

Heppner Gazette Times

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE. Established March 30, 1883. THE HEPPNER TIMES. Established November 18, 1897. CONSOLIDATED FEBRUARY 15, 1912. Published every Thursday morning by VAWTER and SPENCER CRAWFORD and entered at the Post Office at Heppner, Oregon, as second-class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year \$2.00 Six Months 1.00 Three Months .75 Single Copies .06

Official Paper for Morrow County.



WEALTH EVERYWHERE BUT NO MONEY.

In a world full of wealth we have no money. That, it seems to us, sums up the present economic situation of the United States and of most of the rest of the nations, so far as we know anything about them.

It doesn't take much actual money to transact the world's business when people are more anxious to buy than they are to sell. Money moves faster and so does work under those conditions. A dollar that changes hands ten times a year is as useful as ten dollars that only changes hands once a year.

We didn't need so much money when everybody had confidence in the banks. Checks did the work of currency. In these times, with money moving slowly, with more sellers than there are buyers, with thousands of banks closed and public confidence in all banks still severely shaken, we find ourselves without enough currency to do business. The natural result is that our basic money, gold, has gone up so high in price that most people have difficulty in converting their labor and commodities into gold. Gold is the basis of our money and that of the other principal nations. And it is increasingly clear that there is not enough gold in the world to meet the world's need of money.

Many able economists and statesmen say that a large part of this money trouble is due to the fact that silver has been almost abolished as money since the war. They say that if the monetary position of silver, which is the money basis for more than half of the world's population, could be restored to what it was in 1914, there would be plenty of good money available for all the world's needs. Few want to revive the old scheme of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at any fixed ratio to gold, but we see no reason why silver should not be used again as freely as it was in the nations before the war, by all the nations of the world for money. We think the world economic conference, which is going to meet and discuss this subject, has been too long delayed, and we hope that, when it is held, the American delegates will insist upon the rehabilitation of silver.

President Hoover, in his latest message to congress, seems to give encouragement to the silver advocates, and they fully expect to have

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. Charles E. Dunn, D. D. God's Gift to Man. Lesson for December 25th. Luke 2:8-20. Golden Text: John 3:16.

How human is the Christmas drama! Bethlehem, with its stout farmers, its petty governors, its brutal soldiers, its priests, its idlers, preoccupation and all forgetful of Joseph and Mary, is human in its selfishness. The rugged shepherds, simple men of the open air close to the soil, are human, too. The Magi also, on their camels, one a scholar, one a soldier, the third a merchant, impress us as true representatives of humanity. But that which appeals to us as most human and lovable is the holy Child and his sweet mother!

The celebration of Christmas is also profoundly human. It is a day of the home, of gift-giving, of fun and jollity, of friendship. Peculiarly dear is it to children, the most human of all God's gifts. But rich as is Christmas in human attributes, it is grander than humanity. It expresses a mightier love, a more majestic music than flesh can reveal. The shepherds heard an angel song that rang out of heaven. The Wise Men saw a star that never set. And Mary brought into the world a new Life! To interpret all this aright we must pass from the human to the divine. We must realize that God came into human life with the advent of Jesus. Thus the entire course of history was completely changed. His birth year is the year One, the central point of time.

This divine note, moreover, runs through our celebration of Christmas. The home, which Christmas glorifies, is a divine institution. The child is a gift from above. Every mother is a partner with God in His creative activity. Our Christmas decorations are heavenly and reflect a God of Love.

So Christmas Day is both human and divine, a union of man with God, earth with heaven. This unity makes it the best day of the year. We shall then be responsive to the needs of our fellows. But we shall look up, hearing again the angels, viewing once more the star,

as one of the members of the delegation to the coming economic conference, a man who will represent the interests of the white metal.

NO TIME TO STOP HELPING.

ACCORDING to Newton D. Becker, there are at least 25,000 families in America and more than 200,000 individual young boys and young men who have become practically tramps as a result of the economic depression. Without any means of support, unable to find work, and with no fixed homes, they are wandering about the country living on the charity of strangers, often in shacks and hobo camps, under the most appalling conditions of destitution, hunger and exposure to the elements.

It is only a step from this hobo life to a life of crime. And it is extremely difficult to reclaim boys and men who have become accustomed to a life of irresponsible idleness, back into the ranks of self-supporting workers.

On the whole, the morale of the people of the United States throughout the depression has been magnificent. We have heard very little of any desperate mobs or revolutionary uprisings such as have occurred in some other countries.

One reason for this is that everybody who could possibly spare money or food or shelter has contributed to help the less fortunate tide over the crisis. This winter may prove to be a more serious strain upon the charitable resources of our people than any in the past, but this is not the time to stop helping.

Locally, we can express pride in the manner in which the relief committee has been doing its work. Heppner has never intentionally allowed any within her borders to suffer for the necessities of life, and will not do so this winter. Various organizations of the community are uniting to make this Christmas season one in which the needy will receive substantial aid, instead of spending funds for treats as heretofore. Shoes, stockings, and such like gifts will be handed out to those who are in need of them, and there will also be substantial gifts in food and fuel.

These hard times will pass—in fact they are passing, and another season should bring them to an end. We think our people will be able to look back with some measure of pride on the manner in which the depression has been met. This will be a pardonable feeling for the nation at large, as well as for the folks in the local communities.

DAIRY COSTS LOSE RACE WITH PRICES

Third Year of Survey Completed Showing Wide Range Exists in Production Figures.

Much as the cost of producing dairy products on Oregon farms has been reduced, it has not kept pace with the nosedive made by the selling prices of these products. The extent of this spread is accurately shown in the report of the third progress report of the three-year study of the cost of producing dairy products in Oregon just completed by the dairy and farm management departments at the Oregon experiment station.

This latest report is for the year ending April 1, 1932, and includes compiled data gathered from 464 farms having 8224 cows producing about 2 1/2 million pounds of butterfat in the year. This report shows that the cost of production has been progressively reduced from 50 cents a pound of butterfat to 40 cents and then to 36 cents for the three years studied. Meanwhile the average selling price for the same three years dropped from 51 cents, to 41 cents and then to 30 cents. Thus for this third year the average selling price, reduced to a butterfat basis regardless of how the milk was marketed, was six cents below the average cost of production, while for the other two years a slight margin of profit was shown.

Cost of production as expressed here includes, of course, wages at prevailing figures for the dairyman and his family and 5 per cent interest on capital investment. The cash cost, which will be shown in a later complete report, is considerably below the 36-cent figure. Once again the survey, obtained through actual records kept on each farm, reveals that central Oregon "irrigation dairymen" are producing butterfat at the lowest cost in the state, the figures showing 33 cents for the irrigated regions, 35 cents for the coast sections and 39 cents for the Willamette valley.

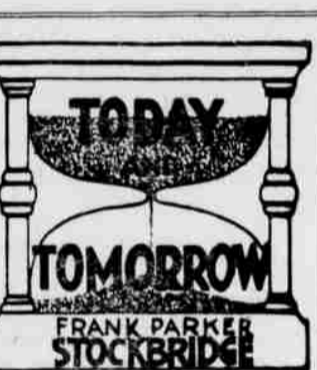
A wide range in individual farm costs is shown in the figures for the Willamette valley where the 25 lowest cost farms produced at an average figure of 24 cents while the 35 highest cost farms showed a 60-cent average. Factors contributing to this great spread will be shown in the final detailed printed bulletin being prepared for publication between now and July 1.

Sheep Losses Stopped

Bellevue—Prompt action by William Paulson, local farmer, assisted by the Yamhill county agent and a federal veterinary specialist from Corvallis, has resulted in checking severe sheep and goat losses and furnishing future protection on Paulson's place. Some sheep and goats were found badly infested with liver flukes and similar parasites resulting from pasturing marshy land where the alternate snail host of the flukes abound. Both sheep and the pasture were treated, the latter with powdered blue vitriol which destroys the snails and eliminates further danger.

D. A. Wilson had to remain home from the store for a few days this week owing to illness.

The Great Trade-In Season



Navies . . . and ships

I crossed the Atlantic with Admiral Alberto Alessio of the Italian Navy, whose duty was to report on the usefulness of the biggest of all Italian merchant vessels for naval purposes in case of war. "All of the world's shipbuilding is under the control of men whose chief preoccupation is war," said one expert. "No important ship can be built anywhere today without government subsidy, and the subsidy is to enable the navy to control the design and construction of the ship, so it can take it over for fighting purposes if necessary."

"Yes; and the United States is the most rigid in its requirements," said another, an American. "Our admirals sit in Washington and try to make every commercial vessel built in America into a warship. One result is that we have trouble competing, in cargo carrying and passenger traffic, with ships of other nations."

Perhaps the world will sometime get out from under the fear of war, but not if men whose livelihood is earned by preparing for war have their way.

Wireless . . in thirty years

Thirty years ago I stood with Marconi on Table Head, Cape Breton Island, and listened to him predicting what his wireless telegraphy would some day do. It hadn't done anything up to then. "Every ship on the ocean will have it," he said. "Passengers will get the news of the whole world every day."

It is still a marvel, for his boast came true. I am writing this in mid-ocean on the Rex. A few minutes ago I read the complete report of the world's principal stock exchanges, received by wireless and posted on the ship's bulletin board. Just now a boy brought to my cabin a daily newspaper, printed on the ship and containing the most important news of the day from America and Europe.

If I wanted to I could go up to the Marconi room and telephone to my folks back in America. Marconi didn't dream that particular development of wireless; the radio telephone is due to Lee de Forest, an American who set out to improve on Marconi's work. Some time—next year or later, perhaps—it will be possible for travelers at sea or elsewhere not merely to talk with folk at a distance but to see them. Television is "just around the corner."

Courage, demand of sea

It is impossible to cross the Atlantic, if one is of thoughtful temperament, without marvelling at the courage of those who first sailed across it. Columbus's largest ship, the Santa Maria, was less than 100 feet long; five hundred Santa Marias would not take up any more room than the single great ship on which I am writing this.

It took him more than two months to make the voyage we are completing in six days; two months of uncertainty and utter loneliness. For nothing can be lonelier than the open sea. For three thousand miles, we on the Rex saw no sign of life outside of our ship; we sighted no other ship, saw not a single gull or other bird, not even a whale.

of New York and I stood at the rail, looking out over the empty ocean, and debated whether Columbus or Lindbergh showed the most courage. We agreed that Lindy took the greater chance, but that Columbus took the greater responsibility. We left it that they were both brave men.

Tunney . . . . a model

Crossing the Atlantic one of my fellow-passengers was a Yale professor, who told me that almost the entire faculty of that university felt the greatest admiration for "Gene" Tunney, retired heavy-weight boxing champion. Gene took some special courses at Yale, and has lectured to student classes on Shakespeare.

"What we admire about Gene is his character and his intelligence in developing his native ability," said my ship-board acquaintance. "If he had never been a professional pugilist he would have risen to the top in some other line. He set out to make himself independent while still young, and devoted all of his physical powers to that end. Then he had sense enough to quit the ring and devote himself to the development of his great mental powers. He made a place for himself among people of culture and refinement."

"That is a far rarer achievement and more difficult than becoming a world's champion in sports." And that is something few young men can understand. Youth seldom realizes that after the physical powers have waned life holds little happiness for the man who has not cultivated his mental garden, while for those who have taken that precaution for the future, the later years bring more precious and satisfying fruits than youth ever dreams of.

The FAMILY DOCTOR JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.

REFLECTIONS

The end of the year is to me a time for sober thought—naturally of me and mine . . . and, that includes you, dear reader, for you are in a sense mine, every time you read one of these little feature articles. For the time we are of one family, whether we agree on everything, or whether we snarl and pout over some disputed point under discussion. . . . We are more than friends—we are brothers and sisters; we cannot get away from the fact. . . .

Time to settle bills at the year's end. How much more do you owe to your family doctor? How much for his "days of danger, nights of waking," that you might be more comfortable and more fit for the stern trials of your own life?

There are thousands today, who do not have the cash to meet the well-thumbed page in the doctor's ledger. But, don't you owe him more than that? Haven't you time to sit down and think how good he has been in your hours of trial—and—couldn't you just kneel ask God to bless him? It would mean so much for him—I know. There is not enough sordid gold in the world to buy the answer to just one little prayer. Did you ever look at it that way?

The family doctor may be likened to a shepherd who gives his life "for the sheep." I have seen this faithful servant of man, tenderly caring for the lambs—as if they were his very own. I can think of no type of service more consecrated—more self-sacrificing. Naturally I cannot imagine a service more deserving of reward. That's why I have been a "family doctor."

Fred Akers was a visitor here yesterday from his ranch near Gooseberry.

Bruce Barton writes of "The Master Executive"

Supplying a week-to-week inspiration for the heavy-burdened who will find every human trial paralleled in the experiences of "The Man Nobody Knows"

To be Cheerful and Happy

Jesus was the center and soul of a glorious existence; a bringer of news so wonderful that those who received it should be marked by their radiance as by a badge. Of course he disregarded the narrow code of the Pharisees.

"You shall walk only so far on the Sabbath," said the Code. He walked as far as he liked. "These things you may eat and these you shall not," said the Code. "You're not defiled by what goes into your mouth," he answered "but by what comes out."

"All prayers must be submitted according to the forms provided," said the Code. "None others are acceptable."

It was blasphemy to him. His God was no Bureau, no Rule Maker, no Accountant. "God is a spirit," he cried. "Between the great Spirit and the spirits of men—which are a tiny part of His—no one has the right to intervene with formulae and rules."

He told a story which must have outraged the self-righteous members of his audience. He said that a certain man had two sons. The elder, a perfectly proper and perfectly uninteresting young man, worked hard, saved his money, and conducted himself generally as a respectable member of society.

The younger son was a reckless ne'er-do-well, who took his portion of the estate and went into a far country where he led a wild life and presently was penniless and repentant. In that mood he proceeded to work his way back to his father's house. The father saw the boy coming a long way down the road, ran to him, threw his arms around his dusty shoulders, kissed his forehead.

"Bring a fatted calf," he cried. "Make a feast; call the neighbors to celebrate. For this my son which was gone has come back."

There were high doings in that house that day, and every one enjoyed them except the older son. He was sullen and self-pitying. "Here I work and save and have never had a good time. When he comes home, they give him a party. It's wrong."

The father did not defend the younger son, but he rebuked the elder. That was what hurt the smugly complacent members of the audience to whom Jesus told the story. The implication was too plain. "There are two ways in which a man may waste his life," the story said in effect. "One is to run away from your responsibilities, causing sorrow to your parents and hurt to your associates, killing your finer nature. That is wrong and a man must repent. "But the other thing is equally wrong. They who neither laugh or sing are out of tune with the Infinite. Those who find no pleasure and give none offer Him a constant affront. . . . Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees. You are painfully careful to give exactly one-tenth of your incomes to the Temple, but you neglect to leave the world a little more cheerful."

This was his message—a happy God, wanting His sons and daughters to be happy.

hand, unless the same shall have been redeemed by the owner or owners thereof. Said animals are described as follows: One bay horse about 18 or 20 years old, weight about 1100 and branded BB on right stifle. One brown horse about 5 years old, weighing 1000; blotch brand on left shoulder, wire cut on front foot, spot in forehead. W. R. SCOTT, Lexington, Oregon.

NOTICE OF SALE OF ANIMALS.

Notice is hereby given by virtue of the laws of the state of Oregon that I have taken up and now hold at the Isabel Corrigan ranch in Morrow County, Oregon, 23 miles from Echo, Oregon, on Little Butter creek, the following described animals, and that I will on Saturday, December 24, 1932, at 10:30 o'clock, a. m., sell said animals to the highest bidder for cash in hand subject to the right of redemption of the owner or owners thereof. Said animals are described as follows: 1 brown mare, branded EN on left stifle. 1 brown mare with sorrel colt, invisible brand on left stifle; broke to work. 1 sorrel filly, unbranded. WILBUR GOURLEY, Echo, Oregon.

NOTICE OF TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

Notice is hereby given that the County School Superintendent of Morrow County, Oregon, will hold the regular examination of applicants for State teachers' certificates at her office as follows: Commencing on Wednesday, December 21, 1932, at 9 o'clock A. M., and continuing until Friday, December 23, 1932, at 4 o'clock P. M.: Wednesday Forenoon—U. S. History, Writing, Geometry, Botany. Wednesday Afternoon—Physiology, Reading, Composition, General History. Thursday Forenoon—Arithmetic, History of Education, Physical. Thursday Afternoon—Grammar, Geography, American Literature, Physics. Friday Forenoon—Theory and

Practice, Spelling, Physical Geography, English Literature. Friday Afternoon—School Law, Algebra, Civil Government, Book-keeping. N. B.—Examinations previously given at Saturday have been shifted to an earlier day. LUCY E. RODGERS, Superintendent.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution in foreclosure duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow County on the 28th day of November, 1932, by the Clerk of said court pursuant to a judgment and decree rendered in said court on the 28th day of November, 1932, in favor of J. H. Prad, plaintiff and against Geo. R. W. Mead, and Elizabeth Mead, his wife, defendants for the sum of \$1500.00, with interest thereon from the 3rd day of February, 1931, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, the sum of \$180.00, attorney's fees, and the sum of \$17.75, the cost and disbursements, and directing me to sell the following described real property of the defendants, to-wit: The SE 1/4 of NE 1/4, the NE 1/4 of SE 1/4, the S 1/4 of SE 1/4 and the S 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Section 51 in Township one (1) South of Range 26 East of Willamette Meridian, in Morrow County, Oregon.

NOW THEREFORE, in obedience to said execution, I will on Saturday, the 31st day of December, 1932, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the front door of the Court House at Heppner, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the real property above described and apply the proceeds thereof to the payment of said judgment and accruing cost of sale.

Dated this 1st day of December, 1932. C. J. D. BAUMAN, Sheriff of Morrow County, Oregon.

Professional Cards

J. O. TURNER Attorney at Law Phone 178 Humphreys Building HEPPNER, ORE.

A. B. GRAY, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Phone 323 Heppner Hotel Building Eyes Tested and Glasses Fitted.

WM. BROOKHOUSER PAINTING - PAPERHANGING INTERIOR DECORATING Leave orders at Peoples Hardware Company

DR. C. W. BARR DENTIST Telephone 1012 Office in Gilman Building 11 W. Willow Street

DR. J. H. McCRADY DENTIST X-Ray Diagnosis I. O. O. F. BUILDING Heppner, Oregon

Frank A. McMenamin LAWYER 906 Guardian Building Residence, GARfield 1949 Business Phone ATwater 1348 PORTLAND, OREGON

A. D. McMURDO, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Trained Nurse Assistant Office in Masonic Building Heppner, Oregon

P. W. MAHONEY ATTORNEY AT LAW First National Bank Building Heppner, Oregon

S. E. NOTSON ATTORNEY AT LAW Office in I. O. O. F. Building Heppner, Oregon

AUCTIONEER Farm and Personal Property Sales A Specialty. G. L. BENEFT "The Man Who Talks to Beat the Band" 5229 72nd Ave., S. E., Portland, Ore. Phone Sunset 3451

J. O. PETERSON Latest Jewelry and Gift Goods Watches - Clocks - Diamonds Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing Heppner, Oregon

F. W. TURNER & CO. FIRE, AUTO AND LIFE INSURANCE Old Line Companies. Real Estate. Heppner, Oregon

JOS. J. NYS ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Roberts Building, Willow Street Heppner, Oregon

NOW IN SEASON Oysters SHELL FISH

Served Here Fresh Daily.

If your appetite demands something different—something tasty—something healthful—EAT SHELL FISH

For a good meal any time go to

ELKHORN RESTAURANT

ED CHINN, Prop.

For Women Traveling Alone THIS BANK ADVISES: American Express Travelers Cheques

To insure her against the loss or theft of her travel funds.

To provide her with a ready means of identification.

To assure her the personal service of the American Express travel organization which will care for her safety and comfort wherever she may travel.

You can secure these Travelers Cheques at this bank before starting on a trip. They are issued in convenient denominations, and cost only 75c for each \$100.

Farmers and Stockgrowers National Bank