

# MINOT CELEBRATED DOWNFALL OF THE HUNS

President Shaw Closes Up the Town and Locks the Jail — Whistles Blown — Thousands Join in Unique Parade—Kaiser Burned in Effigy.

When Minot learned at five o'clock Monday morning, Nov. 11, 1918, that Germany had signed the terms of the armistice with Marshall Foch, this old burg went mad with joy.

When the glad tidings, which were not wholly unexpected, were flashed over the wire that the armistice had been signed and that the firing was to cease at eleven o'clock Paris time, (or five o'clock, Minot time), every whistle in the city was blown. All bells were rung. Shot guns and revolvers were fired. Lights were turned on all over the city and friends phoned the joyful news to others that they might get up and participate in the greatest celebration known to the present generation.

The members of McGuire's Million Dollar Drum Corps were soon on the streets and a lively parade was quickly formed. Men, women and children followed the drum corps. Many in the line of march carried flags. Everybody who could get their hands on a flag either carried the emblem of liberty or placed it up in some conspicuous spot. Scores of autos were soon out and joined in the festivities with loud honking. One truck carried a full load of boys and girls, while four young ladies carrying flags clung to the hood and the fenders. Jasper Baker and E. Ellison, two civil war veterans, were among the first in the line of march and they tuned it up with an old circular saw in good old 1861 fashion.

About eight o'clock the Musicians' Union band got out and remained on the job throughout the day.

President Shaw, on behalf of the city commission, issued a proclamation declaring a holiday. This was signed by City Auditor A. D. Hagenstein, who spent the day rejoicing in the downfall of autocracy. Every place of business in Minot closed. Merchants placed signs on their doors such as this: "Closed for the day to bury the Kaiser." And they did bury Kaiser Bill in proper style right here in Minot—or rather they burned him in effigy on a huge bonfire built at the head of North Main street. Someone swiped five barrels of tar from the Great Northern and struck a match. Boxes were added and for hours the fire burned brightly.

The kaiser's funeral was the feature of the parade. The old boy was carried thru the streets by the most joyful set of pall bearers we have ever seen. The band led the sad (?) procession, playing a sad dirge. The following signs appeared on the coffin: "On the Way to Hell," "Hold your nose," "How he stinks." After parading up and down the streets the procession led to the bon fire where the remains were burned. As the body was placed on the blazing pyre, a young man who declared that he was born in Germany jumped onto the body and stamped it into the flames. Another dummy to represent the

kaiser was dragged thru the wet streets behind a motorcycle. One man carried a cabbage head on a stick with a knife thru it, representing Bill Hohenzollern's cranium. A truck carrying a large number of workmen from the roundhouse carried the kaiser's backbone. A couple of well dressed fellows rode a big bay horse, to the tail of which was fastened a large can—the can they would like to fasten to the kaiser! The parade lasted all day long and when one gang grew tired of marching, another would take its place.

A good deal of anti-flu medicine was used during the day, so much so in fact that it is believed that not a single new case can be laid to Monday's jollification. Where all the medicine came from in this dry territory is a mystery, but evidently many had laid away a good sized stock awaiting this particular occasion. A few fellows grew a trifle unsteady before night but they were all good natured enough. Vendors in the goods report (unofficially) that business was so good that before night the entire supply had run out.

There were no accidents of much consequence, despite the hundreds of autos that were driven about the streets all day long. Some of the drivers appeared a little careless. One ran his machine up onto the sidewalk, but the crowd scamped out of the way. During the night, a couple of cars came together head-on up West Central avenue and the drivers got out, taking a few swipes at each other, much to the amusement of the onlookers. A small boy sustained a smashed finger which was caught between a couple of cars which came together. One fellow caught his leg under a truck. A man from Deering remonstrated with a cafe owner who had closed his place of business so that he might celebrate. The Deeringite wanted food and he insisted on the place being opened. He was given a trouncing. Practically every eating house in the city closed for the day.

Monday was the day when the drive for the United War Work fund was supposed to begin. The committees did not start out, but two tables were placed on the street, one at the Leland corner and the other in front of the New York store. John Roell, Judge Palda, Ira Wight and others did some effective rooting and by night \$1500 had been collected.

The crowd insisted that no work be done for the day and when a bakery wagon and a milk wagon appeared on the streets, the horses were stopped and unhitched. Another milk wagon was stopped at the edge of town and turned back. A dray wagon or two were taken in charge and the horses unhitched for a day's rest, the drivers joining in the celebration.

A number of young men who had come to Minot that day, expecting to leave the day following for military training camps, realized that they would not have to go. They expressed great disappointment, but joined in the jollification.

Many a mother, wife, sister or sweetheart had a good cry when the whistles told the story of the downfall of kaiserism, for they realized that their loved ones were soon to be returned to them.

The day was one never to be forgotten. Old men and women who remember back to Civil war days, say that there was just such a jollification thruout the land when the news was heralded that Lee had surrendered to Grant. We who are living will probably never experience another such occasion for, thanks to the brave boys who have offered their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of liberty, there will

never be an excuse for another such war as came to a close Monday morning.

# MINOT SOLDIER MAKING GOOD IN FRANCE

Walter Champlin Wins a Lieutenancy by Hard Work on Field of Battle—Enlisted as Camion Driver in French Service.

Washington, Oct. 26, 1918. Mr. O. M. Champlin, Minot, N. D.

Dear Sir: The Secretary of War desires me to inform you that your son, Walter B. Champlin, Quartermaster's Corps, has been appointed Second Lieutenant, Transportation Corps, United States Army, with rank from Sept. 8, 1918, upon the recommendation of the Commanding General, American Expeditionary Forces. The commission evidencing his appointment will be sent to you at an early date. This commission will be retained by you and not forwarded to Lieutenant Champlin.

Very respectfully,  
WM. E. MOORE,  
Adjutant General.

Mr. O. M. Champlin has just received the above letter from the secretary of the war department stating that his son, Walter B. Champlin, has been commissioned a lieutenant in the Transportation Corps. This is a new division that was created some time in July. Lieutenant Champlin was called from the front July 26th to help organize and conduct a school of instruction for motor transport work.

This branch of the service grew to such a magnitude that it became necessary to create a special division for it. This school of instruction is located at Dieppe, France, about 135 miles south of Paris. At the head of the school are some of the best engineers in France. Lieutenant Champlin wrote in one of his letters to his father that he had been given a wonderful opportunity by being assigned to this school for instruction work.

Lieutenant Champlin is another one of Minot's products—a graduate of the Minot high school, and about two years business training with the Second National bank. He had spent three years in the University of California and it was from the University that he and forty-one other students enlisted for overseas service with the French forces. These forty-two men carried the first American flag to the battle line in France, thus making history.

Lieutenant Champlin will have been in service one year and a half this month and no doubt will be in until the last, as this branch of the army will be retained in France until the last.

Lieutenant Champlin's address is Motor Transport School No. 1, A. P. O. 772, American Expeditionary Forces, France.

James Hokanson of Norwich has gone to Seattle, Wash., for the winter. He writes: "Found a heavy rain falling when we arrived, but not a bit cold so if it continues think we will like it fine."

# THE BLUE TRIANGLE ON BABEL'S TOWER

Lucia pulled her shawl farther across her face and shrank down on the station platform bench as the solid blue figure suddenly bent down over her. Excitedly she shook her head in answer to the question that she could not understand. She searched through her red plaid waist for the paper that Tony had folded into a little square and given to her. The writing on it, in the English that Tony knew and she did not, told the house where she lived. Tony had explained it all to her that morning. He had told it to her again at the station. Then, waving his hat, he had disappeared into the train with the rest of the men, and Lucia had been left standing outside the gate. There were crowds of women pushing all about her. They were weeping. So Lucia wept, too.

Lucia had been betrothed to Tony in the old country. Five years before, with a long ticket for New York pinned into his inside pocket, her lover had left her. He wrote in every letter that he had made her a home in the new country. Her dowry money had finally provided her own transportation, and for two months Tony and she had been married. Then he had drawn a ticket with a number on it, and this morning he had gone off to war.

To the policeman Lucia told all these things in rapid Italian. But the policeman only talked back to her as rapidly in a language that was not Italian. She followed him dumbly to headquarters. An hour later a woman wearing American clothes gently began talking to her in beautiful Italian.

Italian Lucia was only one of thousands of foreign-born women, Syrians, Italians, Armenians, Russians, Lithuanians, Polish, who, when the draft called their men folk to the American colors, asked in helpless confusion what it was all about. When would their men be back? What did people mean when they told them they would receive money through the mail? Where could they find work that they knew how to do? Was there no one who could explain it all to them in their own language?

The Y. W. C. A. was ready to offer assistance, but it would be of no value to offer it in English. Consequently it had to supply a corps of women who could talk to the foreign-born woman at her own door in the language that she was used to hearing in the homeland. To teach her English was an essential factor in her Americanization as to find her a job. Therefore the war council of the Y. W. C. A. set out to find her English.

A year before the war began in Europe, the leaders of the Young Woman's Christian association foresaw just such a situation, and made ready to meet it. They studied the needs of the immigrant. They trained skilled American social workers to become familiar with the home habits and to speak the language of the Lett and the Hungarian and the Greek and the other foreign mothers who brought babies and bundles over from Ellis Island to Battery park.

The organization into which this experiment has developed was named by the Y. W. C. A. national board, "The International Institute for Young Women." In terms which these women can understand, it is teaching the foreign-born how to sew and cook and care for the baby.

To girls like Italian Lucia, who confusedly lingered on the station platforms when the draft trains pulled out, the Y. W. C. A. is giving direct assistance. Educated European women, appointed to the regular staff of workers at the camp Y. W. C. A. Hostess Houses are able to talk to the drafted men in their own language, assist them in writing letters home, and in arranging furloughs and little visits to the camp.

"The Home Information Service for Foreign Families of Enlisted Men" is doing practical relief work for the wives and mothers. The purpose of the board is to help the women folk left behind to understand where their boys are and how they are being treated; how they need home support and cheer, how to send them comforts, and to keep pace themselves by learning English and other things, so that when the boys come home they will not find their women still very un-American and out of sympathy with them.

Food conservation bulletins have been translated into 18 or 19 languages. At the factories and munition plants interpreters are available for the non-English speaking women by whom the real war industries of the country are being largely carried on. In 25 important cities International Institute Bureaus are training American and foreign women for full time social service work with foreigners. Twenty-four trained women are employed on the national and district field staff of the Y. W. C. A. On June 15 there were 105 trained women working at Americanization.

When more than 75,000 Chicago men filled out their blue cards for the September 12 draft, Gang Luo Wong appeared at one precinct bringing with him Mrs. Gang Wong and the three children. All five wished to register. The enrolling clerk explained, but the Gang Luo Wongs make many broken Chinese remonstrances before the master of the family was induced to sign a card without his wife. Mrs. Wong could not speak English. What would his family do in a strange country if Gang Luo went to war? All over the United States Chinese and Poles and Serbs were asking the same question. It is to just such needs that the War Council of the Y. W. C. A. is organized to give assistance.



# Young men's ulsters by Hart Schaffner & Marx

THIS is a good example of the many smart overcoat styles we're offering. Here are some of the features you'll be interested in; notice the narrow shoulders; some of the models have the Raglan effect; notice the wide collar; the rolling lapels; the high waist line; the vertical pockets.

The biggest thing about these coats, however, is the quality—all wool fabrics, fine tailoring; and a guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

Parcel Post Prepaid  
11 STORES M. G. OLSON CO. 11 STORES  
The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

# GENERAL PERSHING AWARDS HONOR CROSS



The Distinguished Service cross, the highest American award to heroes, is being presented by General Pershing to a lieutenant colonel attached to the Second division headquarters. The citation was for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity under fire.

With Arm Mangled by Gas Engine, Farmer Continues to Smoke Pipe.

Wm. Estlick, north prairie farmer, who sustained a fractured left arm while wrestling with a gas engine, is getting along as well as might be expected. He is receiving treatment at a local hospital. The large bone of his left arm was crushed, one end protruding through the flesh. A silver plate has been placed in the arm and he will in time regain the use of it. Mr. Estlick had started the engine when his jacket caught in the engine. He was pulled into the machine and securely caught. He was in the engine house alone at the time, but his wife heard his cries and came to the rescue. The engine had already stopped, with the belt on. Thru the entire ordeal, Bill kept smoking his pipe.

Alaskan Visits Minot  
Fred M. Spiers, U. S. Commissioner from the 2nd District in Alaska, is spending a few days with Minot friends. He has been located at Ochotzchagamate, Alaska, 300 miles from a railroad for the past twenty years. He has brot with him many interesting relics, including an Eskimo suit of the rarest furs.

Death of Glenburn Lad  
Claude, the 14-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Winter who reside four miles southeast of Glenburn, died Saturday night from influenza. He is survived by his parents, three brothers and one sister. The parents are among the early Glenburn settlers and Claude was born on the North Dakota homestead.

Emerson Recalls Early History  
R. H. Emerson brot to the Independent office an old election poster gotten out by his wife's father, Col. B. T. Miller, March 12, 1867, who was advertising his candidacy for sheriff of Fond du Lac, Wis. Col. Miller fought in the war of 1812 under General Harrison. Back in the 60's Mr. Emerson was a railway machinist and in 1867 went to St. Paul to work for

# Holiday Goods Now on Display

We have placed on display in our Bargain Basement the greater part of our TOY LINE. Some new goods that are on back order may arrive, but we are not sure there will be a great deal more.

Our advice is to buy your holiday goods now. If you wait until the usual time, you will find very poor selections, and are sure to be disappointed.

The items we have to offer this season are all American made toys, and are better than a great deal of the goods offered in former years.

Some Extra Values in Shoes on Sale  
Basement Department

9-in. top, Brown Side Leather Military Heel Boot, a very good looking shoe, just the thing for the school girl, and for street wear. Special price

**\$4.95**

9-in. top, Brown Duck, Dark Brown Calf Vamp, Military Heel, a nice looking shoe. Just 36 pairs we have to offer at the very low price of

**\$3.98**

Per pair

A Large Stock

Overshoes

For Every Member of the Family

We have recently received large shipments of back orders of rubbers and overshoes, and are now in a position to fill most every want in this line. Bring the whole family in and have them fitted out at once.

# New York Dept. Store

Minot, N. D.