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CLYDE T. ECKER, Editor.

The Germans can soon be looking over their available material for the first president of Germany.

The food administration says that all dishes are just as palatable with the amount of sugar reduced. How about gooseberry pie?

The governor's "consolidation committee" has made its report and recommends that nearly all state officials be appointed by the governor instead of being elected by the people. The people do make great mistakes frequently when it comes to choosing officers, but they will measure up most of the time with the ones that the governor would appoint for political purposes.

PERTINENT COMMENT OF THE NATION'S PRESS

CHICAGO NEWS: Occasionally a truthful man goes fishing.

BALTIMORE SUN: Some fellows think the first syllable of patriotism is spelt pay.

KANSAS CITY STAR: The crown prince is receiving fewer congratulatory telegrams from papa.

St. Louis Republic: The crown prince made little progress until he shifted his gears into reverse.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR: Who will dare during or after the war to return the rails and the wires to unlimited and private control?

WASHINGTON STAR: For the particular benefit of the all highest it is suggested that some of his spies make a surreptitious chart of St. Helena.

OHIO STATE JOURNAL: When out in society we discuss the situation from Swosson to Ronz; when in our own telegraph room, from Soizons to Reems.

KANSAS CITY TIMES: When the kaiser speaks of "my faithful" allies," he means Austria, which he is holding by the hair; Bulgaria, which he is sitting on, and Turkey, which has just made a break for the window.

JELLY, JUICES AND JAM

MY, WON'T THE GIRLS GET BADLY SUNBURNED
"Membership in the Y. W. C. A. entitles girls to become privates in the military department, the uniforms consisting of an arm band and a trench cap."

FOR THE GOOD OF THE SERVICE

A country merchant whose goods had been missent wrote to the general freight agent suggesting that he improve the service by replacing some of the bonehead employees with jackasses.

HINT TO THOSE WHO WISH TO ECONOMIZE

A Dodge City, Kansas, man has become so economical that, after washing his hands, he dries them on the kitchen curtains in order to save the towel.

A CHANCE TO SNICKER

Miss Tickle is a clerk in a Missouri bank. Now giggle.

CONNUBIAL BLISS IN TEXAS

"Did your wife vote?" the Texas man was asked. "Twice," he replied meek and lowly; "My wife went down and voted and then brought home a marked sample ballot for me, and then I went and voted."

CHEER FOR THE HOME GIRLS

(By Top Sergeant Leonard Painter.)

These reports of American soldiers marrying French girls is all twaddle. I don't know of a single man—or married man, either—who either has married a French girl or wants to, nor can I find one of the boys who would be willing to stay here after the war is over. France is a land of scenic beauty, but not of romance, and for an American there are no thrills over here except those of danger and battle.

The superb army of Japan is idle. If this was Japan's choice; if she took the position that beyond standing guard against actual attack of Germany upon the contiguous territory she did not feel willing to actively engage in the war, then there would be a valid reason for this state of things. But Japan is ready to undertake war work which she thinks ought to be done and in which judgment our allies concur.—Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express.

It is proposed to have an army of four million Americans in France by June 1 next year. If more are needed, we have 'em.

LIFE IS SAVED
BY HANDKERCHIEF

Aviator, Stranded in No Man's Land, Faces Fire of Friend and Foe.

WAVED SIGNAL TO FRENCH

By Fast Running Sergeant Baugham Reaches Comrades in Safety—Is Rewarded With Military Medal by the French.

Washington.—Flight Sergeant James H. Baugham of Washington, who was transferred from the Lafayette escadrille to the Paris Air Defense squadron, has been reported a prisoner in unofficial advices to his mother, Mrs. Mary A. Baugham, president of the Dixie Agricultural company of Washington. Sergeant Baugham joined the Lafayette escadrille in 1917 when he was eighteen years old and won the Military medal, the highest French honor to noncommissioned men.

The incident that earned the sergeant the medal was described in a letter he wrote recently. Paying tribute to the wonderful spirit of his French comrades, Sergeant Baugham said:

"We had been sent out to patrol back of the German lines and to attack anything enemy we saw. Having incendiary balls in my gun, I was prepared to attack a German 'sausage' or observatory balloon. Just as I was beginning the descent to attack, I saw a Boche airplane going in the direction of our lines to do photographic work. I put on full speed and signaled to the other planes to follow. They evidently did not see my signal, for they did not go down with me. When I got 100 meters from the Boche I started firing. The enemy replied by turning loose both guns at me. I must have got him, however, with the first blast, for when I pulled up to make another dive he was silent.

"Then something happened that would make the goodest man on earth cuss, and as I am not one of the best, you can imagine that I left little unsaid. My motor stopped absolutely dead. There was only one thing for me to do and that was to dive, lose the Boche and try to volplane to the French lines. As I went past the German machine it immediately came down and, putting some nice steel very close to him, I did all the acrobacy I had ever learned. When I had finished I found that I had come down from 10,000 to 1,000 feet and there was no Boche in sight.

Alone in No Man's Land.

"I then looked around for a place to land. I saw a fairly good place off to the right and made it. I then stepped out of the machine—right on the face of a dead German. It took me a minute to realize what was happening and I awoke to the sound of bullets whizzing past my head. That didn't disturb me much, because I was wondering why somebody hadn't buried the German. Looking around, however, all I could see was dead Germans. It suddenly dawned on me that I was in No Man's Land. Of all the places there are to land in France and Germany I had to land between the two.

"Then I realized what a predicament I was in and began to think up some way to get out of it. The thought came to me that if I was nearer the German lines than to the French, I had better get rid of those incendiary balls in my pocket, for if the Germans catch you with them you are shot at once. I climbed back into my machine to the tune of bullets and took out a load of over 300 cartridges, threw them on the ground and then removed my compass and altimeter.

"The first thing I struck was a grave, unfinished, with two of the enemy in it. I eased myself down into it, lifted up one of the Germans and put the cartridges beneath him. I started walking back to my machine. As I got near it the Boche lines started their mitrailleurs and rifles at me, and the French, unaware that I was one of them, also opened up. I had to walk 500 feet between the lines and it was no joke with all that fire concentrated in my direction. One bullet passed so close to my face that I really felt the wind. I decided that I'd have to go to one of the lines, enemy or friend, but just then I heard a machine overhead. I looked up and saw white puffs breaking out all around it.

Signaled With Handkerchief.

"On the way the fire got so hot I had to fall face down, and I didn't move for, I guess, five minutes. There being no good reason for my being shot like a dog, I yanked out my handkerchief and waved it at the French lines.

"They finally got it, after ten minutes of waving, and I saw a French officer beckoning me from a bit of woods. If there ever has been a faster 50-yard sprint I never heard of it. I ran so fast that I ran right into the officer, and very nearly knocked his revolver out of his hand. I showed him my identification card and then started cursing him for shooting at me. He had been taking potshots at me out there. He apologized, saying that he could only see my head, because his position was slightly lower than No Man's Land.

"They took me up to the divisional general, and I reported that I had seen more than 300 dead Germans and only two Frenchmen. It made him so happy that he gave me a dinner, and complimented me for being a good soldier."

DESCRIBES BRUTAL
GERMAN PRISONS

French Soldier Tells How Hungry Prisoners Fought Even Dogs Refused.

TREATED WORSE THAN BEASTS

Rendered Half Insane by Hunger Men Fight Among Themselves for Scraps of Food—Sawdust and Straw in Bread.

Bangor, Me.—In contrast with the anxiety or willingness of the German soldier to fall captive to the allies, so often manifested, is the declaration of Gaston Julian Defoldt of Woonsocket, R. I., now visiting relatives here, that he would much rather die fighting on the front line than to go through such pains and miseries as he endured in two years spent in a German prison camp. Defoldt, who is twenty-four and well educated, was visiting in France when the war came and very soon he was in the ranks. On the second day of his service at the front he was wounded in the left ear by a fragment of shrapnel and three days later he was taken prisoner.

With many other prisoners he was sent to the rear, and there they were loaded like so many cattle into freight cars and started on a seven days' ride to the prison camp at Altengrabow.

"At every way station where the train stopped," says Defoldt, "the German people gathered round and threw stones and spat in our faces. We were subjected to all sorts of insults. Many of us were wounded, yet we got no attention whatever, being given scarcely food enough to keep us alive and made to sleep on the floors of the dirty freight cars.

"When finally we found ourselves in the German prison camp conditions were worse rather than better. There were about 25,000 men at Altengrabow, all nationalities mingled. We were guarded by German soldiers who had been incapacitated for service at the front and who on account of their wounds were revengeful toward us.

Dogs Refused Prison Fare.

"It would be difficult to picture in words the awful conditions prevailing in that camp. Our diet consisted for the most part of hot water and decayed vegetables—they called it soup. Sometimes we were given herbs mixed with grass to eat. Under such treatment the strongest men soon fell sick and were scarcely able to move about. The smell of this soup often was so nauseating that men held their noses while eating it. Dogs would take one sniff at it and refuse to eat.

At times the men became so desperately hungry that they caught and ate rats and even a dog. Occasionally we were given herring broth, made by boiling whole, uncleaned herrings into a thin liquid, the heads, bones and scales of the fishes being served with the rest. One of the prisoners was operated on for appendicitis after his transfer and four herring heads were found lodged in his intestines.

"I have seen prisoners, rendered half insane by hunger, fighting among themselves for bits of food. If one's rations were stolen or taken from him by force and he complained to the guard the answer would be: 'Why, are you not all friends—allies? Surely there can be nothing to complain of.' When the neutral commission would visit the camps the prisoners would be given a short cut of frankfurter sausage and a lump of bread, so that it might appear that they were fairly well fed.

Sawdust Bread.

"This bread contained all sorts of stuff, such as potato peelings, straw and sawdust. All prisoners were made to sign papers indicating their willingness to work. If they refused to sign they were severely punished. The men supposed that they were to engage in farm work, but were sent to coal mines, salt mines and munitions factories. I refused to work in a munitions factory and was tied to a post for three hours. One group of prisoners who persistently refused to work were told that they would be shot and were placed under a special guard. At the end of 11 days, during which they momentarily expected to be executed, they were told that their lives would be spared.

"While in prison I slept on the same cot for 18 months and in all that time the straw was not changed. When I left the straw was as fine as dust and alive with vermin. After 18 months at Altengrabow I was transferred to Mersburg. After an exchange of prisoners had been effected I was taken to Constance, where I was provided with a new suit of clothes and was well fed and kindly treated for eight days before being turned over to the allies. I suppose this was done in the hope that in my new comfort and the joy at being released I might forget the past.

"In Switzerland I was taken in charge by the Red Cross and kept in the hospital there for 14 months. Had the Germans given me proper treatment for my wound I would have recovered in a few weeks; as it was, after years of neglect, dirt, semistarvation and hard work, I was in such condition when released that for a time my life was despaired of. Even now, after the best efforts of the Red Cross physicians and nurses, the left side of my face is partially paralyzed and I can see but little with my left eye."

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"IT GOT MY GOAT!"

(William Slavens McNutt in Collier's Weekly.)

"It got my goat," the ambulance driver said shakily. "I had four couches in the bus, three guys with badly fractured legs—one of 'em had a shattered hip—and a fellow that was bleeding from the mouth a little when they put him in. But he thought he'd be all right, so I came along. The three fracture cases were yelling when they were put into the ambulance, and whenever we'd go over any kind of a bump they'd scream, so I was just easing along as slow as I could go.

"I'd been crawling along like that nearly an hour when I heard a knock on the window behind me. I opened it and found the fellow who'd been bleeding from the mouth in horrible shape. 'I'm bleeding to death, buddy,' he says. 'Get me to a doctor quick.' 'The nearest doctor's Paris,' I told him. 'And if I open her up these fellows with the fractured legs—What about it, fellows?' I asked them. 'Let 'er go,' the three of them said. 'We'll get by.' So I threw her wide open and came into Paris hell bent.

"I left the fellow who was bleeding at one hospital and had to take the other three to another. After I left the fellow who'd been bleeding so bad it struck me all in a heap that all of that awful ride not one of those three fellows with the fractured legs had as much as muttered a moan. As soon as they found out I had to get in quick with this chap they shut up tight, and not a word from one of them all the way in! I cut loose and cried like a kid. That got my goat!"

FOLKS AND FOIBLES

(By Claude Callan.)

Henry Nimble liked to be with his girl in the moonlight, but he says that when a young man he never was happier and sadder than he was one day when he was with Alice late in the afternoon. They were in a very small buggy and were on the way to town from the country home of Henry's sister. As a rule Henry let one foot swing out of the buggy, but on this occasion he put both of his feet on the dashboard. Of course he would not have done this if Alice had been nothing more to him than a friend, but as they were engaged he felt that there could be nothing wrong in his taking the liberty of putting his feet on the dashboard, and he wanted them there for two reasons. In the first place he liked to slip down in the buggy so his head would be lower than Alice's. He had a notion that she liked him better when she had to look down to talk to him. Two or three times he pretended that he was asleep just to see if she wouldn't take the liberty of touching his hair with her hand, but she didn't. His other reason for keeping his feet high was so she would not lose sight of his shoes. They were his first pair of button shoes, and while they were real large he felt sure she would admire them. Henry and Alice did not know how beautiful the country was until they saw it at sundown. Every time they passed a farm home, Henry wished he owned the place and could sit on the porch every evening with Alice, and she felt that if she could sit there with him she never would care to see another human being. She would want to know that her parents were happy, but she would not want to leave that little house and Henry even to see them. When they reached Alice's home she gave Henry his hat, and after telling her he would come Friday night to take her to the party, he drove away. At the party Alice met the man who is now her husband, and a week later Henry began going with Kate.

The Independence National Bank

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