

Go South, Young Lady, G' South



"Go south young lady, and get a close-up of summer styles." A nation at peace again and a general prosperity prevailing, sees society flocking back to the southland for the winter months—and incidentally—wearing new frocks which are forerunners for late spring and summer styles. On the left a pussy willow of rose and white while on the right a navy voile skirt hides under a navy blue tunic—the frock of indestructible voile. It is an afternoon frock.

WANTED—Man with teams of tractor to do cropping and plowing on farm 15 miles south of Ione, Oregon. Or would buy 8 horses and 3-bottom plow. See J. H. Wagoner, 185 1/2 Jefferson St., Portland, Oregon.

I will sell from the best building lots in Heppner for \$25,000 each. The lots are 50x100 feet and true parallelogram, each corner being a right angle, and each lot is a half of a square.

HARRY CUMMINGS.

ESTRAYED—From my pasture, about 6 weeks ago, one 4-year-old bay mare, split right ear, weight

1300; one gray 3-year-old mare, no brand, had heavy halter on, weight about 1100; one brown gelding, 1 year old, no brand, left hind hock joint enlarged. J-16-21 No. 1, EDAM H. LOCK, Heppner.

WANTED—One-half dozen copies each of the issues of the Gazette-Times for 1918 and Jan. 2, 1919. Will pay 5c. per copy. Bring them to this office and get your money.

She was up from his farm near Lexington on Monday, to attend to some business affairs in this city. He was accompanied by his father, Sam Devine, who is visiting with his relatives here this winter.

A STURDY TREE MONUMENT FOR EVERY YANK WHO GAVE HIS LIFE FOR DEMOCRACY

Governors of Many States Endorse Plan Offered By American Forestry Association to Honor Nation's Heroes.

BY CHARLES LATHROP PACK, President, American Forestry Association. Written especially for the Gazette-Times.

In what other way shall we honor the memory of the brave American soldiers and sailors who gave their lives for liberty?

That is a question which every community in the United States has asked itself.

It is certain that their sacrifice on the altar of freedom is worthy of the finest tribute that can be paid them. This should include also the men who offered their lives in their country's service whether it meant the supreme sacrifice for them or not. They, too, are deserving of the nation's gratitude.

What nobler, more inspiring, more appropriate memorial can be erected to the honor of these men than the living, growing tree? It will stand there and as it develops keep fresh in the minds of the present and of coming generations the deeds of daring which America's heroes performed on land and sea in order that democracy and truth and justice might be firmly established here and throughout the world.

On this account the American forestry Association suggests the planting of trees in parks, along the streets and highways and at other appropriate places as living monuments to our heroes.

There are few communities in the United States that did not lose one or more of its sons in the great conflict which has just concluded. There will be memorials of various kinds, bronze tablets, stone markers, arches of granite and bronze and other forms, dedicated to their service. But this does not preclude the planting of trees. No matter what other kind of memorial is set up, there can be trees planted also.

This suggestion already has received the hearty indorsement of governors of states throughout the



CHARLES LATHROP PACK

country, of the state foresters, civic and patriotic organizations, women's clubs and other associations. In a few places trees already have been planted in accordance with this idea.

At Tacony, Pa., four trees have been planted on the lawn of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Innocents. Two of the town's men thus honored were killed in action in France, while the others died in hospitals close behind the battle lines.

Relatives and friends of the Tacony heroes participated in the ceremony, which included singing by the choir and a brief address by the rector, Rev. Robert E. Edwards.

Here is what two state governors and other officials say of the plan.

Governor Lowden, of Illinois, says: "I am heartily in sympathy with the general idea, which I have taken up with the superintendent of highways of our state."

Governor Capper of Kansas says: "It is most appropriate, I feel, that we should have living trees as memorials for our soldier dead, whose deeds will live for all time."

Former President Taft said: "One fitting and appropriate memorial to our soldier dead would be rows of fine trees planted along the great through highways of our various

States. They will stand there for many generations to come and keep fresh in the minds of all passers-by the heroic deeds of those Americans who gave their lives that freedom and justice and truth might not perish from the earth."

Louisiana is planning to plant 440 miles of "victory oaks" and other suitable trees along Jefferson Highway, the state's principal road which runs from north to south and connects with the highway that extends on to Winnipeg, Canada.

Governor Pleasant has turned the details of the work over to M. L. Alexander, head of the state conservation department. There will be a tree every forty feet along the road. Oaks will be used for the most part.

Plan Fits in With Reconstruction and Good Roads.

Rows of noble trees will add not only to the beauty and attractiveness of our highways but will be an actual support to them, helping to hold the ground firm and keeping it from washing. As the construction of good roads will be one of the big reconstruction problems which the nation will have to solve, anything that will help in this direction should be encouraged.

On all the roads leading out from every community in the United States there should be rows of trees.

The American Forestry Association is very glad to advise any town or community as to tree planting, suggesting types that probably will grow best in that particular locality and furnishing other helpful hints. Anyone can secure this free information by writing to Washington for it.

There are many reasons why trees are most appropriate memorials to America's soldier and sailor dead, as well as to the living.

The tree is a living, growing thing, just as are the principles which America entered the war to defend. It stands for freedom.

And the tree played an important part in the winning of the war. In a thousand ways it was called into service. In aeroplanes and gun stocks, barracks and trenches, piers and railroad ties, and in many other places it was demanded in immense quantities.

The forests of France were largely sacrificed to the needs of the war. Thousands of square miles of her forest land over which the Germans advanced were devastated by gun and shell fire or by the trees cut down by the enemy. Anything, therefore, looking to reforestation of the world is most fitting. It means a rebuilding of some of the natural resources which have been lost through ravages of war.

WHOOOP!

Thirteen Tribes of American Indians in a Single Company.

(From the Stars and Stripes, Official A. E. F. Newspaper.)

It was the Prussian Guard against the American Indian on the morning of October 8 in the hills of Champagne.

When it was all over, after the wire protected slopes had been trampled as though they were no more than bramble patches of thorny and leafless berry bushes and there were no more German gunners left in the earth-banked machine gun nests, the Prussian Guards were further on their way back toward Aisne, and going fast, and warriors of thirteen Indian tribes looked down on the town of St. Etienne.

The Indians—one company of them—were fighting with the Thirty-sixth division, made up of Texas and Oklahoma rangers and oil men, for the most part, and with the French this division was pushing away forever the German menace to Rheims.

"The Millionaire Company" was the title that had followed the Indians from Camp Bowie, Wyoming, and there followed them also a legendary of \$1,000 checks carried by Indian buck privates, of buck privates who used to spend their hours on pass in 12-cylinder motor cars, of a company football team that was full of Carlisle stars and had won a camp championship.

Like Leatherstocking Tales.

It was a company with a roll of names that was the despair of the regimental paymaster, who never could keep track of Big Bear, Rainbow, Blanket, Bacon Rind, Hohem-anatubbe and the 246 other original dialect pronunciations or literal translations. In the company were Creeks and Sioux, Seminoles, Apaches, Wyandottes, Choctaws, Iroquois, and Mohawks, all the old James Fenimore Cooper favorites.

Collectively, they owned many square miles of the richest oil and mineral lands of Oklahoma, and back home there were thousands of dollars in royalties piling up every day for the buying of Liberty bonds.

It was a genuine surprise for the Prussian Guards when they found themselves facing this species of American fighter. Intelligence summaries failed to tell anything about them—but there were certain Guards who remembered that American Redskins in past wars had been chiefly distinguished by scalping the enemy and wearing paint on their faces.

So it happened that when the end of the fight was nearing, Prussian

Guards could be seen running over the hill tops, casting away their rifles, knapsacks, canteens—sacrificing everything for speed.

Machine Guns First.

The Indians had as their first task the reduction of a group of machine gun nests on a slope. They came out of a forest in true woodman style and dodged into shell holes that looked up to where the enemy was entrenched. They reverted to typical Indian tactics, showing almost utter contempt for the enemy's machine gun fire, lifting their heads above the rims of the shell holes, intent only on one thing—searching with their keen eyes for the exact points from which the enemy was firing.

Having sighted those points, they slung their rifles over the top of the holes and fired deliberately and as coolly as if they were shooting at deer. Usually a machine gun ceased to fire a few moments after the Indians had concentrated on it.

One German sniper proved annoying to the Indians. He had dug in far in front of the machine gun nests, and, from the protection of a fallen tree, fired with German regularity. Finally, a tall Sioux's imagination became fixed with the idea of capturing this German, and he jumped out of a shell hole in plain view of a score of German machine gun men and raced up toward the sniper.

Good Time for Footwork.

The sniper tried one shot at him, then realized he was going to have to reckon with the Indian hand to hand. So he tried to escape by running. The Indian was close behind him, yelling and whooping, with his bayonet fixed. The German headed for his comrades behind the wire.

But the other Guards, having had a good chance to look the Indian over, decided they didn't want to take any chances on the Indian's getting among them, so they opened fire on pursued as well as pursuer. To escape his own fire the German turned aside and raced down the line with the Indian following him. For five minutes the chase lasted, with German guns rattling every time the two men came too close to the German positions. It ended in an old dugout.

In their first hours of real battle the Indians encircled and took almost a dozen strong machine gun positions. They did this in spite of German shell fire. In fact, they used the German shell fire to reduce certain troublesome nests. Having surrounded a particularly strong position, they would advance ahead, so that German artillery observers would take it for granted that all the ground had been lost and would draw in their fire until their own shells would fall on the machine gun nest that was still holding out.

J. H. Cox suffered the loss of a finger on Sunday afternoon. He was at work moving a house at the farm of Percy Jarmon on Butler creek, and when adjusting one of the rollers, his finger was caught and crushed so badly that amputation was necessary.

Mrs. Luther Huston returned home from Portland on Tuesday evening, where she had been called on account of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. A. J. McHaley.

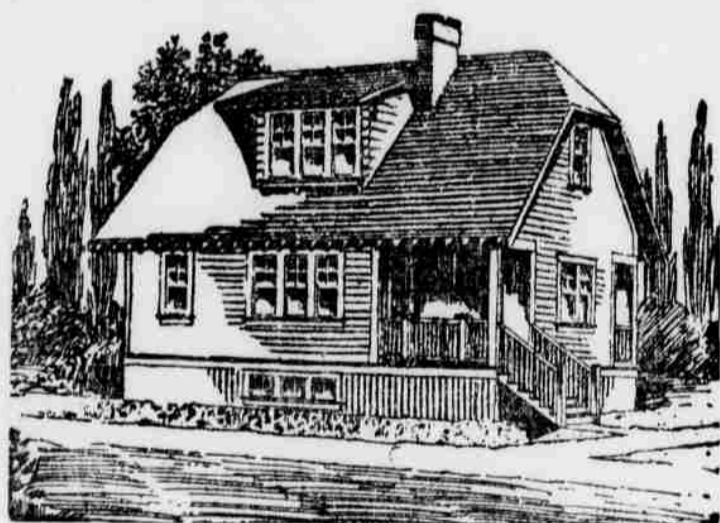
Mrs. Frankie Luper departed for Portland on Sunday and will be in the city for a couple of weeks, making selection of her Spring millinery stock.

CITY DEALS DIRECT WITH FARMERS



John G. McGrath, community secretary and postal agent, Park View school community center, at Washington, D. C., the first city community secretary, meets Mrs. Anna Plowman McKay, community secretary and postal agent of the food producers at Surrattsville, Md. These two communities are connected by postal motor truck which enables the people of Washington to deal directly with the farmers of Maryland.

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