

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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BIG LUMBER CO. COMES TO HEPPNER

Yards of H. C. Githens Taken Over
By Tum-A-Lum Co. of
Walla Walla.

A deal was closed on Saturday whereby the Tum-A-Lum Lumber Company of Walla Walla took over the stock of H. C. Githens, lumber dealer, and also purchased from the First National Bank of Heppner, the property where Mr. Githens has been operating.

Mr. Githens has been engaged in the handling of lumber and building materials at this place for several years past and enjoyed a good trade. The coming of the larger company to Heppner means that they will greatly enlarge the business and they have already begun the work of making over the building on the lots purchased, which they expect to put in more modern shape for handling their extensive business. The Tum-A-Lum people are wide-awake business men and they expect to have at Heppner one of the best yards for handling lumber and all classes of building materials, among the forty-odd places they are at present doing business. They have also acquired from Albert Williams his wood and coal business and purchased the coal house at the depot grounds.

Representatives of the Tum-A-Lum Co. in Heppner on Saturday, closing up this deal, were H. E. Crawford, chief architect, of Walla Walla, W. H. Cronk, district manager of the Heppner branch, and Allen B. Cox and B. L. Burroughs of Pendleton. Mr. Cox is vice president of the company.

The local yards here will be in charge of Noah Clark of this city, which illustrates the good judgment of the company in selecting men to care for its interests at the local points.

Mr. Cronk, who had charge of the yards at Ione for several years past, has been promoted to the position of manager of the Lexington and Heppner. This promotion is also an evidence of the confidence and high esteem in which Mr. Cronk is held by his company, for whom he has worked for so many years.

Because of their progressive methods of doing business, the Tum-A-Lum company may expect to build up a large trade at this point.

Refugee Garments Still Needed.

The local chapter of the Red Cross has received the following request from headquarters, regarding the necessity of keeping up the work of making refugee garments:

"We need large quantities of garments sent monthly for destitute countries. This means continued production of refugee garments, including certain knitted goods, on the largest possible scale. Detailed instructions will be sent out shortly and in the meantime all work now in the hands of chapters should be pushed to completion."

Concerning this it is requested that all supervisors complete the work on chapter production orders already sent out as quickly as possible. Instructions have not been sent as to what knitted articles will be required, but orders are to the effect that it will not be necessary to dispose of the small amount of yarn left on hand with the Chapters immediately, hence the Morrow County Chapter will discontinue selling yarns for the present, awaiting further instructions from headquarters.

Lieut. Jacob Osten arrived home on Tuesday evening, having received his discharge from the service. While he did not get a chance to go across, he has seen most of the U. S. being stationed at different camps throughout the country and gaining a lot of valuable experience.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Regular services will be resumed on Sunday, Feb. 2.
Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.
Preaching at 11:00 and at 7:30 p. m.

All danger of influenza seems to be passed and there will be no necessity to wear masks. All church going people should be getting in line for work again and Sunday will be a good time to begin.

THE FEDERATED CHURCH.

Schools are to open next Monday, Feb. 3rd and church services will be resumed on Sunday, Feb. 2nd. Masks will not be needed.
Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.
Regular Morning Service 11:00 a. m.

Evening Service 7:30 p. m.
H. A. NOYES, Pastor.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM EARL MILLER

Bremerton, Wash.,
Jan. 24, 1919.

Mr. Editor:

I have noticed some letters from the boys in the service in the Gazette-Times, and thought that "perhaps my limited experience in the Navy might be of some interest to the 'folks at home.'"

When I enlisted I was sent to the Puget Sound Navy yard and went into training on the shores of that beautiful body of water. I was put on guard duty my first night in camp and as I slowly paced my post I gazed at the tented city which lay below me. The noise of the horse play which was being indulged in came to me through aisles of the mighty fir trees, whose serried ranks marched majestically up from the water's edge. While I walked my post the bugler sounded tattoo, and every tent went dark, leaving their indistinct outlines shining a pure white in the darkness. I paused to listen to the sweet mournful notes of taps as they were caught up by the echoes and thrown from hill to hill as they became faint and indistinct and finally died away. As I returned my measured tread, I wondered how many of those boys would make the supreme sacrifice that "Liberty might not perish from the earth." As I mused thus, I rested the butt of my rifle on the ground, and made a final silent prayer that if it was my fate to be one of those who would not return, that when it came my time I would meet it unafraid and die as an American Blue Jacket should. From that my thoughts turned to loved ones and friends at home, and I wondered what each one was doing and if I was even given a passing thought by my former associates.

But my pleasant reverie was suddenly and rudely interrupted by the officer of the guard. He jerked my rifle away from me, and asked me if I thought I was leaning on my bayonet fork back in the field. He went so far as to remark that I was no doubt considering myself the pride of the Navy, but that everybody else could spot me as a simple and uncultured hay-pounding-son-of-a-bitch. Having reduced me to where I would have said "Sir" to a gookoo mess attendant, he warned me that if he ever caught me "using my gun as it shouldn't be used" again he would see that I got a nice quiet room all by myself, where all my meals, consisting of sponge cake and wine, would be served to me for thirty days.

In time I learned to do infantry drill without calling a special curse down upon my head, and would smile when some fellow who had just come in, was unloaded on. But one day a boy kicker in charge of my company caught me at this, and made it perfectly plain that it wasn't my superior intellect that saved the paring which he had just delivered to the afore-mentioned rookie.

I have met some of the finest fellows in the world here, and must say in passing that some of the most degenerate reprobates living find their way into the service. I have met men from all parts of the U. S. and whether they hail from New York or Texas they are all Americans. I think that the I. W. W. must have managed to get some of their destructive propaganda started in here, as one alleged sailor was making remarks that would have brought a storm of applause in a wabby meeting. However, he had a short shrift, as some big water tender knocked him coo, coo, before he could finish his little lecture.

It seems a little tough that I have been here at Puget Sound ever since my enlistment, and never had a crack at the U-boats. One can hardly keep from feeling a trifle peevish at the Germans for quitting so soon. But maybe there will be another big scrap sometime, and we who were "seeing America first" may have a chance to glut our blood lust before returning home.

I grasp this opportunity to state to the world at large that Uncle Sam has got the finest navy that ever floated, and she is manned by the best men who ever tasted the salt spray on their lips, and they are backed up by the best people of the greatest nation that civilization has ever produced.

It is almost time for me to go on watch, and hoping I haven't bored you too terribly, I bring this rambling monologue to a close.

Sincerely yours,
LOUIS EARL MILLER,
U. S. RECEIVING SHIP,
Puget Sound, Wash.

Frank Moore, young farmer of the Lexington neighborhood, was doing business in this city on Saturday.

THE LAST TURNDOWN

