ENGLISH PEOPLE CHERISH MEMORY OF YANKS' VISIT

Many Are Stories Told Former Journal Man of Americans Who Won Lasting Welcome.

By Clyde A. Beals

[Clyde A. Beals is a former member of The Journal staff, now in England under a traveling scholarship awarded by the Pulitzer School of Journalism of Columbia university.]

The American soldiers left their impression on England. Ask the plain English folk what they thought of the Americans, and the answer is almost sure to be, "Well, some of them were fine, and some of them—" (a shrug of the shoulders) "but you find that wherever you go." And then they proceed to tell you about one or two Americans who won a lasting welcome in their hearts. What the overboisterous soldiers did is being forgotten; the good that the good ones did lives after them.

This fact struck me first in the pretty little town of Winchester, which I reached on my first day's walk through the southern part of England. Of course the town was proud of its old gray cathedral, the top of which stood well up above the three story houses and stores.

The walls inside the cathedral bore many brass or marble plates inscribed to the memory of some old British regiment or soldiers of the last century. In about the middle of one was a large black memorial tablet in gilded letters, to the memory of those "Valiant Americans" who served in the Great war, "1914-191—." The closing date has not been put in yet.

I was just arranging a chair to hold my camera to take a picture of this when two men, one wearing a mourning arm band, stopped to watch the process. They read the memorial, and asked if I had served in England. I explained that I had served in a camp some 6000 miles from the smell of smoke.

FINE LOT OF BOYS

"Well," observed the man in mourning, "they were a fine lot of boys. You know there was a camp near here. Yes, there are the graves of a lot of Americans in the cemetery. I think there were about 700, but they've taken all but about 200 away. Seems too bad they couldn't leave them. They'd be well looked after."

Then there was the innkeeper at Horsebridge, a little railroad stop. I wanted to get lunch there. The keeper, a genial, well-built man of middle age, slouchily dressed with a dusty hat pulled over the back of his head, decided, after consultation with his wife, that there wouldn't be any lunch to spare. Travel was so light that meals had to be ordered in advance. Probably I appeared to be hungry, because he looked at me kindly for a moment and then suggested that he might get me some bread and cheese. I accepted readily. He brought in a large chunk of bread, a generous slice of cheese and some lettuce. Then he sat down to keep me company.

"You're an—American?" he asked at length.

"Yes, I am."

"Did you get over 'ere in the war?"

I described my sojourn at Camp Lewis, Wash.

NICE LITTLE CHAP

"There was a lot of Americans near 'ere," he said reminiscently. "I got to know one little chap pretty well. 'E used to come 'ere a lot. 'E was such a nice little chap. 'E'd come 'ere with the rest and spend 'is money and be one of 'em, but 'e didn't get rough as some of 'em, you know. 'E was a nice chap, such a nice chap. 'E used to come 'ere and see us a lot. We was quite took up with 'im. I don't know w'ere 'e come from. I don't suppose I'll ever see 'im again. 'E wrote me one letter after 'e got 'ome. 'E was such a nice little chap."

When I had finished my lunch, I said goodbye and started off. As I turned to go, he snapped up to a British salute, calling, "Good luck to you, sir." He was a nice old chap, himself.

When I arrived at Broughton, a very plain little old village, I was mistaken for an American soldier. Sergeant Schafer of Princetown, Ind., who had also won a warm spot in some English hearts. If it had been in America, probably I should have had three women, two of them sisters who kept the inn, and the other the 18-year-old daughter of one of them, jumping around me in the street. Being English, however, these three were very reserved, and wanted me to recognize them first. I knocked on the door and learned that I could get a room there for the night.

MISTAKEN FOR SOLDIER

The three of them stood in the parlor and chatted with me as I took off my haversack. The girl and her mother were satisfied by that time that I was myself and not Sergeant Schafer, but the other woman was still dubious. They all explained that they knew as soon as I spoke that I was an American, because there had been a camp of American soldiers near by. Then they told me about Sergeant Schafer, and I assured them that I was not he.

Annie Joyce, the girl, had been only 14 years old when the Americans first came. She was prettier than the usual English girls, so I could really believe that she was popular with the doughboys. Sergeant Schafer and several others had been there for two years and had walked over to the inn almost every week end. They had taken Annie to some of the company dances.

When they asked me what I wanted for dinner, I said I should like some fried potatoes, a steak and some bread and butter.

"Butter!" exclaimed Annie's aunt. "Why, we never eat butter when we have meat. But I know you laddies. I mind how your soldier laddies always wanted butter every meal."

LIKED MOST OF THEM

In the evening while her mother and aunt were tending the bar, Annie sat in the lounge room and talked to me. She had learned an American one-step, and could still remember it fairly well. The Y. M. C. A. hut that had been at the camp had been moved to a place closer to the village and was now used frequently for dances.

She liked most of the American soldiers. Of course there were some—well, she hardly knew what you would call them, but they weren't so nice. But, then, you would find that any place, wouldn't you? It was plain that Sergeant Schafer had left an impression that was still strong. He had promised to come back to England, and she had received one letter from him. She didn't know whether she would like to go to America.

The old woman caretaker at Bindon Abbey had also had her hands full with the American soldiers. "And a fine lot of boys they were, too!"

"Of a Sunday," she rambled on, "they'd come here for tea. 'Can you fix us a bite t' eat?' 'No, I haven't anything here.' 'Well, can't you give us just a pot of tea?' So I'd give them a pot of tea and some bread and butter, and oh, they'd say it was so good. And you should have seen this place. Just filled with them. I'd have to say, 'Now, will you move or I can't get you a thing to eat. How can I be about when you're all in here like that?' And they'd crowd back and give me a little place to move in. And I'd get them their tea and their suppers and boil them eggs. And they used to come here for breakfasts, and some'd want dinners, too. Well, how could I do it all, and me alone like that, and so I'd have to refuse them their dinners, poor dears.

"And I made some English girls feel pretty well ashamed of themselves one day. Some Americans was sitting around here and the'd had their tea with them, and the dear boys passed around their cigarettes and the girls took some. 'Now, you look here, boys,' I said, 'you bring these girls here and give them their tea, and that's all right. But when you've given them their tea, that's enough. You pass around your cigarettes that was sent over here from your homes for you to smoke. And the girls ought not to take them.' And that was right, with cigarettes so hard to get like that.

"Oh, the dear boys they liked to come here. They just went crazy about this old abbey. And they thought this was the finest cat. They used to say they were going to take it home, but I stopped them when I used to tell them where the cat goes I go. Yes, sir, where the cat goes I go. Well, they stopped talking about taking the cat after that. 'Spose they thought they might take care of the cat, but they couldn't take care of the cat and the old woman, too."

Girls Start Making Candy as Result of Friends' Compliment

Just a year ago at this time three college girls, Miss Marie Williams and Mrs. Ada Ingalls, sisters, and Miss Marion Reed, a cousin, were gathered one afternoon in their kitchen at 94 East Seventeenth street, making chocolates for Christmas gifts to their friends. A friend or two dropped in and were asked to sample the home made sweetmeats and their comment was something like this: "Why don't you girls go into the chocolate making business? These are different."

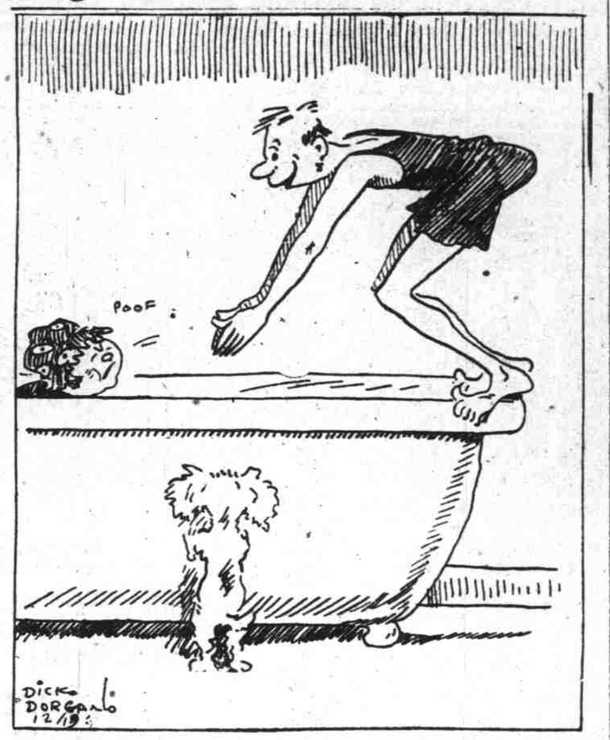
"We were all busy doing other things at that time. I was one of the domestic science teachers at the Girls' Polytechnic school, but someway the suggestion of our friends stuck," said Miss Williams, "and so we set up a little shop of our own at home, working at nights and on Saturdays. The demand for our chocolates was immediate. Our first batch was 10 pounds and now we are making 1000 pounds a month, disposing of them through 45 prominent downtown stores and shops. We are making now a total of 15 distinct varieties."

Salmon Hatchery on Rogue River Sought

Gold Beach, Dec. 18.—Business interests and citizens of Curry county generally are supporting the movement to have a salmon hatchery established on the lower Rogue river by the state fish commission for the purpose of restocking the stream with Chinook salmon. The Coos and Curry delegations in the coming session of the legislature are being urged to get behind a bill, which it is expected will be introduced, providing for the work. The Rogue is called the most important commercial fishing stream lying wholly within the state.

Sunday Blue Laws Here Soon

Ring Tells How to Evade Them



"Surf batheing—Fill the bath tub with water . . . Then you and the wife and kiddies put on a batheing suit and get in."

By Ring W. Lardner

To the editor:

I don't know how it is around different parts of the country but out our way the boys is all worried about Blue Sunday and what are they going to do with themselfs when the lords day alliances gets to work on the sleeping beautys down in Washington and slips another dose of bug poison to the boys that still staggers to their ft. when the band plays the land of the free.

A few of the boys takes the proposition like a joke and say they won't nothing come of it, that the Master Minds that makes our laws will knock this one for a row of rhubarb. Well they said the same thing in regards to prohibition but you can drive your flivver up and down Main St. all day long now days without getting side swipped by no beer truck.

The boys might as well get it in their bean that the new law will go through like it was playing Yale and in a few more wks. old Mr. Monday, that everybody use to crab at because it meant go to work, will be a 2d xmas with people wakeing up full of zip and slaping 1 another on the back and hollering merry Monday and many of them.

Personly I haven't saw no draft of the statue but they tell me it provides for everybody to go to church and as far as that is conserned why they might just as well because it also provides that they won't be no movies or no ball games or no Sunday paper and you can't dance or go rideing or swiming or picnicking or shoot craps or play cards and etc. with penaltys all the way from 30 days to a couple of minutes in the electric easy chair.

Well friends when this comes off they's just 3 ways to take it—the same like it was with prohibition. You can pack your tooth brush and night gown and move to Paris or you can stay here and obey the law or break it. Now wile many books and songs has been wrote about the glorys of gay Paree I seen enough of it so as I would advise my readers to stay here even after the Master Minds passes the next amendment witch is comeing after this one and witch will provide that you can't eat meat or have corns.

* * *

As for obeying the law they's no use obeying the letter unlest you also obey the spirit and the spirit of the law is to see that everybody has a rotten time Sunday, yourself inclusive. This ain't as easy as it sounds like, so for the benefit of my readers I have figured out a ideal program for a blue sabbath as follows:

6 a. m. Get up and take a cold bath. Shave with ice water and find your own clothes.

7 a. m. Breakfast. Burnt toast and any good coffee substitute.

7:30 to 9 a. m. Don't smoke.

9 a. m. to 1 p. m. Sabbath school and church.

2 p. m. Have duck for dinner to witch is invited a man that was in the war and his wife and 4 kiddies. Ask the man about the war.

3 to 5 p. m. Keep asking the man about the war. No smokeing.

5 p. m. Vespers.

6 to 7:30 p. m. Try and call up somebody that has got a new number.

7:30 to 9 p. m. Church.

9 p. m. to bedtime. Talk nice about everybody.

As for the boys that wants to evade the law, in the 1st. place they can't be too carefull as the penaltys is going to be mighty stiff like for inst. 8 yrs. if you are caught laughing unlest its at 1 of the ministers gags or some funny crack in the colic for the day.

But for the boys that is willing to take a chance I have got up a serious of substitutes for the different crimes like motoring, etc. that can be pulled off withtout no fear of detection unlest the people you play with and invite into your home is a wolf in cheap clotheing.

MOTORING

Every time you get home from church run out to the garage and change a tire.

CARDS, CRAPS AND ETC.

Set in church with a pal and bet on any of the following propositions. 1. The next gal that comes in will be a blonde. The odds against this is about 2 to 1 unlest it's a ski jumper's church. 2. Will the text be from a odd or even number chapter? 3. Who will cough next a man or a woman?

SURF BATHEING

Fill the bath tub with water and pour ½ bbl. of salt in it. Then you and the wife and kiddies put on a batheing suit and get in. You duck them and they squeal.

PICNIC

Put your dinner in a basket along with some bugs and dirt. Sprinkle the dinning rm. floor with leaves and sand burrs and set down and eat.

MOVIES

Put out the lights and shut the window curtains. Hang a sheet at one end of the rm. and set and chew gum.

BASEBALL

Set on the ironing board and keep hollering, "That a boy."

FUNNY PAPERS

Your wife gets in bed and you pretend like its 2 a. m. and you are just getting home. She says where have you been. You say you been to a lodge meeting. She breaks off a bed post and hits you over the head with it. You say, "Bam."

GOLF

Hide a couple of balls 1 Sunday and look for them the next.

* * *

Everybody of coarse has got a favorite sport witch they like the best and I will leave my readers to pick out witch one of the above substitutes that suits them best, and at first glance it may look like they wouldn't be no fun in none of them, but I never seen no law yet that it wasn't fun to break it. Otherwise they wouldn't be nobody makeing home brew beer witch you certainly don't expect to enjoy drinking it.

RING W. LARDNER.

Long's Island, Dec. 17.

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Trees' History Planned

Spokane, Wash., Dec. 18.—Action was taken to preserve Washington's oldest apple trees and compile historical data concerning them "for the good of the apple industry," at the session here of the Washington State Horticultural association.

Rat Eats Up Fortune

Strasbourg, Dec. 11.—Rates have eaten up about $13,000, the whole of the life savings of a farmer in the village of Sackingen, in Baden. The farmer, who had stored his wealth in a flour bin, discovered on opening it that all that was left of his fortune was a number of bits of paper.

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7 800 Reed & Sons Grands, in upright form, each ... 595
4 1150 Reed & Sons Player Pianos, mahy. and oak, ea. 862
4 1050 Singer Player Pianos, walnut and oak, each .. 797
13 650 Thompson Sheridan models, oak, wal., mah., ea. 487
5 700 Thompson Colonial models, oak, mahy., each. 525
11 950 Thompson Player Pianos, mahy., wal., oak, ea. 712

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