

"Don't stop Saving Food; the war isn't over yet." — U. S. Food Adm.

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. Deventorf, 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 Brusier, Miss Tarny.
Santa Barbara—Mrs Meade Williams, Burton Williams, Mary N Tracy.
New 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. adv

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.

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
Same BUILDING MANAGEMENT

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 Boehling, 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 Philip 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 Geuthe 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. Glatzback, 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, Pon 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

Now warming 2,500,000 homes

Why?

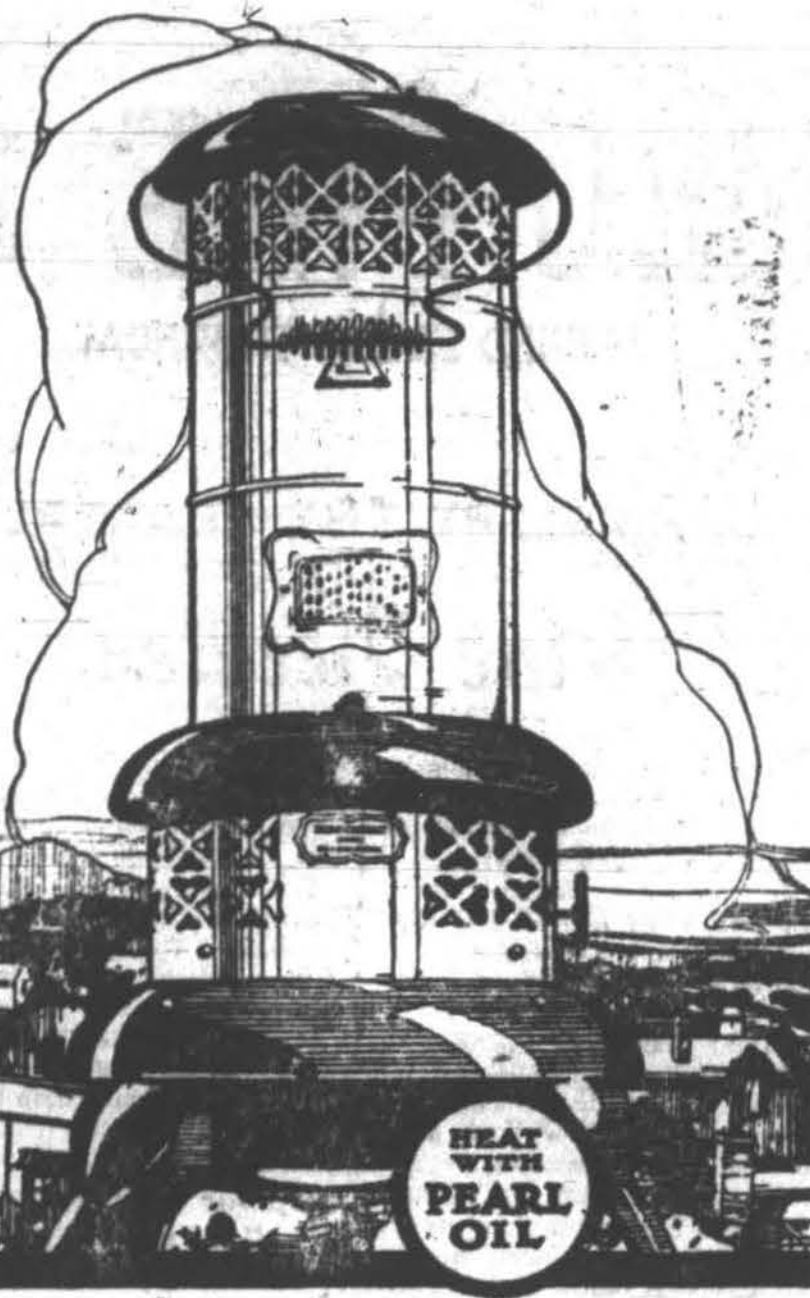
Because of the comfort, convenience and economy in heating with Perfection Oil Heater. Lights at the touch of a match—gives instant, cozy warmth. No smoke or odor. Easy to carry about.

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.

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(California)



PERFECTION OIL HEATER

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

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HAYES & RICHESEN
CLIMAX FURNITURE CO.
R. M. WRIGHT

T. A. WORK
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.

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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 Court-house 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.

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Has a fine line of

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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-shocked 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 southland 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," to 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 my breakfast, I loaded my kit aboard his camionet (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. Across 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 camionet 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. "Short 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 'em 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's wagon, but Bill had brought in a load of hay that afternoon and it was still on the wagon.

"Where'd you put m' 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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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

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 G. MOFFAT, Rector

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Vote for Hugh Hersman

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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 meet-
ing at the City Hall next
Wednesday evening.

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
170,000,000 ALLIES



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The Big Store in Monterey on Franklin Street

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OF EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME. IT'S THE
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AND SEE US, ANYHOW.

Economy Satisfaction

GREEN TRADING STAMPS

Data Wanted at Once
To the Residents of Carmelo
Precinct:

The Committee on Commu-
nity 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, ar-
tillery, 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.

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OAK
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Carmel Pine Cone

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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 indica-
tions are that there will be a great
cloudburst of "Ayes" when the Xmas
Roll Call for Red Cross member-
ship 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 begin-
ning of this last summer.

The Red Cross is unalterably
opposed to chain letters. Such a
letter containing a prayer for vic-
tory to our allies is circulating in
this Division, and members are
asked to disregard it. The ap-
pendix 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 re-
spond 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 coun-
try right here at home.

The American Red Cross is co-
operating with the Japanese or-
ganization 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 rela-
tives 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 ear-
nestly requesting support for
my re-election, but that dur-
ing 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