

The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, OCT. 20, 1918.

GERMANS MAKE A GET-AWAY.

After gazing longingly but impotently toward their ports of Ostend and Zeebrugge, the Belgians have at last recovered them, and German occupation of the Belgian coast...

The one feature of their victory which must be unsatisfactory to the allies is the success of the Germans in withdrawing from Belgium...

The allies have inflicted terrible losses on the German army. The removal of heavy artillery and material must have been in progress for some time, and even cavalry have not been able to keep up with the main body of the enemy...

OLD MEN IN NEW JOBS. A recent number of the Bulletin of the United States Employment Bureau cites some inspiring examples of men who, although past middle age, have entered into the spirit of service...

THREE HEROIC LITTLE NATIONS. Military events of the last month have reflected most glory on three heroic small nations, whose valor shines the brighter through the incredible disasters and privations they have endured...

A CARD INDEX OF THE ARMY. Friends of our soldiers who wonder occasionally why their letters go wrong or why details of dependents' benefits and other matters appear to be muddled, will find an explanation in the account of a librarian, attached to the Adjutant-General's office...

TECHNIC OF THE SOFT DRINK. Release of a hundred thousand or so of bartenders by the enactment of National Prohibition is a natural inquiry as to what will be done with these men after the war...

THE HATED HOE. There is an old saying that without toil one can never go ahead or up, but that back and down—not maintaining a firm grip on the hoe—will bring the garden this ancient bit of wisdom holds with particular force...

BUTTERFLY GIRLS—AND OTHERS. It requires no more than a superficial analysis of the so-called "butterfly type" of girl to discover the reason why Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, returning home after having been engaged in canteen work in France...

gave his home town as "Post Office," having had a dim idea that he had seen the name over the door of an important building.

Obviously, a card-index system which fills 400 or more trays presents special difficulties of its own. When our expeditionary forces numbered only 500,000 men there were 1080 trays for them. If there were 100,000 more men, and the old-fashioned given names were much more common, the number of trays would be increased to 1,180.

All honor to the little nations, martyrs to the liberty of the world, but coming to life again from their martyrdom. They have done incalculable service to the cause of democracy, for their valor amid suffering has been such an inspiration to their greater and more fortunate neighbors as to stir the slacker and the sluggish into action.

YOUR MILLIONS. As another reminder to the voters of their duty, it may be said that it is a many-million-dollar election that is coming on for the voter of Portland.

The total of moneys it is proposed to raise in bonds, taxes and direct contributions in Portland alone is about \$5,750,000. Foremost in amount is the bond issue of \$5,000,000 for port improvements.

There are two other port measures, one authorizing an increase in port taxes amounting to \$70,000 and the other an increase amounting to \$150,000. On the city ballot will be a measure authorizing a tax of one-half of one mill for the purpose of building a reconstruction hospital.

There is also a city tax proposed of one-tenth of one mill for the police and fire department. The equivalent in dollars is \$142,000. The two-platoon system in the fire department is again on the ballot for approval or rejection.

Portland's individual interest in the state proposition is not a small one. The total sum to be raised is \$250,000 in a lump is to be approved and a tax of about \$75,000 a year is levied in addition. There is an appropriation proposed of \$200,000 to establish a home for dependent, delinquent and defective children.

From the State Tax Commission comes a proposal that additional state taxes of the sum of \$940,000 be authorized to help the war emergency work and expenses. The state as a whole is interested in the election in the amount of \$1,465,000.

Thus, in New Haven, Conn., there was a painter aged 60 who entered a trade school and in the course of time became an adept machinist. A farmer of 68 who had mechanical training in his youth entered the training course of munitions factories and quickly qualified for skilled production.

Another bogie has been laid. This time by the report of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army, who has authorized denial of the report that 200,000 of the men called in the first draft were drug addicts.

The report probably was due to a mixture of pro-Hun influence and mistaken propaganda on the part of enthusiastic "wets." The latter, who may not have been conscious enemies of their country, were taken into the former's hands. It has been a favorite contention of some that if men were denied the stimulation of alcohol they would use narcotics instead.

The librarian illustrates the point by the incident of a private soldier named Drazadzycki. It would not be supposed that in the course of an ordinary business a "so" more or less would be made much difference, but in this case failure to spell the name correctly might make the difference between success and failure in finding him.

There was another soldier who gave his home address as "Shay-shear, Conn." at least that was the way the company clerk had transcribed the pronunciation of the town of "Cheshire," which was natural enough when it is considered that the soldier was an Italian.

exaggerated, will not long exist. One of many things which the Army authorities know how to do well is to fit the punishment to the crime. Penalty of twenty years' imprisonment imposed upon a drug peddler is an illustration of this.

It is a sad thing, but it is true, that the soldier must be absolutely accurate in giving the facts of his name, his emergency address, the names of his dependents, etc. but every man should be equally free from error, and finally the inquirer must exercise equal caution or the soldier to all intents and purposes is lost.

Effect of responsibility. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that that of the soldier is a very real one. No person not of subnormal mentality can be expected to experience through which our girls are passing in France without being sobered thereby.

Mr. Vanderbilt compares this type with the girl who has crossed the ocean with her own ideas of how the work ought to be done. She accepts existing regulations with reserve and presently finds herself out of tune with the organization.

There is ground for optimism in the accounts we are receiving of the performances of all our workers who are imbued with the idea of service. There are places, it seems, for all with whom this idea is uppermost.

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settling once and for all who was "boss" aboard the ship and he deplores the efforts of young officers who made what he regards as the mistake of supposing that sailors would work more willingly if decently treated.

But even the crew of which Reisenberg writes was a harmonious one, and the friendly atmosphere of the forecastle suggests that the men had in them elements which would have responded to different treatment.

There is no such thing as a free lunch in the sea, and there are so many reasons why the open life of adventure ought to be made attractive to the right kind of youngsters, that it is to be hoped that the time will never come in which a seafarer, in order to be true to life, will need to be even incidentally a record of man's inhumanity to man.

It is being called to the attention of sportsmen that the Federal migratory bird law enacted in furtherance of our treaty with Great Britain does not authorize anyone to hunt in violation of the laws of his own country.

A little incident is related by the Army and Navy Journal which illustrates how American ingenuity comes to the aid of aviators in emergencies.

The German threat to retaliate for sale of German-owned property in the United States will not have much weight, for it is backed by only \$14,000,000 against \$700,000,000.

Hohenzollern means something equivalent to "high tax collector," but the way the last German loan is going indicates that he may not be so much of a hohenzollern, after all.

The Cologne Gazette may be right in saying that "only military reasons" would impel acceptance of our peace terms, but they are going to be accepted, just the same.

What a world it would be if all the energy the Germans have put into destruction of our shipping had been diverted into the right channels.

The Italian draft treaty is largely a matter of form. Most of the Italians in the United States now would be affected by it are already in the service.

Major-General Kenly says that the allies would rather have 10,000 American airplanes than 500,000 American soldiers. What's the matter with both?

Let us not judge the bond slackers too harshly. Perhaps they were saving their money for the "welfare drive," which is soon to begin.

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Ravings of a Recruit.

By Private L. B. Gross, Spruce Production Division, U. S. Army.

The other night at the Y. M. C. A. a soldier by the name of Cohen told me for the loan of a five-spot.

He said he wanted to take a "peach" to town the following Sunday.

Being the corporal of my squad, Cohen had the best of me. I let him have the five. However, I took his I. O. U.

I only had ten myself and wanted to take my girl for an outing Sunday.

It was some time Sunday that I found out the "peach" Cohen took to town was none other than my girl.

Think of teaching a fellow for five iron men and then making a date with his girl. But I have the laugh at the end.

I found out Monday morning that she left him flat after the five-spot was gone, and that he had to walk back to camp.

Next payday he will have to pay me that five. I may be out a girl, but I am in five dollars. Anyway, it was worth twice five bucks to find out what kind of a girl she was.

I'll bet the corporal felt like 30 cents walking home alone. I should have said 25 cents. I forgot to add the war tax.

Next time I make a date with a girl I'm going to ask her how much money she has to spend on me. Safety first.

All the boys in this camp read the Oregonian for latest war news. The other night we read of the six greatest soldiers in Germany. Von Trosenitz, Gen. Hindenburg, Bethman-Hollweg, Gen. Dis-Order, Gen. Bumlock and the Turkish Embassador.

The soldiers here are so sure that the Hunns are licked that they are fighting among themselves to see who goes home first.

When the war is over I'm going to New York, hop a troop train back to California and tell the folks that I'm "home from France."

I wish they would bury the Spanish "flur" along with a couple of Hunns. They make me sick.

Our camp is quarantined. We can't go out and the "flur" can't get in. The only man the Commanding Officer will trust out of camp is himself.

Eat, work and sleep—that's all we can do now. It reminds me of the eighth paragraph, 13th chapter of Hebrews in the Bible. Look it up for yourself.

One of the boys was AWOL (absent without leave) for two days. When he returned he told the Captain that he was only taking his next furlough on the installment plan.

The next day he was presented with an extended vacation in the guardhouse "SOUL."

The other day at rifle practice I asked the Lieutenant to camp when he saw my ammunition is all gone. "Cease firing," replied the Lieut.

On my way back from target practice I accidentally passed a Major without giving the proper salute. I discovered my mistake in time, ran back to where the Major stood and begged his pardon.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the Major. "I'm only a Major, but don't let it happen to a Second Lieutenant."

The other night our Commanding Officer was returning to camp when he was halted by a sentry. "Halt!" said the sentry. Then "Halt" again, and this time the sentry put up his rifle and took aim.

"What the blankety-blank-blank are you doing?" asked the Captain.

"Well, sir," said the sentry, "I'm a new man here and the sergeant instructed me to say 'Halt' three times and then fire."

The next day that sentry was demig K. P. where he couldn't do much harm.

That's not half as bad as the one I sprung on Lieutenant the night I was on guard duty.

The Lieutenant approached me and I failed to salute. "Don't you know who I am?" said the Lieutenant. "Why, I'm the Officer of the Day." And I answered, "Well, what are you doing out so late at night, then?"

In case of fire, the sentry gives the alarm by calling out, "Corporal of the Guard, post number so and so, fire!" The first time I tried it another sentry thought I was talking to him and he took a shot at me with his rifle.

"Captain, why is a slacker like a custard pie?" asked Private Montague. "Give it up," replied the Captain. "Why?" "Because he's yellow all through and hasn't the crust to go over the top," replied Montague.

Advice to a private: If an officer calls you down, don't salute next time you meet him. He may still be mad at you and not want to speak.

Captain, call a sergeant to call a corporal to order a private to lead me to my padded cell.

SMITH OF THE THIRD OREGON. Mary Carolyn Davies in October McClures, Autumn in Oregon, is wet as Spring. And green, with little singing in the grass, and blue in the sky. Gold, green and red. Great, narrow, lovely things. There are strange birds like wings against the sky.

Beyond the river where the hills are blurred. A cloud like the one word of the too-silent sky, stars, and there stand Black trees on either hand.

Autumn in Oregon is wet and new. And puts a fever like Spring's in the cheek. That once has touched her dew—And I put longing, too. In eyes that once have seen Her season-flouring green.

Autumn in Oregon! I'll never see Those hills again, a blur of blue and rain. These hills are like a friendly fall. But I shall never see those longed-for hills again. I'll see the tall spruce of a ship in our old harbor. They say I am dying. Perhaps that's why it all comes back again.

Autumn in Oregon, and phantasms fly. Rise—fall over every street, and all the year is like a friendly fall. But I shall never see those longed-for hills again. I'll see the tall spruce of a ship in our old harbor. They say I am dying. Perhaps that's why it all comes back again.

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