

MEN FROM NORTHWEST IN SERVICE WRITE TO HOME FOLKS

Portland Youth Writes of Arrival in France.

Oren T. Hall Says Yankees Have Real Fighting Spirit.

PORTLAND relatives have received word of the safe arrival in France of Private Oren L. Hall, known to his friends as "Bunk" Hall, a former Portland boy. Just prior to his departure he wrote the following letter from Camp Mills to his mother, Mrs. Julia S. Hall.

"We have finally arrived at our port of embarkation and are waiting for a transport to take us across. We had some excursion from Fort Leavenworth here. We went through Kansas City and over the Wabash Railroad through Illinois. We missed Chicago, but went northeast to Detroit and crossed to Windsor, Canada, recrossing into the States at Niagara Falls. A Red Cross delegation met us there with candy,



Oren L. Hall, Portland Man, Who Has Arrived in France.

grum and smoked. As it was dark we did not see the falls. There are 80,000 men at this camp waiting to embark—quite a village of tents. Will try to get leave so as to visit New York City while here. We are going across the country such as we took, with all the patriotic receptions and wonderful American scenes and all they stand for, certainly puts the fighting spirit into any true American."

Soldiers Find Home in "Y" on Both Sides of Atlantic.

L. O. Halston, Jr., of Portland, Writes Enthusiastically of Triangular Comforts.

AN idea of how much the Y. M. C. A. means to enlisted men is obtained in a letter received in Portland from L. O. Halston, Jr., written from the Eagle Y. M. C. A. Hut in London. He is a former Portland boy who lived at 608 Market street Drive. He became a member of the British Army Tank Corps in Seattle on April 27, 1918, leaving that evening for Chicago. "When I arrived in Chicago," he writes, "I found that I would not be able to make immediate train connections and that I would have to remain there over night. My first thought was: 'Where shall I stay?' There were several things to be considered in connection with this question, mainly though, cleanliness, accessibility, and last but not least, the price. Let me say right here, that when a Tommy draws only 26 cents a day, price assumes enormous proportions in any argument concerning either food or lodgings. My first thought was the 'Y.' I inquired my way and found it to be very centrally located as concerns the railroad depots in Chicago. On reaching there I found a real hotel with 1800 rooms, elevator, shower and bath, restaurant and lunch counter, open all night, and private phones. Imagine my surprise when I found that the most I could pay for a room for one night was 30 cents."

"Upon arriving at Montreal, I found that I had missed train connections by a small margin and would have to stay there over night. Again the 'Y' came to the rescue. I found an enormous hut where the accommodations were practically the same as in Chicago with beds for 500, meals at two-thirds the price charged outside and cigarettes and tobacco at half price. The place is maintained almost exclusively for the boys in khaki."

"In London, the first Tommy I asked regarding a place to rest said, 'The American Y. Eagle Hut—right up the Strand.' I went up there and the first thing I did was to enjoy a real American meal at a total cost of 26 cents. It was more than I could have had in a restaurant for 75 cents where there is not the shortage of foodstuffs that there is here. Then I booked a bed and bath for 24 cents which was a real spring bed with sheets, a scarce article in the British army. Had my

Lebanon Man Falls While Fighting on Front.

News has reached Lebanon, Or., in a telegram from Major Moran to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heinrich that their son, William E. Heinrich, was seriously injured in action in France on July 18. He enlisted last November at San Francisco, where he was employed at that time, and was sent to Camp Lewis. On May 5 he went overseas and was assigned to Company E, 58th Regiment. He went into the trenches on the Marne front.

Gruesome Side of War Is Told by Dallas Boy.

Dallas, Or., Aug. 2.—(Special.)—James Lynn, of this city, who enlisted at the outbreak of the war with Company L, Third Oregon, describes his first experience in the trenches. In a letter to his brother, Charles Lynn, of Dallas, he writes:

"I have had my first hitch at the front since I started this letter. I might have finished up there, but it is a poor place to write. I wish you were located on one of the rear sectors on the western front, and if surely is a tough place. It is a great comfort to know that while Fritz deals us misery with his shells and gas, he is getting it about 10 times as hard in return."

"It is an awful thing to look upon the destruction of works. I wish you could see some of these towns that will never have to come across. There has been a lot of different burial details. The men are buried after night and also under shell fire. If I live to get back, believe me, I can eat anything or sleep any place."

Private Heinrich is 24 years of age and was raised in Lebanon, where his parents have resided for more than 20 years.

choice of a bath or shower, so to make no mistake, took both. I came into the lobby wondering where next I'd turn. It did not take me long to decide, for I had not been there five minutes when a 'Y' officer spied me and singled me out for a 'once over.' Before he was through with me I was perfectly at home in London. I had met an Anzac from New Zealand, a Belgian and a Canadian from Vancouver, B. C., besides several Yanks from all over the U. S. "There is not a thing that one can wish for, from a meal to a needle and thread or bed or information as to the proper tube to reach Hyde Park, to news from home, home papers and magazines and home cigarettes and tobacco and home vaudeville, that cannot be supplied for this reason. One is given notepaper and envelopes, stamps may be bought, a wire may be sent, and ice cream, soda and toilet articles are sent gratis. You can get shaved and have your hair cut by an American barber, cost for both five cents. A shoe shine is two cents and you can play a game of pool for four cents. "There is not a camp in England, France or Belgium where one does not see the red triangle sign displayed before some sort of a hut. It means 'home' to all of us, or rather it takes the place of home since we are so far away."

Transport Work Strenuous, but Worth While.

Marion P. Martin Describes His Experience With U-Boats.

COTTAGE GROVE, Or., Aug. 10.—(Special.)—Marion P. Martin, who was born here and is remembered by old-timers of the Cottage Grove country, and who is now, in point of years, one of the oldest enlisted men in the Navy, has written Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hawley some interesting war incidents. He evidently is on a troop transport. He says:

"We left New York May 10, arrived in a French port May 23, having a pleasant and uneventful trip. May 29 we sailed for New York in consort with three others, the steamer President Lincoln as flagship. The convoy left four steamers were running parallel with one another, the Lincoln 250 yards from us and on our starboard side. On the morning of May 31 a submarine came up almost under our bow by four feet and hit the Lincoln. She was so close to us that we could not use our guns and from the protection of the Lincoln and 20 minutes later the boat stood on her stern and went down with four officers and 23 men. A thick oil slick covered the water. A submarine came up alongside of us and was received with two six-inch shells, so we heard of it no more. June 1 at 8:20 we had a pitched battle with another sub, all three ships that were left taking part. About 30 shots were fired, our gunners getting another sea-sick to their credit."

"We arrived in port June 5. Left again for France on the 15th. July 1 we again left France heavily convoyed. Seven hours later, just after dark, another of our sister ships, the Covington, was struck. The destroyer fleet stood by her and got her within two hours of beaching, when she was picked up by six men, among them one of my best friends."

"We came reeling into port yesterday. I am pretty weak, as this life is strenuous, and dear friends, it's worth the money. No tongue can tell and no pen picture the sorrow, the desolation of a poor, bleeding, broken shell. France is a beautiful country, but everything is sacrificed to the war god. "Mr. Martin says in his letter that the commander of the submarine which sank the President Lincoln was educated in New York, which would indicate that the crew was captured. Mr. Martin continues:

"I do not know whether or not I shall go out again soon. I am kindly treated and can truthfully say that I have never been so well treated as I am by an officer. This life is wearing. I weigh 30 pounds less than I did four months ago."

Peter P. Gibbons Describes San Diego.

Graphic Story Told by One of Boys on Torpedoed Cruiser.

HOW the lads of the San Diego "carried on" when that particular unit of Uncle Sam's fleet was sent to the bottom a week or so ago off the Atlantic Coast is told in a letter from Peter P. Gibbons, who was on the cruiser.

"I wrote the letter to my sister, Miss Anna Gibbons, of 415 Multnomah street. Her mother, Mrs. J. B. Gibbons, of Oklahoma City, is visiting in this city. A brother, Lawrence Gibbons, is with the spruce production division at Vancouver. "I was 'hello boy' on the switchboard when we left Portsmouth," he writes. "Everything was going fine until we heard a loud bang and felt a jar. "I did not see the submarine, but the boys who did said that we sunk her with the first shot. We all had our lifebelts and our canteens."

"Some of the boys were killed when they jumped off. Luckily, the sea was not very rough, so with the lifebelt I got along pretty well. I swam away from the ship and kept close to a raft so that in case I should be seized by a cramp I would have something to hang onto."

"When I turned around I could see that the boat was sinking. There were still four or five men on her. They all waved good-by. The Red Cross is taking care of us now."

Destruction of Towns in France Is Deplored—Soldier Assigned to Burial Details.

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Corvallis Youth Wounded on Field of Battle.

Lieutenant Albert G. Skelton, of the United States Marine Corps, in French Hospital.

REGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Aug. 2.—(Special.)—Lieutenant Albert G. Skelton, of the United States Marine Corps, a son of G. V. Skelton, professor of highway engineering in the Oregon Agricultural College and a graduate of the college in highway engineering, cabled his father that he had been wounded in the arm, but was "all right" and had been taken to a hospital at Caen.

Lieutenant Skelton was a Captain of Company H of the College Cadet Corps and vice-president of the senior class. He joined Company K of the State Militia when he was 18 years old. He was a sergeant during the Mexican border troubles and in May, 1917, received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the United States Marine



Lieutenant A. G. Skelton.

Corps at the age of 20. He landed in France November 10, 1917. He was with the Marines in the heavy fighting at Chateau Thierry and in the late offensive against the Hun above the Marne. He went through the thick of this heavy fighting without a scratch. Lieutenant Skelton was active in college life and always showed the kind of initiative that was his strength.

Portland Boys Catch War Spirit on Way to Camp.

High Compliment Paid to Young Men by R. E. Millard, Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

SOMETHING of the spirit of the men who left here recently for Camp Lewis is told in a letter received from Robert E. Millard, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, who was one of those sent to accompany the men to Camp Lewis. "When the train stopped for a few minutes on the East Side," he says, "one of the 'Y' men alighted and within one minute had the men in the coaches singing at the top of their voices: "We're in the Army now. We're in the Army now. The Hun had better begin to run. We're in the Army now."

"As the train moved on, one of the 'Y' men, beginning at the rear coach, made a trip through the train, speaking about 10 minutes in each car, giving various phases of army life; instructions on what to do when reaching camp; answering questions, and lastly, giving the men a straight-from-the-shoulder talk on clean living, obedience to orders and the spirit of willingness to do more than one's duty. "The other secretary from Camp Lewis, assisted by W. H. Warren, of the Portland Y. M. C. A., covered the entire train distributing free of charge maps of Camp Lewis and adjacent territory, postcards, paper and envelopes, copies of 'Trench and Camp,' the official paper of this command, and several hundred copies of a Portland daily paper. Stamps were then sold, and the cards and letters were collected by the secretaries for mailing. "The boys detained, formed in column."

Portland Dentist Commissioned in Naval Forces.

Miss Evelyn Hill Writes of Trip Across Atlantic.

VARIED were the experiences of Miss Evelyn Hill, Red Cross nurse, who is with the Base Hospital Unit, No. 46, American Expeditionary Forces, in her recent voyage across the Atlantic. These experiences, which included assisting to coal the steamship, were recounted in a letter just received by Miss Hill's family, who live at 1932 East Morrison street. "One day we were taken over the entire ship by the second officer and we were taken to the steamer. These couple of minutes," wrote Miss Hill. "It almost broke our hearts to see the lads stoking in the engine room, but they do not mind the heat, and they are an inquiry, 'oh, you get used to it.' Last night I had a beautiful concert and a collection was taken up for the widows and orphans of the men on the sea. Everyone was very liberal. I felt like giving my last cent, but we had to keep a little for future emergencies. "We have a best dress suit for each of us. I had a boy dress me. We all had our own hats. Afterward we have a band concert and tea served in the music room at 4 P. M. The boys are very happy. There is a sing in the officers' smoking room. "I can hardly wait for the day when I go on duty again. We are living in an inspiring uncertainty—you never know, yet, I go to bed and sleep like a baby. Our beds are very comfortable and our food is exceptionally good—much better, in fact, than in the metropolis. At this point the letter was interrupted. On resuming, he burst out: "Pardon the break in this message. I thought the Germans had thrown an automobile at us. I went to investigate. A shell from a 'Jack Johnson' struck a pile of beef tins and scattered them to the four winds. "Mr. Moran says the greatest desire of the soldiers in the trenches is for cigarette tobacco and their favorite brand of cigarette."

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Gresham Boy Not Bothered by Pounding of Guns.

John K. Honey, With Ambulance Company in France, Tells of Narrow Escape.

EVEN when the guns are pounding continually and Oregon is hundreds of miles away, John K. Honey, a former Gresham boy, can imagine he is on a fishing party somewhere in the Oregon woods, so he says in a letter to his father, W. F. Honey, of Gresham. He has been in active service in France for a year with an ambulance company. "We are all proud as peacocks in this section now," he writes. "We received a citation from our division for our work during a recent attack. No individual citations, but we can paint the Croix de Guerre (War Cross) on our caps. Just some of the gold lace of war, but mighty satisfactory, just the same. The news looks good the last week. The civilized world is pulling a priceless debt to this wily blue owl. One of our cars broke down in an escaped English prisoner, who had been captured the last of May. "We've been chased out of our cantonments three times; the last time we had to 'get' so quickly that we lost a lot of our stuff. We have been very fortunate in getting off without a scratch so far, although almost every body has had narrow escapes. We are minus one car, which we couldn't get out. After a gas attack, the men keep coming in for 48 hours afterward, the bad cases first and then those that were not affected at first. A shell hit about ten feet in front of our Lieutenant's car, but the 'cavalry' went forward, only two pieces hitting the car. One piece went through the cushion on which he was sitting, but didn't touch him. One other car had a big piece scratch in the hood, but the driver did not know it had happened until he got back."

Portland Youth Writes of San Diego Sinking.

Clay Hazard in Water Six Hours Before Being Rescued.

CLAY HAZARD is a former Portland boy, who was on board the San Diego when it was torpedoed. His mother, Mrs. G. M. Hazard, of 743 East Stark, was made happy recently when she received a letter from him saying that he is none the worse for his experience. "We stayed to our guns and fired until our waists were in water," he writes. "After that we went over the side and swam as fast as possible. She sank 21 minutes after being hit. I was in the water for several hours, but the time went fast. We were all singing, 'Hail, hail, the gang's all here.' "All I saved was one suit of underwear and a white hat, a Canadian nickel and two pennies. "Believe me, the water was surely cold. We had to keep moving to keep from getting cramps. We got into New York about three o'clock the morning."

War to Work Big Changes Writes Hotchkiss.

Captain Stationed Abroad Sets Forth His Impressions.

THIS war has been a good thing for us all," writes Captain Clarence R. Hotchkiss, Company E, 162d Infantry, to William Denney, of The Oregonian engraving department. "America will be a different America when this war is over. I find that a great change has also taken place in the men of the A. E. F. "We have many of us for the first time had an opportunity to compare our own country with other countries. And we have seen these other countries, not free from many of the pretenses and artificialities that are likely to hide the true character of a people; have seen them as they really are, and have gained not a little from the experience. "The return of the men of the A. E. F. with their new spirit of patriotism gained from a knowledge of other countries and other people to America, with her new spirit of patriotism gained from the anxieties and sacrifices of war and the new realization of the meaning of living in unity, will be an advantage for us all, and I do not doubt that out of it will come an era of prosperity, glory and honor for our country that will make her a world leader for centuries to come. This is the reward for waging a just war. "I think that our participation in it will be longer than most people in the United States suspected it would be. There has undoubtedly been a general lack of appreciation of the magnitude of the task that those who did understand the situation, however, the results are satisfactory. "The war will end in good time, with victory for the allied cause. We have only to be patient and see it through to the end. "Our camp here is in an ancient city of the old world. I am commander of the camp and we are stationed in now, and this morning I raised the American flag on a pole that had just been realized of the meaning of living in this part of the country, and it is good to see it."

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Morale of Allied Troops Is Reported High.

Dean H. Dickinson, Former Reed College Student, Confident German Have No Chance.

THE morale of the allied soldiers is 50 per cent stronger than the most optimistic reports in the press, according to Dean H. Dickinson, former Reed College student in the engineering service "over there." Young Dickinson, who was among the first to enlist in the 148th Oregon Engineers, has been made a corporal and awarded a gold service stripe for six months' service in France. In recent letters to his mother and sister, he says in part: "It must be about noon out in dear old Oregon. The sun is just going down in the west here. You should see this part of France, it is wonderful in this season. The fields are red with scarlet poppies and here and there are patches of bright yellow mustard. It seems to be a rich grain country. The wheat is waist high almost everywhere. Nature is wonderful, you know. When a town is shot up it lies like a scar on the landscape, but nature patches up the fields as fast as the shells fall. Trenches abandoned a year ago look now like grassy old drainage ditches. "The other day I got my little gold service stripe for six months in France. I have been in the 'advanced zone' almost since landing, so that am almost entitled to it under the old rules. Also was made corporal lately. "Since I last saw Corporal Virgil Hyland I have moved to ten different places and have had some experiences too. Sometimes I wish Virgil Hyland and Mead Gillman were with me and then again I am glad they are not. "In our bivouac we only have a gas guard; the doughboys see to the boche in the front line. We are held

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Captain Toose and Charge.

REGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Aug. 10.—(Special.)—A little black bear recently purchased by the soldiers of the Oregon Agricultural College detachment is a great favorite with the men. The bear has been named Poppy. The bear was caught in the mountains. A farmer boy living near Corvallis traded a calf for it and later offered it to the men of the detachment. Twenty-five dollars was raised in ten minutes and the bear was turned over to the second soldier detachment, which will arrive at the college August 15.

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July 4 Is Celebrated on German Soil.

Portland Boy, in France, Writes His Mother of Sad Fate of French Girls in Hands of Huns.

"UP in one of the sectors the boys July this year on German soil just to peeve the Kaiser," wrote Sergeant Merle DeA. Carr, demonstrator and instructor in the gas service with the First Army Corps in France. In a letter to Mrs. Carr, 452 East Fourteenth street North. The letter was dated July 3, the day before the Independence day celebration referred to. Excerpts from Sergeant Carr's letter follow:

Portland Boy Saves Lives of Young Comrades.

Ferris Abbott, With Steel Helmet, Covers Hun Hand Grenade.

EUGENE, Or., Aug. 2.—(Special.)—By covering a German hand grenade with his steel helmet and standing by the head, Ferris Abbott, son of Rev. J. T. Abbott, pastor of the University Park Methodist Church in Portland, saved the lives of comrades and escaped with his own life, according to an account of the incident related to friends here by Dr. William Carl Doney, president of the University of Oregon, who recently returned from France. Ferris Abbott lived in Eugene for many years, where his father was formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and later superintendent of the Eugene district for the Methodist Church. Abbott was standing with a group of soldiers when the bomb alighted. He acted before the other men realized that had happened, according to Dr. Doney. He was thrown high in the air and severely injured, but will recover.

France to Be First to Take Up Western Ideas.

Her People Quick to Cope With Any Situation, Says Leland Svarverud, of Eugene, Now at Front.

EUGENE, Or., Aug. 10.—(Special.)—France will be the first of the nations of the old world on recovering from the effects of the war to adopt the progressive ideas of the new world, in the opinion of Leland Svarverud, son of M. Svarverud, secretary of the board for the board for the Oregon district of June 30. "The great German war machine has now established an abjective the wonderful city of Paris, a city known in the past as second to none for her gaiety and beauty, but now a city full of contented and industrious people—a people who are striving with all their might for their freedom and the freedom of the world. "By the time you get this letter I will have been in France six months, and although I have been in Paris most of the time, I have also been in the rural districts a short while, and from my observations I have never known a more grateful and home-loving people than the French. "They are quick to cope with any new situation and are always ready and more than ready to accept new ideas introduced by the Americans, and there is no doubt but she will be the first of the nations to take up the progressive ideas that are sure to come after the German menace is extinguished. "Although America and France have had down our balloons and shower Heine with little puffs of white smoke that represent the burst of anti-aircraft shells. But Heine is persistent. On his third effort Heine threw all caution to the winds. He made a dash for the sausage, but an anti-aircraft shell hooked him and Heine came down by the run with his tail on fire, and he hit the ground so hard that they had to pick him off the scenery with a 'cootie comb' and a putty knife."

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