

## NEWS OF OUR SOLDIER BOYS

(Continued from Page 1)

were all white faces and fat as mud. It takes a pretty good bunch of cattle to look good on a stormy day, but they certainly did. The stock looked awfully poor through Arizona and western New Mexico, but through the company that were sick and could not do anything, and we didn't have a sign of a light. But such is life in the army. Ont thing, I am certainly thankful that I feel different than when I left Fremont, I am feeling fine now. I came very nearly not getting to come with the bunch. The morning before we started the doctor took my temperature and said "I guess I'll have to send you to the hospital," but I talked him out of it. There were several left at Fremont. I don't think we will be here more than four or five days. The 8th infantry left Fremont two days before we did and they are leaving here this morning.

We experienced all sorts of weather on the road. All through Arizona to the northern part of the state and southeastern Colorado and western Kansas they looked pretty good. Of course they looked good from there on this way.

Say, folks, through all the country that we passed through and I took particular notice, I didn't see one piece of poor wheat, and there are worlds Illinois and all the other states we of it, too, through Kansas, Missouri, came through. Near Emporia, Kansas for miles on each side of the track were the prettiest prospect for wheat one could hope for.

By Golly! mail was just called out and I got yours and Mrs. Sweet's letters. That bunch of mail we got this morning created more excitement than any that has come yet. You see this is the first any of us have had for eight days. One of the boys that I am with now is from Oklahoma. After he read his letters he said, "After the war is over, when I get back to New York, I am just going to jump on the first train I see and run like hell." He was a bookkeeper in his hometown, and a mighty fine fellow too. Believe me, there will be some exciting times when this war is over. One fellow said that he was going to grab a big goose and shove him out in the water and point him westward.

We stopped at St. Thomas, Ont., and got out and exercised a little. That is one place that a person could tell that somewhere in the world there was a war. Several returned Canadian soldiers came down to the train and talked to us. They shook hands with us with a different feeling to what the common handclasp means. We passed by one home that had three gold stars in the service flag. An old lady was standing out in front with tears in her eyes as we marched by. A Canada Victory Loan poster, and the rate of interest was 5 1/2 per cent. I saw more big horses than I ever saw in any place of its size. There were very few trucks.

I'll tell you though when we got back across the river into the U. S. you could tell who had the "pep." We came down through Pennsylvania through a lot of big factory town. All along the Lehigh Valley road it is just one big factory or steel mill after another. We came through Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and lots of other big places. Whenever the train would get into one of those places the mill whistles would open up and the fellows would run to the window and wave and yell. We passed entirely by girls and women. One place in Canada I saw a woman plowing with three horses and a little baby was tied in the wagon at the corner of the field.

Talk about airplanes: There are fifteen or twenty sailing around over camp now, doing all sorts of stunts. We got part of our overseas equipment this morning. They tested our heart and lungs. I got through O. K.

From Lynn Noland, Montour.

Oct. 7.—Dear Parents: Will drop you a line today to let you know that I am still in France and safe. We are just back from the front and were very successful. We had but very few casualties. They were the Walkington boy, who used to live in Emmett, and Frank Speckelmyre from Long Valley, killed by shrapnel. John Haley of Montour was wounded in the leg and Fred Spear of Emmett got a slight wound in the leg. I was with the trucks and did not see John when they brought him by.

The last letter from home was dated Sept. 1st and I also received one from Eugene with John Haley's address but don't know whether he would get a letter or not as he is in

some hospital and may not get back to his company.

Well, Pop, your way of fighting is a good one. Water elm clubs are quite frequently used over here. Don't think we will be in France forever, because the Germans are falling back fast. Whatever you hear at home is straight goods. It is just pouring down rain today, but we are in a nice dry place, so don't care how hard it pours. This is certainly the greatest country for rain that I ever saw. I believe it has the western coast beaten by far. I am driving a truck now. The roads are much better than we have in Idaho, so it isn't such a hard job. Everyone in this company is looking good and is not complaining.

Am very busy and outside of a little cold I am feeling fine. Am with the trucks so have a good place to sleep. The last letter from home was dated Sept. 15, so our mail service is getting better all the time. Haven't much time to write, but try to head two letters for home each week. Must close and get to work on the car. Hope this finds you all well. Now don't worry one bit over me, I want you to look when I get home like you did when I left you.

From Earl Sanders.

This young man, a member of Co. C, 348th Machine Gun Battalion in France is a brother of Mrs. H. F. Lee of Emmett. His home is at North Powder. His father is here visiting his daughter.

Oct. 12.—Well, I went over and gave the Dutch a visit today and received a little wound in the left leg. But don't worry, for the Red Cross sure take good care of a fellow.

From Jettie B. Hill

Oct. 3, 1918.—France is quite a busy country. I would like to be home and tell you everything. I have been to the front and over the top and feel fine and dandy. I have had some experience, but I can't tell you about it. Hope to sometime, though. I am sleeping with a fellow from Boise. I am the only one here from Emmett.

The Story the Citations Tell.

The following article is taken from the Stars and Stripes, the soldiers' paper in France, and was sent home by Lawrence Polly to his father, because the hero, Carl Dasch, is an old boyhood friend of Lawrence's and his home is at Payette:

Perhaps the story told most frequently in the citations accompanying the award of the Distinguished Service Cross is the story of utter unselfishness, of single-hearted devotion to the dangerous task of ministering, under enemy fire, to the wants and needs of others. This principle of utter unselfishness, of utter self-forgetfulness in the ardor of helping the other fellow to come through, may rightly be said to be at the bottom of every act for which the coveted decoration is awarded.

Take, for example, the case of Private Carl W. Dasch, of the Headquarters Company of a certain Infantry regiment, who won his Cross for extraordinary heroism in action northeast of Chateau-Thierry. Of him the citation says:

During the entire period 26 July to 1 August, 1918, he carried messages between the firing line and battalion headquarters through heavy enemy shell-fire. On returning from the firing line he would pick up a severely wounded man each time and carry him through the barrage to a first aid station. He finally became so exhausted that he could not continue his work, yet he had to be ordered to report to the aid station for treatment. During the whole series of engagements he did not sleep, and taxed his physical endurance to the utmost at all times, setting to his comrades an example of utter disregard of danger and of exceptional devotion to duty.

Private Dasch might well have argued to himself that he was performing highly important and dangerous duty in carrying his messages back thru the enemy barrage, and that it would be folly to try to saddle himself with a heavily wounded man, unable to help himself, on each trip. He might well have argued that it was the better part of valor to save his strength for the work he had to do, that he would be serving the cause better by conserving his health, by snatching a little rest when he could.

But Private Dasch let none of those considerations weigh with him. His mates were in need, and he gave them all that was in him until he could give no more. Even then he struggled against the inevitable; and perhaps the clause in his citation that best describes what manner of man he was is: "Yet he had to be ordered to report to the aid station for treatment."

Take another example, that of 2nd Lieut. Elmer T. Doocy, Infantry, awarded his Cross for repeated acts of extraordinary heroism in action near Suippes, northeast of Chalon-sur-Marne, on the 14th and 15th of July, and near Sergy, northeast of Chateau-Thierry, on the 28th, 30th and 31st of July. The citation says of him:

After being severely wounded, with utter disregard of his own safety and comfort, he remained on duty with his platoon under heavy fire of gas and high explosive shells. Again, on Hill 212, near Sergy, he led his platoon and that of another wounded officer forward into a machine gun nest under heavy fire, capturing four prisoners

and two machine guns, and two days later, at night, near Sergy, at great risk of his own life, he bravely went out in front of a German sniper and brought back into the line a wounded corporal of his platoon.

The story of the exploits that won the D. S. C. for Corporal Sidney E. Manning, Infantry, who displayed extraordinary heroism in action near Croix Rouge farm, northeast of Chateau-Thierry, on the 27th of July, furnishes another case in point:

Corporal Manning was in charge of an automatic rifle squad. One gunner was killed, and one carrier and himself wounded by shell-fire. Although wounded, he took the rifle and ammunition and continued the advance. On reaching the top of the hill he was again wounded by machine gun fire: he still advanced with his platoon. On reaching the bottom of the hill, his platoon was forced to withdraw, being flanked on both sides. He remained at the bottom of the hill alone and covered the withdrawal, keeping the enemy from closing in on his platoon. He then rejoined his platoon, having received nine wounds.

Then there is Corporal Rufus Wiseman, infantry, in charge of a detail for carrying ammunition to a machine gun section northeast of Chateau-Thierry, from the 29th of July to the second of August. Corporal Wiseman, his duties performed, had been given permission to withdraw to the rear. Instead, he remained with his detail for four days on the firing line under heavy enemy bombardment and machine gun fire, assisting the machine gun crew. During those four days he was suffering from the effects of gas, but refused to be evacuated.

Northeast of Chateau-Thierry, on the 29th of July, an attacking battalion sent out a call for ammunition. In response, Supply Sergeant Byron W. Peyton, Infantry, drove a combat wagon in broad daylight into the front line positions near Fere-en-Tardenois and, says the citation accompanying the award of the Cross to him, "delivered the ammunition required by his comrades on the front." Again, it was service of others, blindness to risk when he might bring them that which they needed, that made the deed what it was.

Among the posthumous awards of the Cross awards to men who gallantly made the attempt to succor others in distress and who failed only with the spending of their lives, the same principle stands out. It is written after the name of Private Charles J. Kane, D.S.C., and after that of Private John Turano, D. S. C., both of the infantry:

Attempting to bring his captain, who was lying wounded and exposed to fire, to shelter near Vaux, 1 July, 1918, he was himself killed, thereby sacrificing his life in an effort to rescue his commanding officer.

Aside from the underlying principle of service to others, the obliviousness to danger when the lives of comrades can be saved by running the great risk another thing stands out amidst the names on the D. S. C. award lists. It is that not a single race that goes into the great melting pot of races which we call America is unrepresented among the gallant and self-sacrificing on the virtue of unselfishness, and not a single race has a bravery.

There are Luzis and Grabinskis, Halfmanns and Kochenspargers, Thomases and Simpsons, Sullivans and Martins, Camerons and McKennas on the roll of honor, all equal in glory, rivals of one another only in the amount of service they can render to their fighting mates, regardless of from what stock those mates may have sprung. Men of many nationalities, they know only the one flag now, the flag that they, by their sacrifice and daring, have helped to advance on the age-old battlefields of the Old World, bringing the message of hope and cheer from the New.

The story that the citations tell is that the valor of the fathers is not dead; that the spirit of service of sacrifice, of absolute unselfishness in the face of death lives in and moves and permeates the America of today at war.

He Balked.

A soldier writing home tells of the amusing hospitality of the French people:

"I stooped at one place and a French soldier insisted that I should step in a nearby farmhouse to have a drink with him. There was no refusing and so I went. The proprietor of the house was mighty pleased to do the hospi-

## INFLUENZA WORSE THAN HUN BULLETS

Claiming More Victims Than Battle Fronts Of Europe—Disease Can Be Avoided

According to carefully compiled statistics it is an indisputable fact that the Spanish Influenza Epidemic which is now sweeping all parts of the country is daily claiming far more victims than German bullets on the battle fronts of Europe. Although civil and military authorities have succeeded in checking the disease in some localities, it is growing worse in others and continues to spread at an alarming rate. That the disease can be avoided there is no longer a doubt. According to leading authorities the powers of resistance of the human system can be so perfected that it can throw off almost any infection, not even excepting Spanish influenza, which is one of the most contagious diseases known.

It is persons who are suffering from lowered vitality, who are weak and rundown and who have not the strength to throw it off who are the earliest victims. Persons who have had colds, who are suffering from catarrhal troubles, or inflammation of the mucous membranes are especially susceptible, as the inflamed mucous membrane linings of the nose and throat are an open door to the germs. This condition is almost always accompanied by a weakened condition of the system.

If you are suffering from any of these symptoms, nothing on earth will build you up and strengthen you like Tanlac, which contains the most powerful tonic properties known to science.

This statement is easily proven by the fact that Tanlac is now having the greatest sale of any system tonic in the history of medicine. In less than four years time over Ten Million Bottles have been sold and the demand is constantly increasing. Thousands are using it daily for the above troubles with the most astonishing and gratifying results.

Tanlac increases your weight and strength and creates a good, healthy appetite for nourishing food. It keeps you physically fit and helps every organ of the body perform its proper function in the natural way.

In connection with the Tanlac treatment be sure and keep the bowels open by taking Tanlac Laxative Tablets, samples of which are included in every bottle.

Tanlac is sold in Emmett at The H. T. Davis Drug Store.

table act to an American soldier. All the different kinds of drinks he had were placed on the table. Professing a great preference for his cider I escaped the others. Ah-a-a. I had been traveling, so I must be hungry. I hadn't said a thing about being hungry; in fact I insisted the cider was sufficient, and I insisted for a good reason. I have told you how many of the French peasants live in one end of the house and the stock in the other. This house was one such place. In the meantime the other members of the family had gathered in the room; an old woman, two grown girls and a small girl. The old man wouldn't be stayed. He produced a potato bread, soggy but not so bad tasting; a cottage cheese and some goat cheese that smelled immensely. So I ate, drank and made merry. Everything they had to eat was mine, if I wished to consume it. The old man had much to say about "Le President Wilson," "bravo Americanies," "bon soldats," yet found time to shove more goat cheese at me. The climax came when the old man, very jocular, would have me kiss the two girls good-by. I had eaten goat cheese for hospitality's sake; I balked when it came to sealing hospitality with a kiss.

Surely Not Bump of Knowledge.

O'Brien met Flanagan and noticed he had a big lump on his forehead. "Hello," said O'Brien, "is that a bump of knowledge?" "Indeed, it's not," said Flanagan. "It's a bump of ignorance of knowing nothing about boxing."



## Unlike Topsy—Swift & Company Has Not "Jest Grown"

Swift & Company, in fifty years of well ordered growth, has become one of the great national services because it has learned to do something for the American people which they needed to have done for them, in the way in which they preferred to have it done.

It has met each successive demand, in the changing conditions of national life, by getting good meat to increasing millions effectively, efficiently, economically, and expeditiously.

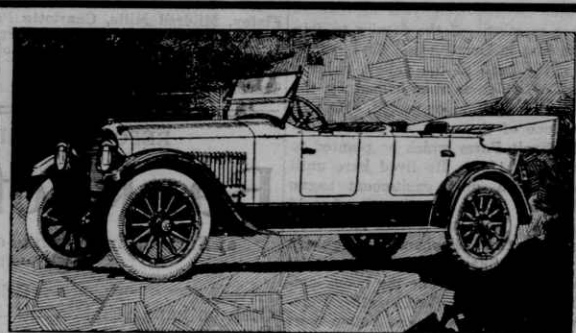
The Swift & Company packing plants, refrigerator cars, car routes, branch houses, organization, and personnel of today are the practical solutions, born of practical experience, to the food problems of half a century.

Because of all these elements working in correlation and unison, Swift & Company is able to supply more and better meat to more people than would have been possible otherwise, at a net profit per pound of meat so low (a fraction of a cent) that the consumer price is practically unaffected.

Strip away any portion of this vast, smooth-running human machine, and you make a large part of the meat supply uncertain, lose the benefit of half a century of fruitful experience, and scatter the intelligent energies of men who have devoted a life work toward meeting the needs of a nation in one vital field.

The booklet of preceding chapters in this story of the packing industry will be mailed on request to Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



## The New Studebaker Light Six

Beautiful in Design. Thoroughly Modern Mechanically Right.

This car is new throughout and possesses the following distinguishing features:

- the lowest priced, high quality Light Six on the market.
  - design, finish and equipment notably fine.
  - plenty of room, unusual comfort, and exceptional riding qualities.
  - wonderful capabilities of speed with comfort.
  - beautiful, clean-cut, aristocratic appearance.
  - light weight combined with great strength.
  - sterling high quality and durability.
  - low gasoline and tire expense.
  - accessibility; ease of driving.
  - high grade equipment throughout.
  - manufactured throughout in Studebaker Shops to Studebaker quality standards.
  - choice of two beautiful color designs.
- Experts call this "the ideal five-passenger Six."

Emmett Garage & Auto Co.

## To Cash Basis November 1

We wish to announce that beginning November 1 we will do a strictly cash business. This is a war requirement as well as a business necessity, and will be of benefit to our customers as well as to ourselves. It will enable us to sell goods on better terms. On and after that date no credit whatever will be given.

Newell & Stegner  
LETHA, IDAHO

