

A STITCH IN TIME

THE OLD-WORLD SAYING IS NEVER MORE TRUE THAN WHEN APPLIED TO TIRES. A SMALL CUT IN YOUR CASING OR LEAK IN YOUR TUBE, IF NEGLECTED, MAY RUIN THE WHOLE CASING... OUR BUSINESS IS TO SAVE YOU THIS TROUBLE AND EXPENSE.



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VULCANIZING & RETREADING

W. H. BOHNENKAMP CO., Goodyear Service Station

(Continued from page three.)

"Now for the flyovers, and I know they'll be good and plenty! They were. When we arrived at the gun pits the battery commander, the sergeant major and Cassell were waiting for us. We fell in line and the funeral march to brigade headquarters started.

"Arriving at headquarters the battery commander was the first to be interviewed. This was behind closed doors. From the roaring and explosions of Old Pepper it sounded as if raw meat was being thrown to the lions. Cassell, later, described it as sounding like a bombing raid. In about two minutes the officer reappeared. The sweat was pouring from his forehead, and his face was the color of a beet. He was speechless. As he passed the captain he jerked his thumb in the direction of the lion's den and went out. Then the captain went in and the lions were once again fed. The captain stayed about twenty minutes and came out. I couldn't see his face, but the drop in his shoulders was enough. He looked like a wet hen.

"The door of the general's room opened and Old Pepper stood in the doorway. With a roar he shouted: "Which one of you is Cassell? D—n me, get your heels together when I speak! Come in here!"

"Cassell started to say, 'Yes sir.' "But Old Pepper roared, 'Shut up!' "Cassell came out in five minutes. He said nothing, but as he passed me he put his tongue into his cheek and winked, then, turning to the closed door, he struck his thumb to his nose and left.

"Then the sergeant major's turn came. He didn't come out our way. Judging by the roaring, Old Pepper must have eaten him.

"When the door opened and the general beckoned to me, my knees started to play 'Home, Sweet Home' against each other.

"My interview was very short.

"Old Pepper glared at me when I entered, and then let loose.

"Of course you don't know anything about it. You're just like the rest. Ought to have a nursing bottle around your neck and a nipple in your teeth. Soldiers—by god, you turn my stomach to look at you. Win this war, when England sends out such samples as I have in my brigade! Not likely! Now, sir, tell me what you don't know about this affair. Speak up, out with it. Don't be gaping at me like a fish. Spit it out.

"I stammered, 'Sir, I know absolutely nothing.'

"That's easy to see, he roared; 'that stupid face tells me that. Shut up. Get out; but I think you are a d—d liar just the same. Back to your battery.'

"I saluted and made my exit.

"That night the captain sent for us. With fear and trembling we went to his dugout. He was alone. After saluting we stood at attention in front of him and waited. His say was short.

"Don't you two ever get it into your heads that Morse is a dead language. I've known it for years. The two of you had better get rid of that nervous habit of tapping transmitters; it's dangerous. That's all."

"We saluted, and were just going out the door of the dugout when the captain called us back and said:

"Smoke Goldflakes? Yes? Well, there are two tins of them on my shelf. Go back to the battery, and keep your tongues between your teeth. Understand?"

"We understood.

"For five weeks afterwards our battery did nothing but extra fatigues. We were satisfied and so were the men. It was worth it to put one over on Old Pepper, to say nothing of the injury caused to Fritz' feelings."

When Wilson had finished his story I looked up and the dugout was jammed. An artillery captain and two officers had also entered and stayed for the finish. Wilson spat out an enormous quid of tobacco, looked up, saw the captain, and got as red as a carnation. The captain smiled and left. Wilson whispered to me:

"Blime me, Yank, I see where I click for crucifixion. That captain is the same one that checked us Goldflakes in his dugout and here I have been checking me weight about in his hearing."

Wilson never elicited his crucifixion. Quite a contrast to Wilson was an-



FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Geo. H. Feese, Pastor.
Divine service: 11 a.m. and 8 p.m.
Sunday school: 9:45 a.m.
Geo. H. Curry, Supt.
Epworth League: 7 p.m.
Claude Cooper, president.
Gratitude.
Subject for morning service, "The Carnal Mind." Subject for the evening, "The Days of Wesley and Now."

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE VALLEY
Low mass, 8:00 a.m.
High mass, 10:30 a.m.
Rosary and Benediction, 4:00 p.m.
P. J. DRISCOLL, Rector
Residence, Sixth and K.
Phone Main 9.

BAPTIST CHURCH
Sunday School, 9:45 a.m.
Preaching, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

PULPIT COMMITTEE.
Mrs. Maguire, superintendent.
Preaching and communion, 11 a.m.
B. Y. P. U., 7 p.m.
Preaching, 8 p.m.
Rev. C. W. Holloman will preach morning and evening.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.
Holy communion at 8:00 a.m.
Bishop Paddock will make his annual official visitation to this parish at the morning service, which will be at 10:30 instead of 11 o'clock. It has been set for this hour because the bishop has to leave on the 11:25 train for Baker.
Evening services at 8 o'clock.
The postponed parish meeting for election of vestry will be held in the church on Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS
Tabernacle Fourth and O Streets.
Chas. J. Black, bishop.
M. L. A. meet Tuesday evening, 7:30; social hour after class work.
Primary every Tuesday, 4:00 p.m.
Religious class, Thursday, 4:00 p.m.
Relief society, Thursday, 2:00 p.m.
Choir practice, Sunday, 7:00 p.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH
(Corner First and Washington)
Sunday school at 10:00 a.m.
Wednesday evening meetings at 8 p.m.
Reading rooms open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons from 2 to 5 p.m., corner First and Washington.
Sunday morning service at 11 a.m. Subject: "Unreality."
Public is cordially invited.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH
Corner Fir and Jackson Streets.
W. B. Smith, pastor.
Residence, 2103 North Fir street.
Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.
Preaching, 11:00 a.m.
Junior league, 3:00 p.m.
Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

ZION LUTHERAN CHURCH
M Street.
F. W. Bussard, pastor.
Sunday school, 10:00 a.m.
Morning service, 11:00 a.m.

Missionary society, first Thursday in each month, 2:30 p. m.
W. B. SMITH, Pastor.
The Evangelistic Committee of the M. E. Church South will hold services at Perry next Sunday at 8 p.m. and

SALVATION ARMY
Jefferson Street.
Florence E. Pogue, ensign.
Capt. Mae Flack, assistant.
Holiness meeting, 11:00 a.m.
Tannery school, 2:00 p.m.
Y. P. L., 6:15 p.m.
Salvation service, 8:00 p.m.

at the home of Mr. Turnbo, 3rd and D Aves., next Tuesday, at 7:30 p.m.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Corner Spring and Seventh Streets.
Bible School at 9:45 a.m.
H. L. Ford, pastor.
Subject for 11:00 a. m., "God's Cure for the World's Trouble," and a solo by Mrs. H. L. Ford; 8:00 p. m., "Should We Blame God?"

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Sixth and Washington Streets
Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.
Brotherhood Bible Class meets at 10:00 a.m.
Morning service, 11:00 a.m.
Christian endeavor at 6 and 8:30. Evening service, 7:30.
Brotherhood Bible class at Y. M. C. A., 10:00 a. m.
Morning service, "The Supreme Sacrifice."
Ordination of Deacons at the morning service.
Christian Endeavor at 7:00 p. m.
Evening sermon at 8:00. Topic, "A Challenge to Serve."
REV. CHAS. A. PHIPPS,

other character in our brigade named Scott; we called him "Old Scotty" on account of his nose. He was fifty-seven, although looking forty. "Old Scotty" had been born in the Northwest and had served in the Northwest Mounted police. He was a typical cowpuncher and Indian fighter and was a dead shot with the rifle, and took no pains to disguise this fact from us. He used to take care of his rifle as if it were a baby. In his spare moments you could always see him cleaning it or polishing the stock. One bettle the man who by mistake happened to get hold of this rifle; he soon found out his error. Scott was as deaf as a mule, and it was amusing at periods to watch him in the manual of arms, sidly glancing out of the corner of his eye at the man next to him to see what the order was. How he passed the doctor was a mystery to us; he must have bluffed his way through, because he certainly was independent. Beside him the Fourth of July looked like Good Friday. He wore at the time a large comb, had a Mexican steed saddle over his shoulder, a lariat on his arm, and a "forty-five" hanging from his hip. Dumping this paraphernalia on the floor he went up to the recruiting officer and shouted: "I'm from America, west of the Rockies, and want to join your d—d army. I've got no use for a German and can't shoot some. At Scotland Yard they turned me down; said I was deaf and so I am. I don't remember to slip in with a d—d mud-crunching outfit, but the cavalry's full, so I guess this regiment's better than none, so trot out your papers and I'll sign 'em." He told them he was forty and slipped by. I was on recruiting service at the time he applied for enlistment.

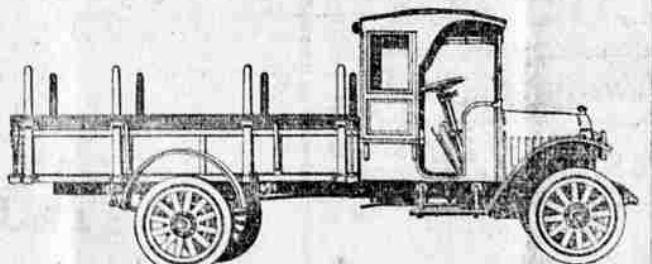
It was Old Scotty's great ambition to be a sniper or "body snatcher," as Mr. Atkins calls it. The day that he was detailed as brigade sniper he celebrated his appointment by blowing the whole platoon to fragments.

Being a Yank, Old Scotty took a liking to me and used to spit some great yarns about the plains, and the whole platoon would drink these in and ask for more. Ananias was a rookie compared with him.

The ex-platoon and discipline could not agree, but the officers all liked him, even if he was hard to manage, so when he was detailed as a sniper a sign of relief went up from the officers' ranks.

(To Be Continued)

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