of us farther down the road, as we would certainly have been filled with lead.

He said that the Germans had tried three times that morning to get through the lines in cars flying the white flag. In one instance at least with a machine gun in the car. As a matter of fact, they were not to take any chance for the rest of the time intervening before the attack which was expected to begin at any moment.

Far be it from me to suggest that our friends had me put up the white flag as an offer of proof of the Belgian savagery in firing on the white flag. After this little experience we took in our white flag and made the rest of our trip without trouble. We found outposts about every hundred yards, and were stopped at the point of the rifle each time; but as we got farther away from the outer lines the behavior of the posts was noticeably less nervous, and when we got into Malines the mere sight of our papers was sufficient to let us freely through.

Since my last trip the Belgians have been working steadily at their preparations for defense, and have accomplished wonders. Their large tracts of land, some of them forming natural routes for the German advance, have been inundated with water from the canals so as to be quite impassable. Tremendous barbed-wire entanglements form a broad barrier all around the outer and inner fortifications; they are so thick and so strongly braced that artillery fire would be practically useless against them and cutting with wire shippers would be so slow that it could not be accomplished without a horrible loss of men.

Zepplins Pay Visits. There are any number of huge searchlights placed on the fortifications to sweep the skies for Zepplins. Since my last visit one Zepppelin had succeeded in getting over the town, but was driven down and dropped its whole cargo of 15 bombs in a distance of a few hundred yards, taking no lives and doing little material damage. Since that time no Zepplins have appeared at night, but have always been frightened away by the searchlights and the fire of the small vertical guns which have been ordered for them. All the villages which cluster around the fortifications have been razed to the ground and the avenues of big towns have been cut down. It is a pretty dreadful sight.

tonight at 8 o'clock in the Story Hour at the National Library. Professor M. H. Peck, of Willamette University, will address the club in an illustrated lecture on "Oregon Birds." The public is invited.

ARMY COSTS JUSTICE JOB

Private Schmidt Can't Quit to Take Political Position.

TACOMA, Wash., Dec. 28.—(Special.)—Private Schmidt, once of Campbell County, Kentucky and now a unit in the 363d infantry, Camp Lewis, was forced to give up his political ambitions to serve his country.

Schmidt became a candidate for justice of the peace before he was drafted, and after he was taken into the National Army and sent to Camp Lewis he was notified that he had been elected. He called upon Major Eugene R. West, judge advocate, and demanded that he be allowed to qualify. Schmidt was informed that he could not serve in both places, and as he could not get out of the Army he must relinquish political ambitions for the time being at least. He has done so.

ALLEGED SPIES RELEASED

Austrian Subjects Detected Taking Pictures Near Roseburg.

ROSEBURG, Or., Dec. 28.—(Special.)—Fred B. Luhman, of San Francisco, and brother Carl Luhman, of this city, both subjects of Austria, arrested last night on suspicion of being spies, were released this afternoon. They were detected yesterday by railroad guards taking pictures in Cow Creek Canyon, and their actions aroused suspicion. The camera used by the men was taken by the officers and the pictures were developed today. They showed nothing of an incriminating nature.

Carl Luhman is a painter and has lived in Roseburg for a number of years. Fred Luhman produced credentials showing him to be a member of the California Camera Club. He said he was taking views for this concern when arrested.

Soldiers Out of Quarantine. CAMP LEWIS, Tacoma, Dec. 28.—(Special.)—Company I and M, 363d Infantry, have been released from quarantine.

W. J. GARDINER IS BURIED

Former Dallas Jeweler Victim of Fall in Sacramento.

COTTAGE GROVE, Or., Dec. 28.—(Special.)—The funeral of William J. Gardiner, who fell from a high tower in Sacramento, Cal., while attempting to board a streetcar, and as a result suffered partial mental paralysis, was held here today.

Mr. Gardiner was born in Iowa and was 47 years old. He leaves a widow and one child.

Professor Peck to Speak

The Audubon Bird Club will meet

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IF YOU HAVEN'T AN Auto-Strop Safety Razor GET ONE. Our 30-day trial will convince you the best, easiest and cheapest shaver. AUTO-STROP. Shave for two years for \$5.00. Send Your Boy Home Pictures. Every service flag should mark the home of an "A" boy. The simplest and best of hand and pocket cameras. Every child should have one; it is at once an education and source of healthy pleasure to all within its range. We've sold cameras and taking photographic for over fifty years. FREE to every owner of an Auto-Strop razor a course of lessons in practical photography. No wasted film, no disappointments.

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Extra Specials for Today. \$2.50 3-qt. Hot Water Bottle, two-year guarantee, \$1.98. 2-qt. Combination Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe, with flannel cover... \$1.59. All Dolls and Stuffed Animals at 1/2 OFF. "Old Mill" Toilet Paper, dozen... 77c. "Skyline" Toilet Paper, dozen... 49c.

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