

BOARDMAN

MRS. A. T. HERRIM, Correspondent.

Warner's Auto Camp has been a busy place of late. Cars drive in from early morning till late at night. Among those who have recently been Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith of Detroit on their way to Los Angeles, G. W. Pierce of Boise, driving to Santa Barbara, John Billings of Banning, Cal., Arch McDonald and W. C. Porter of Joplin, Mo., to Portland, J. C. Irving, Sault St. Marie, Paul Mack of Spokane, on his way to Portland, L. E. Larsen of Dallas, Tex., driving to Seattle, John Mudd of Tulsa, Oklahoma, Roy Dawson of Priest River, Ida, Ed S. Clarke of Carthage, Ill., and numerous others.

After trying to decipher the names on the register of the Highway Inn one could almost qualify for a position as a translator of prehistoric writings. Some of the more easily deciphered ones were H. H. Kirkland of Portland, E. V. Richardson of the same name, W. L. Tibbetts of Walla Walla, who sells tobacco, John H. Mansfield had a break down and remained two days at the Highway Inn, J. L. Irwin and wife of Albion, W. E. C. Hart and Miss Edith E. Hart of New York City, from California came C. T. Knight of Hayward, and Mrs. E. Nichols of Price.

Chas. Welch and family were visiting on the project last week stopping enroute to Idaho where they will visit for a time. They are planning a motor trip through Idaho, Arizona, Nevada and California. The Welches were former residents on the project but have lived near Albany the past two years. While there they lost their youngest son, Tommy, who died of appendicitis following an appendicitis operation. Welches visited at the Howell and Garrett homes and with other friends.

Of interest to a number of the older settlers here, and by that we do not mean age but length of residence, is the marriage of Miss Lois Barnes to Joe Doyle. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle were here on their honeymoon trip and stopped to call on the Warners. Mrs. Doyle is a sister of Chas. and Burton Barnes and was a resident of Boardman years ago, and formerly attended school here. Mr. Doyle is employed by the Pacific Fruit & Produce Co., and they will make their home in Aberdeen, Wn.

Mrs. H. H. Weston and Miss Edna Broyles motored to Echo Sunday and visited at the N. A. Bleakney home. Harry Crawford was in Boardman Sunday. He packed and shipped his mother's household effects to Portland where Mrs. Crawford will make her home. Harry has been re-elected to the teaching position at Dunsmuir, Calif., for the third consecutive year. Mrs. Crawford, who was ill for a long period during the winter is quite well, her numerous friends will be glad to know.

Irrigon had quite a little excitement on Saturday when an airplane was wrecked there. Engine trouble developed and the plane was halted out onto the highway. An effort was made to start it but it tipped over and broke down all the phone and telegraph wires. A pole fell on Mr. Salling's car but he was uninjured. The engine was removed and later sold and the occupants of the plane left by motor for Portland.

Mrs. Adeline M. Smith, who passed away recently at Marshfield and who was the sole surviving daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, was the mother of W. A. Goodwin's first wife and the grandmother of Chas. Goodwin of this city. Mrs. Smith was 97 years of age. Her father was a soldier in the Revolutionary war of '76. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Goodwin visited Mrs. Smith while on their wedding trip a few years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Nate Macomber and daughter returned Sunday from a pleasant trip to the coast where they visited the latter's brother, Sid McReynolds and wife. They drove to Coeur D'Alene Lake and other points of interest. Mrs. Macomber has been in Pilot Rock the past two months.

F. H. Moore and family of Carleton, Ore., arrived Sunday and were over night visitors at the Ellis Garrett home. Mr. Moore is a brother of Mrs. Garrett. The moores were on their way to Olweiss, Iowa, to visit Mr. Moore's mother whom he has not seen for a number of years.

Dr. Miller of Portland was a Boardman visitor Friday. He removed tonsils and adenoids of Francis King and Isabelle Wicklander. Both children got along nicely. The operations were performed at the Warner home, Mrs. O. H. Warner assisting.

J. B. Huddleston and sister, Miss Beas, of Lone Rock, Ore., were recent visitors at the Lee Mead home. Mr. Huddleston used to be the agent at Heppner but is in the sheep business at Lone Rock now. They also visited at the J. Jenkins home.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Macomber and baby and Mr. and Mrs. Herrold, all of Grandview, Wash., were overnight visitors at the Nate Macomber home Tuesday. They are returning from a vacation trip to the coast.

Frank Hase and E. T. Messenger drove to Buena, over in the Yakima country, on Sunday after a load of peaches. They brought back some delicious peaches for a number of Boardman housewives.

Elder Daniel McGregor of the Church of Christ of Alberta spent the week end with W. A. Goodwin. Elder McGregor will return to Boardman in the early fall and hold services.

We are glad to report that Ray Brown continues to improve at The Dalles hospital and will be brought home as soon as he is able to stand the trip.

Jack Gorham was a visitor to Heppner on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Mrs. Gorham motored to Pendleton. Mrs. Eugene Cummins returned last week from La Grande where she has been taking medical treatments. Glen Garrett has been making trips to Condon with melons and other produce.

R. McCarter has leased the Harry Crawford ranch for another year. A dance was held Saturday night at Mitchell's open-air position.

T. E. Broyles, Edna and Roscoe went to Coalfax on Thursday.

Curiosities Found in Prague Button Museum

"Buttons, buttons, who's got the buttons?" They know in Prague where buttons are to be found, for there is a button museum in the Czechoslovak capital in which every form and type of button ever manufactured or wrought by hand is on exhibit.

The museum was founded by a button manufacturer named Henry Waldes. Within a few years the collection has so expanded that it fills two floors of a large house in the suburb of Wrschowitz.

A study of the materials used in itself most worth while. There are buttons of gold, of silver, ivory, bone, porcelain, of precious stones such as turquoise, opal, carnel, etc.

Some buttons date back 8000 years before Christ. The flashiest and showiest buttons are those of the eighteenth century, when Europe seemed to enjoy rare luxury.

The most grotesque buttons are the so-called poison buttons, containing a tiny phial of poison and surmounted by a sharp stud. In the days of political assassinations it was an easy thing for a man attending a high society function, such as a ball, to scratch his adversary and in a crowd to brush by him in such a way that the button scratched his skin. Into this rent in the skin the contents of the button would then flow with fatal consequences.

Ambassador Has Many and High Privileges

The task of being an ambassador is a very pleasant one indeed. This representative possesses some remarkable privileges, and ranks immediately after the royal prince of the country in which he is residing.

It might almost be said that an ambassador, like the king, can do no wrong, for he stands above the law of the country in which he is officiating.

The courts have no power over him or his servants, and even a criminal, if he were known to be residing on an embassy, could not be arrested without the permission of the ambassador.

Another interesting fact about an ambassador is that the ground on which his residence stands belongs to the country from which he comes.

We all crumble nowadays about the amount of taxation we have to pay. This is where the ambassador again scores. Ambassadors do not have to pay a single penny in taxes.

London Tit-Bits.

Why They "Joined Up" for Better or Worse

Little did I think what an interesting task I had set myself when I set out to "inquire why some wives and husbands had married."

Let us get over the unpleasant part first. I asked a young wife why she had married, since she apparently took little interest in her husband and home.

"Oh, I wanted to be free. Mother wouldn't let me have a latchkey, and if I was ten minutes late coming home at night there was as much fuss as if the house had caught fire. So I escaped with the first 'boy' who asked me. He's not much of a catch, either."

Incidentally, that woman finds it impossible to do exactly what one likes even when married. Her husband "scratches the clock" when she's out, too!

Next a man told me he married his wife because he was sorry for her. She was unhappy at home and he couldn't bear to see her cry. Now he sees what a fool he's been, and from what I gather it is he who makes her cry nowadays. It's to be hoped that no other man will come along and pity her.

"Why did I marry?" echoed another man. "Why, because she is the sweetest, best and dearest little girl in the world, and I just couldn't live without her." Pleasant hearing words like that, isn't it?—Vera Leslie, in Edinburgh Scotsman.

"Jumping" Customs in Various Countries

"Jumping" customs are to be found in numerous countries among the superstitious peasantry. In Russia, on Midsummer eve, young men and maidens carrying a straw figure of a mythical hero, jump over a bonfire in couples. This act is supposed to help the crops.

In Baganda, South Africa, when the beans are ripe, a woman calls upon her eldest son to eat some of them which she has cooked. If she neglects to do this it is believed that she will fall ill. After the meal her husband must jump over her. Following this the beans may be eaten with impunity by the family.

These people also treat fishing ceremoniously. The first catch of the season is devoted to the god Musasa. The second catch is taken home and, after the fish have been cooked and eaten, the man of the family jumps over his wife and all is well. Otherwise, a distress may ensue. In Uganda, when a warrior returns to his home

after a campaign, his first act is to jump over his wife. Before starting out on a warlike expedition each general must jump over his wife, or disaster will befall.

Ring Lore

The origin of the finger ring reaches back to ancient Greek mythology. Prometheus is said to have worn the first ring. Prometheus stole fire from Heaven with which to cook his food and so brought up on himself the displeasure of Jupiter, who condemned the daring mortal to be chained forever to a rock. Jupiter later repented and released Prometheus, but ordered that lest he might forget his punishment and perhaps dare to steal from the gods, he should always wear a chain about his finger to which a fragment of rock was attached, and thus technically at least, carry out the original sentence of being chained to the rock forever. In this is seen both the origin of the ring and also the practice of setting rings with precious stones.

Early Envelopes

When envelopes were first made and were closed by applying at the point of the sealing flap a wafer of the sweetest gum, about 1840 there appeared on the market envelopes with a small "lick of gum" about half an inch square at the point of the sealing flap, and this very soon supplanted the wafer of wax. When, however, as a still further improvement, some manufacturers began to gum the whole of the sealing flap, many protested against it; and while willing to moisten the small spot of gum, for sanitary reasons they were not willing to "lick" the entire flap. After some time this prejudice was overcome and envelopes with gummed flaps rapidly came into favor.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Odd "Restitution"

There is on record one Edward Hunt, who played rather dirty trick on his only son. It seems that the old gentleman had one time wronged another man—had beaten him out of a large sum of money and otherwise worsted him. The fellow had died, but Hunt's conscience still troubled him. When it came to dying he decided he would make some kind of restitution, so he ordained that his twenty-one-year-old son, in order to fall heir to his fortune, must hunt out and marry the daughter of the other

man—that is, if the daughter existed, and if not a daughter, then a niece.

The young man did as he was bidden in his father's will and found the daughter, but she was fifty-five years old. He was a good sport, however, and, with the woman willing, carried out his father's wishes.

On Their Vacation

Mrs.—What are you thinking about, John?
Mr.—Oh, nothing much.
Mrs.—Well, get your mind off yourself and pack your trunk.

Boy Knew His Business

Mr. Peters brought a piece of cloth home to have a suit made. The family examined the goods spread out on the table, remarked upon the fine quality and pattern. Even little Ronald was called upon to give his opinion of father's new suit.

He turned the stuff on the wrong side and began to examine it.
"Ronald," said old Peters, "that is the wrong side. How stupid you are!"
"Why stupid?" answered the boy. "You bet it won't come to me until it's turned on the wrong side."—Exchange.

Clock in Sidewalk

Thousands walk over the northeast corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway in New York and never know that they are stepping on the face of a clock. This clock, measuring about two feet across, is covered with glass an inch thick. The hour and minute hands are painted jet black. Because of the dust and dirt the clock is scarcely discernible, but at night it is illuminated and is a useful teller of time.

Scene of Wesley's Labors

The border of Fermanagh county is one of the strongholds of Methodism in Ireland. It came under the personal sway of John Wesley and his influence has never been forgotten. In the course of his missionary visits Wesley crossed the Irish channel no fewer than 42 times, and carried the tenets of his faith even as far west as the county of Limerick. In one of the Wesleyan chapels there a long coaching horn is still hung up in the vestry room. It is not a relic of a sporting parson, but was used in the old days to call in the flock when Wesley or one of his itinerant preachers paid an unexpected visit.

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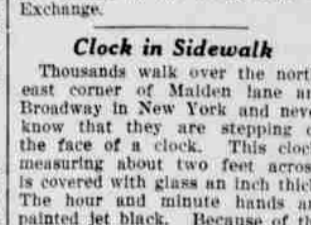
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 29: VIOLA DANA and PAT O'MALLEY in "THE BEAUTY PRIZE"

SUNDAY and MONDAY, AUGUST 30-31: Rod LaRoque and Vera Reynolds in Cecil B. DeMille's "THE GOLDEN BED"

TUES. and WEDS., SEPTEMBER 1 and 2: Percy Marmont, Malcolm McGregor and Betsy Bouton in "YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT"

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