

GERMANS CALLED ENEMIES WITH AIR OF FRIENDLINESS

ARMISTICE CAME LITTLE TOO SOON, NURSE DECLARES

If Stupendous Verdun Offensive Had Materialized, She Believes Huns Would Be Less Arrogant.

SNEER AT "CORNEO WILLY"

Teutons Say They Never Had to Put Up With Stuff Like American Food in Worst Straits.

"You would imagine we were being entertained by the Germans instead of occupying a conquered territory—purely that they are throwing in our eyes, and you would be astounded to know how many are taken in by it," writes Miss Mary E. Cronen, who is in service with the army of occupation in Germany, after having served as a nurse through the big American drives with the Second and Third divisions.

"The Germans are very friendly to the Americans and tell openly how glad they are that we came into the war to have them from kaiserism and so forth. Their terrible food plight is all nonsense, if one is to believe the characters who do the cleaning of our hospital. They openly sniff at our canned food and 'corned willy,' and tell us that their worst straits they had better food than we have now. Their shops are all decked out with things to attract the Americans, with special postcards of the triumphant entry of our troops into the city, etc. Very flattering pieces of American soldiers giving chocolates to little girls, etc.

Armistice Little Too Soon

"Our life has been varied, as you can imagine when I tell you that we were with the field hospital which was behind the lines at Chateau-Thierry, with the Third division that relieved the marines on that drive. It was a most interesting spot for a time, but we were soon for it. We were transferred to evacuation hospital No. 3 for the St. Mihiel drive and were attached to the Second division and have followed them into every drive since, including the Meuse, Argonne, Champagne and Verdun, but the Verdun drive didn't materialize, as the preparations for that drive were so stupendous that the armistice was the outcome of their spying system. Had that drive occurred this smug German city of Treves we now occupy would be but a heap of ruins. They knew when to stop and you can trust the Germans to save their own skins.

"I'm so sick of the sound of the word 'front.' We've eaten, lain down and gotten up with the sound of it in our ears for eight months. I'm sick of the smells and files and noise, and suffering and death. If anyone ever hears me talk war when I get home it will be because I have gotten over this war nausea. I'm steeped in at the present moment.

Saw Interesting Spots

"Of course, it has not been all terrible. Between drives, when our division was in rest camp, we had the opportunity of seeing some of the interesting spots of France. We have visited Paris twice, while their Big Bertha was on a rampage, so that was quite accessible. Joan is everywhere to be seen—statues, windows, etc. And while on the Champagne front, our tents were pitched near the famous 'field of Attilla,' between Chalons sur Marne and Verdun. It was being used by the French as a munitions dump at that time. Attilla must have been some engineer; the moat is deep even now, and after all these years of erosion and falling leaves, it must have been much deeper. The water was evidently turned off an age ago. Quite large trees are growing in the bottom of the moat.

Can Be Restored

"Before leaving the Champagne sector we visited Rheims. The cathedral is pretty much damaged, but can be restored. The wonderful windows in the rear of the altar are shattered to bits. I picked up a stone which was there and am going to take it home. I found it in the lane outside the cathedral wall. It is only a modern stick and

evidently it had been used by a soldier, as it was lying by a discarded blanket and half eaten meal.

"Toul is a most interesting old place. The center of the town is still surrounded by a moat, part of which is dry. The entrance to the city is by the portals of moat drawbridges on all sides. There is a wonderful old cathedral of the eleventh century and an interesting museum there.

Tours is replete with historical ruins. The Porta Nigra, a part of the wall built by Caesar; the amphitheater was used by Constantine and the animal cages and prison cells are still in a good state of preservation. The cathedral here boasts the seamless coat of Christ and the body of the apostle Matthew in its treasury; the skull of Helena, the wife of Constantine, is still in the same reliquary. Tours claims to have been founded about the time that Abraham was 7 years old, some 1200 years before Rome, so you see we are back in the very glories of antiquity. The plumbing, I am sure, can boast any date it wishes and have my sanction; it certainly is antiquated enough for ancient times. But after France, where we tried water by bucket and pitcher from the village fountain, it seemed good to see it trickle out of a pipe, even though it came in dribbling.

Modern Street Cars

"There are quite modern looking electric cars crossing the Meuse bridge on a narrow track, and between the track and the curb comes a woman leading a milk cow by the horns. The car carries a load of hay, a few boards and the day's provisions. Her lord and master, late of the Prussian guards, walks on the sidewalk with his hands in his pockets, his mustache a la kaiser, his stride impudent and unconcerned. When I see that sort of thing it makes me wish the Verdun drive had persisted until there were a few less of these insolent slave drivers left. Their superiority over womankind is positively engaging. At first they brushed past us (of the nurse corps), sometimes bumping us off the narrow ledges they call sidewalks, but our 'buck private' put an end to it by bounding up a few of them. Now when they see the blue of the U. S. nurse corps, they look for the A on our sleeve, in red, white and blue, and you can be sure we have plenty of room; only when accompanied by their own women do they hesitate to get off the walk. I suppose they dislike to let her see him step aside for any woman.

Sights Were Wonderful

"I am sorry I have not been able to have a camera, but our orders were very strict regarding cameras. But one can never expect to witness historical ceremonies such as the requiem mass for the French and American fallen at Verdun, with Marshal Foch kneeling in prayer at the foot of the altar, the body of the church, those broken roofs and shattered pillars had filled it with debris a few days previous, now crowded with the blue of the French and the khaki of our own men; nor the marines going into action at Zompey, nor the naval guns going to the front, camouflaged so they looked like huge giraffes; or the singular troops going up to the line; or our own negroes going over. Parades will always be tame things to me, after seeing the lancers galloping along for miles, or cavalry ahead of one on the road, dipping when the road does, and away beyond over a distant rise the same motion of horses climbing up and sinking down on the other side, or uneven moving ribbon of cavalry reaching into the dim distance and beginning somewhere miles behind you. When out where you saw these things daily and nightly—for on the well sheltered roads they travel by day—one was so uplifted by the brightness of the whole that one didn't care for the mud and rain, and was part of that wonderfully inspired mass that was going out to sacrifice itself.

Nearly All Killed

"We were in a truck on the road to Verdun from Chalons when the 20th division was going in. They are the Texas troops, and we got in between their trucks and couldn't get out of line, so from our seat on the front of our truck we talked to the soldiers on the rear of the truck ahead. There were four boys in the truck, and they were young and full of courage and self-confidence of what they were going to do to the Boche. We were very encouraging, but he also spent the night previous with what came back of the veteran Second division shock troops and we felt we knew what they were going into. One of the boys who said truck could see no joy in life; he couldn't smile, or eat chocolates or smoke our cigarettes, and within 48 hours he was back on our surgery table. He recognized me and told me that every boy of the 20 on that truck had been killed at his side. He had a bad chest wound,

OREGON BOYS ARE WIDELY SCATTERED



1—Elmer Watson, with company D, 12th infantry, Norfolk, Va. 2—Corporal Frank E. Watson, with 147th field artillery overseas. 3—Lieutenant Sylvester E. Lawrence, returned from service in France. 4—Sergeant Belah Lawrence, returned from overseas. 5—Corporal Buren L. Kays of 48th coast artillery, returned from France. 6—Private C. D. Kays, stationed at Mare Island. 7—Fred Horning, with the army of occupation in Germany. 8—Keith Horning, with the naval aviation service. 9—J. R. Means, who has been at Winchester, England. 10—C. J. Wilson, with the 5th army corps in France. 11—Harry Richard Wheeler, of company M, now at Letterman hospital. 12—Captain O. C. Gibbs, wounded in service with 91st division.

but he said they went into the fight whistling and only he came out alive.

"Our officers are superintending the destruction of munitions (German) here and every few hours it sounds like they are being put over another barrage. I am hoping to be released when my year is up in July. It is a year since I went to Camp Custer, but they do not count that.

The army record of Captain O. C. Gibbs of Lakeview, Or., includes four years' service in the United States army during the Spanish-American war, and during the recent war period, active service overseas which brought him citation for efficient and courageous performance of duty under heavy fire before Waerghem, Belgium, in October, after seeing service during the Argonne drive with the Ninety-first division. He came to Lakeview several years ago and practiced law, during the time serving in the district attorney. When the United States declared war on Germany, Captain Gibbs made application and received a commission as second lieutenant at the Presidio and was transferred to Camp Lewis. On March 4, 1918, he was transferred to Fort Sill, Okla., to take a six weeks' course of instruction in automatic weapons. Upon his return to Camp Lewis he was assigned as division instructor in automatic arms. Prior to the departure of the Ninety-first division from Camp Lewis he received his commission as first lieutenant. On August 1 he had his first encounter with the Hun, capturing two of them. On September 26 his company was engaged in the hot scrap in the Argonne, where he was wounded. On October 22 he was out of the hospital and on the twenty-ninth was in the scrap again. This time on the Belgian front, his company capturing five machine guns and a battery of artillery. On November 3 he was taken out for a five days' rest and then went back in again. They were holding down a warm spot in Fritz' front yard when the armistice came along and stopped the game. In the battle of October 21, Captain Gibbs was wounded in the hand and escaped serious injury to his right thigh owing to a bullet striking his pants, and smashing it instead of hitting him. At the close of this engagement he was made captain of the company with which he started as second lieutenant. On November 29, 1918, Captain Gibbs received a copy of general orders 60, headquarters Ninety-first division, "Citing Captain C. D. Kays of E. company, 362d infantry, for efficient and courageous performance of duty under heavy fire before Waerghem, Belgium, on October 22." Captain Gibbs' regiment was arrived safely in America and Lakeview friends are anxious to welcome him home.

Lieutenant Sylvester E. Lawrence and Sergeant Belah Lawrence, the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Lawrence of 1217 Boston street, recently returned from service in France with the Forty-first division. Lieutenant Lawrence spent 14 months overseas, being stationed at Contrex, France, where he was retained as an instructor for machine gun companies. Lieutenant Lawrence left Camp Withycombe with the men of the old Third division, and was in service at the Mexican border and reconquered for service overseas. He was graduated from Jefferson high school and prior to enlisting was a student at Oregon Agricultural college. Sergeant Belah Lawrence was in service with his brother overseas and was also an instructor for non-commissioned officers in machine gun company. Prior to enlisting he was a student at Benson Polytechnic school and since returning has entered the forestry service at the government.

Private C. G. Wilson is one of Portland boys who has had the unique experience of helping Uncle Sam with the work of military drafting in a foreign country. Private Wilson received his army training in Camp Lewis, Camp Greene, N. C., and Camp Mills, N. Y., before sailing for overseas. He was stationed in the drafting rooms of the engineers' school headquarters of the Second army corps at Chantilly, where the soldiers were billeted in an old mill. During his stay overseas he was transferred to the Fifth army corps and received a special recommendation from the corps

commander for his efficient work as follows:

"In view of the termination of the existence of the Fifth army corps with the A. E. F., the corps commander desires to convey to you his expression of appreciation of the industry, zeal and efficiency with which you have performed all duties since your assignment at these headquarters. The work has been of a nature to require long hours, great fatigue and the enduring of many privations. Under all circumstances, you have been faithful to your trust and you have attracted the commendation and the genuine approval of the officers, soldiers and field clerks with whom you have been associated.

"The corps commander desires to assure you of his abiding interest in your future career and he bespeaks for you a continuation of the success for which your abilities so well qualify you."

Fred H. Horning, a former Lincoln high school boy, who has been in service two years, going through the St. Mihiel, Champagne and Argonne drives without receiving a wound, is now with the army of occupation in Germany with Battery C, Fifth regiment, field artillery. He writes that in his spare time he has taken up wrestling as a recreation. Keith Horning, another Lincoln high school boy, has returned from overseas, where he has been stationed at Queenstown, Ireland, with the naval aviation service. He returned to New York in December and was married to the bride, Miss Laurie Kain of Portland. The groom and best man both wore their soldier uniforms. Mr. Horning was a member of the 15th Washington infantry, 40th division, and had just returned from France, where he had been for six months. They left Monday for Mt. Vernon, their future home. Mrs. Horning is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gildersleeve of Royal.

Corporal Buren L. Kays of the Forty-eighth coast artillery, who arrived at Newport News on March 13 and is expected home soon, with his brother, Private C. D. Kays, who has been stationed at Mare Island navy yard and has now been ordered to the Philippine Islands with a detachment of 21st Marines. Both boys are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kays of 6526 Eighty-fifth street south-east.

"After 10 months in England and four months in France, I look like this," writes Corporal J. R. Means, Company E, Second battalion, 162d United States infantry, who returned from England to his father, Lieutenant J. A. Means of company H, new Third Oregon. Corporal Means went out with the old Third Oregon and left a good position with the Union Oil company to do it. His

company is commanded by Captain Clarence Hotchkiss. Corporal Means is a Washington high school lad and well known to many Portlanders.

Mrs. A. K. Watson of 195 East Thirty-sixth street north is justly proud of her two sons, Corporal Frank E. Watson of the famous 147th field artillery in Germany and Elmer Watson, Company D, Twelfth United States Infantry, Norfolk, Va. They both attended the Sunnyside school and have a number of friends in Portland who will welcome their return.

Prominent Girl of Royal Married to Returned Soldier

Cottage Grove, April 12.—Before 160 invited guests, assembled in the Adventist church at Royal, six miles west of Cottage Grove, Miss Marjorie Gildersleeve of Royal, Sunday became the bride of James Levison Lamping of Mt. Vernon, Wash. Efram Wheeler sang "Love's Old Sweet Song." Mrs. Gildersleeve played the wedding march, and the wedding party was led by two little flower girls, Genevieve Gildersleeve and Lillian Wood. Dr. Robert Sutcliffe performed the ceremony. They were attended by Jack Jilderstev, brother of the bride, and Miss Laurie Kain of Portland. The groom and best man both wore their soldier uniforms. Mr. Lamping was a member of the 15th Washington infantry, 40th division, and had just returned from France, where he had been for six months. They left Monday for Mt. Vernon, their future home. Mrs. Lamping is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gildersleeve of Royal.

Restrictions Lifted On Amateur Wireless

Washington, April 12.—(U. P.)—All restrictions on radio receiving stations other than those used for regular commercial wireless will be removed April 15. Acting Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt announced today. This applies to amateur stations, technical and experimental stations, schools, colleges and other non-commercial apparatus. Restrictions on sending stations are still in effect, but these and the restrictions on commercial wireless receiving stations will be abolished as soon as peace is officially proclaimed.

FREEWATER HERO HOME FROM WAR WEARING D. S. C.

Many Thrills in War Experience of Corporal Hursey Daken, Now Visiting Relatives in Portland.

MEMBER OF GAS REGIMENT

Decorated for Bravery in Action During Attack on German Machine Gun Nests at Garicourt.

Crawling on his stomach in a German machine gun infested region with showers of white-bangs, minenwerfer and one-pounders plowing up the earth about him, making smoke screens under dense machine gun firing, going from company to company, from sector to sector, always at the front, Corporal Hursey Daken experienced war thrills enough to average up for all the disappointed world-beaters who were kept in the confines of their native land. A distinguished service cross, presented to him by General Pershing, is one of his mementoes. Corporal Daken is visiting his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. P. O. DeMoss, 1267 East Harrison street, before going to his home at Freewater.

Corporal Daken was a member of the first gas regiment which fought with liquid gas formed by the explosion of thermite shells. Members of the gas and flame corps were sent out in small bunches to the different sectors.

Won D. S. C. at Garicourt

It was at Garicourt, on September 26, that Corporal Daken underwent the experience that won for him the D. S. C. Here he was attached to the 11th infantry of the 79th division. Marching out of a dense wood they were attacked by machine gun fire which mowed down about a third of the regiment. They retreated into the woods, and the major, who was inclined to ridicule the liquid gas squad, ordered them to fire on the machine gun nests. They destroyed one nest upon being advised of its location. With him in the ranks, the flames came on firing on the other nests, until their exact location was ascertained. The major asked for volunteers to go across and locate the nests and return without making themselves known.

Corporal Daken, though not of the company, volunteered, and was sent

across with two other men, one of whom was killed when only a short distance in the open. Corporal Daken and his companion, Corporal Guy A. Nelson, reached the opposite bank and concealed themselves behind a big log. When things quieted down, they observed a big shell hole a short distance away and were just about to make for it when a German jumped out of a brush pile six or eight feet square and went to the shell hole. There were a number of these brush piles, each of which was manned with a machine gun, while the shell hole served as an ammunition store. The machine gunners would come along and hide in the brush that only their muzzles were visible.

Reprimanded by Major

About this time they discovered a machine gun on the other side of the very log behind which they were hiding, and what was more, a German was coming out of the brush pile and would discover them in another minute. Then they first experienced fear, but there was no time to lose. They shot the German in the head and jumped from their cover into the brush pile and hid. They encountered another German, whom they beat with their fists, and in 20 minutes the other guns kept up a constant fire. Corporal Daken and his companion crawled on their stomachs to the edge of the wood and across the clearing, firing with the bullets whizzing on every side. Corporal Nelson received a slight flesh wound, but Daken was unscratched, although his pack was riddled with holes.

They were about four and one half hours on their trip. The major reprimanded them upon their return for not obeying orders to the letter, but not long after they were both awarded the distinguished service cross.

In Army Less Than Year

On the very next night Corporal Daken underwent a still worse fire while constructing a smoke screen. From one end of the smoke screen the enemy commenced sending one-pounders in their direction. These tore up the earth in holes as large as a good sized dishpan, but occasionally, to vary the monotony, a six-inch minenwerfer would come along and make an excavation as large as two rooms.

On another instance Corporal Daken was with 28 other soldiers, of whom 15 were killed outright and 13 wounded. The three survivors carried the wounded and dead back to the rear, often dropping their man to fall to the earth when a shell headed toward them.

Corporal Daken was in the army less than a year altogether, of which eight and one half months were spent overseas. He fought in five different sectors—St. Mihiel, Argonne Forest, Ornes, Raffendal Woods and Meuse-Argonne. With him in the ranks were James J. Jensen and Vern Hallier, Portland boys, who received their discharge at the same time, on March 6.

Now that the war is over, Corporal Daken is planning to take up electrical engineering under the terms of the rehabilitation di-

vision of the government vocational education department.

Among other trophies, Corporal Daken has a belt taken from the body of a dead German and decorated with various buttons and insignia from different countries.

Harry Richard Gilbert, who has been in service overseas with Company M, 262d infantry, Ninety-first division, arrived from France March 11. He is now at the Letterman general hospital at San Francisco and has hopes of receiving his discharge from there within the next fortnight. He is a brother of Mrs. R. H. Bradley and Elizabeth A. Gilbert of 225 East Fifth street.

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