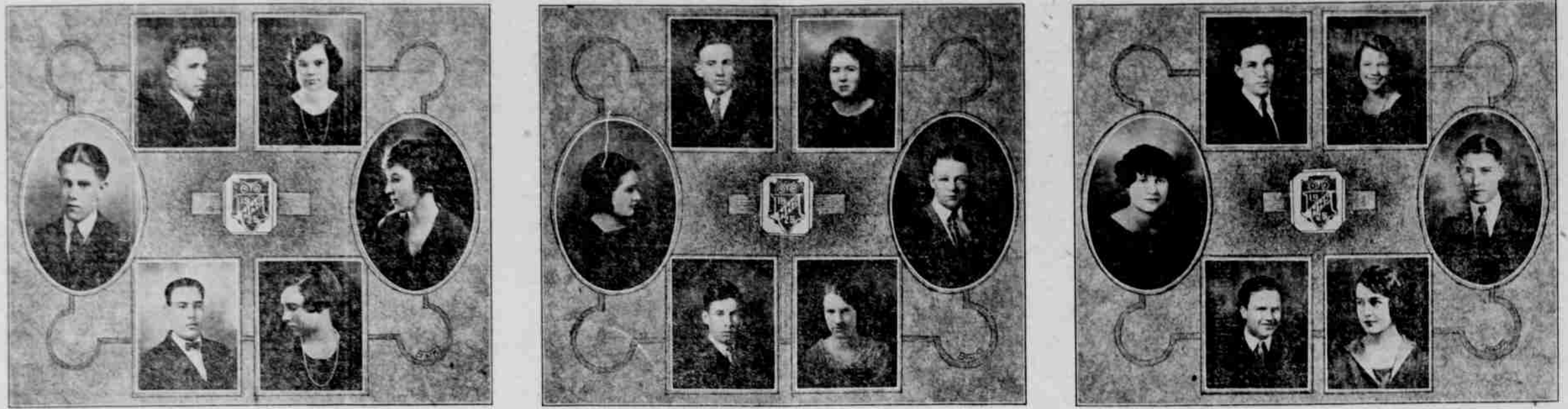


Eighteen In Graduating Class of Heppner High School



Joe Devine, Durward Tash, Cecelia Kenny, Mary Crawford, Luola Bengt, Vawter Parker, Mary Patterson, Austin I. Smith, Myrtle Cradick, Elmer Bucknum, Kathleen McDavid, Harold Becket, Iseck Dexter, Virginia Hill, Edmond Hirl, Erna Lovgren, Byron Johnson, Lena Redding

Winners of History Contest of Local School

Heppner. Mr. Morrow was born in Kentucky on October 15, 1827, and while he was yet a small boy his parents moved to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where he received an education and grew to manhood.

Doubtless influenced by the spirit of adventure he crossed the plains in 1853 and settled in Mason county, Washington, where he started a general mercantile store on the present townsite of Shelton.

In the Washington-Oregon Indian war of 1855-56 he served as lieutenant on the staff of Isaac L. Stevens, the first territorial governor of Washington territory and noted Indian fighter, and under Colonels Frank Shaw and E. M. Maxon, performing many tours of special duty for these men.

In hopes of improving his business Mr. Morrow moved to La Grande, Oregon, about 1863, where he became one of the first mayors of that city. He was appointed treasurer of Union county in March, 1867, and was elected by the people in 1868 in which capacity he served until 1870. While in La Grande he engaged in the mercantile business first by himself, then from 1869 to 1872 with L. B. Rhinehart under the name of Morrow & Rhinehart. Their establishment was one of the leading mercantile stores of La Grande at that time.

It had been suggested by Frank Madcock of Willow creek to Mr. Morrow that Stanisburg's flats would become an important trade center for the territory now embraced in the counties of Wheeler, Grant and Morrow. Accordingly in the early summer of 1872 Mr. Morrow accompanied Thomas Quid to the present site of Heppner for the purpose of inspecting the location to see if it were suitable for the establishment of a store. Faith in the future development of the country was certainly needed to cause a man to invest his capital in such an enterprise, evidently Mr. Morrow believed in the future of the country for when he returned to La Grande he entered into negotiations with Henry Heppner, who was at that time operating a pack train between Umatilla Landing and Boise, Idaho. He entered into a partnership with Mr. Morrow and went at once to purchase the stock and move it to the appointed place. Mr. Morrow returned to the flat where he immediately began the erection of a store building on what is now known as the old Palace Hotel site at the corner of May and Main

streets. This building was twenty-four by forty feet and was built of lumber obtained from Van Arman's mill at the head of Butter creek. The store was opened about the 10th of August, 1872; this was the first store within the boundaries.

Mr. Morrow continued in business first with Mr. Heppner, later by himself, and then with his son J. W. Morrow. In 1878 he was appointed express agent for Wells, Fargo & Company, which business his son later followed, after Mr. Morrow retired from active business in 1884. During this period he built one of the first and finest houses of the town on the land where Mr. Nels Magnuson now lives.

In 1884 J. L. Morrow was elected representative of what is now Morrow and Umatilla counties on the platform of division of the county. During the session of the legislature the following year an act was passed providing for the forming of a new county from the western part of Umatilla county. In honor of this worthy pioneer business man of the section it was named Morrow. He died in 1899 at the age of seventy-two years and was buried in the Heppner cemetery beside his wife who died in 1882.

Mr. Morrow was a man of unquestioned honesty, and for that reason was called to many public offices, which he filled with the same ability and integrity that characterized his private business. He was very plain and out-spoken in his speech, but nevertheless a highly respected citizen of the community and admired by the townspeople by whom he was familiarly called "Uncle Jack." He was a true citizen of the pioneer type, always interested in any movement for the upbuilding of the community.

J. L. Morrow married Nancy McQueen of Indiana in Iowa previous to his trip across the plains; to them were born six children: Elizabeth (deceased); Alice (died in infancy); Charles W., Amelia and Eddie, all three of whom died of diphtheria in January, 1878; and J. William, now residing in Portland, where he is connected with the G. W. R. & N. Co.

Mr. Morrow was a member of the Masonic lodge of this city, having first affiliated with the lodge at Kirkville, Iowa, before he crossed the plains and throughout his life was a respected member of this fraternity.



MAJOR KENNEDY

came a Legionnaire and took part as much as I could in this humanitarian work.

Preparing for Operation.

"I am now preparing to undergo my nineteenth operation, so you can see that I cannot take an extensive part in the activities of the Legion. However, I have watched how this organization has grown and developed, how the Rehabilitation Committee has functioned since its very organization, and I know hundreds of cases, while not exactly like mine, who have nevertheless been benefited by the American Legion.

"Now the Legion is starting an Endowment Fund. Just like the Legion! They are reaching further, taking care of those children who were orphaned by this terrible war. A campaign is going on in this city to collect, I believe, some trifling sum of \$15,000, which is the quota allotted to us. I want to tell you that every Legionnaire is on his toes, filled with enthusiasm to put this drive over, and it is over. We have not made our final drive yet, but it is only a matter of organization at this time, but we know, and every Legionnaire in New Orleans knows, that it is just as good as collected.

"I feel that I am a good Christian because I am a good Legionnaire, and like Abou Ben Adhem, I want my name written in that book of gold as one of those who loved his fellow-man."

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION— ISOLATED TRACT.

Public Land Sale. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, May 9, 1925.

NOTICE is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Sec. 2455, R. S., pursuant to the application of Vern F. Pearson, Serial 024609, (La Grande Serial No. 021710), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than \$2.75 per acre, at 10:30 o'clock A. M., on the 9th day of July, next, at this office, the following tract of land: SE 1/4 Sec. 15, T. 2 S. R. 29 E., W. M.

The sale will not be kept open, but will be declared closed when those present at the hour named have ceased bidding. The person making the highest bid will be required to immediately pay to the Receiver the amount thereof.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

J. W. DONNELLY, Register.

SEALED BIDS WANTED.

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon, will receive sealed bids for the furnishing of 75 or more cords of wood, delivered at the Court House in Heppner; any kind of wood in four-foot lengths. All bids to be in the hands of the Court by June 3, 1925. The court reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

R. L. BENGE, County Judge.

Beauty work done every Wednesday and Saturday at Mrs. Curran's Millinery Shoppe. Marcelling a specialty. Mrs. Florence Seale Davis.

FOR SALE—Registered Chester White yearling boar; best Valley prize winning stock. Oral Henriksen, Heppner.

LOST—Pair of glasses in case; also pocket knife. Finder kindly return to Thomson Bros. store and receive reward.

FOR SALE—Some 22 head of pigs; inquire of Pyle & Grimes, Parkers Mill.

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Why pay tribute to a SUPERSTITION?

"GAMEST GUY IN THE WORLD" IS PREPARING FOR NINETEENTH OPERATION DUE TO WORLD WAR

Major Bill Kennedy's Fighting Grin Shows as the Doctors Keep Whittling Him Down; Says he is a Good Christian Because He is a Good Legionnaire and He Wants His "Name" Written in that Book of Gold as One of Those Who Loved His Fellow-man; Makes plea for American Legion Endowment Fund for Disabled and Orphans of World War Veterans.

As this story is being written, Major Bill Kennedy is preparing to undergo his nineteenth operation, all but one of them being amputations. The doctors told Bill more than five years ago that he was a dead man, but Bill gave them that fighting grin that has become a classic in The American Legion, and, although the doctors keep whittling him down, inch by inch, Bill is grinning harder than ever and refuses to die.

Morover, Bill was commissioned a major recently in Louisiana by Gov-

ernor Fugate, and has been named sergeant-at-arms at the 1925 state convention of the Legion in Shreveport.

"And I'll keep order, too, if I have to use my last crutch," the major says.

The story of William Thomas Kennedy, of 2823 North Dorgenois street, New Orleans, is the story of the disabled veterans of the world war. It is for them and the orphans that the American Legion is raising a national Endowment Fund, except that most men, when war heroes, in Bill's condition would have succumbed long before the time that he gained the badly needed assistance.

In Trenches 8 Months.

Bill is unusual in that respect. He just simply will not give up for a second. Is own buddies tacked another name on him, "The Gamest Guy in the World," and he has lived up to all his titles, among them Past Vice-Commander of New Orleans Post No. 114 of the Legion.

Bill went through the Meuse-Argonne attack, the Saint-Mihiel show-

er and a defensive sector, not to mention eight months in the front trenches when he did not have a bath, so far as he can remember now. It was the mud and exposure that delivered the prize package to Bill. It is called trench feet by the doughboys, and "Endertritis Obliterna" by the knife-wielders in the more than thirty government hospitals where Bill has been treated.

Soaked for months in trench mud, Bill's blood capillaries broke down, and terminal arteries were wiped out, so Bill seems to be dying inch by inch and joint by joint. Occasionally another joint is whittled off to keep Bill alive, and the grin grows that much more.

In fact, Bill's grin is recognized by the doctors as the best morale for the U. S. Veterans' Bureau hospitals of the Sixth District, comprising Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama. He is frequently taken on a round of the hospitals.

Children Continue Schooling.

The first amputation came in 1919. They have been coming right along ever since. This has been only part of his troubles, however. About the time he became helpless, he saw his son and daughter preparing to leave school. Then one leg had to be amputated, but somehow the children continued their schooling.

In 1921 the U. S. Veterans' Bureau recognized his rights and the amputations began. "And ever since I have been living in clover," Bill will tell you.

Bill paused long enough the other day in his preparations for his nineteenth surgical operation to write the following letter to national headquarters of the Legion in Indianapolis:

"I am not much of a letter writer, but even if I were, I don't think I could express in words just what the American Legion has done and is doing for the disabled men.

"I remember well, upon my return from France, I was standing on the corner of one of the main streets of New Orleans, thinking of how I was going to make a living—the condition I was in. I had applied to the government for aid and had been examined a number of times but for some unknown reason nothing was done for me.

Legion Gets Action.

"Someone slapped me on the back, I looked around and recognized a friend who had known me before the war. Seeing the condition I was in, of course he wanted to know all about it, and after I had told him he took me by the arm and said, 'Come with me.'

"In less than forty-eight hours after this meeting I received from the government a substantial check, and so this day my family and myself are being taken care of. This man was none other than Henry Cavalli, vice commander of one of the local posts of the American Legion in New Orleans.

"It wasn't long before I found out what the American Legion was doing for my disabled comrades. I found that committees were appointed just for the purpose of going out finding men who were disabled. It was the avowed purpose of every member of the Legion in this city to help these poor unfortunates. I, of course, be-



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FOLKS IN OUR TOWN

The Blarney Failed

By Edward McCullough

AUTOCASTER

I KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS — I HAD USED UP EVERY CENT I HAD PAYIN' LINDY'S CLOTHES BILLS — HAD TO EVEN TAKE MY NEW SPRING SUIT BACK 'CAUSE I COULDN'T PAY FOR IT

MAYBE I CAN DIG UP A FEW DOLLARS FROM SOMEBODY

WELL, JUST MY LUCK — IF IT ISN'T OL' AMOS BUGGS 'HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN YEARS — FOND OF HIS KIDS, PRAISE 'EM AN' HELL GIVE YOU ANYTHIN'

— WHAT A FINE LOOKIN' BOY YOU HAVE AMOS — SUCH AN INTELLIGENT FACE — HE'LL SURE MAKE HIS MARK SOMEDAY — YEEH SIR — SOME FINE BOY —

— DST! COULD YER LOAN ME A TEN SPOT? —

I COULD NOT IS ME WIFE'S SON BY HER FIRST HUSBAND —