

Designated U. S. Depository for Postal Savings Deposits in Condon
Member Federal Reserve Bank

Perfect Confidence

No other words can describe the relations that should exist between a bank and its patrons. If you have no confidence in the soundness of a bank you certainly will not trust your money to it. This bank invites your careful inspection of its financial strength and sound business methods. We know they are above criticism, but the point is, we want YOU to know it for we solicit your business on our merits.

Condon National Bank

GEO. B. DUKE, Pres. A. GREINER, Vice Pres. WM. CRAWFORD, Cashier
E. J. CLOUGH, L. W. DECKER, Asst. Cashier WM. WEHRLI

Interesting Happenings in and Around Condon

D. N. Mackay, local attorney and agent for the Globe Grain & Milling Co., will do his bit through harvest on the James Cameron ranch.

John Billingsly has ordered the Globe for a year.

Mrs. S. A. Scott was down from Lone Rock Monday. She called at the Globe office while in town and renewed her subscription.

T. A. Bradfield of Belfry, Montana, will read the Gilliam county news in the Globe for a year.

Ora Hawk is a new subscriber on the Globe's list.

Mrs. W. S. Farr and Mrs. Ray Morgan went to Portland last Friday.

T. G. Stull of Clem was in Condon yesterday.

S. C. Dodson was up from Clem Wednesday.

J. K. Fitzwater came up from Portland the first of the week to visit friends. He is one of the pioneers of Gilliam county.

Miss Vera Hughes of Fossil was in Condon Tuesday.

Dr. Wilhelm reports the birth of a twelve-pound daughter to Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hamrick Monday, July 22.

Elmer Booher was painfully injured Wednesday morning at his ranch when a horse struck him, cutting a gash in his face.

Sheriff Lillie went to Olex Wednesday.

C. M. Smith renewed his subscription to the Globe this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance Taylor of Corvallis drove up in their car this week and are guests at the Parmer home. Mrs. Taylor is a sister of Mrs. Parmer.

The S. B. Barker Co. is agent for Reo cars. Ask to see the new Four. It is a beauty. No better car on the market at the price.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Larson, former Condon folks and well known here, have recently moved from Dayton, Washington, to Walla Walla where Mr. Larson has charge of a mill.

There will be services at the Nazarene church next Sunday, July 28. Sunday School at 10 A. M. and preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Rev. J. H. Crocker, the new pastor, will be here to conduct these services.

Ollie Rinehart is in France. A card was received from him this week telling of his safe arrival there with the 12th Balloon Company.



THE WAGONS WE SELL ARE MADE OF THE STRONGEST WOODS, SOLIDLY BRACED AND WITH EVERY DEVICE TO MAKE THEM DURABLE. YET THEY ARE SO MADE THAT THE WEIGHT IS DIVIDED AND THEY RUN VERY EASY.

WHEN YOU SEE OUR WAGONS YOU WILL WANT ONE AND BUY ONE AND BE WELL SATISFIED WITH YOUR BARGAIN.

USE OUR HARDWARE; IT STANDS HARDWEAR.

A. S. HOLLEN & SONS
Hardware and Implements Condon, Oregon

The Rexall Store

The Victrola

opens the door to all the music of the world. The hostess who has a Victrola in her home can entertain her guests regally.

Wouldn't you like a Victrola in your home? You can easily get one. Various styles from

\$20.00 to \$300.00

WE HAVE THREE PHONOGRAPHS TO OFFER AT SURPRISING BARGAINS

GRAVES & GRAVES

The Up-to-the-minute Druggists

CONDON :: :: OREGON

Your Working Capital

Your BEST working capital is your HEALTH.

Health is often lost through insufficient nourishment.

You will always be well nourished if you eat our

Groceries

They are rich, wholesome, pure and nourishing.

They give you that vim and vigor so necessary in the present strenuous times, when you have need of every ounce of energy you can muster.

Fresh fruits and vegetables of all kinds in season.

Dunn Brothers, Inc.

Merchandise of Merit :: Condon, Oregon

"Outwitting the Hun"

By Pat O'Brien

From page 4

I discovered that I had been captured by "cooties."

This was a novel experience to me and one that I would have been very willing to have missed, because in the flying corps our airdromes are a number of miles back of the lines and we have good billets and our acquaintance with such things as "cooties" and other unwelcome visitors is very limited.

When I discovered my condition, I made a holler and roused the guard, and right then I got another example of German efficiency.

This guard seemed to be even more perturbed about my complaint than I myself, evidently fearing that he would be blamed for my condition.

The commandant was summoned and I could see that he was very angry. Someone undoubtedly got a severe reprimand for it.

I was taken out of my cell by a guard with a rifle and conducted about a quarter of a mile from the prison to an old factory building which had been converted into an elaborate fumigating plant. There I was given a pickle bath in some kind of solution, and while I was absorbing it my clothes, bed clothes and whatever else had been in my cell was being put through another fumigating process.

While I was waiting for my things to dry—it took perhaps half an hour—I had a chance to observe about one hundred other victims of "cooties"—German soldiers who had become infested in the trenches. We were all nude, of course, but apparently it was not difficult for them to recognize me as a foreigner even without my uniform on, for none of them made any attempt to talk to me, although they were very busy talking about me. I could not understand what they were saying, but I knew I was the butt of most of their jokes and they made no effort to conceal the fact that I was the subject of conversation.

When I got back to my cell I found that it had been thoroughly fumigated, and from that time on I had no further trouble with "cooties" or other visitors of the same kind.

As we were not allowed to write anything but prison cards, writing was out of the question; and as we had no reading matter to speak of, reading was nil. We had nothing to do to pass away the time, so consequently cards became our only diversion, for we did, fortunately, have some of these.

There wasn't very much money as a rule in circulation, and I think for once in my life I held most of that, not due to any particular ability on my part in the game, but I happened to have several hundred francs in my pockets when shot down. But we held a lottery that was watched without quite such intense interest as that. The drawing was always held the day before to learn who was the lucky man. There was as much speculation as to who would win the prize as if it had been the finest treasure in the world. The great prize was one-third of a loaf of bread. Through some arrangement, which I never quite figured out, it happened that among the eight or ten officers who were there with me, there was always one-third of a loaf of bread over. There was just one way of getting that bread, and that was to draw lots. Consequently that was what started the lottery. I believe if a man had ever been inclined to cheat he would have been sorely tempted in this instance, but the game was played absolutely square, and if a man had been caught cheating the chances are that

he would have been shunned by the rest of the officers as long as he was in prison. I was fortunate enough to win the prize twice.

One man—and I think he was the smallest eater in the camp—won it on three successive days, but it was well for him that his luck deserted him on the fourth day, for he probably would have been handled rather roughly by the rest of the crowd, who were growing suspicious. But we handled the drawing ourselves and knew there was nothing crooked about it, so he was spared.

We were allowed to buy pears, and being small and very hard, they were used as the stakes in many a game. But the interest in these little games was as keen as if the stakes had been piles of money instead of two or three half-starved pears. No man was ever so reckless, however, in all the betting as to wager his own rations.

By the most scheming and sacrificing I ever did in my life I managed to hoard two pieces of bread (grudgingly spared at the time from my daily rations), but I was preparing for the day when I should escape—if I ever should. It was not a sacrifice easily made either, but instead of eating bread I ate pears until I finally got one piece of bread ahead; and when I could force myself to stick to the pear diet again, I saved the other piece from that day's allowance, and in days to come I had cause to credit myself fully for the foresight.

Continued next week

Let the Service Shop do your printing. It gives satisfaction.

TAKEN UP:

One black sow with slits in each ear. Owner can get animal by paying all charges. W. D. Hughes, Condon. 19d20

FOR SALE:

Team horses, hack and harness, all in fine condition. Will sell cheap if taken at once. Can be seen at the John Knox ranch, George Neale, Condon, Oregon. 19j d21

LOST:

Sterling silver link bracelet set with agates. Lost somewhere between Condon and Walter Farrar's ranch in Ferry Canyon. Finder will please leave at Globe office. 18d19

FOR RENT:

Good 9-room house in Condon. Call at Hollen & Sons' store. 18tf

FOR SALE:

8 head of young horses. Will sell cheap. See J. C. Stewart, Condon. 18pd21

STRAYED:

Gray horse branded heart on left shoulder, wire cut on front foot. Suitable reward for return of this horse or for information leading to his recovery. J. C. Stewart, Condon. 18pd19

Helping YOU With Your Live Stock

Through our membership in the Federal Reserve System we are in a strong position to help our patrons carry live stock that they are raising or fattening for future sales.

Farmers' notes, having not over six months to run, given for raising or carrying live stock can be rediscounted by us with our Federal Reserve Bank, thereby increasing our ability to extend to our patrons such help as they may need.

If you contemplate raising or fattening live stock for market come in and talk it over. We can help

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FEDERAL RESERVE
SYSTEM

First National Bank

Hot Water Heat in Every Room

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

H. H. WILBURN WELL CONTRACTOR AND DRILLER

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
CONDON, OREGON

WE ARE EQUIPPED

TO HANDLE YOUR TIRE TROUBLES
IN EVERY WAY



Send them in by Parcel Post or when in Arlington come in and see what we can do for your old tires.

Arlington Vulcanizing Works
Arlington, Oregon