

**DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS**



No doubt Mother can find something to fit any case

**MODERN WARFARE FINDS YANKEES COVERING THEMSELVES WITH GLOF**

**Dash and Courage in Second Battle of the Marne Add New Lu to Old Glory—Remarkable Description of the Arts, Devices and Camouflage Employed in Present-Day War—Spectacular Features Are Missing.**

Modern war has knocked spots out of the spectacular features of battle, because it is chiefly machine made. The scenes of popular fancy—the kind one reads about in history and which have been perpetuated in poetry and on canvas—are relics of the past. Seldom, if ever, anything approaching them occurs on the western front, in spite of the staggering amount of men and war equipment used. War has been revolutionized and the second battle of the Marne proved it—the battle in which the American expeditionary forces by their dash and courage added luster to the folds of Old Glory.

There were no snapping flags or martial music to thrill our men in olive drab. They did not march into the fray en masse nor to the front in anything resembling the average civilian's conception of the entry of troops into battle.

They arrived in French trucks driven by Hindu-Chinese chauffeurs in clouds of dust, tumbled off, scurried to cover and took up the camouflaged positions made necessary by the severest open fighting of the war. They became in a jiffy part of the army invisible.

**Feature of Modern Warfare.** And right there develops a feature that is one of the most curious of all modern warfare—the successful concealment of whole divisions and corps. Nobody who has not been privileged to go to the front and travel back of the lines can begin to appreciate the marvel. It is a case of doing a Keller-the-Great with an army—by modern military legerdemain, making thousands of men, horses, mules, guns, great and small, disappear as if the earth had swallowed them.

You can motor along country highways through the most delightful farming country and scarcely catch a glimpse of the army as you go, save the truck and ambulance trains in the rear, the sentries and staff and regimental headquarters. The fighting units are strung out over country plowed and seeded for this season's crops, but you don't see enough of them to conclude that there is even a good-sized regiment on the job.

Thus has the art of camouflage been developed—a new and interesting science of modern warfare still in its primary stages in spite of all that has been done.

As you motor well within the zone of high explosives, shrapnel and gas, you catch fleeting glimpses of men and animals and chow guns between the foliage, and batteries inconspicuously screened from the eagle eyes and the lenses of enemy aviators and balloon observers. You are astounded to note how cleverly the topography and the beauties of nature have been pressed into use in the scheme of concealment and deception known as camouflage.

**Army Sleight-of-Hand.** The army sleight-of-hand has become such a big and necessary feature of war that every army post has its annex of war scenery which reminds you of a visit back to the stage between theatrical performances. The most skilled artists are doing their bit in this respect, nor are camouflage effects confined to them. It is amusing to see how army cooks and buck privates shield themselves and their kitchens and their animals. Camouflage certainly offers opportunity for development limited only by the skill and cleverness of the individual and materials offered by nature.

When our men were rushed into the flood of strife on the Marne and relieved French units fagged by days and nights of incessant fighting, hurled back the Germans with heavy losses, and held the highway to Paris, they passed thousands of refugees who had hurriedly evacuated farms and hamlets and towns.

These refugees were exhausted by fright and travel and loss of sleep. They were pushing wheelbarrows or baby carriages containing all the household treasures that they had been able to save, while others with more warning and greater facilities, rode on carts great and small, piled high with chairs and bedding and mirrors and

pictures. Little tots slept in the eddies of these loads. I saw one huge load drawn by six oxen the color of milk. The head of the house was driving and his wife and four children were perched on the load. Dangling from the back was a bicycle, a doll's carriage, and in the latter were tucked a toy gun and sword and a French doll with one eye. The owner in her mother's lap on high had her favorite dolly clutched to her little breast.

**Anywhere for Safety.** The child was crying and so was her mother. Most of the refugees were solemn-faced, stunned, stoic. They were rattling over the roads anywhere for safety, away from the Hun shells and poisonous vapors, when clouds of dust appeared and there careened past them hundreds of huge army trucks and in them were American soldiers, faces tanned the color of leather and every lad of them smiling or singing. They were coming to fight for the rights and safety of these old men and women and little children who crowded the free side of the road in their flight. They were coming to strike for democracy and humanity and they were glad of the chance, impatient for battle.

Their cheers and their laughter and their snatches of songs had a wonderful effect on the sorrowful refugees, who forgot their discomforts, losses and dangers and cheered and threw kisses to their defenders from overseas—from beloved America. Said a French officer at my side: "The spirit and exuberance of your men are overpowering. Our people have been fighting four years. Our men on the Marne have had no time to sleep or eat. In loaning us these American troops at this time your commanders and your country show they are heart and soul in this fight. You have given new life and courage to the refugees. You have given new life to our fighting forces. You are coming fresh and strong with what do you call it? Oui, the punch. It is wonderful. It is superb. It has welded our people more closely than ever."

**Show Their Gratitude.** And the French populace showed their gratitude in divers ways, by the eloquent ovation to our wounded on their way to Paris in ambulances, in speeches and public prints and in streets and highways wherever an American uniform showed itself.

With all due respect to the traditional ties that bind France and the United States, there had been periods when the populace wondered and doubted. Four months ago when I reached the theater of war it was not uncommon as French troops passed Americans, to hear shouts in French which conveyed the sally that American troops were all right for training camps, but had not felt the gaff of the front line. Then came the fights in Apremont Woods and Selcheprey and the carrying and holding of the village of Cantigny against a series of savage but futile German counter-attacks, and, the biggest and most brilliant American performance of all in stopping the drive on Paris, which molded a new public sentiment and a fervor of enthusiasm everywhere apparent. The Yanks had come and made good. Apremont Woods, Selcheprey, Cantigny and the Marne were indexes of greater American achievements.

The concentration of sufficient American forces at this critical pivot was a big feather in the cap of the American commanders. Thousands of men, ample supplies and ammunition and the impedimenta that goes with a modern army were thrown into the gap and the German tide was stemmed.

As we rode over the dusty hill at daybreak we saw hundreds of colored Moroccans in their red turbans lying exhausted along the road and under the trees. We saw French artillery and infantry leave positions that had been filled by our men during the night. And, oh! the spectacle of our fellows going in with their firm chairs, their broad backs and their fearless eyes—going into hell.

Had to Leave Quickiv.

American officers bivouacked in a schoolhouse and converted the rooms into offices where maps were unfurled and strung. The ink was still in the little wells in the pupils' desks and there were chalk examples and sentences on the blackboards. We brewed coffee and breakfast on war bread and confiture in a little white cement house where everything was in place. The owners had to leave quickly, saving only a few family effects. The quaint family clock was ticking on the mantel.

Poultry cackled in the yard and two cows nuzzled under a shelter. Couriers on motorcycles as white as if they emerged from flour barrels, dashed back and forth. More artillery rattled into place and more trucks filled with American brawn rumbled over the hill.

There was a brief period of deliberation, and, without sleep or food, our men attacked, with what success the world already knows. It was worse than going over the top. It was a case of advancing through wheat fields and woods in the face of nests of enemy machine guns.

There were no trenches or dugouts. German prisoners said that our rifle fire was so heavy and true they mistook it for machine guns.

Massing of machine guns and light artillery, pending the arrival of the guns of larger caliber, destroyed any mass play. Our men took their objectives in little crouching groups which extended into skirmish lines when foliage enabled. But, open as it was, the fighting lacked the battlefield spectacle of wars of old one sees in pictures. Even those engaged saw little of the encounter.

**Sets Example to Five Sons.** As an example to his five sons, who are still a few years short of fighting age, George Bradshaw, prosperous farmer of Imperial county, California, has enlisted in the engineers' corps. "I want my boys to realize when they are old enough to be taken into the service that their place is on the fighting line," Bradshaw said. He is thirty-eight years old.

**PLAYS THE ROLE OF LADY OF CAMELLIAS**



When the civil war broke out in 1861 there marched away from Richmond, Va., a company of young men who cast their fortunes with the North. As they left the capital of the Confederacy, a young belle in crinolines bestowed upon each of them a bouquet of camellias. The blossoms of the shrub were given as a sort of good luck token and each soldier was cautioned not to part with the flowers but to keep them always about their person. The girl was known there as the "Lady of the Camellias."

Years later, when the North and the South united in the fight against Spanish misrule in Cuba, the daughter of the first "Lady of the Camellias" gave to each soldier who left Richmond a bouquet of the flowers for good luck. Today, from the same old-fashioned camellia garden, the third representative of the family, Hepzibah E. Kendrick is bestowing sprays of the camellia to the soldiers from her native city, with the same "good luck" wish. The present "Lady of the Camellias" also presents a copy of her American battletory set to the tune of "Dixie."

**Post-\$1.50**

TWICE A WEEK ONLY ONE IN COUNTY

**RED CROSS HANDLES LETTERS TO GERMANY**

Follow Plan Which Is as Spy-Proof as Is Possible to Devise.

To prevent the possibility of valuable information getting into Germany, the American Red Cross, in sending letters behind the enemy lines at the request of persons in this country, is following carefully a plan worked out by the state department to do away with code.

Americans, Germans or others in the United States wishing to communicate with relatives in Germany must now write out their messages in Red Cross chapters throughout the country. These are sent through the division offices of the organization to national headquarters. Here they are rewritten and the wording absolutely changed to prevent the sending of any diagram or secret code. The messages are given to the censorship board and are passed or refused by them as the case may be. When they reach a neutral country, they are translated on other paper and in most cases delivered by the Red Cross of the place, to which they go. The plan is considered as spy proof as it is possible to devise.

During the last 25 years the practice has grown up that welfare inquiries and messages shall be permitted between civilians in countries which are at war with each other. The promiscuous sending of letters through organizations in neutral countries could not be permitted because of the large number of enemies in the country. To prohibit entirely the sending of messages would, for example, prevent a loyal American from finding out whether his sister, unfortunately married to a German, was alive or dead. Prohibition was in force for a time and pitiful appeals were received by the Red Cross from French, Belgians and Italians begging the society to get word for them as to whether their people in the occupied districts were still alive.

The state department presented to the Red Cross the present plan in detail and asked that the Red Cross put it into effect. As it was purely humanitarian work, the government could do no more than supervise the work.

Today the American Red Cross is sending an average of 1,300 letters a day to persons living behind the enemy lines. This work is done through Washington headquarters of the American Red Cross by the bureau of communication of which Edward M. Day is acting director.

**CITY AND COUNTRY**

Glen Newton has gone to Gobel.

Mrs. James Hanna is in Independence.

Miss Thelma Williams is visiting in Portland.

Miss Leona Hanna was here from Portland Sunday.

Mrs. W. W. Percival of Portland visited here this week.

The O. D. Butlers made a trip recently thru the Alsea regions.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Walker were here from Eugene Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. A. Nelson and daughter, Ruth were here from Albany visiting friends this week.

Fred Howard and family have moved to Silverton where Mr. Howard will work in a mill.

You will want that new piano player at Williams' Drug Co. if you go and hear it demonstrated.

Mrs. H. A. Childs and Miss Dorothy, now living in Portland, visited relatives and friends here this week.

LaVal Hewitt returned today from a week's visit in Portland.

While picking cherries Thursday morning Bert Cross fell from the tree and broke his arm just above the wrist.

Mrs. J. E. Proctor of Mosier was in Independence this week to see her new grand daughter recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Duvall.

Monday evening, the Merrimakers very completely surprised Mr. and Mrs. Dee Taylor at the George Kutch home and a very pleasant time was had.

Miss Eleanor Crowder of Union visited Mrs. Hattie Henkle today. Miss Crowder has been teaching in Corvallis but will go to Ogden, Utah, next year.

The Buena Vista Woman's Club members were delightfully entertained by Mrs. G. W. McLaughlin at her home south of Independence last Thursday night.

Mrs. Winnie Braden, Polk County Food Administrator and also County Chairman of the Woman's Council of National Defense and Miss Edna Mills, County Home Demonstrator, were here today.

Miss Helen Butler, after several months close application in the telephone office, has left the work. She is visiting friends in Silverton this week and will finish her vacation in Portland with friends.

The Cady-Thurston meetings at the Baptist church are proving very interesting to those attending. Both gentlemen are familiar with their subjects and express their opinions in a very logical manner.

L. R. Hill has been in Salem for several days this week, being restrained there on pressing business matters. Dewey is now able to walk around all day in the capital city and not get run over by a street car.

Independence will soon be represented in France by one of the fairer sex. Miss Mabel Porterfield is in New York ready to go overseas to do Red Cross work. She is an excellent nurse and will do her share towards relieving suffering humanity.

Miss Vale Hiltbrand returned Wednesday morning from an outing of several weeks spent near the Red Hills. She was in company with ten Camp Fire girls from Airlie and they spent their time loganberry picking. They report an excellent time.

Mr. and Mrs. James Martin are rejoicing over the advent of a little girl at their home in Portland this week. Mrs. Martin will be remembered as Miss Francis Patterson and is a grand daughter of Daddy Hedges. "Daddy" declares he's the only great grand daddy in Independence.

The Isis broke its Summer record for attendance tonight. The seating capacity of the theater was not sufficient to accommodate all those who desired to go over the top with Empey. Another bumper crowd is expected Sunday night when Billy Burke appears in a war story of stricken Belgium.

**Baptist Church Services**

Rev. W. B. Stewart, Associational Pastor of Baptist churches, will conduct services in the First Baptist church of Independence next Sunday morning and evening. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend.

**Methodist Church Services**

Dr. Talbot of Salem, president of the Willamette University, will preach at the Methodist church next Sunday morning. No evening service as Rev. Yarnes is absent on his vacation.

**INSTRUCTOR OF MUSIC TO WED S. P. CONDUCTOR**

Miss Mary Hoham, musical instructor at the State Normal School East to the position where she will be succeeded by C. W. Parrish, a Southern Pacific conductor who has a run between Portland and Corvallis.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Harter, Mrs. B. F. West and Mrs. Joe Miller went to Albany Saturday and returned Sunday.

F. L. Miller and Mrs. Lizzie Allen went to Albany Sunday to attend the funeral of their brother-in-law, Felix Dodele.

Chester Chambers went to Albany Sunday.

Mrs. Della Miller and children returned Thursday from Canby and Albany where they visited relatives the past two weeks.

Born on Sunday, July 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sulvin, a son.

Mrs. Wm. Moser and children visited Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Della Miller.

A. B. Senger has bought a car and has taken the Airlie mail route.

Mrs. Andy Ayers was at the store Tuesday.

Addie Graham and cousin, Sam Maxfield, returned from California the last of the week where they have been for some time.

**WIGRICH ITEMS**

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stratton moved to Salem Friday.

Earl Ferguson spent Sunday with Ernest Chown.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Chown and son, Ernest, spent Sunday in McMinnville.

Mr. and Mrs. Eston Bevins and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Turner spent Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Porterfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Hartman of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. Hartman of near Independence, relatives of Mrs. Ralph Porterfield visited her on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Porterfield, daughter Hazel and grand-daughters Nina and Helen Porterfield attended the opening of the bridge at Salem.

**Max Goldman**

Deals in

- HIDES
- PELTS
- WOOL
- FURS
- MOHAIR
- CASCARA BARK
- VEAL
- PORK
- BEEF
- POULTRY
- BUTTER
- EGGS
- FARM PRODUCE
- WOOD
- WOOD
- GROCERIES
- SHOES
- FURNISHINGS
- DRY GOODS

CASH OR TRADE

**SWOPE & SWOPE LAWYERS**

I. O. O. F. Building Independence, Oregon