

We left New York on the Olympic, July 12, and landed at Southampton in England July 19. We took a smaller steamer and arrived at LaHavre, France, where we boarded a train for our training place. After a three days' ride and a six hours' march, we arrived at our town, Forcey, which is about 14 miles from Chaumont. We trained there for about six weeks before we started for the battlefield. Our training consisted largely of practice marches, gas drills, bayonet exercises and over-the-top formations.

We had some train ride and plenty of hiking on our way to Pagny, a town situated between Toul and Nancy. We were placed here in reserve for four or five days to the army which made the drive that straightened out the St. Mihiel salient of the line below Metz. From here we rode all night in auto trucks we to a place southwest of Verdun, where we stayed in hiding for a few days. Then we started our long marches to the front several miles directly west of Verdun. We hiked at night and rested under cover of the woods in the daytime. We had to use every precaution to escape observation by enemy airplanes. No smoking campfires in the day, or lights or fires of any kind were permitted at night.

We finally reached our sector of the front and went over the top on the morning of Sept. 26 when the big offensive started all along the entire front which forced the Huns to heat a hasty retreat. We followed them over the hills, through the woods and chased them out of lots of little villages. Our division was relieved for a rest on Oct. 4. I was so crippled up with rheumatism and could not hike any further, so I was sent to the hospital and have been in one hospital or another ever since.

I had many narrow escapes from shrapnel shells, machine-gun and sniper bullets during the eight days we were on the front line. On one day in particular, I was sent with a message from regimental to battalion headquarters and a sniper, who was hidden behind our lines, took two shots at me on my way going and three on my way returning. I could hear the report of his rifle and the bullets hit next to me. I knew he was too well hidden for me to try to locate and shoot at, so I just kept going. I was a poor target for him because I was traveling rapidly along and in an irregular course. This sniper was discovered and killed the following day, as well as three or four more. On two occasions I was partially covered with earth from bursting shrapnel shells which exploded very close. Will tell you some more of my experiences later.

As I figure this letter should reach you around Christmas. I am going to wish you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

And now I will close for this time. Love to all. As ever, Your cousin, PAUL.

Miss Elta Cady returned Wednesday night from Aberdeen, Wash., where she spent Christmas with her parents.

Near Verdun, November 26th. Mr. Emmons.—Jimmy asked me several days ago to write to his dear old dad on "Dad's Letter Day," the 24th, but between drills and sheer laziness I have been putting it off. This evening he left to attend a tractor school somewhere near Paris and the last thing he said was not to forget to write to you. We were on the border together in 1916 and have bunked under the same blankets for a good many months. He and I were together at my first initiation under shell fire over near Lorraine. So on and off for the last two and one-half years we have seen quite a bit of each other. Will this serve as an introduction?

Since a few days before the fighting ceased, we have been billeted in a little town called Brocourt. The descendants of the old robbers live here and still ply their trade by running a store. They found we would pay almost any price for stuff that we had been unable to get for a long time, like eggs, canned milk and cheese. Until our major put up a howl, we paid a dollar and fifteen cents for a ten-cent can of milk and everything else was the same in proportion. Most of us were a bit sick and the price made little difference to us. Yes, they sure robbed us.

Jimmy asked that I tell you about our last push on the famous Kremhilde line that runs along the Meuse, through the Argonne and near Verdun. He should have had someone try it that knew more about it than I. However, I'll endeavor to tell you our part in it, although, believe me, I am a poor historian. I had been wounded in Chateau Thierry and on returning from the hospital, rejoined the battery at Villecompte. We left there on the 17th and marched in a steady rain until the 22nd of September. We marched by night and hid by day. We were quietly massing troops before Montfaucon, a village on a hill, strongly fortified. The French a year before considered this part of the line too strong for them to attack. However we attacked on the 26th and knocked the "squareheads" for about ten miles. The infantry before us were raw and untrained and no doubt a bit scared as this ground was the same that the battle of Verdun had been fought over. It was no cinch. We paid for every foot we gained. Some of the finest German troops were

opposed to us. We were working, firing, advancing continuously, so one gets pretty well worn out in a drive. Were it not for the excitement no man could stand it without food or sleep as our troops did. We had gained, but not enough, so again on the 7th of October we attacked. Some bitter, bloody fighting took place, but our own infantry was before us here, the 32nd Division, and there are no better troops than these. In a drive the infantry is relieved every four or five days but the artillery stays in. So tired out, we plugged and slogged on and attacked again on the 14th of October. This was the Kremhilde

we were bucking and it was a bad one too. We gained again. On the 26th we moved up so close to the front lines that the star shells lit up our position. It is suicide for artillery to be so close, so without firing we laid in the woods and waited for the next drive. The Germans shelled the woods and gassed it every hour of the day and night and it got on our nerves. Six inch shells breaking close are guaranteed to spoil one's sleep, but combined with gas makes it a little worse.

We were sick, for the dysentery had gotten most of us and the cold food for the week past had put our stomachs in bad shape, besides one's nerves gone up. The sight and stench of dead men too gets monotonous.

On the first of November we attacked again and fired for 13 hours on end. Then a day or so later we pulled for the rear—all in. We had been in that push for 42 days on end—continuously under fire and, worst of all, in the mud and rain with cold food most of the time. Then we

came here. The armistice was signed and while others yelled we were too tired to cheer. So we showed how glad we were by putting in about 14 hours sleep each day. We have had no easy time over here, yet in a way we enjoyed it, but when they let that gang-plank down and yell, "All aboard for home," we'll be more than glad. Sincerely, HOBART BIRD, Sergeant Battery A, 147 F. A., Am. Ex. Forces.

Joseph Hingley, Hubert Hingley, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hingley and daughter, Danella, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hingley and daughter, Helen, all of Portland, and Noah Hingley of Scholls spent Christmas day with Mrs. Geo. Blasser.

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Donald Anderson, stationed at the U. S. Navy Yard at Bremerton, Wash., spent the Xmas holidays at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Vincent. He is a nephew of Mrs. Vincent. He enlisted in the navy from his home in Chicago and was sent west to Bremerton. This is his first trip West, but he speaks highly of our beautiful mountain country as compared with the vast prairies of Illinois.

B. V. Peate is the third trick operator at the S. P. depot since Sunday, having recently bid in that trick. When asked why he did it, he says that he likes to be courteous to his neighbors but can't do it under the stress of the afternoon and evening at the depot since the helmer has been taken off and during the early morning hours he doesn't have to meet so many of his old friends.

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BANK OF BEAVERTON

Mrs. Mary Diebele.

The death of Mrs. Mary Diebele occurred at the family home in Beaverton this morning at 8:30 o'clock after 11 days' illness with influenza. The funeral is to be held from St. Cecilia's Tuesday morning and interment will be at Cedar Mills cemetery.

Mrs. Diebele was born in South Russia 34 years ago and came to this country 15 years ago after her marriage to S. Diebele. For ten years they lived in South Dakota and five years ago came to Beaverton. She was a member of the Catholic church and of the Knights and Ladies of Security. She is survived by her husband, six small children and a sister, Mrs. Francis Goldare, who lives in Woodburn.