SOLDIERS FROM OREGON COUNTRY AT HOME AND OVERSEAS

BEAT DOWN HUN BEFORE MAKING PEACE, SAYS MAJOR

"Raise Your Voices Against Peace Before Hun Is Licked to Frazzle," Urges Officer in France.

WAS IN ENEMY AIR RAID

To Be Under Fire of Bombing Planes Is Terrible Experience, Writes Major Chambers.

"I know that every soldier in France will register an emphatic protest against any peace that does not include the absolute beating down of the Hun. For God's sake raise up your voices against the making of any peace before the Hun is licked to a frazzle and made to feel some of the suffering he has inflicted on others." So writes Major Charles Carroll Chambers, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Chambers, 301 West Park streets, who is in command of the 135th Machine gun battalion, in France.

"I've lived through two air raids on two successive nights, and I want to say that Sherman's vocabulary held no word to adequately express what an air raid is really like. I know I can never tell you what these were like, but I will try.

"In the first one I came in for the whole show from the street parade to the grand concert and after show. Two nights before, we had treated Fritz to 800 lovely made in America gas shells. We had waited two days for just the right wind and we have every reason to think the Boche got a bitter dose of the stuff they expected to terrify the world with. His gas alarms sounded frantically up and down the lines for an hour and the next day our airplane observers noted increased activity around their field hospitals. At any rate he took it out on us two nights later.

"From the third floor of the building occupied by the division headquarters I heard the intermittent hum of a couple of Boche planes and our anti-aircraft guns began to boom. Then four of my machine guns began their put-put-put and the alarm was given to descend to the abrise de bombardments. Before reaching the second floor two bombs went off just across the street sounding as if the whole world had blown up. They blew the end out of a three story building and left a hole in the back yard as big as a cellar.

In Distinguished Company

"I made that last flight of steps in nothing flat and at that, two men passed me as if I was standing still. When I got to the cellar I found those two men to be the commanding general and his aide. Here in an old wine cellar two stories underground were about 50 officers. Our one feeble electric light only served to make the place more ghastly. The Boche had sent over two planes and they flew so low that our anti-aircraft guns couldn't reach them. They circled over the city twice dropping nine bombs. Each one scored a hit and the explosions were terrific. It seemed that our four feet thick walls would crash down over our heads every minute

Hospital Is Bombed

"The Boche then, deliberately dropped four bombs on a big hospital on the edge of the town. In the bright moonlight they could plainly see the red cross marking the spot. Here two convalescent soldiers were badly hurt and one nurse but by some miracle none was killed, although one ward was completely wrecked. There can be no doubt that they deliberately sought it out.

"It seemed ages that we were huddled down in that damp cellar waiting for the bomb which we were sure was coming to us. But in less than three minutes the Boche had sailed away home. Then we came out to take stock of the damage. Although we had all seen enough over here to prove that the tales of Hun atrocities were not exaggerated, when we saw what happened to the hospital, it made every man wince and grit his teeth at the new horror of such fiendishness.

"It was a gruesome sight to see the dead and wounded being picked out of the debris. I walked around with the commanding general and saw it all and I didn't sleep very much after I got home. Those air raids are frightful agencies of destruction.

"The next night the Boches repeated the same thing only worse and he added 29 big shells to the four he had dropped before. A big bomb splashed in the front of the house just opposite us and killed the French soldier sitting just inside the door. We caught a glimpse of pieces of houses and pieces of soldiers being blown in every direction and it was not a pretty sight. We had to add gas masks to the unpleasantness of the poor ventilation of our dugout. There were seven soldiers crowded into a room 12 feet square and six feet high. One of the air bombs failed to explode and the next morning a detachment of engineers carried it tenderly out into a field and set it off with a time fuse and it made a hole big enough to hold a truck.

"We were in our dugout with our masks on for over an hour. The artillery dropped shells about every three or four minutes and every other one was a gas shell. The gas squad was out as soon as the shelling stopped sprinkling chloride of lime around and shovelling the gas out of holes in big canvass flappers, as gas is heavy and hugs the ground. Our artillery got busy and with counter barrage sending over a dozen shells to Fritz's one and they soon grew tired of it and withdrew.

"I have a wonderful respect and admiration for the French peasants. Old women wrinkled and gray as can be, work in the fields 10 hours a day. There is no grumbling and no tears, only a grim determination to lick the Huns. Speaking of Prussian kultur, there is an old man near here who works in the fields who is a living monument to Prussian kultur. He has only the stump of an arm, his tongue is split and he is mutilated in a most horrible way. That was done in the first years of the war.

"Believe me, this is the real thing and an exciting game. But I love it. I'm having the time of my life. Much as I love my family I wouldn't be out of it and back in the states for a fellow who misses this show over here, will be lacking something all the rest of his life."

IN NATION'S SERVICE AT HOME AND ABROAD

OREGON men who serve their country—(1) First Lieutenant R. S. Fuller, Sixteenth infantry, cited for distinguished conduct; (2) Sergeant Oscar Swanson, Battery B, 147th field artillery; (3) John L. O'Brien, with Rainbow division in France; (4) Private George A. Johnson, in France with ammunition train; (5) Lieutenant Floyd A. Fessler, at Camp Gordon, Georgia; (6) Harry L. Corbett, at University of Oregon training camp; (7) Corporal William L. Graham; (8) Corporal Henry H. Graham.

"The air over our heads is full of airplanes like a flock of big birds," writes Private George A. Johnson of 205 Monroe street, Portland who is now stationed in France with an ammunition train. "Once in a while when a Hun plane comes over scouting around and when they turn loose on him with antiaircraft guns he beats it. But when this happens in the night and we can't see the show, we lose a little sleep. I like this ammunition outfit fine. We have a lot of trucks and I hope soon to be one of the drivers. Of course when we go up to the front with a load, life is only a chance but it's all in the war and I'd like to get into the front line and take a good crack at the Huns myself."

R. J. Fuller, first lieutenant with the 16th infantry, has received personal recommendation from his commanding officer for exceptional devotion and bravery in delivering supplies to the troops in the front line trenches during the battle of the Marne, July 18-22. Lieutenant Fuller is in charge of a combat train for this regiment, and as munitions officer has in his charge seven trains of 50 cars each. He is well known in Portland, having served for 10 years in the recruiting service of the United States army in the Worcester building, later being transferred to Kansas City, Mo. He has been in France since December, 1917. The 16th infantry was cited for distinguished conduct near Soissons during the battle of the Marne.

Floyd A. Fessler, formerly with the Harney County Liberator at Burns, has been commissioned first lieutenant at Camp Gordon, Ga. His army career has been notable since his enlistment as a private in May, 1917, when he was sent to Vancouver Barracks. Inside of 60 days he was promoted to corporal, and two months later was made sergeant and transferred to Camp Lewis, where he was placed in the officer's training school and received his commission as second lieutenant in April. Since that time he has been at Camp Gordon, Ga.

"We sure had the Germans on the run in this last drive," writes Oscar Swanson of this city who has been promoted to sergeant with Battery B, 147th field artillery, "The Huns left tons and tons of ammunition behind and didn't even have time to bury their dead. The marines sure did their part, too. All you can see in many of the towns we passed through is a heap of debris piled sky high. We can see big bunches of prisoners of all ages and sizes on the road and they actually seem happy to be captured."

Recent letters from Russell Smith of Portland, written to his mother, Mrs. Samuel D. Smith, state that he is now in an officers' training camp for engineers. Mr. Smith enlisted in the 20th engineers, forestry last October, and went to France with the first battalion of that regiment in November. He was later transferred to motor transportation service where he served until last month when he entered training to be an officer. He is a prominent Portland man, a well known clubman.

The friends of George E. Love and Jack Glennon of this city will be interested to know that they have arrived in Portland from San Francisco, having been granted a 10 days' furlough after the completion of their course in the aviation school at San Francisco, from which they were graduated on Friday. At the end of their furlough they will be assigned to a camp where they will take final examinations for flying with a unit overseas.

In the Wake of the Battle Stories From "Over There"

AMONG the prisoners who have fallen to the Americans lately was a youth who had lived in the United States, who has a mother in New York and a sister in South Dakota. He had been sent to school in Germany about the time the war started and he was impressed into the army two years ago. When he found himself opposite the Americans he surrendered. He was in a cave with 46 other Germans and he persuaded them to come, too.

"The best thing you can do is to give up," he told them. "Those guys opposite you are fighters—they'll get you."

When this lad came before an examining officer with a long string of prisoners to be listed, he announced that he could talk English.

"Can you say, 'To hell with the kaiser?'" asked the officer.

"Sure," said the prisoner. "To hell with the kaiser."

THE old tin Kelly, heavy and uncomfortable as it may be, has justified itself many a time during the last few months. Hardly a field hospital in the whole American army which cannot cite instances where the helmet has saved lives.

A soldier was brought into a field dressing station with a crease in the brim of his helmet directly over his nose. He had been struck by a machine gun bullet, evidently fired from a tree. The steel derby had turned the missile, and although it put the wearer to sleep for half an hour, it left no permanent injuries.

An hour later another soldier came in with a similar crease in the brim of his helmet almost in the same place. It was shrapnel this time, and it had been turned just as effectively, the fragment claiming only a little skin and flesh from the tip of the wearer's nose which, the doctor opined, would grow on again.

IN ONE action a soldier got a machine gun bullet through the arm. As he was walking to the rear a shell burst near and a couple of pieces of shrapnel struck him. As he was going back in an ambulance a second shell overturned the vehicle and he sustained more hurts. He was still able to be up and about at the dressing station, however, and was patched up from one end to the other.

"There, now," said the doctor, finishing his seventh bandage. "Is that all?"

"I believe it is," said the soldier, as he ambled off the dressing table.

In about 10 minutes he came back.

"Say," he said, "here's another one in my shoulder. I didn't find it until just now."

AN AMBULANCE drew up at one of the advanced dressing stations at Juvigny during the Americans' advance in front of that town to receive its load of wounded.

An American private, his head bandaged in many wraps of white gauze, stood by waiting his turn to climb aboard.

"Come on," said the sergeant in charge of the ambulance work, "climb on and let's go before that big baby gets our range."

The wounded man hesitated. "What for do I have to get on there?" he demanded.

"Well, ain't you wounded?"

The private shook his head. "I ain't hurt bad."

"Well, what you doin' with all that bandage on your dome if you ain't wounded?"

"Wounded—hell!" he exploded. "That's all it is—bandage."

That's all—plain bandage. The wound was slight—a shrapnel gash in his forehead. Still, he had been unconscious for two hours in a shell hole.

GERMAN officers and non-coms have frequently been detailed to line up prisoner detachments and, under the chaperonage of M. P., march them to the rear. An incident which happened when one Boche non-com was instructed to form his company caused one sage American private to declare that a sergeant is a sergeant no matter what army he is in.

The German sergeant gave the command to fall in, and most of the prisoners obeyed with a clicking of heels that is the pride of the German army. One Boche was late, however, and brought forth audible expression of the non-com's wrath, which, when translated, means about this:

"What are you doing there, you boneheaded recruit? Come to attention! What are you trying to do, spoil our reputation before these Americans?"

MEN OF RAINBOW DIVISION LAUDED FOR LONG SERVICE

Major General Menoher Commends Soldiers of His Command for Their Achievements.

RECORD REMARKABLE ONE

From Lorraine to Champagne and Beyond, This Division Has Fought With Gallantry.

After serving a year with the brilliant Rainbow division, the record of whose achievements will form an important page in the annals of America's effort, John J. O'Brien, son of Mrs. M. O'Brien of 1062 East Madison street, Portland, received with the other members of his division the following letter of appreciation from Major Charles T. Menoher, U. S. A.:

"To the Officers and Men of the 42d division:

"A year has elapsed since the formation of your organization. It is, therefore, fitting to consider what you have accomplished as a combat division and what you should prepare to accomplish in the future.

"Your first elements entered the trenches in Lorraine on February 21. You served on that front for 110 days. You were the first American division to hold a divisional sector and when you left the sector, June 21, you had served continuously as a division in the trenches for a longer time than any other American division. Although you entered the sector without experience in actual warfare, you so conducted yourselves as to win the respect and affection of the French veterans with whom you fought. Under gas, and bombardment, in raids, in patrols, in the heat of the hand to hand combat and in the long dull hours of trench routine so trying to a soldier's spirit, you bore yourselves in a manner worthy of the traditions of your country.

From Lorraine to Champagne

"You were withdrawn from Lorraine and moved immediately to the Champagne front, where during the critical days from July 18 you had the honor of being the only American division to fight in General Gouraud's army which so gloriously obeyed his order 'We will stand or die,' and by its iron defense crushed the German assault and made possible the offensive of July 18 to the west of Rheims.

"From Champagne you were called to take part in exploiting the success north of the Marne. Fresh from the battle front before Chalons, you were thrown against the picked troops of Germany. For eight consecutive days you attacked skillfully prepared positions. You captured great stores of arms and munitions. You forced the crossing of the Ourcq. You took hill 212, Sergy, Meurcy Ferme and Seringes by assault. You drove the enemy, including an imperial guard division, before you for a depth of 15 kilometers. When your infantry was relieved, it was in full pursuit of the retreating Germans and your artillery continued to progress and support another American division in the advance to the Vesle.

"For your services in the Lorraine, your division was formally commended in general orders by the French army corps under which you served. For your services in Champagne, your assembled officers received the personal thanks and commendation of General Gouraud himself. For your services on the Ourcq, your division was officially commended in a letter from the commanding general, First army corps, of July 28, 1918.

Achievements Commended

"To your success, all ranks and all services have contributed and I desire to express to every man in the command my appreciation of his devoted and courageous effort.

"However, our position places a burden of responsibility upon us which we must strive to bear steadily forward without faltering. To our comrades who have fallen we owe the sacred obligation of maintaining the reputation which they died to establish. The influence of our performance on our allies and our enemies cannot be overestimated, for we were one of the first divisions sent from our country to France to show the world that Americans can fight.

"Hard battles and long campaigns lie before us. Only by ceaseless vigilance and tireless preparation can we fit ourselves for them. I urge you, therefore, to approach the future with confidence, but above all with firm determination that so far as it is in your power you will spare no effort whether in training or in combat to maintain the record of our division and the hoonr of our country.

"CHARLES T. MENOHER,
"Major General, U. S. Army."

BROTHERS IN ACTION

William and Henry Graham See Action in France Together.

William L. Graham and Henry H. Graham, the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. Graham of 246 Meade street, enlisted with the Fourth engineers soon after the declaration of war. Shortly after being transferred to France they both were promoted to the rank of corporal. In a letter to his mother Henry Graham writes: "We went into the lines the morning of July 18, the date of the beginning of the big American drive. We surely have learned since then what war really means over there. But, fortunately, Bill and I were lucky enough to pull through without a scratch, although it wasn't all sunshine and we have been in some tight places. We were relieved from the lines the middle of August and since then have seen quite a lot of sectors, many beautiful places and many which are just a pile or rock. We sure have to hand it to the French people for their nerve. I have seen old men and women coming back to their homes, after the Huns were driven out, and, finding them in a mass of ruins, they set to work to clean up the rubbish, living in cellars or any place for shelter, and it isn't long until life is brought back to the place again. I wouldn't miss the chance to be over here for anything, for now I have seen with my own eyes just why Uncle Sam is in this scrap. We must not let up on old Kaiser Bill until his is the weakest nation on earth."

LAUDS LIEUTENANT WOOD

A strong tribute is paid to the late Lieutenant Lambert Wood, who was killed in action in France in the early part of August, by his friend, Neil Malarkey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. Malarkey of Hillcrest drive. "I suppose you all know about the death of Lambert Wood," he writes. "Father O'Hara came down on a train with one of Lambert's officers, who told him of his death behind a machine gun, with a picture of his sweetheart in his hand. It certainly does hit me hard, for Lambert Wood was about the best friend I ever had and the finest man that ever lived. He had been decorated with the Croix de Guerre and recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross just before his death. The captain of my company here was captain of Lambert's company and left it just two days after Lambert was killed. Bob had a short talk with the captain about him. The captain said Lambert Wood was the finest soldier that ever hit France, and the finest man he had ever known. I am going to have a talk with the captain, if I get the chance, and then write Mrs. Wood a letter. It certainly does make one's blood boil when such things happen."

Oregon Man Wounded at The Marne

Private Carl Hilmer Groth is now recovering in French hospital from wound in left shoulder and lung.

MEN FROM NORTHWEST WIN COMMISSIONS IN ARTILLERY SERVICE

Paul E. Feldenheimer of Portland Among Those Successful at Officers' School.

Washington, Oct. 12.—(WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL)—Announcement is made of the appointment of the following named from the Northwestern states as second lieutenants of coast artillery, upon completion of training in the Fifth camp at Fort Monroe, Va:

From Oregon: James Q. Adams of Ashland, Paul E. Feldenheimer of Portland and Leslie F. Parker of Dee, all assigned to Fort Stevens, Or.; Ralph E. Boyd of Brownsville and Glenn E. Shoemaker of Hood River, assigned to Fort Worden, Wash.; William U. Hudson of Roseburg, Lynn D. Mowat of Ashland and George W. Schantin of Gresham, assigned to port of embarkation, Hoboken, N. J.; and Hubert G. Schenck of Eugene, assigned to coast artillery school, Fort Monroe, Va.

From Washington: Lewis C. Conner and Warren D. Hinton of Seattle assigned to coast artillery school, Fort Monroe; Henry C. Copps of Everett, assigned to Fort Dale, Fla., and Walter N. Richards and Paul Wilson of Seattle, assigned to port of embarkation.

From Idaho: Richard S. Penrose, Coeur d'Alene and Newell S. Wight of Weiser, assigned to Coast artillery school at Fort Monroe; and Thomas E. Stockdale, Grand View, assigned to Fort Warren, Mass.