

WILL RESUME THE GERMAN IN SERVICES

A small tempest arose at the last council meeting, held on Tuesday evening of this week over the receipt of a letter from the trustees of Zion Evangelical church notifying the council that they had decided to use the German language again in some of their services. Following is the communication in full, addressed to the mayor and council:

Gentlemen:—
With the dawn of peace and of a new era in the world, we note that many unwelcome obstacles and problems of the recent past have disappeared or are on the verge of disappearing. One of these is the unfriendly feeling toward a foreign language. Therefore, since the success of our church work partially depends upon the employment of the German language, we have decided to use it again in a few of our services.

(Signed) Theod. Brugger, F. W. Hoecker, E. Schwedler, H. G. Mulenhoff, H. R. Gebhardt, Pastor.
Some discussion followed the reading of the letter, but the matter was temporarily settled by ordering it forwarded to the United States District Attorney, in Portland, for his opinion or action if he deems any action necessary.

A communication was read from the P. R. L. & P. company notifying the council that it could not give any assistance in repairing the sidewalk on South Main street.

The Ways and Means committee made report to the effect that a levy of five mills would be necessary for next year's expenditures, and upon motion the report was adopted.

A motion was made that Harry Lusted be notified to repair drainage in front of his property within fifteen days with the alternative of having the city do it at his expense.

The marshal was instructed to secure team and gravel for repairs upon all improved streets where necessary.

The following bills were ordered paid:

J. G. Metzger, salary.....	\$ 70.00
J. H. Hoss, hauling.....	7.50
Chas. Cleveland, insurance.....	25.00
J. H. Metzger, salary.....	12.50
Water bill, November.....	101.35
J. E. Metzger, hauling.....	2.00

METHODIST CHURCH HOLDS BUSINESS SESSION

The first quarterly conference of the Methodist Episcopal church was held last night in the League room. It was presided over by District Superintendent T. B. Ford, who prefaced the business session with an earnest and inspiring address on the stewardship of prayer.

Reports were quite incomplete in most departments as but few services have been held so far since the beginning of the conference year, but the financial report was highly satisfactory and was commended by Dr. Ford, who said it excelled that of any other church which he had visited during the quarter. According to the treasurer's report all obligations have been met in full, including pastoral support, insurance and other incidental expenses, and a substantial balance remains in the treasury.

Dr. Ford has issued a leaflet containing greetings to the pastors and laymen of the Salem district bearing on the conditions brought about by the epidemic, upon the Centenary Movement and the meaning of the end of the war to this country and the world. In connection with the latter he says:

These are not days for "fearful saints," but daring saints. This is no time for questions of doubt, but for affirmations of faith. These are days of tremendous challenges! Neither war, nor universal military training, nor armed neutrality, nor disarmament can democratize, much less Christianize the World. The World to be safe for Democracy must be Christian. Christianity must be the chief factor in the final transformation, and the church as the organized expression and chief propagandist of Christianity is essential to the achievement. Our responsibility is accordingly.

Let us not pine, nor mope, nor brood, but be up and doing with our might the things that are to be done, or we perish. Cut down the cypress trees and the willows, and get out into the open sunlight, into God's world, and let us make a new Earth and a new Heaven!

Don't expect too much of your friends. Not many of them are as deeply interested in your welfare as you imagine.

Red Cross Dance.

Saturday evening, December 7, at the Russellville Grange hall. Every body welcome.

THE STORY OF THE BELEAGUERED BATTALION

(From the Stars and Stripes.)

It is part of the shining record of the American battalion which was surrounded for five interminable days in the Forest of Argonne, as narrated in these columns last week, that, on the fifth day, when hope was at its faintest, there came to the weak and famished garrison of that wild ravine a beguiling offer to surrender. The offer was contemptuously ignored.

It came at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of October 7, came when the strength of the besieged battalion was almost spent.

Since the night of October second, this battalion, drawn from a regiment that likes to call itself "New York's Own" and commanded by Major Charles Whittlesey, had held its position against daily attacks. Since then they had watched the vain efforts of the aircraft to reach them with instructions and rations, heard the vain but unremitting efforts of companion regiments to fight a way through the strong force of encircling Germans.

Little Hopes Left.

Now, late on the fifth day, there was no reason to suppose that help was any nearer. And there was every reason to suppose that they could not hold out many hours longer—holdout, that is, against death from hunger and exposure.

Certainly they were no longer in any condition to fight off another such attack in force as had been made at the end of the first day. Then a formidable enemy detachment had been thrown against the isolated battalion only to recoil in the face of such a blast from our machine guns, such a shower of hand grenades, such a cool, keen-eyed fire from the automatics that they never tried it again but settled down to starve the stubborn Yankees out.

Another such attack on the last day would have carried the ravine. By that time the munitions were almost gone. The stock of hand grenades had dwindled low. Of the two gallant machine gun detachments that had sustained the flanks the commanders had been killed. Of the eleven machine guns themselves, all but three had been put out of business. Of the boxes of machine gun ammunition, only five were left.

One Day's Rations.

But it was the weakness of the men themselves that had so reduced the force of that little garrison.

To begin with, they had brought with them only enough iron rations to see them meagerly through the first day. Many had not eaten then, so willingly and so thriftily were they husbanding the food supply for the wounded. Then all the bread and chocolate dropped from the airplane had fallen within the reach of the Germans.

Now, on October 7, they were chewing leaves and washing them down with water brought at night from the little spring at the bottom of the ravine.

Lack of food, and the long days and nights spent in the damp, chill forest without coats or blankets, had so told on them that the outposts could not keep awake, and on the 6th and 7th the dead had to be unburied at their side. There was no finding a burial squad, with enough strength left to do the work.

Bid for Surrender.

It was to such a battalion that the bid for a surrender was made. It was brought to the major by one of his command who had been taken prisoner.

This soldier was one of nine who, without orders and without telling any officer of their intention, had set forth on an independent effort to break through to the main American force in the forest below. Of this luckless nine, five were killed outright. The other four were wounded.

The least seriously wounded was embraced by the Germans, stuffed with warm food, cheered with beer and cigarettes and sent back to the ravine as an envoy. He was led there blindfolded, led by a circuitous route and pushed toward his own lines with a white flag in one hand and a letter in the other.

This letter, composed in English and neatly typewritten on a sheet of good paper, was addressed to the commanding officer of the isolated battalion. It read:

Sir: The bearer of the present has been taken prisoner on October 7. He refused to the German intelligence officer every answer to his questions and is quite an honorable fellow, doing honor to his Fatherland

S'long—Whistle if You Need Us



Homeward bound! It's happy hours for those Yanks who have already set sail for our own shores. But in the coming home the true Yank does not forget his new friends and the farewells twixt French and Yank are mixed with many sincere regrets—midst all the joy that the great war has been brought to a victorious end. This doughboy officer expresses America's sentiment to France when he says—"S'long pal, whistle if ya need us."

PROCLAMATION

Whereas: Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States and President of the American Red Cross, has summoned every citizen of this country to the comradeship of UNIVERSAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE RED CROSS,—

And Whereas: Membership in the American Red Cross is an evidence of loyalty,—

And Whereas: The American Red Cross is on the eve of the greatest year's work in its history, supplying aid and material encouragement to American soldiers on duty in France, Russia, Siberia and in this country; taking care of the dependents of soldiers in this country by means of Home Service; aiding in the reconstruction of Europe by assisting the repatriated citizens; assisting returned soldiers to positions; providing help and encouragement to wounded soldiers, and in other ways assisting the world to recover from the results of the war,—

And Whereas: It is desired that every adult citizen become a member of the American Red Cross that all may feel they have a living part in the work of the Society,—

Now, Therefore: I, G. W. KENEY, Mayor of the city of Gresham, state of Oregon, do hereby proclaim that the week of December 16-23 be devoted to the purpose of securing membership in the American Red Cross and do urge every citizen to join the Red Cross and to assist in promoting universal membership in that organization.

Given under my hand this 6th day of December, 1918.

G. W. KENEY, Mayor of Gresham.

Attest: K. A. MILLER, City Recorder.

in the strictest sense of the word.

He has been charged against his will, believing it doing wrong to his country in carrying forward this present letter to the officer in charge of the second battalion,— Infantry, with the purpose to recommend this commander to surrender with his forces, as it would be quite useless to resist any more in view of the present situation.

The suffering of your wounded men can be heard in the German lines and we are appealing to your human sentiments.

A white flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree with these conditions. Please treat— as an honorable man. He is quite a soldier. We envy you.
THE GERMAN COMMANDING OFFICER.

Already in the Forest of Argonne, there is an unquestioned legend which says that Major Whittlesey's answer was written in three words on a piece of crumpled paper, wrapped around a stone and thrown into the German lines, and that those three words were "Go to hell."

The Legend of the Argonne.

This is pure legend. He sent no such answer. He sent no answer at all. What he did was to send some one out to take immediately in from their place on the hillside the white cloth panels which served to signal to the friendly aircraft the exact location of the battalion. The American commander did this lest the German commander should mistake them for a white flag of surrender and think for one moment that his proposition had been accepted.

That was at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of October 7. At 7 that evening, while the exhausted men lay crouched in waiting for an attack they knew in the bottom of their

hearts would finish them, the word flashed from dugout to dugout, like electric sparks leaping in the darkness, that a brother regiment had fought its way to their side; that this time the attack, which had been faintly heard in the gathering dusk, had succeeded; that relief had come at last to New York's Own.

A few moments later the men of that brother regiment were stripping the iron rations from their own backs and rushing them along by jubilant, grinning runners to the men of Major Whittlesey's command.

Could Have Cut Way Back.

The full beauty of this chapter in American history cannot be felt till it is realized that when, on the morning of October 3, the tidings from the runners showed that he was surrounded, Major Whittlesey could easily have cut his way back. It is probable that at any time during the first two days he could have cut his way back, though each hour the task would have become more difficult, so steadily was the surrounding party reinforced.

Later, the battalion was far too weak to have attempted such a move. But, while it was still quite feasible, the idea, never seriously considered, was rejected for two reasons.

In the first place, the commander of the battalion had been ordered to advance rapidly and at whatever cost through more than a mile of treacherous jungle; to station himself in that ravine by the Charlevaux Mill, not far from Binerville, and to hold it as the division line until such time as elements could come abreast of him on either side.

Met With Heavy Resistance.

It did not matter that these elements had obviously met with unexpectedly heavy resistance. It did not matter that later and possibly contradictory instructions had failed to reach him. There he was on the northern slope of a ravine that protected him from the German artillery and that kept the greater part of his position shielded from an industrious trench mortar which had opened up at the side.

From there, and so reporting, he had sent up all the pigeons he had brought, and he had not let a day go by without making vain efforts to send runners through the German lines. No word from the division or the regiment had reached him, no word of any kind, though he knew by the message cylinders seen falling from the airplanes, only to be lost like needles in a haystack, that an effort was being made to send instructions to him. So he had only his original orders. By those he must abide.

That was the first reason.

The second reason, the one that appealed to all the men and hushed every dissenting voice, was the fact that in the advance 80 men had been wounded. To fight their way back would have meant deserting the 80. It was unthinkable. Then each hour added fresh names to the list of wounded, each name a fresh reason why the battalion must hold the ravine at all costs.

Brotherhood of the Besieged.

Among the men who came alive out of that ravine was visible a fraternity that had not, and could not have, existed when they went in the brotherhood of the besieged. Approach any one of them today and their first and last word on their experience is always a word in devoted praise of "our major," the officer around whom they rallied and whose steady, dauntless spirit saw them through.

"Our major"—he is Lieutenant Colonel Whittlesey now—is a product of Plattsburg, a Williams College man, who, in the dim forgotten days before April, 1917, lived at 136 East Forty-fourth street, New York, and practiced law down at 2 Rector street, where the Sixth Avenue L thunders by on its way to the Battery.

It is of the stamina of the men that Colonel Whittlesey speaks—speaks in wonder and admiration. He had known them first at Camp Upton, an unpromising miscellany of youngsters, going forth to war from Fifth Avenue and from lower East Side, truck drivers, collegians, dressmakers, sweatshop workers, actors, clerks, idlers, all the stuff of which New York is made. How one and all they proved true, steadfast, honorable American soldiers—that is their commander's story.

And, Gothamite though he is, you may be sure he does not fail to withhold some of the praise from New York, but insists fiercely that it be shared with certain rangy replacements from Oregon who leavened the lump.

He speaks particularly of a New York broker who was in command of one detachment. Though wounded slightly in the leg the first day, and though later so outstanding a target that a German potato masher came off his shoulder before exploding, this officer was always up and at them every time the German hand grenade throwers came stealing down over the crest through the underbrush, nor did he collapse till long after the relief had come and he had been able to see every last one of his men attended to.

Colonel Whittlesey likes to tell, too, of one cheery lieutenant who, until he was killed, displayed always an infectious cheeriness, always smiling, always until the very last, as bright and shining as if he had just prepared for inspection.

Caring for the Wounded.

Above all, he likes to tell how the little food stock was scraped and hoarded for the wounded and how cheerfully the few coats and blankets that had been carried forward through the forest were heaped on those who lay hurt on the hillside.

He has a warm place in his heart for three runners, one a little stenographer from New York who was killed in his course on the fifth night, and two others who in the last hours though the forest was as black as midnight, did somehow manage to work their way through to the relieving force. They were Clifford R. Brown, of Asheville, New York, and

GRESHAM BOY SEES FIGHTING AT THE FRONT

The following letter was received by Mrs. J. W. Hendricks from her son Curtis:

Base Hospital, No. 6, Oct. 29.
My dear Mother:—I know you are wondering why I haven't written in almost three weeks. But I disclaim all responsibility as we have been too busy to write, and even if I had written I could not have mailed it.

I had been in two big battles before this one, and as the order read to advance three kilos, I thought we would have it comparatively easy for we had advanced at the rate of 20 kilos a day on another front. We started at daybreak with a terrible barrage behind us, but the German guns opened up in retaliation and returned shot for shot. We advanced slowly during lulls for no one could go forward in the face of that shell fire. At nightfall we were still a kilo from our objective but our commander was resolved to make it, and pushed on. It was at this time, that I was wounded slightly in the leg, and sent to the rear. However, I learned later, that we had made it. No one could have condemned the enemy for cowardice in this battle for they died with their guns. One cannot help but admire the fighting qualities of these men for their bravery and tenacity.

I expect to be back with the company in a week or so, in fact, I was surprised at being sent to a Base.

FAIRVIEW GRANGE TO ELECT OFFICERS

The regular meeting of Fairview grange will be held tomorrow, beginning with a session in the forenoon. The usual grange dinner will be enjoyed at noon, after which the lecture program will be given. Following the lecture hour the annual election of officers will take place.

Supposing this is a "vale of tears," there's no reason why you should make it an ocean of them.

Stanislaw Kozikowski, of Mazpeth, L. I.

But perhaps the warmest place of all is for two young privates of the Medical Department, who, in the absence of any surgeon, took charge of the wounded, working with them night and day so faithfully that when the relief came at last they dropped feebly in their tracks and had to be carried out on stretchers.

To name these few is just to give instances from an heroic chapter in the story of the fight which made the Argonne Forest part of America's fight which began at dawn on September 26 and did not end until October 11, when the last living German had been pushed out of the forest. By then, under steady fire from the German guns, Yankee Engineers were pushing bridges across the swift waters of the Aire, which runs along the northern fringe of the woods.

The Americans had moved 17 kilometers through an almost impassable jungle, a bewildering succession of steep hills and deep ravines covered with heavy underbrush, above which rises here and there the skeleton of a dead tree, stray remnants of an earlier forest which, when seen in silhouette along the successive crests, look like teeth in a broken and battered comb.

In the Glory of Autumn.

Through mile after mile of this jungle, the Americans worked their way through the interlacing strands of barbed wire, and despite the steady fire from hundreds upon hundreds of machine guns, some of them were so planted that the advancing platoons would come within a few feet of them before they were discovered. It was still the old Forest of Argonne which has played so big a part in the story of France, the same dismaying forest which, a century and a quarter ago, proved the undoing of a proud Prussian host which marched against the untired soldiers of the new born French revolution, marched to defeat at the Battle of Valmy.

Quite suddenly the other day it flung forth its autumn colors. Indeed, to those watching from the nearby hillsides, it seemed as if it was on that historic October 7 that the Forest of Argonne blazed all at once into russets and golds and purples, with here and there a scarlet tree, as though its roots had drunk deep of young American blood spent freely for an eternal cause once more defended on those hills.