

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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MORROW COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER



Theory and Practice

If you have time to waste and your neck of the woods has not been cleared of the I. W. W. pest, grab one of these birds with the red insignia in his buttonhole and ask him to tell you about his economic theory. Don't argue with him. It's a waste of breath. Just let him rave and catalogue a few of his more lucid remarks for future reference. After leaving him, run over a few of his arguments in your mind. Then figure out for yourself if the nut house is not just as good a place for your undesirable acquaintance as the hoosegow.

His theories are lovely things. All about how everybody will be as rich as everybody else and only a small part of a day, chiefly devoted to sleeping, eating, resting and enjoying life will be given degrading labor. Only he won't make it as bald as that. He'll sprinkle in a few big words, twist a few honest statistics to match his ideas, quote a few bug notices and misquote a few real thinkers. You may go away with the idea that he's quite right, you know, until you get out of reach of his voodooism and consider his arguments in the clear light of a little reason.

If you flounder about between theory and theory and finally admit that you know about as much about economics now as you knew about K. P. before April, 1917, maybe you will resort to the crude, unscientific method of putting his theories up against practice. You will merely turn to the "R's" and under the heading "Russia" will not the superb manner in which the I. W. W. millennium, which is basically the same as the Bolshevistic paradise, works out when it comes true.

Honest workmen, like yourself, who like your three squares a day and coca cola will find your Russian brother who is rioting in proletarian freedom plugging along twelve hours a day and facing a diet of lead if he suggests a strike for eleven hours and a minimum wage of 500 rubles, or about ten cents a day.

It doesn't matter who owned the property in the first place, the poor, the boozhwazee, or the plutes, the cultures on the top of the heap have taken it over and protect their rights by red guards who would make baby-killing Prussians sick with envy.

Food is a commodity in which the long-haired spell-binders who climbed into the ex-throne rooms revel, while the poor wops who didn't have pull enough to get in with the higher-ups, or were too tender-hearted to be red guards, lap up the crumbs thrown from palace windows and haunt the vicinity of the ex-royal garbage cans.

Just to show how delightfully equal everybody is and to save the formality of murdering the rest of the family when a woman is desired by one of the heads of this orderly government, wives, sisters and sweethearts are "nationalized." Nice idea. How would you like it over here?

White-hot irons, caldrons of boiling oil, stuffy graves for the living, racks, thumbscrews and various other thingumbobs of the middle ages are the popular Russian substitutes for courts or justice, with an occasional old-fashioned massacre to keep the constituents in line, in comparison with St. Bartholomew's Day would sink into the class of a Sunday school spelling orgy.

This is the I. W. W. economic theory put in practice. Great stuff, isn't it? All in favor of allowing them to practice it—in Russia—step forward. Company, Halt!—The Pacific Legion.

It is encouraging to note the fact that lots in the burned district are being bought by people who intend to erect modern homes. There is no reason why that particular part of Heppner should fail to become a center of beautiful homes. We predict that once building starts, there will be a general move on the part of property owners there to re-build.

The John Day Irrigation project received the unanimous endorsement of the Irrigation Congress in Portland last week. By virtue of its being the largest project in the West at the present time, is bound to gain and hold the attention of the government and its success is practically assured.

First and foremost has got to be fought out the problem as to whether the Constitution of the United States, protecting the right of the individual to make material progress, to accumulate and to save, is to be protected.

The first reform necessary is to put behind the flag at every school house the Constitution of the United States. There should never be a graduation certificate or a diploma issued to a West Point cadet, a state university student, a high school scholar or a grammar school pupil who has not passed an examination and shown his knowledge of the meaning of the Constitution of the United States and its representative form of government.

In the political agitation that has gone on, it seems almost to have been forgotten that great as is the Constitution of the United States, its greatness consists in the freedom it gives to individual enterprise and for combinations of enterprise and capital; the protection it gives to individual investors, and the stimulus it furnishes to individual initiative.

U. S. spells not only "combination" but wealth and independence as the reward for business enterprise which enlarges output, improves quality and reduces prices.

It is thus that here the people are better and more abundantly fed and clothed, and let it never be forgotten that labor consumes more than 90 percent of what it produces.—Grant County Journal.

Band Is One of Town's Best Assets

The late war brought home to the towns, big and small, little and large, the value of a good band. The band played when the boys marched away, and they played when the boys came home again. There was nothing that could help to brush back the tears like the band. And unfortunate was that town that did not have a band.

Every public gathering can be made a snappy, lively one, if there is a band there to dispense lively music. Social gatherings without end are made a success instead of a failure if there is band or orchestra music. We believe that Heppner has too long neglected its musical possibilities. Many of the older generations have grown away from things musical, and the youngsters are coming up without its influence and losing some of the best things in life. We have a competent band leader and band instrument teacher with us now, in the person of Professor Austin. He is building up a class and a number of youngsters are among his pupils. It is an opportune time for parents to get their children interested in playing a musical instrument, for by learning now, the children will have something which will remain with them throughout their lives. They will have some musical accomplishment. Learning in youth comes easy. Now is the best time to start and Mr. Austin will give you a square deal.

Time or Places

Railroad traveling is of two kinds: first, that in which you watch the clock to see how much longer it will be until you reach your destination; second, where your interest centers on the things passing by your kaleidoscope window.

The first is tiresome, uninteresting. The second recreation and enjoyment.

Life's pullman is also peopled by the same two classes of individuals. Those who have their eyes and their mind set on the goal they hope to reach some day, but fail to appreciate the opportunities that fly by the window of their soul every day.

Then there are the lovable, successful folks who take an interest in life as it comes. They do the things that are brought to their notice and before they realize it they have come to the top of the ladder. One is wishing. The other working.

Isn't It Awful?

We have been reading the London Nation, the New York Nation and the New Republic attentively for a year—that is, every week—and we find that there is nothing right in the world.

This will be surprising to many readers of these lines who prospered fairly well during the year just passed, who had plenty to eat and wear, comfortable homes and pleasant acquaintances, and who had many an enjoyable time in 1919, winding up with a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

The two Nations referred to and the New Republic know better—you were grievously wronged; you were foully oppressed, and you have just managed to survive this life of horrors. Wake up, you down-trodden fool, and revolute.

Perhaps you do not read the three magazines referred to—maybe, you don't even know them. Well, they are lit'ry magazines, issued weekly, and you can't afford to be without them if you are a grouch or a Job's comforter. Read them carefully and you will find no good word for anybody who does anything in the world; only criticism from everybody and everything from President Wilson, Lloyd George and Sam Gompers down to Bill Jones and the constable. And how they do "view with alarm." Oh boy!

But wait! That's not quite true. They DO see everything good in Russian Bolshevism, notwithstanding half the people of Russia are at this moment pretty near as close to death from starvation and freezing as human people can get without passing away. Your two Nations and New Republic are the best little apologists for Bolshevism that ever popped around the corner, thereby getting their journals quoted in many Bolsheviki organs and thereby also persuading many a dollar across their subscription counters.

Our observations are, however, that they are not getting very far with their denunciations of everything on earth or their propaganda for Bolshevism. The people of the United States and England will have nothing of communion and as for the "viewing with alarm" stuff they are making too much of a "Wolf! Wolf!" game of it.

Heppner Was Bawled Out

When S. H. Boardman of Boardman answered "present" for Heppner at the recent meeting of the Irrigation Congress in Portland, Heppner received one of the most humiliating "Raspberries" that ever was the misfortune of any town to receive. In other words, we were "bawled out" if that slang phrase may be used in this connection. According to representatives of the John Day District, who were present, the secretary said, "You, a Boardman man, representing Heppner, why what's the matter with Heppner?"

That is just the question, "What is the matter with Heppner?" Probably Mr. Boardman was just as capable of representing Heppner insofar as that particular meeting was concerned, as any of our local men would have been, but the outside world does not view such matters in that light. And Heppner should have had her representative there. Let us hope that we will profit by past mistakes and not soon put ourselves in a position for such a public "bawling out" as we received at that meeting in Portland the other day.

T. J. Mahoney, manager of the Columbia Basin Wool Warehouse at Portland, and vice president of the First National Bank of Heppner, arrived the first of the week to attend the annual meeting of the stockholders of the bank.

S. T. Robison, Eight Mile farmer who is in from his ranch today, says the late snow has all melted and that the summerfallow has absorbed nearly all of the moisture.

The early history of the Northwest shows that Old Fort Benton, where Fort Benton City, Montana, now stands, at the head of navigation on the Missouri river, played an important part in the development of this particular part of our country. For years, Fort Benton was a distributing center for a large territory. The old buildings are still intact in the city and the following entangling lines have immortalized Old Fort Benton, by Thomas Murray Spencer, the Oregon-Montana poet, who sells cigars for Mason-Ehrman Company of Portland.

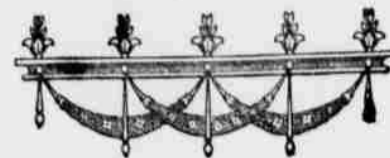
"THE OLD FORT."

Old Missouri! Can you tell me?
As thy younger waters pass,
Silent as the Old Fort yonder,
Now a grim and crumbling mass,
Tell me of its brave defenders,
Of its traders, trappers, braves;
Man the loop-holes with its heroes,
Rouse the warriors from their graves.

Let the incense of some battle
Hover o'er the silent tomb,
And the war-whoop stirrily sounding,
Mingle with the cannon's boom,
Though its glory has departed,
And its crumbling walls decay,
History throws a halo around it
That shall never fade away.

—THOMAS MURRAY SPENCER.

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