

The Forest Grove Express

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W. C. Benfer, Editor and Publisher.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1918



"I am sorry that you do not wear a flag every day and I can only ask you if you lose the physical emblem to be sure that you wear it IN YOUR HEART; the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world."—President Wilson.



NOTES AND COMMENTS

If the three-cornered scrap between President Wilson, Secretary of War Baker and Senator Chamberlain results in better and more rapid preparedness to subdue the Huns, good and well, but if this scrap delays the bigger scrap, in which we are all interested, then let the guilty trouble-makers beware. The people will have their inning later—at the polls.

The county auditor of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, complains that he can find but \$680,000,000 of John D. Rockefeller's wealth and states that he is positive the oil magnate is holding out some of his property. He points out that John D. paid but \$10,000 in taxes in Cuyahoga county in four years. What the Express would like to know is how anybody ever induced Bro. Rockefeller to pay the \$10,000.

Ben W. Olcott, secretary of state, has issued an announcement to the effect that he is a candidate for the republican nomination for governor of Oregon. He announces that he is too busy earning his salary to make a personal campaign for votes, but will appreciate the support of all his friends. He promises to resign his present position as soon as elected, so Governor Withycombe can appoint the new secretary of state.

Isn't it strange that the Portland Oregonian, for once, has words of commendation for Senator Chamberlain, democrat? Can it be this champion Camouflager desires to see the democrats in the cabinet get so deeply involved in a scrap that they will cease war preparations and allow the boys in the trenches to go without blankets, beds and bullets? Don't seem possible, does it? But very strange things are done in the name of partisanship, sometimes.

MISTER SCHWAB SEES A LIGHT

Chas. M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, last week told a crowd of rich men, gathered at a banquet in New York city, that "the time is near when the men of the working class—the men without property—will control the destinies of the world." Continuing, this far-seeing captain of industry said:

"I am not one to turn over carelessly my belongings for the uplift of the nation, but I am one who has come to believe that the worker will rule, and the sooner we realize this the better it will be for our country and the world at large. In these times of war we of America should not criticize the actions of our President and our Nation. We are behind him and we are behind the Nation. When I say "we" I mean the steel men of the United States. Within the next 18 months we will have more tonnage on the ocean than all the nations of the world."

Truly, the war is changing the attitude of men and women toward each other.

Nicholas Romanoff, czar of Russia, has been deposed by his former subjects and sent to Siber-

ia, where he has sent thousands of the brightest men and women of his empire for holding political views not to his liking; Private Fontleroy Fitz Maurice, the petted son of the Boston con-fish aristocrat, is meekly taking orders from Captain James Casey, son of Mike Casey, a section boss; society butterflies, who have never before done a useful day's work, are working side by side in Red Cross and other patriotic service with girls who inherited factory positions from their mothers; the banker and the hod-carrier are tramping together from house to house to enlist the people in Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Liberty Bond service, and now comes Chas. M. Schwab, a great captain of industry, who has never before shown any tender feelings for the workers, and says the day is near when the workers will control the destinies of nations.

History is being made rapidly these days and the United States federal government has taken long steps toward a more equal distribution of the burdens of war and of government in general. In fact, so paternal has our government become that even the socialists have little complaint to make. And now with Charley Schwab telling his colleagues that they may soon be called upon to cease running the nation, it looks as though the world-war had brought the day of the toiler coming into their own nearer in three short years than all the oratory turned loose on the desert air has done in the past forty years. The working people of Russia had a fine opportunity to come into their own, but they spoiled it, at least temporarily, by not being unanimous in what they wanted and they are now engaged in killing each other off. Let us hope that if the day ever comes when the workers take control of America they will have profited by the mistakes of the Russian workers, to the end that they will not destroy each other.

STRAINING AT A GNAT

Anent the suggestion that the churches be closed to save fuel, the Michigan Christian Advocate says: "We have not heard of the authorities asking the saloons to close. We did hear something about their closing an hour earlier. The saloons are open sixteen or eighteen hours per day for six days while the churches are open a few hours in the week. Yet fuel administrators see the salvation of the fuel situation in closing the churches, but for some reason have overlooked the saloons and the breweries. By all means close the churches, but close the saloons first. Don't stop the forces of salvation and let the forces of damnation run full blast."

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Caught in His Own Trap

(Continued from Page One)


After dinner they had some cigars with the old man, and finally the old man said it would be a good thing to send a squad of men as soon as possible while the snow was on the ground as the men would find it easy to find them at home. So the major called the sergeant major and had a detail of 18 men and four days' rations issued to each trooper, and ordered me to be ready to start to Centerville, via Pinewood Factory, and to Centerville and Yellow Creek.

I was to make the Pinewood Factory, which was about forty miles distant, the first day. We had a hard day before us, as the snow was about 15 inches deep and very cold for Tennessee. We saw but very few men on the road as they were all housed up. We landed at Pinewood just as the sun was setting. The foreman of the factory rushed out where I dismounted my troop and informed me that was private property and he could not permit me to camp on the premises. I soon informed him that we camped at any place that suited our taste. I said I would destroy nothing but wood, and use a little hay for our horses. We sat up all night, as it was intensely cold and our blankets were very light for such cold weather. In the morning we mounted and were on the road at five o'clock. The day was bright, not a cloud in sight, but a sharp breeze was blowing from the west. We halted the troop at noon and made some coffee and fried some bacon, and a few hard-tack made the meal. We traveled along a high, barren country, very thinly settled.

When we were getting pretty close to Centerville, a government horse buyer with our troop, whose feet got very cold, asked me to let a soldier ride ahead of the troop with him as his feet were almost frozen. They would stop at the first house to get warm. So they dashed off at a gallop and we traveled along slowly as the snow was soft and balled up on the horses' feet. When we got in sight of the house where we expected to find the men, I dashed ahead of the troop and when I reached the house a man met me at his front gate. He informed me that my men were captured by Captain McNarry, a bushwhacker from Nashville. I asked the name of the house his name. He replied it was Dr. Bovell. The doctor said "Listen, and you can hear their feet as they make a dash around the hill in the direction of the town." I commanded my troop to forward at a gallop and as I was mounted on a very fleet-footed animal, I followed the captain and his men and the two prisoners. When I came to the river I saw the captain and the prisoners just getting out of the water. As I didn't know the ford I plunged my horse in and soon struck swimming water and my horse swam a few rods; but I landed and up the bank I went. When I reached the top of the bank I caught a glimpse of the captain and by the time we reached the town I was getting very close to him and the prisoners. I fired on them and killed the horse the government agent was riding and the horse fell on the agent's foot. I did not have time to stop, however, and we soon came to a lane and I got another shot and crippled the horse my trooper was riding, so I had a straight run after the captain and his man. I was soon close up to them, and when we came to the brush they both jumped from their horses and I captured them. My men soon came up and we returned to the hotel. The captain had a brand new rebel uniform strapped to his saddle that just fit the writer, so I should guess that he was a tall and slim man as his coat and pants just fit your writer fine.

When we returned to Centerville after the chase, I ordered a dinner for the troop and had the horses fed. In swimming the river I got my boots full of water, so I soon found the fire and emptied the water from my boots and was drying my socks when dinner was announced. I told the troop to go into the dining room and eat their dinners, the cook, who was a big coon, came to the sitting room and said my dinner was ready. When I was seated at the table the coon came up by my side and said, "Captain, you came powerfully nigh being killed." I just remarked that I did not see anybody to kill me and he stated that the rebels had a trap set for me and if I had gone 200 yards further on the road I would have been captured. He said that he had been baking bread for Col. James H. Polk and Captain Thos. Webster. I told him not to say a word more as I did not

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want my troops to know anything as regards the trap they had set for us. As soon as I finished my meal I went to the livery stable and ordered a horse saddled and bridled and then I arrested the cook and we were soon all mounted and I just told the people in the house that it was too cold to scout and that I would return to camp at Charlotteville, and we were soon off.

We crossed the river and went about two miles from town and recrossed the river again, as the river was as crooked as a horseshoe. We went back in the hills about five miles and camped at a farm house and killed and roasted a pig and borrowed some eggs from the farmer's wife. We got up at 1 o'clock in the morning and ate our breakfast. With the coon for a guide, we struck out for the head of Yellow Creek, where the cook told me that Col. Polk and Thos. Webster and his men would camp. We struck Yellow Creek valley just before daylight, and by the time the sun was up we had captured eighteen officers and men. We just dashed down the valley and surrounded every house. We let one man get away. His name was Petway and he had just been married to a beautiful young lady, said to be the handsomest woman in the county. His house was on a bad place to surround and just as I turned the corner he jumped out on the snow barefooted and with nothing on but his shirt and drawers. I was not afraid of him as I really thought he would return. I went into his house and asked his wife how she liked married life. She said she did not know, as she had only tried married life two days.

Just as we were returning up the valley we had a man come in front of our command. I halted him as he had on a rebel uniform and I thought he was a soldier. He laughed and said, "You don't want me; I am foolish and have fits," and he almost made me believe that he was foolish. When we started on our return trip my sergeant said "Well, what will we do with this man?" "Bring him along," was my reply "and if he has a fit, shoot him and bring his horse." He had no fits and turned out to be a very fine and highly educated man.

We were soon on the return, as we were a long ways from our headquarters, and each one of my men had a prisoner. We traveled all day without anything to eat, except the meal we ate at midnight. At 9 o'clock that night we stopped at a farm house and I had a supper cooked for the troop and the prisoners. We left at 12 o'clock and arrived at Pinewood Factory at 2 o'clock, where we stopped and built a big fire and slept until 6 in the morning. Then we made the trip to camp with 18 prisoners, 18 horses, saddles and bridles.

When we reached camp, Major John Kirwan came out to see the recruits.

He remarked that I had a fine lot of recruits and Col. Polk said, "Recruits hell! We are Confederate soldiers." The next morning I took the prisoners to Nashville, Tennessee, and turned them over to Andrew Johnson, the military governor of Tennessee. The governor was well acquainted with Col. James Polk and asked him how he liked to be a prisoner. Polk said he did not mind being a prisoner, but being captured by a d—boy, without a beard on his face, was disgusting to him. Governor Johnson replied "This boy is the great-grandnephew of General John Savier."

I will just add to this story that I captured Col. Polk's negro boy, Julius Polk, and he stayed with me and cooked for me until the close of the Civil war.

Col. J. H. Polk and Thos. Webster are both from Columbia, Tennessee. Col. Polk had a very fine gold watch when I captured him. He took it from his pocket and said, "That is something I appreciate very highly, as it was presented to me by my mother while I was on a visit to England. You can read what she inscribed on the watch." So I told the colonel if he found anyone that he could send the watch home with, I would let him do so, and as we returned through Chase Valley, he met an old woman by the name of Chase and I returned the watch to the colonel and he sent it to his mother.

Now if any man knowing of the circumstances should read this article, I would like very much to hear from him. I understand that Col. James H. Polk lives in Fort Worth, Texas, Cap. Thos. Webster, the last I heard of him, lived in Columbia, Tennessee. I would be pleased to hear from either Johnnie, Reb, or Yank.

GEO. W. PETERS,
Captain Co. A., 17th Tenn. Cav.,
Civil War.
Forest Grove, Oregon.

A patriotic meeting will be held in the Assembly room of the public school in Dilley, Feb. 8, at 2 p. m. A joint program will be given by the pupils of the school and Riverside Grange. Mrs. Jennie Kemp, from the Food Administration Bureau, in Portland, will be the speaker. Mrs. Kemp comes highly recommended by Mr. W. K. Newell. All are cordially invited to attend. Lecturer.

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