

Greenwood, or better known as "Peck" Thornton is now in France, according to letters received by his brother Raymond of this city. "Peck" enlisted in the army several months ago with another Oregon boy, as a truck driver. After hauling bread in Texas for some time he received a transfer to the machine gun section and at once made good. He says in his letter recently received that the Germans have a new popular song entitled "The Kaiser's Cows Are Feeding Where the Shamrock Used to Grow," a statement which will never be true as long as there is an Irishman alive. "Peck"

went across the water in June.

C. A. Minor Buys Penland Ranch.
C. A. Minor has purchased the realty holdings of the Penland estate and it is understood he will take possession about October 1st. The deal includes several thousand acres of land and the consideration is reported to be in the neighborhood of \$88,000. George Sperry has had the Penland place rented for several years.

Mrs. Waldo Vincent of Butter creek was visiting with relatives in Heppner Sunday and Monday.

HEAVY WORK ON THE FIGHTING LINE



These powerful American artillerymen, with huge crowbars, are working fast to get their heavy gun into position to hurl its shells at the retreating Huns. It is a difficult job, for the earth is pitted with shell craters.

AVIATORS IN FRANCE WANT GOOD NAME

"Angel Suggested, But Does Not Suit—Extracts From 'Plane News.'"

Through the courtesy of Corporal Cummings, of the local detachment of the Military Police, we are able to give our readers a few extracts from "Plane News," a paper published by the Air Service of the A. E. F. The lead article in this issue concerns a contest for a prize of one hundred francs to be given the person who suggests the best name for the airmen. The article says:

Who will name the boys of the Air Service?

"Yanks" seems to be accepted as the popular name for the American forces. And just so is "Doughboy" the nickname for the infantryman, and "Red-necks" for the artillery.

Now how about a name for the airmen? Believing that there is need for such a name in the air forces the Plane News is launching a contest through which it is hoped one will be obtained. Hit him—the one who calls us Angels. To our minds it is too suggestive of peace and at the wrong time. And besides, even if we are a graceful lot in our movements and roam around in the air, supported by a nice pair of white wings, we are too much reminded by this name of the post.

More suggestions bring out such names as Sky-larks, Sky-pilots, Buzzards or Air Cavaliers. One hundred francs, cold paper, will be paid the person inventing the best name to answer the purpose. The best ten names will be selected by officer judges and published in Plane News to be voted on by the men of the Air Service, and in that way the name receiving the most votes will be officially acclaimed our nickname. You see it will be a case of wishing the name on ourselves.

The contest closed August 4th, the issue of the paper we have having been printed on July 6th. It was open to any officer, soldier, Y. M. C. A. or Red Cross worker in the A. E. F.

Green and Black Hat Cords For Air Service Enlisted Men.

Following close to the announcement of a new insignia for the Air Service, National Army, comes further announcement that a green and black hat cord has been selected for the enlisted men.

The wing and propeller insignia to be worn on the collars by officers and enlisted men is to be bronze colored.

Packages Can Be Sent From Home.

Through misinformation, probably originated by the press, it was announced some time ago that packages can no longer be sent from relatives and friends to the American soldiers overseas, even with the written request of the company commanders.

This is not so, according to advices received from headquarters, which says that any soldier may send to the States for needed articles as long as the return package bears the written statement of his C. O. vouching for his need of the articles.

The following is an editorial which occupied the head of the editorial column:

Ducking shells, bombs, rifle and machine gun fire, and living in a trench for long periods is not the safest job in the world. Heaving big guns and shells about and "wrestling" artillery horses is not the most pleasant. Building trenches and railways under fire is also rather trying at times.

Officers and men in the Air Service should remember that they are not the whole show, and that there are other hard things to do in this war besides flying and swinging "props."

We are all part of the army. Each part must co-operate with the others if the whole is to work effectively. A strong pull together will do a lot more than many separate pulls.

One man must give the word to "pull" if we are to get together. Perfect discipline must be had if the command is to be obeyed properly.

Discipline means taking pride in doing whatever job you may have in a smart, prompt, military manner. Little things like neatness, attention to details, a proper bearing and a smart salute to the hall marks of discipline and the sign by which a fit and "Ready" soldier is known.

German Pronouns.

I—The State.
We—Gott and me.
You—A whistler.
Me—The objective case of myself.
Us—Our sons.
Him—One who fights for me.
They—My enemies.
Them—The Americans.
It—My planet, the Earth.

Lay Off the "Ah, Out" Stuff. Less You Savy Linco.

The following is given as a story with a kick, a moral and a romance of love and twenty-three-hour passes. By Lynn.

Back in the days of yore before German subs and Hunism, with nothing to worry over except back board bills and the next election of town

councilmen, so-called society of the "four hundred" in the small precise communities was a joke and just as absurd as the cynic intimated when he watched the cows chase the Sunday school lawn party from the minister's yard.

"Doing society" in France has 'em all shoved off the map.

Take the case of Pvt. Percy Noodles. He's head-over-heels in love with a petite maitresse who is loco with affection herself. Webster's International Dictionary has made their love as binding as the signature of a payroll. Incidentally the bewitching eyes of "Ah, Out" to so many things he didn't understand, there's no telling what he has promised everything from the family cat to man's best friend.

That is only human nature. When a beautiful young thing looks up in your eyes appealingly, spells out a bunch of French with a touching expression, whether a bird understands it all or not, it is more than right, as a gentleman and a judge of egg omelets, to say "Ah, Out" to her.

Percy, poor old Percy, is up salt creek without a paddle. The poor boob has gone and got engaged. Yep, and the old man is scraping the spirit of the East he Yiddish, following the law as laid down in "Safety First." He's writing American Headquarters to get a line on Percy's spondee.

Percy isn't really to blame. The boy got lonesome, found an Air Service cook that could parley-voe French lingo and met this charming maitresse with the bewitching eyes. He started hoofing it down to see her two or three nights a week, then four or five and maintained his batting average.

Neither could speak the other language, with exception of a few words. So she could kid him in French about his pinch-back coat and the way he parted his hair, and he in turn would suggest she try Ivory or Sapolo on her neck. Both enjoyed their own joke and the affection grew.

When ma-ma came in Percy would pull this ah-dontcha-know-dainty-handshake stuff and tell her how to reduce by drinking butter milk. And ma-ma would flip him gently on the cheek with her fan and tell him not to get too fresh with her darling.

They, too, had thought they were passing something by each other. Jumping up to greet the old man, Percy would sling out his hand, slap the old boy on the shoulder and say "How are you, you old son-of-a-gun!" The old man, in turn, would ask in French why the thunder he didn't bring in some tobacco occasionally if he intended to camp permanently on his sofa.

So the plot thickened, everybody kidded each other, and love grew by leaps and bounds, and twenty-three-hour passes. Percy was ordered to the front. At a general conference the old folks decided it was time to take action. They laid out a big spread with plenty of chemical refreshments and told Percy to get on the job.

Just as Percy labored earnestly with the drum stick of a turkey the old man arose and, lifting his glass, poured out tribute from the bottom of his heart.

Percy "Ah, Out" to everything said, Ma-ma could stand it no longer; she kissed her darling on both cheeks and the darling in turn became flustered and kissed Percy, whereupon the old man came and shook hands with the darling hero of this narration.

The cake was cut and the diamond ring pa-pa had given ma-ma thirty years before was placed upon the hand of the beautiful young creature.

Percy could see nothing to say but "Ah, Out" again, when they called for a toast, so he quoted from the famous kitchen sink scene of Shakespeare's Manoequin: "Hast Thou Seen the Fair Ophelia Pass This Way?"

The poor boy has gone to the front. A letter lies before me on the desk from Percy asking that I find out just how and why, or if he is, obligated to any attachment in this neck of the woods. "Get theorie" was the heart broken should she ever hear of it." He continues:

The Airman's Nightmare.

I can see a white hot engine
Three inches from my nose,
The petrol tank a blazing hell
Just underneath my toes.
The wires are snapping around my head,
The rudder-bar has jammed,
Both wings are cracking horribly,
My eyes with oil are crammed,
My poor observer's fainted
And fallen through the plane,
I'm sorry, because I liked him,
Life's full of joy and pain,
Great scott! one wing has fallen off,
The other's badly gashed,
The earth's ten thousand feet below,
The elevator's smashed,
Revolution indicators
Are tearing out my hair,
My goggles are walking round me
Humming the "Druid's Prayer,"
The lubrication oil tank
Is forced between my teeth,
O why do the pistons chortle
Like asthmatical breath,
Four propeller blades are fighting
The bent induction pipe,
The inlet valves they swear aloud,
The fabric tastes unripe,
The stays are crooning plaintively
To soothe the petrol tap,
The engine jumps its bearings, Bursts,
And settles in my lap,
I'm falling faster and faster,
I do so want to yell,
But when I reach the earth again
Won't I have lots to tell?
A fearful crash! I've hit the ground,
I've fallen out of bed!
Thank goodness I'm awake once more
Holding my throbbing head.
—Aeroplane.

FOR SALE—Modern 6-room cottage, with pantry and bath and other modern conveniences. Choice location. Inquire Case Furniture Co.

Lend Your Pennies to the Government!

That is the spirit which will help America win the war.

That is the THRIFT spirit.

There is a place for the pennies—put them in Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

This store is cooperating with the Government in food conservation.

SAVE WHEAT---We have the substitutes.

Sam Hughes Co.

"House of Reliable Merchandise"

Problems of Harvest

AS THESE APPROACH—as the gathering and marketing of products arise—then truly does the value of a bank account make itself known to the rancher. Backed by established credit—as well as cash—he is in a position to reap the reward for his labors.

THE FARMERS & STOCKGROWERS NATIONAL BANK IS ALWAYS IN A POSITION TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE LEGITIMATE NEEDS OF CUSTOMERS.

FARMERS & STOCKGROWERS NATIONAL BANK

Heppner Oregon

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

85 Head of Mixed Yearling Cattle; 20 Cows and Calves

Inquire at the office of

The Gazette-Times

L. MONTERESTELLI

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS

PENDLETON, OREGON

FINE MONUMENT AND CEMETERY WORK

All parties interested in getting work in my line should get my prices and estimates before placing their orders

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

DAIRYMEN ATTENTION!
To get HIGHEST CASH PRICES for Cream Cream Cream
Ship to
UNION MEAT CO.
PORTLAND, ORE.
WE PAY CASH
guaranteeing correct weights and tests. Send us your next shipment, or write for prices and other particulars.

Don't let him get like this
Dr. Daniels' Antiseptic Dusting and Healing Powder
FIXES GALLS, SORES AND CUTS
Costs only 50c large can, at our Agents
Ask for Dr. Daniels' Horse Book—its Free

HUMPHREYS DRUG CO

Agents for Dr. Daniel's Horse, Cow & dog remedies.

WITH FREE BOOKS

NOTICE.

I will not be responsible for any debts or bills contracted by my wife, J. P. HUGHES.
Dated at Heppner, Oregon, this 6th day of July, 1918.

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED
by CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS
Low-priced, fresh, reliable pills cured by western stockmen, because they prevent the virus from spreading.
10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$1.00
50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$4.00
The only Blackleg pills that are simple and strong. The superiority of Cutter's products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. TRUST ON CUTTER'S. It's unbeatable.
The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, California