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THE FLOWER SHOW

With the announcement this week by the Garden club of Vernonia, their classifications of floral exhibits for the annual flower show, which is to be held this year in the Legion hall August 31, Vernonians will recognize that a tradition is being established here which is reacting as a benefit to the community.

Made up mostly of members who were intensely interested in the growing of flowers for their own pleasure and to add to the beauty of their homes, this organization has extended its activities to the beautification of the community—and their method can only be by example.

It is not and never will be within their power to dictate to any resident concerning the improvement of the place in which he or she lives, but with each member of the Garden club improving her own home—and these homes of the members are located in all sections of this community—the example thus set will spread to their next-door neighbors and thus keep going until the whole of Vernonia will be a beauty spot of green lawns, attractive shrubs and flowers.

This flower show, which will have been the second held by the club in two years, has rules which prohibit no one from displaying flowers, only segregating amateur growers and dealers, with all encouraged to display blooms in order to make the show the best possible.

The Vernonia Eagle and other business houses were the recipients this week of bouquets of flowers from members of the Garden club, who started three weeks ago to give bouquets to every business establishment here. This is but a part of the work of the members of the club to encourage the growing of flowers in this community and thus improve the town.

NEED CLEAN UP DAY

Hundreds of visitors will be in our city October 3, attending the meeting of the Lower Columbia Associated Chambers of Commerce. Tours will be conducted through the city, to the big mill and to the new golf course. Let all cooperate with the local Chamber of Commerce by making their premises as attractive as possible, so that the city will be presented at its best.

A clean up day should be sponsored soon, to dispose of the rubbish which has gathered during the past year. In the present campaign for improving the sanitary conditions of Vernonia, a general clean up plays an important part, and especially this time of the year, the waste and rubbish on different premises is a great fire hazard.

GRAND CHEMINOT McGRAW

In the election of H. E. McGraw to an important office in state Legion circles, the Grand Voiture rewards a Legionnaire who has faithfully served his post since the local organization received its charter.

A good soldier, citizen, and Legionnaire, Ellis, as he is known to his friends, has received the whole hearted support from his post and the Columbia county voiture, and with hard work and capitalizing his wonderful personality, it is predicted by friends that before many years, H. E. McGraw will be department commander of the American Legion.

PUBLICITY AND LONGVIEW

Longview stages another celebration, and at their first annual Rollo, October 9, 10, drew crowds estimated at over 20,000.

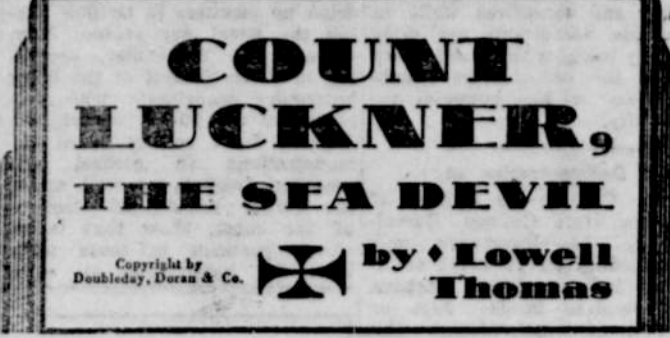
Students wishing for a complete course in publicity could well afford to study for a few weeks at the publicity bureau under Chairman Abbott, and would probably derive greater results than from a university. Longview lets the world know, does things big, and gets results.

EXPRESSES FAITH IN VERNONIA

Satisfied and convinced that Vernonia is one of the best towns in the state, and has a bright future ahead, Charles T. Early expresses his faith not in words, but achievement, and a year or more ago constructed the most attractive filling station and will next week open to the public his new large fireproof brick garage and auto agency.

Considering the Columbia river highway dangerous, thousands of pleasure seekers who have in the past spent their week ends at Seaside and other beaches along the coast have forsaken this trip in favor of safer highways, and are urging and using their influence for a shorter route to the beach, trailing through Banks, Buxton, Manning, Vernonia, and Mist, making a super shorter highway to Oregon's most popular summer resorts.

Then too, with the completion of the West Side Pacific highway extension which leaves Vernonia only 17 miles from Rainier and the east approach of the Longview bridge, Mr. Early believes that hundreds of cars will pass through this city daily, many on their way to Washington cities and the Canadian border over Apiary cutoff and others taking the shorter route to the beach via Mist.



"Count, let's get up a show for Christmas, a play."

"Show, play, theater—that was an idea for me."

"Certainly I will," I replied. "I often got up shows in the navy. We will have a theater here at Motuili that will beat the best in Berlin. But you must leave everything to me. I will direct everything."

"All right," they said. I got permission from the commandant to produce the show. In fact, he waxed quite enthusiastic about it. Not only would it give the prisoners something to do, but it would also provide amusement for the jailers. Life on the island was mighty boring to all of them.

In a little while the prison camp was in a flutter with preparations for the grand spectacle I was going to stage. This was the cover under which my fellows and I prepared all of our equipment for our escape. It disguised the guards, and also fooled the prisoners whom we couldn't take with us. When we wanted material, always apparently innocent things, we asked for it and said it was for the show. When we built anything, it was for the show.

We even built a wireless set out of things supposed to be for our grosses shamplidimus. We made bombs out of tin cans and gun cotton that had already been procured. The bombs had fuses that could be lit from a cigarette. One of my men worked on a farm in the interior of the island, and got a lot of dynamite and blasting powder used in blasting up stumps. We stole a couple of pistols from the camp arsenal. We made a fake contrivance which looked like a perfect Lewis or Maxim machine gun, but it worked well enough, and it looked even more formidable.

Cadet von Zartowsky took odds and ends and made a sextant that afterward took us fifty nautical miles off our course, pretty fair, considering the circumstances.

We had no great trouble in hiding away a considerable supply of food in the air chambers of the motor boat. Of course, I not only talked of elaborate plans for the supposed theatrical events that I was directing, but I also had the

prisoners prepare a lot of non-fide stage props, more even than could be used. These were made up by the rest of the fellows who were not in our plot. Most of the actual material needed for our escape and subsequent raiding cruise had to be fixed up stealthily by the boys who were to make the dash for freedom with me.

Of all the people I met in New Zealand, there was but one for whom I had a complete contempt. He was a fellow named Hansen, a German by birth and a naturalized New Zealander. In spite of his naturalization, he had been tainted by the authorities at Auckland for the motor expert, while supposedly working on the engine of the Pearl, the colonel's boat, had carried something suspicious aboard. Anxious to curry favor with the commandant, he reported that we were acting suspiciously. The commandant was contemptuous of a rat like that in the first place, and then he was utterly infuriated with our theater. He said that whatever we were doing could only be in preparation for our show. Nevertheless, he tried to investigate, but found nothing to confirm what the squealer had told him.

After weeks of hard labor we were ready. At night we cut the wires connecting the island with the mainland and set a barracks afire. That created the diversion we needed. Everybody, guards and all, flocked to put the blaze out. I was among the foremost, and attracted all attention to myself. I seemed to have a passion for fighting fires. My boys were with me. When the excitement was at its height we stole away singly and boarded the motor boat. The engine purred, and we were away in the darkness.

We were safe from pursuit for awhile, anyway. There was no other boat at the island, and Motuili could not communicate with the mainland. It was only when the wires were repaired or when the mainland was due to get its next report that the chase after us could begin. When our escape did become known on the mainland on the night of December 13, 1917, every kind of craft available went out to look for us. Private owners

took up scouting for us as a sport. Boats chased one another and shot at one another, and one steamer went on the rocks. Finally, a false rumor spread that we had captured and drowned, and the weary pursuers were glad to accept it as true and returned to their homes.

We had our difficulties in finding our way in the night through the Taunaki gulf on which Auckland lies, but at an hour or so past midnight we saw sweeping shafts of light. The authorities at Auckland were looking for us with a searchlight, a ridiculous procedure, but one calculated to impress the population. We steered by the searchlight beams now, and picked our way along easily enough. Of course, it would take a separate volume to record all of the details of our work of preparation and our final escape. I am only giving you a description of the high spots. But by the way, I almost forgot to tell you how we were dressed. We all had New Zealand uniforms. Mine was the most interesting of the lot and provided material for Australian humorists and cartoonists for many weeks. As the commander of a man-of-war, even of a twelve-foot wooden one, with the unwarlike name of Pearl, I absolutely had to have a sword. One of my boys, just an hour before our escape, slipped into the wardrobe of the prison camp commander. Not only did he take Colonel Turner's best dress uniform, but he also swiped his sword and scabbard.

We lay off an isolated bay of Red Mercury island, northwest of the Bay of Plenty, for two days, during which we had a couple of narrow escapes from searching boats. A government cutter had almost sighted us when she damaged her propeller on the rocks and had to limp back home. The third day we put out to sea, and as we bounced about on the waves I swore in the cadets as regular midshipmen of the Imperial navy and promoted Vice Corporal von Egidy to the rank of naval junior lieutenant. As commander of a war vessel, even though she was only the colonel's motor boat, I had the authority to do this. Then each helped the other cut his hair short in naval fashion.

Two sailing vessels came by. We decided to seize them both, sink one, and keep the other. We went after the first one, but a sudden puff of wind carried her along at a great rate, and we could not catch her. This was very unfortunate, for she reported our capture of the second boat, which she witnessed. Bombs poised, machine gun pointing, and German flag raised, we swiftly approached the Moa. She dove to my boys and I clambered on deck. With Colonel Turner's sword in my hand, I ordered the captain and crew herded below, the captain, an excellent old

sail, kneeling.

"You're escaped prisoners, eh? Our boys are doing their bit in France, and at home they can't even guard prisoners."

The Moa was a fine craft but as flat as a match box. Intended for coastwise trade, she had no keel and drew only three feet of water, but she had huge masts. A storm blew up, and we scudded before the wind. The Moa's captain rushed up bristling with excitement. His boat, he protested, was not adapted for sailing on the high sea, much less through a storm. We were risking our lives, he expostulated. We should take down sail.

"We are sailing for our lives, by Joe," I responded, and kept all canvas up.

The skipper stayed on deck all night and poured oil to quiet the waves. We went on our watches undisturbed. Ordinarily, we would have been somewhat worried, but the storm was taking us along swiftly—away from pursuit. The waves began to break over our stern, and the Moa bobbed up and down. She had a deckload of lumber overboard with it. We started to work and were ably assisted by a breaker that crashed over us and in an instant swept most of the lumber into the sea. We were towing the motor boat we had taken from the commandant at Motuili. A wave swamped her, and she tore loose from the towline and sank.

We steered to the Kermadec Islands, an uninhabited group where the New Zealand government keeps a cache of provisions for castaway sailors. Curtis Island, one of the group, came in sight on December 21. It appeared in a cloud of smoke, a land of volcanoes and geysers. Presently we spied the sheet-iron shed where the provisions were stored. Kircheiss and four men landed on the inferno-like coast and in due time returned, their boat loaded deep with provisions. The New Zealand government was kind enough to provide many useful things for shipwrecked sailors and sometimes for escaped prisoners of war. There were tools, oars, sails, fishing tackle, blankets, bacon, but ter hard, canned beef—in short, everything. We had intended to leave our prisoners on Curtis Island, but that den of steam and sulphur fumes seemed unfit for anyone. So we decided to take them ashore with a supply of provisions, and send a wireless message to summon aid for them.

"Smoke to the north, behind island," sang the lookout.

Two men were still on the island. I sent hastily for them. The Moa

raised sail and ran before the wind. The steamer was in sight now. She sailed toward us. We changed our course. She, too, changed her course. The skipper of the Moa recognized her as the New Zealand government's cable steamer Iris, an auxiliary r. t. s. She had cannon and we had none. Our goose was cooked.

We still tried helplessly to run away. She gained on us, and signaled us to stop. We kept on. A flash, a distant roar, a hissing in the air, a splash in front of us. She was firing on us.

"Heave to," I commanded, and we were prisoners once again.

The Iris was manned by a non-descript crowd that put pistols to our backs as we came aboard, and searched us to the soles of our shoes. Then these gentry robbed us of our personal possessions. They were wildly jubilant over their victory. I gathered from them that the ship that had escaped us having brought the news of our capture of the Moa to Auckland, the authorities there had surmised that we must be headed for the cache of supplies at Curtis Island. When we arrived at Auckland, the New Zealanders had their own little victory to celebrate. Sight seers in all sorts of boats came out to have a look at the Iris with the Moa in tow steamed into harbor, the victor of the Battle of the Kermadecs.

We were jailed at Mount Eden, the local prison of Auckland, as a punishment for our flight. For a penthouse, it was not bad. After twenty-one days there, we were distributed among various prison camps. Kircheiss and I went to Elver island near Lyttelton on the south island of New Zealand. Even the yard of our prison in Fort Jervis was a veritable cage. It was screened not only around, but also across the top with lines of barbed wire. The commander of the camp, Major Leeming of Tasmania, was one of the best fellows I have ever met. He, too, felt himself a prisoner here on this lonely island and soon became our third man at cards, which we played to while away the hours during the long evenings.

A drawbridge that had been smashed by a hurricane was being repaired, and we prisoners had access to the waterfront for a while. In the yard stood a row of empty tar barrels. One of the barrels fell over, and I happened to notice that it was picked up by a small coastwise schooner that often lay at dock further down the shore. I threw in another barrel. It floated. The boat picked it up. My

plan was made. I could arrange one of those barrels so that I could float in it. I would pick the time when the little schooner was at shore. Then I would get into the barrel and roll myself off the dock. The boat would pick the barrel up. It might seem a bit heavy, but they would think it had tar in it. The barrel once aboard, its lid would open and a man armed with a knife would step out, like a jack-in-the-box. Thus I would have a boat. I would pick up Kircheiss, who would be waiting, and we would go sailing and perhaps get to some neutral island.

Major Leeming had been so kind to me that I did not want to embarrass him by escaping under his command. He, expecting an addition to his family, was to take a furlough. I would do my jail-breaking while he was away. But soon after Major Leeming went on his furlough Kircheiss and I were ordered back to the prison camp at Motuili. Of course, there was a new commandant at Motuili now, a Major Schofield. Most of the prisoners there received us with enthusiasm.

Even the treacherous Polish doctor brought me a bottle of champagne, hoping that I would not mention our former business transaction in which he was to get a percentage of that \$25,000.

Presently several fellows came to me and asked if I did not think something could be undertaken. They had already contrived to get a few pistols and build a folding canvas boat. We could not very well go to sea in that. But if we could contrive to station ourselves at some other part of the island, we could wait until a sailing ship came along, put out in our flimsy little craft, and attack her. We consulted with the former governor of German Samoa, Doctor Schultz-Ewarth by name, who was a prisoner at Motuili. He with his personal servant, a giant fellow, formerly a German baker, was allowed to wander where he pleased on the island. It was his man who hit upon the idea of hiding in the interior of the island by building a cave in the side of a dry river bed that he had discovered, the cave to be disguised that searchers would not notice it. We could easily get out of the camp and into other parts of the island, and at the same time, give the impression that we had escaped over a cliff to the shore and been picked up by a boat. We could keep to our retreat until the search had died down, and then we could watch for a passing sailship and attack

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Harry Kearns, Manager

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander



THEM NEIGHBORS ON THE OTHER SIDE A MY HOUSE, MRS. FINNEY. SERVICE JUST SO UPPLY BUY'S NO GETTIN' ANYTHIN' OUT OF 'EM.

AN ME PRACTICALLY BOARD' 'EM, TOO!

HOW'S THAT? BOARD' YER NEIGHBORS?

WELL, NOT NEARLY BUT IT AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING!—I GIVE 'EM ALL BEER VEGETABLES.

WHAT!—OUTA THAT WEEDY LITTLE GARDEN AN' YOURS MRS. SNOOP?

OH WELL!... IF YOU MUST BE SO DURIOUS PARTICULAR—I GIVE 'EM A HUL PACKAGE OF ASSOCIATED VEGETABLE SEEDS AN' IF SEVED, I PLANTED 'EM THEY'D A HAD MIGHTY THE VEGETABLE DINNER OFFN 'EM!

Snoop Is Pinned Down



WELL, NOT NEARLY BUT IT AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING!—I GIVE 'EM ALL BEER VEGETABLES.

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