

Wheat Prices

The following is the Food Administration Grain Corporation buying basis for wheat harvested in 1919 for No. 1 grade in accordance with the Federal Grain Standards delivered in store at approved elevators and warehouses at Portland and Astoria:

Dark Hard Winter	\$2.22
Hard Winter	2.20
Yellow Hard Winter	2.18
Dark Northern Spring	2.22
Northern Spring	2.20
Red Spring	2.15
Red Winter	2.20
Red Walls	2.13
Hard White	2.20
Soft White	2.18
White Club	2.16

No. 2 wheat will be bought by the Grain Corporation at 3c under No. 1; No. 3 wheat at 7c under No. 1. Mixed wheat and wheat grading lower than No. 3 will be bought by sample at its value.

The above prices are for bulk wheat. A premium of 9c per bushel will be paid for sacked wheat basis good order sacks.

A. B. ROBERTSON
Condon, Oregon

Consignments solicited. I am prepared to grade wheat according to the new Federal standards. Bring in your samples and have them tested. Will be glad to furnish any information as to above grades and prices at any time. Correspondence invited and will be promptly attended to.

"Outwitting the Hun"

By Pat O'Brien

From page 2

chines crashed to earth almost simultaneously. It was an even break—two of theirs and two of ours. The others apparently returned to their respective lines.

The wound in my mouth made it impossible for me to speak, but by means of a pencil and paper I requested one of the German officers to find out for me who the English officers were who had been shot down.

A little later he returned and handed me a photograph taken from the body of one of the victims. It was a picture of Paul Raney of Toronto, and myself, taken together! Poor Raney! He was the best friend I had and one of the best and gamest men who ever fought in France.

It was he, I learned long after, who, when I was reported missing, had checked over all my belongings and sent them back to England with a signed memorandum—which is now in my possession. Poor fellow, he little realized then that but a day or two later he would be engaged in his last heroic battle with me a helpless on-looker!

The same German officer who brought me the photograph also drew a map for me of the exact spot where Raney was buried in Flanders. I guarded it carefully all through my subsequent adventures and finally turned it over to his father and mother when I visited them in Toronto to perform the hardest and saddest duty I have ever been called upon to execute—to confirm to them in person the tidings of poor Paul's death.

The other British pilot who fell was also from my squadron and a man I knew well—Lieutenant Keith of Australia. I had given him a picture of myself only a few hours before I started on my own disastrous flight. He was one of the star pilots of our squadron and had been in many a desperate battle before, but this time the odds were too great for him. He put up a wonderful fight and he gave as much as he took.

The next two days passed without incident and I was then taken to the intelligence department of the German flying corps, which was located about an hour from the hospital. There I was kept two days, during which time they put a thousand and one questions to me. While I was there I turned over to them the message I had written in the hospital and asked them to have one of their flyers drop it on our side of the line.

They asked me where I would like to have it dropped, thinking perhaps I would give my airdrome away, but when I smiled and shook my head, they did not insist upon an answer.

"I'll drop it over —," declared one of them, naming my airdrome, which revealed to me that their flying corps is as efficient as other branches of the service in the matter of obtaining valuable information.

And right here I want to say that the more I came to know of the enemy, the more keenly I realized what a difficult task we're going to have to lick him. In all my subsequent experiences, the fact that there is a heap of fight left in the Hun is still a thoroughly brought home to me. We shall win the war eventually, if we don't slow up too soon, in the mistaken idea that the Huns are ready to lie down.

The flying officers who questioned me were extremely anxious to find out all they could about the part America is going to play in the war, but they evidently came to the conclusion that America hadn't taken me very deeply into her confidence, judging from the information they got, or failed to get, from me.

At any rate, they gave me up as a bad job, and I was ordered to the officers' prison at Courtrai, Belgium.

CHAPTER V.

The Prison Camp at Courtrai.

From the intelligence department I was conveyed to the officers' prison camp at Courtrai in an automobile. It was about an hour's ride. My escort was one of the most famous flyers in the world, barring none. He was later killed in action, but I was told by an English airman who witnessed his last combat, that he fought a game battle and died a hero's death.

The prison, which had evidently been a civil prison of some kind before the war, was located right in the heart of Courtrai. The first building we approached was large and in front of the archway, which formed the main entrance, was a sentry box. Here we were challenged by the sentry, who knocked on the door; the guard turned the key in the lock and I was admitted. We passed through the archway and directly into a courtyard, on which faced all of the prison buildings, the windows, of course, being heavily barred. After I had given my pedigree—my name, age, address, etc.—I was shown to a cell with bars on the windows overlooking this courtyard. I was promptly told that at night we were to occupy these rooms, but I had already surveyed the surroundings, taken account of the number of guards and the locked door outside, and concluded that my chances of getting away from some other place could be no worse than in that particular cell.

As I had no hat, my helmet being the only thing I had worn over the lines, I was compelled either to go bareheaded or wear the red cap of the Bavarian whom I had shot down on that memorable day. It can be imagined how I looked attired in a British uniform and a bright red cap. Wherever I was taken my outfit aroused considerable curiosity among the Belgians and German soldiers.

When I arrived at prison that day I still wore this cap, and as I was taken into the courtyard, my overcoat covering my uniform, all that the British officers, who happened to be sunning themselves in the courtyard, could see was the red cap. They afterwards told me they wondered who the "bug Hun" was with the bandage on his mouth. This cap I managed to keep with me, but was never allowed to wear it on the walks we took. I either went bareheaded or borrowed a cap from some other prisoner.

At certain hours each day the prisoners were allowed to mingle in the courtyard, and on the first occasion of this kind I found that there were 11 officers imprisoned there besides myself.

They had here interpreters who could speak all languages. One of them was a mere boy who had been born in Jersey City, N. J., and had spent all his life in America until the beginning of 1914. Then he moved with his folks to Germany, and when he became of military age the Huns forced him into the army. I think if the truth were known he would much rather have been fighting for America than against her.

I found that most of the prisoners remained at Courtrai only two or three days. From there they were invariably taken to prisons in the interior of Germany.

Whether it was because I was an American or because I was a flyer, I don't know, but this rule was not followed in my case. I remained there two weeks.

During this period Courtrai was constantly bombed by our airmen. Not a single day or night passed without one or more air raids. In the two weeks I was there I counted 21 of them. The town suffered a great deal of damage. Evidently our people were aware that the Germans had a lot of troops concentrated in this town and besides the headquarters staff was stationed there. The kaiser himself visited Courtrai while I was in the prison, I was told by one of the interpreters, but he didn't call on me, and for obvious reasons I couldn't call on him.

The courtyard was not a very popular place during air raids. Several times when our airmen raided that section in the day time I went out and watched the machines and the shrapnel bursting all around; but the Germans did not crowd out there, for their own antiaircraft guns were hammering away to keep our planes as high in the sky as possible, and shells were likely to fall in the prison yard any moment. Of course I watched these battles at my own risk. Many nights from my prison window I watched with peculiar interest the air raids carried on, and it was a wonderful sight with the German searchlights playing on the sky, the "flaming on-lions" fired high and the burst of the antiaircraft guns, but rather an uncomfortable sensation when I realized that perhaps the very next minute a bomb might be dropped on the building in which I was a prisoner. But perhaps all of this was better than no excitement at all, for prison life soon became very monotonous.

One of the hardest things I had to endure throughout the two weeks I spent there was the sight of the Hun machines flying over Courtrai, knowing that perhaps I never would have another chance to fly, and I used to sit by the hour watching the German machines maneuvering over the prison, as they had an airdrome not far away and every afternoon the students—or I took them for students because their flying was very poor—appeared over the town. One certain Hun seemed to find particular satisfaction in flying right down over the prison nightly, for my special discomfort and benefit, it seemed, as if he knew an airman imprisoned there was vainly longing to try his wings again over their lines. But I used to console myself by saying: "Never mind, old boy, there was never a bird whose wings could not be clipped if they get him just right, and your turn will come some day."

One night there was an exceptionally heavy air raid going on. A number of German officers came into my room, and they all seemed very much frightened. I jokingly remarked that it would be fine if our airmen hit the old prison—the percentage would be very satisfactory—one English officer and about ten German ones. They didn't seem to appreciate the joke, however, and, indeed, they were apparently too much alarmed at what was going on overhead to laugh even at their own jokes. Although these night raids seem to take all the starch out of the Germans while they are going on, the officers were usually as brave as lions the next day and spoke contemptuously of the raid of the night before.

I saw thousands of soldiers in Courtrai, and although they did not impress me as having very good or abundant food, they were fairly well clothed. I do not mean to imply that conditions pointed to an early end of the war. On the contrary, from what I was able to observe on that point, unless the Huns have an absolute crop failure they can, in my opinion, go on for years! The idea of our being able to win the war by starving them out strikes me as ridiculous. This is a war that must be won by fighting, and the sooner we realize that fact the sooner it will be over.

Rising hour in the prison was seven o'clock. Breakfast came at eight. This consisted of a cup of coffee and nothing else. If the prisoner had the foresight to save some bread from the previous day, he had bread for breakfast also, but that never happened in my case. Sometimes we had two cups of coffee, that is, near-coffee. It was really chicory or some cereal preparation. We had no milk or sugar.

For lunch they gave us boiled sugar beets or some other vegetable. and once in a while some kind of pickled meat, but that happened very seldom. We also received a third of a loaf of bread—war bread. This war bread was as heavy as a brick, black and sour. It was supposed to last us from noon one day to noon the next. Except for some soup, this was the whole lunch menu.

Dinner came at 5:30 p. m., when we sometimes had a little jam made out of sugar beets, and a preparation called tea, which you had to shake vigorously or it settled in the bottom of the cup, and then about all you had was hot water. This "tea" was a sad blow to the Englishmen. If it hadn't been called tea they wouldn't have felt so badly about it, perhaps, but it was adding insult to injury to call that stuff "tea," which with them is almost a national institution.

Sometimes with this meal they gave us butter instead of jam, and once in a while we had some kind of canned meat.

This comprised the usual run of eatables for the day—I can eat more than that for breakfast! In the days that were to come I learned that I was to fare considerably worse.

We were allowed to send out and buy a few things, but as most of the prisoners were without funds this was but an empty privilege. Once I took advantage of the privilege to send my shoes to a Belgian shoemaker to be half-soled. They charged me 20 marks—45!

Once in a while a Belgian Ladies' Relief society visited the prison and brought us handkerchiefs, American soap—which sells at about \$1.50 a bar in Belgium—toothbrushes and other little articles, all of which were American made, but whether they were supplied by the American relief committee or not I don't know. At any rate, these gifts were mighty useful and were very much appreciated.

One day I offered a button off my uniform to one of these Belgian ladies as a souvenir, but a German guard saw me and I was never allowed to go near the visitors afterwards.

The sanitary conditions in this prison camp were excellent as a general proposition. One night, however,

Continued on next page

If you are in the market for an auto or a truck you had better get your order in now for both are going up. Trucks have already raised but I have a number of Federal trucks on hand and am selling these at the same price as formerly. Order right away if you want one at the same old price.

L. E. SHELLEY.

Taken Up Under the Gilliam County Herd Law

Notice is hereby given that I did, on Saturday, April 20, 1918, in Gilliam county, Oregon, take up the following described property, to-wit:

One black yearling colt with white strip in face, no brand.

Said animal will be sold at my ranch 12 miles southeast of Condon in said county and state on Monday, the 29th day of July, 1918, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, to the highest bidder for cash in hand unless redeemed by the owner or the agent of the owner or person claiming same according to law prior to said date of sale.

First publication July 12, 1918. Second publication July 19, 1918. GEORGE WHYTE.

City Treasurer's Notice

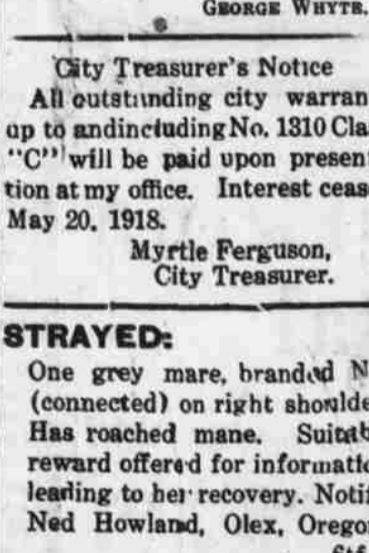
All outstanding city warrants up to and including No. 1810 Class "C" will be paid upon presentation at my office. Interest ceases May 20, 1918.

Myrtle Ferguson, City Treasurer.

STRAYED:

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

BLACK LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED BY CUTLER'S BLACKENING PILLS



BLACK LEG

With black and red testimonials. 15c a box. Blackening Pills, 50c. 10c a box. Blackening Pills, 50c. Every sufferer, but Cutler's is the best and strongest. The superiority of Cutler's is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. TRUST US CUTLER. If made in U.S.A. order direct. The Cutler Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal.—U.S.A.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR GILLIAM COUNTY

In the Matter of Estate of John Berthold, deceased. NOTICE OF HEARING FIRST AND FINAL ACCOUNT AND PETITION FOR DECREE OF FINAL DISTRIBUTION

Notice is hereby given that Martha Berthold, as administratrix of the estate of John Berthold, deceased, has filed with the above entitled court her first and final account for settlement and allowance as the administratrix of the said estate, and filed therewith her petition for the distribution of the residue of the said estate to the persons entitled thereto, and the County Judge has appointed Monday, the 5th day of August, 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the court room of said court in the Courthouse at Condon, Oregon, as the time and place of hearing said matters. All persons interested in the said estate are hereby notified then and there to appear and show cause, if any they have, why said first and final account should not be allowed and settled, and why said petition for final distribution should not be granted as prayed for.

First publication July 5th, 1918. MARTHA BERTHOLD, Administratrix.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR GILLIAM COUNTY,

In the Matter of Estate of Charlotte A. Couture, Deceased.

NOTICE OF HEARING FIRST AND FINAL ACCOUNT AND PETITION FOR DISTRIBUTION

Notice is hereby given that S. B. Couture, as administrator of the estate of Charlotte A. Couture, deceased, has filed with this court his first and final account for settlement as administrator of the said estate and filed therewith his petition for the distribution of the residue of the said estate to the persons entitled thereto, and the County Judge has appointed Monday, the 5th day of August, 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the court room of said court, in the City of Condon, Gilliam County, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing said matter by the court; that all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified then and there to appear to show cause, if any they have, why said first and final account should not be allowed and settled, and said petition for final distribution not granted as prayed for.

First publication July 5th, 1918. S. B. COUTURE, Administrator.

Notice for Publication

018307 Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Ore. July 18, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Oscar C. Veatch, of Gwendolen, Oregon, who, on June 1st, 1914, made Homestead Entry, No. 013307, for S1-2, SW1-4, SW1-4 SE 1-4, Section 5, W 1-2, NW 1-4, W 1-2 NE 1-2, NW 1-4 SE 1-4, Section 8, Township 8, South, Range 23, 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 16th day of Sept., 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Herbert G. Brown, Frank E. Reynolds, Bert D. Keizer, Silas S. Brown, all of Gwendolen, Oregon. H. Frank Woodcock Register

WANTED:

Experienced lady cook wants job through harvest. Apply at Globe office. 17d18

Eandymon 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.

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.

GCONDON DRAY & TRANSFER LINE

F. E. BENNET, Proprietor Light and Heavy Hauling—Hauling Trunks and all job work a specialty CONDON Phone No. 10X OREGON

Home Cooked Meals Everything Clean

THE OREGON RESTAURANT Mrs. B. B. Shadley, Prop. Best in Condon

Fossil, Phone 3 Condon, M51 Mayville, 3

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

Good Grades Right Prices

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Peyton Brand Real Gravely Chewing Plug
10c a pouch—and worth it

Gravely lasts so much longer it costs no more to chew than ordinary plug

P. B. Gravely Tobacco Company Danville, Virginia