

WOUNDED MAN WRITES HOME

Letter Shows Spirit of Fighting Britons and Gives Idea of Battle

Here is a letter that was written by a wounded Scottish soldier to his mother. It shows the fighting spirit of the Britons and gives some idea of what it means to go into battle. The letter reaches Salem through a friend of the young soldier. The letter is written from a hospital in France:

"at all now. It is healing up at a marvellously quick rate. The tunnel between the two holes themselves are beginning to 'skin over' already. The foot is rather a nuisance, however, for I think some nerves are cut since it hasn't all the feeling it ought to have and I can't move my toes as well as I should. We have a bath room next door and I hopped in like a blooming sparrow yesterday and had a bath, leaving my leg on the edge. One of my old subalterns of D Coy is here, but he is on a different floor and isn't allowed up yet, so we have only got as far as exchanging notes."

"Buchanan was a brother of the famous John of the Ligis (Gallis spelling). He was an awfully decent, wee chap and used to spend quite a lot of time with us at Inverkeithing. He was commanding the second wave company and he must have been caught in the Boche barrage which got me. It was rather unfortunate

for us, that barrage, for the Hun only put it on in little places, so the newspapers said that he didn't have one, or at least only a half-hearted one, but I had to stand in a trench for three minutes with my whistle in one hand and my Ingersoll in the other watching the bit of ground I was going to advance over being blown to bits by this barrage. I didn't expect more than about five of us to get through it. Nearly all my company H. J. (synallers, etc. my 'staff') were as a matter of fact knocked out. I found bits of my servant's head in my smoke helmet satchel when I got to the hospital. I think that the shell that got me must have burst just about smack on him for the was advancing a pace or so behind me and about two paces to the left. The runner on his left again was wounded and I myself was chucked into a shell hole by it only leaving me enough sense to get forward out of the barrage zone at all costs, whether I was slightly or badly wounded or bully well killed. When I got time to look at my leg I couldn't see any blood, so I started off to catch the company up. I must have still been off my head a bit for I hobbled right past the front wave and stood bold upright on the Boche parapet. It was some moments before the men picked themselves up and got into the Hun trench, and several Huns made as if to shoot at me; but do you know I never felt more confident of my powers with a revolver and consequently I shot rather well although one wouldn't expect it in the circumstances."

"My letters are naturally more interesting than Arthur's. I don't suppose he actually sees much himself though he will get a better idea than I do of the general situation. I am glad now I swore never to take any trophies whose owners I hadn't hit with my own lily-white hands, for it is the first time I have been absolutely certain it was my own hand work and at the same time been able to collect his hat. One of them has my bullet hole in it. I am glad to be able to say, too, that as at Loos, I was the first officer or man of my battalion into the Hun trench, but I always seem to be the first wounded."

"On my way to the dressing station, a weary hour with a stick of about four miles, I met about everybody I ever knew who wasn't actually on the ground of battle. First of all I met one of the subalterns in the K. O. S. B. He was either in a bit of funk or else he thought I was running away. I was sitting down having a rest when he passed, for he looked as if he hardly recognized me. I then met some of my own company, who were posted at the end of the communication trenches to send stragglers back. They had nothing to do. Also a man who had been in my company at Inverkeithing, and when I was just about fed up with hopping so far on one leg, I met the armorer sergeant of the Gordons, who is, in private life, an assistant of Maten's the gunmaker, and knows me well. He carried some of my stuff for me until I knew who is now in the tanks, and he took me to his billet and gave me some rum. It was then I discovered by sitting in a huck

leugh chair that I had a little wound I had not noticed before."

"At the field ambulance I met a padre of the K. O. S. B. who used his influence for me to get me seen to quickly. The journey down to Paris, plague, only worse. I still had the hot of shell in my leg and every time the beauty machine went over a stone I got hit. They had to carry me out when we arrived, for when I tried my old hop, all I could do was to sit on the car step and swear. I am told that I was jolly funny under chloroform. As soon as they started shaving my legs, I shouted out: 'Steady, there, steady. What the —— are you doing.' And when I came round I apparently fought the battle again, for I suddenly said: 'Kill that over there. There's an other Hun. Stick him. Go on, stick him.' and so on, much to the amusement of the sportman in the next bed who wanted cheering up, for he was full of little bits of things through thinking with a bomb in billets."

"There is a poor devil in here who is to have his eye out this afternoon, but he is awfully cheerful about it and says he'll be an R. T. O. next time he meets us and will be delighted to point out the third army train to us, etc. The sisters say we are the grousing ward, but as a matter of fact I think we are the cheeriest in spite of the fact that we have had potatoes once in three weeks and carrots twice and carrots for every other meal."

"The V. A. Ds are very pleasing in a hospital until they get the regular nurse's manner of 'Do as you will told, you miserable absurd worm of a man.' I am glad to say of the principal sister that we are really very lucky to have her, because there are some queer birds flying about the hospital. The night sister is a ponderous Scots woman—a minister's wife. I am told, whose heavy wit and personal appearance have earned her the name of 'The Tank.' I am marked for England, but there is no sign of a move yet. I believe they are only sending over people who are able to hop into a boat, or swim if necessary. When I think of the hospital ships being torpedoed I lie awake at night and think of the Hun prisoners I must have killed, for I and about two men captured a whole Minnerwerfer crew, utter Oriflitz and all, and we had plenty of time to hit their noses, too."

"This letter with a bit of censoring will do for Auntie J. Nar. etc., because it's a pretty long one for me and writing in bed is not easy."

"Cheerishly, your affectionate son."



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A. M. LaFollett Enters Field For Senator From Marion

Having received requests from voters all over Marion county to make the race for state senator, and having taken the matter under consideration, I hereby announce my candidacy for state senator, to the Republican voters of Marion county. I don't think it necessary to tell the people of this county how I stand on Economy, Retrenchment, Reform, Reduction of Taxes, and Cutting-out useless commissions where it don't impair the efficiency of the state's institutions. I stand on these matters where I have always stood: for the interest of the state of Oregon and the taxpayers.

Having been a resident of this county for 58 years, having been elected a member of the house twice, and of the senate once, and served in five sessions of the legislature, I don't think it necessary to announce any particular platform, for the people of this county surely know where I stand.

(Pd. Adv.) A. M. LAFOLLETTE

Prune Outlook Improved by Recent Cool Weather

The apprehension felt by Douglas county fruit growers of an abnormally early season that would bring buds to blossom far in advance of the proper time, with the unhappy result that spring frosts might kill the fruit prospects, has been largely allayed by the weather of the past few days, which is cooler and carries a fair prospect of indefinite continuance.

From the various sections of Douglas county reports have been frequent of the premature advent of springlike weather. Not only have pussy willows taken on an aesthetically pleasing and flowering shrubbery has put forth blossoms and the spring aspect has been so apparent that prune growers have examined the buds upon their trees, carefully noting developments, in the fear that these might spell a barren year for their orchards.

But late meteorological conditions have abated this apprehension, and orchardists generally are uniting in the statement that prospects are excellent for a splendid fruit production the coming fall.

Douglas county is one of the few

German Aliens Must All Appear for Registration

The Salem police department has received orders to register all alien Germans in this city and vicinity, commencing Tuesday, February 4, at 6 a. m. and ending Sunday, February 9, at 8. All German aliens being or residing within the city and vicinity over 14 years of age, who were born in Germany, women as well as men, are affected. The children of unnaturalized parents if born in this country are automatically American citizens unless the parents are in some way retaining their German residence, as would be the case with those representing the German government in any way.

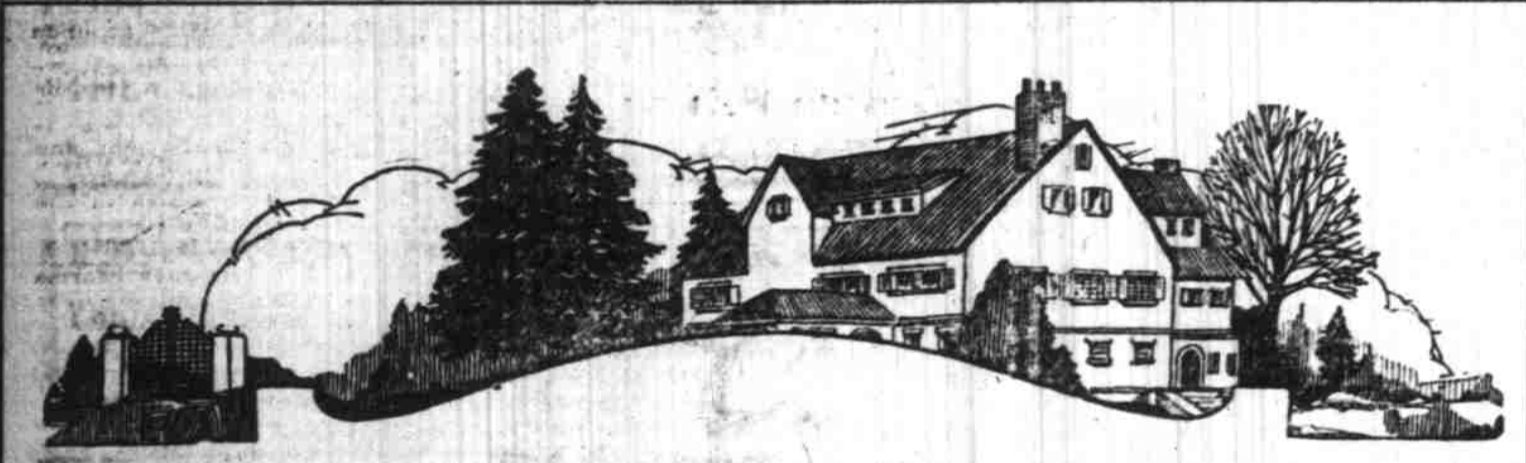
Persons affected by the proclamation should not fail to observe it, as they will be liable to internment during the war as well as other penalties if they fail to register.

Rules, regulations and other information can be had at the police office.

Classified Ads Work for You

Signal Corps Needs Women Phone Operators

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19—The signal corps needs women telephone operators between 23 and 35 years old, who are in good health and speak French and English fluently. Experienced operators are preferred. Salaries range from \$60 to \$125 a month with rations and quarters, the same as received by army nurses. Units of women operators to be sent abroad will wear distinctive uniforms and be considered from a military standpoint as in a similar position to the members of the British women's auxiliary corps. Wives of army officers and enlisted men in Europe or about to go will not be accepted.



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