

SOCIAL AND PERSONALS

The Missionary Society of the Christian church will meet tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Frank Grenlich, 512 Cobble street. All members and friends are urged to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Campbell and baby and Mrs. Maurice D. Serogus and baby drove up from Herndon this morning by auto. They found the roads very good, making the trip in two hours.

Mr. and Mrs. James Johns entertained the Portuguese friends club last evening at their home on Garden street. Honors were won by Mrs. Royal M. Sawlin and William E. Lowell, while Mrs. Edna Mable and E. B. Aldrich captured the consolation trophies. The trophies awarded the winners were real prizes, being fresh-laid eggs neatly tied up and perfumed, suggestive of the exalted position to which war has raised this farm product.

One of the unusual features of the evening was the appearance of little service flags containing three-stars for members of the club who have answered the call of their country. Captain Lyman G. Rice, Lieutenant Alger Fee and Harold Young, who is

soon to enter the entrance school at the University of Oregon. Another happy idea of the hostess was the distribution of places at the table through the distribution of cards named for well known and popular couples of wide reputation such as Jack and Jill, Tom and Jerry, Lulu and Leander and Rock and Rye. The guests were required to prove their familiarity with the names they drew and their originality in verifying their in the evening.

Guests other than members were Mr. and Mrs. Dean Tatum and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brooks.

Thomas Circle Kaiting club will meet at 2:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in Moose Hall. All members are urged to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Young expect to leave tomorrow for Eugene where Mr. Young will enter the next entrance class at the University of Oregon preparatory to entering the army. Mr. Young has been commercial instructor at the high school during the past two years and has established a strong reputation as a school man. Both he and Mrs. Young will be missed in social as well as school circles.

Mrs. Mary Dinsway is the new president of the Current Literature Club as a result of the election held yesterday at the annual business meeting of the organization for which Mrs. H. E. Blecker was hostess. Mrs. C. S. Jernard was chosen vice president, Mrs. J. Roy Riley, secretary, and Mrs. J. P. Robinson, treasurer. The retiring officers are Mrs. H. E. Blecker, president, Mrs. E. J. Somerville, vice president, Mrs. Mary Dinsway, secretary and Mrs. George Clark, treasurer. The club also decided to take up the study of China the coming year at the same time devoting itself to Red Cross work.

J. A. Patterson of Heppner is a Pendleton visitor.

Sam Marcum was up yesterday from his home at Stanfield.

Henry Hill well known Herndon sportsman, is here today.

W. W. Corse was up from his home at Herndon last evening.

J. E. Smith of Hebo spent yesterday evening in Pendleton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Lamar of Tillamook are Pendleton visitors.

J. C. Dodson and son of Joseph are registered at the St. George.

E. L. Wright of Pilot Rock, is transacting business here today.

Earl Gardner of Herndon is up from his home in the west end.

E. R. Lester, lumber dealer of Pilot Rock, was here last evening.

H. G. Newport, Herndon contractor, is making Pendleton a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Church of La Grande are making Pendleton a visit.

S. B. Hale of Ulich was here last evening en route home from Walla Walla.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Church of La Grande were guests in Pendleton yesterday.

C. D. Gabrielson of Salem, well known insurance man, is at the Pendleton.

L. Hansen, well known retired farmer, has returned from a winter visit in southern California.

Walter Mitchell of Pullman is registered at the Golden Rule. He intends finding work on a farm here.

James Cornfield and his crew of houseworkers are at Herndon this week moving some buildings for T. W. Botkin.

"OVER THERE"

The Thrill and the Hell of the Trenches, Described by an American Boy SERGEANT McCLINTOCK

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army has gripping tale that every American will read for he tells the facts—unadorned. Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home, But Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight Uncle Sam and His Allies. An Inspiring, Interesting, Personal Narrative, Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the Trenches.

(Continued from Monday.)

It would be quite unavailing for me to attempt to describe these drill sergeants. The British drill sergeant is an institution which can be understood only through personal and close contact and is about as cordial as loose electricity. If he thinks a major general is wrong he'll tell him so on the spot in the most emphatic way, but without ever violating a single sacred tradition of the service. The sergeants who took us in charge to put on the real polish to our training had all seen front twenty to twenty-five years of service. They had all been through the battles of Mons and the Marne, and they had all been wounded. They were perfect examples of a type. One of them ordered all of our commissioned officers, from the colonel down, to turn out for rifle drill one day and put them through the manual of arms while the soldiers of the battalion stood around looking on.

"Gentlemen," said he very politely in the midst of the drill, "when I see you handle your rifles I feel like falling on my knees and thanking God that we're not a navy."

A call for volunteers. On June 2, after the third battle of Ypres, while McFarland and I were sitting wearily on our bunks during a strange hour in the afternoon when nobody had thought of anything for us to do, a soldier came in with a message from headquarters which put a sudden stop to the discussion we were having about the possibility of getting leave to go up to London. The message was that the First, Second and Third divisions of the Canadians had lost 40 per cent of their men in the third fight at Ypres and that 300 volunteers were wanted from each of our battalions to fill up the gaps.

"Forty per cent," said McFarland, getting up quickly. "My God, think of it! Well, I'm off to tell 'em I'll go."

I told him I was with him, and we started for headquarters, expecting to be received with applause and pointed out as heroic examples. We couldn't even get up to give in our names. The whole battalion had gone up ahead of us. They heard about it first. That was the spirit of the Canadians. It was about this time that a story went round concerning an English colonel who had been called upon to furnish volunteers from his outfit to replace casualties. He backed his regiment up against a barbed wire wall and said:

"Now, all who don't want to volunteer step three paces to the rear."

In our battalion sergeants and even officers offered to go as privates. McFarland and I were not accepted; our volunteers went at once, and we were re-entranced up to strength by drafts from the Fifth Canadian division, which was then forming in England.

In July, when we were being kept on the rifle ranges most of the time, all leave was stopped, and we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to go overseas. In the latter part of the month we started. We sailed from Southampton to his tramping port, escorted all the way by destroyers. As we landed we got our first sight of the harvest of war. A big hospital on the quay was filled with wounded men. We had twenty-four hours in what they called a "post camp." We slept on cobbles in the stacks which were so utterly comfortable that it would be an insult to a Kentucky thoroughbred to call them stables. Then we were on the way to the Belgian town of Poperinghe, which is 250 miles from Havre and was at that time the rail head of the Ypres salient. We made the trip in box cars which were marked in French, "Eight horses or forty men," and we had to draw straws to decide who should lie down.

In the Front Trenches. We got into Poperinghe at 7 a. m. and the scouts had led us into the front trenches at 2 the next morning. Our position was to the left of St. Eloi and was known as "the island," because it had no support on either flank. On the left were the Yser canal and the bluff which forms its bank. On the right were 300 yards of battered down trenches, which had been rebuilt twice and blown in again each time by the German guns. For some reason, which I never quite understood, the Germans were able to drop what seemed a tolerably large proportion of the output of the Krupp works on this particular spot whenever they wanted to. Our high command had concluded that it was untenable, and so we, on the side of the British, on the other hand, had to just keep it scoured and protect our separate flanks. Another name they had for that position was "the bird cage." That was because the first fellows who moved into it made themselves scarce and empty and put up wire netting to prevent any one from tossing bombs in on them. Thus, when the Germans stirred up the spot with an accurate shower of "whizz bangs" and "boat boxes," the same being thirteen pounders and six inch shells, that wire netting presented a spectacle of utter ineffectuality which hasn't been equaled in this war.

They called the position which we were assigned to defend "the graveyard of Canada." That was because of the fearful losses of the Canadians

here in the second battle of Ypres. From April 21 to June 1, 1915, when the first gas attack in the world's history was launched by the Germans, and, although the French on the left and the British on the right fell back, the Canadians stayed where they were put.

Right here I can mention something which will give you an idea why descriptions of this war don't describe it. During the first gas attack the Canadians, choking to death and falling over each other in a fight against a new and unheard of terror in warfare, found a way—the Lord only knows who first discovered it and how he happened to do it—to stay through a

gas cloud and come out alive. It isn't pretty to think of, and it's like many other things in this war which you can't even tell of in print, because the simple description would violate the nice ethics about reading matter for the public eye which have grown up in long years of peace and traditional decency. But this thing which you can't describe meant just the difference between life and death to many of the Canadians that first day of the gas.

Official orders now tell every soldier what he is to do with his handkerchief or a piece of his shirt if he is caught in a gas attack without his mask.

The nearest I can come in print to telling you what the soldier is ordered to do in this emergency is to remind you that ammonia fumes oppose chlorine gas as a neutralizing agent and that certain emanations of the body throw off ammonia fumes.

Now that I've told you how we got from the Knickerbocker bar and other places to a situation which was just 50 yards from the entrenched front of the German army in Belgium I might as well add a couple of details about things which straightway put fear of God into our hearts. At daybreak one of our Fourteenth platoon men, standing on the firing step, pushed back his trench helmet and remarked that he thought it was about time for coffee. He didn't get any. A German sharpshooter, firing the first time that day, got him under the rim of his helmet, and his career with the Canadian forces was over right there. And then, as the dawn broke, we made out a big painted sign raised above the German front trench. It read:

WELCOME, EIGHTYSEVENTH CANADIANS

We were a new battalion. We had been less than seventy-two hours on the continent of Europe, and the Germans were not supposed to know anything that was going on behind our lines!

We learned afterward that concealed telephones in the houses of the Belgian burgomasters of the villages of Dinkbusch and Renninghesst, near our position, gave communication with the German headquarters opposite us. One of the duties of a detail of our men soon after that was to stand these two burgomasters up against a wall and shoot them.

In concluding this first article I want to say frankly that any man who claims he is not afraid when for the first time he goes into that hell of fire on the western front is a liar, and I'll tell him so to his face. Later we became impervious, but that first day I prayed, and I would have bent down and prayed only my knees shook so.

The five remaining articles in this remarkable series will appear one each week. They are as follows:

No. 2—The Bomb Raid. The great preparations and reboating for this attack. Volunteers for the job taken behind the line where the German trenches are exactly reproduced. The days of preparation. Hereafter unvarnished detail of modern trench raids. This article concludes with the men going out to their jobs.

No. 3—"Over the Top and Give 'Em Hell." The English Tommy's battle cry as he breaks from his trench. The bomb raid and what happens. Of sixty that started forty-six failed to return because the Germans had prepared and mined the trench. Graphic description of Sergeant McClintock's terrible experience.

No. 4—Shifted to the Somme. Sergeant McClintock takes part in the greatest of all battles and tells of the hell of it. "The front in Belgium was really a rest sector in comparison with it," he says. The extensive preparations of the allies for open warfare afterward abandoned because of the failure of expected developments.

No. 5—Wounded in Action. This article describes the terrible fight, the dead and dying, the loss of a pal and the final falling of McClintock in No Man's Land. Simply told, it is one of the most remarkable descriptions of a battle by a participant ever put together.

No. 6—Decorated For Bravery; Home and Uncle Sam. This concluding article of the series relates in detail how England cared for the wounded. How the King and queen came to the bed of an American boy and decorated him in a London hospital for gallantry. Interesting, intimate and amusing incidents told by and of the wounded Tommies. Trying to fight for Uncle Sam.

(Continued Saturday.)

ROSE FROM JULIET'S TOMB. Flower Presented by Mayor of Verona to City of Cleveland. (From the Cleveland Press.) A rose from the tomb of Juliet in

Fiery Irritations of the Skin Show Your Blood Needs Purifying.

A Sluggish, Clogged-Up Circulation Causes Skin Eruptions.

Eczema is called a skin disease because the tiny little germs which cause the disease set up their colony on some portion of the skin's surface, and here spread their irritation that soon begins to burn like flames of fire.

There are other forms of so-called diseases of skin, such as tetter, boils, pimples, acne, erysipelas, scaly eruptions, blotches and rough irritations, that are a source of much pain and annoyance.

And, while these disorders are generally referred to as skin diseases, they are really traceable to a disordered condition of the blood, and they are never experienced by anyone whose blood is free from impurities. If you are a victim of any form of these painful and irritating disorders of the skin, causing, as they do, such constant annoyance, you cannot expect any real benefit from the local treatment so generally used, such as lotions, ointments, salves, etc.

You are simply postponing a cure and adding to your days of torturing discomfort when you waste time on such remedies applied to the surface. You must reach the cause of the disease, the actual source of the pain, before you can hope to stop the pain itself. The cause of all of these so-called skin diseases is in the blood, and you cannot reach the blood by external remedies applied to the surface.

Give your blood a thorough cleansing with S. S. S., the great old blood purifier, and you in this way eliminate all impurities which cause skin diseases and other derangements. This is the logical treatment, and it has proven its great worth in hundreds of cases because it is a purely vegetable remedy and cleanses the blood of all foreign substances, and fills the veins with a fresh supply of rich, red and vigorous blood. Go to your drug store and get a bottle of S. S. S. today, and get on the right treatment, and waste no further time on washes, ointments and lotions, that cannot reach below the surface. If your case needs special medical advice, it can be had without cost by writing to Medical Director, Swift Specific Co., 83 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

far off Verona reached Cleveland recently. Packed in a stout wooden box with trailing vines, manna and other plants from the garden spot surrounding the traditional tomb of Shakespeare's heroine, the rose made the ocean trip in the Red Italia and reached the Cleveland Park Department safe and sound.

It was planted in the Shakespeare garden and labeled with Juliet's comment: "What's in a name? That which we call a rose. By any other name would smell as sweet." The flowers were a gift to the city of Cleveland from the Mayor of Verona.

Humors Come to the Surface in the spring as in no other season, and they don't run themselves all off that way, however, but mostly remain in the system. Humors—Sarsaparilla removes them, wards off danger, makes good health sure.

Because some of us will not ration ourselves the nation very likely will have to ration us all.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Victor*

ADAMS Pure Chewing Gum

a Stick a day keeps thirst away



BLACK JACK

Look at Your Teeth Are they decayed, full of holes and abscessed? If so remember it is the worst thing possible for your health. Newton Painless Dentists Corner Main and Webb Streets Phone 12 Open Evenings

BETTER AND SOFTER LIGHT Is assured by the use of some of these beautiful fixtures of ours. They give a light that illuminates the room perfectly, but that does not tire or strain the eyes. They are not expensive considering their extra efficiency and extra beauty. Why not at least see them? J. L. VAUGHAN

SHINOL
AMERICA'S HOME SHOE POLISH
It is wax and oils Preserves and softens the leather instead of causing it to crack. Gives a brilliant, lasting shine, that does not rub off.
BLACK, TAN, WHITE RED and BROWN
Ask Nearest Store
Shine with SHINOL and Save
ELLIOTT ADVERTISING SERVICE, INC.

Willys-Overland Model 90
COUNTRY CLUB
This light car will go anywhere that wheels can get traction, and will travel as fast as it is safe to ride. The motor is well balanced and can be depended on for quick hot away, as well as for cruising long distance runs. It has lots of pep and almost limitless endurance. The lubrications of materials which go into the car, the strength in its frame, axles, springs and steering mechanism, and the extra powerful brakes, provide a comfortable margin of safety. Yet there is no surplus weight to increase gasoline consumption, strength is insured by quality of materials rather than by unnecessary bulk. Over-sized tires increase the tire mileage. The best type of bearings, finely ground and fitted with mathematical accuracy, together with a highly perfected lubrication system, reduces friction to a minimum and help make the Willys-Overland car very economical to operate.
See about this car.
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Burnett's Original "NU-SINK" was designed especially as a coating for Old Kitchen Drain-Boards. Composition of Wood that have become spotted, stained, and discolored. It is a liquid, waterproof coating, very hard and very tough, and provides a smooth, white porcelain-like finish that can be continually washed and cleaned, thus insuring the highest degree of sanitation.
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ARMED CRUISER SUNK; 56 PERISH
LONDON, March 6.—The armed merchant cruiser *Calgarion* was torpedoed and sunk Friday off Ireland. Three hundred were landed and 25 were lost. Many lifeboats were blown to atoms. Rescue ships worked effectively.

Cuticura Soap
Is My Ideal for preserving, purifying and beautifying The Complexion Hands and Hair
Especially when preceded by touchings of Cuticura Ointment to pimples, redness, roughness and dandruff.
For sample each free by mail add 2¢ postage. Dept. FT, Newark, N. J. (In Canada, Dept. FT, Toronto, Ont.)

OUCH! RUB OUT RHEUMATIC PAIN
MUSCULAR PAIN, SORENESS, STIFFNESS, SCIATICA RIGHT OFF WITH "ST. JACOBS LINIMENT"
Count fifty! Pain gone. Rheumatism is "pain only." Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging! Rub the misery right away! Apply soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" directly upon the "tender spot" and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Liniment" is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and does not burn or disorder the skin.
Linger up! Stop complaining! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Liniment" at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer a further minute. "St. Jacobs Liniment" has relieved millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains and swellings.