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THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1918.

OREGON WEATHER

Tonight and Friday fair.
Gentle northerly winds.

WAR HITS GOLD MINING

In almost every year since the days of the forty-niners, nearly seven decades ago, California, the "Golden State," led all others in the production of gold, and its total output to the end of 1917—\$1,672,681,941—is far greater than that of any other state; yet, according to C. G. Yale, of the United States geological survey, department of the interior, the output of gold in the state is now decreasing from month to month. This decrease is due not so much to the exhaustion of the placers, ore bodies, or veins, but chiefly to war conditions, including the loss of miners, for many who formerly worked in gold mines are now prospecting or mining metals and minerals that are immediately needed to make munitions of war—chrome, manganese, magnesite, tungsten, molybdenum, and copper. Gold mining seem to be the only mineral industry that is losing ground in California, for the value of the total mineral output of the state is now greater than ever before.

WHERE WERE THE U-BOATS?

Many of the details of the capture or sinking of German submarines are necessarily kept from the public. After the war is over we may hope to know more of the work of the allied fleets in their war against the U-boats, but for the present patriots are willing to forego the thrilling facts.

There are some plans, however, which the ordinary citizen can read for himself. One, of which we are perhaps most proud, is the successful transport of troops from our shores to the war zone, unharmed by the U-boats. Another is brought out by simple statements from the food administration.

England has been able to lift her restrictions on the consumption of bacon. Why? Pork exports from this country amounted to 169,331,000 pounds. Our allies received 83.5 per cent of that. For the three years preceding the war our average monthly exportation of pork was about 41,531,567 pounds.

The June beef record is interesting, too. Before the war the monthly average of a three-year period was 1,066,000 pounds. In June of this year we exported 92,173,000 pounds of beef, of which 95 per cent went to France, Belgium and the British Isles. Beef and pork do not yet

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travel through the air or by wireless. This report should furnish fine food for thought for the German people. But the German government gives them substitutes for facts as well as for the rest of life's necessities

We started out, very hopefully, by walking into a narrow passage, about four feet high (you can imagine what torture this must have been for me, who measured six feet one), up stairs and down, all darker than the inside of a cow, feeling our way up and down flights of stairs, around corners, and over some excellent golf bunkers, and were presently ushered into a room where the lords of the country in oiden time kept the poor wretches who were unfortunate enough to disagree with them. A fairly large room, all of stone, dark and musty smelling, lighted by one little window, obstructed by three distinct sets of iron bars. One set of these bars was sawed through by some particularly enterprising jailbird; I was informed that he was caught after he descended the wall. I think this not unlikely, as at this particular point the wall was at least 50 feet high so the only difficulty his captors would have had was that of procuring a rake to gather the pieces together again.

SOLDIER LETTERS

Miller Visits Old Castle

The following letter from Louis P. Miller, former resident of Grants Pass, will be of interest to his many friends:

July 15, 1918.

Dear Mother:

I am still working for the quartermaster here, and having a good time at it. You can't imagine how much fun it is to figure up pay rolls in dollars, and then reduce them to francs. After you have done this continuously for a couple of weeks, you feel that the mathematical giants of the past could well have afforded to take a few hints from army quartermasters.

I took a little jaunt down town yesterday, to see the sights. The city is very old, as I may have told you before, and is full of relics dating back to the time of the Romans. There is an immense old chateau here, which was originally built by the Romans, and has been repaired and added to by the French kings and dukes down to the present time. It stands away back from the neighboring houses, and is separated from them by a deep and wide moat, now partly filled in. From the outside it resembles a glorified jail only it hasn't so many windows; and what windows there are seem useless, because the majority of them, while of generous height, are only about six inches wide. To add to the absurdity, a large proportion of them are heavily barred. (As Mark Twain, I believe, puts it, it would be easier for a rich man to go through a camel's eye than for an ordinary citizen to crawl through one of these windows. And none of them are lower than 30 or 40 feet from the ground. No need for the lodgers there to fear burglars: anybody bent on depredation would need an airship to get even close.

We walked in through a narrow passageway, over the moat, over a drawbridge, under what in ancient times was the portcullis, and proceeded to bargain with the keeper, a stalwart woman of uncertain age, to see the sights. A couple of nurses came up with an officer, and wanted to go through, also, but were informed that it was not proper. I don't know why not, unless perhaps the keeper thought they could not stand the jaunt of about 18 miles through the castle which we subsequently undertook.

At different places around the wall were chains and shackles, and curiously ingenious arrangements whereby a prisoner was forced to stand up continually by a pair of iron bars which extended from the wall on both sides, just under his armpits. It seems that this particular dungeon was apt to be overcrowded, and this simple expedient prevented too intimate a friendship from developing between those who shared the lords' hospitality.

All over the walls of the room were carvings of the names of those who had sojourned there. The dates ran back for several centuries. The guide protested that they were all the signatures of prisoners of the castle. As her information on this subject is much more authoritative than mine, I am not privileged to doubt it; yet it seems curious to learn that a certain American soldier, as witness his graven signature, was confined here no later than July 4 last. Still as the French say, "C'est la guerre."

After rogaling myself here for what seemed an age and listening to an animated harangue on French history (where I was somewhat handicapped, as it was delivered in French and it was too dark to see the gestures) it was something of a relief to emerge on the top of a turret, where the crossbow men used to shoot when the castle was besieged. The more I saw of the means of defense, the more I wondered that the castle was ever taken, as it was several times, before the days of artillery.

Then more dungeons, and more turrets, more walls and more staircases, for the entire circumference of the castle. At one point I was shown an ancient wall, which I was assured was laid at the direction of Julius Caesar, the time he wintered here. I had no way of certifying this

HEAVY WORK ON THE FIGHTING LINE



These powerful American artillerymen, with huge crowbars, are working fast to get their heavy gun into position to hurl its shells at the retreating Huns. It is a difficult job, for the earth is pitted with shell craters.

statement. At another place, the niches through which the small cannon were trained on the Royalist armies at the time of the French revolution. Again, the room where one of the dukes confined his wife, when he got tired of her; and the ruined chapel built by a Crusader before starting out on his pious mission. Quite a walk for a supposedly sick man; nevertheless, I survived it, got back to barracks, and so to bed.

July 21

I am now assigned to this organization, on detached service; so, when I give you my address as a base hospital, do not think that I am desperately ill. Also, unless the Germans start coming this way a good deal faster than they have in the past few weeks, I will not even be seriously wounded.

Much excitement around camp today. We hear that 12 German divisions are captured, that seven are captured, that Solons is retaken, that it is not retaken, that the allied advance continues that the allied advance does not continue, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

However, this little ripple of temporary jubilation does not in the least detract from our attention to the all-absorbing topic, viz, when we will return to America. We have the order of priority all figured out, that is, whether the hospital corps, the quartermaster corps or the engineers will be the last to go; although candor compels me to state that we reach a different decision each day. However, of this you may be assured, that very few will die of grief the day we are ordered on board the transport to return.

I haven't heard from you in a month or so, but presume that your letters, like Bo-Peep's sheep, will eventually "come home bringing their tails behind them."

LOUIS P. MILLER
Co. A, 503 Enk., B. H. 27.
A. P. O. 733, A. E. F.

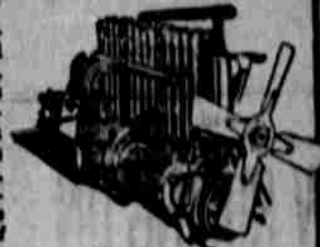
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Jantzen Knit Wear advertisement featuring illustrations of people in bathing suits and text describing the quality and features of the clothing.