

W. G. Moore Buys Saw Mill From Lee L. Slocum

W. G. Moore of Yamhill and Lexington has purchased the Willow creek saw mill of Lee Slocum and two million feet of standing timber in that vicinity. Mr. Moore is a saw mill man of many years experience. This is his first investment of this nature since coming to Morrow county a few years ago, although, associated with his son, Frank, he had purchased a couple of ranches. Mr. Moore and son recently sold the mountain ranch consisting of 860 acres and purchased of Geo. W. Dykstra, to C. A. Minor. The saw mill deal is reported by Roy V. Whites, local realty dealer.

A. Henriksen Is Cattleman But He Grows Fine Peaches

A. Henriksen of Cecil is primarily a cattleman. He eats, sleeps and breathes stock, and the casual observer might believe that cattle, sheep and hogs were the whole thing down on the Willow creek ranch, but such is not the case. For we know that he grows some of the most excellent Early Crawford peaches that were ever picked from a tree. Mr. Henriksen presented us with a liberal sample of this fine fruit the past week, a whole big box of them and they certainly were delicious. Mr. Henriksen says he has a fair orchard on his ranch, but that he has neglected it in a most shameful manner. He has about decided to let the boys run the cattle, while he turns his attention to fruit growing. That industry already has a considerable start on his ranch. Cecil fruit has a quality that the Willamette Valley cannot touch, fruit growers from Salem themselves have said this.

Monument Woman Buys New Heppner Residence In North Heppner Section

A deal of the past week in Heppner real estate is reported by Roy V. Whites, in which Jeff French sells to Miss Opal Collins of Monument, a new residence and lot in Looney's addition in North Heppner. The house was only recently completed by Mr. French.

WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY OF EFFECTS OF RIDING IN PLANE

Los Angeles, Sept. 8.—From "the thrill" to "a marked sense of exhilaration, as though he had partaken of good champagne" is the way pathologists and neurologists have classified the sensations received by those who take their first ride in an airplane.

Armed with stethoscope, sphygmomanometer and other instruments, Drs. Mason W. Pressly, E. G. Goodrich and Reginald F. Grant recently conducted a series of experiments on the effect of airplaning on the human nervous system, and have just made public their report.

"Flying will provide the great boon sought for the treatment of all nervous cases such as neurasthenia, and even paresis," said Dr. Grant.

The tests were exhaustive and were made on several patients at a local aviation field.

"We must consider that the aviator is accustomed to flying while this is the passenger's first flight," stated Dr. Grant in opening his report. "He had to go through the various impressions, sensations, mental deductions and anxiety which a first flight accompanies."

"His anxieties with regard to height and speed having been relieved there supervenes a feeling of exhilaration—the thrill." Later he may again become a little apprehensive of the descent and wonder as to whether he will experience water-chute or light sensations. Again, in this, he is greatly surprised. As the plane's nose is pointed down, auditory impressions are diminished, but there is no sensation of falling. Near the end of the glide the earth seems to be coming up rapidly to meet the airplane and the sensation of speed is again increased. As the wheels touch the ground, the vibrations increase and then subside."

And then, according to Dr. Grant, is where the also-animation comes in. He says: "When the passenger steps out he is conscious of a marked sense of exhilaration, as though he had partaken of good champagne."

The therapeutic effect of airplaning, Dr. Grant summarizes as follows:

"Flying increased the total volume of blood, increased metabolism—the process of converting food into tissue—increased lung ventilation, increased blood pressure and arterial tone, increased the expansibility of the heart and increased hemoglobin, the vital element of the blood which absorbs and carries oxygen."

Now Lives In Idaho.

Alonso D. Wright, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Wright of this city, is now living at Nampa, Idaho, according to word received at this office by his sister, Miss Pearl Wright, who sends The Gazette-Times to her brother in Idaho for the next 52 weeks. Mr. Wright is engaged in the transfer business there and is doing well. He was engaged in farming at Hermiston before moving to the Gem state.

FOR SALE—Studebaker Six, 1918 series. First class condition. See Chas. H. Latourell at the Universal Garage.

SOLID IVORY.

(An Editorial in the Country Gentleman.)

"Solid Ivory" was a popular expression a few years ago. The phrase was employed lightly and

frivolously by the young and not-so-young. It was terse and pungent. A stated to B "If you put ice in hot soup it will cool it." B replied "Nah!" and looked blank. A repeated "If you put ice in hot soup it will cool it." B still didn't get it. "Solid Ivory!" exclaimed A in disgust, and gave it up. The fact that ice would cool hot soup failed to penetrate through the indurate mass that constituted B's alleged brain.

And just now there seem to be a good many millions of city folk in the B class, well-meaning and apparently intelligent men and women of mature years, who proclaim that it costs no more to raise food today than it did in their far-off happy childhood.

A great Eastern merchant lectured his Bible class a few Sundays ago that it costs no more to grow fruit and vegetables than it did when he was a boy.

Said this great merchant: "When I was young, cantaloupes, for instance, sold for twenty-five cents a basket. Now they cost \$1.75 per basket. Why? Because it costs more to produce them? Certainly not! Because the price is inflated artificially."

We know a good many vegetable and fruit growers who will read this statement and marvel. Some of them may get tearing mad and cuss a bit. They would be astounded to hear such stuff even from the lips of Rip Van Winkle, rousing himself after twenty years of peaceful slumber.

It costs no more to grow fruit and vegetables than it did fifty or sixty years ago. Wow.

Fifty or sixty years ago good truck land adjacent to the big cities of the Eastern States sold for twenty-five dollars an acre. Such land today from \$500 to \$800 an acre. By what strange process of reasoning does the great merchant estimate that it costs no more to grow things on \$500-an-acre land than it did on twenty-five-dollar-an-acre land?

Manure costs ten times what it did fifty or sixty years ago; costs from two to three times what it cost three years ago. The cost of commercial fertilizer has also scaled sky high. Fertilizer costs for the trucker run more than fifty dollars an acre higher than grandad had to pay. But, Mr. Grower, you should not charge for these trifling extras. Hold the price down to where grandad did and pocket your loss. You will thereby win the eternal gratitude of the city consumer who now suspects you are profiteering. And if your interest charge on your farm investment is twenty-five dollars an acre whereas in grandad's case it was one dollar and fifty cents an acre, by all means do not charge up the additional \$23.50 to Mr. City Man. Be a philanthropist and hand it over to him in a nice little bundle tied with red ribbon. He will then be able to pay fifteen dollars for a pair of shoes as against two dollars and fifty cents a pair paid by his grandad. The shoe manufacturer needs the money, whereas the fruit and vegetable grower does not. We read of a shoe manufacturer whose profits last year topped ten million dollars. The "plutocratic" truck grower skinned through with a year's profit of \$1200 to \$200, wherefore it is easy to say that the trucker is a sinful wretch and should be curbed in his profiteering.

If you must pay your hired men from three to five times as much as grandad did such a wee item should not be figured in the cost of production. Take the hint from the great metropolitan merchants and cut back your prices to grandad's scale. Possibly said merchants might suggest that you charge off increased cost of labor to entertainment or "sweet diversions of the country." Of course, they do not do that. They add on the increased labor charge and then some to each article of merchandise they sell. There was a time when grandad could buy a handkerchief approaching the size of a bed sheet for a dime. Now you pay fifty cents for a handkerchief that is shrinking to the dimensions of a postage stamp.

Blame the high cost of living on the farmer because he can't talk back, seems to be the order of the

day for high and low in the cities. City folks refuse to accept facts concerning the increased cost of production save as they apply to manufacture and sale in the cities. Some how the truth will not seep through the urban skull cap. Is it because of the density of substance underneath or because the grower of food has not found the right kind of auger to bore with? It may be that there is only one thickness of solid ivory

to bore through and that underneath there is gray matter capable of receiving an intelligent impression. But let's apply the pressure with all the weight that we can bear down. Let's shout and holler the facts until we're heard and then keep on shouting the facts until they are commonly accepted on their merits. If we do not the solid ivory we are up against will keep on indurating until it is hopelessly impenetrable.



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