

Oregon Historical Society
Archives

THE POLK COUNTY POST

VOLUME 1

(TWICE A WEEK)

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1918.

(TWICE A WEEK)

NUMBER 42

EPIDEMIC APPEARS TO BE ABATING

The crest of the epidemic in this section has been reached and is now receding. While a few new cases have developed this week, there are no where as many as there were last week.

Again warning is given all those who have colds, "grippe" or recovering from influenza to be careful. There is no danger in any of them if handled properly and precaution is used in preventing a relapse which may result seriously.

It is thought that it will be possible to "open" the town within a few days as the epidemic has spent its force.

Dr. O. D. Butler, local health officer, is to be commended for his handling of the situation. In proportion to other sections, the death rate is very low.

A FOOLISH QUESTION

If there is so much rivalry for city offices that pay no salary, what would it be like if councilmen received five dollars per year?

IN MEMORY OF ELI FRANKLIN TICE

(Contributed)
Eli Franklin Tice was born in Marion county, Oregon, April 18, 1857. Died at his home in Independence, Oregon, on October 25, 1918, aged 61 years, five months and seven days.

He was married on March 28, 1888, to Cassella Combs, who with four children survive him. The children (Continued on Page 3.)

NOW CLOSE AT FIVE

All business houses in Independence now close at five in the afternoon, except on Saturdays which is at nine. This action is taken at the request of the Council of National Defense.

CITY ELECTION TUESDAY VOTE AT CITY HALL

The city election will be held Tuesday at the same time as the general election and the there will be the usual four polling places for the general election, there will only one place to vote in the city election and that will be at the city hall. A mayor, six councilmen and a recorder will be elected.

Much rivalry has developed between the contending forces and campaign "literature" is being distributed. Perhaps by Tuesday, the "issue" will become real warm if not red hot.

WAR DEPARTMENT REPORTS GUY DUVALL WOUNDED

D. M. Duvall has received a message from the War Department saying that his son, Guy, had been seriously wounded in France.

However, a letter has been received from the young man since the date he was reported wounded in which he stated that he had been slightly wounded in the leg but was all right.

This is a case similar to that of Roy Whiteaker reported wounded by the War Department.

DEAN WALKER TO ENTER OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL

Dean Walker will leave tomorrow for Fort Taylor, Kentucky, where he will enter the artillery officers' training school.

"Of Vital Military Value" Says the Commander-in-Chief

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON.

13 September, 1918.

My dear Mr. Fosdick:

May I convey through you as Chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, a very warm expression of the Government's appreciation of the splendid services rendered by the seven officially recognized volunteer organizations which are ministering to the troops at home and overseas? The agencies to which I refer are

- Young Men's Christian Association
- Young Women's Christian Association
- National Catholic War Council
- Jewish Welfare Board
- American Library Association
- War Camp Community Service
- Salvation Army

Our soldiers overseas are fighting the battle for democracy with a spirit and a morale unexcelled in any other army. That spirit and that morale will win the war. Through the work which these seven organizations are jointly conducting America is expressing her wholehearted support of our troops in camp and in the lines, and her anxious desire that the fine edge of their training as fighting men should be maintained. The activities of these organizations, therefore, in mobilizing the home, and the church behind the army is of vital military value and will be of the most essential value in effecting the result.

The united war work campaign of these societies is merely another indication of that unity of spirit as a nation that is making it possible for us to win the war. That spirit and the place which the work of these agencies has made for itself in the hearts of all of us gives me confidence to believe that the united campaign will be crowned with abundant success.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

The President has expressed what is in every American heart. As a nation we are united in the winning of this war. As a nation we stand behind our fighters eager and prepared to do for them whatever will hasten victory and makes the fighter's task a little lighter.

As individuals there is little we can do. As a nation we can work wonders through the seven organizations authorized and recognized by the Government.

They come to you not as Catholics, nor as Jews nor as Protestants, not as the representatives of any creed or enterprise, but as Americans to ask that you join in this great undertaking for God, and country and our fighters.

The President has voiced his belief that this spirit of unity will be "crowned with abundant success."

He believes it because he knows this campaign is "of vital military value" and he knows that you will leave nothing undone to win this war.

It rests with you. Think of this campaign as your sole responsibility. What you give will mean its success. You cannot leave this undertaking to others. It is your campaign. In France, Americans are fighting this war as if the result depended on the way each individual fights. At home, this campaign rests with you. What will you give—decide tonight—and make your share the biggest thing you ever did!

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

DEAN S. BAUGHMAN RELATES THRILLING EXPERIENCES

On Active Service with the American Expeditionary Force, Sept. 19, 1918—I was sent out on another detail and it was to the very front. I followed the front up in the last big drive. Sorry I can't tell you just where I was but never the less I have been having the experience of my life.

I have met the Boche and had a very interesting encounter with two in a dugout. I walked in thinking of course all had gone when, lo and behold, there was two still hiding. Will tell you the details later. This was on the 15th. I have a little keesake of the occasion and will bring it home if I can. I am afraid to send it for fear it would never get there.

I scratched my hand on a nail yesterday and it was all swollen and infection had started this morning when I awoke. I showed it to the Lieutenant and he sent me to town to a hospital to have it dressed. Think it will be all right soon.

I saw lots of funny things while gone this last time. One was the finding of a German beer garden. I didn't get there in time to get anything but a smell, however. I think the company is going to move up a village or so soon. The Boches are retreating so rapidly it keeps us on the go.

and could have had a good visit with him as they were camped only about one-fourth of a mile from us for two days, resting after the drive.

I think the next detail will be my trade again. Yes, I get all I want to eat and as to clothes—whenever we get a hole in anything we turn it in and get new ones. We are dressed plenty warm even to heavy socks. When we are on detail near the front we often go hungry and have to carry everything on our backs including blankets, tents, etc. On these little trips things are often not as they should be but no one complains; instead we try to make the best of everything, even to sleeping in the pouring rain in the middle of a mud or shell hole soaked to the skin. These times don't last forever, a week is the longest I have been out at any time.

We have lots of sport with one fellow, —, you will remember him as one of the boys from Oregon City. We had an air raid the other night and he jumped up half dressed and frightened nearly to death. He started up the street for the dugout and just got out in the street and Jerry, who was just missing the housetops, cut loose down the street with his machine gun. I guess lead was all around him, anyway all you could see was a white streak coming back and under the bunk it dove head first. When we pulled him out he was so excited that all he could do was to shake and stutter. The rest of us never got up. You should have seen him at the front when the "whiz bangs" (that is the Austrian 88 cen. gun) begin to land around and throw gravel. Of course, it is true that it is enough to make anyone nervous but the funny part is to get him to try to tell about it. He gets excited and all mixed up and

(Continued on Page 3.)

PEACE VERY NEAR

As soon as Germany accepts the terms of surrender as drawn by the Allied Council now in session in Paris, the great war will be over. Austria and Turkey have quit.

INDEPENDENCE SOLDIER FINDS MESSAGE IN "DUD"

Salem—How a British Tommy is helping to win the war, although a prisoner of the Huns, was revealed in a dramatic manner to Roy Williams of Independence, who is fighting on the Western front, and is described by a Salem man writing from France to his parents. The Tommy, it appears, is compelled to work in a German munitions factory.

A German "dud" which is the war term for shells that fail to explode, hurtled into the American lines and landed near a squad, one of whom was Williams. When the Yanks had made sure that the big shell was not dangerous they proceeded to take it apart. Inside this note was found:

"I am a British Tommy doing my bit. What the hell are you doing?"

ELECTION DAY APPROACHES; BUT LITTLE INTEREST

Next Tuesday is state and county election day. Voters have been very indifferent concerning the outcome until a few days ago when the battle between McNary and West for U. S. senator and Pierce and Withycombe for governor aroused some interest.

In Polk county there are contests for the offices of clerk, sheriff, judge, surveyor and commissioner. This year the political prophets are "up in the air", so to speak, and are picking no winners. From general reports, everybody has a 50-50 chance.

ALFRED SPLATLEY DIES SUDDENLY

Alfred Splatley, resident manager of the Independence Telephone Co., died at his home in this city this (Saturday) morning. The end came very suddenly and unexpectedly.

He had been ill for about a week with the prevailing epidemic, but was so much improved Friday that it was thought he would be able to resume his office work Monday.

Mr. Splatley came to Independence about two years ago when the local telephone system was purchased by Portland capitalists. He is survived by a wife.

JOHN GRANT WILL SHERIFF WITH BUT ONE DEPUTY

John M. Grant makes the statement that the duties of the sheriff are not as strenuous as once they were and if he is elected he will run the office with but one deputy, except in tax collecting time, and save to the taxpayers the salary of one deputy, there being two at the present time.

WEATHER STATISTICS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

(Salem Journal.)
October of 1918 goes into record as just an average month with the exception of the low stage of the river. The average maximum temperature was 63 and the average minimum 46. The rain fell was 2.83 inches. There was rain on 15 days in the month and the prevailing winds were from the south. The heaviest rainfall for any 24 hours was .80 of an inch on the 16th. For the first four days of the month the river was (Continued on Page 3.)



HEAR THIS CALL
from OUR HOME TOWN BOYS
OVER THERE

LETTERS from our boys in the trenches and from the women in canteen and other war work, all bring to us the same message—SEND US NEWS FROM HOME.

World news is all right, but OUR BOYS want NEWS OF THIS TOWN. They want the home newspaper. Publishers are prevented from sending their papers free to anyone, even boys in the service. Consequently a national movement has been started by Col. William Boyce Thompson of New York, who is acting as President of the Home Paper Service of America to give the boys what they are calling for. Every community is joining the movement. Let us see that our boys are not forgotten.

Send to the publisher of this newspaper whatever amount of money you can—5 cents or \$50.00. We will publish a list each week of those contributing, and the amounts contributed.

Every cent received will be used to send this paper to our boys at the front. If at the end of the war, there is any surplus, it will be turned over to the local Red Cross Committee.

There is no profit in this to the publisher—even in normal times, subscriptions are not sold at a profit. With war prices prevailing, and the high rate of postage on papers sent to France, our cost will scarcely be covered by our full subscription price.

Remember that over in France, some brave soldier or sailor from this town—perhaps even some splendid woman working within sound of the guns—is depending on you to "KEEP THE HOME LOVE KINDLED."

They are calling to YOU from "Over There"
GIVE WHAT YOU CAN

IN FLEW INFLUENZA!

(By the Rhyming Summarist.)

If your bones do ache, your muscles quake,
With a head that ice will hot it,
Better put your kimona on,
It's ten to one you've got it;
It's a full sister to the "grip";
The cough, nose run and the sneezing,
When bones do ache
And muscles quake,
It's the flu you're wheezing.

A little germ called kacoici
With tusks and big long whiskers,
Takes a taxi down the alimentary canal,
All of the tribe are riskers;
It locates in a fertile spot,
And there begins its germinating,
Then bones do ache
And muscles quake,
When the flu is squirming:

If the germs move in on Monday,
By Wednesday there's a million,
If you're not well by Friday noon,
They number several billion;
You begin to feed on wheatless pills
And drink much kickless liquor,
When bones do ache
And muscles quake,
The flu's a champion "sicker."

Once the "grip" you used to whip
With quinine and a bottle,
But you dare not do it any more,
Science is at the throttle;
Now you have to put a face mask on
And wash your hands at dinner,
When bones do ache
And muscles quake
With the flu—the sinner!

Perhaps some day we'll conquer all
And prohibit all diseases,
The docs will chase out all the bugs,
And stop our coughs and sneezes;
We'll live as long as Adam then—what!
"A message from a lady!"
"My bones do ache
And muscles quake!"
The flu's flew in on Sadie!