#### The Times-Herald

JULIAN BYRD

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1918

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Entered at the Post Office at Burns, Oregon, as Second Class Matter,



FRANK TRISKA GOES "OVER THE TOP"

(Continued from page one)

slipped for it only went a few yards from me, you bet I hit the ground quick. Then she went off. Nobody was hurt, but as I got up to give him a piece of my mind "Look out there's a Boche trying to get you through the bushes. Sure enough a Hun had sneaked up while we were arguing about the grenade and would have given me a taste of German lead but Staton's warning was just in time. I dropped and the boy behind me dropped dead shot through the head. That was the only man we lost in taking the nest. The man that fired at us and killed the boy, I found lying just where he was shooting from. He was dead.

I have a Lugar pistol taken from the Heutenant, and a convenir from the place which will sometime decorate my den. Then I have a pan of fine German Binoculars for you.

I can look back now and see the oppoturnity I had to get a lot of souveners but then everything was different. A good many people will say if they had a chance like mine they would get all kinds of things. Well its one thing to talk souvenirs and another to fight on the front line and connect them too.

I will leave here Monday, then my letters will not be so numerous as there will be duties to perform. Frank W. Triska,

Co. H. 363 U. S. Inf., 91 Di. American Exp. Forces.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Services at 11:00 o'clock. Subicet of Lesson-Semon next Sunday The Testimonial Meeting. Wednes-

day at 7:30 P. M. The reading room in the church Edifice, is open on Tuesday and Friday from 2 to 4 P. M.

Sunday School meets on Sunday at

10 o'clock. Pupils may be admitted to its

classes up to the age of 20 years. The public is cordially invited to the Church Sevices and to the Read-

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When it was suggested to the amer that he should abdicate his response was, "I will not abandon my screiy tried people." The German other condition or disaster.



## When the Engine Stalls on Dead Man's Curve!

HEY climb aboard their loaded truck at sundown, fifteen miles behind the lines. They rumble through the winding streets, out on the white road that leads to Germany!

The man at the wheel used to be a broker in Philadelphia. Beside him sits an accountant from Chicago. A newspaper man from the Pacific Coast is the third. Now they all wear the uniform of one of these organizations.

The road sweeps round a village and on a tree is nailed a sign: "Attention! L'Ennemi Vous Voit! The Enemy Sees You!"

They glance far up ahead and there, suspended in the evening light, they see a Hun balloon.

"Say, we can see him plain tonight!" murmurs the accountant from Chicago.

'And don't forget," replies the Philadelphia broker, "that he can see us just as plain."

The packing cases creak and groan, the truck plods on-straight toward that hanging menace.

They reach another village-where heaps of stone stand under crump walls.

Then up they go, through the strange silence broken only when a great projectile inscribes its arc of sound far overhead.

They reach a turn. They take it. They face a heavy incline. For half a mile it stretches and they know the Germans have the range of every inch of it. The mountain over there is where the big Boches' guns are fired. This incline is their target.

The three men on the truck bring up their gas masks to the alert, settle their steel helmets closer on their heads.

At first the camion holds its speed, Then it slackens off. The driver grabs his gear-shift, kicks out his clutch. The engine heaves-and heaves-and stalls!

"Quick! Spin it!" calls the driver. The California journalist has jumped. He tugs at the big crank.

"Wh-r-r-r-r-r-room!"

The shell breaks fifty yards behind. Another digs a hole beside the road just on ahead.

And then the engine comes to life, It crunches, groans and answers. Slowly, with maddening lack of haste, it rumbles on.

"Wh-r-r-oom!" That one was close behind. The fragments of the shell are rattling on the truck.

Now shells are falling, further back along the road. And the driver feels the summit as his wheels begin to pick up speed.

Straight down a village street in which the buildings are only skeletons of buildings. He wheels into the courtyard of a great shell-torn chateau.

"Well, you made it again I see!" says a smiling face under a tin hat-a face that used to look out over a congregation in Rochester.

"Yep!" says the driver glancing at his watch. "And we came up Dead Man's Curve in less than three minutes -including one stall!"

Later that night two American boys, fresh from the trenches bordering that shattered town, stumble up the stairs of the chateau, into a sandbagged room where the Rochester minister has his canteen.

"Get any supplies tonight?" they ask. "You bet I did!" is the answer, "What will you have?"

"What's those? Canned peaches? Gimme some. Package of American cigarettes-let's see-an' a cake of chocolate—an' some of them cookies!"

"Gosh!" says the other youngster when his wants are filled. "What would we do without you?"

You hear that up and down the front, a dozen times a night-"What would we do without them?'

Men and women in these organizations are risking their lives tonight to carry up supplies to the soldiers. Trucks and camionettes are creeping up as close as any transportation is permitted.

From there these people are carrying up to the gun-nests, through woods, across open fields, into the trenches. The boys are being served wherever they go. Things to eat, things to read, things to smoke, are being carried up everywhere along the line.

With new troops pouring into France, new supplies must be sent, more men and women by the hundreds must be enlisted. They are ready to give everything. Will you give your dollars to help them help our men?

verse," says the New York Times. The relief is 6114 inches in height by 28 in width and is beautifully carved from a greenish black stone in high relief. The figure, standing erect, is impressive and the serious face gives the idea of the thought power for which Vishnu stands, the balancing force between the contending powers of good and evil. There is a wonderful amount of finely carved detail in the ornamentation of the figure and the sort of compy under which it stands. At the foot of two pillars on either side are two smaller figures, and in the upper part of the relief are tiny figures who represent the ten avatars of Vishnu. The figure comes from a temple in Kikkeri, in the Mysore district of southern India, which was erected in 1171, and the sculpture is supposed to date back to the last quar- gate is your neighbor's. If you are ter of the twelfth century. It was removed to England in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Fine Work of Arc in New York.

of America gams nothing else from the war she will at least have a Most important in the accessions of greatly increased knowledge of Eupothe Metropolitan Museum of Art Is a pean geography. In fact, she will delightful relief sculpture of Vishnu. The Preserver, the Pillar of the Uni- assist in making the new map of Europe.

The kaiser suggests that he is quite willing to be president of a German republic. "Nobody asked you, sir," she said, may be Germany's point of view.

Wild and unfounded reports linking the spread of influenza with German machinations are widely circulated. Our enriment would be Tennyson's "When did not rumors fly?-Let rumors be."

Car-ing r-ay a gate on Holloween is a delightful and exquisite joke if t p. r fourteen years old and the y year old and the gate is yours it assumes a different aspect.

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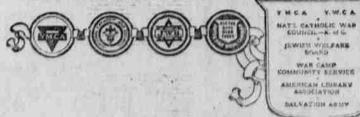
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