

SOCIAL AND PERSONALS

Four hundred and eighty convalescent robes, 260 pajamas, and 400 refuse garments face workers in the Red Cross sewing room, according to Mrs. A. H. Cox, chairman of hospital garment making. Now that restrictions on group clothing are raised, the room will be open to volunteers each afternoon between 1 and 3 o'clock and an urgent plea is made for assistance in the sewing department.

Mrs. Amy Dunn and son, Ray, have returned to their home in Idaho after spending Thanksgiving with Mrs. Dunn's mother, Mrs. N. E. Bowman, and her sister, Mrs. Abe Molstrom.

With the resumption of class work in the surgical dressers department of the Red Cross, the appeal for volunteer service is renewed in hope of completing the dressings this week. Cause folding, each afternoon will be under the supervision of one of the following women, who join in asking cooperation for the completion of the task which has claimed the attention of workers for many months.

Tuesday—Mrs. E. L. Power.
Wednesday—Mrs. T. D. Taylor.
Thursday—Mrs. F. E. Hayden.
Friday—Mrs. J. C. Woodworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Rhodes are being congratulated upon the birth of an eight and a half pound daughter who arrived at the home of Mrs. Lela Taylor, 215 Stonewall Jackson street, yesterday morning. She is to be called Virginia Ye.

An informal meeting of the Current Literature Club has been called by the president, Mrs. Mary Dineoway, for Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The program has been interrupted and plans for club work and continuation of the program are to be discussed. Mrs. Dineoway has asked the members to meet at her home on Water street.

Mrs. David Nelson extended charming hospitality Saturday evening

when a dinner, given in the nature of a surprise, honored her husband, the occasion being his forty-sixth birthday anniversary. A great cluster of carnations and fluffy ferns decked the table where covers were laid for eighteen. An evening of cards followed the dinner, high honors falling to Mrs. Wilson E. Brock and L. L. Rogers. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. R. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Groulich, Mr. and Mrs. Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. James Hill.

Miss Hattie Foster is in the city from Middle, Idaho.

J. M. Howard is in the city today from Walsburg.

F. A. Connell of Walla Walla is a Pendleton visitor today.

William Matherson is in the city today from Echo.

Mrs. M. J. Farrell is being welcomed in Pendleton from Cotton, California. She is domiciled at 320 Lincoln street.

Card of Thanks.
 We wish to express our sincere thanks to our neighbors and friends for their kindness and floral offerings for our beloved one who has been laid to rest. And especially to the Women of the World and the Home Guards.

Miss Frank Goodman.
 MR. AND MRS. C. W. GOODMAN,
 MR. AND MRS. GEORGE GOODMAN,
 MR. AND MRS. H. C. HOUSEMAN.

Annual Meeting Scheduled.
 Closing the business of the year and turning over the proceeds of the Round-Up, above expenses, to the Red Cross, will be the purpose of the annual meeting of the stockholders which will be held Friday, December 6, at 7:30 p. m. at the Commercial Club rooms. The meeting was postponed because of Spanish influenza.

Company 1 to Meet.
 All members of Company 1, Oregon Militia, who have signed up and whose names are on the list in the local company, are asked by Lieutenant McMahon, officer in command, to meet tomorrow night at 7:30 in the armory. A permanent organization will be discussed at the meeting.

154 Packages Sent.
 One hundred fifty four soldiers overseas received Christmas packages shipped from Pendleton by near relatives and inspected at the Red Cross office, according to a report made by Mrs. F. E. Judd, head of the inspection. Of this number, 78 carried the regular labels and 76 were from France, 65 bore labels which arrived from overseas, and 10 packages bore labels sent from northwest headquarters. These 10 labels arrived from soldiers who had no relatives or friends to send them to, and were filled by Pendleton people who volunteered.

WITH THE COLORS
 News of Local Boys in the Service; Information for This Department Will be Appreciated.

WANTS LETTERS FROM MOOSE.
 Private J. H. McCormock wants so badly to hear from his brothers in the Moose lodge of Pendleton that he sent the following letter to his mother, Mrs. M. J. McCormock, and asked her to give it publicity.

Somewhere in France:
 Dear Brother Moose:
 I have been in the service for 13 long months and not a word have I heard from anyone of Pendleton. Lodge No. 789. I know that some of you have written but I have never received the letters. Please address them correctly. I will be much pleased to hear from any of you.

Your brother Moose,
PRIVATE J. H. McCORMOCK.
 American E. F. Base Hospital 52, A. P. O. 919.

VERNE BOYNTON DESCRIBES COOTIES.
 Sergeant Verne Boynton, in a letter to his father, F. W. Boynton, tells of his experiences with the "cooties."

Somewhere in France,
 October 25, 1918:
 My Dear Dad,
 Well, dad, the last time I wrote you I was holding down a soft job in the S. O. S. but now I'm back with the old outfit and I'll say it is fine to be here. We are in a rest camp now taking life easy after a hard "push."

I got away from the other place when my commanding officer took sick and was sent to the hospital. About that time I got a letter from Major Tucker, my C. O., with the regiment, and took it to the new C. O. at the replacement battalion and told him I wanted to go back. He said

that my transportation and travel orders. After about three days I found them at the line. I was with them there for four or five days when we were relieved and sent to rest.

The artillery, of which the Pendleton bunch is a part, was working with us and we were camped among their guns but I didn't know it until after we started marching out. The night we pulled out we stopped for a few minutes rest not more than fifty feet from the front line. I believe me they were sending "peace proposals" to the boche fast and furious.

They told me later that Jim Sturgis is a captain and adjutant of the regiment and his dugout was not over half a mile from where I was for four days.

Coming out we hiked for five days to timber up after living in wet dugouts and not doing much walking. We averaged about twelve miles each day with light packs and equipment, pitching our little "dog tents" at night. Most of the time it rained so the roads were pretty muddy but the mud isn't the sticky kind so we did not mind it so much.

On the fifth day we reached this camp and will probably have two or three weeks.

After the first night in a dugout I was as lousy as a pet coon. Everybody is up there, so it's no disgrace. One of our favorite pastimes is to sit in the door of our dugouts and have a "shirt hunt." Everybody was happy when we got a chance to take a hot bath again and "boil up."

In this last "push" there was a time when only ammunition and rations could come in and during that time the daily papers came in in a novel way. One evening an aeroplane came over flying low. When light over our cook shack the shot up in the air suddenly, did a "loop the loop" and when his plane was up high, little bundles of papers fell out.

I'm sending a little picture of myself. It isn't good because it wasn't well finished but you can see I'm in good health. I've been feeling rotten the last two days but am alright tonight.

I'm sending you a copy of the Stars and Stripes, the soldiers' paper of the A. E. F.

A communication came through to my commanding officer about the allotment to Gladys, but we are still "up a stump" and can't do anything until my service record comes back to the regiment. When it comes it will be a matter of a month or so until she is paid. For the same reason I haven't received any pay for several months but it's a good way to save money and I don't mind so long as I can get little things I need and I've never had any trouble so far. My Liberty Bonds should be there by now. I don't worry about them though, because there is no chance to lose for all payrolls show I've purchased them and so does my service record.

We were having a very soft just at present and enjoying every minute of it. While we are in rest camp we do nothing but rest. Our detachment has the best quarters of the regiment, a fine place for an infirmary, good beds and our mess shack is close by.

We are allowed a pass each day to a nearby city but I haven't been there since I came here. I've entertained us and put on another show this afternoon. They promised to come again next week. Believe me, it's good to see an American girl. It's almost worth going to the hospital with a wound just to get a chance to talk to the nurse.

I got a nifty souvenir a while back. It's a German Luger automatic pistol and holster. It's about the prettiest gun I've seen. I left it with Harry Rogers at the hospital and he's going to take it home for me. I mailed a German helmet back to Nellie Sloan, too. There are only a few things we can send through the mail but if I can pick up something when we go up again I'll send it to you. I'm anxious to get some field glasses and probably will when we go up again.

Don't worry about me for we've learned a lot about taking care of ourselves since I was hit. We are veterans now.

Your loving son,
SGT. W. V. BOYNTON,
 Medical Dept., U. S. Army, A. P. O. 741.

IVAN CARR DESCRIBES DRIVE.
 Ivan Carr, Pendleton high school boy and a member of the football team, describes in a letter to Miss Veva Cook of this city, a big drive on a 70 mile front. He says they advanced on the whole front, but that the losses were heavier than ever before.

Following is the letter in full:
 France, Nov. 4, 1918.

Dear Veva:
 I received your letter today and was sure glad to hear from you. We are having a little rest today and I am trying to catch up with my correspondence.

So almost all of the kids are joining the army or navy. Well it is too bad, but I guess this war is taking most of them, alright. But it can't last for ever and some of these days we will all be home—soon, I think, but you can't tell. It will be a grand, glorious old day when we do get home.

Well, we are in another big drive and have just got through with a thirty-six hour barrage, and believe me we are sure driving them back. This drive is on a seventy mile front and we are advancing on the whole front. That sure sounds good because we tried to drive them back before without the artillery and the losses were so great that they decided to wait for the artillery and now we have them going and are going to try to keep them on the go.

The Germans were shooting over an awfully heavy barrage. The same time we were and believe me there was plenty of excitement. The shells were hitting all around us and it sure was war-like. We lost three men out of our gun crew. Those German devils—it sure makes you want to kill every heche you see when they shoot your own boys down right before your eyes.

We lost pretty heavily on this drive—more than we ever did before—but those heches are sure paying for it and I hope that we keep driving them until there aren't any heches left.

The Germans have broken through our lines twice and we were ordered to get our rifles and each man was issued one hundred rounds of ammunition.

That my transportation and travel orders. After about three days I found them at the line. I was with them there for four or five days when we were relieved and sent to rest.

The artillery, of which the Pendleton bunch is a part, was working with us and we were camped among their guns but I didn't know it until after we started marching out. The night we pulled out we stopped for a few minutes rest not more than fifty feet from the front line. I believe me they were sending "peace proposals" to the boche fast and furious.

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Coming out we hiked for five days to timber up after living in wet dugouts and not doing much walking. We averaged about twelve miles each day with light packs and equipment, pitching our little "dog tents" at night. Most of the time it rained so the roads were pretty muddy but the mud isn't the sticky kind so we did not mind it so much.

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KEEP LOOKING YOUNG

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

The secret of keeping young is to feel young—to do this you must watch your liver and bowels—there's no need of having a sallow complexion—dark rings under your eyes—pimples—a bilious look in your face—dull eyes with no sparkle. Your doctor will tell you ninety per cent of all sickness comes from inactive bowels and liver.

Dr. Edwards, a well-known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels, which he gave to his patients for years.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, are gentle in their action yet always effective. They bring about that exuberance of spirit, that natural buoyancy which should be enjoyed by everyone, by toning up the liver and clearing the system of impurities.

You will know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets by their olive color. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

times so that we could blow them up if we saw that they were going to capture them. But to our disappointment they didn't get to us, but we were ready for them and would have liked to have mixed with them to see if we could decrease the population of the German army a little.

I am going to send you some kind of a souvenir some of these days as soon as I get one that suits me. There are plenty of them most any place you go you can get some kind of a keepsake, but I want to get you a nice one.

I don't know whether I will ever get a chance to get my picture taken in my "Easter Bunny" or not—maybe not for a long time, but as soon as I can I will, and I will send you one.

I'll hang up for this time and answer soon.
 With Love,
 DOC.

Pvt. Ivan Carr, Battery D, No. 145, E. A. A. E. F., via N. Y.

ENJOYS NEWSY LETTERS.
 Frank A. Howe, H. Q. Co., 244, Inf., A. E. F., A. P. O. 176, writing to Forrest A. Harsh, 614 Tuttle street, expresses the keenest appreciation of newsy letters from Pendleton. He says "Going over the top is much different than going other places I have been."

AVOID COUGHS AND COUGHERS
 Your health and society demand that you take something for that cough. Coughing spreads disease. Good, old, reliable SHILOH is guaranteed to relieve the worst cough in 24 hours.

SHILOH Stops Coughs

Those thinking of Xmas gifts, must remember, your photograph is the only exclusive gift, as it can't be bought in the open market.

Make an appointment as early as you can as it is getting close to Xmas time, and it takes some time to finish pictures.

WHEELER
 Photographer
 Alta Street, Pendleton.

Men, Why Not Keep Warm?


You'll Always Find Bargains at The Hub.

Men's Mackinaw Pants	\$6.00
Men's Heavy Wool Pants	\$5.00
Mackinaw Coats	\$7.95 to \$10.00
Men's Logger Shirts	\$6.00 to \$8.50
Men's Flannel Shirts	\$2.50 to \$4.00
Men's Overcoats	\$9.50 to \$18.50
Men's Cotton Ribbed Unions	\$1.50 and \$1.85
Men's Wool Unions	\$2.45 to \$3.50
Men's Wool Sox	39c to 75c
Men's Warm Mitts	45c to \$2.50

The Hub

72 Sample Stores. 745 Main St.

FORDSON TRACTOR



Actual scene of FORDSON TRACTOR plowing up old alfalfa field for L. L. Mann, on the reservation. Soil was packed, not having been plowed for years, and the roots were extremely large.

THE FORDSON TRACTOR MAKES HORSES TOO EXPENSIVE FOR PLOWING.
 \$1125 f. o. b. Pendleton With Plow.
 You can buy the tractor without plow.
 Now here for immediate delivery.

Simpson Auto Co.

Water & Johnson Dis. Phone 408

THE SPECIALIST



BETTER GIVE HIM TH TWICE OVER BEFORE YOU PRESCRIBE DOC!

WRIGLEYS

All Now in Pink Wrappers

To save tin foil for Uncle Sam, WRIGLEYS is now all wrapped in pink paper and hermetically sealed in wax:

1. The tangy flavor of mint
2. The luscious different flavor
3. The soothing flavor of peppermint



All in pink-end packages and all sealed air-tight. Be Sure to get WRIGLEYS because

The Flavor Lasts!



Anyone Wanting FERTILIZER

Telephone 339

Penland Bros.

Big supply now on hand and will be sold cheap. Get your order in now.