

The Maupin Times

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From the Boys

home, but will try and bring back some souvenirs of France when I come. I can't send them very well.

Will write you more news next time. I am feeling good and enjoying the best of health.

Your friend,
Jim Flanagan.

Camp Mead, Md., Sept. 13, 1918
Dear Mother and H. L.,

Will answer yours received a few days ago and was very glad to hear from you. I had a letter from Tom yesterday.

I got back from the rifle range and the boys from the west have it over the boys in the east when it comes to shooting. We are going out again in the morning to be gone four days this time; were gone seven days before.

I went to Baltimore last Saturday and Sunday and took a good look at the town, but do not like it as well as San Francisco.

I received a letter from Mrs. Wing. She said they were going to move over to Washington.

I am sending you my appointment of corporalship and I want you to keep it for me. I had a letter from Grace a few days ago. Well I must close for this time and say goodbye; write soon.

From your son,
Corporal Harry H. Muir,
Co. J 63rd Inf.

On active service with the American expeditionary force, Aug. 20. My Dear Sister and all:

This leaves me fine and dandy and hope you are all as good as you look in that picture for that sure is a good picture of you.

Holiday and I are out in the jungles all by ourselves by an old mill that is as old as the hills. He is asleep, so it is pretty lonesome.

I expect that the harvesting is pretty well over with by now. You should see them here. There isn't anything hardly and each one has only about ten acres and cut it with a scythe or an old reaper then they bind it by hand. We leave more on the ground than they have before they start harvesting.

It has been pretty warm here for a week or more until yesterday. It rained pretty near all day. It is just nice and cool today.

The people here are behind the times so far the never will catch up. They never will know what civilized country looks like. They can talk France to me all they want to but the more I see of it the more disgusted I am. Believe me the grass wouldn't grow under my feet till I got back to U. S. if I didn't get back to U. S. in a month.

The woods here are full of wild hogs but they are awful hard to get for the brush is so thick. I have been out twice. Seven of us went out last Sunday and got two. One fellow killed one of them and crippled the other one and we tracked it up and I got it. A bunch went out last night but it was raining so I didn't want to go. Am tired anyway and a day's rest will do me good. I am so hungry for fruit I could eat anything. There are hardly any fruit trees here at all, and what there are, are so old they have had no fruit on them for a couple hundred years. I sure would like to step out into the old orchard and fill up on fruit. We have all we want to eat most of the time but no fruit.

I haven't been sick since I left, only sea sick. The night we crossed the channel I sure did feed the fish. I wasn't the only one either

That was the sickest bunch I was ever in.

One thing they have here is good roads. The ground is like cement and they put crushed rock on it. They crush the rock with a hammer.

Well folks there is no news so will try and do better next time. Don't worry about me for I will take good care of myself.

Love to all,
Ernest Confer,
Co. F. 316 Engrs., A. E. F., A. P. O. 776.

Co. L 72 Inf., Camp Mead, Md.,
Sept. 19, 1918.

My Dear Mother;

This leaves me feeling fine and hope it will find you all the same. I am drilling 9 hours a day. Am acting as corporal now so it gives me a lot of extra work to do. I have to drill in the model company every afternoon under the instructions of a French officer.

I went to Washington D. C. Saturday evening and Sunday I saw the White House, went all through the library and around the capitol, saw the treasury building and was going up in Washington's monument but was a little too late. It is 555 feet high and about 30 or 40 feet square at the bottom. Five hundred feet is as high as a person can go.

It rained 3-4 of yesterday and we did not go out to drill.

Love to all from,
Pvt. Chester O. Rice.

For sale, 120 head of good Rambles A breeding ewes and 135 head of this year's lambs from thoroughbred Lincoln bucks. For information inquire of Fen Batty or L. C. Henneghan.

For Sale

Nine head of choice heifers, good dairy stock, will be fresh in spring. Inquire this office.

For Sale

350 choice Ramboulet yearling Bucks, Fairview Stock Farm, Prineville, Oregon.

Wapinitia Auto Stage

Leaves Maupin, 8 a. m.
Leaves Wapinitia, 1:30 p. m.
V. ROBERTS, Prop.

Hot Coffee, sandwiches,
Light Lunches Served at the
Hazelwood Ice Cream
Parlor.

I. O. O. F.
WAPINITIA
Lodge No. 209, Maupin, Oregon
meets every Saturday night in Donaldson's hall. Visiting members always welcome.
C. H. CHORFOT, N. G.
W. H. TAYLOR, Secretary.

Cold Boiled Meats

at the Hazelwood Confectionery.

Books and Magazines

at the Hazelwood Confectionery.

For Sale

500 acres level wheat land; about 450 acres in cultivation. All under irrigation ditch and can be irrigated; good deep well of water; about 225 acres now in summer fallow; about 5 miles from railroad. Price \$75 per acre, on easy terms.—Fen Batty, Maupin.

Lumber

From the Interior Warehouse there is still some left. For prices see Mt. Peter Kilburg at the Maupin Warehouse.

Local

Economy and Schram jars and second hand school books at this office.

H. F. Woodcock came Wednesday for a visit with his son, J. H. A large crowd gathered at the O. T. depot this morning to see a special train of captured guns from Germany pass, but were disappointed as it passed through before its time for arrival and did not stop.

A thrilling Liberty Loan lecture was delivered in the hall Saturday night by a returned French officer. The baby registration Saturday proved a pleasing social gathering for the mothers.

Large sheets of carbon paper for embroidery stamping at the Times. Little Harriet Gill is visiting her grandma Mrs. Staats this week.

Farm, stock, machinery and household goods for sale October 3 at V. B. Tapps', Wapinitia.

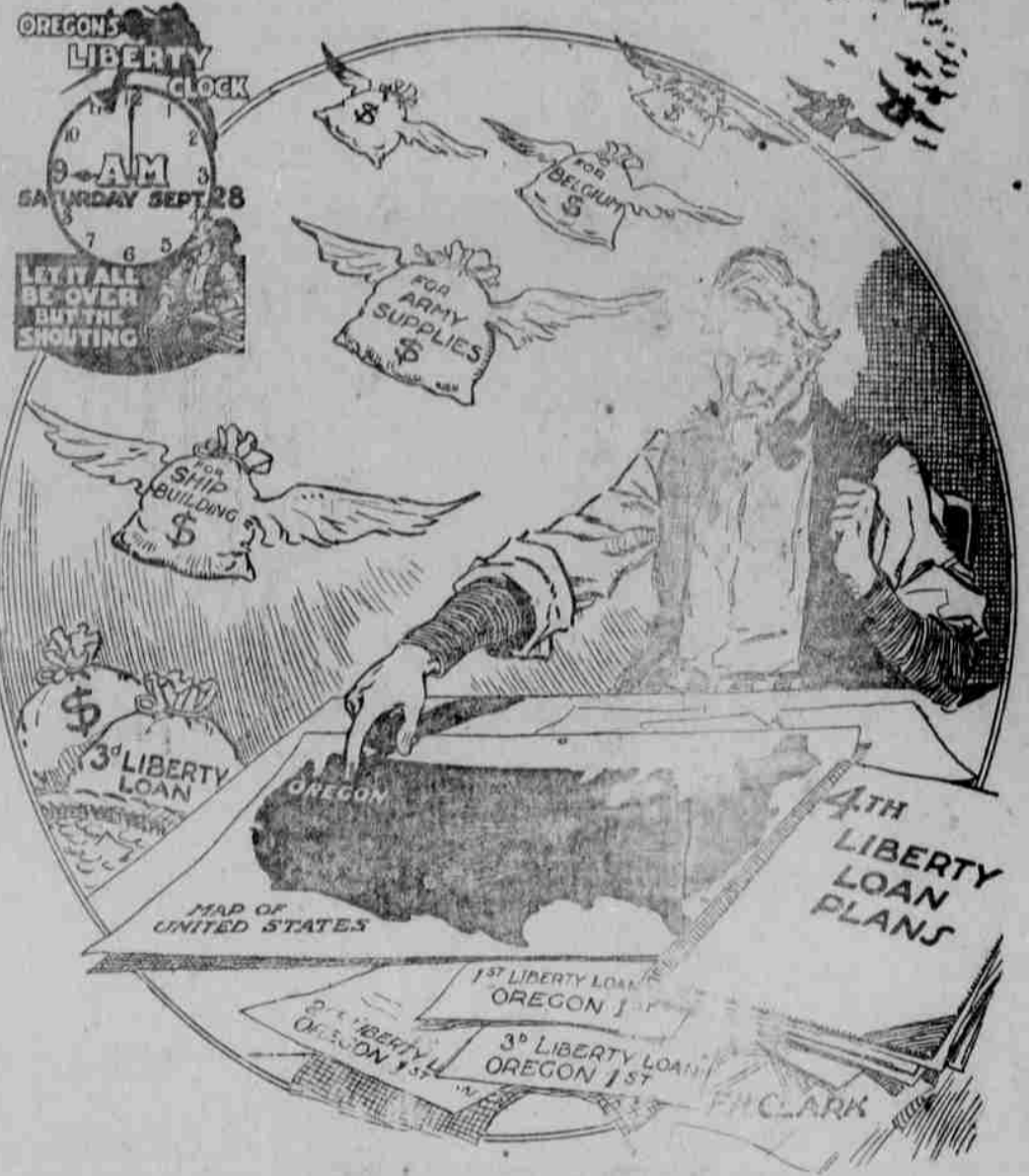
Some of the farmers don't like to be skinned, but Dad Coale still buys skins and hides.

Church Notice

John G. Hessler, pastor.
The pastor will be away for the next two Sundays holding quarterly meetings for the district elder. W. H. Aldridge will have charge of the services in the church. The evening service will be at 7:30. You are cordially invited to the services.

Estrayed

One sorrel mare, white face, weighs 1200, branded horseshoe-dot in center on right shoulder. One sorrel horse, weighs 1200, branded horseshoe-dot in center on right shoulder and wire cut on right front foot. One bay mare weighs 1000, not branded. All three had halters on when last seen.—Frank Russell, Criterion.



CAN OREGON REPEAT?

The vaults of the U. S. Treasury again need refilling. Ever increasing expenditures necessary to hasten the end of the War, the training and backing-up of "Our Boys," the sustaining of the Allied Nations and their Peoples, the Perpetuation of Democracy and Protection of Autocracy—require the unstinted support of the DO YOUR BEST, NOT SIMPLY "BITE" of every true American.

The Eve of the 4th Liberty Loan is here. FIRST in every patriotic endeavor, OREGON cannot, will not, shall not falter NOW. With more to work for, more to do for, more to sacrifice for—every Oregonian will make it his duty to see that OREGON REPEAT—by going over the top FIRST in every patriotic endeavor.

MAUPIN DRUG STORE, MAUPIN, ORE.

Dr. Lawrence S. Stovall, Prop.] "A Safe Place to Trade"

I have a rendezvous with death—

I have a rendezvous with death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land,
And close my eyes and quench my breath.
It may be I shall pass him still—

—ALAN SEEGER
(Killed in action July 5, 1916)

THIS American did not fail that rendezvous—and death did not pass him by. When he died the world lost a true poet. His death brings out in sharp relief how much one soldier who is lost to us—one man killed—may mean to the world.

So let us keep our rendezvous at home—our rendezvous with life. Let us look into our lives, our households, and see that they are mobilized for war. Let us save our money to save these men who daily have rendezvous with death. Let us keep our rendezvous with life and help them to win through and to come back to sunshine and happiness and home with victory on their banners.

Buy Bonds to Your Utmost!

This Space Contributed to Winning the War by

HOTEL KELLY