

AMERICAN FIELDS OF HONOR OVERSEAS

(Continued from page 1.)
 Romagne, and sometimes to the right of it where units of the 3d had been in and out, and where units of the 5th were driving ahead. And it is on this hillside just east of Romagne, astride the old Canal road, that the largest American Military Cemetery in France was later established, and here that 30,000 American Legionnaires will come on their sacred pilgrimage this fall to the graves of their comrades in France.

Probably the artillery support of the Third Division laid the first shell on this hillside, and perhaps the first American to set foot there were from the Third; yet perhaps again they were from the 32nd. It is an odd circumstance that the map of this operation shows that one of the few instances of lost contact between divisions serious enough and sustained enough to be recorded, occurred right here east of Romagne in the fighting of the 14th and 15th of October. Between the right wing of the 32nd and the left wing of the 5th there was a gap, and that gap is where Romagne cemetery stands today.

By October 16th the left wing of the 5th had swung over and established contact, and perhaps the 5th division can best claim the capture of that particular terrain.

The details of this military history matter not so much. In the Meuse-Argonne battle there was glory enough for all, and those were three divisions out of 21 which fought there, suffered great losses there, and achieved a great victory.

It is worthy of record, however, that when the men of the 8th Division were coming up late in October, to relieve the 32nd and make the final push of the great 45 day battle, the command frequently was heard among the advancing troops "Those boys certainly built a lot of nice cemeteries."

Sounds casual, doesn't it? But cemeteries, in the nature of things, were casual matters in those days. Death was an hourly companion. Burial was when and where it might be, with just as much of simple reverence and care as the moment allowed. Little cemeteries there were, when numbers had fallen close at hand, and scattering graves there were, and some sort of a cross on each grave, and a little metal disk they called a "dog tag," and maybe a helmet hung upon the cross. But the 32nd had notably neat and orderly little cemeteries, dotting the road-sides, oh so often, as you came up toward Romagne-Montfaucon on those late October days of 1918. Somebody, somehow, had found time to collect a little wire and fence in the plots. Somebody, somehow, had found ways to erect an extra slab and mark there

on that this was a cemetery of the 32nd Division. Someway the tired, rain-soaked, doggedly faithful living had found a way, at God knows what weariness and risk, to give a little more than the simplest soldiers burial to the glorious dead. One noticed it, even during the age long, heavy hiking, as one came up over what they called roads, to take a place in that battered but ever admiring line, to take a place tomorrow maybe, under one of the makeshift crosses.

"Those boys certainly built a nice lot of cemeteries."

There was perhaps no real connection between the notable efforts of the boys of the 32nd to build nice temporary cemeteries on their battlefields, and the later selection of the hillside outside Romagne as the site of the great permanent American cemetery of the whole Meuse-Argonne battle area. When the last shell had been fired and the last of the battle dead buried, if so happened that the crossroads at Romagne was an exceptionally central point, and a most generally accessible point, of the many miles of area between the forest and the river, between Vanquois and Sedan. There the battle dead from 21 American divisions were reverently assembled. From there a very great number of them started the last homeward journey to a final resting place in the United States. And there fourteen thousand, one hundred and seven of them rest today, and for the ages, while the rolling hillsides have been made green, and the flag of their country floats always in the breeze and white marble crosses stand row on row in perpetual memory of all which they have given. And there "The Second A. E. F." will pay reverent homage this September.

And those later boys of the Graves Registration Service certainly built a nice cemetery.

Most people nowadays go to Romagne from Verdun, which could not have been done in 1918 because the German army would not let you. The American railroad for the Argonne battle was at Bar-le-Duc, southwest of Verdun, and narrow gauge lines came from there, and from St. Menes-ehould. The main line to Verdun and on to Metz is of course restored now, and better traveling than to change and go to Dun Doulon, which is but six miles from Romagne. Verdun is 20 miles and you can get autos at either place, so why not choose the storied citadel where the flower of France stood and died in order that "they shall not pass."

The signs of the battlefields are disappearing, except at places like Montfaucon, where they are purposely preserved. The plow is on the country again, and where it is not plowed, weeds grow up and cover old ruins. But, as it loses the warlike desolation, the land grows lovelier, and at the great

American cemetery there has been planting and care, and the brown hillside is green under its white crosses. The trees will be quite attractive next summer, in a land where no trees stood before the shell fire less than a decade ago. It will be a revelation to the visiting Legionnaires.

Many Americans come to the cemetery, especially in the summer months. Next September the whole American Legion convention will come there, and men will move among the crosses to find a well remembered name, and say, "He was the corporal of my squad, you know. Went through all the hell in the woods, clear up to Grand-Pre. When they counter attacked he wouldn't leave—last time I saw him he lay back of a piece of wall, plugging away at 'em. Said he was hit in the leg and couldn't run. Think maybe he was just stubborn. We found him there when we got back into the town."

There are more than fourteen thousand such tales to be told at Romagne cemetery. They overwhelm you when you stand and look across the old hills, at the green slope and the crosses. Each one of them died for—oh, so many things.

This spirit of our greatest field of honor overseas quite belittles the casual facts about the cemetery, the guide book facts you might call them. The cemetery is only 150 miles from Paris (how far it seemed when we first came that way) but 72 miles from Rheims and a little farther from Chateau Thierry. You can go from any of these places by rail or motor. There is a nice rest house maintained by the Graves Registration Service of the Army, with two or three sleeping rooms if you care to stay the night. Certain grey-haired women sometimes stay, wanting to see the sunrise, and the sunset, and go out again to stand or kneel by a certain cross for a long time. Casual tourists will not stay so long, as there are higher points from which to see the battlefields, and there is nothing worth the mention at the town. It was never much but a cross-roads farming village. In the fall of 1918 after we took it, an M. P. stood at the cross roads, by the public wash house, and directed traffic, and a rolling kitchen found a little shelter under what was left of the wash house roof. But it will be different this September.

Plans of the American Battle Monuments Commission call for a handsome chapel at the cemetery, to cost \$300,000 and for finishing the stone wall all the way around, and more trees and flowers. It will be a very lovely place, as it is already a very sacred place, one of the most sacred for Americans, outside their own country. The Stars and Stripes flies from the hilltop, it is the first thing you see coming from any direction, and seeing it there you realize it

is the handsomest flag in all the world.

The cemetery is plain and well ordered, the graves close together, the crosses in perfect lines, the walks of crushed bright stone. The permanent marble crosses will soon be in place. Meanwhile the wooden ones have been kept freshly painted. There is no distinction of rank among our soldier dead, as at Arlington or our other military cemeteries at home. A colonel's cross and a private's cross are the same, and almost the first decision of the Battle Monuments Commission was that this should never be changed. There will be no special monuments for individuals. Even the official lists in the rest house are not made up by rank. They are alphabetically arranged and, also by military organizations. From them any grave may easily be found at once. The name, rank, organization, home state and date of death are on each cross. And the crosses identical, except that the Star of David and not the cross is the marker for those of the Jewish faith.

Romagne will be the chief cemetery visited by the American Legionnaires this fall, for almost every American combat division is represented in those silent ranks. The dead gathered there came from many miles around. There is a little group of unidentified, "Known but to God," say their crosses, and there will be a tablet in the chapel for those yet "Missing." But most of the crosses have divisional numbers, the divisions in the Meuse-Argonne battle being the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 32nd, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 42nd, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 89th, 90th and 91st, and units from others. The dead of the 2nd and 36th from Somme and Mont Blanc, to the left of the Argonne, are gathered here too, and here and there is the

name of an outfit of "non-combatant" troops, service units from which these men literally ran away that they might go to the front and "join up with the war."

Forty-four German divisions opposed those 21 American outfits at one stage or another of the final battle of the war. There were nine American divisions in line at the beginning and several of them were relieved and then went in again, while others that had proved their mettle were called out and sent up to Flanders to help the Belgian and French armies in the final smash there. And all of these have left their soldiers under the crosses at Romagne.

The government is more than fulfilling its promise to those who chose that their beloved dead should rest forever on the fields of glory where they fell. Romagne is hallowed ground, and every care is being given it. It is a land of memory and to it many Americans to give their tribute of remembrance.

It is a fitting place for the Legion's pilgrimage.

This is the last of the five articles on American cemeteries abroad.

MAJESTIC TREES REMAIN STANDING

(Continued from page 1.)
 economic use. The Save The Redwoods League is now at work to preserve 15,000 acres of redwood forest in its wild state and is receiving the sympathetic cooperation of timber owners, according to the American Forest Week committee.

At the same time, the committee emphatically directs public attention to the fact that the most extensive and thoroughgoing commercial reforestation project in America is under way in the redwood forest, thus assuring the commercial as well as scenic perpetuation of a forest whose enormous area would involve tremendous economic waste were it to be entirely preserved in its primitive state.

The redwood operators are aiding natural reforestation by planting as high as 30,000,000 young redwood trees a year. Among the major redwood lumber companies definitely committed to reforestation are the Union, Mendocino, Pacific, Hammond, Glen Blair, Albion, Northern Redwood and Little River Redwood companies.

There are redwoods which have attained a height of from 325 to 350 feet and a diameter of more than 25 feet. They belong to the most ancient species of tree in the world, the Sequoia, being cousins of the giant Sequoias of the Sierra Nevada range which are no longer lumbered but preserved as rare natural monuments. The age of both varieties of the Sequoia is one of the wonders of the natural world. Some of the big trees are known to be over four thousand years old.

Although the Pacific Coast forest region is much less in area than the combined area of the other two main forest regions, its timber stands are so dense and so heavy that Oregon, Washington and California hold about half of the volume of standing commercial saw timber in the United States.

The Pacific Coast produces approximately 31 per cent of the entire lumber produced in the United States and the manufacture of forest products is steadily increasing as the cut in the southern states declines and manufacturing enterprises move westward. Washington and Oregon lead all other states in the amount of lumber cut annually with California coming fifth. California, it is

interesting to note, is the largest lumber consuming state in the Union. The per capita consumption of lumber in the Pacific Coast states as a whole, according to the American Forest Week committee, is around 1000 feet, while in the rest of the United States it averages only 300 feet. This is due principally to the large amount of individual homes built on the coast.

In the three Pacific Coast states between 75,000,000 and 80,000,000 acres were originally forest land, of which 40,000,000 are still virgin. Twenty million acres have been cut or burned over. On the greater part of the forest lands of this region, natural reproduction is easy and abundant, the American Forest Week committee says, if fire is excluded during and after logging, advance young growth protected from injury and seed trees left. The rate at which timber grows in the redwood belt of California and in the better portions of the Douglas fir belt in Oregon and Washington is not exceeded in any other portion of the United States, according to foresters.

It is significant, the American Forest committee feels, that on the Pacific Coast where the original timber supply is the greatest, the largest organized industrial group engaged in perpetuating forests, the Western Forestry and Conservation association, is at work.

Cooperating with the Western Forestry and Conservation association is the Long-Bell company, a southern lumber company only recently established in the state of Washington. This company began reforestation almost as soon as the cutting of timber was begun. The Long-Bell company's mill at Longview, Wash., is incidentally said to be the largest lumber mill in the world.

BIG FRANCE LEGION PARADE PLANS OUT

(Continued from page 1.)
 Royale and into the Grand Boulevards. The parade will lead along the Boulevards Madien; des Italiens; Poissonniere; past the old stone gate of Port St. Denis and then south along the boulevard des Sebastiens; to the Rue Rivoli and then west to the Jardin des Tuilleries, in the heart of the famous shopping district of the French capital. Here the veterans will disband.

The great number of musicians and bandmen that have made reservations and the international aspect of the parade promise to make it the most colorful in the history of national Legion conventions.

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