



When the Engine Stalls on Dead Man's Curve!

They 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 newspaperman from the Pacific Coast is the third. Now they all wear the uniform of one of these organizations.

The road sweeps around a village and on a tree is nailed a sign: "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 crumpled 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 Boches' big 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-room!" 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 the sand-bagged 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 o' chocolate—an' some o' 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?

MRS. C. F. JOHNSON VICTIM OF SPANISH INFLUENZA

Mother of Seven Children First in Beaverton to Succumb to Malady Which is Scourging the Country.

Last Friday night the Spanish influenza claimed its first victim in Beaverton when Mrs. Winifred A. Johnson, wife of C. F. Johnson and mother of seven children, succumbed to complications following an attack of the dread disease which has ravaged the country.

The funeral services were held at the W. E. Pegg chapel Sunday, the Reverend W. L. Upshaw, officiating and only the immediate members of the family present. The interment was in Crescent Grove cemetery Monday afternoon.

Winifred A. Harvey was born in Bancroft, Nebraska, August 25, 1887, and at the time of her death was 31 years, 2 months and 7 days of age. She was married to C. F. Johnson in Portland 13 years ago and after living in Yamhill County 18 months, returned to Portland and three years ago came to Beaverton where they have since lived. She was a member of the Woodlawn Christian Church, having united with that faith when a child.

She leaves to mourn her early death, her husband and seven children, the oldest 11 years and the youngest a babe of 11 months, her mother, Mrs. Clara Harvey of Portland, two sisters, Mrs. Arverd Thomas of Portland and Mrs. Hansen of Colorado, and two brothers, Howard Harvey of Portland and Lawrence Harvey in the army service at Fort Stevens.

Tuesday morning prior to her death an operation was performed on her throat and a tube inserted to facilitate her breathing. Friday morning the tube was removed and she rallied, but soon succumbed to the affection of the bronchial tubes and a weakening of the heart.

Card of Thanks.

I desire to express my heartfelt thanks to the many kind and sympathetic friends who aided and sympathized with us during the illness and death of our beloved wife and mother.

C. F. JOHNSON and Family.

Bone Works Out Six Years

After Accident Breaks It.

A. C. Schoonover experienced a peculiar relief from the results of an old accident Monday when a piece of bone about the size of a dime worked out of a sore on his hip. It was away back on the 15th, of July 1912, that a logging accident smashed his pelvic bones and left a running abscess on his hip that has been a handicap to him ever since.

Monday the abscess seemed to become clogged and Mr. Schoonover sought relief from the pain by attempting to open it again. As a result of his efforts, a piece of bone, evidently a sliver from the broken pelvic bones, came out of the abscess on the fleshy part of his hip, fully four inches from the former injury. His injury has improved greatly since this occurrence.

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

