

# VALS ARE "FIGHTIN'EST, COCKIEST SOLDIERS ON EARTH"

## OREGON BATTERY ON FRONT LINE IS GLAD OF CHANGE

W. F. Cornwell, Former Journal Employee, Writes That Everything Runs Like Clock Work.

## HUMOR THE SAVING GRACE

Without Ability to Laugh, One's Stay Amid Falling Shells Would Be Most Unpleasant.

"They weren't able to sidetrack Oregon's old battery during these martial times," writes W. F. Cornwell, a former Journal employee, to David H. Smith, circulation manager.

"We are at last on the line, with the rest," he continues. "To say that the showing is good would hardly be fair, considering the way the fellows from home went into their baptism of fire. We all talked with every one we met who had been through it and one and all said we would be frightened ragers during the first few days. But probably no battery went into positions for the first time when the fight was its swiftest. Big shells were whizzing overhead and bursting on all sides. It was a good reception and the fellows took it like veterans. All were quiet, perhaps a little more excited inside than more experienced men would have been.

"In the positions they have undergone everything that Fritz dishes out, and have taken it calmly. It is no joke waiting in the dugouts when the shells are landing all around. Gas is not a dangerous instrument any more, but it is aggravating. Working in the mask is not fun. The mask often is taken off under light gas, but several of the fellows have become affected much like the after effects of chloroform. One of the fellows felt himself slipping, but kept doggedly on, until he finally went out for more than an hour, a little while in the gasproof revivier then.

All Like Clockwork  
"Our guns are roaring with the rest of them. Everything is running like clockwork. A signal for a barrage is given and a shell is on its way with the discharge of his duties which take him to the various forestry outfits located throughout France, most interesting views of the country. His travels are told in letters of recent date written to Mrs. Kelly and her daughters, who are residing in Portland.

"I have just returned from a 15-day motor trip to Northern and Eastern France and have seen much beautiful and interesting country. I first passed through several villages given over entirely to the manufacture of baskets, willow and the coarse weed. That night we stayed at a famous French watering place, where I drank gallons of the famous Vittel water and had a bath in a real bath tub, some luxury and not to be passed lightly.

"We went up toward the front and passed many troops and more cannon than you could count. They were all camouflaged and each bore the name of some woman. There are Susies, Blanches, Yvettes and names without number.

"The next day I visited one of our pling camps, six miles from Germany where we are getting out long dock pilings. Just before I arrived an American aviator brought down a Boche airplane almost in our camp. About 800 feet from the ground the Boche pilot lost control of his plane and it turned over twice. The Boche First Lieutenant fell out of the plane and was dashed to pieces. He had his arms crossed and a rapid fire gun in each of his hands. He died so lightly that he may have been pried out of his death grip. The pilot, badly wounded, fell with his machine in a little meadow and was captured. Our officers had a lot of interest in the capture.

"The nights are pitch black when this all is going on, and the roads lined with teams.

"As I said, the spirit of the men is fine. We have run across a lot of men from different outfits and all tell the same story. When fighting is being done they sail into it like mad dogs. An infantryman told me that when he went over he always felt like one does on a hotting drunk.

"They don't like this maneuvering game. All want to get into the fight and raise hell, tout de suite. Last winter the Frenchman in the school used to comment on the American boys' love of the raiding parties. It means lots of action and appeals to the American spirit, and is not as generally popular in the other armies, they say.

"Of course, our boys are fresh and new to the fighting, cockiest bunch of soldiers on earth. They know they are going into the game fresh and well prepared and are therefore stronger than the rest. They've been idling here, as well as home, and, turned loose, you can bet as a man or en masse they intend to satisfy every expectation of them."

Herald Nowlin, former Portland and Gonzaga college football star, who enlisted in the medical section of the navy, later being attached to the marine corps, has written his mother, Mrs. Lenora F. Nowlin of Portland, that he has been up to the front-line trenches with the marines. In part his letter follows:

"Somewhere in France, Sunday, June 16.—A few lines to let you know that my chum, Nolan, and I are well. We have just returned from four days and five nights' active duty at the front. When I say active duty I mean both day and night for we had to be on the job all of the time, sleeping when we might and sitting in the same manner. When Sherman made his little remark about not being able to know anything about high explosives, gas or machine guns, nor could he conceive the possibilities of our present modern warfare, for it is worse than hell.

"Every marine in France is now a hero. The gallant stand they have made is a byword for all. They are great fighters. It is a pity we have a million more of them at the front now."

Fred R. Elliott, the son of James F. Elliott of 1444 Union avenue, has written from France where he recently arrived with the first battalion 37th engineers. He tells of his interest in the country and writes that he has written letters. "I am as hard as nails, father," he adds, "and can do a hike of from five to 30 miles when the captain says the word. I never was in such physical trim in my life. We will kick hell out of the Kaiser, don't worry."

## ACROSS FRANCE WITH MAJOR GEORGE H. KELLY OF PORTLAND WHO IS WITH 20TH ENGINEERS



### Major George H. Kelly Sees France From Motor Car

Portland Lumberman Now Overseas With 20th Engineers Gives Graphic Account of 15-Day Motor Trip Across Northern and Eastern France.

Major George H. Kelly of Portland, with the Twentieth engineers (forestry) in France and who now is attached to regimental headquarters, finds in the discharge of his duties which take him to the various forestry outfits located throughout France, most interesting views of the country. His travels are told in letters of recent date written to Mrs. Kelly and her daughters, who are residing in Portland.

"I have just returned from a 15-day motor trip to Northern and Eastern France and have seen much beautiful and interesting country. I first passed through several villages given over entirely to the manufacture of baskets, willow and the coarse weed. That night we stayed at a famous French watering place, where I drank gallons of the famous Vittel water and had a bath in a real bath tub, some luxury and not to be passed lightly.

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### PORTLAND PALS IN FRANCE



Standing, left to right—B. Frank Davis and Eugene James Forsythe; kneeling, Vane Seely. The three boys are in the 147th field artillery, having enlisted together in Portland. Frank Davis is a clever cartoonist and has contributed some sketches of the boys at the front which have been reprinted in The Journal. Eugene Forsythe is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Forsythe of Portland, and Vane Seely is the son of Mrs. John Eubanks, also of this city.



1—Airplane photographed from second plane, both of which are above the clouds. 2—Officers of headquarters staff, Twentieth engineers; above, left to right, Captain W. D. Starbird, Major George H. Kelly; below, left to right, Captain E. C. Wenifee (adjutant), Captain P. D. Mackie (supply officer). 3—French hardwood forest with trench timbre in piles. 4—Forestry engineers' camp in France. 5—Major Robert A. Johnson of Klamath Falls.

a narrow valley where they make more smokers' pipes of wood than any other city in the world. It has a number of seven story buildings, which are a great novelty in France. Next city we passed makes combs, its industry. They are made of bull horn and sold as Tortoise shell. The cities are in the Jura Alps, near the Swiss border. Going down this valley we found a road made by Julius Caesar when he invaded Gaul. On every point was a Roman watch tower where the garri- sons left by Caesar could signal from one to the other.

"I found our troops billeted in a stone house 400 years old and a big slate roof barn of equal age. The forest we are cutting here was planted by the monks of a monastery. Next city we passed makes combs, its industry. They are made of bull horn and sold as Tortoise shell. The cities are in the Jura Alps, near the Swiss border. Going down this valley we found a road made by Julius Caesar when he invaded Gaul. On every point was a Roman watch tower where the garri- sons left by Caesar could signal from one to the other.

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convoicing the first American troops into France. That was over a year ago now. Since then I have seen many strange countries, and still stranger people. Have seen some of the awful conditions and hardships brought about by this war. Have been in France a number of times, and all over the British Isles, so you see, I'm having no 'pipe dream.' If it was my privilege to do so at these particular times, I could back up my talk with many interesting pictures, which I procured while we were digging those 'subs' out of the sea, to make it safe for a civilized person to travel upon.

"If the people of America could only get a look into those countries and see for themselves the hardships and awful conditions those people (women and children) are living under, there would be no hesitation whatever when asked to give for this or that relief. While America, as a whole, is giving and doing without, gladly and generously, there are still many people that think they have done more than enough now."

Chauncey L. Mullen was commissioned second lieutenant July 15, upon completion of training at Quantico, Va. He is the son of Mrs. M. E. Mullen, 431 San Rafael street, and D. H. Mullen of the Goodnough building.

John G. Mackey, M. M. first class, with United States navy, is now aboard the U. S. S. Mantle. He left Portland in April, 1917, with the first naval reserves from this city, going into the South American waters with the men on the South Dakota. He is the son of Mrs. Mary G. Mackey of Portland.

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## EXPERIENCE BEST TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MEN AT ARMS

So Writes a Lieutenant Colonel From France in Emphasis of the Doctrine to Kill.

## GRIM TASK RECOGNIZED

Husky Lads Handy With the Bayonet Most Efficient Check to Hun Menace.

"My larger responsibilities sometimes stagger me, but I fit it as an infantry to handle large problems as small ones, only errors are much more costly," thus a veteran army surgeon, now a lieutenant colonel with the American expeditionary forces sums up his experiences in a letter to Major A. A. Cabaniss, U. S. A., retired, who is an old friend of mine. He continues: "My job puts me in a position to handle many questions of general policy or rather give opinions on them and a great many are of course, unprecedented in our service, and are modified by conditions we never anticipated in our wildest dreams before. It is all very absorbing.

"Have been with the A. E. F. a little over a year. My service prior to that was with the French army. Am now entitled to two chevrons for overseas service which will soon gallantly adorn my sleeves.

"I see by the Army and Navy Register that they have Captain Frank Feinler, a Boche chaplain now in Hawaii up for trial. It looks as though they will get him for sedition and in this I will rejoice, as I had experience with his damned German ways out there years ago. I agree with you that making enemies kiss our flag will not make them any the less enemies and that it is a matter for the law and not mobs to deal with.

"Another thing, the people will have to understand that crossing the Kaiser and buying Liberty bonds and giving a dollar to the Red Cross—good as they all are—will not win this war. Our soldiers will have to learn the doctrine of kill with some of the softer influences around the cantonments eliminated.

"Concert and beautiful ladies will not kill the Hun. We need husky soldiers that can stand the gaff and bayonet a Boche with joy and dispatch. I am not criticizing the agencies now at work for our soldiers and nothing is too good for them.

"We have much to learn from the French who seem to me to be our best teachers, but the school of experience is the best of all, up against Fritz who works like a wolf and works best in packs."

### Hill Military Academy

Portland, Oregon

### Fall Term Opens September 17

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Now Occupies its New Building on WESTOVER TERRACES  
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Prepares girls for Eastern as well as Western colleges and schools. Faculty of able Eastern teachers. Number of students in each class limited.

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## Fritz Is Due For Licking

So Writes Eugene Forsythe at Front With Battery A, 147th Field Artillery.

Of the number of Portland boys now at the front with old Battery A, is Eugene Forsythe, whose picture appears today in a group of boys of the One Hundred Forty-seventh field artillery taken in France. They include Frank Davis, whose cartoons have been enjoyed by journal readers, and Vane Seely. Private Forsythe is now on the firing line and writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Forsythe of 753 East Oak street, as follows:

"Six letters from home yesterday and I was one pleased boy. I will write nice long letters just as soon as I get back from the little job I am on right now. June 14 we had a gas attack followed up by a heavy bombardment with real high explosives. They shot gas at us for two and one half hours but we fooled them and sent back more shells than they gave us. Our doughboys are surely doing good work. They are sure knocking hell out of Fritz, and we are doing our share, too.

"Joe Moore is back of the lines where they detailed him as a printer. He was made sergeant the other day. Vane Seely is also back of the firing line. I am the only one of our crowd that went up—but they will all be with me in a few days. Well, Dad, you can rely on me to give Fritz hell just as long as Uncle Sam sends up the shells. Babe Dolby is my corporal, a dandy fine fellow and I am No. 1. Tom ought to see French officers and had a good time; good dinner and spoke much bad French.

"Today was a big market day in the village and we passed hundreds of carts on that way. They were loaded with people, and underneath clung to the axels were their pigs, chickens and goats crowded into crates and new road along the River Loire and passed hundreds of cliff dwellers. Some of the places dug out of the cliffs are quite pretentious and others do not look very inviting."

"I mentioned active service," writes Lloyd J. Hurst, who is in the navy on board the U. S. S. Patterson. "Believe me, active duty on a destroyer doesn't half describe it. There is action on a destroyer in a wild sea every minute worse than riding an outlaw horse. All a fellow has to do is to keep his feet under him and that is some job. When your plate comes up and meets your mouth and you take a flying trip from your bunk to the deck, you may be said to be on active duty. At that, we are all glad to be able to do 'our bit,' and all anxious to get back to the other side again. All that we ask is three meals a day, a few smokes and, most of all, our mail. You that have friends over there, write to them. Tell 'em everything and anything—all about the town and all about every one in it. Ten to one, they will read that letter until they know it by heart. You don't, you can't realize what a bit of news from home looks like."

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