

OVERSEAS

Letter from Charles Kandel to his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kandle of Estacada, written on Christmas Day 1918. He enlisted in the navy only last August and has had since an experience for which he may well be envied.

"I'm glad I'm not in the Atlantic fleet just now, because snowballs are ripe on the Atlantic coast while oranges are ripe here. I can step out any day here and pick all of them I want, while olive trees are everywhere present. In fact, our tool room is built right under a big olive tree.

"We are surrounded here by water, all parts of the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas. The coasts are barren, rocky and mountainous and just across from us a few miles away and easily in sight is the Albanian coast.

"When I came here the front was but a short distance and when the Bulgarians drove the Serbians south, they migrated to this place. All around in different directions there are graveyards where thousands of Serbian men, women and children are buried, having died from starvation and influenza, often called here Mediterranean fever.

"I won't describe Corfu, for I'd hate to use the language necessary to do it justice, and I'd have you know a sailor can spill English with anyone. Anyway they have a high regard for American sailors and in fact the whole world was astonished at the way Uncle Sam came over here into this hell hole."

Although young Kandel loves the navy and would "rather face a dozen naval battles than one trench," he recalls one day's scrap with the Hun submarines that made him think he'd lost his luck.

"It was on the Bay of Biscay," he writes, "and it looked as though some of us would get our names in the daily papers as 'among those missing.' I saw one gunner do some of the greatest shooting with a five-inch gun I've ever seen and his hits saved us."

In traveling from Brest, France, across Europe to Corfu, this young tar from Estacada touched at every city and watering place of France and Italy worth mentioning and viewed all the ancient glories of Rome, the Vatican, the coliseum and the catacombs.

St. Argnan, Noyers
Jan. 6, 1919.

Editor Eastern Clackamas News,
Estacada, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

On the eve of our expected and probable departure from France for the good old U. S. A., I cannot help but drop you a line of appreciation that you and your predecessor are entitled to from myself and other Estacadans, serving over here.

For over a year your paper has reached my billet in France, and for over half that time I welcomed it in the states also, and I like every other fellow who gets a paper from home, can testify that it runs a mighty close second to a letter from home, and the letter from home is the most welcome thing that any soldier ever receives, not even excepting meals and pay day. Of course I don't always get my papers in order, but such little trifles as reading in one News that E. H. S. walloped Oregon City high 70 to 0, or some such score, and then in the next paper, read that the E. H. S. football team will soon start practicing for the seasons football games, don't bother us very much, especially an alumnus of old E. H. S. who remembers past games between the same schools.

Our original order for departure from here called for our division to begin moving today, but it has been postponed one week, and our one hope now is that it will not be postponed longer.

Just one more thing to write and then I will close. For over six months our division has been stationed here with a cadre of fifty "non-coms" to a company training men for the front. I have seen men from all parts of the United States and I have yet to see the equal, physically or mentally, of the man from the northwest. As a division the forty-first never saw the lines, altho seventy-five per cent of the individual men comprised the division which crossed a year ago saw actual duty in the trenches.

The twenty-five per cent of us who remained behind as a training cache did not do so, on our own choice, as there was not a one in the whole division that did not want to do "his bit" in the trenches, and now that they are about to return to the states and are termed "lucky" by all, the fellow who never saw the line still calls himself "unlucky" when he sees some other fellow proudly wearing that little gold

(Concluded on Page 7)

THE NEW WEST MAGAZINE
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NEW TRAIN SCHEDULE

Beginning Sunday, January 5th, 1919

TRAINS LEAVE ESTACADA
FOR PORTLAND:

6:55 a. m., 8:52 a. m., 12:52 p. m., 4:52 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND
FOR ESTACADA:

6:45 a. m., 10:45 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:45 p. m.

An extra train will be run from Portland to Estacada on Sundays only, leaving Portland at 5:15 a. m.

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