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ANOTHER SOLDIER BOY WRITES

Excerpts from letters written by Chas. Cawfield to his mother. They tell of his camp life and work in a radio school at Fort Hill Oklahoma.

Dearest Mother:— Well mother I guess it is about time I should write you a letter.

They sure are working us here in this port. Get up at 4:30 and just have 5 minutes to dress and stand reveille and then 5 minutes to wash and get ready for breakfast then 20 minutes to eat in and five minutes to wash our teeth afterward, then we drill and go to school till 12 o'clock. Just have time to eat and drill until 4:45. Then we have to shave shine our shoes put on clean clothes wash clean our gun by 5:30, then we eat supper and clean our teeth and line up for retreat. We stand retreat and get back to our tents at 10 or 20 minutes after 6 o'clock and then we must wash our clothes that we have dirty or study for our next day's work.

I am now going to a radio school but don't know much yet. We are taking our last training before we leave for France. We sure are having it hard it is so hot and dusty, but it will make men out of us. I sort of like it.

There is a boy in our outfit who has two brothers in the 2nd Oregon and they have both been wounded since and are now in the Red Cross hospital somewhere in France, or England. We sure have a few well trained soldiers here now the 2nd F. A. Mort. We will probably be in France inside of three months, this school lasts 8 weeks longer.

Last Sunday Bob and I went over to a stream in the mountains north of camp and followed it up for several miles. We killed several fish with sharpened sticks and also a snake or two. We went in swimming and raised rain in general. Lots of good swimming holes along the creek.

Write me all the news as it is all welcome.

Well, will close with love, CHARLES

Dear Mother:—

Will drop you a line just to let you know that I am still on the job. I am working hard on the Radio operator job. I receive my messages from airships and observation balloons and give it to the guns to direct their fire. We will be through practice soon and my days are numbered here in this port.

Well must close. Your son Pvt. Chas. B. Cawfield, Camp Donphan, Fort Hill, Oklahoma

DISCIPLINE

The atmosphere of America breathes of certain qualities, and of these, first and foremost is personal liberty. The American feels himself more entitled to carry out his own intentions and wishes than the man of any other civilized nation on the face of the earth. Consequently he is full of independence and initiative.

But every advantage has its corresponding defect, and the inheritance of liberty which gives the American these fine characteristics also inclines to give him too much freedom of action and too little respect for rules. Foreigners note that the child governed in his home. The child in school often pays only such respect to school regulations as is absolutely enforced upon him. The young man or woman has often a tendency to carry out his or her inclinations without regard to the conventions or rights of other people.

Military discipline is a wonderful corrective to this tendency. The young man who has always had very much his own way finds himself in a condition of life in which the strictest obedience to rules is enforced. He must rise at a prescribed hour, put on the uniform of the army, and

pass the day in certain drills and duties not of his own selection. He must give instant and implicit obedience to every command of his officers. This training cannot help but have its effect. After the war is over the young men of this nation as a class will have a better understanding of law and order and more respect for their enforcement than ever before.

And what of us who stay at home? There is discipline for us also. The government requests that we should follow certain regulations and make certain sacrifices for the sake of the army in the field. In some cases these actions and sacrifices are enforced upon us and in some cases only requested of us. The discipline of the soldier comes from without. Ours must in great part come from within. Let us school ourselves then to follow willingly and cheerfully every command and request of the government, so that when our boys come home and we take our rightful pride and joy in their return, we can feel that we too are made stronger by our discipline of obedience and self-sacrifice.

MALHEUR CAVE WORTH SEEING

A party consisting of J. S. Cook and wife with Jo and Jeanne, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Sutton, Mrs. L. Schwartz and daughter, Gene, Albert Swain and family. The Times-Herald man and his flock accompanied by Alton Byrd, with A. S. Swain as guide made up a party to visit the Malheur cave last Sunday, going out by way of Crane and down Crane Creek over by C. K. Peterson's ranch. The roads were found better than was expected and the cave reached on scheduled time.

It was worth the trip to the entire party as none of them with the exception of Mr. Swain had ever visited the cave. The party at once entered the big cave and began exploring with torches and flashlights. It was the densest darkness that the writer ever tried to penetrate—the coal oil torches making but little light and the flash lights merely showing one where to step. Because of the poor light we did not get as good a view of the big cavity as we would like but nevertheless we are glad to have seen what was possible.

The party went back in the cave the full length to the edge of the water but did not venture out on the lake as the boat was partially filled with water and with no oars and lack of lighting facilities we did not consider it best to venture out. However, we are informed that the distance back on the lake is fully as great as that traversed from the entrance of the cave to the edge of the water.

We would suggest for the benefit of any who may desire to inspect this wonderful cave that they be sure to take plenty of torches and if they desire to go back on the lake to take some paddles for the boat. The water is clear and cold and we are told the depth is as great as 17 feet.

There is an Indian legend connected with this cave which the writer intends to get from an Indian friend in the immediate future and publish. To any one who has never visited the Malheur cave the writer will say it is worth while and will certainly not be disappointing to any one making the journey over and entering it.

RECRUITING VS. DRAFT

The Government has closed the recruiting stations.

Opinions differ as to whether the Government should close the stations. But there will hardly be any divergence of opinion about the recruiting. "Treat us all alike" is true democratic philosophy. Don't penalize the loyal enthusiasts of a section of us for the benefit of those who are less patriotic. Don't appeal to our emotions, or stimulate them into sacrifices for the advantage of those whose emotions are less volatile.

But there are other considerations than these. Abolition of the recruiting system is not merely an expedient for protecting the enthusiast, the altarist, the devotee. Under the old system many a man felt a strong impulse to enlist but controlled it. He felt no fear of Ludendorff, but he was a little afraid of the man next door.

Jones wanted to enlist. He did not feel that his wife was entirely dependent upon him. She had some money, and her folks were willing to look after her. So were his for that matter. He had just enough of the ingredients of an exemption claim to put it over but he didn't think he ought to.

Smith worked with Jones on the same job. He had as good a claim to exemption as Jones, and no better but he was less Quixotic. He meant to use it.

If Jones went to the front for three years Smith would stay on the job, and through the scarcity of hired help would get many promotions.

When Jones came back to the job—if it was still open—Smith would be his boss. And Smith's wife would take care that Jones' wife didn't forget it.

So Jones stayed at home—and you can't blame him.

By the new arrangement the Government gets both Jones and Smith. It will probably get all the Joneses and Smiths pretty soon unless they are under eighteen or over forty-five. Some of us are too shortsighted to shoot, too bow-legged to march, not heavy enough to sit on a Boche and squish him cold. But Uncle Sam will come for us and ask us a few short questions.

"Did you ever run a lathe?" he will ask. "Ever dig coal? Or use draftsmen's tools or surveyor's? Are you a diemaker, a molder a puddler, a chemist, a bookkeeper?"

Don't be bashful, dear friends. We can most of us do something—even editors. And we had better not try to fool our loving uncle.

BILL AND MABUL

The Atlantic Shuttle is the name of a little publication issued on board the transport on which Frank Smith son of Mrs. Harry E. Smith, helps take the boys over to France. Frank has recently sent his mother a few copies and from them we have taken the following:

Dear Mabul I aint had no time to write since we left Wadsworth on account of being on detail and I guess this letter went mean much because all the letters are censored and the fello what censors the mail is the minister and he d... with the scissors and Sgt. Brophy says he aint got no use for wimpon or soft stuff so a fellows letter looks like it was hit with scrannel when he gets thru with it. So without me telling you Mabul you can know that I am still stuck on you. Well were on the ocean all right and I guess I fooled your old man and you can tell him he can send me the five dollars because I aint been sea sick like he bet I would. There aint much to tell except no matter which way a fellow looks he sees the ocean. I guess the guy what runs the ship dont know much about the road because all we do is zig-zag first one and then the other. Were going about 99 nots an hour. Thats a naughty cal term Mabul which means how fast were goin. A little deep for you eh Mabul but it dont take me long to get on to the new stuff. I guess Im as good as some of these fello whats been sailors all their life. Quick thats me all over Mabul. I dont know what nots is yet but the Sgt., told me a guy sits up on the front step on the boat and ties nots in a rope and it takes so many nots to get across. That seems like a funny way to me. I interdooped myself to one of the ships officers to day and told him who I was. I ast him why they didnt have sign posts like out home and he said they tried it but the flying fish used to sit up on them and eat the paint off so a lot of ships lost their way. Thats funny aint it. They split the ship into "troop spaces" I guess they call them spaces because when all the guys get in there aint no space left and when they get in their bunks it smells just like when your old man takes his shoes off only worse. You know how this is Mabul. They got some fresh fello on board just like they had at Wadsworth. They think they know it all. Up in the front of the ship is the well deck but there aint no well there and in the middle is the mast and in the top is a birds nest Sgt. Brophy told me the captain said I was to take up some bread what we had left over from our sandwiches and feed the crows. You can go up inside the mast altho there is a ladder up the outside but the Sgt. said only sea dogs went up that way. I aint seen but one dog since we been on and the fello brought that one on and he cant go up on no ladder. Well I got up all right but there wasnt no crows there only a couple of fello with glasses looking for somebody out on the ocean and they got sore when I told them why I came up there. Well I told the Captain and he got sore and then he laughed and said there was no crows there. That shows what a dumb guy the Sgt. is and he thinks he knows it all. I didnt say nothing to him I'll just let him go on thinkin theres crows up there Clever eh Mabul. All these fello have different ways to keep from getting sea sick. One guy says not to eat anything and then he borrows everything he can and eats it they wont let me work it. It is right beside the garbage shoots. Thats a joke Mabul but I guess you wont understand it. I borrowed fifty cents from a new fello in my troop space what dont know me and bought some chocolate and brought it back here in my bunk so these fellows cant borrow none. There always borrowin stuff. So now I guess I can write in piece. There was a letter in the Shuttle that a fello wrote his girl. A mushy love letter The Shuttle is a paper

what they print on the ship I'll tell you more about it latter. A lot of fello copied it and wrote it to their girls. One guy wrote it to six girls. Not me I wrote my own. Brains thats me Mabul. I guess I ate too much of the chocolate because I sort of feel funny. I dont think I can write much more it feels like the bottom of my stomach wants to come up. Sick thats me all over Mabul. Tell your old man he neednt send the five Yours till the ship stops rolling BILL

Dere Mabul

Well Mabul Im up again but I feel terrible week. I guess I wont change from the Pioneers to the Navy. I thot make I would and the officer what I know said he could fix it but I just found out today he aint no officer. Hes just a marine and hes workin his way across. Some of these guys certainly shot the hull Mabul when a fello gets sick he has to clean up if he messes the place but I fooled them I crawled in another fello bunk and he had to do the cleanin. Pretty cute eh Mabul. I found out that the Sgt. knew there wasnt no crows up in the crows nest. He sent another fello up He thot he put one over on me but I guess I was the one what did the puttin over. And I found out they aint no dogs on the ship neither. They call a sailor a sea dog after he makes a couple trips. It dont take me long to get wise to their talk. Snappy thats me all over Mabul. I hope you dont never get seasick altho it might do you good once just to try it and then you could talk about it afterwards. The Sgt. told me today a fellow what gets sick once gets sick three times before he gets across You feel like you was bringing up everything you ate for a couple of years I know the last thing I brot up was that mince pie your mother sent me for Christmas. I thot at first I was dyin and when the doc. came he gave me a couple of those O. D. pills like he gave me when I sprained my ankle on the rifle range and the time I got that pencil in my eye. They always give a fello the same pills I saved them this time Mabul and when we got over I'll send them to you and maybe they can do some good for your old mans liver. I just found out that the fello up in the crows nest are lokin for submarines and the one what sees one first gets \$50.00 I ast the captain if I could look and he said go ahead theres the ocean so I guess I'll get the \$50 alright and then I'll have some coin to spend in Paris and maybe I can send you a couple of picture postal cards like I did at Wadsworth. Tell your mother I used that big sock she sent me with no heel in it to put on my head at night A lot of the fello have them. The Sgt. says there to wear under our steel lizards what ever they are. I aint seen no submarine yet. I guess there pretty hard to see. They have a peryscope like a broom they stick out of the water and then they sneek up on the ship and tar-peter it. I get thats something like salt-peter, a little over your head Mabul. I'll tell you more about it after I find out how it happens. When it does we have to go to a part of the deck called the Abandon Ship station. The fello who fixed out the plan made it so that to get there you have to crawl thru the bottom of the ship and up over the mast before you reach your place and when you get there all the pieces are taken. The Sgt. says they fix it that way so as to give the ship plenty of time to sink. We all have big pillows what we rap around us so we wont get hurt when we jump in the water I fixed it up with the guy I borrowed the fifty cents from that if he gets on the raft first he will save me a seat and if I got on first Ill save him one. But believe me Mabul Im going to let him do the jumpin. I guess I forgot to tell you we dont wear those canvas leggings no more. We got pattys now. They call them that because there putty hard to get on I guess. They aint nothin but a long strip of cloth about four inches wide and when you put them on you begin at your shoes and wrap them around till you get it all used up and then if you find they aint reaching high enough and you got to unwind them and do it all over again. And when you do get them on and start going anyplace they slide down around your shoes again The Sgt. says they use them to lasso the huns with. Pretty good idea eh Mabul Well the Lieutenant found out I wasnt in my own bunk when I got sick and now I have to do K. P. again and carry up all the slops from the kitchen to the garbage shoots so I wont get a chance to look for the submarine and get the \$50 and I guess I wont send the postals. He says to quit now

Yours till they tar-peter BILL

It is better to dream of world democracy than world domination. One dream may come true and please God the other never shall.

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Bryant Washburn in
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Presenting the soul-stirring struggle of a man against the ties of mother-love when his country calls him.
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Next Wednesday, Aug. 28
CHARLES RAY, in
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A Delightful Comedy Drama
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Is a Big 8-Reel Production for
Tonight, Saturday, Aug. 24
"Joan The Woman" Saturday, August 31