

The mica makes it better

The highest-quality petroleum grease used in Mica Axle Grease would alone make good axle grease, but the powdered Mica makes it better. Gives cooler, smoother bearings—no hot boxes, and the grease lasts twice as long. Ask your dealer. Buy by the pail.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)

MICA AXLE GREASE



Geo. W. Milholland, Special Agent, Standard Oil Company
Heppner, Oregon.

GILLIAM & BISBEE, Heppner.
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JOHN SEMAS, Monument.
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W. A. SWEET, Hamilton, Ore.
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Rivers & Ackley



Look for us in the repair shop of Heppner Garage.

Best equipped machine and auto repair shop in Morrow County. We rebuild batteries, do Oxy-acetylene welding and all kinds of machine work and auto repairing, and guarantee all our work.

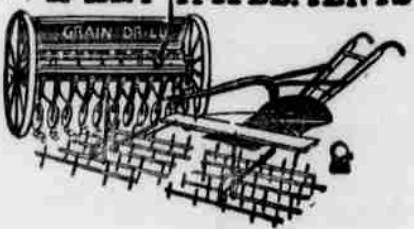
A Trial is all We Ask

We drive a Super-Six and will go any place any time.

Rivers & Ackley

PHONE MAIN 81

FARM IMPLEMENTS



Time for Spring Work Approaching

The time is rapidly approaching when it will be necessary to begin Spring farm work.

ARE YOUR IMPLEMENT POSSESSIONS
SUFFICIENT FOR YOUR NEEDS?

The world needs food, and more food, and it behooves every farmer to raise as large crops as possible this year.

LET US HELP BY SUPPLYING YOU WITH
UP-TO-DATE, LABOR-SAVING
FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Gilliam & Bisbee

Morrow County's Pioneer Hardware Dealers

MARSHAL McALISTER SEES GREATER PART OF FRANCE

The following very interesting communication was received recently by Mrs. W. B. McAlister from her son, Pvt. W. M. McAlister, of Co. E, 18th Engrs. Ry., A. E. F. and written from Dijon, France.

My Dear Mother and All:

As it has been many long days since I have received even the scratch of the pen from the States, I for myself am still in the writing humor so will try and write a few lines home.

No doubt you and friends as well think that we are, or will, be on our way home soon and there will be no use to write us as we will not get our mail. Well that is one way to look at it but the best way is to write until you hear of us landing in the U. S. When we get there there will be plenty of telegraph wires to carry messages if the storms don't tear them down. Of course I receive the papers that Harvey sends and they are a great help for news, but a letter in person will never come amiss.

While looking through the December papers I noticed the death of Anna McMillan, which was very sad news to me, indeed, as it was only a short time ago that I had written her a short letter just as I had returned from a furlough. But our days are numbered and when the time comes, there is no use to buck the line for it is attempting the impossible. So when you see any of them give them my best regards and sympathy.

Well mother, a little item of mention I must tell you about, and no doubt you will be very much surprised yourself as I was at the time. In the mail last Thursday came a package for me from Capt. Hugh Wiley, whom I know quite well, of Co. B, 18th Engrs. Ry., and in it was a sweater and a note telling me that you was the maker and the donor for the Red Cross. It appears that this sweater was the stray one of the many received by B Co., so upon seeing the name, Capt. Wiley took it upon himself to send it to me as he thought I would appreciate it very much. He also wrote me a very nice letter as well. Will say that this is some sweater and for heft, well so far I have not seen its equal. But there are many thanks to be given the Red Cross for their work over here and perhaps they will never get the credit they deserve. They deserve credit and honor far above any other unit or organization on this earth, for they are there 24 hours out of every day. I have seen their work from the Spanish border to the front, from the coast to the Swiss border and all directions, north, east, south and west and all over France, that is why I say this. Everywhere I have been I find the Red Cross at the head of the list working for the interest of the soldiers.

About the 23rd of January I had the pleasure and opportunity of taking my first 7-day furlough since putting 13 months of labor in France with the Cavanaugh-Holman Construction Co. My furlough called for Mentone-Nice leave area, which is the choice leave area of the A. E. F. On my way down I stopped for a few hours at Valence and viewed the city but it was too cold to chase around much. It was snowing and freezing for sometime before we left and was cold until we hit Marseilles. We left Dijon at 7:30 on Friday evening and Saturday morning we were in Valence. In the afternoon, about 3, we got in the "hot shot" for the south and decided to spend a few hours in Avignon, which is a city of about 70,000, and a very pretty city on the River Rhone. We were here about 21 hours and had quite an opportunity to see the place. Here we applied to the French Red Cross for a guide and started on a tour of the city. The guide was a French nurse, of about 25 and a very pleasant girl to talk to, (in a soldier's pigeon French), but got by fine and dandy. We visited the museum, the Palace of the Popes of Rome, the large viaduct, the walls of the city and its forts, the old prison, castles, chateaus, churches and many other places of interest, and while going the rounds there always came a few minutes for a drink of wine, as the French say water is no good.

At 1 p. m., Sunday, we boarded the "hot shot" for Marseilles and arrived there at 6 p. m. and received a 24-hour pass. We viewed the city but there was too much to see in such a short time so made a hurry up trip and spent some time at Notre Dame, which is certainly a nice place. The city itself is laid out more like our cities, and the main streets—there is plenty of room to turn around without getting run over.

Monday at 4:45 p. m. we were headed in a permission train and shipped to our destination, where we arrived at 1 o'clock in the morning on Tuesday. Then we were lined up and marched to the Hotel Bench Rivage, Mentone, Garvan Apt., France. Upon being assigned to a room, which was quite are and swell for a buck private, we took a good snooze and awoke about 9 a. m., and to our surprise we were just off the coast of the Mediterranean, and by stepping to the window we could look over the deep blue sea—so blue that it was almost to good to be true.

The first thing was to clean up and shake ourselves and step out and see what could be seen close at hand. "Sunny France" in reality was seen at last and "first hand" I know now where the "Birdie" lived that wrote "Sunny France." 'Twas on this coast from Mentone to Cannes, including Monte Carlo and Nice. Beauty, yes, it is here, there and everywhere. "I'll be, I'll be out!"

My seven days furlough having begun, I started out to see what I could see. What struck me first was the beauty and cleanliness of these cities on this coast. Colors of natural green, and flowers—yes flowers in abundance and everywhere. The hotels and dwellings rising tier after tier from the blue sea and nestling against the green mountains, and back of all the snow-capped Alps. The buildings are mostly white or buff colored, with colored balustrades and flower vases all over the place. A person can stand in one place for an hour and see something different every minute.

The hotels are leased by the government for a period of one year. Each man has a three-quarter bed, and a bed which makes him think of home. The room I had contained three single beds and three of us roomed together. It was one of the best rooms in the hotel and class was no name. In our window was "beaucoup" flowers and veranda, and all we had to do was just step out of the window and view the scenery and more flowers. Tell you this was pretty hard for a buck private to endure but all we wished was more of it. Time flew as it never did before. The main beauty of it was there was no reveille, no roll call at 5:30 a. m., no bugle, no top "cutter" in sight to "bawl" you out, no work call, no lining up for mess, but it was sit down in real honest to goodness chairs to a real honest to goodness meal and

no sham, no retreat, no taps—no one to tell you to go to bed. That is what makes real life. Believe me if I ever get out of this mess I shall make one faithful promise—never again.

Strolling on the promenade known as the "Bivouac" any afternoon without an overcoat, dodging among the flowers, sheltering palms and orange trees and the mademoiselles, is life. They have found out the soldiers have chewing gum and it is more of a curiosity than a pleasure to them for they are great bums. This is real "Sunny France."

The first trip was across the frontier into Italy, to the little town named Ventimigee, where I bought a few post cards and took some pictures, having a part of them finished and am sending them to you. While there I inhaled a little Italian atmosphere with the odor of garlic, then dangled back for a little feed that was waiting for me. It is quite nice to sit down to a table with white tablecloth and dishes to eat out of.

There is one strange thing that happens here that is not known to us in history is well remembered. A person can visit three countries in about two hours' time—France, Monaco and Italy. Monaco, however, is a small portion of France, about eight miles square, that was in some way an estate of the Prince of Monaco. Monte Carlo is the city that is practically all owned by Prince Albert, who is still alive and is about 71 years of age. The present Casino was built by him and its structure is wonderful. I visited a portion of the interior and it is certainly wonderful and any person who sees it will have to take off his hat to the "bird" that designed the architecture of this place. Beauty, luxury and splendor is there to the fullest extent. I cannot begin to describe it but imagination can just about get it. The Casino is about the most elaborate and costly room in the building, which cost approximately 4,000,000 francs. The gambling halls were quite elaborate. Paintings of all descriptions are to be seen. I was in eight of the rooms in this place but was unable to go upstairs. The grounds and gardens around this place are all kept up in tip top shape and are very pretty indeed. Just outside the Casino is the Cafe de Paris, the sweetest place on earth from what they say and it is very much of a temptation for a person to step inside for a square, but for myself the only square that I could get was to stand outside and take a square look, and then I thought I would have to dig into my pocket and pay for that.

In this province there is no taxes to pay. All expenses for the upkeep of this province are paid out of the proceeds of the gambling, and everything is up to snuff.

I also visited the aquarium museum. It is a private place owned by Prince Albert of Monaco. He is an explorer of the sea and has every animal of the sea on exhibit here, and some are the specimens, too. This museum is built on a bluff overlooking the Mediterranean and is a very picturesque place for observation.

The Palace of the Prince is a very nice structure, and I also took a peep at the inside of it. At the entrance are four guards of the Prince's army, which constitutes the number of 25 men. They are fine looking fellows, all dressed up as though they belonged to some circus. They have enough tassels, gold cord and epaulets to start a costume shop. They seem to rank as colonels, generals, corporals or something—never would waste so much gold braid and junk on a buck private.

Nice was the next place worthy of mention, and quite a large city also. This place is "Monte Carlo" the second. The part that struck my fancy the most of all was the flower market. A whole street block after block devoted to nothing but the sale of cut flowers; everything from the "baby wreath" to the "sun flowers." The Casino here is built upon a pier that extends out a little way in the water and is quite a swell place. At the present time it is operated by the Y. M. C. A.

Speaking of the costs, your living and traveling expenses are paid by the

government, but incidental expenses may run from 50 to 500 francs in the seven days, or in American money, \$10 to \$100, just as a person sees fit to spend. The trip cost me about 275 francs. When my time was up we pulled out at 8:30 Tuesday night and on Wednesday morning we were in Marseilles.

For curiosity I and another fellow took an A. W. O. L. to Toulouse for 24 hours to see what that place was like and we reached Dijon on Friday evening to answer the roll calls again, which was much to our sorrow.
PVT. W. M. McALISTER,
Co. E, 18th Engrs. Ry., A. E. F.

Bertrand Lyon

"The Mark Twain Man"

High School Auditorium
Saturday Night, April 5

A LECTURE-RECITAL presenting an intimate and fascinating study of the life and work of this remarkable man. Illustrated with dramatic and humorous incidents in his career and Readings from his famous books. This number will make you better acquainted with the man called "the supreme genius of our age" and fill you with the joy of his humor and the virility of his American spirit.

SPEND A HAPPY EVENING WITH MARK TWAIN and renew your youth. Remember the days when you read "Tom Sawyer" and "Puddin' Head Wilson" and met Colonel Mulberry Sellers. Go back to them again with Mark Twain.

Free your business-bound imagination. You'll laugh at his whimsical fancy. You'll love him. He comes like an old friend and warms the "cockles o' the heart." Next to sunshine and fresh air as a mental tonic!

A N INTERPRETATION of the world's masterpiece of humor. The best story Mark Twain ever wrote! Pronounced by critics "the greatest American story." That great human book warm with the actuality of experience, vibrant with the heart-throbs of human interest; that delightful story, which has been called "The Romance of Eternal Youth." An entertaining Recital which appeals to old and young alike with its irresistible humor and wholesome fun.

In this artistic presentation the characters are as realistic as the actors in a play; yet the interpretation is so sympathetic and genuine that the literary "motif" is not lost. Back of the scenes, there moves a spirit which we all know and love; a romping spirit which stirs us with its buoyant life and action; a spirit which touches our hearts with its bubbling fun and laughter, a spirit forever joyous, forever young; the irrepressible spirit of boyhood. Audiences report "Immensely enjoyed." "An evening of hearty rollicking laughter and wholesome fun." "A humorous program unsurpassed."

The characters became real people, and the audience had the sense of floating with them down the majestic river, under the southern stars. The climax of dramatic art was reached when the thunder storm broke over the assembled villagers in the grave yard scene, and the spell was only broken when Huck slipped away in the darkness and "shinned down the road" to the raft. So vivid was the portrayal of this story that those present will henceforth have a sense of personal acquaintance with "Huck Finn" and "Nigger Jim," and the "King" and the "Duke." Bertrand Lyon has established himself in Denver as a prince of entertainers.

Admission 25 and 50 Cents

STAR THEATRE

Saturday, April 12

CARELESS AMERICA

A national Safety First warning thrillingly presented in motion pictures, under the auspices of the Secretaries of States and Police Departments of America.

FAIR PAVILION

2 Nights, Wednesday and Thursday,
APRIL 9 and 10

SUNSET AMUSEMENT CO. PRESENTS

Duke Westcott
and The Golden Gate Girls
IN

"The Strollers" Wednesd'y, Apr. 9
"A Night Out" Thursday, Apr. 10

Two different attractions carrying gorgeous costumes and elaborate scenery
Adm., Childres 25c, Adults 50c & 75c