

OREGON MEN OVERSEAS WRITE OF LIFE IN THE BATTLE ZONE

Mosquito More Bother in France Than Huns.

Corporal Jack Phillips Says Soldiers Are Well and Happy.

CORPORAL Jack Phillips, son of Lawrence C. Phillips, of 1351 East Thirtieth street, a graduate of Jefferson High School, class of February, 1917, on the day was declared enlisted in Company B, Third Oregon Regiment, which later became the 152d U. S. Infantry of the 41st (Sunset) Division and which embarked for France about Christmas time. As the following letter shows, he has been transferred to the 104th U. S. Infantry of the 28th Division, which has been taking part in the recent operations. At the time of his enlistment Corporal Phillips was in the employ of the Lumbermen National Bank.

Under date May 25 he writes:

"I have some important news to tell



Corporal Jack Phillips.

you this time. My address now is Company F, 104th U. S. Infantry, 26th Division. You undoubtedly have heard of the 104th, for it has done fine work. The boys here are fine fellows, although I still stand up for the Northwest. They do not treat you as a new-comer but as one who has been with them all the time. No boasting of past deeds, and in fact, you have to work hard to get them to tell you what they have done.

"Although I am barely out of range of the Boche rifle fire and well within range of the big guns, I can't realize that the war is so close. German aeroplanes circle above the trenches and are chased away by a string of anti-aircraft shots. At night the big guns boom, but nobody worries much about them. The mosquitoes are a great deal more bother than the Germans, even in the trenches, the fellows say. My bunk is under the trees on a pile of small branches, and with only one blanket the fellows are pretty cool. I will soon get used to it and toughen up to that the same as I did last month to the drill. The boys are resting now and I haven't found out when they go back. All they have to do, they say, is go coodle hunting (which takes up all their time) and fight mosquitoes instead of Germans.

"By all indications there is no reason why I should not be back home in a few months. I surely don't want to, but not until this is over."

Under date June 15, he writes:

"I have had a taste of what I have been waiting and training for for the past year. Our company just came out of the trenches and back into rest billets for awhile. I surely had a quiet time of it there, and I would have liked it all right if it had not been for the coddles and daylight sleeping. The coddles are much worse than Fritz. They can keep you awake, anyway, and Fritz can't. I am becoming quite accustomed to the sound of the big guns and can tell about what caliber they are from the whizz of the shells overhead. Of course, we don't stop to estimate the caliber when the shells come too close. You would laugh to see the brave soldiers scoot for their dugouts when one of the big ones comes too close for comfort. I have never seen a Boche soldier (except prisoners) yet, but I know I shall soon. I have heard lots of them.

"The dugouts are most interesting (to visit but not to live in). Of course, they are absolutely lightproof and airproof, but they are far from waterproof. The one we went in for a week was very damp and evil smelling, but they are fixing it now. Our billets (or barracks, rather) are airy and roomy, but I found out that my mattress was full of coddles, and it would be impossible to sleep on it and be free from them, so I discarded the mattress.

"I am entitled to wear one service stripe now, but I have no stripe to put on. It is hardly a distinction here, as everyone is wearing one. This division beat ours over by two months.

What we lack in reading matter, magazines (excepting the Star), and, in fact, anything to read. The Literary Digest can be found anywhere and is

PORTLAND BOY ABANDONS VAUDEVILLE CAREER TO JOIN NAVY.

Frank Dekum.

Frank Dekum, a Portland boy, who for some years has been a resident of New York and who has appeared with success on the Eastern vaudeville stage, has given up the footlights for the blue and trousers of a tar in Uncle Sam's Navy and is now in training at Pelham Bay, according to letters received by his brother, George C. Dekum, of this city. He is a son of one of the best-known pioneer families of Portland and has many friends in this city.

not interesting because they are old by the time we read them. But the American Post-Collins and those awful trashy magazines, such as Blue Book, other colored books, All Story, etc., are very welcome. It is a good thing to get something to occupy our minds. We are not mournful or pessimistic, or even doubtful, however.

"There is no doubt as to who does not think and feel certain that Germany will get bumped hard soon, but how soon we can't guess, neither can we know how long it will see the time we are all waiting for."

Voyage on Transport Across Atlantic Is Described.

Ship Strikes Whale, Sending Big Animal to Bottom of Sea—Trip Otherwise Is Uneventful.

FOR the edification of the folks at home, Albert Mitchell, of Joliet, Ill., 19 years of age, who is a sailor on the transport Northern Pacific, recently mailed to them the complete log he kept of a voyage to France and return.

The trip was an uneventful one, but his narrative of everyday routine and descriptions of the French seaport of Brest are bits that make understandable the lure of the sea. Never a submarine rose to mar the voyage, and the lone whale which contested the path of the great liner afforded the only submersible sight of the return trip.

"We suddenly felt three sharp jabs," wrote the young man, "and the ship had rammed a submarine everyone snatched his lifebelt and canteen and rushed to the main deck. As I reached the top I looked over the bow of the ship, no submarine greeted my sight, but stretched athwart our bow was a monstrous whale. Its gigantic tail was lashing the water furiously on one side of the ship, while its huge head was extended around to the other side, its mouth was opening and closing like a great trap, and as I looked into its jaws I thought of poor old Noah and I must say I certainly did not envy him his dwelling place.

"We were traveling at a high rate of speed and had struck the whale suddenly in the middle while it was attempting to cross in front of the ship. He couldn't swim fast enough to get out of the way, so the ship pushed him along through the water. After carrying the whale for some distance, the captain slowed down the ship and the whale floated away and sank below the surface. This story may sound fishy to you, nevertheless it is true as the Gospel."

Life in France Has Some Bright Spots.

Lieutenant Wilder Writes of Baseball Game and Formal Dinner.

HOOD RIVER, Ore., July 20.—(Special.)—Lieutenant Harold Wilder, American aviator, nephew of Colonel W. F. Tucker, former assistant paymaster-general of the American Army, who now resides in the Mt. Hood district, tells in a letter of a dinner attended by French and American officers at an old chateau. Lieutenant Wilder writes:

"Everything is going fine with me. I have just enough flying to keep my hand supple and my eyes right. I am getting to feel more like a bird, and I do not mind the usual use of the air streams which used to seem a little annoying.

"Yesterday was a busy day for me. After the day's work was finished at 5:30 P. M., the officers of our school played the officers of the artillery school a game of baseball. No wonderful talent developed, but we had much fun and healthy exercise. The game was played on a field with a few streams which used to seem a little annoying.

"The dinner was given in an old castle, the 800-year-old chateau. At 7:30 P. M., and as it was a clear evening, was served out of doors. The table was under the low-hanging foliage of a large oak tree, with two other tables, one set on each side of the bole of the tree. As is the case with most of the big ones comes too close for comfort. It was very nice, made quite a ceremony. Toasts flew thick and fast and spirits ran high.

"The dinner was a very impressive affair to me. There were about 35 French officers and 40 Americans assembled at the table, and the fact of our being there together meant much. The most serious vein entered in just enough to show that we appreciated what we were all striving for, and what must be done at the front to push the Hun out of France.

"After the coffee, speeches were given, first by the commandant of the French mission, then by our own ranking officers. Altogether too early in the evening. We were then dismissed to our quarters. The Aviation Officer American."

Fight It Out, Only Way to Win, Says Dysart.

Lieutenant in Marines Says Germans Will Never Revolt.

CENTRALIA, Wash., July 27.—(Special.)—"One thing all Americans should get out of their heads at once is that Germany is short of anything," says Lieutenant Lloyd Dysart, a marine officer wounded at the recent battle of Belleau Wood, in a letter to his parents. "She has equipment, clothes, munitions and food. I know from seeing the prisoners. Also, there is about as much chance of a revolution in Germany as there is of the sun not rising. The sooner Americans realize that the only way this war will ever be won is actually fighting it out, the better off we will all be, and that will mean 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 men over here."

The officer in his letter told of the great heroism displayed by the marines at Belleau Wood.

"In the first place," he wrote, "they had to do something which all military science says cannot be done, that is, advance, unopposed, into a position, with nothing but their rifles and bayonets, against an unseen enemy, in a fortified position and well supplied with machine guns. Well, they did advance, and although literally mowed down, the line never faltered.

"They went across a wheat field with machine guns. Our division took more than 2000 prisoners, including a high official, and over 30 guns. General Pershing could hardly express his satisfaction, and now our brigade has been officially cited five times. More other American brigades has been cited more than twice."

Oregon Boy Tells of Raid Into No Man's Land.

Elmer G. Johnson in Letter to Uncle, Describes Experiences.

AN unsuccessful raid into No Man's Land is described in a letter recently written from the front by Elmer G. Johnson, former student of McMinnville College, to his uncle, J. G. Johnson, of Portland. Since the letter was written Private Johnson has been so unfortunate as to receive wounds which sent him to the hospital.

The young man enlisted in the 162d Infantry. He has since been transferred to Company A, 27th Infantry. The correspondent speaks first of reading some clippings sent him by his uncle. Subsequent parts of his letter follow:

"I was interested in the reports of



Elmer G. Johnson.

the sailors and soldiers, but none worth of being in the trenches or going over the top. Well, I've done both.

"One night we liked six miles; went to ambush a Boche patrol, and killed back. We were too late. In fact, just as we were ready to go over the top, the French were about 15 yards away, the French sergeant said:

"We went through our barbed wire and took up our positions in shell craters in No Man's Land. At 2 o'clock they came in, but we were on the back. There was a very light, cold mist and I nearly froze, as we had to wait for the order to go over the top. The enemy's machine guns. Both sides threw grenades and shot up flares, but it was as quiet as a cemetery.

"When we got back to the trenches a few pieces of shrapnel and machine gun bullets fell near, but none of us was hurt.

"My experience in the trenches was confined to being held in reserve. All we had to do was to carry three meals a day about five miles, and to carry wire and ammunition. There was little time for rest. I was all worn out and at that I was as hard as any one."

Oregon Boy Occupies Chair Used by Napoleon.

Allen Cadie, of Rickreall, Meets Old Friends on Battle Line.

RICKREALL, Ore., July 27.—(Special.)—"I sat down in the chair once used by Napoleon and felt just as important as he was." This is what Allen Cadie, of Rickreall, writes to his sister, Emma Cadie, from France. First Cadie tells about the country in France, then how he was surprised one day when he saw the Third Regiment marching up the street, in which he found four Polk County boys. One of the boys, Dennis Newman, of Dallas, was formerly well known in county athletic circles as a football player. Cadie says: "It didn't take me long to make a thorough investigation. I found Ray and Bill Boyd, Bert Downey and Newman Dennis, although the latter does not play in the band."

"The Germans were because we had a hard day of it, and I was tired. I had to go from one end of a field to the other, and I foolishly went by myself. I was then nearly dead, and I thought I fought the fight of my life.

"I was between two parties of my men, and I was in a bad way. I was in the field, when a huge German who had been lying in a shell hole suddenly jumped on me, knocking me down. I was then nearly dead, and I thought I fought the fight of my life.

HILLSDALE BOY FIGHTING IN FRANCE WITH MARINES.

Genious Bell, of Fifth Regiment, United States Marines.

Genious Bell, whose folks live at Hillsdale, has been in France with the fighting marines since August of last year. He is with the Fifth Regiment, and recent letters to his mother depict the severe fighting he has seen with the nonchalant assumption that "the papers tell more about it than I can."

The event of the day on which the letter was written seems to be the capture of a German observation balloon, for Private Bell grows enthusiastic over this novelty.

"It's a big one," he assures his mother, "and is of the sausage type. Some of the boys are taking pictures of it, and I'll send the photos on to you."

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made rugs with various pictures woven into them. One was used by King Charles.

Cadie describes the fields of France and contrasts the apparent aims of the French and Americans. "Farming is very different here from that of Oregon, most of the plowing and cultivating being done by oxen. The absence of fences is noticeable. The country is rolling, but has no large hills. There are plenty of small trees. The roads are exceptionally good as the savans from McMinnville College, to his uncle, J. G. Johnson, of Portland. Since the letter was written Private Johnson has been so unfortunate as to receive wounds which sent him to the hospital.

Raids on Battle Front Are Graphically Described.

E. G. Andrews, of Royal Fusiliers, Tells of Life in Trenches in Letter to His Cousin in Portland.

WRITTEN from an English hospital, where Lieutenant E. G. Andrews, of the Royal Fusiliers, lies wounded, a tensely descriptive letter has been received by his cousin, Mrs. J. A. Haydon, of this city.

In straightforward fashion the misadventures of life in the front-line trenches on a sector where the troops were instructed to yield their lives in defense of the position, of the raids and counter-raids and of the big assault in which the officer was killed.

"It will all help to let you understand what the American lads have to do in the trenches," writes Lieutenant Andrews.

"Now, on the (deleted) of the month I was told to take out a fighting patrol of 15 men, and in conjunction with another officer and 15 men we were sent out to a certain field held by the Germans and find out how strongly it was held. I was to go to the left and the other officer to the right.

"Well, at midnight we crept out very silently, got through a gap in our barbed wire and out into the cornfield, each man with a rifle in his pocket. Then we got through the Hun wire and crept silently over it. It was awfully dark.

"We went through our barbed wire and took up our positions in shell craters in No Man's Land. At 2 o'clock they came in, but we were on the back. There was a very light, cold mist and I nearly froze, as we had to wait for the order to go over the top. The enemy's machine guns. Both sides threw grenades and shot up flares, but it was as quiet as a cemetery.

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Letters From Back Home Delight Soldier.

Private C. E. Crawford, Portland Boy Now in France, Would Like to Have Some "Real Chocolate."

PRIVATE C. E. CRAWFORD, Battery A, 14th Field Artillery, A. E. F., son of Mrs. W. H. Crawford, 712 Washington street, has written a letter to a young woman acquaintance of his family—one whom he recalls in connection with a musical event just before parting. He writes:

"I have just received your letter of May 10 and also some papers and two letters from the folks. I was more than glad to get a letter. I thank you for the picture, too. It is so nice to get a look at a picture of a real American woman. Yes, I am pretty sure that I remember you as the one who played the piano on that night. I shall do my best in answering your splendid letter. I am doing fine; somewhat cooked up with the heat of sunny France—and it is hot, too. I like France, what I have seen of it. I can speak the language a little, enough to get over the worst of it.

"Your cousin's regiment is located here and I will do my best to find him. I suppose by this time your brother is in camp and I think he will like it, too. If you get word that they will accept packages, let mother know. I would like to receive some real chocolate."

"This is a pretty good Y. M. C. A."

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C. E. Kain, a Portland man, who was a junior at Oregon Academy, a technical college when he enlisted and went to war with the 20th Engineers, 10th Battalion, has been made master of engineers and is doing special technical duty in France. On enrolling for the East, Kain was ordered to the American University at Washington for a short intensified course, after which he went abroad. He was studying electrical engineering at O. A. C. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Kain, of 529 Forty-fourth street Southeast.

The soldier tells of a recent ball game between the Sixth and Eighth Battalions of the 20th Engineers, the Eighth winning by a score of 2 to 0.

Railroad Material Rushed to French Front.

Portland Brothers Doing Good Work in United States Navy.

TWO brothers of this city, Lee and E. Melvin Zimmerman, sons of Mrs. E. F. Smith, 491 East Pine street, are doing good work in the United States Navy. Lee is 17 years old and his brother 23 years. Lee is on the cruiser Pueblo, now engaged in conveying troops to France.

Melvin, recently a member of the crew of the cruiser Santa Barbara, engaged in carrying troops to France, and he was recently promoted to be first-class boatswain's mate. In a letter to his mother, Melvin writes that in one of his recent voyages across the Atlantic to France the cargo consisted

Trading in French Shops Is Complicated Task.

Portland Man Uses Drawing Ability to Express Wants.

SOMETIMES it is an advantage to be able to express yourself as an artist. It was not for his ability for drawing, Lieutenant Robert H. Wettnicht, now in France, could not make himself understood over there. In a recent letter received by Julius Kummel, of the District Forest Office, he describes his experience of trying to buy a stovepipe elbow from a French saleslady. He pointed at the stove, crooked his elbow, tried to describe his wants in American-French, and was understood only when he drew a sketch of what he wanted. Immediately the stovepipe elbow was forthcoming.

Lieutenant Wettnicht, who is now in the headquarters of the Sixty-sixth Field Artillery Brigade, American Expeditionary Force, was formerly an employee of the United States District Forest Office, in Portland.

"Pinned to his letter is one of the French 25 centime notes, which is about the size of a thrift stamp and represents about five cents in American money. The picture shows a man issued by cities all over France and is not accepted by other towns remote from the place of issue." The little note is issued by the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Angers.

"I know only the 25 or 30 words which I had at my command when I was in France," he writes. "I have expanded this meager vocabulary negligently and by accident rather than by diligence or design. When the words don't come and when gestures and facial expressions fail, I resort to making sketches. I have found this always successful. When I had to get a stovepipe elbow, I found the only words I knew related to this were 'feu' and 'fumee'—fire and smoke.

"When I went into the shop I spied a stove, and after greeting the madame with a polite 'Bon jour, madame,' I asked her 'Avez-vous un elbow pipe fumee,' pointing at the hole in the stove, then raising my eyes to the ceiling.

French Children Infected by Hun Physicians.

Umququa Soldier Finds Stories of Atrocities Well Founded.

WE are training day and night, getting ready to take our places in the trenches when they call for us," writes Henry Baird from France. How he saw the results of Hun atrocities in France is also told in a letter to his mother, Mrs. N. J. Baird, of Umququa, Douglas County.

"The things I read in the papers about the way they used helpless women and children are very true, I am finding," he wrote. "I have seen children 4 and 5 years old with big scars on their arms where the German doctors shot them full of tuberculosis germs. When they die, they are always found by pointing at my own elbow, then raising my eyes to the ceiling.

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here. They sell us lots of good things to eat and also furnish writing materials. "How is the weather in good old Portland? It is my good fortune to have a nice team. I like them, and a horse is my best friend. We have to depend on them to save our lives and have to drive them pretty hard at times.

"We sleep on the ground in our little tents, with two blankets. We do not have barracks any more, nor nice cots to sleep on. When it begins to rain, it is a little uncomfortable. We have to depend on them to save our lives and have to drive them pretty hard at times.

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"Wouldn't Have Missed It" Writes Merle Cyrus.

Portland Soldier Sees Benefit in Service in France.

FRENCH women are all strong on "dolling up," is the observation of Merle B. Cyrus, of the Quartermaster's Corps, A. E. F., in a letter to his mother, Mrs. E. Cyrus, 666 Gilean street.

"No matter if the women are not dressed very swell, they are sure to have a fine pair of shoes and a pretty hat," he observes. "If I could draw I would give you a few tips on the latest Paris hat styles, but they do not differ greatly from the hats they were wearing when I left the U. S. A."

"I am anxious to see a little excitement up the line but may never get the chance. We get very little



Merle B. Cyrus.

authentic war dope here—probably yours