

FAIR FOOD PRICES

As Fixed By Food Administration

KINGMAN, Saturday Nov. 9, 1918—The following official quotations are the maximum retail prices that may be charged for the foodstuffs named, as fixed by Kingman Fair Price Committee of the Food Administration. Owing to fluctuations of the market on butter and eggs, the above price on these items is neither minimum or maximum.

Victory Flour 1-8 bbl. bag (24 pounds)	\$1.75
Wheat flour, per 1-8 bbl. bag (24 lbs.)	1.65
Wheat flour (bulk), per pound	.07
Barley flour, per 1-8 bbl. bag (24 lbs.)	1.95
Barley flour (bulk), per lb.	.08 1-2
Rice flour (bulk), per lb.	.12
Cornmeal (bulk), per lb.	.08
Corn flour (bulk), per lb.	.08
Victory bread (price per loaf), 16 oz.	.13
Victory bread (twin loaf), 24 ounces	.16
Oatmeal or rolled oats (bulk) per pound	.10 to .11
Rice, unbroken, standard quality, per lb.	12½ to 17½
Sugar, granulated (bulk) per pound	.09 1-2
Beans (pink), per lb.	1-2
Beans (navy) per pound	17 1-2
Potatoes (white or Irish), per lb.	.04 to 4½
Onions, per lb.	.04 to .04 1-2
Raisins (seeded), per 16-oz. pkg.	.15
Prunes (60-70's), per lb.	.15
Canned tomatoes (standard grade), (No. 2½ can)	.18
Canned corn (standard grade) per 20 ounce (No. 2) can	.15
Canned peas (standard grade), per 20-oz. (No. 2) can	.18 to .22
Canned Salmon (tall pink Alaska), per 16 oz. (No. 1) can	.22 to .25
Canned salmon tall red Alaska, per 16-oz. No. 1 can	.30
Evaporated milk (unsweetened, per 6-oz can	.08
Evaporated milk (unsweetened), per 16-oz. can	.17
Butter, per lb	.72
Eggs (fresh ranch), per doz.	.92
Cheese (New York or local), per lb.	.40 to .45
Lard (pure leaf in tins) per 3 pound pail	1.05 to 1.10
Lard substitute in tins, per 6 pound pail	2.00
Bacon (not sliced), standard grade, per lb.	.55
Bacon (sliced), (fancy grade), (Swifts Prem.) per lb.	.70
Ham (smoked), standard, per lb. (whole)	43 3-4
Ham (smoked), fancy grade, per lb. Prem. whole	44 3-4
Bacon, (Premium) not sliced	61 to 63
Round Steak, per lb.	.35 to .40

On charges made for any articles here listed in excess of the list price should be reported to County Food Administrator Stewart.



Unlike Topsy— Swift & Company Has Not "Jest Grown"

Swift & Company, in fifty years of well ordered growth, has become one of the great national services because it has learned to do something for the American people which they needed to have done for them, in the way in which they preferred to have it done.

It has met each successive demand, in the changing conditions of national life, by getting good meat to increasing millions effectively, efficiently, economically, and expeditiously.

The Swift & Company packing plants, refrigerator cars, car routes, branch houses, organization, and personnel of today are the practical solutions, born of practical experience, to the food problems of half a century.

Because of all these elements working in correlation and unison, Swift & Company is able to supply more and better meat to more people than would have been possible otherwise, at a net profit per pound of meat so low (a fraction of a cent) that the consumer price is practically unaffected.

Strip away any portion of this vast, smooth-running human machine, and you make a large part of the meat supply uncertain, lose the benefit of half a century of fruitful experience, and scatter the intelligent energies of men who have devoted a life work toward meeting the needs of a nation in one vital field.

The booklet of preceding chapters in this story of the packing industry will be mailed on request to
Swift & Company,
Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



WITH OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

FRANCE AS SEEN
BY A U. S. SAILOR

Charles Maddux gives an interesting, breezy description of France and the French people in a recent letter. "Top of the morning to ye!" It's bright and cheerful ever here this morning, and I'm feeling likewise I think it's a good time to write a few lines.

Time drags pretty slow here in Panillac, usually. The weather has been very wet lately but today has the prospect of being of the Arizona variety.

Last Saturday was a fine day, and, being "on liberty," a sailor friend and I went on a bicycle hike. The roads in this country are fine and quite numerous. We covered fifty kilometers, (about thirty-one miles) in a few hours. Took refreshments at the hunting lodge of an English woman (widow to a Frenchman and the mother of two sons now dead—who gave their lives for France.) We had a nice little chat, some wine, etc., and then were on our way.

Along our route we saw many luscious blackberries and stopped occasionally to "manger" some of them. The French do not eat blackberries. Mighty strange, but we jacksies are glad they don't for as it is, while out "promenading" we can stop along the roadside and eat to our heart's content. They—the French people—don't know what they're missing! There are, however, very few food substances which the French let go to waste. Frogs, snails, donkey flesh, and now horse flesh, are some of the "meats" they turn to account. How would you like a dish of donkey flesh with a fancy name like "saucisson de Lyn," or would you prefer a burro with cactus trimmings and labeled "camouflage de asb(s)bestos?" So well do the people of this country like snails that they actually farm them. They are fed on green stuff, wine dregs and on bread soaked in wine,—thus they are given a special favor. Gay Paris consumes some fifty tons of snails per day! If this war should last another four years, I wonder what we Americans will be eating?

A few days ago I witnessed a French funeral procession. This is another thing which they do in their own sweet way. It certainly was a strange sight to me. Everybody was walking except the hearse driver and the drivers of otherwise empty carriages which latter followed the balance of the procession. After the funeral was all over the people attending would ride home in these vehicles. So I was told that even in Paris the people walk to a funeral. Contrast this to our "rapid transit" method. Well, our friends try to get us (not to say themselves) out of misery quick, don't they?

Oh, yes,—the procession! To continue, the priest preceded the hearse, then came the chief mourner (parents in this case) then the men, then the women, all following closely upon the hearse. Every Frenchman they passed saluted the procession. This also is decidedly a French custom.

Oh, well, we can't all be alike, and I reckon it's a good thing we're not just so. But it's a good thing that some race of people are more respectful of the dead, than are we Americans. Only our near friends and relatives concern us deeply. That reminds me of a limerick I once read, which ran thus-wise:

"While attending a funeral, McBride Was asked who was dead and replied, 'I don't know,' he said, 'The man who is dead, I just came along for a ride!'"

Am now a gunner's mate, 3rd class (since July 1). Please remember to address me exactly as below.

Best Regards,
Tell inquiring friends "hello" for me and tell them to write. Goodbye,
Sincerely,
Charles Maddux,
G. M., 3 C., U. S. N.,
U. S. N. Air Station, Panillac. Care of Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.

WRITES OF LIFE IN FRENCH BILLETS

Emery Morrow, son of R. P. Morrow, writes of the life in the French billets behind the trenches. He entered the service about a year and a half ago and has been in France but a short while.

"I am in training back of the lines and am billeted in comfortable quarters in a stone house 51 years old. Five of us live in the same place and have things fixed nicely. Shelves for our clothes and hooks for our equipment, a small table and chairs. We sleep on mattresses on the floor. I am in a new place, not the one from which I wrote you last time. You see I am moving about quite often and seeing the country as I do. It is very pretty here and resembles California very much. An old lady owns the place where I stay and she treats us fine, as do most of the people in this country. All of the houses are built of stone and one house here is 285 years old, but still as good as new. The grapes will soon be ripe, but they do not have the same crops that they have in California.

I see names of some of my old Galveston friends on the walls so I know I am on their trails, and we may get together again.

There are 15 boys from the 8th regiment in my company, and fine fellows, and we are trying to hang together.

Robt. E. Morrow, Co. D., 1st Tarrington Batt., 1st Regiment, U. S. Marines, Am. Ex. Forces, via N. Y., France.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF "LICKING" THE HUN

One of the most interesting letters received from France was that of L. V. Carothers, who is with the 27th Engineers and took active part in one of the biggest battles of the war, Mr. Carothers was formerly connected with the Miners' Union at Chloride.

"I will start with the time we left the training camp in the States. Of course we had an idea we would be given word soon to pack up as they had carefully inspected and checked up on all our equipment and we were all ready when it did come. The ride to the port of embarkation was uneventful and made in the night very quietly. No time was lost in going aboard and the next day at noon with several other heavily laden troop ships, we dropped down to the outer harbor and waited there until all were ready to start. We put to sea in the daytime with an escort consisting of several very fast little destroyers, a large business like cruiser, a dirigible airship, and some sea planes, to guard us. We were packed in like sardines and I noted that the others were the same and I afterwards learned that one of the larger vessels was a former German ship. All the transports were well armed and manned by naval seamen.

Before reaching this side we were joined by several other destroyers and picked up a number of troop ships on reaching the French port we came in single file through the mine fields our ship leading the way and right here I want to say that there is no more imposing sight in the world than a line of great ships as far as the eye can reach and flanked by the "watch dogs" of the navy darting here and there all the time. Any object afloat is carefully investigated as it may be a "sub" and is approached with great caution. It seems that the American Navy has made a great "rep" in these waters and is considered the "very last word" going among the navies of the world. Well we were landed in quick time and were billeted in an old French prison camp built and used by Napoleon during his wars. The old place, where the firing squads did its work, is still intact as are many other objects of interest. We were here only two days, entraining direct for the front, and in an even twenty days from the training camp we were under fire of the German guns and in the start of the World's famous battles. We had marched all night in the pouring rain and the scream of the heavy shells did not raise our spirits very much. Here at one side were the Marines flanked by a division of our Eastern troops, who proved themselves the best fighters the Huns had ever faced. The Germans had started another drive, which was to reach Paris, and the French were on the point of breaking and so advised the leader of the Marines, "Hell no?" said he. "We were sent here to hold this ground and to take more."

And they did and these same woods have been renamed in honor of our boys, many of whom are still there doing their long sleep. The initial success was followed up so fast and furious that no time was left for eating, sleeping or rest and only stopped when the salient the Huns had forced into the French lines, was gone and the Germans were for the time secure back of the natural barrier of a couple of rivers. Of course in their retreat all bridges, rail tracks, etc., were destroyed and they also left vast quantities of ammunition in addition to great dumps they had blown up.

Heavy artillery could not be moved quickly enough and was captured every where. I saw great Howitzers, made by the Krupp's, that stoop more than 9 feet high and hurled shells weighing several hundred pounds. We had scores of machine guns, trench mortars, etc., in our camp and great trenches filled with the German dead. Today this section is in a large part cleaned up and the people are again in their homes. But it makes one feel blue when he is going along the road as here and there he passes a little plot with our boys or sees a lone grave surmounted by a rude cross. A Springfield rifle sticking, bayonet down, in the ground and a dun colored helmet hanging on top of the cross. An identification tag tied to the sticks tells who he is and bears his official number. One I noticed had two signal flags stuck upright and another had a belt with telephone tools stuck in it, showing what his duties were.

It seemed difficult to me to realize that all along here one of the most brilliant pages of history was written. It was all so sordid and lacked all semblance of the "glorious charge" we have often read about. "No prisoners" and later "Hell, Heaven, or Hoboken before Xmas" were the cries. The Huns fought desperately and the rear guard is always machine guns, hundreds of them everywhere.

The Yanks fought in Indian style, scattered out and taking advantage of every bit of cover, always ahead, until it got the Dutchman's goat. Here is one little incident. Three boys, two of them recently from a New England factory and the other from the Southwest, the cactus country, were taking what cover they could behind a mound of earth. Machine gun bullets were streaming past and they could not locate the gun, which was doing the great damage to our troops, who were advancing on their bellies in the open. Finally they spotted it and the Springfield punctured the helmet of the operator. Another took his place and shared his fate. The third was more wary and kept down but the gun still smoked, so the boys crawled around,

(Continued on Page Nine)

ASSETS OVER \$3,000,000



ARIZONA CENTRAL BANK
Established 1887

CAPITAL and SURPLUS \$325,000

Payments on Bonds

The second installment on Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds is due the 21st of this month and should be in the hands of the banks by the 19th.

Arizona Central Bank

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$325,000
KINGMAN, ARIZONA

WHAT THE Y.M.C.A. DOES FOR THIS BOY

If your boy or any American boy was a prisoner in a Hun prison camp, what would his parent and friends not give to be able to locate him so that some comforts could be sent to relieve his sufferings. Right here in Arizona has just transpired such a case, but let the Mesa Tribune tell the story:

"The whereabouts of A. Haught, one of the Mesa boys who went to France to fight with the American troops, has been located. Through the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. army contingent, young Haught was discovered in one of the prison camps in Germany. Heretofore he had simply been reported as "missing."

There is a whole lot in that short story. Think of the anxiety of the Mesa boy's people when he was reported "missing" and for days and weeks they heard no word of him or even that he was living or dead. That is some of the work the Y. M. C. A. is doing hourly in France, and, through the Dutch branch of the Y. in Germany. Now that the Y. M. C. A. has located young Haught, his parents will be able to send him parcels of food, which he will badly need. The Y. M. C. A. war bureau also will look after that, handling the packages for American prisoners in Germany through the Y. M. C. A. in Holland.

It is to continue this work and to make it more and more effective, this task of locating lost boys in the national service and of caring for other boys fighting on the seas and in France, that the United War Work Campaign is to be waged simultaneously all over the United States from November 11 to 18. It is a chance for everyone to help do something for the men in France.

"JUST TERMS" AS THE HUN SAW THEM IN 1871

From Count Von Moltke's "History of The Franco-German War"

The negotiations (between the commander of the French armies and General Von Moltke) were held at Donchery during the night between September 1st and 2nd. The Germans were forced to consider that they must not forego the advantage gained over so powerful an enemy as France. When it was remembered that the French had regarded the victory of German arms over other nationalities in the light of an insult, any acts of untimely generosity might lead them to forget their own defeat. The only course to pursue was to insist upon the disarmament and detention of the entire army, but officers were to be free on parole.

General Von Wimpffen declared it impossible to accept hard conditions. The negotiations were broken off and the French officers returned to Sedan at 1 o'clock. Before their departure they were given to understand that unless the terms were agreed by nine the next morning the bombardment would be renewed. The capitulation was signed by General Von Wimpffen on the morning of the second, further resistance being obviously impossible.

Save the pits? Sure: and a bottomless one for the kaiser—Duncan Cohn-grams.

County Agricultural Agent C. R. Fullerup, of Navajo and Apache counties reports the first fair held in Navajo county, just held at Snowflake, a great success. The Agricultural, Livestock and other displays were most creditable.



The Valve-in-head-type engine illustrated here, like all internal combustion engines, requires an oil that holds its lubricating qualities at cylinder heat, burns clean in the combustion chambers and goes out with exhaust. Zerolene fills these requirements perfectly, because it is correctly refined from selected California asphalt-base crude.

ZEROLENE

The Standard Oil for Motor Cars

It Keeps the Engine Young!

Zerolene keeps the engine young—full-powered, smooth-running, and economical in fuel and oil consumption—because it is correctly refined from selected California asphalt-base crude. Gives better lubrication with less carbon. Made in several consistencies. Get our Correct Lubrication Chart covering your car.

At dealers everywhere and Standard Oil Service Stations.
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)

R. J. Harlan, Special Agent, Standard Oil Co., Kingman

WILLARD SERVICE STATION

Get your Willard Battery here
Have it with you all the time
Independent then you'll be

Alphabetically we call your attention to some points each week.—Watch for them and get wise.

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