

Describes Trip To France

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French cities, they sure are away behind the times. It wasn't as cold there as in the U. S. but it was too chilly for some of the things that run around loose, or at least that was my opinion. Most of the people wear wooden shoes. The shoes have a rubber or cloth top and when a bunch of Frenchmen walk down the street it makes a noise like a herd of freight cars on a cordway road. Girls to most of the work and you don't see many men who are not old or crippled. The people are very polite and they like a good time, especially the girls. Most of the girls intend to go to the U. S. some day. Most of them have Yankee soldier or sailor sweethearts who have promised to bring them over some day, but they don't know the doughboys and gobs or the most of them would realize that they were being kidded. A lot of them can talk English pretty good but if you try to talk to some of them they will raise their shoulders and even with the top of their head and let them fall and say "no compree." I tried some French I knew on them but they did not know any more about what I was trying to say than I did.

over there and we sure had a happy bunch aboard when the liberty parties returned. The M. P.s are so thick a fellow has to be pretty good most places. I bought some souvenirs for you and mailed them to you today. A soldier smuggled that shell aboard for me in his pack. It is a French 75 and was fired in the battle of Verdun. The famous French 75's are the guns that won the war. It will make a pretty nice vase and you won't see many of them in the U. S.

We took 1300 soldiers aboard, mostly of the 42nd Artillery, and pulled out for New York. We sailed 1000 miles out of the way to take a southern route. The reason was to escape storms and be in warmer climate so the soldiers could be out in the fresh air. We got plenty of fresh air at the rate of a 100-mile gale. For four days we were in an unusual and the worst storm for years. The waves were like mountains and went all over the ship, filled the life boats, broke into ports and wrecked nearly all the gear on the ship. One soldier was nearly killed and the whole bunch were so sea sick they thought they were going to die. We could make hardly any headway and were four days late in arriving. When we did finally pull into Hoboken those troops sure were a glad bunch and

made so much noise singing and whistling it sounded like a Jew picnic. The New York committee of welcome met us and threw candy, smokes, papers and gum aboard by the bushels.

We expect to leave again next Friday, the 20th, for Bordeaux, France.

I don't suppose I will be able to get my discharge for at least three or four months yet, for they are letting them out very slowly. I will close for this time. I am sending some cards I got in France.

As over,
C. L. LIEUALLEN.

The Original Wise Guy.

We are going to lay a belated but well deserved wreath on the lonely, weed-decked mound on the tramp printer, before all memory of him departs from the sons of men.

The tramp printer, for a generation or two, on the average saved the lives of nineteen editors and a dozen publishers every day in the week but Saturday night. Unless they paid Monday.

He was an itinerant, rambling, cynical, competent son-of-a-gun. He wouldn't work longer than necessary to raise the price of one souse, and he was the bartender's delight in forty-some states and territories, but we never saw one yet that wasn't a whiz at his job.

He would shamble into a strange country office, take off his coat and, without question, apology, by your leave, or a single "where's the copy?" get out the paper—the weekly paper that required more getting out than any city daily ever did.

He could stick type, that boy could.

He could lay out ads, and make a press print that never was known to do so on publication day before.

He didn't require a million dollars' worth of "furniture" to lock up a two-bit ad, and he had forgotten more about editorial ethics and news values and efficiency than a lot of us fresh, white-collared guys were likely to acquire.

He didn't have much to say—he wasn't with us long; just over the horizon was where his pot of gold was—always beckoning; or maybe it was a pot of hooch.

But his last dollar—his first was usually also his last—was at the disposal of any chap who needed it worse than he did.

He never soldiered on the job. He usually got the worst of it, like the last cat in the town pond, and if home and mother and wife and children and a paid-for seat in the synagogue meant anything in his isolated life, we never discovered it.

But he was a wise old bird. And he saved the day, at least once a week, in every sizable town in the land.

The linotype got him.

The elimination of the haphazard in the back-office, and the institution of shop systems and efficiency charts and production of peak diagrams finished his somewhat bewhiskered post, but in his day, and in his prime, there wasn't another son-of-a-gun between Adam and him who knew his work any better, or could do it more thoroughly, drunk, sober, or half-and-half.

Gee! We would like to be editor of a morning paper in a wide-open cow town once more, with nobody on the job but just us and a flat-footed, lobe printer at three a. m., when the burdy-gurdis are going good and an occasional yip-yipping cow-puncher is kicking the front door as he sways past.—Pep.

American sailors can buy booze

STAR THEATRE

Second Official War Film, Taken by the U.S. Signal Corps

"America's Answer"

Presented by the Division of Films, Committee on Public Information. Distributed by World Corporation.

Saturday, March 8

Admission Prices 15 and 25 Cents

Monday, March 10

A story of Modern Divorce Conspiracy

Alimony

"THE TIE THAT BURNS"

Monday, March 17

Doug Fairbanks

IN **WILD AND WOOLY**

20 Years to Pay FOR Canadian Pacific RAILWAY FARMS

Lands for all. Irrigated or non-irrigated, Wheat, Livestock, Berry, Poultry or Mixed Farming. \$311.00 to \$30.00 per acre buys good rich fertile prairie wheat land, and \$75.00 per acre for irrigated land, water right from the Canadian Government.

Your Opportunity

To start with a small investment and make your farm pay for itself. Join one of our parties and see for yourself.

For information call or write to

Farmers' Exchange OF THE INLAND EMPIRE

F. R. Brown, Mgr. Heppner, Oregon
or
L. P. THORNTON, 208 E. R. Exchange Building, Portland, Oregon



New Spring Millinery

Miss S. G. Reynolds, my trimmer, has arrived from Portland.

The limited space in my new quarters prevents my making an opening display, but I have a splendid showing of Spring Goods, selected through the good taste of Miss Reynolds.

I can safely say, bring your hat troubles to us. They will be well taken care of, whether it be the making of a new one or the making over your old one.

The same careful attention to style and workmanship will be given.

MRS. L. G. HERREN

March comes in with an abundant downpour of rain. Nature seems to be determined to do all she can for this season, and is certainly putting the farmer on the road to prosperity. And then, too, the bookmaster is coming in for his share. Lambing is now on the way at many ranches, with the weather conditions just about right and the range taking on the necessary green that furnishes the succulent feed for the mother ewe. Apparently we have little to complain about, and pretty soon, the income tax man will be along to relieve us of any superfluous in the way of burdensome cash, and that will take away another source of worry.

Bring your punctured tires to Shamhart and have them repaired. m6-4t

ALL Tired OUT.

Hundreds More in Heppner in the Same Plight.

Tired all the time; Weary and worn out night and day; Back aches; head aches; Your kidneys are probably weakened.

You should help them at their work. Let one who knows tell you how.

Mrs. B. G. Sigsbee, K St., Heppner, says: "Speaking from personal experience, I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills, for I have always found them just what they are represented to be. When I get that tired, dull ache across the small of my back and notice my kidneys are not acting right, I get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. After taking them a few days, I feel as well as ever."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Sigsbee had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

St. Patrick's BALL

Fair Pavilion, Heppner, March 17

Given by the Heppner Civic Improvement Club for the benefit of **HEPPNER'S NEW BAND**

Good Music Has Been Secured. Tickets \$1.00

GIVE THE BAND A BOOST NOW. IT WILL ALWAYS BOOST FOR YOU.