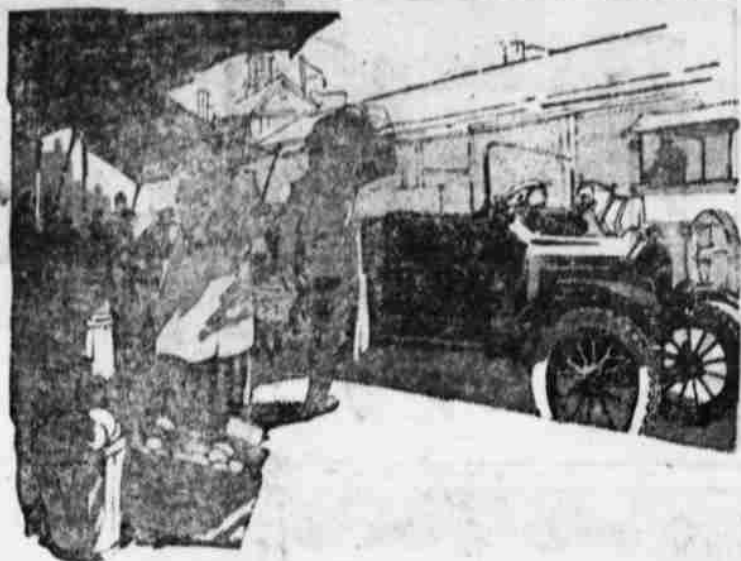




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National necessity has put a new responsibility on every motorist.

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Our responsibility goes hand in hand with yours.

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There is a United States Tire for every car—passenger or commercial—and every condition of motoring.

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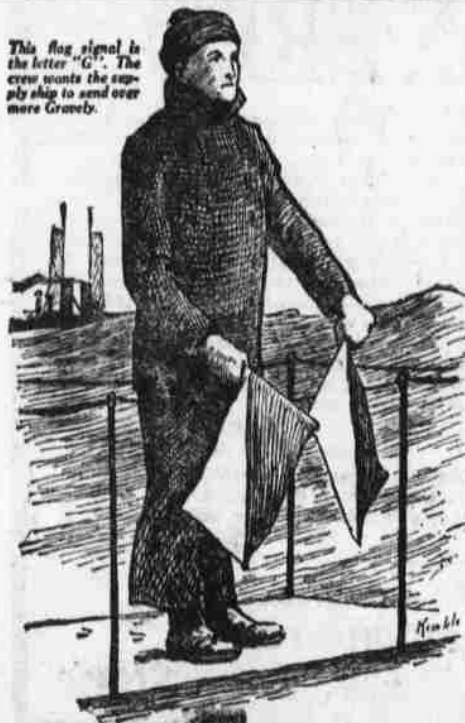
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Lone Rock, Oregon

Manufacturers of all kinds of rough and dressed lumber and mouldings  
An up-to-date mill. Newly improved

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### Uncle Sam will Hand Him Real GRAVELY Chewing Plug in a Pouch from You

The U. S. Mails will reach any man in Uncle Sam's Service. When you send him tobacco, let it be good tobacco—tobacco worth sending all that long way—the flat, compressed plug of Real Gravely.

Give any man a chew of Real Gravely Plug, and he will tell you that's the kind to send. Send the best! Ordinary plug is false economy. It costs less per week to chew Real Gravely, because a small chew of it lasts a long while.

If you smoke a pipe, slice Gravely with your knife and add a little to your smoking tobacco. It will give flavor—improve your smoke.

SEND YOUR FRIEND IN THE U. S. SERVICE  
A POUCH OF GRAVELY

Dealers all around here carry it in 10c. pouches. A 3c. stamp will put it into his hands in any Training Camp or Support of the U. S. A. Even "over there" a 3c. stamp will take it to him. Your dealer will supply envelope and give you official directions how to address it.

P. B. GRAVELY TOBACCO COMPANY, Danville, Va.

The Patent Pouch keeps it Fresh and Clean and Good  
—It is not Real Gravely without this Protection Seal  
Established 1831

### OVER THE TOP

By Arthur Guy Empey, an American soldier  
From page 2

"Lloyd, you are going to a new company. No one knows you. Your bed will be as you make it, so for God's sake, brace up and be a man. I think you have the stuff in you, my boy, so good-by and the best of luck to you."

The next day the battalion took over their part of the trenches. It happened to be a very quiet day. The artillery behind the lines was still, except for an occasional shell sent over to let the Germans know the gunners were not asleep.

In the darkness, in single file, the company slowly wended their way down the communication trench to the front line. No one noticed Lloyd's white and drawn face.

After they had relieved the company in the trenches, Lloyd, with two of the old company men, was put on guard in one of the traverses. Not a shot was fired from the German lines, and no one paid any attention to him crouched on the firing step.

On the first time in, a new recruit is not required to stand with his head "over the top." He only "sits it out," while the older men keep watch.

At about ten o'clock, all of a sudden, he thought hell had broken loose, and crouched and shivered up against the parapet. Shells started bursting, as he imagined, right in their trench, when in fact they were landing about a hundred yards in rear of them, in the second line.

One of the older men on guard, turning to his mate, said:

"There goes Fritz with those d—d trench mortars again. It's about time our artillery 'taped' them, and sent over a few. Well, I'll be d—d, where's that blighter of a draft man gone to? There's his rifle leaning against the parapet. He must have legged it. Just keep your eye peeled, Dick, while I report it to the sergeant. I wonder if the fool knows he can be shot for such tricks as leavin' his post?"

Lloyd had gone. When the trench mortars opened up, a maddening terror seized him and he wanted to run, to get away from that horrible din, anywhere to safety. So quietly sneaking around the traverse, he came to the entrance of a communication trench, and ran madly and blindly down it, running into traverses, stumbling into muddy holes, and falling full length over trench grids.

Groping blindly, with his arms stretched out in front of him, he at last came out of the trench into the village, or what used to be a village, before the German artillery razed it.

Mixed with his fear, he had a peculiar sort of cunning, which whispered to him to avoid all sentries, because if they saw him he would be sent back to that awful destruction in the front line, and perhaps be killed or maimed. The thought made him shudder, the cold sweat coming out in beads on his face.

On his left, in the darkness, he could make out the shadowy forms of trees; crawling on his hands and knees, stopping and crouching with fear at each shell-burst, he finally reached an old orchard and cowered at the base of a shot-scarred apple tree.

He remained there all night, listening to the sound of the guns and ever praying, praying that his useless life would be spared.

As dawn began to break, he could discern little dark objects protruding from the ground all about him. Curiosity mastered his fear and he crawled to one of the objects, and there, in the uncertain light, he read on a little wooden cross:

"Pte. H. S. Wheaton, No. 1070, 1st London Regt. R. F. Killed in action, April 25, 1916. R. I. P." (Rest in Peace).

When it dawned on him that he had been hiding all night in a cemetery his reason seemed to leave him, and a mad desire to be free from it all made him rush madly away, falling over little wooden crosses, smashing some and trampling others under his feet.

In his flight he came to an old French dugout, half caved in and partially filled with slimy and filthy water.

Like a fox being chased by the hounds, he ducked into this hole, and threw himself on a pile of old empty sandbags, wet and mildewed. Then—unconsciousness.

On the next day, he came to far distant voices sounded in his ears. Opening his eyes, in the entrance of the dugout he saw a corporal and two

men with fixed bayonets.

The corporal was addressing him: "Get up, you white-livered blighter! Curse you and the day you ever joined D company, spoiling their fine record! It'll be you up against the wall, and a good job too. Get hold of him, men, and if he makes a break, give him the bayonet, and send it home, the cowardly sneak. Come on, you, move, we've been looking for you long enough."

Lloyd, trembling and weakened by his long fast, tottered out, assisted by a soldier on each side of him.

They took him before the captain, but could get nothing out of him but:

"For God's sake, sir, don't have me shot, don't have me shot!"

The captain, utterly disgusted with him, sent him under escort to division headquarters for trial by court-martial, charged with desertion under fire. They shoot deserters in France.

During his trial, Lloyd sat as one dazed, and could put nothing forward in his defense, only an occasional "Don't have me shot!"

His sentence was passed: "To be shot at 8:38 o'clock in the morning of May 18, 1916." This meant that he had only one more day to live.

He did not realize the awfulness of his sentence; his brain seemed paralyzed. He knew nothing of his trip, under guard, in a motor lorry to the sandbagged guardroom in the village, where he was dumped on the floor and left, while a sentry with a fixed bayonet paced up and down in front of the entrance.

Bully beef, water and biscuits were left beside him for his supper.

The sentry, seeing that he ate nothing, came inside and shook him by the shoulder, saying in a kind voice:

"Cheero, laddie, better eat something. You'll feel better. Don't give up hope. You'll be pardoned before

Continued on page 4



Have you some-  
thing for sale or  
trade? Have you  
lost anything?

If you want plants for planting we have them at the Heights Greenhouse, Hood River, Oregon. Geraniums, \$1.00 to \$1.50 per dozen, heliotrope, lobelia, and coleus, each \$1.00 per dozen; pansies, 50c per dozen; fuchsias, 10c each, by dozen, \$1.00; salvia, \$1.00 per dozen. Cut flowers: Carnations and roses, \$1.00 per dozen; asters, 50c per dozen, zinnias 75c per dozen. Tomato plants, 25c per dozen, and cabbage plants, 15c per dozen.

HEIGHTS GREENHOUSE,  
10d13 Hood River, Ore.

### A GOOD PLACE TO EAT

G. P. Giles has re-opened the Condon Restaurant on lower Main street and assures his patrons courteous treatment and good, clean food. Give him a trial.

### FOR SALE:

Two milch cows. See H. H. Fletcher, Condon. 9d12

### NOTICE:

After Monday, May 20, all laundry parcels will be C. O. D. All laundry will be raised 20 per cent. 9tf

### SACKS ARE LOWER

Grain sacks are going down. I can sell them for 28¢ cents in Condon. Place your order now. A. B. Robertson

### FOR SALE:

1917 model Deering harvester in first-class running order. Call or address J. Z. Weimar, Clem, Oregon. 8tf

### WOOD FOR SALE:

I will sell 16-inch wood at my place in Lost Valley for \$4 per cord. This wood is full 16 inches and will be sold only for cash. See J. J. HETZLER. 1tf

### LOST:

Brown mare weight about 1300 pounds branded JB (connected) on left shoulder. Suitable reward for her recovery. A. B. Smith, Hotel Oregon, Condon. 6tf

### STRAYED:

One grey mare, branded NH (connected) on right shoulder. Has roached mane. Suitable reward offered for information leading to her recovery. Notify Ned Howland, Olex, Oregon. 6tf

### FOR SALE:

6 good fresh milch cows from 3 to 5 years old. Apply Doc Brown, Condon. 8pd12

# ? SACK OR BULK

WHICH WILL IT BE

Are you going to sack or bulk your grain? We can supply you with sacks at 28 1-2 cents, with a nine cent differential making your sack cost you about 8 1-2 cents net.

If you are going to bulk your grain, prepare now. We have a good supply of grain bin material on hand.

Buy a thrift stamp today.

**..ARLINGTON LUMBER CO..**

Hot Water Heat in Every Room

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Clean Rooms—Best Meals—Home Cooking—in Condon, Oregon

**H. H. WILBURN**  
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IN EVERY WAY

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