

tap signal to rush the German trench. Three taps had gotten about halfway down the line when suddenly about ten to twenty German star shells were fired all along the trench and landed in the barbed wire in rear of us, turning night into day and silhouetting us against the wall of light made by the flares. In the glaring light we were confronted by the following unpleasant scene.

All along the German trench, at about three-foot intervals, stood a big Prussian guardsman with his rifle at the aim, and then we found out why we had not been challenged when the man sneezed and the barbed wire had been improperly cut. About three feet in front of the trench they had constructed a single fence of barbed wire and we knew our chances were one thousand to one of returning alive. We could not rush their trench on account of this second defense. Then in front of me the challenge, "Halt," given in English rang out, and one of the finest things I have ever heard on the western front took place.

From the middle of our line some Tommy answered the challenge with, "Aw, go to h—l." It must have been the man who had sneezed or who had improperly cut the barbed wire; he wanted to show Fritz that he could die game. Then came the volley. Machine guns were turned loose and several bombs were thrown in our rear. The Boche in front of me was looking down his sight. This fellow might have, under ordinary circumstances, been handsome, but when I viewed him from the front of his rifle he had the goblins of childhood imagination relegated to the shade.

Then came a flash in front of me, the flare of his rifle—and my head seemed to burst. A bullet had hit me on the left side of my face about half an inch from my eye, smashing the cheek bones. I put my hand to my face and fell forward, biting the ground and kicking my feet. I thought I was dying, but, do you know, my past life did not unfold before me the way it does in novels.

The blood was streaming down my tunic, and the pain was awful. When I came to I said to myself, "Emp, old boy, you belong in Jersey City, and you'd better get back there as quickly as possible."

The bullets were cracking overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Before reaching this lane I came to a limp form which seemed like a bag of oats hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. My fingers sank into the hole. I pulled my hand back full of blood and brains, then I went crazy with fear and horror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so; a bullet caught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if someone had punched me in the back, and

men my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all the fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it towards the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

By the flare of the explosion of the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backwards, while his rifle flew into the air. Another one wilted and fell forward across the sandbags—then blackness.

Realizing what a foolhardy and risky thing I had done, I was again seized with a horrible fear. I dragged myself to my feet and ran madly down the lane through the barbed wire, stumbling over cut wires, tearing my uniform, and lacerating my hands and legs. Just as I was about to reach No Man's Land again, that same voice seemed to say, "Turn around." I did so, when, "crack," another bullet caught me, this time in the left shoulder about one-half inch away from the other wound. Then it was taps for me. The lights went out.

When I came to I was crouching in a hole in No Man's Land. This shell hole was about three feet deep, so that it brought my head a few inches below the level of the ground. How I reached this hole I will never know. German "typewriters" were traversing back and forth in No Man's Land, the bullets biting the edge of my shell hole and throwing dirt all over me.

Continued next week

Items of Interest

The members of the Normal Orchestra who played last year, please attend a rehearsal next Monday at 8 p. m. in the chapel.

Mr. John Claire Montieth will take part in the summer school concert next Thursday at the Normal. His programs here have always been greatly appreciated and his numbers this time are well chosen and will give a great deal of pleasure. Plan to be there.

I. H. Wilson and family of Tillamook were business visitors in Monmouth Thursday.

Tickets on sale at noon, Monday, at Morlans for "Lady of Shalott" 25 cents and 35 cents. All Come.

Emmett Chase of Pedee recently sustained a broken shoulder bone by falling from a load of hay.

Mrs. Margaret E. Weikal died in Falls City July 4. She was born in Pennsylvania in 1840.

Lewis Burlingame, of the Dallas region, former student of the Normal, visited with friends in Monmouth during the past week.

The "Lady of Shalott" will be sung by the Summer school Glee Club next Thursday at 8.30 p. m. in the Chapel.

The annual Chautauqua is the attraction in Dallas this week, starting Wednesday evening and continuing until Wednesday of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chesebro are entertaining relatives from Portland this week.

The Warehouse people have put in a concrete bin for the handling of bulk wheat and have been installing the power this week.

The track between Monmouth and the old swimming hole near Independence has been kept warm during the past few weeks by local youths carrying towels and bathing suits.

Mrs. J. Dornsife of Independence has received information that her son, Dean Baughman has arrived safely in France.

Dr. R. C. Virgil, of Dallas, Osteopathic Physician, has made arrangements to be in Monmouth Tuesday and Friday afternoons of each week, beginning Tuesday July 23rd. Any one desiring his services will please make appointments with Dr. Butler.

Super Red Cross has elected the following officers: Mrs. Minnie Fetzer, chairman; Mrs. Tressia Conger, vice-chairman; Miss Grethen Steele, secretary; Fred Stump, treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Halleck returned Wednesday from a two weeks visit with relatives in Banks and report a whale of a time. Mr. Halleck observes that fall grain to the north of us looks good but that spring grain is light and will not mature a crop in most places.

A. Tedrow was in from the Luckiamute Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Stine returned last week from a visit with relatives in St. Helens. She has a grandson in that city who just entered the army. She says that money is abundant in that portion of Oregon and the people very prosperous due to the ship building carried on there. While she was in St. Helens there was a twenty-four hour rain along that portion of the Columbia.

Mrs. E. T. Evans was a visitor in Dallas Thursday.

Percy and Claud Lewis of Lewisville were local visitors Thursday.

Walter Brown took a flyer over to Salem in his flivver Wednesday.

Mr. Moffitt was here from Corvallis Wednesday seeking wheat for a Corvallis mill.

We note that Dr. Wisecarver is in the dental business in Klamath Falls.

F. S. Crowley, county superintendent of schools is spending his vacation helping in the harvest fields of Eastern Oregon.

Mrs. T. J. Edwards has been appointed an active member in the Civilian Relief Service which is one of the activities of the Red Cross Society. Mrs. Edwards has had practical nursing experience and takes solicitous interest in this particular work which deals for the most part with family and domestic problems growing out of war enlistment of family wage earners.

T. J. Edwards is now the possessor of a Neverslip tractor, made by the Monarch Company. The tractor which works on the caterpillar plan, was demonstrated before a large crowd of interested farmers on the road south of town Monday.

The dry weather and high value of the new crop has made farmers apprehensive as to the safety of the grain now about to be threshed and fire insurance on the crop is general. During the past week or two Agent Chesebro has done a rushing business in this line.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Mulkey and daughter Miss Naomi returned this week from their month's outing at Belknap Springs and report a fine time. Monmouth citizens are preparing to enjoy home baking once more. As the old saw says, we never miss the baker until he goes on a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Edwards had company from Salem Sunday consisting of his mother, Mrs. Emily Edwards, a nephew, Arthur Edwards and family and Mr. Kendrick of Pennsylvania.

Ed Rogers and family have been taking the air this week in a fine new Overland car.

Evangelical Church Notes

Sunday, July 21, At 11 Subject: "The Growing Christ." This will be the last of a series of sermons on "The Name."

At 8 "What Think ye of Christ?" In this discourse we expect to show that we may be very good men or very bad men regardless of what we think of President Wilson, or any other man; but that our moral condition before God depends upon what we practically think of Jesus Christ. Sunday School at 10. Y. P.A. at 7:15.

BLUE?

COME! COME!

"Cheer Up"

O. N. S. CHAPEL

CANTEEN BENEFIT

July 19, 1918 8:30 P. M.

Admission 10 and 20 Cents

The Cause

One of the important phases of Overseas Service behind the Lines is the maintenance of Canteens for the comfort and cheer of the soldiers. This work is carried on by the Y. M. C. A. through its War Work Council which carefully selects women of maturity, courage, resourcefulness, experience and executive ability—who have no relatives in the Army, Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. service either in this country or abroad. Though the work is performed without salary the War Work Council will pay if necessary, transportation and maintenance, provided the worker furnishes five hundred dollars for equipment and emergency expenses.

Miss Myra Butler, for six years Head of the Department of Home Economics in the Oregon Normal School, has been encouraged through correspondence with the War Council, to apply for Canteen Work. Her personality, capability and experience are such as to ably qualify her for service and in consequence her friends in Monmouth and her former students in the Normal School are enthusiastically engaged in showing their appreciation of her years of service among them and their interest in Canteen Work by raising the five hundred dollars required of each Canteen Worker.

The Students of the Summer Session are making a contribution to the Cause by appropriating the proceeds of their "Cheer Up" entertainment to the Myra Butler, Canteen Fund.

(Should Miss Butler not go to France the money raised by the entertainment will be transferred to the Red Cross Fund of the Normal Auxiliary.)

The Program

- "Melody Land" - Solo - Marjory Holman
Chorus: Margaret Peattie, Edrie La Bare, Gertrude Littlejohn, Adaline Brookhart, Clem McKinney, Lydia Huddleston
- "Jeanne d'Arc" - The Maid - Miss Foster
- Reading - Beth Perry
- "Cycle of Life"
Past: Lillian Peterson, Maybelle Pilkington, Ilda Hayes, Hazel Brewer, Vera Hudon, Faye Tillotson
Present: Margaret Peattie, Lulu Bell Hayes, Gertrude Littlejohn, Adaline Brookhart, Clem McKinney, Lydia Huddleston
Future: Elda Baxter, Elvira Swanson, Marybelle Wagner, Claire Melvin, Florence Cameron, Ethel Ackerson
- "My Sailor Lad" from Operetta "Sylvia" Solo Vera Tipton
- Dance
- "Are We Protected?"

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