

THE HEPPNER HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

S. A. PATTISON, Editor and Publisher

Entered at the Heppner, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class Matter

Terms of Subscription

One Year\$2.00
Six Months\$1.00
Three Months\$0.50

SITUATION AT CONDON TOLD BY TELEGRAM MAN

(Continued from page one)

The sheriff has no church affiliation. The district attorney is not a churchman, but his wife and daughter are members of the Congregational church. Neither county judge nor circuit judge are churchmen. None of these men is a member of the Ku Klux Klan. One of the justices of the peace is said to be a member of that order. He is the only peace officer in Condon who is believed to be connected with it.

Boys' Club Formed

A year ago the Congregational church required a pastor. The job paid \$2900 a year and use of the parsonage. Chaney came from Pasco, claiming to be a Congregational minister. Their need was immediate and with scant preliminaries he was given the place.

"For awhile he did very well," said Trustee G. W. Parman, one of several members with whom I talked, all of whom were uniformly calm and frank in the matter. "He showed an unusual interest in the young people and formed a Boys' club, soliciting all citizens alike for membership, the fee being \$2.75. A large number of the men of the town joined to help it along, both Protestants and Catholics contributing.

"The next thing we knew he had changed this into a 'Friendship club, so-called, placing the membership fee at \$20. It was apparent to us that no boys could afford to join at that price. Then it developed that this organization was the Ku Klux Klan. He had removed some partitions in the parsonage to make a larger meeting place and bought several hundred dollars worth of furniture. Half a year had passed and things were going from bad to worse.

"A good many of the members, especially among the women, were indignant and began withdrawing from membership. We then decided to get busy and take drastic action to get rid of Chaney. We had written to State Secretary Harrison at Portland and at first he was disinclined to take a hand, but being again applied to, he took up the matter and ascertained that Chaney was not an ordained minister of the church."

The trustees say that when they called a meeting to vote on the dismissal of Chaney it was found that he had quietly initiated enough members of the Ku Klux Klan into the church to outvote the old members, and they were unable to dislodge him. Repeated meetings were held and at last the regular membership mustered a majority and Chaney was dismissed.

Parsonage Is "Held"

Meantime he had held possession of the parsonage property and was using it for Klan meetings, and it had become generally known that he was a Klan organizer.

The Klan had become aggressive and a large number of citizens who were opposed to it had organized the "minute men," pledged to assist the regularly constituted peace officers to enforce the laws and prevent outrages.

Then came the bombshell. At 3 o'clock on the morning of July 20 the Congregational parsonage was "shot up." The Saturday following, while the minute men were holding a meeting in an open field at the edge of town, attended by the district attorney, the sheriff and other officials, more shooting occurred near the meeting place.

Sheriff Montague hurried in his automobile to the scene of the shoot-

ing and arrived in time to see a car driven away.

An examination of the parsonage used as Klan hall disclosed several bullet holes through the walls and windows and inside there were bullet holes through some of the stuffed furniture with which Chaney had equipped the parsonage.

Action Is Mystery

The identity of the shooters has never been discovered.

Shortly thereafter Chaney removed his furniture to a vacant building on one of the business streets and called it the "Church of Christ" and the Congregationalists recovered possession of their somewhat dismantled parsonage.

Chaney still holds forth with his improvised church in Condon, although he is not there much of the time. When the writer sought for him it was found he was away from the city. It was said he had gone to Portland to confer with Klan officers there.

He is under bond of \$2500 on a charge of abduction, which is another story.

HASSLER IS CHALLENGED FOR FOOTRACE

S. E. Notson, district attorney; Judge Campbell and Mr. Frank Gilliam, a merchant of Heppner, who are the state bonus commission applicants for Morrow county, were in town Wednesday on their way to Cecil and Boardman to appraise property. They had with them S. A. Pattison, the venerable editor of the Heppner Herald, who was being given an outing and to act as ballast.—*Long Independent.*

"Venerable!" "Ballast!" Where does the man get that stuff? We deny the allegation and defy the challenger and hereby challenge Brother Hassler to a footrace one mile, up hill, on slippery ground and without spikies. Try that in your old brain.

MAYBE TIRE EDITOR NEEDED TO CHANGE HIS SHIRT

Some time Tuesday night, thieves jimmed the rear door of the Bert Mason store and rifled the cash register of about some \$5.00 in change, overlooking \$11 in their haste. One shirt was taken and probably other articles which yet is unknown. Being in a dry town, they tapped a couple of bottles of grape juice. In their haste to get away, they left a sack full of canned goods and a half roll of cheese. Our marshal has discovered no clues. It looks like a local job.—*Long Independent.*

Sale of Ford Cars Keeps Up

Chas. H. Latourell, authorized Ford dealer, reports that business in his line is holding up well. During the past week the Heppner towns made the following sales:

C. F. Groom, roadster; Roy Ray, truck; Martin Evgren, truck; A. W. Alderman, touring car.

"Yes," quoth Charlie, after giving the reporter the item, "the slogan, 'Ford, the Universal Car,' fits the Ford like an old shoe. It's short, like the Ford; it's true, like the Ford, and the buyers believe in it just as they believe in the Ford car, and they're proving it every day."

Held at Vancouver

Word has reached the sheriff's office that Alvin Straight, who is wanted here on an assault charge is being held at Vancouver, Washington. It is understood that extradition proceedings have been instituted by officers here. Straight is said to have resisted arrest last summer when a sheriff's posse raided a moonshine plant in the Juniper canyon section.

HEPPNER OF AUTO TRIP TO IOWA

ARTHUR CAMPBELL DECLARES OREGON ROADS ARE BEST

Idaho Speed Limit, Yellowstone Scenery, Nebraska Mud Supply Coloring

Arthur Campbell, son of Judge and Mrs. W. T. Campbell, who recently drove from Heppner to Iowa City, Iowa, where he has accepted the position of assistant instructor in chemistry at Iowa university, has written his mother the following interesting story of his trip which involved many new experiences for the Oregon boy:

Well, here I am at last, and believe me, I sure am not sorry to get off the roads ones more. Speaking of roads, I have sure been over every kind, and I truly believe that good old Oregon has the best that I have ever driven. At least they are better than those of Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska and Iowa. Now, please don't think that I am being misguided by sectional patriotism, or pride in Oregon's roads, but I really am expressing what I believe to be true in general. I had fine roads until I left Oregon, then I hit the washed gravel roads of Idaho, and you know how rough cobblestones can get. The roads around Boise can't compare with the roads around Salem. On through Idaho I followed the Old Oregon Trail, leaving it at Pocatello. Between American Falls and Pocatello I saw a strip of country that surely reflects the farming spirit of the war period. I can illustrate best by describing one scene. Along the right hand side of the road I had been following the railroad for a good many miles, on the other side were frequent deserted farm buildings. Finally I came to a very large and fine looking elevator standing by the side of the road. The window lights were knocked out by the rocks of vandalism, and the roadway to it—that told the tale of the dead hopes and willed ambitions of the builders. It was a riot of weeds! Apparently not a wagon or perhaps a pedestrian had passed over it for a couple of years.

In direct anticlimax to the above was a sign that I had seen along the road the day before, just out of Boise: "Speed Limit 100 Miles Per Hour. Fords, Do Your Damnedest!" I entered the park at West Yellowstone, and paid 30 cents per gallon for gas there. I can hardly say enough in praise of the park. It is wonderful. I did not go there for the beauty of the place. I had read quite a lot of the park, and knew something of the geology of what region, so I knew something of what I was to see. However, reading had not prepared me for what I did see. Of course they have cliffs, but they didn't compare with the Columbia gorge, and there are large (?) trees there. But when I remembered that the main elevation of the park is about 8000 feet I rather changed my idea of their size.

One thing took my attention, and that was the geysers and hot springs. They are the Park. Everything else is secondary to those. I can't begin to describe the geysers and springs. There are too many and moreover, I have not the command of the English language necessary to tell of such a wonderful phenomenon. I saw Old Faithful erupt twice, saw the Castle and several other smaller ones in activity. Some of the small ones run every few minutes and then only a few inches in height. Then there are the large ones that shoot only occasionally and for a long period. For instance the Giantess reaches a height of 100 feet, plays for 12 to 25 hours, and has a period of about fifteen days, with a leeway of five days either way.

Here is an interesting bit copied from the Haynes guide. "Chinaman Geyser, which was named in memory of that Oriental who established a laundry here, put in the clothes and soap, and was annihilated, so the story goes, by the violent eruption which ensued. It is a remarkable fact that a bar or two of soap will cause practically any geyser to play within a few minutes. The practice of causing eruptions in this manner became so common a few years ago that the government put a stop to it, as it was feared that the geysers would be injured." If you ever visit the park, by all means buy a Haynes guide the first thing, then read it, and after that you can enjoy the park quite intelligently.

I camped at the Lake camp the first night in, and it is by far the finest camp that I found in the park. I tried to fish with flies from the bank but didn't get a bite. I went out in a boat later with a young lady, and tried it again with flies and hooked one, a big fellow of course, and he got away, so I had to leave Yellowstone without eating any of their fine game fish. At the Fishing Bridge camp I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a yearling bear. He was a regular visitor at the garbage can, and as a result quite tame. Several ladies essayed to feed and pet him, while the rest of the admiring crowd stood around and took pictures.

Between Lake camp and Tower falls one passes Mud volcano and Oregon's mouth. The latter is the most fascinating thing that I saw in the park. It is merely a hole about 10 feet wide and four feet high running back and down into the hill. The water comes out into a pool with a roar and splash, the water running back only to do it over and over again. One would think, watching it from a distance, that quite a quantity of water would be liberated; however there is but a mere thread

of water flowing away from it. This in most cases where there is lots of activity in hot springs. However, the geysers don't follow that so closely.

On this same drive you come to Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. It surely is a wonderful sight. It is large, but I was not so much impressed with it as I was with Crater lake. It is not nearly so enormous, but it has one thing that Crater lake does not have, and that is the gorgeous coloring of the canyon walls. That is the thing that caught my eye.

Mammoth Hot Springs, when viewed from below, is certainly awe inspiring. It lies on the side of great mountain that has been in part deposited by the action of the mineral in the water. One looks up to a great mass of white rock that is covered with steaming water, which is more wonderful if viewed against the setting sun. Mammoth Springs is the headquarters of the park system, and there is quite a pretty little city built up there as a result of the business passing through the park every season. It was estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand people visited the park last summer.

I left the park by the Cody entrance, going out through the Sylvan Pass. It is high, and the road is wonderful. The grades down through there are remarkable. This road leads to the Shoshone river, and along this river many strange formations in the soft weathered limestone may be seen. The Shoshone dam is a remarkable piece of work. It is situated in a very narrow gorge below a wide valley, in which the water is now confined. The road from the dam to Cody is bad. From Cody to Thermopols I had fair roads. One thing in particular attracted my attention. Many places the road, instead of going around a small hill, would go right over the top of it, all for no visible reason. This is not the exception but the rule, it seemed. Between Thermopols and Casper there were the worst roads that I have ever driven over. The road leads over the famous Birdseye Pass, and it is a bird. Coming down the east slope the road was badly washed, and it was necessary to run in low gear down the grade for about fifteen miles. Very steep. Many places the car merely rolled from one shoulder to the next. Casper, Wyoming, is the seat of many large oil refineries. That appeared to me to be the most enterprising and interesting town that I saw on the entire trip. The population is devoted to the oil game, and is rapidly boosting the country. It is about fifteen miles southeast of Casper to the oil fields proper, located at Parkerton. Here a small valley slightly larger than that occupied by Heppner, filled with the towers of oil wells. I noticed that most of the pumps were busy sending oil to Casper.

The road from Casper to Cheyenne was good, with only a couple of poor detours. They are building good roads in Wyoming, but they sure did start late at the game. From Cheyenne I followed the Lincoln highway in Oregon. It is merely a dirt highway that has been graded up, and as a result is rather badly rutted and chunky. I thought that it was almost an insult to the Great American, to name such a road after him. I was quite decided in that opinion after I got into rain at North Platte. At this point it started raining, and kept it up until I was only two days out of Iowa City. I hope that I am never called upon to drive through such roads as those through Nebraska and Iowa were. I say "through" advisedly—certainly not over. I have never seen anything that could compare with that mud for slickness. There were times that I stood still, and the rear wheels whirled around and around, in spite of the fact that I had tire chains on. I went in the ditch once, and had to buy a rope from a farmer to get pulled out again. Fortunately there was another car going through to practically the same place, and they pulled me out.

There were several places that the axles dug the ground. One place I recall I had to drive through about five miles of mud, and no place did I get half way out of it. Terrible, absolutely terrible, and I couldn't turn back or stop, for I had to be here for the staff meeting of the department on the eighteenth. I didn't make that meeting by four days.

The rain stopped as I left Council Bluffs, and the roads dried just enough to be terribly rough by the time I reached my destination. There has been some rain since I got here, but not for several days now, so the roads about town are fine. I was out there are fine when dry—but terrible when wet. A teaspoonful of water makes this clay slicker than John D.'s hair.

Well, that is about all I can tell by means of a typewriter about the trip. From the looks of the sheets it became a sort of a symposium on roads. I sure do stand up for the West when it comes to friendly people and good roads.

Your son,
ARTHUR.

Many Pheasants Bagged Sunday
Sunday was the first day of the open season for Chinese pheasants in Morrow county and local sportsmen were on the job early to take advan-

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tage of the occasion. The weather was fine and birds were plentiful and nearly every hunter bagged the limit.

FORMER HEPPNER GIRL MARRIED AT MONMOUTH

Cards have been received here announcing the marriage on October 6th of Miss Eulalia Anita Butler to Mr. Ralph Russell Bailey at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Buttler, at Monmouth, Oregon. The Butler family were former residents of Heppner removing to Monmouth some two years ago. The bride is a most charming young woman and a large circle of friends and acquaintances in Morrow county will unite in best wishes for her future happiness. Mr. Bailey is a senior at the University of Oregon and is highly spoken of by those who know him.

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