

HENDRICKS' WAR PICTURES VIVID

The following letters from Curtis Hendricks to his brother and his mother give a vivid and somewhat gruesome picture of war as he experienced it. He also voices further complaints of the treatment accorded the men of the rank and file by some of those in authority over them.

Arthannay, Jan. 29, 1919.

My dear Brother:—You spoke of my wound being some experience, and I heartily agree with you and will tell you how it happened. The morning of October 23d, at 4 a. m., found us on the side of a hill waiting for daylight and the barrage. At 4:15 the Germans started a barrage which I believe has seldom been equalled for accuracy and intensity. At 4:30 our own barrage started. It was then that our squad bombers were sent forward to maintain connections with E Co., about 300 yards in front of us, only six men for 300 yards and brush so thick you could not see 10 feet in front, however, I was sent as the first man and the man directly behind me was shell shocked, and would not walk for signals but camouflaged himself behind a tree. As we had not yet begun to advance, I went back to him and tried to get him out, but it was no use; he said the danger was too great. I did not know what to do, whether to go back to our company and tell them it was impossible or stay where I was. However, it was decided for me, for at that moment the top of the tree I was leaning against, was shot away and it fell with a crash on my dome that was enough. So I turned around and walked back until I met our company, reported to the lieutenant and fell in with the headquarters platoon. The order was given and we pushed forward, going very slow and stopping at intervals. We continued for perhaps half an hour, when we were stopped by a perfect deluge of shells and machine gun bullets, through which it was impossible to penetrate. We lay on the ground there for hours waiting, waiting for it to lift, but instead of lifting it grew stronger and stronger every minute until the ground shook as though a giant earthquake were tearing the hill loose. It was terrible—the noise, the screams of the dying, and the smoke and gas, so thick you could hardly see ten feet before you. It was at this time that I gave myself up for lost and looked about to see who was killed. Directly behind me lay a sergeant with his head torn off. By his feet lay another fellow, but had turned black so that I could not recognize him, and all about me were the same terrible sights. On my right side lay a fellow who had been with me ever since I enlisted, and on my left, this shell shocked fellow, who would not hold connections saying it was too dangerous. He was weeping away in great style and although I felt sorry for him and pitied him, I hate a coward. Just as I turned my eyes from him there came a blinding flash, a deafening roar, and I felt myself going up and then it faded into blackness. When I came to the lieutenant was pouring a little water on my head and another fellow was bandaging my leg. I felt sick and dizzy and thirsty, and not knowing just what had happened did not know whether I was alive or dead. I finally decided that I was more bruised than hurt, and tried to stand but at the first attempt I collapsed. It was then that a great happiness surged through me, and I sincerely thanked God that I was wounded and would soon be out of it. You in the states look upon a wound as a bit of hard luck, or the loss of an arm or leg as something terrible, but we look upon it as one of the greatest things that can happen, especially a slight wound. It means rest, a night's sleep, and three meals a day. However, I was to be disappointed again for it was impossible for the stretcher bearers to take us to the first aid station, so heavy was the bombardment and I did not know the way and wandering about is dangerous at the front, especially with a wound. While I was thinking this over the order was given and we started forward again. I was hobbling along as best I could for I had a deathly fear of being left alone in those woods full of the dead. We advanced to another hill and halted, and while sitting there the man opposite me was hit on the wrist with a piece of anti aircraft shrapnel, for they were firing at Boche planes overhead, so we decided to find the first aid station and started off. When we had reached the valley I discovered a mud puddle and filled my canteen and drank that muddy, filthy water. It was wet and I could not have made that five kilos without it. We finally arrived there just about dark, were redressed and tagged for the hospital. We then walked two kilos more to the ambulance station and received the encouraging news that it would be 10 p. m. before we could get one. However, our kitchen was only about two hundred yards down the road and as we had not had anything all day we decided to walk down there. We had gone probably half the distance when an ambulance overtook us, and carried us to the dressing station where we were given a shot in the stomach to prevent lockjaw. We were then loaded on trucks and arrived in Verdun about midnight. At the field hospital we were given hot chocolate when we rode all the rest of the night until we arrived at the evacuation hospital where we were

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CUMMINGS TO CRACK DEMOCRATIC WHIP



The first picture of the new chairman of the Democratic national committee, Homer S. Cummings, who resigned more than a year ago to become chairman of the war trade board. Cummings has been acting chairman since then but has now been named to the place.

LOCAL CAMP FIRE GIRLS INITIATE TWO MEMBERS

Deepest mystery surrounds the initiation ceremonies of the Camp Fire girls, held on Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Arthur Fieldhouse. But if the squeals that penetrated the night and the giggles of the members at the mere mention of the event count for anything, the two novitiates, Edella Towle and Mabel Michel, must have ridden the broomstick in good shape.

With their jolly guardian, Miss Grace Hartley, the members have been brewing witchery to practice on the novices for quite some time. We believe that they cooked up some thrillers, too. At any rate, the new members weathered the storm and are now radiant Camp Fire enthusiasts. The charming ritual of the Camp Fire is enough to win the ardor of any girl, and the sight of the members in their doekin fringed tunics, with their long braids bright with beads and feathers must surely have made a deep impression on Miss Towle and Miss Michel.

Following the initiation a delicious spread prepared by the Indian maidens, and crowned with up-to-date chocolate eclairs was devoured by all of them. Who knows what dessert the Indians served to Captain John Smith? Probably a sticky sugar cane. Eclairs for us, please.

Those present were Miss Grace Hartley, guardian, Hannah Lane, president, Vivian Hevel, Ruth Hartley, Helen Bliss, Edith Hlatt, Thelma Metzger, Bertha Spencer, Letitia Pulfer, Gladys Wright, Edella Towle, Mabel Michel, Grace Fieldhouse, Winifred St. Clair and Mrs. Arthur Fieldhouse.

PRETTY DINNER PARTY FOR DORIS ZIMMERMAN

With a charming dinner party, made doubly delightful by the bright and excited laughter and chatter of her pretty young guests, Miss Doris Zimmerman celebrated her thirteenth birthday at the family home on Tuesday evening. It was to have been a decorous party of these girls who will soon attain the dignity of high school, most of the guests being members of the seventh and eighth grade classes; but youth will be served. The girls shed the august manner with which they are wont to correct their younger sisters and brothers and had a lively time.

The prettily decked table with its violets, glassware, and dainty favors, was enough to delight any girl. Miss Doris presided as graciously as any one could wish. The toasts and good wishes that passed around set everybody to giggling.

Assisted by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Zimmerman, the young hostess entertained the company with jolly games, riddles and charades. And everybody sang lustily. After a gay evening the young ladies were all taken to their homes in Mr. Zimmerman's car. Those present were Georgie Stapleton, Clara Mason, Marjorie Stillions, Joyce Klidder, Mildred Metzger, Dorothy Hamilton, Wilene Botkin, Ina Smith and Myrtle Ruser.

It's a wonder our mirrors do not crack with astonishment at the finished toilettes of our young health crusaders. Junior Red Cross forever!

Chevrolet parts and repairing. C. E. Osburn & Co.

PROPOSED SCHOOL MEASURE IS LITERALLY TORN TO PIECES

Between forty and fifty people gathered in the Modern Woodmen's hall on Wednesday night to discuss Senate Bill 45, a measure that will be submitted to the voters of the county outside of Portland and the joint school districts this summer, for their decision as to whether it shall become a state law. This piece of legislation calls for the consolidation of several adjacent districts into one good-sized school, with transportation facilities provided for the pupils living at some distance from the school. The bill also provides at great length for the administration of county school business, election of directors, hiring and discharging of teachers, and many other matters of vital importance to the parents of school children and to the taxpayers of the county.

In the absence of Andrew McMillan, elected chairman of an organization of school directors and other interested people at the library a week ago, W. F. Dillon presided at the gathering Wednesday night as temporary chairman. Mr. Dillon explained his part in advocating some amendments to the bill, when he went to Salem during the recent session of the legislature. In his opinion the bill as it reads now is not legal, he feels that it places the voters and taxpayers under a peonage, with the county superintendent in the role of dictator. He considers it an attempt to use the schools in the upbuilding of a political machine. Quoting the superintendent of schools as having said that 93 per cent of his salary was paid by Portland taxpayers, Mr. Dillon asked those present to think what such a statement meant. It is Mr. Brown's conviction that it is Mr. Alderson's salary and not the welfare of the school children that is the latter gentleman's chief consideration. Mr. Brown attacked the measure from the angle that it excluded the voters of the joint districts from deciding upon its worth. He also asked for enlightenment on the subject of the fund that Mr. Alderson is said to have on hand to pay the expenses of speakers who were to address the voters in favor of the bill.

H. W. Lynch, a director from Lynch district declared that he could not see where the boy or girl of the county would reap any benefit from the measure. He is not in favor of consolidated districts for children of the lower grades, holding to the opinion that the smaller county schools are more desirable from the standpoint of good morals and better health conditions. At a largely attended meeting in the

BAR-RED ARROW NOW DISTINGUISHES 32D DIVISION

In November 1918, when instructions were received that each division in the American Expeditionary Forces should choose a distinguishing mark, it was thought that the red circle no longer typified the character of the 32nd division. It had shown by the part taken in the action in the Chateau Thierry sector, on the Juvigny-Soissons front, as well as in the fighting in the Argonne Forest and on the Meuse that the soldiers of the 32nd division did not run in circles but shot through all obstacles.

The troops of the division on many occasions formed a flying wedge launched against the German lines and this fact led to the selection of the arrow as its symbol. The Commanding General of the division, when asked why he had chosen the Barred-Arrow as the distinguishing mark of the division, said, "I chose the barred-arrow as the division symbol because we pierced every line the Boche put before us."

You have not seen one of these red arrows? Well, you will; and before

Pomona Grange Meeting.

Pomona grange will meet in Russellville grange hall on Wednesday, beginning at 10:30 in the morning. Reports and resolutions will occupy the forenoon. Elections and installation of officers will occur in the afternoon, at which time a delegate will be elected to the state grange. A program and degrees in the evening. A full meeting is anticipated, as Russellville grangers are good entertainers. All grangers will be welcome.

The state grange will be held at Hillsboro in Washington county this year. The date has been changed to May 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, as the original date conflicted with that of the special election provided by the legislature for June 3d.

Lynch district, there was but one voter in favor of Senate Bill 45, said Mr. Lynch.

K. A. Miller is inclined to think that the bill has its good points. He is heartily in favor of the principles of consolidation, having seen it demonstrated in the union high school here. In his opinion, the good points are outweighed by objectionable features that should justify its defeat at the polls. His principal objection is the great power it vests in the county school superintendent.

T. P. Campbell, a director from one of the joint districts, declared that he considered the bill illegal, that he and others would vote on the measure, and were prepared to carry the matter into the courts for a decision as to whether the bill was constitutional.

Mr. Peterson, clerk of the Powell Valley school board favors consolidation in general and questions its adaptability to the Multnomah situation. He is opposed to the measure as it reads at present.

C. P. Tallman of Cedar district characterized the bill as the most nefarious piece of school legislation ever passed in America—autocratic, laying the foundation for a political machine. He called upon the meeting to invoke the referendum, wipe the bill off the statutes, recall the county superintendent, and to send men to the next legislature who would pass a bill giving second and third class districts a fair deal.

A rancher of Pleasant Valley feels that the county superintendent has too much power now, without any legislation granting him more. He thinks that the five directors provided in the bill would not be a sufficient number to properly administer the affairs of the district. He stated that he had moved from Portland to the country to avoid the very conditions that the consolidation would impose on him.

Mr. Tegart and Wm. Koerner, secretary of the meeting, both spoke, questioning the merit of the bill.

Upon motion of T. P. Campbell of Cedar district, the chairman appointed an executive committee of the directors present to conduct a campaign of education throughout the county, presenting to the people the bad features of the proposed law for consideration. Upon the invitation of Mr. Campbell most of the directors withdrew from the meeting for a few minutes, but did not make any further announcement as to their plans. If there were any present who favored the present bill they did not sponsor it at the meeting. Further meetings will be announced later.

very long, we hope. For Wilson Eastman will wear one on his left sleeve just below the shoulder when he comes home. You will remember that Wilson was one of youngsters, only sixteen, who went at the first call for men. Upon landing in France he was transferred to a Wisconsin regiment in the 32nd division. Saw plenty of action, too; was seven times over the top without a scratch. Won't welcome home that soldier chap! Recent letters from Wilson show that he is perfectly willing to start for home at a minutes notice. He does not expect to sail very soon, however.

In the meanwhile, if you just must see one of those arrows, approach his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Eastman, for he has sent along a bright red felt arrow, with instructions for sewing it on his mother's shoulder. Some boy, that Wilson. Accompanying it was a map, showing where the 32nd had mixed it most promiscuously with the Boche. Off toward the German border was a Hun on the run, with a bar-red-arrow prodding him in a business-like fashion.

Lock Your Car.

Fred Todd has been in Portland serving on the jury. Of course he figured that the courthouse curb was about the safest place in town to park his car. But it was not; for on Tuesday when he left the court to hop into his Ford, the car was strangely not there—and not in the neighborhood. So he held speech with the police station, with the result that his car was recovered by the police in a public garage next day, minus tires and accessories.

Mail sent to Elvis and Loda Stockton should be addressed in care of U. S. S. Westerner, Postmaster, New York City.

DID GREATEST BALL CAREER END IN WAR?



Did the world war ring down the curtain on the greatest baseball career of them all? Is Captain Ty Cobb of the Gas and Mine division of the United States army still the Peerless Ty who has dominated the great Yank game for 11 years? These are questions which only the coming season can answer as Ty answers the Detroit Tiger training call from his Georgia home—where he went after being mustered out of service upon his return last week.

BURKE'S WAR WINDOW FULL OF SPECIMENS

W. R. Burke started out on Monday to dress his window daintily with pale pink silk and glittering cut glass. It was a thing of beauty. And along came Sergeant Guy Jones and dumped in a lot of shells and shrapnel and hand grenades; and made a war window of it.

Even through the glass those things look dangerous. No one will dare to break into that shop again. And if they should, there is Sergeant Jones inside with a shartshooter's emblem, expert rifleman's badge and expert pistol shot's medal to his credit. Excuse us!

Just take your pick of the hand grenades. The corrugated ones explode close at hand, so dig in furiously. The smooth ones may be thrown ahead—you may follow them leisurely and pick up your German's helmet as a souvenir. That long rod came off a Stokes motor. There's part of the propeller of a German torpedo. That jagged rusty shrapnel was picked up in Paris after an air raid. That timer came off of a big Bertha. The unexploded French 37 has a radius of five miles! That queer thingumbob that looks like an old lock is the mechanism of a machine gun. There's the trigger and all. Step right up, Boy Scouts, and shoot it for your own satisfaction. But be careful where you aim, please.

GRESHAM PIG CLUB TO GET PIGS SATURDAY

Members of the Gresham pig club accompanied by Philip Fortner and Miss Ethel Calkins, industrial club

workers, and Theodore Brugger, local club leader, recently visited the L. A. Warrell farm north of town and made selections of young Poland China pigs for their work. The pigs are now the required age of six weeks and will be ready for delivery on Saturday. To help with the industrial club venture Mr. Warrell is selling these select pigs at quite a low figure; and the club leaders have expressed themselves as much gratified at this public spirited action. The boys of the Troutdale pig club have also inspected the pigs, several placing orders for stock. Mr. Brugger has also been host to the boys.

The poultry club held an interesting meeting in the grade school on Wednesday after school hours. At this meeting Glen Winters was elected president, Carl Zimmerman, vice president, and Ina Smith, secretary. A report on the origin of the chicken was given by Ray Strong, after which all the members reported on chicken ventures during the past month. Some jolly games were played, and then all repaired to Mrs. Withrow's sweet shop for pink soda and cakes. It is planned to visit the chicken houses of the different members next month, instead of hearing the verbal report on work performed.

A rabbit club has been organized at the school with Lewis Maulding, president, and Mr. George Honey, club leader. A meeting has been held, work planned; and several members already have secured rabbits.

With pig, poultry, garden, rabbit and sewing clubs organized Gresham school should have a creditable exhibit at the new county school building on the fair grounds.

Number of used cars in good condition. See them. Raker & Son.

W. C. T. U. PLANS A BUSY SEASON

The Gresham chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union held a well attended meeting in the library yesterday afternoon. Each lady present carried away a copy of the Oregon Blue Book compiled by Governor Olcott when he was secretary of state only. This will be their text book during the year; and from time to time there will be lectures by authorities on the legislation studied.

Scripture reading and a prayer by Mrs. Mary Shoemaker opened the meeting. It was announced by the president, Mrs. George Honey, that the W. C. T. U. was by far the largest women's organization in America. In the state of Ohio alone there are 42,015 members. It was decided to contribute during the year to the support of the French orphan whose expenses the county council has met for the past year. To raise funds a thrift social will be held in two months. Each member of the union will receive twenty-five cents from the club treasury at once. At the end of two months the money must be returned with the amount it has earned during that time, together with an account of the venture in high finance. An amusing time is anticipated. A committee appointed to perfect plans for this event consists of Mesdames M. Schneider, Fred Honey and E. Larsen.

An event which the members are anticipating with much interest is the county institute, to be held on Thursday, March 20th, at the Industrial center, First and Carruthers streets, Portland. An invitation is extended to all women interested to make the trip, taking along some lunch. Hot dishes will be served there at noon, to augment the potluck luncheon supplied by the ladies. There is an especial need of outgrown shoes and clothing at the Industrial Center and it is suggested that any one having these articles on hand either take or send them in at that time. Mesdames E. Larsen, F. Honey, B. W. Emery and Max Schneider are on the committee in charge.

The yearly mothers' meeting of the local W. C. T. U. will be held at the Richard Beadle home on Thursday, March 27th, with Mrs. J. N. Clannahan in charge. Refreshments will be served during the afternoon. This event always attracts a large attendance of mothers and children.

AMERICAN INDIANS AT TRESTE, AUSTRIA

Claude Stockton has heard from his brothers Elvis and Loda, who are in Uncle Sam's service on board the U. S. S. Westerner, a Pacific coast vessel built at Seattle. Writing from Trieste they say in part:

We arrived at Trieste, the great commercial seaport of Austria, up on the Adriatic on February 12th; just latched two days being one month coming across. That sure was a long time to travel and see nothing but water. Were on liberty for awhile last night. This is a pretty nice town—a long ways ahead of the towns we were in, in France.

Elvis is on liberty today (Feb. 14); and he is going to the battle front—only fourteen miles from here. We sure are having nice weather now—sunshiny. Had a good trip coming over, only we had a few rough days that we had to tie ourselves in bed. So you can imagine how soundly we slept; but I guess that is all in a lifetime.

Last night when I was coming home, that is, back to the ship, I got me an Austrian helmet for a souvenir. Elvis took his kodak with him today to get some pictures of a part of the battlefield. Suppose that when we start back we will have more junk than we can carry.

But I don't know when we will start back to the states. It will take about a week to unload and then I don't know whether we will take a cargo back or not. If we do it will take quite a while yet. I think we will get back by the first of April; but not much before that. I only wish we were back now, and I sure hope we can get out when we get back for I have seen enough of this world through a porthole.

I only wish you folks could have been here to see these people look at a real man. This is the third American ship that has been here since the war. Strings of kids get right in front of a fellow and look at us with their mouths open. Most of them ask us what we smoke for cigarettes. They smoke like old folks; and call us American Indians.