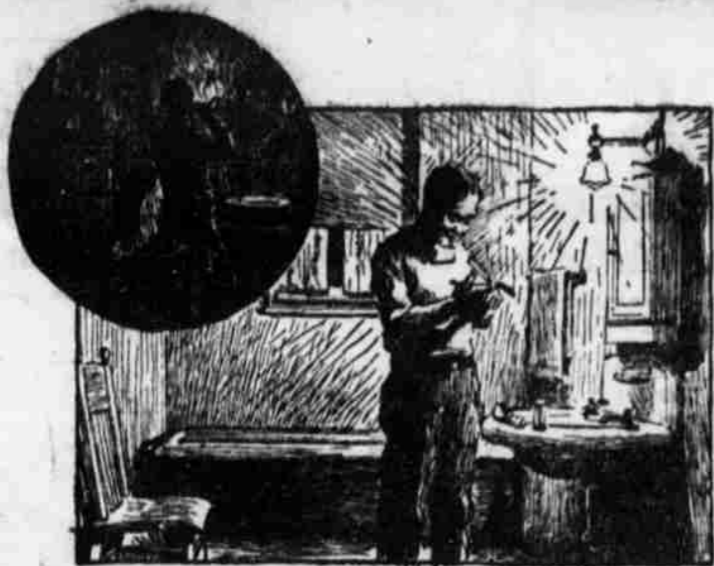


LALLEY-LIGHT

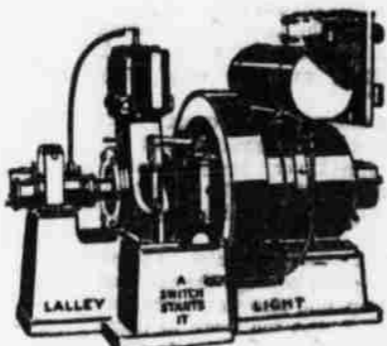
ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER FOR EVERY FARM



Running Water Is Another Lalley-Light Convenience

Better Light at Lower Cost

Lalley-Light actually costs less than poorer light. It costs less because of the time it saves and the labor it saves. It costs less because it gives better light for after-night work. Because it makes the home more cheerful. Because its electric power runs the churn, and the separator, and the women can do other needful tasks. Because it enables you to have running water in house and barn. Consider Lalley-Light as an economy, and you will not be wrong—as owners' testimonials show. Call for the book of these letters, and for a free demonstration.



Plant is 27 inches long, 14 inches wide, 21 inches high

A. B. ROBERTSON, LOCAL AGENT CONDON, OREGON

Keep Faith With Your Boy "Over There"

When your boy was so little that all the world was a foreign country to him, he trusted you to take care of him. You sent him to school and to play and on your little errands, and with implicit faith he did your bidding.

Now we have sent your boy or your neighbor's boy out into a foreign land, into terrors that he cannot even know—and his faith has not faltered. He knows we will do our part if he does his.

Pledge yourself to buy War Savings Stamps on or before

JUNE 28th

NATIONAL WAR SAVING DAY

Saving to help our sons is not to be called by the ugly name of duty or sacrifice. It is a blessed privilege.

Are we keeping the faith? Are we scrimping and saving and giving to help our boys do this thing that humanity has asked of them, and to help them come back to us sane and whole? Are we doing not only our bit, but all we can?

The Government wants to know how much you expect to invest in War Savings Stamps

This space is contributed

OVER THE TOP

By Arthur Guy Empey, an American soldier
From page 2

prisoner wants to argue the point, why just place the large loop around his neck and no matter if Tommy wishes to return to his trenches at the walk, trot, or gallop, Fritz is perfectly agreeable to maintain Tommy's rate of speed.

We were ordered to black our faces and hands. For this reason; At night, the English and Germans use what they call star shells, a sort of rocket affair. They are fired from a large pistol about twenty inches long, which is held over the sandbag parapet of the trench, and discharged into the air. These star shells attain a height of about sixty feet, and a range of from fifty to seventy-five yards. When they hit the ground they explode, throwing out a strong calcium light which lights up the ground in a circle of a radius of between ten to fifteen yards. They also have a parachute star shell which, after reaching a height of about sixty feet, explodes. A parachute unfolds and slowly floats to the ground, lighting up a large circle in No Man's Land. The official name of the star shell is a "Very-light." Very-lights are used to prevent night surprise attacks on the trenches. If a star shell falls in front of you, or between you and the German lines, you are safe from detection, as the enemy cannot see you through the bright curtain of light. But if it falls behind you and, as Tommy says, "you get in the star shell zone," then the fun begins; you have to lie flat on your stomach and remain absolutely motionless until the light of the shell dies out. This takes anywhere from forty to seventy seconds. If you haven't time to fall to the ground you must remain absolutely still in whatever position you were in when the light exploded; it is advisable not to breathe, as Fritz has an eye like an eagle when he thinks you are knocking at his door. When a star shell is burning in Tommy's rear he can hold his breath for a week.

You blacken your face and hands so that the light from the star shells will not reflect on your pale face. In a trench raid there is quite sufficient reason for your face to be pale. If you don't believe me, try it just once.

Then another reason for blackening your face and hands is that, after you have entered the German trench at night, "white face" means Germans, "black face" English. Coming around a traverse you see a white face in front of you. With a prayer and wishing Fritz "the best o' luck," you introduce him to your "persuader" or knuckle knife.

A little later we arrived at the communication trench named Whisky street, which led to the fire trench at the point we were to go over the top and out in front.

In our rear were four stretcher bearers and a corporal of the R. A. M. C. carrying a pouch containing medicines and first-aid appliances. Kind of a grim reminder to us that our expedition was not going to be exactly a picnic. The order of things was reversed. In civilian life the doctors generally come first, with the undertakers tagging in the rear and then the insurance man, but in our case, the undertakers were leading, with the doctors trailing behind, minus the insurance adjuster.

The presence of the R. A. M. C. men did not seem to disturb the raiders, because many a joke made in an undertone, was passed along the winding column, as to who would be first to take a ride on one of the stretchers. This was generally followed by a wish that, if you were to be the one, the wound would be a "cushy Blighty one."

The stretcher bearers, no doubt, hoping that, if they did have to carry anyone to the rear, he would be small and light. Perhaps they looked at me when wishing, because I could feel an uncomfortable, boring sensation between my shoulder blades. They got their wish all right.

Going up this trench, about every sixty yards or so we would pass a lonely sentry, who in a whisper would wish us "the best o' luck, mates." We would blind at him under our breaths; that Jonah phrase to us sounded very ominous.

Without any casualties the minstrel troop arrived at Suicide ditch, the front-line trench. Previously, a wiring party of the Royal Engineers had cut a lane through our barbed wire to enable us to get out into No Man's Land.

Crawling through this lane, our party of twenty took up an extended-order formation about one yard apart. We had a tap code arranged for our movements while in No Man's Land, because for various reasons it is not safe to carry on a heated conversation a few yards in front of Fritz' lines. The officer was on the right of the line, while I was on the extreme left. Two taps from the right would be passed down the line until I received them, then I would send back one tap. The officer, in receiving this one tap, would know that his order had gone down the whole line, had been understood, and that the party was ready to obey the two-tap signal. Two taps meant that we were to crawl forward slowly—and believe me, very slowly—for five yards, and then halt to await further instructions. Three taps meant, when you arrived within striking distance of the German trench, rush it and inflict as many casualties as possible, secure a couple of prisoners, and then back to your own lines with the speed clutch open. Four taps meant, "I have gotten you into a position from which it is impossible for me to extricate you, so you are on your own."

After getting Tommy into a mess on the western front he is generally told that he is "on his own." This means,

"Save your skin in any way possible." Tommy loves to be "on his own" behind the lines, but not during a trench raid.

The star shells from the German lines were falling in front of us, therefore we were safe. After about twenty minutes we entered the star shell zone. A star shell from the German lines fell about five yards in the rear and to the right of me; we hugged the ground and held our breath until it burned out. The smoke from the star shell traveled along the ground and crossed over the middle of our line. Some Tommy sneezed. The smoke had gotten up his nose. We crouched on the ground, cursing the offender under our breath, and waited the volley that generally ensues when the Germans have heard a noise in No Man's Land. Nothing happened. We received two taps and crawled forward slowly for five yards; no doubt the officer believed what Old Pepper had said, "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." By being careful and remaining motionless when the star shells fell behind us, we reached the German barbed wire without mishap. Then the fun began. I was scared stiff as it is ticklish work cutting your way through wire when about thirty feet in front of you there is a line of Boches looking out into No Man's Land with their rifles lying across the parapet, straining every sense to see or hear what is going on in No Man's Land; because at night, Fritz never knows when a bomb with his name and number on it will come hurtling through the air aimed in the direction of Berlin. The man on the right, one man in the center and myself on the extreme left were equipped with wire cutters. These are insulated with soft rubber not because the German wires are charged with electricity, but to prevent the cutters rubbing against the barbed wire stakes, which are of iron, and making a noise which may warn the inmates of the trench that someone is getting fresh in their front yard. There is only one way to cut a barbed wire without noise and through costly experience Tommy has become an expert in doing this. You must grasp the wire about two inches from the stake in your right hand and cut between the stake and your hand.

If you cut a wire improperly, a loud twang will ring out on the night air like the snapping of a banjo string. Perhaps this noise can be heard only for fifty or seventy-five yards, but in Tommy's mind it makes a loud noise in Berlin.

We had cut a lane about halfway through the wire when, down the center of our line, twang! went an improperly cut wire. We crouched down,



Receiving First Aid.

cursing under our breath, trembling all over, our knees lacerated from the strands of the cut barbed wire on the ground, waiting for a challenge and the inevitable volley of rifle fire. Nothing happened. I suppose the fellow who cut the barbed wire improperly was the one who had sneezed about half an hour previously. What we wished him would never make his new year a happy one.

The officer, in my opinion, at the noise of the wire should have given the four-tap signal, which meant, "On your own, get back to your trenches as quickly as possible," but again he must have relied on the spiel that Old Pepper had given us in the dugout, "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." Anyway, we got careless, but not so careless that we sang patriotic songs or made any unnecessary noise.

During the intervals of falling star shells we carried on with our wire cutting until at last we succeeded in getting through the German barbed wire. At this point we were only ten feet from the German trenches. If we were discovered, we were like rats in a trap. Our way was cut off unless we ran along the wire to the narrow lane we had cut through. With our hearts in our mouths we waited for the three-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.

Continued on next page

Notice for Publication

013809
Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Ore.
May 27, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Jerome C. Hughes, of Clem, Oregon, who, on August 27th, 1914, made Homestead Entry, No. 013809, for SE1-4, Section 23, Township 2, South, Range 20, East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. N. Laughrige, Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Condon, Oregon, on the 24th day of July, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: L. D. Patten, Elmer Lowe, Charles P. Gardner and Henry Wilkins all of Clem, Oregon.

H. Frank Woodcock
Register

Notice for Publication

013928
014125
Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at
The Dalles, Oregon.
April 24th, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that James S. Smith, of Condon, Oregon, who, on October 9th, 1914, made H. E. 013928 and December 19, 1914, made Additional Entry, No. 014125, for Lots 1, 2, S1-2 NE 1-4, N 1-2 SE 1-4, SE 1-4 SE 1-4, Sec. 1, NE 1-4 NE 1-4, Section 12, Township 2, South, Range 19, East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. N. Laughrige, Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Condon, Oregon, on the 22nd day of June, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. S. Burres, of Condon, Oregon. William Underwood, of Condon, Oregon. A. B. Robertson, of Condon, Oregon. Earl Smith, of Condon, Oregon.

H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.

Got your chautauqua ticket?

WANTED:

Gasoline engine, 1 1/2 or 2 horsepower. See C. W. Harris, Condon. 13114

Endymion Lodge No. 66
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Meets Tuesday Evening
In Castle Hall
CONDON, OREGON
Rank of Esquire
next Tuesday night
J. C. Sturgill, K., R. and S.

O. K. SHOP

UP-TO-DATE
TONSORIAL
PARLORS

Randall & Seale
PROPRIETORS

1st Door N. First National Bank

Chas. H. Horner

ABSTRACTER

Abstracts of Title to
Gilliam County Lands

Office in Court House

County Treasurer's Notice

All outstanding warrants drawn on the General Road Fund of Gilliam County, Oregon, up to and including No. A 1091, will be paid upon presentation. Interest ceases March 15, 1918.

W. A. GRAVES,
County Treasurer

City Treasurer's Notice

All outstanding city warrants up to and including No. 1310 Class "C" will be paid upon presentation at my office. Interest ceases May 20, 1918.

Myrtle Ferguson,
City Treasurer

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME

Parties wanting trees, shrubs, vines or anything in that line for spring planting should make arrangements for them now by seeing F. W. Burns.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. It is vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than home insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from the well designed Typhoid Vaccine, THE CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL. PREPARED BY CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL.