OREGON BOYS BEGIN INTENSIVE TRAINING

Real War College Fitting Men to Enter First-Line Trenches to Battle Huns.

REGIMENT BEING UNITED

Troops Stationed in Village Populated by Old People and Children Who Are Keenly Interested in Soldiers.

BY WILL G. MAC RAE.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, April 29.—Again the lost has been found.

This trip was almost a repetition of my earlier attempts to find the Oregon troops. When I left them less than 10 days ago Colonel ———, his Adjutant, Captain ———, and a number of officers were keeping the visiting soldiers and sailors, yes, and the French citizens also, busy traveling the road to "Straightville." This time when I found them the troops were billeted in one of the prettiest unspoiled villages in France.

Now the troops have really entered the intensive military training—the real war college course. When they will have completed this strenuous training, the men from the land where grows the handsomest rose, big timber and where forever flows the Willamette and the majestic Columbia, will be more than fit to come to grips with the Huns. There is a double reason why the men are taking such a keen and lively interest in this from early in the morning until late at night training. Already there has been a gathering of the clans, in that the widely scattered units are being again brought together.

Friends Again United.

Mutual friends, pals and brothers who have not seen each other since they sailed for France are once more clasping hands and talking over the latest news from home. The most recent arrival is Company I. The men had been doing military police duty and just to make the parents and friends of the men from Woodburn more proud than ever of their men folks, let me add that the commander of the base where the troops had been on duty hated like sixty to see Captain ——— and his efficient crew leave. This commander wished to keep the entire company, but that was impossible, so he did the next best thing he could do and he did manage to hold back as many as he could. It may as well be added that the men were also loath to leave this base, but the two great things stood off in front, that of rejoining the regiment and the great promise of getting into the advance zone at an early date.

This peaceful little French village never in its history saw such a dizzy whirl of activity as is going on these days, even though it was the birth and death place of one of the famous French sculptors. Officers and men are arriving and departing almost continuously. Officers and non-commissioned officers are going away to the officers' training school, while others who have finished this splendid course are returning to assume command of the enlisted men.

People All Happy.

It is a village of smiling, happy faces. Of course, the band has captured the hearts of the women and girls, while the male kiddie population, the moment they are released from school, race to where the men are drilling or taking the course in gas lectures. The little village seems devoid of young women. For the most part the townspeople are old, toil-bent men and old women, who look for all the world as if they had just stepped forth from some famous oil painting. They all dress very much alike—in black, their snow-white hair neatly tucked away beneath a quaint sort of black bonnet, fringed around the outer edge with a ruffle of the finest of white linen. These cheerful old men and women seem as busy as the soldiers—busy as are all the old men and women of France.

During a ride this morning between villages we saw on either side of the road old men and old women tilling the soil. Here we would pass an old woman, her busy knitting needles flashing brilliantly in the bright Spring sunshine, near her side her ever-faithful companion, a shepherd dog, while off in front a little way were perhaps two cows and four or five milch goats. The children of the village are all of an age, which shows they were born before the war. I have yet to find a mother with a baby in arms. The reason there are no young men about is easily accounted for. France has just called them into training.

Men Trained With Masks.

I stood for three hours this morning and again this afternoon, watching Lieutenant ——, the former Newberg man, give the men instructions in the use of the gas mask. This officer made this gas course a specialty while at the officers' training school, and he is now one of the busiest officers here, passing his knowedge on to the men. He knows as much about the different kinds of gas the Germans are using as the Huns themselves. Gas does not seem to be his only specialty, for he has also become an expert on physiognomy, for he can tell the size of the gas mask a man will need to wear to be comfortable just by looking at the shape of his face as he steps up to draw his mask from the Quartermaster.

The best place to see him in action is when he sends the men through the gas chamber. A mother of a baby three days old could not show more concern and greater care than does this officer before he gives the signal to his assistant to open the door and he orders: "In you go." Of course, this passing through the gas chamber does not come until he has drilled the men for two hours a day in the art of putting on, adjusting and taking off the gas mask.

Officer Is Expert.

He can tell at a glance whether a mask does not fit or whether the soldier, in spite of the drilling, has been careless in properly adjusting the death preventer. He stands by the side of the open door, and I saw him reach out and jerk out of line more than one man as he was about to enter the chamber. Either the mask wasn't properly adjusted or it wasn't the proper size, or perhaps it was a bit defective. Nothing seems to escape that watchful eye of his.

And how eager the men take to this branch of the training. Hardly any need to warn them to be careful of both the American-made mask and the French mask. The men joke a lot about their "tin hats" and their "nose bags," but just the same, in the periods between drills, every mother's son is busy making the most minute inspection of the gear. This morning Sergeant Henry ——— was making his third passage through the chamber. He looked like a bad nightmare, gas mask and steel helmet on, and I couldn't get him on the canvas as the same lad I saw a couple of years ago doing fancy high dives at the Nat, or submarining through the surf at Seaside. Nor could I recognize Junior Malarkey in his war armor. Junior took the rubber mouth pug from between his lips long enough to remark, "Gee, one of these masks makes a dandy conversation silencer. There is a bird in my billet that should wear one every night. That would stop his talking in his sleep."

MANY HONOR LUFBERY

FAMOUS U. S. FLYER BURIED IN LITTLE FRENCH VILLAGE.

Comrades of Intrepid Airman Wheel Overhead During Service and Drop Red Roses Upon Grave of Hero.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, Monday, May 20.—(By the Associated Press.)—Before the body of Major Raoul Lufbery was placed in a grave, near a certain French village, it lay in state in a room of a small frame building. Around it were hundreds of wreaths of flowers sent by American comrades, French aviators who had known him in the French army and by French army corps.

Official confirmation is still lacking to the report that the German airplane responsible for the death of Major Lufbery had been brought down by a French aviator.

The funeral of Major Lufbery was impressive. The pallbearers — three American and three French aviators—carried the flag-draped coffin from the little frame building to a motor car for the trip to the grave. The procession was led by an American band, a company of American infantry, just from the trenches, and a company of French infantry. Following the coffin were 200 American and French officers, including all of Major Lufberry's companions in the air service; the American General commanding the sector northwest of Toul, and a French General, commanding an army corps.

The party drew up at the grave, and while the service was being read one American aviator after another planed down from the sky, his motor shut off until he was just overhead. Each threw out great bunches of red roses, which floated down on the coffin and the bared heads of the officers and caps of the soldiers, who were drawn up at attention.

AIRPLANE PLANT BURNS

SAN FRANCISCO BLOCK FIRE SWEPT. DAMAGE $750,000.

Machines in Various Stages of Construction, With Quantity of Dried Spruce and Irish Linen Distroyed.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 21.—Fifteen airplanes in various stages of construction and a considerable quantity of dried spruce and Irish linens were reported destroyed here today in a fire which swept the plant of the Fowler Aeroplane Corporation.

The fire started in a furniture factory and swept a block bounded by Twelfth, Thirteenth, Howard and Mission streets, destroying several frame apartment houses. The Fowler concern was working on Government contracts and the stock on hand was estimated at from $250,000 to $1,000,000 in value.

Two finished airplanes that were to have been shipped today were among those destroyed. It was estimated that equipment and parts enough to construct 50 others also had been burned. Machinery used in constructing planes was damaged considerably.

An hour after the fire began it was under control. The blaze began in the rear of the plant among some dry material. There were no traces of incendiarism, the police said.

The total damage to the airplane factory and surrounding buildings was estimated at $750,000 by S. S. Dibbero, a director of the Fowler concern

FOOLING CATTLE IS PLAN

Salting Scheme Devised to Give Grass Chance to Grow.

S. J. Bingham, supervisor of the Malheur National Forest, has worked out a salting plan for the John Day Cattle and Horsegrowers' Association which not only solves the difficulty of rehabilitating forests by nature's process, but does so without interfering to any great extent with the grazing privileges of the association.

The plan provides for the placing of four tons of salt over the range as needed, with 5000 of the 25,000 acres used by the association left intact. This will keep the stock away from the 5000-acre tract and give nature a chance to restock the land.

Mr. Bingham is also the originator of a coyote poisoning plan, whereby great numbers of the pests have been killed during the past few years.

RAYMOND TAX RESENTED

Workers Leave Town When Assessed $7.50 Because of Occupation.

OLYMPIA, Wash., May 21.—(Special.)—Many shipbuilders and mill workers at Raymond have left town and others are threatening to leave, because the city commission has voted an occupational tax of $7.50 per man, according to telephone notification received today by the State Labor Department from P. P. Bowers, secretary of the Willapa Harbor Trades Council. Bowers said a petition had been started to repeal the ordinance.

By state law a city may levy a tax of from $1 to $50.

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In view of the fact that disease is ever the same, a medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has been successful for more than forty years in combating disease and preserving health, is a safe one to rely upon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is known everywhere as the standard blood purifier, tonic and vitalizer. Its record is one of remarkable results. It has given entire satisfaction in the treatment of scrofula, eczema, humors, catarrh, rheumatism, loss of appetite, that tired feeling and general debility, and is taken as effectively at one time of year as another.

There is nothing better as a prompt, general tonic for weak and run-down men, women and children and old people, invalids and convalescents.

It is pleasant to take, aids digestion, and supplies the vital organs with the rich red blood essential to health.—Adv.

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AMERICANS FINEST AND BEST BEHAVED

Boys in France as Nearly Perfect as Any Men Alive, Says Mrs. Dorr.

CONDUCT HELD EXEMPLARY

Correspondent Touring Camps on Other Side Finds Son and Adopts and Is Adopted by United States Army Contingent.

BY RHETA CHILDE DORR.

(Published by arrangement with New York Evening Mail.)

Looking back over my three months in France, most of the time spent in visiting American military camps, some experiences stand out above all others. One, a precious personal experience, gave me my first insight into the splendid idealism and individual worth of the enlisted men of our Army. I had gone to France a newspaper correspondent, without a single plan, without even a hope of seeing my soldier son. I had no intention of using my privileged position to seek him out. I did not know where he was, nor did I ask.

The American soldier abroad is theoretically still in America. He gets his letters through an American branch postoffice in Paris, and they are sent to him in care of his regiment and his company, with no more definite address than "American Expeditionary Force." My son knew my Paris address, but he could not, even had he wished to do so, tell me his.

With a few thousand more impatient youngsters my boy had enlisted before the draft, fearing that he might draw a late number. He signed up on the day when I sailed for Russia, and he was in France nearly two months before I returned to the United States. Thus our separation had been a longer one than was usual in this war. So when he wrote me in March that he had been given a week's leave and hoped to be sent to Aix-les-Bains, I hoped too most fervently, because I had been ordered to Aix-les-Bains to write the story of the first vacation of our soldiers.

Soldiers Can't Get Lost.

I arrived two days after the first contingent of men, the dried mud of the trenches caking their uniforms and their worn boots, had marched to music and cheers through the flag-draped streets of Aix. I drove directly from the station to the headquarters of the Provost Marshal, and asked if a certain private soldier was in town, and if so, where. He was there, and a sympathetic young man in the uniform of the military police searched the lists for the record of his hotel. It is part of the intelligent care taken of our soldiers overseas that even on their permissions, or leaves from duty, the highest authorities know exactly where they live and how. No mother need worry lest her son get lost in France. He can't get lost.

In two minutes I had my son's address and was on my way to the hotel. He was not there, but the black-eyed little patronne, also sympathetic, found me a room on his floor. It was near the luncheon hour and I sat down at the window nearest the street, eagerly scrutinizing every soldier who passed, especially those who turned in at the hotel gate. Finally a soldier came swinging down the street, and it seemed to me that he looked familiar. Yet I was not sure. Could nine months make such a difference in a boy of 20? This one, with the absurd little scrubbing brush mustache and the cap on the side of his head, was taller, broader, straighter than my son. He was more intensely alive. Yet he walked like my Julian.

I waited for him to come upstairs, but he did not come. I decided that he had gone directly to the dining-room, so I went downstairs and into the big room, every table of which was filled with uniformed men, eating, laughing and talking.

Mother Finds Her Son.

It was the boy. I was so overwhelmed at the sight of him that I could not take more than a step into the room. I could not speak. Something of my intense emotion must have reached him, for he looked up, saw me, and in one bound was beside me with his arms wide, just as when I used to visit him unexpectedly at school. "Mother, mother!" he cried. Instantly at the word the noisy talk and laughter stopped dead, and every man in the room sprang to his feet. It was not a tribute to me, but to their own mothers at home. Right there I adopted the American Army.

I am proud to say that a small section of the American Army, all of it in that hotel, adopted me. Some were too shy to come up and be introduced, but I had broad smiles whenever I met any of them, and always, when I entered the dining-room, the same chivalric greeting.

I talked with hundreds of soldiers during that week in Aix-les-Bains, and in the little 14th century town of Chambray, two miles distant, also a vacation center for our men. It is not mere boasting to say that they are, man for man, the most amazingly fine-looking soldiers in the world. They average rather larger than the English and broader and more muscular than either English or French.

"Regardez donc, les epaules!" (Look at the shoulders) I have heard dozens of Frenchmen exclaim. And they might as well exclaim, look at their pink and healthy skins, their clear eyes and splendid teeth. A generation ago we were known as a Nation of dyspeptics. No one in France or England will ever call us that again. Our soldiers are as nearly perfect physical specimens as any men alive.

Boys' Eyes and Ears Open.

They are remarkably intelligent. Their eyes and ears are wide open to learn all they can of the wonderful land of France, and especially of the historic past which lives in old chateaux, ruined castles and Roman remains all over France. Aix-les-Bains, as everyone probably knows, is in Savoy, which was once an Italian state but which voted itself French some time in the 1850's. In Chambray is an ancient chateau which was the seat of the former Dukes of Savoy. It is a picturesque old pile, built in the 13th century and still habitable.

Those American soldiers overran the chateau, climbing the corkscrew stone staircase to the top of the tallest watch tower, swarming over the ivy-clad walls, exploring every corner of the place. They speculated on probable methods of warfare and defense in the 13th century and quarreled cheerfully as to how long their regiment could have held the chateau against the assaults of the other fellows' regiment. They had more fun with that chateau than any of its original owners ever had.

They climbed mountains around Aix, taking delight in all-day hikes above the early Spring snow line. They seemed thrilled at the thought that they, fresh from Iowa, North Dakota, Georgia, Texas, were actually looking across valleys and hills at Mont Blanc and the Alps. Bicycles could be rented for about 15 cents an hour, and hundreds of men spent their time exploring the country around. In the late afternoons and evenings they gathered in the big, magnificent casino, now under lease to the Y. M. C. A., and delightfully swapped experiences.

Behavior Impresses French.

During the entire week I never once saw a drunken or a disorderly soldier. One day at luncheon one youth who had imbibed a little too freely of vin ordinaire, perfectly accessible to all, and very cheap, suddenly became inspired to sing. The only thing he could think of was the doxology, and he sang one whole line of it before he was pulled back into his seat and his vocal efforts extinguished in a roar of laughter. That was the sole and only approach to rough house I witnessed in Aix.

The healthy enjoyment and the consistent good behavior of the Americans seemed to impress the French as miraculous. Half a dozen French officers on leave in the famous watering place spent hours in the Y. M. C. A. headquarters and townspeople brought their families to see the Americans, hear them sing "Over There" and "Joan of Arc" and stag dance to the music of Lieutenant Europe's famous regimental band. Europe, who used to play for idle New York tangos, has a band of colored soldiers who are going to be known all over the Continent before the war ends. The men all sing as well as play, and their music is really remarkable. Whenever a colored soldier appeared on the street the French children followed him in a rapt procession. They followed all the Americans, but Europe's men had them hypnotized.

In Aix I saw the beginning of what I believe is going to be a never-ending friendship and understanding between the American people and the French. You have heard, no doubt, about how the French double the prices of everything as soon as an American soldier enters a town. Some French shopkeepers have done this, of course. The American soldier seems to be rolling in wealth, and he rarely even counts his change. The temptation to overcharge a man who throws down a 50-franc note in payment for an apple, carelessly inquiring "Is that enough?" must be pretty strong. But let me tell you that avarice is not the ruling passion of the French, and their dealings with the American soldier are often marked with consideration most extraordinary.

Vacations Rather Expensive.

Vacations do not come cheaply to the American soldier in France, or at least the stay at Aix-les-Bains was not cheap. Every man who went there was supposed to have a minimum of 150 francs, or $27, in his possession. When he registered at the office of the Provost Marshal he drew a slip of paper with the name of a hotel on it. To that hotel he was obliged to go. The tariff varied from 93 to 128 francs for the week, and this sum, $17.64 to $23.04, had to be paid in advance.

A few of the soldiers failed to get this into their heads before coming, and there was considerable borrowing in the first few days. Lucky were they who had friends from whom to borrow. One tall, shy youth from Georgia—I think it was Georgia—came to the Y. M. C. A. with a pathetic tale of tragedy based on the fact that he had arrived in Aix with only 80 francs in his pocket. He had probably never been 20 miles from his home village before he went to France with his regiment, and here he found himself shut out from his hotel in a strange European town with $13.60 less than he needed to support existence.

The Y. M. C. A. secretary suggested that he go back and ask permission to stay as long as his money lasted, but the boy was too frightened and forlorn to make the venture. Besides, he spoke no French and could never explain himself to that terrible patronne. In France it is always the women who hold the cashbox and manage the business end of hotel keeping.

The Y. M. C. A. secretary put on his hat and went back with the drooping Georgian to plead with the patronne. She had not previously understood the case, and now was all kindness and sympathy.

"The poor infant!" she exclaimed. "So far away from home and only 80 francs. Wait, monsieur, until I consult my husband."

Soon she came back smiling. "It is all right, monsieur," she said. "The big infant may stay the week for 80 francs. We also have a son under the colors. May someone be a little kind to him when he needs it."

This story, I believe, is more truly typical of the spirit of the French people toward our men than any tale of extortion, however true.

Captain Hobson Attends Ball.

BAKER, Or., May 21.—(Special.)—A military ball was given tonight by the Baker Home Guard. Captain Richmond Hobson, who spoke here earlier in the evening, was guest of honor and made a brief address to guests. This afternoon he spoke to a large meeting of mill employes at one of the local mills.

New Church Highway Is Urged.

WENATCHEE, May 21.—(Special.)—At a meeting of the Commercial Club held today a resolution was adopted urging the early completion of Chelan County's portion of the scenic highway. A committee of five business men will be named to meet with the Commissioners to arrange the financing of the road. It is estimated that it will require about $20,000 to complete the work.

Oregon City Resident Dies.

OREGON CITY, Or., May 21.—(Special.)—Anthony Mickenics, a native of Poland, aged 44 years, died at the family home at Seventh street and Molalla avenue, this morning. The funeral will be held the latter part of the week from hte St. John's Catholic Church. Mr. Mickenics is survived by a wife and two children. He has resided in Oregon City ten years and was an employe of the paper mills.

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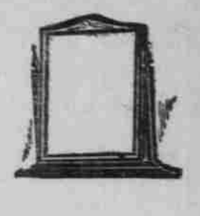

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Wednesday Sale of NOTIONS

White Bias Seam Tape, widths, 2, 3, 4, 5; 6-yard bolts—*8c.*
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Eve-Astra or Cushion-Astra Collar Supports, in black or white; all sizes—card, *8c.*
DeLong Assorted Safety Pins, three sizes on card—*8c.*
Princess Lingerie Tape, in pink, white and blue, in four-yard pieces—*5c.*
White Pearl Buttons, in various sizes and styles; 6 to 12 on card—*5c.*
Wire Hairpin Cabinets, assorted, straight, crimped and invisible black—*5c.*
Washington Pin Sheets, 400 count—*5c.*
Black and White Headed Hatpins—two for *5c.*
Black Shoe Laces, in 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 lengths—pair *5c.*

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the newly-risen star of operatic fame, on a concert tour of America, and who sings at the Heilig tonight, is using a beautiful Baby Grand Knabe in her suite of rooms at the Benson Hotel.

Both Galli-Curci and her accompanist, Homer Samuels, are delighted with the exquisite quality of tone found in the Knabe Baby Grands.

Mr. Samuels was frank in admitting that he preferred the Chickering Concert Grand to any other concert grand, but "the Knabe small grands," said the celebrated accompanist, "are my first choice."

Admittedly True

What style of grands do people buy for their homes? Is it not the small grand? Is it not the style that Galli-Curci is playing on today in her suite preparing for this evening's brilliant performance?

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On June 1 prices advance $50 on each piano. Come now and take advantage of the old prices that we have maintained for such a long time on our stock. Although piano prices have been soaring for months, we have not raised our prices. The factories have taken a hand now, and May 31 is the last day of grace.

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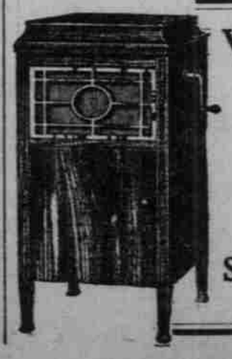

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