

our backs, and the mask, with the connecting tubing. These new ones are only fastened in the cars, for they are too heavy to carry around all the time, which position of honor falls to the older type.

ATE HIS FILL.

San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 2. My Dear Mother—I received the box from the chapter yesterday, also one from Mae. I was surprised to get the one from the chapter, and then when I opened it you could have knocked me down with a feather. In the box I got from Mae there was candied dates



RAYMOND C. HUMASON
Co. H, 162d U. S. Infantry 41st Division.

stuffed with walnuts and divinity candy. It was sure fine.

I am sending you a menu we had for Thanksgiving, and what is more, I ate everything that was set before me. Here is the bill of fare at that feast.

Roast Vermont turkey, cranberry sauce, celery, oyster dressing, green string beans, creamed onions, mashed potatoes, creamed gravy, baked sweet potatoes, butter, jelly, Waldorf salad, Russian salad. Desserts—Apple, pumpkin and mince meat pie, loaf cake, cottage pudding (sauce), grape juice punch, mixed candies, mixed nuts, chilled grapes, bananas, oranges, apples, cigars.

In the afternoon we went to a football game between Kelly Field and Camp Travis, which is composed of drafted men. Kelly Field lost 12 to 5, but it was a good game. The government chartered a special train and there were 10,000 men from Kelly Field, so I made quite a bit of noise. Altogether there were approximately 35,000 people at the game.

I expect to go up in the air before long, as I am going to machine gun



ISAAC W. ANDERSON
Bat. C, 148th Field Art., Camp Mills, New York.

school day after tomorrow. After going there for a short time we are sent up in the air to try our skill at marksmanship. I heard today that the squadron is expected to be here for three months at the least, and it is doubtful if we leave then.

I get pretty homesick at times but like it fine in this field. We get plenty to eat and the barracks are clean. We have a fine bunch of cooks and they know how to cook the grub. I am a kitchen police tomorrow and there is where I will get some leave to work. Those on K. P. have to wash pans, peel potatoes, etc. They go on at 5:15 in the morning and get off at 7 in the evening. So you see we have pretty long hours.

EMERSON BROWN.

ANSWER TO CRITICS

Somewhere in France, Nov. 14. Editor Gresham Outlook, Gresham, Oregon.

Dear Sir:—It is with a great deal of pleasure that I have been receiving weekly copies of your paper and I can



ALBERT WEISS
Det. 14th Inf. Co. K., Anchorage, Alaska.

assure you that news from the old home town has been far more than merely welcome. I often receive num-

bers of Portland papers and Outlooks and you can bet your life that the latter are the first ones to be read. I have learned, as other Gresham people will very likely learn soon, that the news from home counts far more than the news of the country as a whole.

I see that a number of my letters have appeared, at least in part, in your paper. In that case I am sorry that I have been and am still unable to send any news. About all I can say is that we are well, sleeping ten hours every night and eating well enough, but there is not chance of getting the goat. In addition to this we are working hard. Must say that I never felt better in my life.

Up until the last few days we have had lots of rain, regular Oregon weather. Oilskins and boots were necessary and our camp was a big sea of mud. However the last few days have been fine and the mud has nearly disappeared. We have no excuse for not doing our washings now.

We are comfortably situated in huts, sixty men to a hut. We are accustomed now to the dirt floor, have two stoves in each hut, and electric lights are being put in. Water is somewhat scarce at present but pipe lines are being put in and we shall have shower baths in a week.

After four years of the present bathing system, none of us would ever use a bath tub, we would simply buy an extra tin cup.

The nights here are getting rather chilly. I believe the winters here are much like those at home.

Now I will get down to the main idea of my letter. In many papers we receive from home we notice that many organizations there are going on record as being opposed to sending tobacco to soldiers. As I write this I have before me statements to that effect issued by



EMIL LAUBER
Naval Training Sta., Co. B, 9, San Francisco, California.

the W. C. T. U., the Christian Endeavor and the Pomona grange.

The W. C. T. U. is a virtuous organization, sometimes useful; the Christian Endeavor has been a world of help at times and no one can dispute the dinners which the Pomona grange puts up. But stop and think a minute, you people who advocate tobaccoless days for us fellows.

Do you honestly believe that you are in a position, there at home in peace and comfort, surrounded by the joys of life, to judge what is best for us here where there is no peace and where the comforts of life are so few?

Tobacco may be a poison but I can tell you of other poisons that kill a soldier much quicker. For instance: Loneliness, worry, hunger, pain, fatigue and so on. As an editorial in "Life" states this matter: "Tobacco is a mild poison, useful as an antidote being the most popular and least hurtful antidote for the great poison of war."

Cannot these people see that their view of life is much different from ours and that our ideas will not fit? As Life says again, "A peanut fits well in a peanut shell but a pumpkin won't."

I take it for granted that Mr. I. W.



WILSON EASTMAN
Co. B, 162d Infantry, Camp Mills, New York.

Carl, who introduced a resolution before the Pomona grange to the effect that they were against tobacco for soldiers, does not use tobacco. Perhaps he is fond of some other little luxury, for instance, say chocolate. Now, Mr. Carl, just imagine, if you can, but which you cannot, that you were one of us over here and that you were very fond of chocolate.

The folks at home decide that chocolate is bad for your teeth and stomach. This chocolate is as good to you as a tonic, you crave it, you need it, it is absolutely one of the highest comforts you have. I guess the action of the folks at home would tickle you, wouldn't it? I guess it would not.

You may be right from your viewpoint, Mr. Carl, but from ours you are wrong, you are all wrong. If you could but see the boys when we are out of tobacco, no matter how deadly you might consider the filthy weed, I am sure you would relent. In your case with your chocolate gone you might be one of those who for different reasons, give up after a while and disregard all rules for health and cleanliness.

I am sending you a clipping, a few lines by Mr. Silas Wegg, written to Rev. F. E. Clark, president of the Chris-

tian Endeavor societies, regarding cigarettes being sent in comforts kits. And I want to go on record right here and say that it meets with the soldiers' hearty endorsement.

It is as follows:

Rev. Francis E. Clark, President Christian Endeavor societies.

My Dear Francis—I'm writing you now just to tell you that I am glad that from the viewpoint of a Christian Endeavor you're all right. But from the viewpoint of millions of men in the fighting zone you're all wrong. And don't you believe when the world's at war, and Christian lands are shedding blood on Christian lands, that it wouldn't be such a terrible thing if you'd just forget for a little while a little thing like a cigarette and close your eyes and put it in with a pack of cards, and let it go? If the God you serve is going to forgive for the shells we make and the lives we take, that He won't much care about what you do with a comfort-kit? And then besides, you never can know as a preacher man what a deep-down drag at a cigarette, may mean to a fellow who's under fire.

I believe you will agree with me that the Y. M. C. A. has done as much as any one else for the American boys. And at the present time they are everywhere over here helping us in every way they can. They always have our best interests at heart and yet they do their very best to keep us in tobacco.

And of course you can only praise the faithful and untiring work of the Red Cross. Yet see the lengths they go to in order to secure cigarettes for the soldiers.

Do not get the idea from this that the average soldier is a slave to tobacco. Not any more than a man in civil life. It is merely that this petty larceny stuff is crating on our nerves. We feel that we have voluntarily surrendered enough of our personal liberties and rights without having the rest of them taken away from us.

In conclusion I want to say that the men of the United States who never spend money on tobacco must have lots of kale for buying liberty bonds and we surely thank them for that.

Thanking you and wishing the Outlook the very best of success I beg to remain, very truly yours,

H. A. KERN

B Co, 18th Eng. Ry. U. S. Army Post-office No. 705, via New York, A. E. F.

FINDS IT COLD

U. S. Expeditionary Forces, Oct. 27.

Dear Mother—

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know I am getting along all right. We were moved from Farnborough yesterday and are in Dover now. We were there five weeks where I was working on motors. We slept in tents, and I was sure cold—frost on the ground every morning. It is a damp climate, something like Oregon. It is a pretty place here, right on a ridge. You can see over into France from here, just across the channel.

I guess I told you our squadron was broken up. I am the only one left here and don't know where the rest of them are. I think Nelson Ross is at Waterloo. I was in London last Sunday; got a bicycle and rode in, 31 miles one way. It was a nice little ride for an afternoon; didn't start till 1 o'clock and got lost



CORP. W. F. JENNE
Co. C, 116th Eng. 41st Division, A. E. F., France.

and didn't get back till 12. It is a big city but has no high buildings. I think the highest is twelve stories and looks old fashioned. Some things are up to date. They have nice subways. There are not many wooden buildings in this country, nearly all are brick.

They have air raids here pretty often and they are expecting one tonight. It is nice moonlight. They have dugouts to go into when they see the airplanes coming. It is fierce to see the women and children running to get into them. I saw a big German Zeppelin they shot down in London two weeks ago. I saw a church that was hit by a bomb and blown to pieces. I see lots of things that I never dreamed of seeing.

I haven't been up in the air yet and am not dying to go up—they come down too often to suit me. I have seen three or four come down all smashed to pieces. Saturday there were three machines fell. One of them fell over 400 feet and caught on fire just as it hit the ground. I saw them take the two pilots out of the fire but both were



SGT. LEE MERRILL
363d Amb. Co., 316th Sanitary Train, Lewis Branch, Tacoma, Wa.

charr'd—two of them both good pilots. Both of their wives were here watching them fly. They were doing a nose dive

of some kind. I guess something broke and they couldn't straighten their machine. There isn't a day goes by but they have a smash-up or two.

The Germans were over this way night before last but didn't do any damage. They are looking for them again tomorrow night as there will be a full moon.

We were down town yesterday and saw some of our navy boys. Their ship was in Dover harbor. They started back to New York today.

I saw in today's paper that the Americans had fired their first shot in the French trenches; also saw that the Germans had captured 100,000 Italians and 700 guns. They are sure hanging on well. Lots of people here think the war will be over by Christmas, but I don't know.

I like the work here pretty well but it



CORP. FRANK G. BELL
Co. C, 116th Ore. Eng. 41st Div. A. E. F., France.

is somewhat hard to get used to the English ways. They are very strict in the English army and we have to do what they tell us to do. We got awful poor food while we were in Farnborough. I think I would have starved if they had kept me there much longer, but we are getting good food here.

Tell me about all the fellows who have been drafted—tell me all the news that has happened in the last two months.

There are lots of girls here but I don't take to them very much. All you can see here is girls and soldiers and girls do the work that the men used to do. Tell everybody hello for me. Are my letters censored? The ones I got so far have not been.

Your loving son,
CHARLES HICKS
U. S. Expeditionary Forces, 31 Aero Squadron, France, care ADJ's office.

GRUESOME TACTICS

The following letter written to Chase E. St. Clair, was received several weeks ago:

B Co. 162 U. S. Infantry, Camp Mills, Long Island, N. Y.

Dear Friend:—We arrived here last Friday morning, dirty and quite willing to quit traveling for a while at least. Nothing of importance happened on our trip. We had zero weather nearly all the way. We landed at Jersey City, took a ferry and went around Manhattan Island where we got our first glimpse of the Atlantic and the statue of Liberty. Our regiment, which had arrived here a few days before, gave us an appreciative reception. We are senior company to the regiment now. Seniority depends upon the amount of military experience the commanding officer of the company has. All Infantry companies have been reorganized into 250 men instead of 150. Each company has small departments just like the regiment had only on a smaller scale.

Our camp covers several square miles and is kept in the United States, unless they are of extraordinary physical development. There are dozens of airplanes in the air every day. One fellow started for the moon yesterday, or at least there was where he headed for as long as we could see him, whether he got there or not, we do not know. An Italian flier zooms up 6000 feet in his monoplane, then turns six or eight loops while coming down. I guess he becomes highly amused when he sees us poor fellows scatter from under him.

Nearly all of us have had at least one pass to go to New York City, and nearly all of us return with sore necks, as some of the buildings are terribly high. What New York should have is a few western girls to give the place a little beauty, as she is sure not there "when it come to that."

Well, taps are blowing and I must recognize its authority, so I shall expect a few lines from you. Sincerely,
GUY D. JONES.



EARL STANLEY
99 Prov. Aero Squadron, A. E. F., France.

and all branches of the U. S. army is represented. It freezes every night and most of us sit up all night and try to figure out how we can keep warm with only two blankets.

We are being inoculated for paratyphus and expect to leave soon.

We are being trained in the French-English method of fighting and bayonet combat, the latter will be used mostly by infantryman. I will give you a little idea of our movements when we get to the front. It will be short charges of a few hundred yards from one trench to another, first our artillery and our rear starts what is called a barrage fire. This fire of shrapnel and other explosives fall on the enemies' trenches and also a line of shells dropping about 75 yards ahead of the infantry. This fire makes practically an absolute barrier between the enemies' lines and our infantry.

The charging infantry will consist of three parts, namely: bomb throwers, riflemen and finishers. As soon as the infantry skirmish lines leap out of their trenches, the artillery fire is elevated and kept as near 75 yards ahead of the charging infantry as possible. Some men are killed by this barrage fire caused by defective shells that drop short of their range, but this per cent of men killed is small in comparison to the number that would be killed by the enemy if there was no barrage fire. When the skirmishers get within a few yards of the enemies first line trench,

the bomber starts his work of hurling hand grenades into them.

Usually the hot persistent artillery fire drives the enemy out of the front trenches, but sometimes they have dugouts that lead back from the main trench a few feet and gather there for protection. But, however, the grenades usually stun the occupants for a moment. As soon as the hand grenades explode, the riflemen mounts and enters the trench and combats with what is left of the enemy. This part is the most daring and dangerous because those of the enemy that are in the dugouts are sometimes unhurt and outnumber the riflemen.

This is all bayonet work at close quarters, sometimes so close that the opponents guns are locked together. In a case of that kind, we have been taught to use our knee or elbow to shove the opponent back and quickly follow this movement with the famous "butt stroke." Our men that are fighting in the trenches now have outclassed the enemy in bayonet combat, so we feel quite safe in that respect.

This is all easy enough to practice, but when we bang up against some big, husky, "sauer kraut" complexioned opponent, we might try to argue the matter over instead of trying to bag him! Many times the bayonet cannot be drawn from a body. In that case the gun is fired and tears the bayonet loose. After that dose, the patient usually becomes quiet.

Many Red Cross men have been killed by the wounded enemy while trying to give them aid, so the "finisher's" duty is to—well guess. Notwithstanding the fact that it is the least dangerous work, I don't believe I should care for the job.

We must pass a stiff physical examination before we go across, and those of us that have the slightest physical disability will be rejected. Also the younger men under 21 years of age will



W. ALBERT HENSLEY
1st. Bat. Co. C, 116th Eng. 41st Div., A. E. F., France.

be kept in the United States, unless they are of extraordinary physical development.

There are dozens of airplanes in the air every day. One fellow started for the moon yesterday, or at least there was where he headed for as long as we could see him, whether he got there or not, we do not know. An Italian flier zooms up 6000 feet in his monoplane, then turns six or eight loops while coming down. I guess he becomes highly amused when he sees us poor fellows scatter from under him.

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Well, taps are blowing and I must recognize its authority, so I shall expect a few lines from you. Sincerely,
GUY D. JONES.

RAINY IN FRANCE

The following letter was received recently by Mrs. Maggie Ryan. Mr. Viken's parents live in Minnesota but he lived in Gresham several years and boarded with Mrs. Ryan whom he calls "mother." His postscript shows how it cheers the boys to get letters from home folks and friends.

Somewhere in France, Nov. 11.

My Dear Mother:—

Just received your welcome letter today and was very glad to hear from you, so as I have lots of time will answer immediately. It takes so long for a letter to get through that I can't afford to waste any time. I've been feeling fine up to the last three weeks. Since then I've been bothered quite a little with rheumatism in my left arm and am in the hospital at present. Have



ALBERT A. JOHNSON
99th Co. Farrolon Island, California.

been here for nearly two weeks, but expect when you get this letter I'll be O. K. and back to work again.

There has been an awful lot of rain this fall and it is very damp when it don't rain, so I kind of blame the climate for my rheumatism. The weather is very nearly like that of the Pacific coast—only a little more so—and you know it is not very pleasant. We work

every day. I see you are having the fair out there again and you are certainly having a grand old time. Wish I was there. But not this year.

I saw Mr. and Mrs. McDonald at Frisco. She was getting quite low then. I was up to see them two different times before I left.

Just had a letter from my sister telling me that her three oldest boys had joined the navy; also telling me that my youngest brother had been drafted into the army. That makes three of us brothers there, for one of my brothers belongs to the North Dakota Infantry. He served three years on the Mexican border and has been called out long ago. So with three nephews in the navy I think we are quite well represented. I have not been lucky enough to find any of them yet.

My brother that was drafted has been sending me cigarettes since I've been over here and I'm miss him worse than any of them, for the American cigarettes are very scarce and the cigarettes the French use are awful things to take for people who are not used to them.

How are things around Gresham this fall? How many of the boys around there have been drafted? Well, as I am not allowed to write anything about conditions here will have to close, for I expect you'll be getting tired of reading this as I know there is not much news in it. I expect it will be near Christmas when you get this letter, so will wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I remain as ever,
S. O. VIKEN.

Co. D, 18, Eng. Ry., U. S. Army, P. O. 705, A. E. F. via New York.

P. S. Give my best regards to everybody and give my address to anyone that would like to send me a line, for we certainly enjoy to get letters. S. O. V.

BUYS LIBERTY BONDS

The following letter is from Albert Camp, well-known in and around Gresham. He has recently been made a first-class private, ranking next to corporal.

Camp Mills, N. Y., Nov. 12. Dear Folks:—This is Monday. I have just been pitching some tents for a bunch of conscripts that are coming from Camp Lewis where John is. Each company take enough to bring the number of men in each company up to one hundred and fifty.

Sargeant Fred Crane, the one you met at Clackamas, is second lieutenant. Seems kind of funny to salute him and address him as "Sir".

Am well and feeling fine. Was over to a little town called Hempstead last night, had a good time; also went to church. Oh, yes! we got our pay yesterday if it was Sunday. I received \$10 only as I have \$200 tied up in liberty bonds.

Night before last we had a Hawaiian sextet here at the Y. M. C. A. It sure was great, and two nights before we had a magician. He pulled some good tricks and made lots of fun for the boys.

There were twenty-seven corporals made in our company today, but the first-class privates have not yet been made. I am pretty sure of first class this time, and if I get it that will be \$3.00 more per month.

Got our second shot in the arm out of a series of three this afternoon—didn't hurt hardly at all.

Drilled all morning under one of our new lieutenants (as they have been increased along with the company.) We sure had some swell drill. While we were drilling one of the airplanes of the aviation corps began to come down. It gradually slid down and lit in a bunch of brush but no harm was done. We later found out that something had gone wrong with one of his planes.

Tell all the folks "hello" for me. Well this is all I can think of for this time so will close, hoping you are well and feeling fine, as I am. As ever,
Your son,
ALBERT.

P. S. How is my sweater coming along? Write soon.

P. S. My address is Mr. Albert Camp, Co. D 162 Infantry, Camp Mills, N. Y.

MAY LEAVE SOON

Camp Mills, N. Y., Nov. 15.

Mr. H. L. St. Clair,
Gresham, Oregon.

Dear Sir:—

You having asked me to write you a letter giving my company address, I will now do so with great pleasure.

I am with Company A., of the 116th Engineers, 41st Division. They have the reputation of being the best drilled, and also physically perfect company in the regiment. Being the senior company this is not so much more than could be expected, but at that I am pleased to be a member of this organization.

There are six companies in the hundred and sixteenth now, and all are filled up to their capacity with drafted men. Company A has two hundred and fifty men. The squads have all been reformed with three or four of the new men in each squad.

Camp Mills is a tent city with a population of about thirty thousand men. New companies are continually coming in, but no one ever knows when the old ones are going out, except the officials.

The ninety-ninth Aero-squad left this camp one night last week and was loaded on a transport. Earl Stanley is in that branch of service. I was with him all afternoon and we talked of old times in Gresham.

We expect to leave soon. Most of us are under the impression that France will be our next camping ground. All are anxious to go.

I am afraid I have taken up too much of your time already so will close.
Yours respectfully,
FRANK A. HAMLIN.

Hempstead, New York, Camp Mills, Co. A, 116th Eng. 41st Division.

ON TRAINING SHIP

With the Colors, Nov. 25.

Dear Folks:—

Everything is all right so far. Am in the same place. I have worked one day since I came.

We are getting plenty of clothes here. The women's societies of Chicago are making sweaters, mittens, socks, scarfs and caps for the sailors. I have received a full set of them, so am pretty well prepared for the cold. We are allowed to wear anything we want to in order to keep comfortable.

Well, I guess that is all I have to write about. We are in detention yet and don't know how long we will be at this port but you can address me here.

HENRY BOTTLESON,
Naval Training Station, Camp Faragut, Barracks No. 941 So. Ships Co., Great Lake, Ill.