

Heppner's Heritage

At the meeting of the Brotherhood on Monday evening of last week, C. A. Minor read the following original composition on the subject. It took so well that we have been requested to give it publicity, many of our readers, who were present on the occasion desiring to preserve it.

Heppner's heritage! That is a queer subject; at least that is the way it appears to me. But you know on this earth, dear John, all is queer but me and thee, and sometimes I think and feel that there is not a shadow of a doubt but that thou, too, are queer, but the good Lord don't let you find it out.

Heppner's heritage! What gifts God gave her—did you ever stop to think of them? Forests of timber, soil and water, (none better) and above all He gave her men. You say they shirked their burden—did not even collect interest on the debt. I say, had you wares say that to one of them, you would be fighting yet.

Like the city man, when first he moves up on the farm—feathers bright and new, he sees not the work that took years to perform, but starts in all anew; plows the ground, plants the corn; floods come, hoppers too—what a pity. He gets a mortgage on the farm, (sells the cows) and lights out for the city.

Heppner's heritage! Land, water, air, and above all God's right arm for a pillar. We used not the city man at all—except when we required something for a filler; and for that he was not much good, for when the rains descended and the floods came, he was too soft and spongy for the place, and we had to build all over again.

February, eighteen hundred eighty seven, if my memory serves me right, Heppner's heritage was somewhat strengthened—he won the county fight. Lexington contested the election, said Heppner the ballot box did stuff and pad, but one thing I always have heard, that before, will they please stand? That was Heppner's heritage—at least (in glaring letters) that is what the papers said. But as the poet well has said, let the dead past bury the dead.

She laid her cards (face up) on the table, secured the soil, made mortar of the sand, and from that heritage then so humble, we have the court house of today—superb, granite, its not the sudden burst of water, but the constant drip that wears the stone away; its not the work of a single year, but many, that made Heppner the town it is today.

I remember when a little child, long before Heppner became the county seat, of seeing the cowboys run, stark naked, up and down the then grassy street. I speak this not to her shame (it was her heritage), just to the western way, and we can never tell results of a hard fought battle till the smoke has cleared away.

Yet it's not the smoke or roaring of the battle that the adversary so fears and shuns, but rather the ball that hits the mark, or more still, the men that stand behind the guns. God never built a city, never placed a silver spoon in Heppner's mouth—may I later, if not, remember Job; he naked he went; could he reward be greater?

The food moved a swath through our fair city, then the fire's awful rage came, but like the tide of an angry sea, we only gave up ground and look it back again. The rocks you find along the ocean's way are always smoother closer to the shore, and the men you place behind the guns today must be men, yes, even to the core.

The grass that grows on the Heppner hills, on which the sheep and cattle do so thrive, producing a steady stream of flowing gold that helps to keep us all alive—except when the Democrats gain the power—those are the days we fear and shun—but light soon returns, when the planet passes that lingered between us and the sun. The papers tell us to raise more hogs, as to pay the mortgage when it's due; but take my advice, don't try it twice or they will take the hogs—and the ranch too. We cannot produce nine cent pork—have tried many, many times—always lose; it's like getting fifty cents for the hide and paying ten dollars for the shoes.

Oh, do we hear the cities call hogs, more hogs, that's the way to make your money. I say, if they want to help us so to save, pour out their gas, fill their cars with honey; you know the snake keeps writhing and a twisting long, long after it is dead, and we can write and twist all we please, but the hog, at the price we get, can't be fed.

Heppner may have inherited some hogs at the start, I cannot say; I do not know; but if she did, they long since have gone to the city where all the hogs do go. Heppner don't want your hogs—can't raise them for that money, I said that before. The good book says they are unclean, and no such unclean thing can enter Heppner's door.

The hotel father built and run, well part of it is gone, the rest is just the same, only I notice, when I get my glasses on, the sign in front does not spell his name. But one thing father taught me, and his teachings I have not forgot; he said a man was just as big, whether he added D D. or M. D. onto his name or not.

Well, as to the other buildings, there are now many more, all much bigger grown, from which Heppner is reaping her reward, all from those little seeds our fathers had sown. My father, too, helped to plant the seeds in the field of grain. He paid her all he owed, and when the books are opened there will be a credit to his name.

Timber, virgin forests even at her door—spruce, fir, larch, and pine—mammoth trees of the forest, many now have grown old facing life's decline. Giant sentinels of those mountains, standing unmolested and yet she slumbers. The feet of wild figures are but lost in numbers.

Lumber for our homes, slabs for fuel; the time is ripe; its now past the eleventh hour; Heppner is now busy—get the timber sawed, sell the lumber—it's all in her power. It's her heritage—she has the bull by the horns and a down hill pull; so get busy boys and the bark will fly; her heppner will soon be found in the air.

The little stream that rises far up on the mountain, glides along and runs into another, United now they flow away; still farther down the hill they come up to their brother. They all join hands together now—mingle and intermingle, like a child at play, till farther down the mountain they

come on to their mother, who in stiller beds does lay.

The mother now has grown old in years, yet you could scarce believe, she is so spry; at times she really runs and leaps, like in youth, that's when her branches are high. The mother has led a restless life, and in those narrow confines cannot contented be; so she crawls and crouches up to join her sister, and onward they flow to the sea.

You say this water is Heppner's heritage; yes, that is true. You say it she has a copper; I claim its only corn that matures before the frost that is worth storing in the hopper. The copper you place upon a card, only alters or changes the condition of the bet, and the water after it has reached the ocean, can't help much to get the alfalfa wet.

The water that flows by Heppner's door, it's hers, of that there is not a shadow of a doubt; but the gold that lies hidden in the earth don't amount to much if you don't dig it out. Heppner has the right to conserve that water, build a dam, and this she should do. God has paid her all He owes. He does not have to build a dam and He is not going to.

Heppner has done many things; she whipped—no, only helped to whip the Dutch; she can build that dam, can conserve that water, or she would amount to much. She will build that dam, conserve that water, and help to put it at the farmer's door. He will then pay the interest so long due her, and as time passes, pay more and more.

F. D. Cox brought in a fine bunch of hams and bacon on Saturday. He is an expert hand in the meat curing game and his product is quickly disposed of. Mrs. Cox, who was recently operated on for appendicitis at the Heppner Surgical hospital, returned to the farm, being accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Lash Watkins, who will assist with the work until her mother regains her strength.

Ralph Finley states that there was certainly some wind down in his neck o' woods on Friday and it was a question for a time, seemingly, whether there would be anything left. However, since the big blow is over, he thinks better weather conditions will prevail, and the banana belt will begin to blossom into real spring attire. He was in the city Saturday to look after business affairs.

Wm. Lowen and wife of Hardman were visitors in the city on Friday last. Vic Groshens is preparing to go to Fossil with his working tools, where he will soon begin work on the new stone hotel to be built there. The Fossil hotel burned not long since, and it is to be replaced with a sand stone structure; the building material to be taken from the stone quarry at Fossil. Mr. Groshens states that it will require the entire summer to finish the new hotel.

Jess Beardsley and wife, who spent several days last week at the home of Mrs. Beardsley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Slocum, of Lexington, were in Heppner on Thursday evening last and enjoyed the program and banquet of the W. O. W. and Neighbors of Woodcraft at I. O. O. F. hall. They departed for their home at The Dalles on Friday.

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Local Happenings

James Mollahan was among those celebrating St. Patrick's day in Heppner on Saturday. He is one of the ex-service boys who had some real expenses across the water and feels that he has done his share when it comes to helping fight Europe's battles. It appears to him that matters are far from being settled over there yet and the great war may have only been the beginning of a far greater conflict that may be necessary to put the old world right. However, like all the rest of us, Mr. Mollahan hopes that this condition may be avoided. We acknowledge a pleasant call from him Saturday, and enjoyed the recital of some of his experiences while wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam.

A. M. Zink, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Ernest Heilker, was up from Lone for a short time on Saturday. Mr. Zink has recently returned from Portland, where he has been much of the winter under the care of a physician, and states that he is quite improved in health. He received a kick on the leg from a horse a few days since, and it is just now able to be walking around again. No bones were broken.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Witt came over from their home at Grass Valley on Sunday to be at the bedside of Mrs. Witt's sister, Mrs. C. C. Chick, who is very seriously ill.

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Mrs. Rosa Richardson was among the Heppner residents who spent yesterday in Pendleton shopping—Sunday Pendleton Tribune.

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Range conditions are not of the best, Mr. Carly states, owing to the cold, backward spring, but he expects that this will improve rapidly from now on.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Latorell are in Boardman this week supervising the service station and the new garage being built. Mrs. Irene Sprague, an old friend of the Latorells, has come from Lake county and will be in charge of the soft drinks and ice cream department of the service station.—Boardman Mirror.

Herman Neilson, Rood Canyon farmer, was in the city Monday to attend to his tax account. He states that the Hardman section this spring and looks forward to a good crop. Grain in his part of the county suffered from cold and frost during April last year and Mr. Neilson hopes for better conditions this season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Slocum came up from Lexington on Thursday evening last and enjoyed the entertainment of the Woodman orders at the I. O. O. F. hall. They enjoyed a visit during the past week from their son, Lamont, and his wife from The Dalles.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Deeg, who are teaching the school at Pine City this year, were visitors in Heppner Saturday, remaining over until Sunday afternoon. These good people are making a splendid school in District No. 26, from all reports that reach this paper.

Ben F. Thomas, who farms in the Eight Mile section, was a visitor in Heppner on Saturday. Like many others of his locality, Mr. Thomas would be glad to see the weather warm up a bit and vegetation begin to grow.

John Kirk of Lone went out to the Neils Justus ranch Monday, where he will be busy for some days, tagging a band of ewes for Mr. Justus. From there he expects to go to Rhea Siding and perform a similar job for McEntire Bros.

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Goodrich Silvertown Cord Tire

Nothing and everything for the chicken in stock.

A flash light on a dark night is a necessity. None better than the Winchester. We have all styles and sizes.

Who said the roosters were crowing and the hens cackling over the Poultry Supplies to be had at Gilliam & Bisbee.

Water turns the wheel. Money turns the business. We have the business it don't turn. Creditors please take notice.

16 colors!

THERE are sixteen colors in the new Hardeman blocks for spring. Talk about your wide ranges! Hardeman hats are guaranteed to keep their shape, too. Made on the Pacific Coast. Just come in and try on a Hardeman.

DAVID A. WILSON
EVERYTHING IN MEN'S WARD AND DRESS CLOTHES.
Heppner, Oregon.

Gilliam & Bisbee's Column

A full car load of Poultry supplies just arrived.

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THE semi-flat tread of the new Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread means smoother running. Its new improved rubber compound means longer mileage. Its heavier sidewall resists rut and curb wear. The reinforced blocks of its beveled tread mean a protected carcass. Its low price and our service mean economy.

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