

Wheat Prices

The following is the Food Administration Grain Corporation buying basis for wheat harvested in 1918 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 Walla	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.

Fossil, Phone 3 Condon, M51 Mayville, 3

CONE LUMBER COMPANY

Lone Rock, Oregon

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

Good Grades Right Prices

Which do you want for your 10c—ordinary plug or lasting tobacco satisfaction.



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

F. B. Gravely Tobacco Company
Danville, Virginia

"Outwitting the Hun"

By Pat O'Brien
From page 2

across at the guard. He was rather an old man, going home on leave, and he seemed to be dreaming of what was in store for him rather than paying any particular attention to me. Once in a while I had smiled at him, and I figured that he hadn't the slightest idea of what was going through my mind all the time we had been traveling.

I began to cough as though my throat was badly irritated by the smoke and then I opened the window again. This time the guard looked up and showed his disapproval, but did not say anything.

It was then 4 o'clock in the morning and would soon be light. I knew I had to do it right then, or never, as there would be no chance to escape in the daytime.

I had on a trench coat that I had used as a flying coat and wore my knapsack, which I had constructed out of a gas bag brought into Courtral by a British prisoner. In this I had two pieces of bread, a piece of sausage and a pair of flying mittens. All of them had to go with me through the window.

The train was now going at a rate of between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour, and again it seemed to admonish



"I Pulled Myself Up, Shoved My Feet Through the Window, and Let Go."

me as it rattled along over the ties. "You're a fool if you do—you're a fool if you don't. You're a fool if you do—you're a fool if you do. You're a fool if you don't."

I waited no longer. Standing upon the bench as if to put the bag on the rack and taking hold of the rack with my left hand and a strap that hung from the top of the car with my right, I pulled myself up, shoved my feet and legs out of the window and let go.

There was a prayer on my lips as I went out, and I expected a bullet between my shoulders, but it was all over in an instant.

I landed on my left side and face, burying my face in the rock ballast, cutting it open and closing my left eye, skinning my hands and shins and straining my ankle. For a few moments I was completely knocked out, and if they shot at me through the window, in the first moments after my escape, I had no way of knowing.

Of course, if they could have stopped the train right then, they could easily have recaptured me, but at the speed it was going and in the confusion which must have followed my escape, they probably didn't stop within half of a mile from the spot where I lay.

I came to within a few minutes and when I examined myself and found no bones broken, I didn't stop to worry about my cuts and bruises, but jumped up with the idea of putting as great a distance between me and that track as possible before daylight came. Still being dazed, I forgot all about the barbed wire fence along the right of way and ran full tilt into it. Right there I lost one of my two precious pieces of bread, which fell out of my knapsack, but I could not stop to look for it then.

The one thing that was uppermost in my mind was that for the moment I was free, and it was up to me now to make the most of my liberty.

CHAPTER VII.

Crawling Through Germany.

The exact spot at which I made my desperate leap I don't know. Perhaps, after the war is over, someone on that train will be good enough to tell me and then I may go back and look for the dent I must have made in the rock ballast.

I have said, I didn't stop very long that morning after I once regained my senses.

I was bleeding profusely from the wounds caused by the fall, but I checked it somewhat with handkerchiefs I held to my face, and I also held the tail of my coat so as to catch the blood as it fell and not to leave tell-tale traces on the ground.

Before I stopped I had gone about a mile. Then I took my course from the stars and found that I had been going just opposite to the direction I should be making, but I could not go back across the track there.

Heading west, therefore, I kept this course for about two and a half hours, but as I was very weak from loss of blood I didn't cover very much ground in that time. Just before daylight, I

came to a canal which I knew I had to cross, and I swam it with everything I had on.

This swim, which proved to be the first of a series that I was destined to make, taught me several things.

In the first place, I had forgotten to remove my wrist-watch. This watch had been broken in my fall from the air, but I had it repaired at Courtral. In the leap from the train, the crystal had been broken again, but it was still going and would probably have been of great service to me in my subsequent adventures, but the swim across the canal ruined it.

Then, too, I had not thought to take my map out of my sock and the water damaged that, too.

Thereafter, whenever I had any swimming to do, I was careful to take such matters into consideration, and my usual practice was to make a bundle of all the things that would be damaged by water and tie it to my head. In this way I was able to keep them dry.

It was now daylight and I knew that it would be suicidal for me to attempt to travel in the daytime. My British uniform would have been fatal to me. I decided to hide in the daytime and travel only at night.

Not far from the canal I could see a heavily-wooded piece of ground, and I made my way there. By this time I had discovered that my left ankle had been strained in my leap from the train, and when I got to the woods I was glad to lie down and rest. The wound in my mouth had been opened, too, when I jumped, and it would have been difficult for me to have swallowed had not the piece of bread, which was to serve for my breakfast, got wet when I swam the canal. I found a safe hiding place in which to spend the day and I tried to dry some of my clothes, but a slight drizzling rainfall made that out of the question. I knew that I ought to sleep, as I planned to travel at night, but sore as I was, caked with mud and blood, my clothing soaked through and my hunger not nearly appeased, sleep was out of the question. This seemed to me about the longest day I had ever spent, but I was still to learn how long a day can really be and how much longer a night.

When night came I dragged myself together and headed northeast.

My clothing consisted of my Flying Corps uniform, two shirts, no underwear, leather leggings, heavy shoes, a good pair of wool socks and a German cap. I had a wallet containing several hundred francs in paper money and various other papers. I also had a jackknife which I had stolen one day before from the property room at Courtral, where all the personal effects taken from prisoners were kept. For a day or two I had carried a knapsack, but as I had nothing to carry in it I discarded it.

I traveled rapidly, considering my difficulties, and swam a couple of canals that night, covering in all perhaps ten miles before daylight. Then I located in some low bushes, lying there all day in my wet clothes and finishing my sausage for food. That was the last of my rations.

That night I made perhaps the same distance, but became very hungry and thirsty before the night was over.

For the next six days I still figured that I was in Germany, and I was living on nothing but cabbage, sugar beets and an occasional carrot, always in the raw state just as I got them out of the fields. The water I drank was often very rank. One night I lay in a cabbage patch for an hour lapping the dew from the leaves with my tongue!

During this period I realized that I must avoid meeting anyone at all hazards. I was in the enemy's country and my uniform would have been a dead give-away. Anyone who captured me or who gave information from which my capture resulted might have been sure of a handsome reward. I knew that it was necessary for me to make progress as fast as possible, but the main consideration was to keep out of sight, even if it took me a year to get to Holland, which was my objective.

From my map I estimated that I was about thirty-five miles from Straesburg when I made my leap from the train, and if I could travel in a straight line I had perhaps one hundred and fifty miles to travel. As it was, however, I was compelled to make many detours, and I figured that two hundred and fifty miles was nearer the extent of the journey ahead of me.

In several parts of this country I had to travel through forests of young pine trees about twelve feet high. They were very close together and looked almost as if they had been set out. They proved to be a serious obstacle to me because, I could not see the stars through them and I was relying upon the heaven to guide me to freedom. I am not much of an astronomer, but I know the Pole Star when I see it. But for it I wouldn't be here today!

I believed it rained every night and day while I was making my way through Germany and Luxembourg.

My invariable program at this stage of my journey was to travel steadily all night until about six in the morning, when I would commence looking around for a place wherein to hide during the day. Low bushes or woods back from the road, as far as possible from the traveled pathway, usually served me for this purpose. Having found such a spot I would drop down and try to sleep. My overcoat was my only covering, and that was usually soaked through, either from the rain or from swimming.

The only sleep I got during those days was from exhaustion, and it usually came to me towards dusk when it was time for me to start again.

It was a mighty fortunate thing for me that I was not a smoker. Somehow

I have never used tobacco in any form. I was now fully repaid for whatever pleasure I had foregone in the past as a result of my habits in that particular, because my sufferings would certainly have been intensified now if, in addition to lack of food and rest, I had had to endure a craving for tobacco.

About the sixth night I was so drowsy and exhausted when the time came for me to be on the move, that I was very much tempted to sleep through the night. I knew, however, that that would be a bad precedent to establish and I wouldn't give in.

I plugged wearily along and about 11 o'clock, after I had covered perhaps four miles, I sat down to rest for a moment on a shock of brush which was sheltered from the drizzle somewhat by other shocks which were stacked there. It was daylight when I awoke, and I found myself right in a German backyard. You can imagine that I lost no time in getting out of that neighborhood and I made up my mind right there and then that I would never give away to that "tired feeling" again.

In the daytime, in my hiding place, wherever it happened to be, I had plenty of opportunity to study my map, and before very long I knew it almost by heart. Unfortunately, however, it did not show all the rivers and canals which I encountered, and sometimes it fooled me completely.

It must have been about the ninth night that I crossed into Luxembourg, but though this principality is officially neutral, it offered me no safer a haven than Belgium would. The Huns have violated the neutrality of both, and discovery would have been followed by the same consequences as capture in Germany proper.

Continued on next page

Dr. Turner, eye specialist of Portland, will be in Condon on Saturday and Sunday, August 10 and 11, at Hotel Summit. Consult him. Don't forget the date. Dr. Turner will also stop one day, Friday, August 9, in Mikkalo, Monday, August 12, in Mayville and Tuesday, August 13, in Fossil.

We wish to announce that we are moving into our new offices opposite the Postoffice and have installed a grain grading machine and will grade your grain without charge. Our manager, D. B. Thomas, recently attended the grain grading school which was held at Pendleton and is up to date in the grading of grain. We will continue to give you the same fair and courteous treatment as in the past.

We buy grain in sacks and bulk and pay CASH; also handle sacks and twine. It will pay you to see us before arranging to store or sell your grain.

FARMERS' ELEVATOR CO.
D. B. Thomas, Mgr.

19d21

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.

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. 19pd21

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

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED
by CUTTNER'S BLACK LEG PILL
L. E. CUTTNER, Proprietor
10-Dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$1.00
50-Dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$4.00
The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, California

CONDON DRAY & TRANSFER LINE

F. E. BENNETT, Proprietor
Light and Heavy Hauling—Hauling Trunks and all job work a specialty
CONDON Phone 140. 10X OREGON

Notice of Filing of Final Account

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

In the Matter of the Estate of August Smythe, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrators of the above named estate, have filed their final account and report in the above entitled court, which court has fixed upon 11 o'clock in the forenoon on the 9th day of September, 1918, as the time, and the County Courtroom in the Court House in Condon, Gilliam county, Oregon, as the place, when and where any person having objection or exception to anything in said account contained, or to anything done by the administrators at any time, may present the same and they will be heard, and at that time said final account will be settled.

THIS NOTICE is published pursuant to the order of the above entitled County Court, made on the 2nd day of August, 1918.

Dated August 2nd, 1918.
A. K. SMYTHE
DAN P. SMYTHE,
Administrators of the Estate of August Smythe, Deceased.

Executrix' Notice

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF OREGON FOR GILLIAM COUNTY

In the matter of the estate of Charles Edward Bushnell, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Cynthis Zerush Bushnell, executrix of the above estate, has filed in said Court her final account and report of her administration that on August 2nd, 1918, the court made an order appointing Monday, the 9th day of September, 1918, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day and the courtroom as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account and the settlement thereof, and further directed that this notice be published in the Condon Globe once a week for four successive weeks. All persons interested in said matter are notified to appear and file their objections in writing, if any, in said court on or before the time of said hearing.

First publication August 9th, 1918.

Last publication August 30th, 1918.

CYNTHIA ZERUSH BUSHNELL, Executrix.

Notice for Publication

013307

Department of the Interior

U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Ore.

July 18, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Oscar G. 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 3, South, Range 22, 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

FOR SALE:

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

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.

FOR RENT:

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

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.

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.