

Farm Machines Save in Cost of Help

The matter of help never meant more to the farmer than in this year of nineteen seventeen. With large sums at stake, both in the harvest and in the seed planted, help is scarce and expensive. Farm machines cut down the cost of production. It costs less to own machinery and use it than not to own it at all. It is expensive to do without machinery when crops are as valuable as they are at present

If You Need New Machinery This Fall now is the time to order it.

Prices are steadily increasing. Such is the demand that orders are subject to delays. If you would avoid vexation and

bother and have your machine when the crop demands it order now.

WINEGAR & LORENCE, Monmouth

and Third divisions of the Canadians had lost 40 per cent of their men in the third fight at Ypres and that 300 volunteers were wanted from each of our battalions to fill up the gaps.

"Forty per cent," said McFarland, getting up quickly. "My God, think of it! Well, I'm off to tell 'em I'll go."

I told him I was with him, and we started for headquarters, expecting to be received with applause and pointed out as heroic examples. We couldn't even get up to give in our names. The whole battalion had gone up ahead of us. They heard about it first. That was the spirit of the Canadians. It was about this time that a story went round concerning an English colonel who had been called upon to furnish volunteers from his outfit to replace casualties. He backed his regiment up against a barrack wall and said:

"Now, all who don't want to volunteer step three paces to the rear."

In our battalion sergeants and even officers offered to go as privates. McFarland and I were not accepted; our volunteers went at once, and we were re-enforced up to strength by drafts from the Fifth Canadian division, which was then forming in England.

In July, when we were being kept on the rifle ranges most of the time, all leave was stopped, and we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to go overseas. In the latter part of the month we started. We sailed from Southampton to Havre on a big transport, escorted all the way by destroyers. As we landed we got our first sight of the harvest of war. A big hospital on the quay was filled with wounded men. We had twenty-four hours in what they called a "rest camp." We slept on cobblestones in shacks which were so utterly comfortable that it would be an insult to a Kentucky Thoroughbred to call them stables. Then we were on the way to the Belgian town of Poperinghe, which is 150 miles from Havre and was at that time the rail head of the Ypres salient. We made the trip in box cars which were marked in French, "Eight horses or forty men," and we had to draw straws to decide who should lie down.

In the Front Trenches.

We got into Poperinghe at 7 a. m., and the scouts had led us into the front trenches at 2 the next morning. Our position was to the left of St. Eloi and was known as "the island," because it had no support on either flank. On the left were the Yser canal and the bluff which forms its bank. On the right were 300 yards of battered down trenches, which had been rebuilt twice and blown in again each time by the German guns. For some rea-

son, which I never quite understood, the Germans were able to drop what seemed a tolerably large proportion of the output of the Krupp works on this particular spot whenever they wanted to. Our high command had concluded that it was untenable, and so we, on one side of it, and the British, on the other, had to just keep it scouted and protect our separate flanks. Another name they had for that position was the "bird cage." That was because the first fellows who moved into it made themselves nice and comfy and put up wire nettings to prevent any one from tossing bombs in on them. Thus, when the Germans stirred up the spot with an accurate shower of "whiz bangs" and "coal boxes," the same being thirteen pounders and six inch shells, that wire netting presented a spectacle of utter inadequacy which hasn't been equaled in this war.

They called the position which we were assigned to defend "the graveyard of Canada." That was because of the fearful losses of the Canadians here in the second battle of Ypres, from April 21 to June 1, 1915, when the first gas attack in the world's history was launched by the Germans, and, although the French on the left and the British on the right fell back, the Canadians stayed where they were put.

Right here I can mention something which will give you an idea why descriptions of this war don't describe it. During the first gas attack the Canadians, choking to death and falling over each other in a fight against a new and unheard of terror in warfare, found a way—the Lord only knows who first discovered it and how he happened to do it—to stay through a gas cloud and come out alive. It isn't pretty to think of, and it's like many other things in this war which you can't even tell of in print, because the simple description would violate the nice ethics about reading matter for the public eye which have grown up in long years of peace and traditional decency. But this thing which you can't describe meant just the difference between life and death to many of the Canadians that first day of the gas.

Official orders now tell every soldier what he is to do with his handkerchief or a piece of his shirt if he is caught in a gas attack without his mask.

The nearest I can come in print to telling you what the soldier is ordered to do in this emergency is to remind you that ammonia fumes oppose chlorine gas as a neutralizing agent and that certain emanations of the body throw off ammonia fumes.

Now that I've told you how we got

from the Knickerbocker bar and other places to a situation which was just 150 yards from the entrenched front of the German army in Belgium I might as well add a couple of details about things which straightway put fear of God in our hearts. At day-break one of our Fourteenth platoon men, standing on the firing step, pushed back his trench helmet and remark-



As Dawn Broke We Made Out a Big Painted Sign Above the German Front Trench.

ed that he thought it was about time for coffee. He didn't get any. A German sharpshooter, firing the first time that day, got him under the rim of his helmet, and his career with the Canadian forces was over right there. And then, as the dawn broke, we made out a big painted sign raised above the German front trench. It read:

WELCOME,
EIGHTY-SEVENTH CANADIANS

We were a new battalion. We had been less than seventy-two hours on the continent of Europe, and the Germans were not supposed to know anything that was going on behind our lines!

We learned afterward that concealed telephones in the houses of the Belgian burgomasters of the villages of Dinkelbusch and Renninghelst, near our position, gave communication with the German headquarters opposite us. One of the duties of a detail of our

men soon after that was to stand these two burgomasters up against a wall and shoot them.

In concluding this first article I want to say frankly that any man who claims he is not afraid when for the first time he goes into that hell of fire on the western front is a liar, and I'll tell him so to his face. Later we became impervious, but that first day I prayed, and I would have bent down and prayed only my knees shook so.

The five remaining articles in this remarkable series will appear one each week. They are as follows:

No. 2.—The Bomb Raid.

The great preparations and rehearsing for this attack. Volunteers for the job taken behind the line where the German trenches are exactly reproduced. The days of preparation. Heretofore unwritten detail of modern trench raids. This article concludes with the men going out to their job.

No. 3.—"Over the Top and Give 'Em Hell."

The English Tommy's battle cry as he breaks from his trench. The bomb raid and what happened. Of sixty that started forty-six failed to return because the Germans had prepared and mined the trench. Graphic description of Sergeant McClintock's terrible experience.

No. 4.—Shifted to the Somme.

Sergeant McClintock takes part in the greatest of all battles and tells of the hell of it. The front in Belgium was really a rest sector in comparison with it," he says. The extensive preparations of the allies for open warfare afterward abandoned because of the failure of expected developments.

No. 5.—Wounded in Action.

This article describes the terrible fight, the dead and dying, the loss of a pal and the final falling of McClintock in No Man's Land. Simply told, it is one of the most remarkable descriptions of a battle by a participant ever put together.

No. 6.—Decorated For Bravery; Home and Uncle Sam.

This concluding article of the series relates in detail how England cares for the wounded. How the king and queen came to the bed of an American boy and decorated him in a London hospital for gallantry. Interesting, intimate and amusing incidents told by and of the wounded Tommies. Trying to fight for Uncle Sam.

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