

HOW THE RAINBOW DIVISION HURLED GERMAN FORCES BACK FROM OUR LINE TOLD BY STORY IN STARS AND STRIPES

Official Organ of A. E. F. Tells of Brave Work in Which Eastern Oregon Boys Had Part; Losses in Action Proved Very Heavy.

The organization whose cosmopolitan character has made it more famous as the Rainbow Division than as the 42nd came into the battle in the collapsing trench from a test of fortitude in defensive warfare endured at the same time as that of the 2nd Division, but with marked differences in detail.

Far separated from other American divisions on July 15, it was receiving the finishing touches necessary to fit it as a combat division in a sector of General Gouraud's 4th Army about 20 kilometers east of Reims, in that vast plain of the Champagne which for leagues in every direction was furrowed with the trenches and cut webbed with the barbed wire of nearly four years of trench warfare.

The commander of the division, Maj. Gen. Charles T. Moncher had under him in Brig. Gen. Michael J. Leuham's 83rd Infantry Brigade, the 145th Infantry (from New York) and the 166th Infantry (Ohio); in Brig. Gen. Robert A. Brown's 83th Infantry Brigade, the 157th Infantry (Alabama) and the 168th Infantry (Iowa); in Brig. Gen. George G. Galt's 47th Field Artillery Brigade, the 148th, 150th and 155th Field Artillery (respectively from Illinois, Indiana, and Minnesota); the 117th Engineers (South Carolina and California) and auxiliary organizations which made the division representative by units of a total of 28 States.

This truly comprehensive body of American troops was occupying the intermediate and second positions in the sector by the roughly, between Auberville-sur-Suippe, on the west, and Perthe-les-Herlus, on the east, with the famous Roman road traversing the length of it and the vast Camp de Chalons, a maneuvering ground of the French army before the war, in its rear. The front and most of the intermediate line were held by the 170th French Division in the left half of the sector and by the 11th French Division in the right half.

Gouraud's "Elastic defense" General Gouraud, like the other army commanders along the front, had ample warning of the impending attack by the Germans and prepared a surprise for them in the form of an "elastic defense," in which, having a tremendous depth of elaborate trenches behind him, he retired all his troops from the front line, except delaying detachments, and massed them for resistance on the intermediate line from which, if too hard pressed, they could again retire to the still stronger second line.

The results were that, when the blow fell, the enemy wasted much of his long preliminary bombardment on the lightly held front line, after which the three attacking divisions, rushing upon it at 4:15 a. m., were held up long enough by the delaying detachments to suffer severely from the French and American counter-barrage, to lose their impetus, and to arrive before the real combat position only at about 7 a. m.

Here, however, they made manful efforts to storm the line held by the French and the battalions of the 42nd Division. But their attacks, repeated often and furiously, were of no avail. One battalion of the 168th United States Infantry alone repulsed seven attacks before 11:30 a. m. and by noon the Germans, staggering under frightful losses, had been thrown back everywhere into the old French front lines, upon which the Allied artillery, familiar with every angle and dugout, directed a searching fire.

More of 42nd Brought Up During the afternoon two and a half battalions more of the 42nd Division were advanced into the intermediate position. But, though the enemy made one more general attack that evening and several local attacks next day maintaining a vicious bombardment of the front and rear areas all the time, the force of his effort had been practically expended on the morning of the first day by the 15th he was making no aggressive movements and by the 19th he began withdrawing his attack divisions.

Acting similarly upon the evidence the French command withdrew the 42nd Division, whose losses had been about 450 killed and 1,350 wounded or gassed, and it was taken to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, where it rested for two days and then went by trucks to the relief of the 24th Division, in the Forest de Fere.

At the time of the arrival of the 42nd on the line the contraction of the salient had resulted in a gradually

so narrowing the fronts of the divisions that some of them could be taken out. The 84th Brigade accordingly took over the entire front given up by the 26th Division, all the artillery of the latter remaining in the sector to support the fresh brigade while the 52nd Brigade took over the sector of the 147th French division, with all the artillery of the 42nd Division in support.

The change consumed the day and most of the night, July 15, and nothing much was accomplished except to develop by force the fact that the enemy's positions were strong, especially La Croix Rouge Farm, which evidently could not be taken in direct attack except at heavy loss.

A ditch leading up to it from the woods was discovered, however, and two platoons of the 168th Infantry, taking the hidden way early on the morning of the 16th surprised the garrison, killed or captured them in a hot melee and turned their machine guns in the other direction, eastward across the fields to shoot at the Germans in the woods.

In the afternoon in spite of greatly increased intensity in the enemy's shelling with phosphorus gas and high explosive, a general advance of the 168th Infantry on the right of the farm and of the 167th on the left of it succeeded in netting a considerable gain through the upward sloping woods and fields, though much of it had to be relinquished a little later owing to the cross fire from the German machine guns in the angles of the woods.

THIS OLD INDIAN LEGEND IS SIMILAR TO WASHINGTON IRVING'S "RIP VAN WINKLE"

Old Indian Seeking Hiaqua Incurs Displeasure of Tamanous But Like Rip Comes Back.

In his "Book of the National Parks, just published, Robert Sterling Yard, of the Department of the Interior, recalls a delightful old Indian parallel to Irving's story of Rip Van Winkle—or perhaps it is the original of Irving's Rip. With one minor exception the story has not appeared in print since Theodore Winthrop first made it public following his trip to the Northwest in 1853.

The hero of the Mount Rainier story was a wise and wily fisherman and hunter. He always had salmon and berries when food became scarce and prices high. Gradually he amassed large savings in hiaqua, the little perforated shell which was the most valued form of wamum, the Indian's money. The richer he got the stronger his passion grew for hiaqua, and, when a spirit told him in a dream of vast horde at the summit of Rainier, he determined to climb the mountain

The spirit of Tamanous, which is the vague Indian personification of the supernatural.

So he threaded the forests and climbed the mountain's glistening side. At the summit he looked over the rim into a large basin, in the bottom of which was a black lake surrounded by purple rocks. At the lake's eastern end stood three monuments. The first was as tall as a man and had a head carved like a salmon; the second was the image of a camas-bulb; the two represented the great necessities of Indian life. The third was a stone elk's head with the antlers in velvet.

At the foot of this monument he dug a hole. Suddenly a noise behind him caused him to turn. An otter clamored over the edge of the lake and struck the snow with its tail. Eleven others followed. Each was twice as big as any otter he had ever seen; their chief was

four times as big. The eleven otters themselves in a circle around him, the leader climbed upon the stone elk-head.

At first the treasure-seeker was chafed, but he had come to find hiaqua and he went on digging. At every thirteenth stroke the leader of the otters tapped the stone elk with his tail, and the eleven followers tapped the snow with their tails. Once they all gathered closer and whacked the digger good and hard with their tails, but, though astonished and badly bruised, he went on working. Presently he broke his elkhorn pick, but the biggest otter seized another in his teeth and handed it to him.

Finally his pick struck flat rock with a hollow sound, and the otters all drew near and gazed into the hole, breathing excitedly. He lifted the rock, and under it found a cavity filled to the brim with pure-white hiaqua, every shell large, unbroken, and beautiful. All were hung neatly on strings.

Near the treasure-quest so successful! The otters, recognizing him as the favorite of Tamanous, retired to a distance and gazed upon him respectfully.

"But the miser," writes the narrator, "never dreamed of gratitude, never thought of hanging a string from the buried treasure about the salmon and camas Tamanous stones, and two strings around the elk's head; no, all must be his own all he could carry now, and the rest for the future." Greedily he loaded himself with the booty and laboriously climbed to the rim of the bowl prepared for the descent of the mountain. The otters, puffing in concert, plunged again into the lake, which at once disappeared under a black cloud.

Straightway a terrible storm arose through which the voice of Tamanous screamed tauntingly. Blackness closed around him. The din was horrible. Terrified, he threw back into the bowl behind him five strings of hiaqua to propitiate Tamanous, and there followed a momentary lull, during which he started homeward. But immediately the storm burst again with roarings like ten thousand bears.

Nothing could be done but throw back more hiaqua. Following each sacrifice came another lull, followed in turn by more terrible outbreaks and so string by string, he parted with all his gains. Then he sank to the ground insensible.

When he awoke he lay under an arbutus tree in a meadow of camas. He was shockingly stiff and every movement pained him. But he managed to gather and smoke some dry arbutus-leaves and eat of few camas-bulbs. He was astonished to find his hair very long and matted, and himself bent and feeble. "Tamanous," he muttered. Nevertheless, he was calm and happy. Strangely he did not regret his lost strings of hiaqua. Fear was gone and his heart was filled with love.

Slowly and painfully he made his way home. Everything was strangely altered. Ancient trees grew where shrubs had grown four days before. Cedars under whose shade he used to sleep lay rotting on the ground.

When he had been at home for a new and handsome lodge, and presently out of it came a very old, decrepit squaw, who, nevertheless, though her wrinkles, had a look that seemed strangely familiar to him. Her shoulders were hung thick with hiaqua strings. She bent over a pot of boiling salmon and brooded. "My old man has gone, gone, gone. My old man to Tacoma has gone. To hunt the elk he went long ago. When will he come down, down, down. To salmon pot and me?"

"He has come down," quavered the returned traveller, at last recognizing his wife.

He asked no questions. Charging it all to the wrath of Tamanous, he accepted fate as he found it. After all, it was a happy fate enough in the end, for the old man became the Great Medicine-Man of his tribe by whom he was greatly revered.

FACTS ABOUT WORDS THAT ARE MOST USED IN ENGLISH SPEAKERS

While the average vocabulary consists of about 3500 words—that is, words that one recognizes when seen—very few men use more than 2000 in oral or written speech. This may seem strange until it is understood that nine words do about one-fourth of our work and than an additional 54 words bring the percentage up to one-half.

The nine most used words in the English language are: And, be, have, it, of, the, to, will, you. The additional 24 are listed by philologists as follows: About, all, us, at, but, can, come, day, dear, for, get, go, here, her, if, in, me, much, not, on, one, say, she, that, there, they, this, though, time, we, with, write, your. How these words make for simplicity in speech and writing may be noted that there is only one of the entire 43 that consists of more than one syllable.

VOCATIONAL BOARD HAS 5000 MEN IN SCHOOL; WERE INJURED IN ARMY

Washington, D. C.—The Federal Board for Vocational Education has more than 5,000 disabled men now in training. Many of these men are taking two courses, one to improve their cultural education and the other to equip them for paying occupations and professions. About fifteen per cent of these men are taking courses in agriculture. It was necessary for many of the wounded men to learn new trades or professions. Another fifteen per cent are taking professional courses and about twenty-five per cent are taking commercial courses. About thirty per cent of the men are learning some trade or industry.

These men, who are either partially incapacitated or wholly unable to earn a living in ordinary trades are receiving first consideration by the Government. The agents of the Vocational Board meet the men where ever they find them, in barracks, in the hospitals, and in the army trade shops, and provide each with the means of learning the trade or occupation for which he has the fitness and inclination. He is sent to special schools and rehabilitated physically while being taught.

Many a man who has wished for a



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new trade or wanted to increase his earning capacity but was unable to change his line of work in civilian life will come out of the army with the training and skill he desired. It is estimated that more than thirty per cent of our disabled soldiers will pursue new lines of work after their release from the army.

Colonel Arthur Woods, assistant to Secretary of War Baker in the work of getting jobs for returned soldiers, has established in a number of factories a training course for their service.

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The Buckaroo

BY RICHARD CARTER WARINER
Dedicated to Jack F. Robinson, President of the Pendleton Commercial Association.

Tighten the cinch and take off the blind, Let 'er buck in front, let 'er buck behind, We'll both go up and come down together, But I hope to die if I pull leather.

Awaiting the dawn of another day, As I lie alone, alone, did I say? No, my broncho's with my cayuse pet, And he's tethered to me with a lariat.

Our Teddy was once a buckaroo, And he could handle a lasso, too, He loved the scent of the wild sage brush; He loved the silence, he loved the hush.

Of the boundless range, where the cattle roam, His pony his pal, his saddle his home, He gathered an inspiration here, Which led to the presidential chair.

I never expect such great renown, But I may be marshal of some cow town, Or sheriff, or judge, or something like that, And cloke some guy with my lariat.

My chaps are worn, and my hair is long, And I'm humming all day some dear old song, Some dear old song which my mother sang, Before I learned all this cow-boy slang.

Before I knew of the wild, wild west, And I'm thinking of her whom I loved best; And I'm wondering should I go home again if she'd welcome a cow-boy of the plain?


But I must tighten my lariato For I'm off with the morning's first faint glow, Over the sage-brush plains a side, Like a buckaroo on a flange HIDE.

With new rompers and silver spurs I'll search the herd for stray "black-sars," For I'm off to the Round-Up, sure, this fall— My broncho and I. Say, I've got the gall.

To ride with any old buckaroo, And to show 'em a trick with a lasso, too, I'm not much good at that "bulldog's" stunt, But I'll show 'em a pace at a maverick hunt.

Mustst them beautiful Eastern Oregon girls, I'll show 'em a trick how my lasso twirls Straight out from the heart of a cow-boy true, They'll go some if they beat this buckaroo.

Then tighten the cinch, take off the blind, Let 'er buck in front, let 'er buck behind, For neither of us'll show the "white feather," But I hope to die if I pull leather.



"Jack" Robinson, owner of the Domestic Laundry, LET 'ER BUCK