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MONDAY, AUGUST 19, 1918.

OREGON WEATHER

Fair, warmer except near the coast; gentle westerly winds.

THE CARAVAN ROLLS EAST

A hundred years ago a long line of rickety dust colored canvas topped wagons moved westward. They had bulging hoop shaped tops and were drawn by long, rangy beasts. Inside each wagon was a smoky cook stove and a bundle of faded patch work quilts to feed and cover the pioneers who rode along. They did not travel very fast, but they crept along and kept on going, doggedly, persistently, till they pushed the frontiers of civilization out across the desert.

Today another long line of dust colored canvas topped wagons move across the country. But it moves eastward and it will keep on moving till it has pushed the frontiers of freedom across the Rhine.

Like some great glorified caravan of prairie schooners, the long lines of army trucks are rolling out of Chicago and Buffalo and Detroit, dotting the roads that lead to the eastern seaboard. They are trucks of the U. S. Q. M. C.—the quartermasters corps, whose business it is to carry on and carry forward for the forces in the field.

Day after day, for weeks and months, they have been rolling out, traveling along at a swift but measured pace each just twenty feet behind its fellow, each driven by a lean, long limbed, bronzed young man who is headed straight for his baptism of fire and who knows it.

His truck, he knows, is more than a baggage car. It is the life line of a vast army in the field, the bread line and the meat line and the ammunition line for the men who are holding the line on ahead.

And just as surely as the old prairie schooner battled its way across the continent and fought through sand and heat and drought, so this great land fleet of a new day will keep toiling till it has crossed its desert and broken down the barriers which block the way to liberty.

SANE DELIVERY METHODS

The zone system for retail delivery, much talked of by reformers in many cities, is really to be put in operation by milk dealers in San Francisco. The plan was worked out by a milk distribution commission working under the local federal food commissioner. It is intended to avoid duplication of delivery service and to effect numerous economies.

Each delivery wagon will hereafter

The Last Week-

MASON JARS 90c, \$1.00, \$1.25

MASON CAPS, 25c DOZ.

DON'T WAIT

KINNEY & TRUAX GROCERY

QUALITY FIRST

serve only one zone or district. No other wagons will be allowed in that district, and long hauls will be eliminated. In a territory now divided among fifteen different dealers, not more than two will be allowed to operate.

Milk in San Francisco, according to news report, now sells for 12 cents a quart, which is less than the price in a good many other cities. The zone system and other economies to be tried out are expected to keep this price from soaring and at the same time to allow producers a slightly larger return, needed to make up for increased cost of production.

High prices and difficult labor conditions may yet drive us to do things that wise people have long been urging us to do for individual and community welfare.

SOLDIER LETTERS

490th Aero Sqdn., A. E. F.
July 2, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Your letters of May 21, 27 and June 3 arrived the same day and were surely received gladly as I had not heard from you for about three weeks. I don't get any papers now ever. I guess first class papers are given precedence, and perhaps some of the second class may never reach me.

I was out in the timber near here one evening hunting wild strawberries (there are a good many small ones) when I run across several stalks of Oregon Grape. They were growing on the grounds of an old estate and had doubtless been planted, as I think that plant is indigenous to Oregon. I also found a very little native plant which the French call bleu-yeux (blue eyes). Am enclosing a couple of sprigs.

Speaking of strawberries makes me think of the shortcakes you are probably having and when I was able to eat a few with you. Strawberries are 40 cents per pound on the market here. I bought six apricots at the fruit store the other day and paid one franc and a half, almost 30 cents for them, and then they had no flavor. I realize that prices are high everywhere, and I don't like to criticize the French people, but some of the tradespeople seem to imagine that Americans are made of money.

I made a superficial inspection of the various buildings and shops in this camp last Sunday and if I could tell all I saw it would astonish you. There is very much building going on here yet. Principally large steel

structures, and the real operations of this camp have not started as yet.

I guess I had better close before I give the censor occasion for cutting out part of my letter.

Love to all,
OLIVER.
SERGT. OLIVER MORTON,
490th Aero Squadron,
A. E. F., France.

France, July 7, 1918.

Dear Father:

Today is a beautiful day, bright and sunshiny, clear air, and everything is unusually quiet. On the first of this month we certainly did have something doing for that day we made a charge on the Germans which long will they remember. They were almost wiped from the earth in that section. They were mowed down as if they were standing wheat in the field. The prisoners we took, and they numbered about 500, were a poor looking set and they seemed glad to get out of the German army. I sent you a cap some time ago and that will show you the kind of head covering which they wear.

Our charge was prepared by our artillery and the fire was so heavy that the Germans could not stand it. The prisoners who have been captured tell us that they cannot stand our artillery fire. The back roads are all cut up so they cannot bring up their supplies, and they are hungry and thirsty when we get them. Their forces have been so cut up they had to simply get out of the village. Those who could not get out were either all killed or made prisoners. The next morning they thought they

would find us unprepared for a counter attack and they made an attempt to take back the ground. Poor ignorant Hun! They mad that attack and were completely defeated and killed by the wholesale and some taken prisoners. Another time they made a charge and found us ready and waiting for them. We waited for them to come to a favorable place and they probably thought we were not prepared. They came right on as if they were going to take the whole place, and when we were ready we opened up and lo! they again were practically wiped off the earth. They are finding the Americans are an entirely different class from what they wanted to think them, and they know by this time that this particular division is a division of action.

Yesterday I saw a balloon burn. The flying machine shoots incendiary bullets at the balloon and the gas takes fire and away goes the entire balloon. The men in the balloon must jump out at once and trust to their safety parachute to take them safely to the ground. The men must jump out and it takes a little time of falling for the parachute to open, and all of that time they are falling right toward the ground as if they

were never going to get support again. This is surely some experience. When up in a balloon there is a great opportunity to see the country. One can see for miles and miles. Small villages and cities which are ordinarily hidden behind the hills and cannot be seen at all, are plainly visible when from a great height in one of these observation balloons. I was up some time ago and the sensation of going up is no sensation at all, if I can put it that way. When the balloon was going up I seemed to be remaining perfectly stationary and the earth seemed to be falling away from me. It was the same when I was coming down, the earth seemed to be coming up to me and I not moving at all. If my eyes had been shut, I would not have known that I was in motion. Wonderful indeed it is to be so far above the earth and able to view all the surrounding country and hang right there. There is a sort of harness around the shoulders which buckles in front over the chest and another set of straps which go around each leg and buckle tight, which is the means of fastening the parachute to the passenger. At the center of the back there is a ring where the snap hook is caught and all of the pressure is out of sight and the passenger parachute is itself hung on the outside of the basket completely out of sight of the passenger, so if there is any need of using it the passenger is compelled to jump—the feeling is that he is jumping right out of the basket into the open air without any means of support or of saving himself; and only after the man has fallen for some hundred feet is the parachute open and able to take care of him, and then it comes down safely. Some sensation indeed to do that jump, but if there is no jump it is sure death for the balloon is on fire and burns up in about 30 seconds, and it is absolutely necessary for him to make the jump the minute he realizes the balloon has been hit. There is a burst of flame and the balloon is seen to collapse then drop toward the ground as a black but burning piece of twisted canvas.

It was a great disappointment for the men to be denied packages

from home. These packages were a source of great satisfaction to the person who received them. What to some person who was only looking on, the package was just a something which could have been well done without, but to the man who received it, it was a remembrance from a certain person back home, and made them understand that they were thinking of him, and he was a better soldier for the getting of that little bit of home-made candy or a piece of home-bought tobacco or whatever it was. If the man can get his mail and get it regularly, he is a good fighter, and we betide any of the other parts of the world to try to stop him. But if he cannot hear from home and does not know what is going on in his home town—for it is that home town of all other hometowns he is particularly interested in—then he is wondering what is going on, and restless for the mail. Wanamaker prints in his advertisements to write a letter each

week to the men "over there," but if those letters are not delivered, then it does not matter how many are written. It is only the letters which are delivered which count.

ELLIS.
MAJOR E. E. W. GIVEN, M. R. C.,
American Ex. Forces.



Full Line of Auto Supplies TIRES—All Sizes

C. L. HOBART CO.

Grants Pass & Crescent City Stage Co.

W. T. Breen, Propr.
H. Giddings, Agent

Big Pierce Arrow-Cars Easy Riding

Office—Josephine Hotel Block
Telephone—226-J and 163

PRINTING THAT PLEASES



WE DO IT!

YANKEES RESTING BETWEEN FIGHTS



Here is a detachment of the American troops that did such brilliant fighting on the west front, converting the Hun offensive into a Hun disaster and retreat. They are resting by the roadside, smoking, joking and light-hearted, and ready to jump into the fight again.