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## A Letter from the Trenches

The following letter from Ray VanZandt, of Dietrich is one of the most graphic descriptions of a battle that has been written by any correspondent. Read it carefully and as you read it you should bear in mind that at the very time this Lincoln county boy was enduring these horrible things for the life and honor and freedom of Lincoln county citizens there was on, right here in his own home county and state one of the most vicious campaigns that German money and German influences could command to stab this boy in the back and nullify the results of his effort. It had the audacity to camouflage here under a cloak of pretended patri-

otism but while it was going around soliciting funds under that pretense, it was taking notes and post-dated checks from Lincoln county farmers and selling them to German agents for German money to carry on a German propaganda campaign here calculated to make the sacrifice of Ray VanZandt a farce. If there is a spark of manhood left in the souls of those who for any reason contributed to this German fund, they will get down on their knees and ask forgiveness from every man coming home wearing a U. S. uniform and an over-seas service stripe on his sleeve.

Battery "D" 20th F. A.  
American Ex. Force,  
France.

Dear Dad:

To-day is "Father's Day" so we are allowed to write anything we choose, and it won't be censored.

Three days from today will make six months foreign service for me and believe me I sure have had some hot old times during that six months. We left the United States the twenty seventh day of May and landed in Montreal, Canada that same day where we boarded His Majesties transport, Novara. We sailed from Montreal the 28th and landed in Liverpool June 12th from Liverpool we took a train to Winchester. We stayed in Winchester over night and took H. M. T., St. George for France. We arrived in Lahavre, France June 16th and left the 17th. We arrived at Valdahon, a southern town in France on the 19th. We had some pretty stiff training in Camp Valdahon— learning our new gun, the French 75. We hiked from Valdahon to the Fosges front where we landed the first day of August. That same night we put our guns into position and were ready for action. On the night of August 12th we received orders to throw a barrage on the city of Frapelle and during that same night we took Frapelle. It sure was a bloody battle. They gassed us terribly. One Lieut. out of our battery got gassed and he will never be of any use hereafter. We were cited on German soil, so they gave us our division mark, a red for taking this town, we being the first American division diamond worn on the left shoulder. We left the Vosges front August 22nd and arrived here on the St. Mihiel front Sept. 11th. The battle of St. Mihiel started early in the morning of Sept. 12th. I was a runner in this battle and the night of the 11th I received orders to pull up in rear of the doughboys and get my orders. The night was so dark you couldn't see a thing two feet ahead of you I hoofed about 12 kilometers through mud and water a half foot deep and came up in rear of the third line trenches just as the guns began banging. It seemed as if the whole earth was covered with guns and the sky turned blood red from the flash of them. I never found out for sure just how many guns we had but they say there were sixteen hundred. You can imagine what it sounded like.

We went over the top at day-break and advanced about nine kilometers. It sure was a bloody old battle. No mans land was fairly covered with dead and wounded we took hundreds of prisoners Germans, Austrians and Hungarians all mixed together.

After we had found a place for our new Divisional Headquarters I received orders to direct the battery to a new position in what is known as the Girard Woods. It was just dark night when I found them on the opposite side of no mans land. I repeated my orders to the Captain in charge and he told me he could not make it over before morning as the roads were blocked with trucks, ammunition trains and guns and besides he says, my horses are all in. I started back across No mans land about nine o'clock that night and believe me I sure had some time getting poured back. It was dark as pitch and the rain fairly poured down before me was nothing but trenches, shell holes and barb wire entanglements. I crawled not less than a quarter of a mile on my hands and knees, tore my clothes to pieces on barb wire, fell in trenches and shell holes and skinned myself from head to foot. Gosh! but I was an awful looking thing to call a human after I got in to Headquarters that night. After I had reported to the Major I hit the earth the first place I came to because I sure was all in down and out. It had been three days since I had anything to eat and all the water I got came from mud holes. I lost my blanket roll, saddle bags and everything else the night of the bombardment so I had nothing to sleep on and no cover at all but never-the-less I slept till dawn the next morning when I did wake up I was almost frozen stiff. I had slept in a mud hole all night long and my clothes were wet with rain. I guess I must have run about three kilometers that morning trying to get warmed up finally I discovered I was about half starved, so I hiked it back across no mans land until I ran into a kitchen where I got me a good warm chow and lots of hot coffee. The next day I turned my job over to another man and took my place as No. 7 in a gun squad where I have been ever since. We sure have given the Bosh hell since we have been here. I pulled the trigger twenty two hundred times. God only knows how many men our old gun got. We had his name carved right on the breach— George Washington. He never lies.

We had several men gassed and shot up while we were in the Girard Woods but none of them were killed. I have said my prayers a hundred times I guess because I

sure did not think I would come out of those woods.

I went through a barrage of ten inch shells one night and believe me I didn't think my life was worth two cents. There were trees falling all around me and the rocks and dirt fairly flew. I ran about two hundred yards down a trail until I came to an old dug-out where I camped through the night. I thought my time had come that night sure enough. When word came 11th of November that war was over we sure had some time.

On the 19th day of November we left the Girard woods and the same day we arrived here in Camp Newezin.

You probably know the fifth Division belongs to the occupation army. I expect we will be pulling toward Germany in about two days. I think everything will be settled up in a couple of months then we will all come back to the U. S. A. I am proud I belong to the Occupation Army and am glad to stay a couple of months longer for that reason. I don't know what you people think about war over there but I side with Sherman. I say war is hell and a man never knows what it really is unless he has experienced it.

Must close as it is getting late, tell all the folks hello, I will be with you in the spring.

As ever, Your son,  
Ray VanZandt.

## Junior Red Cross Activities

THE tragedies of the world war will rank us equal if not in advance, of any in the history of the human race. The devastation of Europe, the atrocities practiced by the Hun and the sacrifice of human life far exceeds that of the campaigns of Alexander, Napoleon, or even the invasions of the "Terrible Huns" under their murderous chief Atilla.

Still from the midst of all this evil there must and does come some good, and of the greatest of the good is the Red Cross and more especially the Junior Red Cross.

I lay stress upon the Junior Red Cross for the simple reason that the members of this organization and those helping to further its cause are the school children of America. They are in the age of the formation of ideals, which ideals before many years, will be the ruling standards of American civilization. Like the water lily growing from a bed of mud, slime and stagnation, comes the Junior Red Cross from the horrors, suffering and privation of the war.

Nothing in the lives of the American children in all the history of our nation has done more toward creating that beautiful spirit of service, sacrifice and unselfishness than the Junior Red Cross. No task has been too low for them to perform it with the greatest love and pleasure. At no time has this great body of American children sought publicity or reward for doing what they saw as their duty and their "bit" towards bettering the conditions and relieving the suffering of Humanity.

No little girl ever worked over the tiny clothes of her only doll with the love and sympathy with which she sewed for the motherless children of Belgium.

The spirit with which they denied themselves many pleasures, the pennies saved from picture shows, candy and other things dear to the child, in order that the Junior Red Cross might "Carry on" was the same spirit which we find made it possible for the "Yanks" to leave their homes, in the behalf of mankind.

We have accepted the work of the Junior Red Cross with thanks, but at the same time we looked upon it as the work of children. For this we deserve pity, for the work might have been the work of children, but the love of service and unselfishness with which they worked was greater than that of which the mature individual is capable.

A great example of this is a comparison of the adult views and those of children since the close of the war. The Junior Red Cross and the children as a whole, labor on with the same enthusiasm as before, while we are inclined to quit now, the greatest danger has been passed.

The prayer of the school teacher is that the Junior Red Cross may go on, whether the Junior Red Cross continues as an organization or not; the spirit will live in the minds of the children.

In Junior circles the week of January 6 to 10, was of as much moment as the week of December 16 to 21 in the Senior Red Cross, for it was the date of the big membership drive. All grades vied, one with the other to see who would be first to make 100%. By Wednesday, the Junior class and the ninth grade in High School had reached the 100% mark and Friday there were only six of the entire attendance who had not joined. Of the grades, the sixth grade and the first and second grade room on the south side were the first to have total membership. All other grades were making rapid progress toward the coveted goal.

The spirit of service and sacrifice that has prevailed in the Junior Red Cross has been little affected by the closing of the schools and the consequent difficulties in accomplishing the work assigned. So far no cases of "I'm-thru-it's" have been noted among the Juniors since war ceased. They are eager to do all in their power to help our allies who are in need, and to provide every comfort for our own wounded men.

(Continued to page 3)

## DIETRICH

Tuesday Messrs Rickard, train master, and Rasmussen, claim agent of the O. S. L., were here on business for the road. They are said to have settled with Ed. Gage his claim for damages.

Word from Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Joy from Portland, is to the effect that they have adopted a little girl whose father with the flu. They have finished their

Harry Reed came here from Salt Lake visit and are about to return home.

Harry Reed came here from Salt Lake City about two weeks ago to attend the funeral of his son James. Yesterday a message called him home on account of the dangerous illness of his daughter with the flu. As he boarded the train another message noted her death.

John J. Matson has built a garage in connection with his blacksmith shop. The new structure is 25 by 40 feet, joined on to the old shop of like dimensions, thus making a commodious building.

J. R. Smith and Fred Lehman are authority for the statement that Martin Suhr is seeking wedlock, with every apparent indication that he will find it.

Sergeant Frank Scheibing has been heard from as one of the returning soldiers. He is expected home between the 5th and 10th of February.

School opens again next Monday, with the same corps of teachers that started in last fall. The board has employed a trained nurse who will look after the physical well-being of the pupils.

Mrs. F. C. Smith and Miss Bertha Patterson were in Shoshone Tues. on a shopping tour.

As Miss Mary Harris assumes her former position as teacher, her sister, Miss Susie Harris succeeds her as an employe of the Borden Mercantile Co.

J. P. Kelly has been called to the old home in Missouri on account of the serious illness of his only sister.

L. J. Messervy and J. H. Wolfe have each added a hay baling machine to the industrial forces of the tract.

Miss Evelline Donovan and Amelia Tamberg were dinner guests of Mrs. Carl Beach last Saturday, celebrating Carl's 23rd birthday.

Misses Carol Borden and Grace Patterson entertained the distinguished young gentlemen, Buster Patterson, Dick King, Jack King and Delevan Smith to a combination lunch, skating, sleighing and sundry other-featured party Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Snodgrass and family have returned to their farm from Albion whither Mr. Snodgrass has been for the past year assisting in the proper conduct of the State Normal there. Frank flits between these two places. A season of hard work on the farm demands physical rest, and down to Albion he goes. Then a season of hard work in the School demands mental rest, and back to the farm he comes. But he is the sort of man who finds a cordial welcome wherever he goes.

## A DELEGATE TO BOISE

John Badley left Tues. for Boise as a delegate, or rather as a member of a committee appointed by the Irrigation Congress which held its meeting at Twin Falls last week, to push some irrigation legislation which the congress agreed upon. The plan is an attempt to take our irrigation affairs out of politics. It proposes a commission of three men with terms of nine years, beginning with one for three, one for six and one for nine years. It demands qualifications of these commissioners which calls for high grade irrigation experts. The plan met the approval of the irrigation congress and it is hoped that it will meet a favorable reception from our legislature.

## YEOMANETTE, GRACE THEVENIN.

Yeomanette, Miss Grace Thevenin, a former Shoshone girl, was in Shoshone this week on a furlough granted that she might attend the funeral of her brother Tom, at Bellevue, who was one of the victims of the accident on the U. S. Cruiser, "Brooklyn," in the harbor of Yokohama, Japan, Dec. 8.

Miss Thevenin is a regular enlisted member of the U. S. Navy and bears the official title of Yeomanette. She is stationed at the Bremerton Navy Yard. Yeomanette Thevenin is the first lady Naval officer to honor Shoshone with a visit. She had the misfortune to arrive late for the funeral. She visited her uncle, Theo. Baldwin, Thursday evening and took No. 17 that night for Bremerton to resume her duties at the Navy Yard. Katherine and Stephen Thevenin's sister and brother of Yeomanette Thevenin are attending school in Boise this winter. The only reason they do not enter military service with the rest of the family is because of their being below the age limit.

Maximilian Harden says the Kaiser was a mere tool in the war. He might have added that the Crown Prince was a sort of monkey-wrench. Chicago Daily News.

The Kaiser's backers are quitting him von by von.—Wall Street Journal.

## A HERO'S GRAVE.

The body of Tom Thevenin rests in a hero's grave at Bellevue, Idaho, where it was placed with military honors last Tuesday.

Tom Thevenin was born at Bellevue April 19, 1898. He spent the greater part of his life there and at Shoshone. He attended the Shoshone high school but did not complete the course. When the call came for soldiers in 1916 for soldiers for service on the Mexican border, he, with his brother Fred, enlisted and served there until December 23, 1916. After his discharge from this service he stayed in California until war was declared against Germany when he enlisted in the Navy and served until his death. He was with the U. S. Cruiser Brooklyn in the harbor of Yokohama, Japan, when a coal dust explosion on his vessel resulted in injuries from which he died the next day. The accident occurred Dec. 8 and Tom died the 9th, remaining conscious to the end. The letter following this article shows the manner in which he faced the last great trial, and the esteem in which he was held by the officers and men of his ship.

The Government shipped his remains to Bellevue for interment and the returned soldiers at Hailey and Ketchikan acted as military escort and conducted a military funeral.

Tom leaves to mourn his departure his father and mother at Bellevue, three sisters and two brothers. His oldest sister is Mrs. Mary Randall, of Pringle, Oregon. His sister Grace is in the service of her country as Yeomanette, stationed at Bremerton, Wash. and Katherine is attending school in Boise. His brother Fred has just returned from France, having been severely wounded and his brother Stephen is attending school in Boise.

Although Tom Thevenin was barely past his 18th birthday, he was a veteran soldier of two campaigns and his life will ever be an example and an inspiration to the patriotic boys and girls of Idaho.

## FLAGSHIP

### UNITED STATES ASIATIC FLEET

Yokohama, Japan.  
My Dear Mrs. Thevenin:—Words fail to fittingly express our thoughts and I realize how clumsy and futile are my efforts to express how deeply we, the officers and crew of the "Brooklyn" sympathize with you and yours, in your very great loss. Your loss is our loss, and we suffer with you the not so keenly as you. It is rendered the more intense because of the tragic manner in which he met his death but my dear Mrs. Thevenin let this thought at least partially console you that he died as a brave man should. He did his duty well and his reward I am sure will be great.

I am his engineer officer and, as you know, your son was but recently transferred to this ship. In the short time he has been aboard I became very much attached to your son. He was of a happy-go-lucky disposition, the possessor of a most likable manner and withal, one of the most manly boys I have ever met. I shall miss him greatly.

Perhaps it would comfort you to know that he did not suffer after the first few moments. I talked with him just before he was taken to the hospital and his spirits were excellent. He realized, so he told me, that he was badly burned and that the chances were against him, but, oh! how courageous he was. Your loss is indeed great, but you should be proud to have had such a son. He received the best of care but he was so seriously injured to recover. He was a wonderful boy and the spirit he showed was worthy the best traditions of American manhood. I shall miss him greatly. (The writer here makes a minute explanation of soldier insurance and then continues) I make this explanation of his insurance to you to make it clear to you and to show that it was typical of your son, I think, in that he safe guarded you against actual want in your advancing years.

Again assuring you of the deepest sympathy of myself, his ship mates and the entire Navy for you in your loss, I remain,

Very sincerely his friend,  
H. A. Lowell, Lieut., U. S. Navy.  
N. B. Dec. 14, 1918.—To day there was held a memorial service for those who died as the result of the explosion. This was held on board ship and was a very beautiful service. H. A. L.

## INFLUENZA SERUM HERE

The influenza serum secured from the famous Mayo Brothers, of Rochester, Minn., has arrived and any one wishing the treatment may secure it free of cost any day from 2 to 5 p. m. at the Dill hospital.

## THE CHAUTAUQUA

There will be no winter Chautauqua in Shoshone from the present outlook. Representatives of the Ellison White company were in Shoshone this week with an alleged contract purporting to have been signed by some 30 business men of the town. Some of the men whose names were on the list admitted having signed some similar contract. There were names on the list purporting to be names of leading business men of Shoshone but no one in town ever remembered having heard of such parties. At a meeting held in the rooms of the Shoshone Club, Wednesday evening the Chautauqua proposition was turned down with a good stiff jolt and the representative of the company departed breathing threats of legal action to enforce the contract.

Wonder how the fellows who married to escape the draft feel now that the war has come in on them?—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.