

# ALLIES LANDING AGAINST TURKS 'FIVE DAYS HELL'

### Australian Soldier Describes Fierce Fighting of Land Forces Under Blazing Sun in Dardanelles—Gigantic 15-Inch Guns of Navy Finally Rout Moslems.

(By W. H. Nevison.)  
CAIRO, Egypt, May 20.—"Five days of hell! I have had my second turn at the 'unspeakable Turk' and those are the only words to describe it—five days of hell!"

The ejaculation set the New Zealand "non-com" back on the pillows gasping for breath and a nurse hurrying to his bedside. I had just asked him how it was over there in the sand—in the Gallipoli peninsula—as he lay in the military hospital of Cairo with a wrecked spine and a nervous system shot to pieces.

Only his promise to the nurse to speak in a low monotone and my pledge not to excite him won permission for me to remain at his side. He was a top sergeant on duty as range finder for his Australian regiment and a Turkish sniper caught him in the back as he was carrying a wounded comrade to safety.

Everyone remembers the terrific slaughter on the western front in Europe during the first few months of the war. Well, add the well known methods of the Turk to this and you have an idea of what the Australians who formed the landing forces for the bombarding fleet in the Dardanelles had to go through.

"I had been watching the landing of the first detachment through field glasses," said the sergeant. "Some white boats on the beach and some brown figures sadly still on the gray sand, the green grass and a tiled field over which advanced lines of our attacking force, formed the foreground. It was like a marvelous cinematograph (moving picture). Steep hills, covered with dense shrubbery, over which cottonwood puffs of shrapnel appeared and disappeared formed the background.

**How It Feels To Be Under Fire**  
"Tow is it like over there?" we asked as our destroyer came alongside with its string of boats.

"Pretty hot, boy," answered a smiling old gunner.  
"And he was right. Straight for the beach we ran, to the foot of the hill Gabe Tepe, all of us laying flat in the boats smiling sickly smiles at each other, while the bullets purred and whistled over and around us. The sharp pointed bullet 'meows' like a motherless kitten as it passes.

"Then came the time for us to wade and swim as the destroyer had gone as close to the beach as possible with its tows. We jumped, holding our rifles high and reached the shore.

"I had often wondered how one would feel going into a tight corner for the first time, and then I knew. It was as if someone had given me a blow in the stomach with the flat side of a heavy spade. Later, however, came a sense of elation.

"Reinforcements at the double-quick on the left," bellowed an officer through a megaphone, and falling in, we scrambled up the hill to the firing line. In an instant we were in the midst of dead Turks, bayoneted, scattered ammunition and rifles, and millions of flies. A terrific sun and purring bullets overhead and hot sands and dead Turks under feet.

"Wounded on their way back passed us, cheerfully saying, 'It's hot as hell up there.'"

"Over a hill we went, sliding, scrapping, rolling into the gully below. At the bottom I saw a wounded man grinning hideously with his shattered mouth. 'Got it where the chicken got the ax,' he wheezed and fainted as the stretcher bearers came up.

**Dying Man's Last Shot**  
"Reaching the firing line I got on the job finding ranges. With my powerful telescope I could see the Turks retreating. Still the wounded same back in endless streams, full of information and profanity.

"Then right near me things began to happen. I think a Turk sniper saw my range finder. Two bullets lobbed into the trench parapet and the man next to me stood straight up and fell back over my legs. 'Mafish,' he said, quaintly, the Arabic for finished, and then more slowly, 'Money-belt—missus and kids—dirty swine—dirty—'

"Then a strange thing happened. Dying, shattered beyond recognition, he rose to his knees and dragged his rifle to the parapet. With a weak finger he took shaky aim at the sky and fired his last shot, to collapse finally in the bottom of the trench. 'Got our range,' said an Australian laconically. 'Let 'em have a lit-

tle target practice.' He placed a dead man's hat on the parapet and five bullets found it in an instant.

"Then we spotted our sniper. Two men crawled out through the bushes. All unconscious the Turk continued his rifle practice until two shots rang out and our pair of heroes appeared on our left waving the sniper's hat—their equivalent for a scalp. After that we had comparative peace.

"Machine guns started to purr and above soared a seaplane from our fleet. The Turks lobbed some shrapnel and turned to report the range.

**Fifteen-Inch Naval Guns Open Up.**  
"The naval shell screamed over our heads to explode amidst the Turks. The 6-inch batteries opened up and the air was filled with sound. Then the 15-inchers opened up with their terrific boom and we tore up our 'first-aid' bandages to stuff our ears. For three hours the cannonade continued and at last we had gained our footing, but at a terrific cost. At least a mile square of the Gallipoli peninsula was ours!

"As night came the stretcher-bearers toiled with their sad loads. The doctors toiled like machines, probing, washing, bandaging. Often the hurts were beyond aid and frequently a handkerchief covered the face of some man I had known as a cheerful fun maker aboard the transport.

"The brigadier general was sending off innumerable messages—cool, ubiquitous and business-like he inspired others to emulate him. Three wireless stations spring up suddenly and the buzzing sparks told the fleet where to send their screaming missiles. Troops and supplies continued to land. It didn't seem like war—more like a huge construction camp.

"On our left along the beach about half a mile, a boat, sunk in the surf, rocked uneasily. With the aid of a glass I could see its freight. Sitting upright were at least eight dead men, and on the beach another 20. A sailor, distinguishable by his white cap cover, lay in an attitude strange to lifeline, his chin resting on his hand, his face turned to our position.

"The next afternoon I casually turned my glasses on the pathetic group, and saw that the sailor was now lying on his back with his face to the sky. There was no mistake; he had been alive, and perhaps even now after lying there nearly 36 hours he was still alive. I was destined to get yet another thrill. In the center of the heap on the beach there was some movement.

**Save Comrade in Hail of Bullets**  
"And then I saw distinctly a khaki cap waving weakly, and presently a man detached himself from the group and bobbed slowly towards us along the beach. Immediately the snipers started afresh.

"Four other men and myself made off along the beach to meet the sad figure, which by this time had collapsed. Ten yards out from our trench we drew fire, and the bullets whispered confidently 'Duck,' and as they teneered the water or hit the stones by our feet, 'Run like the devil!' I personally cut out the first hundred yards in, well under 10 seconds, and although my style might have been ragged, it was good enough and got me to a small sandy knoll where I was able to talk to the man.

"There were four others still alive out there," he said, "and last night there were eight, but it was cold, and they'd had no water or food, and couldn't last it out." That was all.

"We got him in slowly, and afterwards the others, but not until one of the warships had dealt with the snipers. Later we buried all the others.

"It will be hard to forget those first days, and even now I wake at night with the patter of musketry in my ears only to learn some cart is rumbling past the hospital on easy wheels."

## NO DATE SET FOR NOTE TO AMERICA

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Ambassador Gerard has been unable to learn as yet when he will receive the German reply to the last American note on submarine warfare. President Wilson said today he received a dispatch from Mr. Gerard yesterday and that the ambassador seemed unable to conjecture the time which would be required in Berlin for its preparation.

The new note which the United States will send to Germany on the case of the American steamer William H. Frye is about ready and probably will be dispatched before the president leaves for the summer white house tomorrow night.

## FRENCH SENDING MAIL TO ALSATIAN TOWNS

PARIS, June 21.—Announcement has been made here that the French postal service is handling mail in ninety towns and villages in Alsace, all of which now bear the names they had forty-five years ago.

## 'LABORATORY HUSBAND'—THAT'S WHAT HAROLD MARGRAFF CALLS HIMSELF

### Idol of the Fox Trot Followers Declares His Emotions Were Dissected as Material for Wife's Book.

CHICAGO, June 22.—"Laboratory Husbands!" The newest thing in spring styles in husbands.

And like all the other ultra things in fashions—whether gowns or bridegrooms—the laboratory husband is a product of the tango temples.

Harold Margraff, a dancer well



Dorothy Roberts Margraff and her "Laboratory Husband" Harold Margraff

known to fox-trot followers of New York and Chicago, has just announced himself as the first authentic laboratory husband.

"I wonder if I'm only to be a chapter in my wife's book on love," sighs Margraff. "You know my wife is quite a writer and plans to publish a book on love, men and kindred subjects. Perhaps she only married me to have an object for her mental dissecting table. I wonder, I really do wonder if that was her real object."

For pretty Dorothy Roberts, who married Margraff soon after his whirlwind wooing of Mrs. Ralph Herz, another dancer, was abruptly ended by the youth's mother, has publicly announced that her marriage to Margraff has been annulled.

She is in Boston and that is all the explanation she will give. Simply that her marriage has been annulled. In making that brief announce-

ment Dorothy Roberts Margraff sent the following letter to newspapers in several cities:

"Since your paper was recently interested enough to publish my marriage to Mr. Margraff, will you now please insert a modest article stating that annulment of same has been procured in the east."

Margraff was mystified when he read that and more so when he received the following card:

"To Mr. Margraff:  
"To you: Boy, man, a genius, a dancer, a singer, a musician, a soul, a body, a man, a spirit."  
D. S. R."

"What can it mean?" sighs Margraff. "I can hardly believe my eyes. Am I only a laboratory husband? Our honeymoon apartment only a love laboratory? All that she might study our emotions, later to put them in book form?"

## UNDRESSED STONE DELAYS WORK ON NEW POST OFFICE

Construction work upon the new federal building at Sixth and Holly streets is over three weeks behind owing to faulty brick and stone shipments. Last week a consignment of stone to be used in the building was received from Auburn, Wash., and it has since been discovered that the workmen in the quarry forgot to polish or cut the material down to proper size. The stone failed to pass the government inspector, and it will be necessary for the stone to be brought to specifications here, and a force of stonecutters will be put to work this week remedying the error.

Delays have been frequent this spring on the building the difficulty being the receipt of brick that failed to be of the proper color. Next the steel beams showed streaks of faultiness. Part of the interior steel work has been put in shape, but work on this department is hampered by the inability of finishing more than the basement.

It is expected that the brick and stone work will be completed by August 15, when the carpenters and plumbers will begin. The contract calls for the completion of the building ready for occupancy by May 1st, 1916.

## BALANCE ON TRADE NEARS BILLION MARK

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Secretary Redfield reported today at the cabinet meeting that the total trade balance in favor of the United States on June 1 was \$976,999,999. He predicted that the balance for the fiscal year ending July 1 would be in excess of a billion dollars.

## DUNKIRK SHELLED FROM LONG RANGE GUNS OF GERMANS

PARIS, June 22.—The French war office this afternoon gave out a statement on the progress of hostilities which reads:

"The seaport of Dunkirk was bombarded last night by a piece of long range artillery. Fourteen shells were thrown and some persons belonging to the civil population were killed.

"Belgian troops at a point to the southwest of St. George, took possession of a German trench, all the defenders of which were either killed or taken prisoner.

"In the sector to the north of Arras during last night, the enemy, following a bombardment of great intensity, attacked at several points. They were driven back everywhere except at a point to the southeast of Souchez, where they were successful in gaining a footing in a section of a trench. In the region of 'The Labyrinth,' the enemy suffered very heavy losses. A German counter attack last evening directed against the positions which we had captured to the east of the Quennevillers farm was checked by our infantry and artillery fire. The enemy made use of bombs containing asphyxiating gas."

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## NEED OF SHELLS GREATEST PROBLEM ALLIES ARE FACING

LONDON, June 22.—David Lloyd George, minister of munitions, who returned from a week-end stay at Boulogne, where he consulted Albert Thomas, French under secretary of war, on the munitions question, is forming committees in London as well as in all manufacturing towns, to take advantage of every possibility for increasing the production of munitions, which is the gravest problem confronting the allies in all theaters of war.

The Times this morning prints a dispatch from its correspondent in eastern France, who asserts that if the French troops are to drive home their offensive in overwhelming force they must use a tremendously increased bulk of ammunition. The

same lesson comes from England from the Woevre front, he points out, while the retreat of the Russian armies in Galicia hammers it home again. The correspondent says the daily output of shells certainly is much larger than it was four months ago, and that it is possible a reserve supply of ammunition is being built up much more rapidly at the front than is apparent.

## NO PEACE EFFORTS NOW UNDERWAY

WASHINGTON, June 22.—President Wilson revealed today that all the offers of mediation in Europe which the United States has made publicly or semi-publicly have been disclosed and that at present no efforts were being made. Foreign governments generally, he said, were aware of the United States to do anything possible to assist in bringing peace.

## ITALIANS GAIN 12 MILES; CAPTURE TWO FORTRESSES

GENEVA, June 22.—The Tribune prints the following dispatch from Laibach:

"The Italians on the night of the 19th gained ground 12 miles north of Gorizia while southeast of Piava they captured two forts and several trenches in which were found two machine guns.

"Along the Isonzo the artillery duel seems to have turned to the advantage of the Italians and the Austrians are beginning to bring up heavy guns on the eastern front.

"A council of war was held at Laibach on the evening of the 19th. Archduke Eugene, commander in chief of the Austrian forces operating against Italy, is expected to arrive on the Gorizia-Trieste front on the 23d."

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