

# CARMEL PINE CONE

The Year, \$1.50      ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY      The Copy, 5 cents

Devoted to the interests of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Pebble Beach, Carmel Highlands, Carmel Valley

OCTOBER 31, 1918

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CAL.

VOL. IV, NUM. 39

## Carmel Red Cross Officers and Committee Chairmen

At the annual meeting of Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, held at the Forest Theatre last week, the officers and committees for 1918-19 were selected, as follows:

### Board of Directors

Women—E. K. de Sabla, J. G. Howard, F. Leidig, A. P. Fraser, J. F. Devendorf, A. W. Beardsley, E. Harrington, H. M. Bremner, J. N. Hilliard, J. W. Hand, C. A. McCollom, A. Stewart. Men—S. C. Thomas, C. A. McCollom, Peter Taylor.

### Executive Committee

G. F. Beardsley, Chapter Chairman; Dr C. A. McCollom, Vice-Chairman; Paul C. Prince, Secretary; Peter Taylor, Treasurer; Mrs. A. W. Beardsley, Mrs. E. K. de Sabla, Miss E. Harrington.

### Chairmen of Committees

Publicity and Printing—Miss E. Harrington.  
Chapter Production—Mrs. A. W. Beardsley.  
Civilian Relief—Mrs. E. K. de Sabla.  
Finance and Revenue—A. P. Fraser.  
Supplies—G. F. Beardsley.  
Chapter School—Mrs. J. G. Howard.  
Salvage and Shop—Robert H. Duriee.  
Influenza Emergency—Mrs. J. Hand. Those willing to serve on this committee in any capacity should leave their names with Mrs. Hand.

## La Playa Arrivals

San Francisco—Mrs F M Thayer, Mrs J D Estes, Mrs Diehl, George Watson, Mrs Watson, F P Slemmer, V Young, Charlotte P Ebbets.  
WStockton—G S and Mrs Brussier, Miss Tarny.  
Santa Barbara—Mrs Meade Williams, Burton Williams, Mary N Tracy.  
Nw York—Jesse Lynch Williams.  
Woodland—Mrs Marion B Brinton, Miss Virginia Brinton.  
San Jose—Miss Miss Lightston, Miss Ryland.  
Ross, Cal—Dr. A J Ritter, Steven Harris.  
Berkeley—B H Crockeron, W R Ralston.  
Los Angeles—R M Scott.  
Piedmont—Mr and Mrs P A Becker.  
Vallejo—Dr and Mrs R E Allen.  
Vote for C. C. Baker for District Attorney.

## Pine Needles

The San Francisco schools being closed, Miss F. Spadoni and her mother came to Carmel recently for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gavin and their niece arrived last week from San Jose. This trip they are occupying the Crawford-Turner cottage.

Harold Lockwood, the moving-picture star, who was here a few months ago with his company, died recently in New York, a victim of spanish influenza.

Mrs. C. J. Arne has received word from France that her brother, Ervin Collins, has been made a commissioned officer of a machine gun battalion.

Officers elected by the Carmel Audubon Society for the season of 1918-1919: President, Mrs. A. McDow; Vice-President, Mrs. W. P. Silva; Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. L. Hutchinson; Financial Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. W. L. Overstreet. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. E. A. Kluegel, on Friday afternoon, November 8.

Mrs. T. D. McLaughlin and family of Piedmont are sojourning here for a few weeks. They have the Short house.

Tomorrow is All Saints Day. There will be holy communion at 8 a.m. and open-air service at 3 p.m. at All Saints Church here.

The Congressional, State and County election takes place next Tuesday. The voting place for Carmelo Precinct will be at the City Hall.

Miss Agnes Roehling, pending the re opening of the Oakland schools will sojourn with her folks here.

Help our University. Vote "Yes" on the eighth proposition on the ballot.

"Arrived in France!" This is the message that Philp Wilson's mother received a few days ago. He is with a Texas organization.

Mrs. Rosa B. Hughes, who with her daughters and mother, spent over a year here not so long ago, is a grandmother. The daughter who was married here at All Saints has a little girl.

Jesse Lynch Williams, the literary man and dramatist, who had been visiting here with his family, departed for New York last Saturday. This was not Mr. Williams' first visit here. Eleven years ago he was a guest of Arnold Genthe in his bungalow.

Monterey's efficient Health Officer, Miss Theresa McBain, is taking no chances with the flu. Not only the schools, but the saloons, too, are closed.

Lloyd F. Glotzbach, our husky stage driver that was, is in France with the U. S. Army. Delos Curtis had a letter from him a day or two ago.

On September 26 a lad arrived at the home of Lieut. and Mrs. F. McConnell (Grace Wilson), in London.

The Pine Cone is in receipt of Auditor A. G. Winckler's annual booklet, giving details of county finances. It is invaluable to the newspaper publisher, county and city officials, and to the general public.

At the Rabjohn Galleries in San Francisco there are exhibited this week paintings by Laura W. Maxwell. Anna Cora Winchell in the Chronicle says: "They include all the pertinent beauties of that section (the Monterey country) of California."

Through the good offices of J. W. Hand, Pou Sing has received full payment of insurance on his laundry and home, recently destroyed by fire.

## While You Are Regularly Employed

—and can save a little money every month, why not prepare for the inevitable 'rainy day' by having an account with the FIRST NATIONAL BANK?

All funds so invested now will become a safeguard against the uncertainty of the future

4 PER CENT PAID On Interest accounts

## First National Bank

MONTEREY, CAL.

Under U. S. Government Supervision

## Day-light High and Low Tides at Carmel

	Low	Ft.	High	Ft.
Oct. 31	3:35 p	1.0	9:03 a	5.5
Nov 1	4:10 p	0.5	9:58 a	5.7
2	4:45 p	0.2	10:23 a	5.7
3	5:20 p	0.0	10:46 a	5.7
4	5:57 p	-0.2	11:08 a	5.6
5	6:33 p	-0.2	11:31 a	5.6
6	5:57 a	3.3	11:58 a	5.4

Ralph P. Merritt, Food Administrator, was here last week, driving a machine with an 80 horse-Liberty motor. Something new in these parts and on these roads.

A vote for C. C. Baker for District Attorney is a vote for general efficiency.

Perry Newberry's  
Second Article  
WILL APPEAR IN  
NEXT WEEK'S  
Pine Cone

## Protect Your Bonds

Do not take the chance of losing them or of having them stolen. Rent a Safe Deposit Box. If you have valuable papers or jewelry, keep them in a Safe Deposit Box.



Bank of Monterey  
Monterey Sav. Bank  
BUILDING  
Same MANAGEMENT



# Now warming 2,500,000 homes

Why?

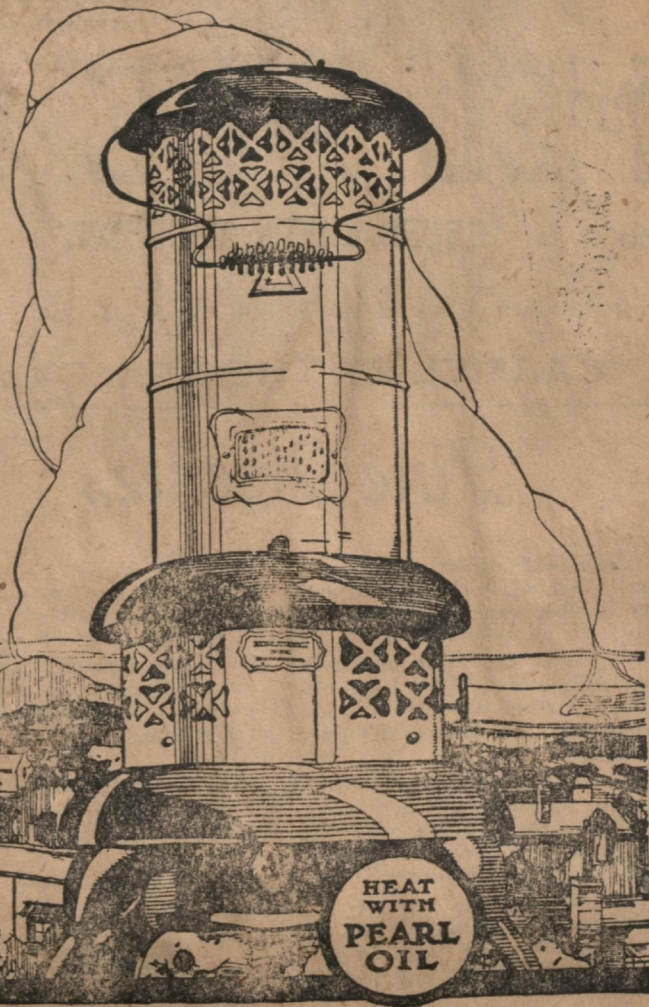
Because of the comfort, convenience and economy in heating with Perfection Oil Heater. Lights at the touch of a match—gives instant, cozy warmth. No smoke or odor. Easy to carry about.

Steady, comfortable heat for many hours on one filling with Pearl Oil, the ever-obtainable fuel. Oil consumed only when heat is needed—no waste.

## THE WEEK AFTER NEXT WILL BE PERFECTION OIL HEATER WEEK

Look for your dealer's special display. Ask him about oil heater comfort, convenience and economy.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY  
(California)



# PERFECTION OIL HEATER

B. F. MINGES, Special Agent, Standard Oil Co., Monterey, Cal.

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THOS. COPE  
HOLMAN'S DEPARTMENT  
STORE

## A Worthy Candidate

C. C. Baker, of Salinas, one of the candidates nominated at the recent primary for District Attorney, was a Carmel visitor a few days ago.

Mr. Baker's life is typical of the self-made man. To obtain means to gain his professional education he began in his eleventh year to labor on the farm, in railroad construction, in the timber. He realized his ambition, and graduated from the law department of Stanford University. Shortly after, he hung out his shingle in Salinas, and quickly won the confidence and esteem of the people. He has been active in civic affairs, and recently has worked hard and long with the Exemption Board, in the Red Cross, and for the Liberty Loans.

Mr. Baker has made no promises as to appointments. He makes this pledge, however: If elected he will conduct the office economically, and will enforce the law impartially. adv

## J. E. BECK, M. D.

Office at Carmel-by-the-Sea  
Pharmacy, Carmel, Cal.

## DR. L. L. PHELPS

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Large two-story home—Three bedrooms, servants' room, garage, workshop, library, large living room, dining room, kitchen, bathroom, extra toilet down stairs, large grounds, lawn, flowers; electric lights, private gas plant; furnished or unfurnished; close in. Inquire at Pine Cone office.

## Organ For sale.

Five-oct. A. B. Chase, in good condition. Inquire this office.

Your duty: Buy Thrift Stamps

For Information  
As to Property  
In and About  
CARMEL  
ADDRESS  
Carmel  
Development  
Company

For Sale HOTPOINT  
electric heater. copper-lined  
Inquire at  
Pine Cone office.

Squashes (Hubbard  
Variety) —  
For sale at the Machado Farm,  
near the Mission. 15c., 25c.

## We Are Going Out

of business, and to close out our entire stock of Furniture, I offer any article in the store at less than wholesale price. Get your share of this sale

Z. T. SPENCER

Monterey, opp. Postoffice

## County Taxes Due

J. E. Hunter, County Tax Collector, will not be at Monterey to receive taxes this year. All payments will be made at the Courthouse in Salinas, in person or by mail. The first installment is due, and will be delinquent the first Monday in December.

## Schweninger's GROCERY

Best Goods  
Fresh Goods  
Right Prices  
Free Auto Delivery

## Antiquated Law Should Be Changed

Voters should stamp a X opposite "Yes" on the eighth proposition on the ballot at the election next month. This proposed amendment relates to the University of California.

The University had its foundation in the Organic Act of 1868. That act prescribes in great and unnecessary detail the internal organization of the University.

Much of that organization is antiquated and outgrown and serves now only to hamper and embarrass the authorities. The people of the State have laid upon their University great tasks. It should be free to discharge them by the most efficient means. This the amendment permits.

## Carmel Drug Store

Has a fine line of

# Big Ben CLOCKS.

Also Stationery, Toilet  
Articles, and Rubber  
Sundries

Columbia Graphophone and  
Records for Sale

Lost something? Put an Ad  
in the Pine Cone.



# Some Experiences of a New "Y" Man in France

Perry Newberry Writes Interesting Account of His Work and Observations

On Saturday morning last, a week ago today, I was ordered by Paris headquarters to be ready to leave by automobile in an hour, and by noon I was being driven in a Y car to the eastward. That afternoon we passed thru villages famous in history, ruins now; passed thru barrage swept fields that were thick marked with shell holes; passed graveyards, newly made. By early evening we came to the village where I was expecting to find the Y division headquarters, but that village had been shelled during the day and the Y had moved on. We followed and in a smaller village found, just at dark, a little stone "hut" with two Y men. The hut had an upstairs which was occupied by the sub-officers of an Italian battalion. The Y's had food, a kitchen stove and a striker—a shell-stocked private whose brain those Y men were saving; he still wept like a woman whenever he was spoken to with kindness; he was from the southern mountains and too tender for war.

I slept that night on the floor quite comfortably. There was no telling where the division secretary was for the division was moving. I had better wait there for him rather than hunt him, so I put in an interesting day watching the French, Italian and American soldiers, the only occupants of this badly battered village behind the lines. From the hill by the ruined church the smoke of battle could be seen on the horizon and its noise came like the popping of corn. Sometimes a Bosche ("bosh," just plain "bosh," no rhyme with "by gosh," they pronounce it in the army) airplane came over to be peppered by near-by guns. These planes flew high, little hyphens in the sky, and the Archie guns could not reach. The little feathers of white were beneath them. That night I was awakened by fierce explosions close by and the bitter reply of anti-aircraft guns. We were being bombed by an air-plane. We went outside, but saw nothing, it was some distance away—but I kept my tin hat beside my head the rest of the night.

I was at breakfast in the Y hut Monday morning when a Y man blew in with the breezy inquiry, "Where's the new Y man?"

While he finished his breakfast, I loaded my kit aboard his caminet (a small Ford truck) and in a few minutes I was again on the road, paralleling the lines, passing over the battle fields of but a few days before. In one place they were burying our dead, a solemn though business-like ceremony. A cross beside the road was pointed out to me, the grave of one of our nation's heroes.

At the next village, in a stone, tile-roofed house were our division headquarters and the chief Y secretary.

"You will join the — regiment of Field Artillery and stay with them wherever they go," he ordered.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"Over there in the woods," he pointed. "Get dinner with us, then I'll send over a load of canteen goods and a man to help you dispose of them. You'd better cut your kit down about half for they'll travel light."

"Where are they going?"

"The rumor is a rest camp, but no one knows; they've been fighting hard for two months and horses and men are exhausted."

After dinner we piled boxes of chocolate, cigarettes and cookies into the caminet and my temporary assistant

and myself were carried into the woods and dumped close to the headquarters of the — Field Artillery. Its colonel greeted me warmly. He was formerly a Berkeley man and has a brother who comes summers to Carmel-by-the-Sea. He turned me over to the chaplain, a fine enthusiastic young Presbyterian minister, who suggested that we allot our canteen goods proportionally among the batteries and companies of the regiment. He also dug up a private with lots of experience at canteen work to help out. In an hour I had no supplies left, turned the sales money and my report over to the temporary assistant, who with a cheery "You'll do all right, Newberry," left me to my fate.

They were packing for a night march and my roll was tossed into a wagon and the lieutenant of supply company passed me over to Private Bill Hawkins, the best driver in the company.

"Take care of him, Bill," said the lieutenant, and Bill grunted.

I had my first supper with the regiment, borrowing a mess-kit for mine was in my roll-up. Then I hunted up Bill Hawkins among the fifty or more wagons and never lost sight of him again. It was so easy to get lost there in the woods and I didn't want to get left behind. Every one had plenty to do without watching out for me. I was on my own resources—I was one of the army.

A whistle blew twice, sharply. Bill climbed to his high seat and I scrambled up beside him. It was dark in the woods. There was no road out. Amid the trees was a confused mass of canvas-covered wagons, mules and horses and swearing drivers. They would never be able to get out in the dark. Probably they would have to throw a search light or flare over the scene. Another shrill whistle, the crack of a whip and a "Gee up," a rumble of wheels; more whip snaps, more curses, more rumbling. Bill unwound the lines from the brake-lever, gave a shrill whistle to his team; we lurched and moved ahead into the black night. We were on our way.

I held with both hands to the seat. Not a light showed in all the wood, but we were going out.

"Keep closed right up," cried a voice in the dark, and Bill said "Git up! Duke—Gid up, Brownie" to his team.

"They took my leaders off me today," remarked Bill, as we pulled up a sharp incline onto a road, swinging to right angle to follow the shadow ahead.

"Snort of hosses," he explained.

There was a moon that broke out from behind clouds. It lit up a winding white road between trees that soon ran into a meadow and then thru a little village, shell torn and desolate. Bill Hawkins began to talk, telling me of his home in a little upstate village of New York where he owns and conducts a teaming business. All his stories end up, "Then I unhitched; put on the nose bags with ten pounds of oats apiece and I watered an' gave 'em hay and bedded down; then I went in to supper."

So we marched thru the night, horses at a walk, a string of wagons, guns, caissons, camp kitchens and carts, four miles and more long. Thru village after village. From some windows faces peered out at us. We rode until dawn then went into camp. I slept beside Bill's wagon on my rain coat.

I am lying on my roll-up in a little swale of osiers with the camp supply

wagons parked about me. Far away is the distant roar of cannons or thunder—I don't know which. The boys hope it's the noise of guns, preferring shrapnel to rain; for we ride tonight. Where we do not know. Since Monday night, six days, we have been traveling parallel with the battle-line, sometimes close enough to see the shells burst about the sausage-balloons and the observation planes—yes, in little clouds of feathery white, just as the magazines have said a thousand times—then back so far that no sound of battle reaches us and no sign of havoc is found in the peaceful villages and rolling vineyards and fields of this beautiful country-side.

I glanced up here to find the shelter tents coming down with a rush and the teams being hitched up hurriedly. A sergeant running by yelled to me that we were off and I threw loose stuff into my roll, strapped and shouldered it to the wagon.

"Helmets and gas-masks!" ordered Lieut. Murphy, riding down the line of teams.

My helmet and gas-mask were somewhere in Bill Hawkins' wagon, but Bill had brought in a load of hay that afternoon and it was still on the wagon.

"Where'd you put my tin hat, Bill?" I asked.

"Somewhere under the hay," Bill replied, throwing the collars on his horses. "Use mine."

It was a kindly invitation, but I wanted my own. I didn't know much about war, but I imagined if a tin bonnet or a gas-mask was a requisite of life and one of us two on that wagon was to perish for need of either, it wouldn't be Bill. He was bigger, broader and more muscular about the arms, chest, shoulders and legs. So I burrowed under the hay in the corner where I had left them and as Bill, lines in hand, mounted at the command of a shrill whistle, I pulled them out and climbed up the wheel to the seat beside him.

"A cover over that hay, Bill," said

a sergeant, and I helped Bill pull the canvas over the hoops and rope her down.

"Forward—oh! shouted the lieutenant, and we pulled out, the second wagon in line, heading the regiment of — Field Artillery. Twenty minutes after the order to march was given the head of the column was rumbling over the road.

I pulled on my sheep-skin top-coat, strapped the steel helmet on my head with the strap under the point of the chin as I had been taught, then inspected my gas-mask. All O. K. and I hung it in place under my left arm.

"No smoking tonight," ordered the lieutenant, trotting down the line, "pass it back," and I heard the non-coms repeat the hated order down the line. It would be a bitter, hard war for Perry.

The guns were still rolling their distant grumbling, not to be mistaken now for thunder. We were turning into a road that pointed straight toward their noise.

Flashes like heat lightning lit the gradually darkened horizon. "I hope it don't—rain tonight," said Bill Hawkins.

The colonel went by in an automobile.

"Going forward now, not back, Newberry," he said. "How does the new bonnet fit?" and he went on to head the column. A short time after he rode by on a horse; then later in the side-car of a motorcycle; and his last appearance of the night was on a bicycle. One by one his conveyances had played out on him.

Have an opportunity to mail this, so will close. We are now on the front with a big battle in immediate prospect. Cannon are close and noisy. I am under a tent and quite comfortable. I am so well that I'm ashamed of my appetite.

A Bosch plane just swooped down and rattled some machine gun pellets toward us. No casualties.

PERRY.



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**Ben Leidig**  
**Hardware, Household Goods, Agent Florence**  
**and Perfection Stoves, Hotpoint Appliances**  
 Headquarters for Hunting and Fishing outfits

**CHURCH NOTICES**

*Christian Science Services*  
 Sunday, 11 A.M.  
 Sunday School, 9:45 A.M.  
 Wednesday, 8 P.M.  
 Church Edifice—Monte Verde Street,  
 one block north of Ocean Avenue

**CARMEL REALTY CO.**  
 HOUSES RENTED  
 PROPERTY SOLD  
 EXCHANGES MADE  
 INSURANCE

**All Saints Episcopal**  
 SERVICES AT 8 A.M. AND 4 P.M.  
 EVERY SUNDAY EXCEPT SECOND  
 SUNDAY IN MONTH. WHEN ONE  
 SERVICE IS HELD AT 11 A.M.  
 Sunday School 10 A.M.  
**WALTER C. MOFFAT, Rector**

**Service Stamps** to stick on your letters. These stamps may be used by those who have relatives in the Army or Navy. Book of 48 stamps 10c., at the Pine Cone office.



Give President Wilson a genuine supporter in the next Congress—  
Vote for Hugh Hersman

# POINT LOBOS

## ABALONE

Delicious and Appetizing  
Ask Your Grocer for It

### CARMEL By-the-Sea ATTRACTIONS

- Glass-bottom Boats.
- Library and Readingroom
- Fishing and Swimming  
in the Carmel River.
- Public Tennis Court
- Visit the historic Mission
- Good Moving Picture  
show every Saturday  
evening
- Picnic at Pebble Beach,  
Point Lobos, Carmel  
Highlands.
- Visit the Forest Theatre
- Bowling Alley
- Beautiful Walks, Drives

The Carmel city trustees will hold their monthly meeting at the City Hall next Wednesday evening.

### Climax Furniture Co.

The Big Store in Monterey on Franklin Street  
\$15,000 STOCK  
OF EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME. IT'S THE  
ONLY PLACE TO BUY HOME THINGS. COME  
AND SEE US, ANYHOW.

**Economy Satisfaction**  
GREEN TRADING STAMPS

**Data Wanted at Once**  
To the Residents of Carmelo  
Precinct:

The Committee on Community Honor Roll and Standard desires that those who have husband, sons, or daughters in service, to kindly furnish the name in full, date of entry, and branch of service—naval, marine, infantry, cavalry, artillery, aviation, engineering, hospital, Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., K. of C. It is essential that accurate data be obtained. Address communication to Dr. C. A. McCollom, Carmel.

### AMERICA CANNOT FAIL

America must send the Allies and our soldiers and sailors 17,500,000 tons of foodstuffs before June 30 of next year. The great bulk of this must be saved in the kitchens of the country. Our production is not sufficient to meet this tremendous export demand unless we cut down our consumption proportionately.

Last year the nation voluntarily saved and sent approximately 11,500,000 tons of foods, or 5,000,000 tons less than is required this coming year to maintain the Allies and our military forces while beating the Germans back beyond the Rhine and purging the world of autocracy and organized murder.

Thus our food conservation task now is greater than the task achieved, and each man, woman and child individually is responsible in helping America to fulfill the obligation assumed—that of exporting 17,500,000 tons of food this winter and spring. We have now to make the supreme effort and we must not fail. Watch your plate carefully.

### A NATION'S STRENGTH IS IN ITS FOOD SUPPLY

Eat Less - Waste nothing  
Create a Reserve

AMERICA MUST FEED  
120,000,000 ALLIES



### Carmel Pine Cone

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W. L. OVERSTREET,  
Editor and Publisher  
PHONE 602 W 1

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CAL.

OCT. 31, 1918

Official Paper of the City

### WEEKLY GREETING

Religion is something which a man cannot invent for himself, nor keep to himself. If it does not show in his conduct, it does not exist in his heart.—  
Henry van Dyke.

### Red Cross Notes

Even at this early date indications are that there will be a great chorus of "Ayes" when the Xmas Roll Call for Red Cross membership is held. The Chapters seem pleased with the "no quota" plan. Far better is regarded the general membership plan

Thirty-two thousand children in the schools of Paris were receiving food for their lunches from the American Red Cross at the beginning of this last summer.

The Red Cross is unalterably opposed to chain letters. Such a letter containing a prayer for victory to our allies is circulating in this Division, and members are asked to disregard it. The appended warning, "Do not break the chain, for it is said he who does will meet with a hard time," can be interpreted by the Post-office Department as a threat and in violation of postal regulations.

Every woman with the spirit of helpfulness and service will respond to the call for help in the present influenza epidemic. Many stricken households are in dire need of woman's attention; often entire families are prostrated; and the man or woman, alone, with no one to supply their needs, are in a pitiable condition. This is the time to serve humanity and country right here at home.

The American Red Cross is co-operating with the Japanese organization in Siberia in a most satisfactory and helpful way, and a big civilian and military job they have undertaken.

Latest Records, all makes, at Palace Drug Co., Monterey. Pianos for rent. adv

**Service Stamps** to stick on your letters. These stamps may be used by those who have relatives in the Army or Navy. Book of 48 stamps 10c., at the Pine Cone office.

If you read it in the Pine Cone you may safely repeat it.



### E. A. HAYES

(INCUMBENT)

Regular Republican Nominee  
for Congress, Eighth Dist.  
Election Nov. 5

For DISTRICT ATTORNEY—  
Walter E. Norris

(Incumbent)

Election Nov. 5

For Justice of the Peace  
Monterey Township—

A. J. Mason

Requests your vote on Nov. 5

For Justice of the Peace  
Monterey Township—

Ernest Michaelis

(Incumbent)

General Election Nov. 5

### C. C. Baker

Candidate for

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

of Monterey County

Election, Tuesday, Nov. 5

### To Friends and Supporters

You may wonder why I have not called upon you with reference to my candidacy for Justice of the Peace.

I want to assure you that it is not because I am not earnestly requesting support for my re-election, but that during this Fourth Liberty Loan drive I felt that all energies should be devoted to that.

Furthermore, I have been holding court for Justice Wallace of Alisal Township, at Salinas, who is in the East visiting his son, who is about to leave for France with the army. Ernest Michaelis

Election next Tuesday. Vote for C. C. Baker for District Attorney. adv

### The Household Wood supply

PINE  
Pitch  
Kindling  
Fireplace  
OAK  
Stove  
Roots  
Fireplace

**Ed. Romandia**  
CARMEL