

LETTERS FROM YOUNG OFFICERS IN FRANCE FULL OF INTEREST

Lieutenant Lamar Tooze Tells Of Bravery Of American Soldiers.

The following letters have been received by the editor of the Journal from well known young men who are serving their country in France, and tell some things of interest to the people over here:

My Dear Mr. Fisher:

My brother's death was marked by a splendid devotion to duty and a fearlessness which inspired the brave and loyal men of his platoon to make an advance through one of the heaviest barbed wire (air burst shrapnel) I saw on the Argonne front, through woods infested with machine guns operated by Germans who were under orders to hold at any price, to a point where, finally, late in the afternoon, just as dusk was setting in, a German sniper, concealed in some brush, singled out my brother from the rest of the men and sent the bullet which brought his life to a close. Where he fell marked the point of farthest advance made by our regiment. The platoon a few minutes later retreated several hundred yards to the edge of the woods. When my brother was missed, volunteers were called for to go out after him—every man responded. Four fellows, disregarding the hail of bullets, went back and recovered his body and stood guard over it all that night until the next morning when the situation allowed me to leave my duties as battalion scout officer and go to my brother. Theirs was a type of devotion which was so usual in that battle. I tell you, Mr. Fisher, every man who went through those eight days of fighting, of even in notes with those hellish H. E.'s "hunting" for you, sick with dysentery, filthy with muck, and living on cold canned meat and hard bread—was a hero. I've been in two net-beds since then, here in Belgium but they don't compare with the Argonne fight.

When I got back to the states I will certainly see you and tell you in detail about that fight. I will tell you now about one brave lad, Pvt. Elmer A. Lye of California. Lye was a sniper in the battalion intelligence section. When I performed the sorrowful duty of interring my brother I asked him to go with me because he had been so kind to me and so comforting during the 14 hours which elapsed from the time I learned of my brother's fate to the time I could leave my post and go to him. With his own hands he carved the cross which we placed over the grave.

After the simple but impressive services we started back for the front lines about 1000 yards away. The Hunns laid down a heavy barrage in a field which we had to cross. We took cover in a shell hole and waited for them to switch (German artillery runs in cycles). Finally, we decided it was safe to continue. We started across the field, Lye in the lead; I was about ten paces behind and a corporal, who also accompanied me, about the same distance behind me. We had gone about 200 yards when without much warning an H. E. sailed through the air and landed at Lye's feet. The corporal and I, as soon as we heard the screech, dropped to the ground, which probably saved us as the blast of an H. E. is something like the spray of a fountain and it's always best to fall flat when they come your way. I saw Lye had been hit and I rushed to him. Blood was streaming from a gash in his neck. I caused a clot by pinching my thumb over it, but he continued to bleed inwardly. "Don't worry about me, Lieutenant, just make me comfortable and I'll be all right. I'm a goner." I tried to cheer him up and sent the corporal to the dressing station for a stretcher. All the time, Lye remained conscious and kept up a continuous conversation. He actually smiled when he told me to write to his mother. Within 45 minutes he was on his way to the hospital and the next evening he passed away. Consummate bravery! And I saw that same bravery exhibited on every hand. It would do your heart good to have seen how our brave boys charged those spitefully deadly machine guns—charged them with almost parade ground precision.

The American boys know not the meaning of fear—I have yet to see an instance of cowardice.

We hope to be back to Oregon soon though we are all determined that our job must be thoroughly done before we leave here. A few precautions now, in this formative period, may save us from trouble later. Though this war technically was ended by an armistice, in reality it was ended by the armed forces of America and her allies—and America's part in it was the weight that swung the balance.

My best wishes, Mr. Fisher, for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Sincerely yours, LAMAR TOOZE.

Impressions of Our Allies. Tours, France, 27th Nov., 1918. Dear Mr. Fisher:

I am writing you concerning my impressions gained relating to the attitude of the English and French people and of our own soldiers. Because of my position the letter is not for publication over my name. I spent two months in England before coming to France.

Upon landing in England about the 12th of August, I was assigned to duty at the American Air Service camp, which is a concentration camp for all air service troops in England. Under the terms of the agreement with the English, as you know, 15,000 air service troops were kept on duty in the various 72 aerodromes scattered through the British Isles. After six months at this work the squadrons were brought back

to the concentration camp after being replaced with new troops from the states, and sent to France.

The commanding officer of the American air service camp during my stay there was Major F. C. Page, son of Walter Hines Page. He encouraged us all to attend the social gatherings in the neighborhood of the historical town of Winchester and the result was that we had a most interesting and enjoyable time. My particular work at camp consisted of being summary court officer, judge advocate of the special court martial, and permanent officer of the day, and there was plenty of work to do; but still there was also the opportunity for getting acquainted and attending the various functions. The English were very hospitable, and the young ladies, particularly the volunteer nurses, many of whom came from the land owning classes, were pleasing. The manner in which they had settled down to hard practical work in taking care of the wounded Tommie, was most inspiring.

I visited London three times and there met additional English people. At the Washington Inn, which was requisitioned by the Y. M. C. A. for officers, were a large number of young ladies of the best families working as volunteers, and the same was true at Eagle Hut, which is the Y. M. C. A. hut for enlisted men.

I believe that all of the American officers and men who really think have a great admiration for the English. Their sportsmanship with their sense of fair play, their dogged determination, their insistence upon individual liberty, their respect for the law and their substantiality are characteristics which impress all of us that come in contact with them.

On the other hand, I have heard in England a good many American officers express irritation at the slowness of the English in furnishing material and accomplishing particular jobs of enterprise. But as the English pointed out, the Americans were apt to overlook the fact that the resources of the English had been drained for four years.

From reading the London Times and other English papers, it is apparent the English look upon the great increase in American shipping with considerable anxiety. The figures published in the Mail show that during the war the United States has increased its tonnage by about three and a quarter million tons, while the campaign by submarine has increased the English tonnage about the same amount.

It is an unfortunate fact of more or less importance that most of our air service troops after serving in English aerodromes for six months are not kindly disposed towards the English with whom they worked. Officers who were with these troops also have good many stories to tell of small disagreements with the English. The British ration was not popular. Our men also complained concerning the attitude of the non-commissioned officers of the English.

There developed some jealousy on the part of the English mechanics, as our men were able to do a great deal more work per man. Of course, the best English mechanics and soldiers were serving in Europe, and for the most part only "washouts" were on duty in England. The larger pay at the popular landing of our soldiers among the young ladies may have been an additional cause of dislike towards our men by the English enlisted men.

I mention all this to indicate that it is my belief that the 15,000 men, who I understand have just been ordered to return to America, will not for the most part be preachers of good will towards our English friends, many of them apparently are really quite bitter.

The Australians, Canadians and the South Africans apparently have about the same attitude towards the English as the American soldiers.

The impression that I have gained from the French during the month and a half that I have been in France is that as a whole they are grateful to the Americans and are very friendly disposed towards them. The past means a great deal to the Frenchman, and the fact that we have always been friends is a great deal in our favor. Here in Tours, there are nearly as many American flags hung out as there are French; while the Union Jack and the French flag appear only occasionally.

The French apparently have no worldwide plans and hopes, but are desirous of being let alone to live in their own fertile beautiful country.

It is apparent that the English empire is facing grave problems with its 4,500,000 of organized laborers in the growing independent spirit of most of its dominions and its other well known problems. England's tremendous loss of men in this war, in which it has played such a noble part is another cause of worry. However, it is very apparent that England is playing a strong hand and that her interests are against the establishment of an international league that would interfere with her supremacy of the sea and that would offer the same protection to her dominions that she now offers.

All minds are centered upon the part that President Wilson is to play in the peace conference. His long study of the situation, his policy internationally thus far, and the great prestige that he has personally and as the representative of America, give rise to abundant hope. Wishing you and your family a Merry Christmas, I am Yours sincerely,

FRANK ROSEBRAUGH WRITES.

W. W. Rosebraugh has received the following letter of special interest from his son, now at the front: Junglinster, Luxemburg, Nov. 25, 1918. Dear Dad:

They let a new wrinkle in for A. K. F. this year, and allowed us to write our dads a letter for Christmas, and let them know a little more about where we are. Well, if you figure this out, you will find that Harold and I are still with the Third Army Corps. Just now we are ten miles north of the city of Luxemburg, so we are now across all the old No-Man's Land, and are in a fine country.

We started for Germany, and are waiting here for a few days for some



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reason. This certainly is a wonderful country, too. I really never imagined that there was a place like this in the world. It is so well kept and clean and neat. The whole thing looks like a big national park.

The French presents are, as a whole very neat and saving, but these people have them beat. You can't find a scrap of wood or rubbish on the roads, and the roads are perfect, too. Even the forests are all cleaned out, and no underbrush left. "Course there is a reason for that—they need the wood, and so forth—but the towns are clean also. The country is very mountainous, so the whole effect is a grand sight.

These people are of course neutral, and just now are very pro-Ally, while I imagine they were pro-German. We can hardly blame them, and it sure would have been a pity to have destroyed these towns and lands; so they acted right.

But even though these folks were pro-German, they at last become tired of them, and sure did give the Americans a hearty welcome. They decorated their towns, proclaimed holidays, and had a general rejoicing.

The folks have very little foodstuffs, wool, and such, but sure have plenty of money. When we came here they exchanged francs for marks at a mark to one and a quarter franc, and I believe a mark is worth seventeen cents, and a franc nineteen.

The people have no flour. The price of coffee is eight dollars a pound, but you cannot get it at that. In cafes they serve a barley cereal for twenty-five cents a cup. Butter is five dollars a pound, and everything in proportion. Tonight Harold and I bought about twenty apples for four marks, so you see it costs some money here.

All this movement is very interesting to me. I am anxious to see what and how things will develop. I understand that the banks in Luxemburg are now giving correct change on the marks, and so they surely will go down soon.

A good many people speak English in this country. I told a hotel man in Luxemburg that I was a bunch of robbers, and he said "Oh, hell, wait until you get into Germany; you can pay twice as much and get nothing."

I wish I could talk Dutch now. We never realized how much French we could talk until we got here, but we really were able to get along quite well.

Harold and I have a regular home here in Junglinster. We have been here three days. The weather is very cold, and we have no barn to sleep in, so we rented a room in the home of an old couple. The whole house is ours now, and we spend our evenings jabbering with the old folks. They have a boy in Dakota, and are so interested in Americans. They are so surprised to know that America really insists on tucking us into bed, and thinks we are her lost kids, I suppose. She must be seventy or seventy-five years old. Old people are more hardy here, I believe than in France.

the city. I didn't drive over it! (Orders from the back seat). That shows the Belgium feeling.

Well now, as about the war. We were all surprised and could hardly believe the sudden ending. The weather had been wet for weeks on the Argonne front where we were, and it was a pretty hard pull in general, and after the armistice was signed, it cleared up, and it seemed the whole world was changed. We had pretty good dugouts and huts, etc., but were on the move a good deal, and the doughboys sure were fighting for everything we took. A front line surely is hell in the winter and we were hoping in spite of reason that we would not be there all winter. When the armistice was signed, we were back of Sedan. That country was surely wrecked. The complete destruction and devastation that was brought about on the front cannot be exaggerated by stories and pictures.

Up by Verdun I was looking for a town and couldn't find it, and when I did find where it was, there was absolutely not a stone left to mark the place. The only thing to show for it was some long railroad rails sticking out of the ground.

We were on the fronts of: first, Chateau Thierry in June; Soissons in July; Chateau Thierry to Fismes in August; and then Verdun and in the Argonne until the end. The Americans took some hard ones, is what I mean to say. Well, I will tell you more when I get home. (Next Spring).

This may be my Christmas for you folks. I bought three pieces of that fancy work when I was in Paris, and I lost all my stuff before I got to mail it. My letters, pictures, kodak, and so-forth, in a move. I felt pretty bad, but no use worrying. I way be able to get some more souvenirs later.

We are well, and I hope you are. A merry Christmas. With love, (Signed) FRANK ROSEBRAUGH, Hdq. Troop 3rd A. C. A. P. O. 754, A. E. F.

Tahiti, Island in Pacific In Clutches Of Influenza

San Francisco, Dec. 24.—More than half the population of Papeete, capital of Tahiti, have died from influenza and the disease is rapidly spreading to the islands of the Pacific, according to the passengers and crew of the steam ship Moana, on her way here from

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Sidney, visited Papeete. Mounds of bodies, un-buried, were burning on the hillsides and whole families, dead from the disease, were burning in the houses in which they lived.

Influenza is believed to have hit Tahiti harder than any other section of the world.

Among the victims at Papeete was Madame Levine Chapman, known to every traveler in the South Pacific as hotel and restaurant grove owner and member of the Hawaiian royal family.

history of Milo H. Piper. The former insurance agent, arrested on a charge of murdering Miss Frieda Weichman, will be buried Christmas day.

A coroner's jury decided last night that Piper took his own life by strangling himself in his cell.

Mrs. Piper today still professed disbelief in theories advanced by officers that Piper had bigamously married Miss Weichman and then killed the girl to hide his offense.

in the Pacific division was today extended to January 10. Determined efforts will be made everywhere to secure a 100 per cent enrollment.

Men Of Battle Fleet Will Spend Christmas At Sea

New York, Dec. 24.—Men of America's battle fleet coming home from the war must spend Christmas at sea. The squadron was expected to enter New York harbor tomorrow morning but storms delayed it. Announcement was made today that the fighting ships will arrive at 9 a. m. Thursday for the review.

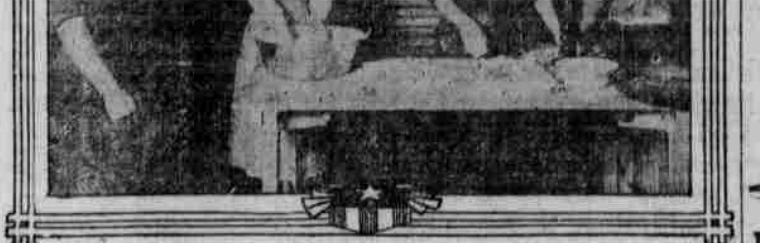
STUFFED UP WITH "A BAD COLD?" Get busy with a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery at once

Red Cross Campaign Is Extended To January 10

San Francisco, Dec. 24.—Because of the influenza epidemic handicap, the Red Cross Christmas roll call campaign

Last Arrangements For Milo Piper Made Today

Muskegon, Mich., Dec. 24.—Arrangements were made today for ending the



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