

The Caldwell Tribune

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EDMUND CONWAY MADE SUPREME SACRIFICE

Letters From Overseas Show Caldwell Man Had Courage to End—Son of M. J. Conway.

Edmund Conway, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Conway, of Notus, Second Engineers, made the supreme sacrifice. Mr. and Mrs. Conway are in receipt of letters from overseas which tell of their son's wound and death.

Edmund Conway was 22 years of age. He was born in Canyon county at Notus and grew to manhood here. He was a member of old Company G, Second Idaho, and saw hard service in the war. At Camp Greene he was transferred to the 116th Engineers. After landing in France he was transferred to the Second Engineers. He was a corporal in the army at the time of his death.

Pioneer Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Conway are pioneers of the Boise Valley. Mr. Conway came to Caldwell before the railroad and was the first telegraph operator in Caldwell.

The two letters, dated November 16th and December 29th, were written by Capt. Donald Tolmie from the front to Fred Hill, who was in the hospital at the time, and to his brothers and sisters. Fred Hill and Edmund Conway were in the same squad, being bunkies, until Fred was gassed in June and never recovered enough to get back to the old company. He was doing stenographic work in the hospital. He forwarded Tolmie's letter to his father at Blackfoot who gave it to J. J. Conway. Donald Tolmie is Mrs. J. J. Conway's brother.

Capt. Tolmie's Letter.

Dear Fred: Your letter written in October just came today and was sure glad to know you are O. K. again. I have written you twice before to the same address you gave me and cannot understand why you did not get them.

Say Fred have you heard about poor Edmund getting it. I don't know how badly he was hit but some of the D. Co. boys was telling me he was severely wounded, would lose his right leg and some of the fingers of his left hand, and was also hit in the left side which they thought would be fatal. I have not heard of him since. He was taken to the hospital, but am praying he will come through O. K.

Well, old boy, I have come through it all without losing much hide and was in the doing when it was called off. I am proud of it but it won't get a fellow anything. Come back to the old 2nd if it is possible and try for E. Co., it would sure be fine for both of us.

Hoping to see you soon.
Your old friend,
CPL. DONALD W. TOLMIE.

Dear Bro., Sister and Baby: It has been a long time since I have written you but as you know the letters I write Mama is for all, and I know you read them when you go home for your mail.

Joe I just got word this morning of Edmund's death. He died November 2nd from the wounds he received November 1st. I did not see poor Ed after he was wounded, but was talking to him shortly before. We were fixing the roads just behind the Marines when we were advancing to the Meuse river, north of the Arragon Woods, D. Co. was clearing the way through the street of a little village near Sr. Georges. He was wounded by an 88 mm. shell which the Germans were firing almost at a point blank range.

Joe, Edmund's courage and grit never failed him. All he would talk about was the boys who were dressing his wounds, trying to persuade them to leave him and take shelter themselves. He is a hero of the Second Engineers. We are proud of him and I know you and your folks will not mourn him as lost, but as one who has made the great sacrifice for Christianity and democracy. I know you will be proud of him.

I am enjoying the very best of health and hope this finds all the same.

Tell Hannah and Jack to be sure and write and I sure expect to meet them in Baltimore. Must close, with love to all.
Your brother,
SGT. D. W. TOLMIE.

LETTERS FROM CLYDE ROWLAND.

Bersback, Luxemburg, Nov. 30.—Dear Folks: At last we can write a letter without having rigid censor regulations. I am back with the company again. I got tired of censoring and saw a chance to get off if it, so now I am in the stables. I have a team of horses to take care of. I rather like the work and it is not as hard as it might be, so I think I will get along all right with it.

We have been moving overland for the last two weeks through north France, Belgium and Luxemburg and headed for some where on the Rhine probably Cobletz or some such a name as that.

We got a great welcome from the people of Belgium.
December 13—I never had a chance to finish this letter before so I will add a few more lines this evening while I am waiting to get the rations. At last we have reached the place

which we have been wanting for a long time, the Rhine river, after a long and rather tiresome journey we have finally reached our destination.

The people of Germany certainly treat us fine. Just this evening we were down at a house and had a fine supper.

December 17.—If a few more days go by maybe I will get this letter written. Something generally happens when I get started to write. It is trying to rain here today. It rains a little almost every day. We are at a town near Cobletz by the name of New Weid. It is a pretty nice berg. It is along the Rhine river. Boats and tugs come up the river past here. I have been in the Rhine river, wagon and all. I drove down in it to wash my wagon. The people around here treat us fine. We get just as good treatment here as we would if we were in the states. Some places I have had a real home. They would cook us meals and fix up things for us. We never got to stay long in those places though. We would always move. We never stay more than one or two days in a place; they keep chasing us around. I wash we would hurry up and get settled for a while at least. Our mail has just begun to catch up with us now. The last letter I got was dated November 19.

I don't know when we will get to come home, but I am in neither the Sunset or Rainbow divisions, but the 2nd. Our insignia is the Indian Head. I have not heard from George for some time. I suppose he has started back to the states by this time.

Well it is not very long until Xmas. I think I will have a better Xmas than I had last year. At least we will have enough to eat which is more than we had last year. But I sure would like to be where I could eat dinner at home. It is apt to be spring or summer before we are home.

We passed through some awful country. Some of it was awful pretty, cincyards on the sides of hills so steep that you could scarcely climb to the top of them.

It is raining to beat the band tonight. I am glad I have a good shelter over my head. That gum you folks send certainly is appreciated. It comes in fine at times. You can get no gum over here.

I can think of no more news, so I had better go to bed. Will try and write again soon, but I hope I will not have to write many more letters.

Lots of love,
CLYDE.

Engers, Germany, January 1.—Dear Folks: Another year has passed and still I am able to get around. We just finished dinner and I am now sitting by the fire trying to think of a few things to write.

We have a fine place here. There are four of us sleeping in one room upstairs and down stairs there are two more of the stable force. We have two nice ladies to look after us. One lives on the same floor that we do and the other down stairs. We like the one down stairs best. She is as jolly as can be and sure likes to talk even if we can not answer her. She can do enough for us all. Yesterday morning I was not feeling very well and she was going to have me setting by the fire all afternoon but I got all right and had a hard time in making her believe it.

We bought some rabbits from her and had her cook our New Year's dinner for us. We sure had a good dinner: fried rabbit, boiled potatoes, gravy, soup, salad and some kind of berries. I don't remember the name but they are like the blueberries we have at home. They sure tasted good. I am writing this letter in where we ate dinner. We have a little more time to ourselves now. I mean we are settled down in one place for a while. We have stables in the morning from 7:15 to 10 and afternoon from 3 to 4. I have been going afternoons every day, but from now on I will have to go only every other day as the water moneys as we call him, has to help me out, so we take turns about. We have to keep our harness, wagons and equipment cleaned up but when you once get it clean it is not hard to keep.

There was an inspection of transportation the other day and this company was the only company that passed it O. K. The other companies are envious of our transportation.

We had a pretty good time Xmas. We had all we could eat, so what more would one want on Xmas. We started in to eat candy before breakfast and stuffed on different things all day long. The lady upstairs brought us in some cookies and apples. The Y. M. C. A. gave us chocolates. The government issued candy and cigarettes, so we had a plenty. Everybody over here has their Xmas trees. Every family has one. We got to see several. There are two little boys upstairs about Earl's size. They use our room as their playhouse. We generally help things out also. I think when we leave here their parents will hardly be able to live with them.

I did not get to finish my letter before supper as I had to take care of my horses. I went down town after supper and had a couple of glasses of beer. Tell Bob I thought of him when I drank them. There was no one at home so I thought I would finish this letter. I was going to write on the bed, but the kids that live here wanted me to come in the kitchen, so nothing would do but I had to come. Even the old lady came in after me.

I had two letters from George; one written December 21st; he was making it fine. I wish he could be with this outfit. He is missing lots of things. I got those magazines the other day, thanks very much for them.

MR. AND MRS. HAWKES RETURN FROM TRIP EAST

Visited Relatives in New England—Celebrated 50th Anniversary of Graduation.



The story of the self-made man is always new. W. T. Tyler started work as a messenger boy on the Wisconsin Central railroad in 1883. He has just been made divisional director in the U. S. railroad administration by Director-General Hines. Tyler has held many important posts on western railroads.

We have time to do a little reading once in a while now. I have not been able to get you folks anything. While we were in France we were never near a large town or away from the front long enough to get paid. We just got paid the other day for October, but I think we will get paid regular now. We get paid in France yet. A mark is not worth very much now. A Franc is worth 1.66 marks.

I have not seen anything of Earl Rowland or heard anything about him. I don't know where he is, but I suppose he is still in France.

We did not have any snow here until Xmas morning, but it has rained off and on every few days. It has not been very cold here at all. It doesn't seem like winter at all.

How is everything around home now? I don't suppose I will know the country when I get back. Everything will be changed. New people and the like.

I don't know of anything more to write, so I had better quit and write to George. He wanted to know why I did not write to him.

With lots of love,
CLYDE.

GREENLEAF

Carol Crew is running the auto stage from Boise to Jordan Valley.

Prescott Beals spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Brown.

Neuton Hanson recently purchased 33 head of cattle.

Lloyd Armstrong left Sunday for Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Verling Cox moved last week to the Mike Clark place which he rented this year.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gentry are the proud parents of a new baby girl.

Mrs. White and daughter, Mrs. Mable Knapp of Deer Flat were business callers in Greenleaf Tuesday.

Mrs. William Brown and daughters, Iverna and Leona, of Sunny Slope spent Sunday at the Stephen Hibbs home.

Rev. Gurney Lee spent Monday in Nampa visiting friends.

The Will Winslow family, excepting Mrs. Winslow, have the influenza.

They are now in California where they went a few months ago.

Mrs. W. T. Claybaugh of Central Cove spent Sunday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jonnie Hanson.

A large number of Greenleaf people attended the Traders' Day sale in Caldwell Monday.

Miss Della Tucker who has been teaching near Lakeview, is now home as her school is closed on account of influenza.

SOLE WOMAN STUDENT IN SEMINARY HERE

Father and Her Three Brothers Attended the Same Institution.

(Hortford Daily Couranna.)
Miss Helen S. Hawkes, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Hawkes, of Caldwell, Idaho, bears the unique distinction of being the sole woman student enrolled at the Hartford Theological Seminary. She is a member of the senior class and has taken the full three-year course.

Miss Hawkes does not consider it strange that she should add a three-year's course of theological training to her education. She says it runs in the family. Her father, Rev. W. S. Hawkes, who was graduated from the local seminary fifty-one years ago next June and who is one of the oldest living alumni of the institution, has had four of his children attend this seminary. Rev. Albert S. Hawkes, who was graduated in 1900, holds a pastorate in a Congregational church in Worcester, Mass., Rev. George B. Hawkes was graduated two years later and is now pastor of a Congregational church in Middlefield, Conn., and William E. Hawkes had finished two years at the seminary in June, 1917, when he took up war work with the Y. M. C. A. and left last Saturday with a relief expedition to Turkey.

Miss Hawkes received her B. A. degree at the College of Idaho, taught school two years, after which she enrolled at the Hartford Seminary. She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, where her father was engaged in some mission work for some time, following his first ten years of pastoral work in Connecticut. Miss Hawkes has crossed the American continent seven times. And she expects to see other parts of the world, too. She is looking forward to missionary work in China, after her graduation here next June.

Asked whether the philosophical and theological distinctions made in the lectures, appealed to her, she said, "Yes, they do, but I don't see any use in arguing pro and con about them. A position taken by the professor or writer strikes me as right or wrong almost at once and after that the matter seems self-evident. I couldn't argue it out why I think certain views are right and others wrong, but I don't see any need of it either. That's probably what you call deciding by instinct or intuition, but what is the difference whether you arrive at your convictions of the truth by intuition or by reasoning processes." And the way Miss Hawkes said it left no room for quibbling her statement.

LETTER FROM ELMER MYERS

Remagen, Germany, Dec. 12, 1918.
Dear Mother: I received your most kind and welcome letter today and was glad to hear that you are all well as it leaves Andy and myself.

Well, the censoring of mail has been lifted to a certain extent, so we are allowed to give the name of the place which we are now in and write most anything we want to, so I will try and give you the names of the different points we served on. The first one was at Verdun which was very quiet while we were there. We left there and went to Chateau Thierry where I broke out that place. I where Loren Trotter lost his life. Poor fellow, the last time I saw him, he, Deak Sturgeon and myself had an old French lady cook a big feed for us.

We left there and went to St. Mihiel front which we thought was going to be worse than ever, but the artillery fire was so heavy that the Germans had to get out and step lively. That is where I got my first prisoner, which was a German machine gunner. From this place we went to the Champagne front which was a bad place to get them out of as they had been there for four years, but after we got them started it was like hunting rabbits, where there is none, for they sure did fly. Our last one was the Argonne front which was no place for a man that didn't have any nerve as they fought hard there. We were fighting there when the armistice was signed at 11 o'clock a. m. the 11th of November, which we were all glad to see. Then we started to follow them up to the Rhine where we are now.

We marched through a corner of Belgium and through Luxemburg up into Germany. I don't know how long we will be here but hope we will be in the states soon.

Best regards to all, I am your son,
ELMER E. MYERS.

LARGE AUDIENCE GREET'S HOLT

Story of Every Day War Life in France and Belgium Subject of Address of Caldwell Worker.

One of the largest audiences ever gathered together in Caldwell was at the Methodist church Friday evening to greet Mr. B. M. Holt who recently returned from Europe. It is estimated that between 1100 and 1250 persons were present. The subject of Mr. Holt's address, everyday life during the war, was one in which nearly every person in this section is deeply and personally interested. There are few families who have not some near relative who was with the American Expeditionary Forces in some capacity or other.

Hon. O. M. Van Duhn introduced the speaker of the evening. Mr. Van Duhn stated the respect in which Mr. Holt was held by the people of this community. He dwelt upon the unselfish patriotism of a man who deliberately left his home and business to be of service to the country. Mr. Van Duhn called attention to the great work done by the American Red Cross which, in the main, is composed of voluntary workers like Mr. Holt.

Special music was furnished by the Caldwell Municipal Band and by the male quartet.

Cheers for Boys
Cheers, hearty and from the heart were given for Louis A. Goldsmith and Ernest Jensen, two Caldwell boys who very recently returned from the front.

Mr. Holt stated at the outset that he would give a talk on everyday affairs. The spectacular, the exciting news he said, are to be found in the newspapers. Everyday life was more important because it is every day, but not so apt to receive attention in the press.

Mr. Holt paid a splendid tribute to the Red Cross and the great work it had done and was doing. He told of being in Paris during the bombardment of that city by the long range gun. He reviewed the work of the Red Cross telling something of its organization, methods, and purposes. Naturally Mr. Holt knew more about and talked more of field work of the organization as he was in that branch of the service.

Mr. Holt's talk was listened to with want attention. He had a subject in which the people are vitally and personally interested and brought to the subject experience and first hand knowledge.

Several songs were sung by the quartet consisting of Messrs. A. L. Onest, Henry Onest, Austin Westrope and Paul Murphy.

LETTER FROM SON

Clamout, France, Jan 7, 1919.—Dear Mother: Received your good letter today, the first I have received for nearly three weeks. Was so happy to hear that you are all well at home and that everything is good there.

I just returned from my seven-day leave day before yesterday and I sure had a most enjoyable vacation. While we were in Cambre we stayed at a hotel and had no huelle to disturb our slumber in the mornings if we wished to sleep late, or any mess kits to wash after a meal. Oh, it was real life after five months in the sticks. There were many historical places to visit and a person's time was well spent if he cared to go about and see some of the wonderful sights.

The company had moved while we were away and we rejoined them here. We have not the quarters we had before, or rather not so good, but I guess these were all they could find at present.

We are billeted in a small village and are in the lofts of the buildings. It is not very cheerful here but most anything is good enough for a while. I do not know just what month we will sail for home, but I am sure it is home now, is he not? It would be good if Lee and I were to sail for home on the same boat. I think though that he will be home before I. I was talking to a Marine in Toul last week and he said Lee made quite a name of himself at Chateau Thierry. He said that the regimental sergeant refused to carry the grub to the men in the trenches on account of the heavy fire of the enemy and Lee took charge and did so. That was the day he was caught in the gas barrage.

I am sending you the pictures we had taken in Cambre. The first of us were together in the shack at Namp. It is not very good but one can tell who it is. Mail one of them to grandfather and grandmother as I have forgotten their address.

Trusting you and all at home are well and happy and that you all enjoyed a Merry Xmas. I remain,
Your loving son,
ROY

CHURCH OF CHRIST
Corner Kimball and Cleveland
Bible school 10 a. m. Pub. Roy Titus, Supt. Church 11 a. m. Subject "The Power of the Church for Good." C. E. meeting 6:30 p. m. Miss Gertrude Prest. Church at 7:30 p. m. "My Savior and Peace" sermon by the pastor. Come and find a welcome.

Money to loan at 7 per cent. A. L. Murphy—Adv.

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EVEN THE "EX-GROUNDHOGS" SEE A SHADOW



IT MAYN'T BE OUR SHADOW BUT IT LOOKS STORMY JUST THE SAME

H O AND

BY CLYDE ROWLAND

W. THOMAS