

OREGON BOYS IN FRANCE REWARDED FOR BRAVERY IN ACTION

Letters Received by Relatives Indicate Pride Felt by Young Men Who Have Been Decorated for Gallantry in Action—Wounded Send Cheering Message of Early Recovery.



Private Ned Crawford, Major Fred J. Rosenberg, Edward Dunn, Jr., In- Joel C. Abbott, Battery D, 69th Artillery, Carl E. Houston, G. C. Grable, Petty Officer on Westchester, G. C. Meager, First Oregon Man With Tanks, Corporal William H. Knecht, Killed in Action, Corporal Bruce Hoyt, of Gresham, Wounded, Sergeant Nat R. Smith, of Kelso, Who Won Cross, Captain Frank W. Wright on Special Duty, Roy L. Merritt, at Camp Elmer Fullerton Merritt, Byron Jackson Merritt, Auto Mechanic, Sergeant Carroll Mumford, William Overholt, Transportation Corps, Sergeant John Coulson, Clyde Byars, at Fort Ben-Jamin Harrison, Melvin G. Johnson, Signal Operator, Charles J. Moser, Killed in Action, J. D. James, of Halsey, W. L. James, of Halsey, Albert H. James, With the Harlow N. Johnson, in Lieutenant L. E. Hiatt, E. J. Fappara, Wounded Harold O. Funk, on Float-Fred Horning, With the Private John P. Breake, Lieutenant M. C. Wheat, Killed in Action, With 76th Infantry, With 63d Infantry, 46th Coast Artillery, Overseas Service, Football Coach, in Action, ing White House, Heavy Artillery, in Intelligence Section, Killed in Action,

An interesting letter, telling of heroic service, for which he received a Distinguished Service Cross, of Private Ned Crawford, has just been received at Hood River by W. L. Marshall, of the Oregon-Washington Telephone Company, with which Mr. Crawford, a member of the 31st Division, was employed at the time of his call to service last summer. The letter was written to W. E. Douglas, of Fairview, O., employer of a sister of Private Crawford, by Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. Wyman, Divisional Signal Corps officer.

On the night of October 3, 1918, in the Argonne offensive, writes Colonel Wyman, "The Message Center of the Division with which I am serving was struck by a shell which killed and wounded several officers and men, at the same time putting out many telephone lines which ran into the switchboard, barely eight feet from the spot where the shell burst. This was at night. All lights were extinguished, and in the ensuing confusion one of the few people who remained entirely self-possessed was Private First Class Ned Crawford, Signal Corps. Although the shelling of the command post by the Germans continued with unabated energy and every one left the vicinity as soon as possible it was imperative that such telephone communication be maintained. Crawford volunteered to remain at the post and did remain there about two hours exposed to great danger, but keeping open communication with the brigades and regiments of the division. For this devotion to duty, of which I was an eye witness, I recommended Private Crawford for the Distinguished Service Order, which is given only for conspicuous and meritorious service in the face of the enemy."

"Private Crawford received his Distinguished Service Cross from the hands of the Major-General commanding our division and in the presence of the members of his battalion. He is the first man in this division to be thus honored."

where they finished their course of training.

A letter telling of the death of Corporal William H. Knecht, son of Mrs. Bertha Rienecker, of 3121 Nineteenth street Southeast, and expressing his appreciation of him as a man, was written by his Lieutenant, Samuel L. Parker, in France, to Corporal Knecht's mother on October 27.

"You, no doubt," the letter runs, "have long been notified of the death of your son; so this letter is not one of notification, neither is it to be exactly a letter of sympathy. I feel the loss of Corporal Knecht as much as any one in the world—including my mother. He has fought side by side with me in every big affair that the American expeditionary force has pulled off. He has also accompanied me on every patrol—in other words, he has been my right-hand man ever since he was first assigned to my company. I say this is to be no letter of sympathy because we are proud of our brave soldiers who give the 'last full measure of devotion' so gloriously on the battle field.

Corporal Knecht would rather have died right where he did than any other place in the world. He was killed by a machine gun bullet while he was going to work. He was hit in the forehead just above the eyes. Death was instantaneous.

"Corporal Knecht joined by platoon as a private the day before the war, over the top at Cantigny. Although he had never heard the ring of a shell nor the whistle of the bullet, he was as cool as an old-timer when the action began. On this occasion he showed himself a man of great courage and worthy of recognition in the Army. After the battle I appointed him chief of my division corps. This caused him to always be near me in battle. After the battle of Soissons he was warranted corporal and soon was put in charge of a platoon.

"It was my intention to see that Corporal Knecht received an appointment to an officers' training school, for he was thorough in his handling of men and of filling a place among the best of the officers in the Army. In fact when he was killed he was doing the work of an officer—leading a platoon into action, and incidentally he was doing it well.

"In the death of Corporal Knecht the Army lost a most valuable man; his mother most devoted son, and I lost a most valued man from my company and a friend."

Private Moser, a former student of Hill Military Academy and well known throughout Oregon, has been promoted from Captain to Major. He applied for and received a commission at the time the United States entered the war and has served continuously ever since. Major Rosenberg's promotion was received by Mrs. Rosenberg a few days ago in a most interesting letter highly descriptive of life in France as the soldier and officer find it.

Immediately prior to his entrance into the Army Major Rosenberg was connected with the Southern Pacific at Salem.

"I can't send you any Christmas presents," writes Private Delbert Slutz, driver of an ammunition truck for Battery E, 65th Regiment of Artillery, in France, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Slutz, of Hood River, "but I'll send you something that maybe you'll think just as much of. It is a citation for bravery. Take good care of it."

According to the citation, one of which was addressed to Private Slutz, the transportation of munitions was made particularly difficult because of the crowded and poor condition of the roads. The truck drivers were also under enemy fire. The letter ends:

"Credit is particularly due to Captain George H. Terrell, munitions officer, and Second Lieutenant Albert R. De Burgh and each enlisted man on truck engaged in this work."

A graduate of the Portland Y. M. C. A. radio school after two months, at the age of 16 years, Edward Dunn, Jr., passed a Government examination in Seattle, worked on a ship for three months, joined the Signal Corps in February of this year and in six weeks was in France. Now he is instructor in a headquarters camp and has a class of 30 men.

Young Dunn was a very apt pupil. He was under instruction by Walter H. Haynes, until recently chief of the "X"

radio school, but now in the Government service. He is from Condon, Gilliam County, but his mother lives at 652 Tillamook street, Portland.

Joel C. Abbott, cook of Battery D, of the 69th Artillery, in France, misses the home papers, he writes to his mother, Mrs. Abbott, of Hood River, in a recent letter.

"Can't you send me the Hood River paper? I sure would like to have it and The Oregonian. I took out two more liberty bonds, \$50 each, and sent my other bonds home to you. I made you an allotment of \$15 a month, as I am drawing \$43 and can't make use of so much. I hope you are as well as I am."

Guy C. Grable, son of H. W. Grable, of 4417 Sixty-fifth street Southeast, who sailed on the West Alsek in June, has been rapidly advanced to a petty officer of the first class and is now stationed on the West Chester, in New York harbor. He was an employee of the Northwest Steel Company prior to his enlistment.

Private Charles J. Moser, of the headquarters detachment of the 181st Infantry Brigade, 31st Division, was killed in action in France on September 28, according to information received recently by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moser, of 551 East Taylor street.

Shortly before his death he wrote home, describing some of the scenes in France, "We witnessed an aerial combat which was very interesting. There were about 20 of our planes overhead at once. In the distance we could make out the exploding shrapnel from the anti-aircraft guns."

Private Moser must have written his letter a few days before going to the fighting front, as he says, "The moon was shining and we passed through a number of action lines, which made us realize more fully that we were nearing the entrance of the big show. This afternoon I walked out in a field and examined some of the many graves that dot the country side. There is a number plate on each cross and generally a small copper plate on which there is engraved, in French, the name of the soldier. On each grave is a piece of shrapnel or an exploded shell. We are resting today, which is generally a bad omen, as it means a hike maybe."

Private Moser was born in Portland, July 7, 1887, and attended Hawthorne School, completing his education in the University of Portland. Besides his sister, Dorothy, of Portland, and a son and daughter—William, aged 7, and Elizabeth, aged 5, in Dayton, Wash., where he has been assistant postmaster for two years before enlisting.

Clyde Byars, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Byars, of 94 East Twelfth street, writes to his parents from Fort Ben-Jamin Harrison, Ind., that he is enjoying a fine time, but hopes to be mustered out soon, as "Everybody seems to have lost interest in the work, even the officers, now that the war is ended."

These pictures were taken in Indianapolis yesterday evening. Looks as if your boy was not suffering very much from anything, eh? I don't know how soon I can send that wire, 'Coming home,' but they are discharging the men slowly already. Have patience and my time will come one of these days when I am least expecting it."

The Merritt family is well represented in three different divisions of the service by three members: Byron Jackson Merritt, auto mechanic in the S. A. T. C., Corvallis, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Merritt, of Corvallis; Elmer Fullerton Merritt, in the Navy, and at present on ship bound for Chile, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Merritt, of Merrell, Or.; and Roy L. Merritt, who is located at Camp Meade, Maryland, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merritt, of Sherburne.

Captain Frank W. Wright, of this city, and formerly captain in the Oregon Coast Artillery, is now executive officer, Tallaferra Field, Fort Worth, Texas, and soon will leave for Los Angeles and Washington, D. C., to report for special Army duty. Captain Wright, who has been in charge of the engineering department at Tallaferra since last February, is an old Army man. He became an officer in the regular Army,

gun unit which was a part of the 31st Division.

He was 25 years of age and a nephew of former Attorney General A. W. Crawford, of Portland. He is survived by a widow, Fannie Wheat, of Astoria.

Mr. Wheat attended Columbia University, New York City, and later was graduated from the Willamette University law school. He was admitted to the bar in 1914 and served as stenographer and clerk for Frank A. Moore, then Chief Justice of the Oregon Supreme Court.

Mr. and Mrs. John James, living near Halsey, Or., have sent four stalwart sons to serve in the National Army. Joseph D. James is in the 74th Infantry, now at Camp Lewis. Walter L. James is in the 63d Infantry, stationed at Camp Meade. Albert B. James is somewhere in France with the 45th Regiment, Coast Artillery. Glen P. James, the youngest, is at Camp Fremont.

Life in the service at Camp John Wayne, Tex., is varied for Second Lieutenant Louis E. Hiatt, of Portland, who has been football coach for the camp team in its clashes with other regiments of the district. Lieutenant Hiatt is the son of Mrs. L. M. Hiatt, of 710 North Broadway street. He was formerly a carrier for The Oregonian and later attended Oregon Agricultural College.

"I went to Austin yesterday," reads a recent letter, "to officiate in the game between the University of Texas and the Agricultural College of Texas. I umpired. These two teams are the best collegiate teams in the South and it was a good game."

Lieutenant Hiatt is with the aero service. Newspaper clippings accompanying his letters relate numerous contests with other crack teams, both military and civilian.

Private John Fred Breake, son of Mrs. L. Breake, of 186 Cactus Drive, is working seven days a week with the intelligence section of the American expeditionary forces in France. He went across with the 31st Division, landing over there July 30. His brother, Fred Breake, now is attending the commanding officers' school of the naval training section in San Francisco, according to a recent letter home.

Henry enlisted in the Navy last June. E. J. Horning, of Newberg, wrote to his parents from France, where he was fighting last October with Battery C, Fifth Regiment of Field Artillery, stating that it was the first time in a month that he had found time or opportunity to write home on account of his surroundings.

"We have been in new territory just taken from the Germans," he comments, "and are clear out of civilization. There are no civilians. Y. M. C. A.'s or anything near here but soldiers; nothing but a stretch of desolate land full of shell holes and holes dug for shelter. There are rifles, belts, helmets and all sorts of equipment scattered all over the ground and occasionally a row of wooden crosses.

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"One thing this war is doing is to make us appreciate our homes and mothers a lot more than we ever did before."

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Private Horning has a brother, Keith Horning, in the naval aviation section of the United States, in Ireland.

E. J. Fappara, a native of Greece, and a former employee of the Foundation Shipbuilding Corporation, was wounded near Verdun, and has been returned to the United States, where he is rapidly recovering in the Rockefeller Hospital, in New York. He states in a letter written to his friend, C. D. Silver, proprietor of the Silver Waffle House at 209 Morrison street.

The letter is written in an unsteady hand in uneven rows across the page, because, he says, "After going over the top several times all right, I went

over again on October the third near Verdun, and was hit five times by machine gun bullets, three of them smashing my right arm and the others wounding my left leg."

Private Fappara has lived in Portland the past 11 years and was a member of the choir of the Greek Orthodox Church here. He volunteered his services for the Army last June, was accepted, and sent almost immediately to France, where he trained for a short time before going to the front.

Upon receiving his discharge from the Army, it is his intention to return to Portland, some time after Christmas. He owned a \$200 liberty bond, which he left with his friend, C. Silver.

bayonets and at 6 P. M. our barrage started and we went over the top; that is, what was left of us. We lost a lot of men in the trench before we left it. Our point to take was a long hill covered with wheat. On top of the hill and about half a mile from our front line was a clump of trees and there's where Fritz was stationed. I can hardly describe the advance. I was in the first wave, so I could see it all, and it was some sight.

"Every once in a while someone would fall, but the line kept right ahead until we were nearly half way up the hill. Then a couple of machine guns opened on us and men began to fall all around, and for a moment the line wavered and nearly stopped. Just then our second wave came up and nothing could stop them. They yelled like a bunch of Indians and in half an hour there were no Germans left on that hill, but they put up such an artillery fire back of it that no support could get to us for three days.

"We had no food, no water and but little ammunition, so we used the German machine guns and rifles we had captured and beat back two counter attacks. We were so thirsty we chewed wheat straw and the sun was just boiling in the bottom of our dugouts, and our tongues were so thick we could hardly speak, but we held the line until our relief could get to us. July 4 was very lively. From there we went to Soissons, where we went over on the morning of July 13, and during that fight I got chlorine gas in my lungs."

"It would take a whole book to tell you about that scrap, so I won't make a start at it. Some time in July, when we were lying in the line at Chateau Thierry and the sun was just boiling hot and the Boches' machine guns were clipping the wheat straws around us, I would think 'there' was back home at that moment because they were just like some slacker. Then I would take a couple of shots over at Fritz, just to get even with him. It's funny what ideas will get into a fellow's head when he is in a place like that. We would see the canteens because they were empty and get into a terrible rage at the Germans because they ate us when we were shooting at them."

Spanish Ship Laden With Wine Is Wrecked.

French Inhabitants and Some American Soldiers Flock to Shore.

PRIVATE HENRY C. DEUTSCH, who is with Company C, of the Tenth Forestry Engineers, overseas, writes to his mother, Mrs. R. Deutsch, of 404 Fargo street, on October 23.

"I am back with O Company," he writes, "and doing the old routine work again. I was gone for about six weeks on a mapping and timber estimating job, and enjoyed the trip very much. I learned a lot of things about French forestry methods, and met quite a few French foresters. It was more like my old job in the States, and was a pleasant trip Sunday I spent on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, or rather the part known as the Golfe de Gascogne. A Spanish ship had been wrecked here during a recent storm, and there were hundreds of barrels of fine wine scattered upon the shore. Frenchmen from all the surrounding country are filling up all the available bottles and jugs. Also coffee is always served in the contests with other crack teams, both military and civilian."

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William N. Dow in First Yank Drive at Chateau Thierry.

ASTORIA, Or., Dec. 14.—(Special.)—William N. (Niel) Dow, of this city, who participated in the first American drive at Chateau Thierry, has written an interesting account of his experiences in that battle to his father, C. S. Dow. The young man was struck on the head by a piece of shrapnel and gassed during the fighting in that section. He has practically recovered and when last heard from had been assigned to duty on board a naval tug at Brest, France.

His letter was dated October 14 and says:

"We were in a kind of natural trench, about seven feet deep, and the Germans opened fire on us with artillery about 10 A. M. They kept it up steady all day and simply plowed that trench up. I don't know how any of us lived. About noon I was lying behind a stone bridge and a shell burst over my head. It knocked me out for a while and I have been rather shaky ever since, although I am now improving.

"In the evening we were told to fix

Ends Stubborn Coughs in a Hurry

For real effectiveness, this old home-made remedy has no equal. Ease your cough by using this.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Any one who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare, and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a pint bottle, put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make a full pint. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Either way, the full pint saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known as the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.