

65th Artillery Soldier Writes

Dell Hinson, Springfield Boy,
Tells of Safe Arrival in
England

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hinson received a letter Monday from their son Dell Hinson who left Fort Stevens a couple of months ago for the east and later sailed for France. Dell is a member of Battery C, 65th artillery A. E. F. The letter which follows was written somewhere in England.

"We are at last on foreign soil, (altno not in France) and in camp. It certainly is good to be on ground again even if we do not have every-thing we had in the States. Our trip here was well worth the trouble of crossing the ocean. It is certainly a beautiful country and clean, every-thing is well kept up, hedge fence,

also stone, all the houses are of brick because they have no lumber to speak of.

"It is pitiful in the cities, you cannot realize what the war has done to the English people who are at home and have to keep up all the work that has to be done, and most of it is done by the women and children and they show it. At least I hope our country wont be that bad, all the same they seem to be cheerful and are there to see it through.

"We are in tents and it is rather cold but warm in the day time and as we may leave here soon have not got any-thing here except our packs but have to wait until we get to France. We certainly have some trouble and fun with the money here' especially in ex-change and buying.

"Well Mother, I suppose you worried about me coming over and I guess it was rather dangerous' but that's all over now. I am well except for a cold and feel fine otherwise."



HUSBAND GONE—SONS GONE— HOME AND RELATIVES GONE

A Fact Story Telling Just What the Red Cross
Did for Mme. Pellier.

By an Eye Witness
MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

This is the picture I saw last January in France,—and you have mercifully changed it! Color enough there was—above, the eternal blue; in the background, fields of living green, which the German shells could not prevent from creeping back; in the middle foreground, a long village street so battered and burned that it was merely a canyon of cream-colored ruins. In front of one little broken house were four figures in black—an old woman, poking among the fallen stones in a vain search for something that could be used; a younger woman, seated on what had once been a doorstep, with her face hidden in her arms; and a little boy and girl, who stared, half-frightened, half curious, at the desolation about them. The little boy held in his thin hand a Red Cross flag. All four were pale and gaunt; the faces and bodies of the children showed none of the round curves that make the beauty of a child.

This is their history: When the war broke out, Mme. Pellier, her mother and her four younger children were visiting her husband's mother in the north of France. Her husband and two elder sons were at home in Lorraine taking care of the summer crops. Then the war! The mother-in-law of Mme. Pellier was ill and could not be left. Her old mother was afraid to travel to Lorraine with the full care of the four children. Before they could all start together the Germans invaded. Bad news is allowed to come into northern France, and so as the months passed Mme. Pellier learned that her village home had been bombarded and that her husband and two sons had been killed. Except for the Belgian Relief Commission, which operates in northern France also, she and her little ones would have starved outright. At the best they were undernourished. Then the great push began, and hopes for France grew high. But as the French soldiers advanced they had to bombard the northern towns. Mme. Pellier begged the Germans to let her go away with her children—even into Germany. This was refused. She tried to seek safety in some cellar whenever there was a bombardment. Nevertheless a shell killed two of her children.

Found Her Home Gone.

Home gone; husband gone; brave soldier sons gone; little, tender boys torn into shreds! That woman's face would have shown you what she had suffered—her face against the battered ruins the Germans had made. At last she and her mother and her two remaining children were repatriated. They knew the infinite relief of cross-

ing into Switzerland and then into Haute-Savoie. From there they went to Lorraine. Mme. Pellier hoped that, even though her village had been bombarded, her home might have escaped. She found nothing except her bare fields.

You changed that picture, you Americans, who can never be bombarded, who can never lose through war five out of the seven dearest to you. It was not your husband and children who died; not your wife who was widowed; not your little ones who came back, bony and tubercular, to a home that had vanished. Not yours, but only the grace of accident saved you; not yours, but it might have been and so you changed the picture. You could not build up with your own hands that heap of stones into a home, nor till the fields, nor bring Mme. Pellier back to hope and the children back to health. But through the Red Cross you saved the remnants of that family that had suffered as you might have suffered.

Things the Red Cross Did.

You took the mother of Mme. Pellier to a Red Cross hospital to be treated for anaemia. You took the little girl, who was in the first stages of tuberculosis, to a Red Cross sanitarium. You found a place which could be made habitable for Mme. Pellier near her fields which she was anxious to till. You gave her clothes and furniture; you got her seeds; you lent her implements. You sent a visiting doctor to watch over her health and that of her little boy. You sent nurses, who achieved the mighty victory of making her and the child take baths. Later you persuaded her to let him go to a refuge not far away where he might attend school and where she could often visit him. Through the help of your Red Cross hope and courage and ambition have come back to that woman, and she is rebuilding her family life. The biggest thing one human being can do for another you, if you are a helper of the Red Cross, have done for that mother.

Red Cross! I saw its work everywhere in France—in fields and in blasted villages; in hospitals and schools and clinics; in refuges and vestiaries for widows and orphans and for the sick children of soldiers fighting to keep you safe from the enemy.

This symbol of help has a double meaning now for Americans, who have always taken for granted the blessing of safety. It stands for your willingness to pay the price of exemption, of pity, of sympathy. A bitter, black road this road of war, but across it, like a beacon of hope, you have hung the Red Cross.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OREGON?



R. N. Stanfield.

Republican for United States Senator.

"I have a very strong conviction that Oregon has been discriminated against by the National Government in many ways. Mr. Stanfield shares this feeling and promises, if elected, to correct it as far as it lies in his power to do so. Senator McNary denies that any such discrimination exists. He was quoted in a dispatch from Washington to the Oregon Journal as saying that he took no stock in the statement that there had been discrimination against Oregon. Of course, if he believes there has been no discrimination he will make no effort to remove it."—S. B. Huston, who withdrew from the Senatorial contest and is supporting Stanfield

Why do the Telegram and Journal complain that Seattle is always taking payrolls away from Portland, and then attack Stanfield because he has built up an industry which benefits Oregon and Portland, creates a payroll and adds thousands of dollars to the tax list? Why has Portland lost so much to Seattle—is it because there are elements in Portland always ready to knock any one who tries to help the community?

Five lawyers comprise the Oregon delegation at Washington; there has not been a business man, farmer or toiler in the delegation in a generation.

Why has the Chamber of Commerce felt it necessary to hire a special representative at a senator's salary of \$7,500 a year to look after Oregon's interests?

Stanfield never represented a corporation at Salem. Stanfield is no man's man.

Stanfield will not be dictated to and controlled by a political boss, by corporations or by newspapers, but he will serve all the people of his State, playing no favorites and giving a square deal.

No one has ever said that Bob Stanfield is a double-crosser, or that he is selfish or not liberal with his resources or his friendship. There isn't a lazy bone in his body. He has been a toiler all his life, and never held a cushy job.

Raised on the range, he is no silk-stocking. Stanfield has built up from nothing through constructive labor until today he is one of the genuine assets of Oregon. He did not marry his money nor did he inherit it—he worked for it.

Republicans know that Stanfield is 100% Republican. He is not a 50-50 Demo.-Rep.

Paid Adv. by Stanfield Senatorial League, 203 Northwestern Bank Building, Portland, Oregon.

HAS LICENSE SUSPENDED

Loyd Johnson Forfeits Right to Operate Motorcycle

Loyd Johnson, son of Oliver W. Johnson of this city, has had his motorcycle license suspended from May 3 to May 13 on account of his fast and reckless driving.

Young Johnson had been cautioned many times and arrested and fined three times for speeding and riding on the sidewalks, but this having been of no avail, several of the citizens and officers of this city took the matter up with the State authorities, and the result was the temporary suspension of his license to operate his motorcycle during the period of ten days between May 3rd and May 13. If, during that time the young man appears before the court and proves that he is competent to operate his machine according to law, his license will be returned to him. If he cannot prove himself capable the license will be permanently revoked.

Former Local Boy in Georgia.

Word has been received in this city by Mrs. Note Rowe from her son, Nicholas Lambert, saying that he has been transferred to the United States arsenal depot at Augusta, Georgia, and that he likes the work fine. Mr. Lambert went into service March 18 at San Francisco, and for awhile was stationed at Angel Island. He was then transferred to Jacksonville, Florida, and went from there to Augusta, Georgia.

Lane Has Labor Surplus

A surplus of farm help in Lane county is reported by N. S. Robb, the county agricultural agent. He warns farmers that if they do not plan to keep help in the early part of the season they cannot expect to be able to get men for haying and harvest.



You can be the one to send him a pouch of Real GRAVELY Chewing Plug

It pays to know the facts before you spend your money.

You will be sending your friend more tobacco comfort and satisfaction in one pouch of Real Gravelly Plug than in half a dozen plugs of ordinary tobacco.

Give any man a chew of Real Gravelly Plug, and he will tell you that's the kind to send. Send the best!

Ordinary plug is false economy. It costs less per week to chew Real Gravelly, because a small chew of it lasts a long while.

If you smoke a pipe, slice Gravelly with your knife and add a little to your smoking tobacco. It will give flavor—improve your smoke.

SEND YOUR FRIEND IN THE U. S. SERVICE A POUCH OF GRAVELLY

Dealers all around here carry it in 10c. pouches. A 3c. stamp will put it into his hands in any Training Camp or Seaport of the U. S. A. Even "over there" a 3c. stamp will take it to him. Your dealer will supply envelope and give you official directions how to address it.

P. B. GRAVELLY TOBACCO COMPANY, Danville, Va.

The Patent Pouch keeps it Fresh and Clean and Good—It is not Real Gravelly without this protection Seal

Established 1931

NEW SERVICE

We are authorized under the Federal Reserve Law to act as an Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

This is a new service our officers will be glad to discuss with you.

First National Bank,
Eugene, Oregon

Homes Completely Furnished

And you'll know better what you need and ought to have for your home, after you've paid us a visit, for we have a big store full of

**Furniture, Rugs, Linoleum
Draperies, Ranges, Etc.**

You cannot find
Better Values

Or a more complete stock to select from.

Brauer & Conley
COR. NINTH AND OAK STS., EUGENE, ORE.

Made in Springfield

A DIRECTORY OF MERCHANTS AND BUSINESS MEN WHO WANT YOUR BUSINESS AND WILL GIVE YOU GOOD VALUES

Patronize Home Industry
**EAT
EGGIMANN'S**
War, Oat Meal and Liberty Bread
Day or Night
PHONE 51

ELECTRICITY
For light, heat and power.
"Made in Springfield."
Oregon Power Co.

YOU GET ALL THE NEWS THAT'S
"MADE IN SPRINGFIELD"
EVERY THURSDAY
IN THE
SPRINGFIELD NEWS
Subscription \$1.50 per year Phone 2

JOB PRINTING
Made in Springfield
At the News Office