

OREGON MEN GIVE VIVID ACCOUNTS OF LAST DAYS OF WAR

BASE HOSPITAL 46 KEPT BUSY NIGHT AND DAY

Roy E. Carnathan Gives Complete Account of Movement of Organization, Mostly Portlanders.

OPERATIONS BY THE SCORE

Surgeons Have Worked Occasionally 24 Hours at a Stretch and Many Times 12 to 14 Hours.

In the accompanying letter Private Roy E. Carnathan of Base Hospital 46, the University of Oregon medical school unit, which is offered largely by Portland and Oregon physicians, and manned by Oregonians both in its making and in its service, sets forth details in the service of that unit overseas which heretofore have not been published because of censorship regulations. Private Carnathan is the son of Frank Carnathan of 480 East Fifth street.

Basziles-sur-Meuse, France, Nov. 24.—Dear Dad: This is the day appointed throughout the A. E. F. as Dads' day, and all of us weavers over here are supposed to pay our respects to the head of the house.

To begin with, the news came to us today that censorship rules have been relaxed somewhat, so we are allowed to write a good deal of news that heretofore has been forbidden. For the most part the first thing I want to get off my chest, and which will probably be of interest to you folks who have been pouring over maps for several months, is our location. It is three kilometers from Neufchateau. The latter place can be found on the map I believe, but in case you do not happen to have a map handy will say that it is 30 kilometers west of the highway to Nancy, and about 120 kilometers east and a little to the south of Paris. We are located in the Vosges mountains, which is known as the foothills of the Alps. Our particular location is in a valley, and we are surrounded on all sides with hills. Our hospital is one of seven units which comprises a center. The town proper is located about the center, we are on the north-west side of the town, and base hospital 18 is next door to us. Then across the railroad and the Meuse river, both of which go through the center of the valley, are the remaining units.

View is Beautiful

Our several trips to Neufchateau takes us up over the hill to the north and then down the highway to the east. The whole valley can be seen from this hill, for a distance of about three or four miles. It certainly is a beautiful view. I am sure you will be glad to see a picture of it before we leave here. It corresponds somewhat to the view you get of Portland from the heights.

Strangers in Strange Land

Our trip through France started at the port of Cherbourg, and from there we came directly south, circled Paris, and landed here in Bazouilles early in the morning of July 2. From that time our transatlantic voyage brought us into the harbor at Liverpool. From there we traveled through England to Southampton, where we embarked for France.

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1—Private Le' Roy Young, with ambulance unit in France. 2—Sergeant Clyde R. Burns, at airplane service depot in France. 3—Robert E. Mullen, K. of C. worker who leaves for France this week. 4—Harry R. Kyle, home for the holidays from Bremerton. 5—Sergeant Claude Beckner, with machine gun company in France. 6—A. Blair Paul, wounded at Argonne. 7—Richard Bondy, with 91st division in Belgium. 8—Corporal M. Lee Bowler, with 47th aero squadron. 9—Harry G. Bowder, with 22d infantry, Camp Meade. 10—Homer Bowler, with 65th artillery in France. 11—William B. Hastie, of Mount Angel, in France. 12—Sergeant E. L. Ordemann, with the army of occupation in Germany. 13—Sergeant Edward Wilkinson, with 162d infantry in France. 14—George Weston, on the destroyer Ringold. 15—Raymond Weston, on the convoy Wisconsin. 16—Edgar L. Roth, stationed in town where Jeanne d'Arc was imprisoned.

and then you will have the whole business straight.

Carpathian Delayed Trip

One very unusual thing about our voyage across the Atlantic was that the U. S. S. San Diego was our guide. Seth Blake is a member of the crew and we did not know he was in the convoy until we had landed in Liverpool. We did not see him, however. According to reports both the U. S. S. San Diego and the S. S. Mississippian have been torpedoed since then. The Mississippian has been carrying troops ever since it was launched, and when it carried base 46 across, she was on her thirty-fourth trip. That is quite a record. She must have made about 40 trips before going down.

SIX BOYS OF SAME NAME ALL IN SERVICE

Left to right—Lieutenant Lloyd L. Hoggatt, Carl Hoggatt, S. A. T. C.; Corporal Fred D. Hoggatt, Corporal Archie Hoggatt, Sergeant Clyde E. Hoggatt, who died of pneumonia in France; Sergeant Glenn H. Hoggatt. All six were born in the same town and grew up together.

ampon about dusk and for many miles along the coast of England from Southampton to Portsmouth we could see quaint old walls, castles and pretty green pastures. About the only thing that equaled this sight was our trip down through the Irish sea. I will never forget the first sight of land. I almost felt like Columbus. I was on guard on the fore side of the starboard from 4 to 6 in the morning. The sun came up real bright and we could see the dim outlines of the north coast of Scotland, many miles away. It sure felt good to see it, too.

Surgeons Kept Busy

During the Saint Mihiel drive, when the Americans made such a grand drive, our surgeons under the direction of Major Joyce (Dr. Thomas M. Joyce) performed 79 operations. They worked for 24 hours straight. There have been other times when they have had less operations, but have worked from 12 to 14 and 16 hours straight. My work has not brought me in very close touch with the medical or surgical work in the hospital, but even at that I have had an opportunity to see a good many interesting cases.

Words Are Inadequate

We owe a great deal to those who made the supreme sacrifice, and we also owe a great deal to those who have defended the honor of our country and "brought home the bacon." All the articles you might read—whether you believe them or not—could never convince you of the hell they have all gone through, but seeing the suffering is different, and even though we had hardly begun on our proposed drive to Berlin, we must be thankful that our lot of deprivation, economy, loss of life and cripples, is small, very small, as compared with the allies and our enemies. If we can look forward to this fact with every American, we ought to have prospered never before and soon have our industries and organizations back to their normal state again.

landed in France. Perhaps the most serious situation this year confronted the allies about the time we landed here at our destination. So materially the noise was much more distinct during our first few weeks here, and when the offensive opened up on the night of July 18, it certainly sounded like the whole front was within 15 miles of us on all sides. It was not the kind of noise you would expect to hear if you were standing a few hundred feet from a large cannon, but a noise like a far off blast rumbled through space and we could feel the vibrations. As the line moved forward, the noise decreased, and we could not hear it so distinctly, until it was almost out of hearing when the armistice was signed.

Sergeant Claude Beckner, who spent his school days in Portland, has been in France with a machine gun company during the recent American drives in Belgium. He also served on the Mexican border with the Oregon boys. Since his enlistment, he went first to North Carolina with the Third Oregon, then to Camp Mills, N. Y., and from there to France. To date he has escaped without a scratch, although he has been in the thick of the fighting.

A letter from Angers, France, dated December 5, brings word from Supply Sergeant Fred G. Morse, U. S. engineers, that he hopes soon to start for home.

COAST ARTILLERY HAD ITS PART IN BIGGEST BARRAGE

A. Blair Paul, Medical Aid, Writes Home Stirring Account of St. Mihiel Drive.

SAW SERVICE AT VERDUN

Argonne Engagement Is Declared to Have Been Toughest Troops Were Ever Up Against.

A Blair Paul, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank I. Paul, of 536 Sellwood boulevard, Portland, who was wounded while in action at Verdun, when the Americans made their third drive about Argonne and Verdun, writes a vivid story of the drive.

Blair was a junior at the University of Oregon when he enlisted in the National Guard and finally as medical aid in the Sixty-fifth artillery, C. A. C. He was trained at Camp Sherman at the mouth of the Columbia, during 1917 and 1918. Last April he sailed for France. He served in all of the first three drives, St. Mihiel, Argonne-Meuse and Argonne-Verdun, when during the last drive he was wounded and taken to the rear.

He writes from a hospital in Vichy, France, as follows: "Even though I have been wounded, I have seen the fighting. "The first drive my outfit was in was at St. Mihiel, and we helped to put over the biggest barrage in history. Everything went fine. The second was in the Argonne-Meuse on the Chapuis front. We did not put over as many barrages as in the first drive, as our lines were out of range or the infantry was operating. We waited in case there would be a counter attack by 'Jerry.' We may have been out of range, as our lines advanced so very fast. Well, after we were through firing we medical men went into our first aid dugouts and fried hotcakes and potatoes with my pal.

"Our third drive was the toughest job our troops ever went up against. That was where I got wounded. The night before the battalion reached the city of Verdun and encamped some within and some without its walls, for we were shell-fired. We slept in an old shell-thrower. We reached our accommodations for 50 men in nice clean bunks.

"We went to bed till 3 o'clock in the morning, when the drive started. It was raining heavily and it was bad weather to be in. But at 4 o'clock I was out on duty right at the guns. Everything at that time was silent. We calmed before the storm, as it always is before a drive. Suddenly the firing started, just like clock work. One gun not far away let loose and soon after there were other guns sending their fiery messages to the Huns. We kept it up until 7.

"At 10 o'clock I was standing in front of our first-aid dugout with my pal. The big 6-inch Hun shell hit about 50 feet away from me and a piece of it went right through my arm. That's when I left the outfit. Five minutes after I was hit was the way to a hospital. That was on October 8. Today, November 24, I am still at the hospital in Vichy, France.

AMMONIA TOOK SIX LIVES

Tube Drops Into Hatch on Transport and Breaks With Serious Effects. Dad's day brought forth an excellent crop of letters from some of Portland fathers in France, among the interesting ones of which is that of Sergeant E. G. Wilkinson of Company C, One Hundred Sixty-second infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilkinson of 905 Vinhoe street, part of which is reproduced below. "Two days out from France on board the 'Susquehanna,' a former German freighter, we were met by 18 destroyers who joined us and we were told by sailors on entering the Bay of Biscay, that this was the Kaiser's boyband, although we saw no 'subs.' Then we entered the

Only Surgeon for 28,000 Men Strain for 24 Hours Terrible

Captain Karl Swenson of Beaverton who was the only surgeon with the 28,000 men for 12 hours at the battle of the Argonne forest and who stuck to his post ministering to the wounded comrades under the fiercest strain and without adequate help, received a commission as major, on November 22 in recognition of his services. Captain Swenson entered the service as lieutenant in the ambulance service and was assigned to the Ninety-first division in

Soldier in France Writes To Sister Letter in Verse

Forrest F. Brackett, son of Mrs. Ida M. Brackett, 15 East Twenty-second street, who left the 157th aero squadron in France, wrote the following interesting letter in verse to his sister, Mrs. E. B. Brackett, Mrs. E. B. Brackett has made quite a reputation among the American soldiers by writing numerous verses in the same vein for soldiers' wives in France.

"Dear kid sis, I got your letter. I'm proud of you and you bet. Because she's from my little sis. De end she's come too soon to this. Before they come, I'm this way, too; An' I'll be a real 'ol' like de man. He's make me smile an' laugh like fun.

"I'm here in sunny France jus' now. To see jus' what I make dis row. Sav' Mihiel, Argonne-Meuse and Argonne-Verdun, when during the last drive he was wounded and taken to the rear.

Private Richard Bondy, son of Frank Bondy of 1190 Mixer street, is one of Portland's boys who has been through the Argonne forest and has come out of it unhurt. Private Bondy volunteered in an ambulance unit in 1917. He received some training at Hill Military school after hours of work and later was sent to Camp Lewis, where he was assigned to the 363d ambulance company, 316 sanitary train, Ninety-first division, with which he left for France in June. After arriving in France he spent one month at St. Nazaire, and thence to the front.

Private Bondy took part in the three big drives in which the Americans fought like tigers at Argonne. After nine days on the Argonne front they were sent to a rest camp and then to Belgium to do their active service, where they were engaged up until the last moment of the fighting. He is now stationed at Audenarde, Belgium.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bowder of 5725 Sixty-third avenue, have three sons in the service, two overseas and one at Camp Meade, Md.

Corporal M. Lee Bowler, with the Sixty-fifth artillery, was in the front line trenches. He reports collecting souvenirs from Boche prisoners and expects to come home with a load of interesting spoil. The third son, Harry G. Bowder, who was with the Oregon Motor company in Portland, enlisted with the Sixty-third artillery and has been stationed at Camp Meade, Md.

THREE CITATIONS FROM DIFFERENT SOURCES RECEIVED

Private Roy Young Says Division Earned by Hard Work All Honors They Were Accorded.

SANITARY TRAIN ALSO CITED

Corps Commander Confers Additional Mark of Reward on 357th Field Hospital.

"The French are moving back to their home and seem to be very happy," writes Private Le Roy Young with 357th field hospital, 316th sanitary train, from France, under date of November 31. "We've just moved to a place which has been recently vacated by the Germans before we ran them out. Pine barracks here all plastered and with concrete walks around the buildings. Most of the prisoners who are now returning to their homes wear an assortment of clothes, mostly German, and they seem to want to show us that they appreciate what we have done for them.

"Our division received three citations from different sources and we are now wearing a distinction mark on our shoulder denoting our division. The sanitary trains were also cited by our corps commander. Everybody in the division worked hard and deserved all they got and could make a little more. From the latest reports we are to go into Germany. It will be an honor to go with the army of occupation and I hope we will go to some big town for a change. Maybe we'll get a chance to skate on the Rhine this winter.

"We are across the Meuse now and the country is very pretty. The Huns had it all under cultivation and we are enjoying fresh 'spuds,' parsnips and carrots. The beets grow as big as a rain barrel."

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Weston of 915 Haight street have four boys in the service. The oldest son, Alvin, is with the Ninety-first division in France. Elwyn is in the navy in submarine service. George Weston is in service on the destroyer Ringold and Raymond Weston is in the navy in submarine service. The youngest son, Alvin, crossed the Atlantic a number of times.

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