

Summons In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas, Harriet M. Stamos, Plaintiff, vs. Peter N. Stamos, Defendant.

Summons In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas, Beulah McCauley, Plaintiff, vs. James McCauley, Defendant.

Summons In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas, Dora Krause, Plaintiff, vs. Jack Krause, Defendant.

Summons In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas, A. E. Latourette, Trustee, Plaintiff, vs. August Erickson, Marie Erickson, J. E. Hedges and The First National Bank of Oregon City, Oregon, a corporation, Defendants.

Summons In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas, Jackson Gets Title Quiet title to property in Clackamas county was granted to C. S. Jackson, in the circuit court here Friday.

Summons In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas, William Swarthout, Plaintiff, vs. Susie Swarthout, Defendant.

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"Somewhere in France" with Arthur Guy Empey Author of "OVER THE TOP"

(Continued from Last Week)

The next morning the doctor fixed me up with coat plaster and I was installed as assistant veterinarian at \$30 for the trip. I was to sleep in "Doc" Casey's stateroom, where he had his medicine stock, but before entering the room "Doc" told me, "Take this bucket of water; put a few drops of creosote in it, and go aft on the hatch and take a good bath, and throw your underwear away."

I asked him what for. He answered: "When you take your shirt off, take a good look at it and you'll see why."

I began to feel itchy all over but minutely followed his instructions.

Upon taking my shirt off, one look was enough. It was alive, and over the rail it went. Doc loaned me a white suit and took charge of my outer clothing. What he did with them I don't know, but that afternoon he returned them to me. They were shrunk a size smaller, but were clean.

I was satisfied. So was Doc. Five days out we ran into a squall and our work was cut out for us. We even had horses on the decks in wooden stalls. The ship was lurching and pitching, and huge seas would burst over the gunwales.

Several of the wooden stalls gave way and the horses were loose on the deck. With every lurch of the ship a couple of horses would fall, and, kicking and snorting, would slide down the inclined deck, hitting against winches and the hatchway, scraping their hides off. It was worth a man's life to get into that mess.

Then I had more or less respect for the foreman and second foreman. Into the midst of that struggling and kicking bunch of horses they went, assisted by Doc Casey. Four of the horses received broken legs, and Pinero, instead of shooting them, cut their throats with a sharp dagger he carried.

One of the negroes from the lower hold staggered to the upper deck with his face blanched almost white, and his eyes popping out of his head. Between gasps he informed us that a whole section of stalls, 24 in all, had been carried away between decks, and that the horses were loose. He said three negroes in his gang were caught in this stampede.

The foreman mustered most of the men, and dividing them into three groups, in charge of himself, the second foreman and Doc Casey, they went below. I followed. An awful sight met my eyes.

The ship was lurching in a horrible manner. All I could see was, one minute a pile of kicking horses, smashed-up planks and the three negroes piled up in one corner of the compartment, and then, with a lurch of the ship, they would slide into the other. Nothing could be done by us. It was madness to attempt anything. The three negroes were dead.

That night and the following day was a perfect hell on the ship for men and horses. The ship rode through the squall, and when it became calm we all got busy. Out of the 24 horses between decks we had to shoot 17 on account of injuries. Besides the 17 3 had died from broken necks. The 4 remaining horses were still alive but hardly had a square foot of hide left. They were a pitiful sight.

The next day the three negroes were buried at sea without a word of prayer.

For the next couple of days nothing of importance happened.

About four days out of Bordeaux one of the large steam pipes in the lower hold burst. In this hold there were 64 horses. The engineer of the ship tried to repair the break, but it was almost worth a man's life to go down there in that hissing and scalding steam. The cries of the horses went straight to my heart. All we could do was to turn streams of cold salt water from three pairs of hose into the hold, thus trying to keep the heat down and save as many horses as possible.

Why the engineer did not shut off the steam I don't know. I noted this fact in my report. After about four hours the steam was shut off and the two foremen, Doc Casey and myself, followed by twelve other men, went into the hold. I will never forget the sight as long as I live. Nearly every one of the horses was dead, and those which still remained alive had to be shot. Some of them were practically boiled alive. The weather was hot, and it was not long before the rotting bodies of the horses made the stench on board unbearable. We had to get these bodies out. Long tackles were rigged up, a chain around the neck of a dead horse, and I worked the winch. The bodies were snaked along the

passageways in the hold and up to one hatch. Some of the bodies would not hold together, and it was a common sight to see a dead horse suspended in the air by his hind leg dropping suddenly into the hold below, leaving his leg hanging to the tackle.

Every horse sent to France is branded with a different brand. They have a system of indexing them. As each dead horse was snaked to the upper deck, Doc had to stoop over and make a note of the brand before the horse was thrown overboard.

As the dead horses were dropped over the side, a resounding splash could be heard and the water was churned into a foamy white as the body momentarily sank from view. Then the bloated body of the horse would reappear and disappear in the wake of the ship, the seagulls hovering and screaming around it.

The grub on that ship was awful, and a day out of Bordeaux the gang of horsemen refused to work. The foreman mustered them on the main deck, and standing on the bridge let out about twenty minutes of religion and advice in their direction. The whole gang immediately got religious and returned to their duties.

I was heartily sick and disgusted with the rest of the trip, because the stench was awful, there being about twelve dead horses that we could not get out.

Just outside of the entrance of the river leading to Bordeaux, a small, rakish boat, flying the tri-color of France, came alongside. We hoisted and up the gangplank came three French officers. They were clothed with the captain of the ship and our foreman, and after about twenty minutes, left and we continued on our course.

Going up the river in some places the banks were only about twenty feet away. We could see the French women tilling their fields. As we went by these workers stopped and waved their hands in the air to us, and we waved back. It was my first sight of France, and I was not in any way disappointed. It lived up to my expectations.

A little farther up the river we came to a large dock where ships were being loaded and unloaded cargoes, and a thrill passed through me as I saw my first batch of German prisoners at work. These were immense fellows, nearly every one being six feet or over. They were guarded by little French soldiers, averaging about five feet five inches, with a long rifle bayonet fixed. This rifle, in comparison with the Frenchman, looked like a telegraph pole. The soldiers had on the old blue overcoats, the tails buttoned back, pattern of 1871.

As we passed the German prisoners they scowled at us, and we, feeling quite safe on the deck, yelled back insults at them. One big Irishman, right near me, took great glee in jumping up and down on the hatchway and running his finger across his throat. This seemed to enrage the prisoners and they yelled something in German. The Irishman must have understood it, because he let out a volley of curses in return. The French sentries seemed to enjoy this barrage of insults and did not in any way attempt to curtail the prisoners' remarks. This, at the time, struck me as depicting a remarkable sense of fairness, and later on, during my service on the western front, I found out that the Frenchman in all his dealings is fair and just.

Pretty soon the prisoners faded out of sight and we came alongside the dock at Bordeaux. I was all eagerness and strained my eyes so as not to miss the least thing. The dock was full of French cavalrymen, hurrying to and fro. Huge Turcos, black as the ace of spades, with white turbans on their heads, were majestically striding about.

After we warped into the dock and made fast, our work was over. We had nothing to do with the unloading of the horses. The French cavalrymen came aboard with a bunch of cavalry halters hanging over their arms. It was a marvel to see with what ease and efficiency that ship was unloaded. The condition of the horses was pitiful. They could hardly bend their legs from stiffness. They would hobble down the gangplank and stand trembling on the dock. In about a minute or so they would stretch their necks way up into the air and seem to be taking long breaths of the pure air. Then they started to whinny. They were calling backward and forward to each other. Even though I did not understand horse language, I knew exactly what they were saying. They were thanking the good Lord for their deliverance from that hell ship, and were looking forward to green pastures and a good roll in the pad. Pretty soon you could see them bend their forelegs and lie down on the dock; then try to roll over. It was pitiful; some of them did not have the strength to turn over and they feebly kicked. Pretty soon the whole dock was a mass of rolling horses, the Frenchmen jumping around, gesticulating and jabbering.

After getting the horses up, they were divided into classes according to their height and weight. Then each horse was led into a ring chalked out on the dock and the army inspectors examined it. Very few were rejected. From this ring of chalk they were led into a portable stall and branded. You could hear the sing-song voice of the brander shouting out what sounded like "Battry Loo." As he yelled this, a French private would come over, get the horse which had been branded, and lead it away. I got in conversation with an interpreter and he informed me that the average life of these horses in the French army was three days, so these poor horses had only left that hell ship to go into a worse hell of bursting shells and cracking bullets.

I, after passing a rigid examination as to my nationality, and being issued a canteenman's passport, inquired my way to the prefecture of police. I shot a glance at a sealed envelope which I had received in New York. Upon opening it, he was very gracious to me and I went into a rear room, where the interpreter put me through a grilling examination. From there I was taken to a hotel, and the next morning in the company of a sergeant and a private, got into a little match-



Staggered to the Upper Deck With His Face Blanched Almost White.

his face blanched almost white, and his eyes popping out of his head. Between gasps he informed us that a whole section of stalls, 24 in all, had been carried away between decks, and that the horses were loose. He said three negroes in his gang were caught in this stampede.

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and a One Year Subscription to The Oregon Farmer for only \$1.15

Several times later I passed that sign on Greenwich street, "Horses for France, Men Wanted," and the picture of the second foreman dropping the pesty-faced doctor would loom before my eyes. I do not know to this day what became of that nery wreck of humanity, who had the temerity to tell our foreman where he got off at. I know he did not make the passage with us.

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Charles Covell was arraigned Thursday and pleaded not guilty to the charge on which he was indicted. The time of his trial will be arranged soon.

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