

Having served as sergeant major in the United States cavalry, I tried to tell the English drill sergeants their business, but it did not work. They immediately put me as batman in their mess. Many a greasy dish of stew was accidentally spilled over them.

I would sooner fight than be a waiter, so when the order came through from headquarters calling for a draft of 250 re-enforcements for France, I volunteered.

Then we went before the M. O. (medical officer) for another physical examination. This was very brief. He asked our names and numbers and said "Fit," and we went out to fight.

We were put into troop trains and sent to Southampton, where we were detained, and had our trench rifles issued to us. Then in columns of twos we went up the gangplank of a little steamer lying alongside the dock.

At the head of the gangplank there was an old sergeant, who directed that we line ourselves along both rails of the ship. Then he ordered us to take life belts from the racks overhead and put them on. I have crossed the ocean several times and knew I was not seasick, but when I buckled on that life belt I had a sensation of sickness.

After we got out into the stream all I could think of was that there were a million German submarines with a torpedo on each, across the warhead of which was inscribed my name and address.

After five hours we came alongside a pier and disembarked. I had attained another one of my ambitions. I was "somewhere in France." We slept in the open that night on the side of the road. About six the next morning we were ordered to entrain. I looked around for the passenger coaches, but all I could see on the siding were cattle cars. We climbed into these. On the side of each car was a sign reading "Hommes 40, Cheveaux 8." When we got inside of the cars, we thought that perhaps the sign painter had reversed the order of things. After 48 hours in these trucks we detrained at Rouen. At this place we went through an intensive training for ten days.

The training consisted of the rudiments of trench warfare. Trenches had been dug, with barbed wire entanglements, bombing saps, dugouts, observation posts and machine gun emplacements. We were given a smattering of trench cooking, sanitation, bomb throwing, reconnoitering, listening posts, constructing and repairing barbed wire, "carrying in" parties,

methods used in attack and defense, wiring parties, mass formation, and the procedure for poison-gas attacks.

On the tenth day we again met our friends "Hommes 40, Cheveaux 8." Thirty-six hours more of misery, and we arrived at the town of F—.

After unloading our rations and equipment, we lined up on the road in columns of fours waiting for the order to march.

A dull rumbling could be heard. The sun was shining. I turned to the man on my left and asked, "What's the noise, Bill?" He did not know, but his

face was of a pea-green color. Jim, on my right, also did not know, but suggested that I "awsk" the sergeant.

Coming towards us was an old grizzled sergeant, properly fed up with the war, so I "awsked" him.

"Think it's going to rain, sergeant?"

He looked at me in contempt, and grunted, "'Ow's it a-goin' ter rain with the bloomin' sun a-shinin'?" I looked guilty.

"Them's the guns up the line, me lad, and you'll get enough of 'em before you gets back to Blihty."

My knees seemed to wobble, and I squeaked out a weak "Oh!"



The Author's Identification Disk.

Then we started our march up to the line in ten-kilo trucks. After the first day's march we arrived at our rest billets. In France they call them rest billets, because while in them Tommy works seven days a week and on the eighth day of the week he is given twenty-four hours "on his own."

Our billet was a spacious affair, a large barn on the left side of the road, which had one hundred entrances, ninety-nine for shells, rats, wind and rain, and the hundredth one for Tommy. I was tired out, and using my shrapnel-proof helmet (shrapnel proof until a piece of shrapnel hits it), or tin hat, for a pillow, lay down in the straw, and was soon fast asleep. I must have slept about two hours, when I awoke with a prickling sensation all over me. As I thought, the straw had worked through my uniform. I woke up the fellow lying on my left, who had been up the line before, and asked him:

"Does the straw bother you, mate? It's worked through my uniform and I can't sleep."

In a sleepy voice he answered, "That ain't straw, them's cooties."

From that time on my friends the "cooties" were constantly with me. "Cooties," or body lice, are the bane of Tommy's existence.

The aristocracy of the trenches very

seldom call them "cooties," they speak of them as fleas.

To an American flea means a small insect armed with a bayonet, who is wont to jab it into you and then hop-skip and jump to the next place to be attacked. There is an advantage in having fleas on you instead of "cooties" in that in one of his extended jumps said flea is liable to land on the fellow next to you; he has the typical energy and push of the American, while the "cootie" has the bug-like tenacity of the Englishman; he holds on and consolidates or digs in until his meal is finished.

There is no way to get rid of them permanently. No matter how often you bathe, and that is not very often, or how many times you change your underwear, your friends the "cooties" are always in evidence. The billets are infested with them, especially so if there is straw on the floor.

I have taken a bath and put on brand-new underwear; in fact, a complete change of uniform, and then turned in for the night. The next morning my shirt would be full of them. It is a common sight to see eight or ten soldiers sitting under a tree with their shirts over their knees engaging in a "shirt hunt."

Continued next week

Some Facts About "Over the Top"

In the publication of "Over the Top" which starts in this issue, the Herald prides itself that it is offering its subscribers an attraction of unusual merit. In book form, "Over the Top" has had a sale far exceeding that of any other story of the great war as yet published in this country. Two sets of presses are constantly in operation, day and night, turning out the book which sells for \$1.50 and are unable to supply the demand. The story is copyrighted and the Herald has only the privilege of publication in serial form which can neither be loaned nor sold to any one else nor can the story be printed by us in any other form than serially.

This issue of the Herald is sent to a number of citizens of South Polk county not at present on the Herald list. We ask these to look the paper over and at the same time we suggest that now is a good time for prospective subscribers to enroll. Send in 75 cents for a six months subscription or a dollar and a half for a year and do it right away so as to secure the continuation of this great story of a patriotic American. A story of daring, courage and hardships suffered, yet described with the utmost good nature. Act promptly so as not to miss any of the recital.

Death of Polk County Pioneer

Thomas Tetherow, a resident of Polk county for nearly three quarters of a century, died at his home in Independence last Saturday evening. He was eighty years of age at the time of his death and was born in Clark county Mo. His father, Solomon Tetherow, came to Oregon by the overland route in 1845 and took up a land claim in the Luckiamute valley where the family has since resided. At present the homestead is occupied by Joe Tetherow, a son of the deceased. The invalid wife also survives him and a daughter, Mrs. J. B. Hiltibrand of Independence, and there are two grand children. He is also survived by a brother, F. H. Tetherow of Falls City, and three sisters, Mrs. Lucinda Parker of Ashland, Mrs. Martha Parker of Dallas and Mrs. Rachel Johnson of Colfax, Wash.

Funeral services were held Tuesday in the Presbyterian church of Independence and burial was in the K. P. Cemetery south of Monmouth.

Local Brevities

Mrs. Boots returned this week from a three weeks visit with her daughter in Dilley.

I. M. Simpson and G. A. Peterson, prominent agriculturists of Suver were both business visitors in Monmouth Saturday.

R. P. Matheny of Airlie was in town on business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Johnson of the Luckiamute country were trading in Monmouth Tuesday.

Alvin Lloyd of Corvallis was a visitor in Monmouth Tuesday.

Amos Henton of Salt Creek was a visitor in Monmouth Saturday.

5 year old horse for sale, sound and in good condition. \$165. Inquire of A. N. Halleck.

A. L. Tallmon.

Mrs. Bascue, Independence will hold her annual opening of Millinery goods Saturday, March 9. It

Another man who has felt the call of the help problem and gone

back to nature is D. C. Walker who goes this week to Buell to take charge of a small store and post office which he has there.

The announcement that the Red Cross must be self sustaining has already borne fruit. Elkins is to hold a basket social tonight for the good of the cause and the ladies of Monmouth will serve a cafeteria dinner in the basement of the Christian church, for the benefit of the great war work and all in any way interested are urged to attend and give their patronage. Dinner from 5 to 7, P. M. Later in the evening is the meeting of the Red Cross in the high school auditorium to consider means of raising money to carry on the work locally.

The appointment of W. E. Smith to an office in the State Banking Department is a distinct promotion for that gentleman, and one well deserved. "Business first" is W. E.'s motto and his persistence and diligence will serve him well as an employee of the state. There are over 180 state banks in Oregon and one of his duties will be to help serve them in the capacity of examiner.

Barred Rock eggs for setting. \$1. W. E. Buell.

Annual opening of Spring Millinery, Saturday, March 9. Mrs. Bascue, Independence. It

C. G. Griffa reports that he now has five grandsons in the U. S. army.

The Commercial club will meet Saturday night for its annual meeting, in the City Hall. The subject of war gardens will be taken up and all interested as well as all boosters for the good of Monmouth are urged to be present.

Oak Wood has accepted a position in Wahsington, D. C. as a clerk in the Quartermaster General's office. He started for Washington, Wednesday, and takes a round-about way intending to stop off for a visit with his brother Ivan at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. His orders are to report in Washington on the 16.

Notice

This is to give notice that Walker & Sons store is now Walker Bros. store and all persons indebted to the former will please call and settle at once. Walker & Sons.

For United States Senator



R. N. Stanfield.

R. N. STANFIELD

Farmer, Stockraiser and Business man

A man who does things. Who has accomplished something. Who knows how to work and get results.

Who knows Oregon's needs, requirements and resources.

Who has the experience, knowledge and business understanding.

Whose Republicanism is unquestioned and whose ability has been proven.

(Paid Advertisement by Stanfield Committee, Stanfield, Oregon)

Artistic Printing Work

Our man at the case has an eye for the beautiful and symmetrical in type.



Let us fix up your letterhead, your billhead, your business card.

SAMPLES OF ARTISTIC PRINTING MAY BE SEEN AT OUR OFFICE.

Sale of Thrift Stamps in Polk County

Total Polk County Quota	\$321,160
Total Stamps sold to date	221,96
Balance of quota to be sold	298,963
Sales by districts for week	
Airlie	\$325.90
Dallas	2528.26
Falls City	379.00
Monmouth	308.20
Rickreall	18.75
Ballston	41.30
Black Rock	18.88
Broadmead	4.13
Buell	.50
Buena Vista	89.47
Independence	253.47
Mc Coy	202.40
Parker	24.51
Perrydale	61.95
Suver	192.502

Annual Opening
Spring Millinery
Saturday
March 9
Mrs. M. Cornelius

MONMOUTH HIGHWAYS

Vol. II Monmouth, Ore., Friday, March 8, 1918 No. 19

Written and Edited by Students of Monmouth High School

Thursday evening, March 7 was the regular meeting of the Athena Society, and after the business session, the following program was rendered:

Mandolin and Violin Duet—Miss Fishwood and Beth Ostrom;

Hawaiian Dance—Imogene Richards and Fannie Steinberg;

Girls' Quartet—Grace Graham, Zeta Smith, Beth Ostrom, Jessie Webber;

Reading—Velma Johnson;

Reading—Mary Rice.

Saturday evening, March 2, the girls' basket ball team went to Dallas and defeated the Dallas girls, with a score of 12 to 2.

At the last student body meeting the president was authorized to appoint a committee to investigate the proposition of fixing up the tennis court.

It is hoped that committee will have a favorable report to make.

The president of the student body has appointed a committee to make a new High School song. Those on the committee are: Mr. Tavenner, Imogene Richards, and Carn Smith.

Willie and Neta Harvey are absent this week on account of one member of their family having the

scarlet fever.

Monmouth, Oregon, Mar. 7, 1918. To the Boys of M. H. S.

As there was such a loyal bunch of boys at the Basket Ball Game at Dallas, the girls wish to thank them for the amount of school spirit they showed. "That's Right Boys, Get into the Game", "Back Your Team". We notice that when there is to be a boys' game of Basket Ball, no matter if it be of minor importance, we always go through with the same speech from the boys, "Come out and back your team", "How do you expect them to win without the support of the students? Don't let a dime look like a mountain. Get into the Game" and a few other such phrases are constantly ringing in our ears.

After this the girls suggest to the boys that if they will kindly practice what they preach it will be a great deal better for all parties concerned.

So now if you are any backer at all, see what you boys can do about this "TENNIS COURT" which the girls want and which the boys would too if they were not all dead or asleep. (Signed)

THE GIRLS OF M. H. S.