

## Heppner Gazette Times

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE.  
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JASPER V. CRAWFORD, Editor

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Official Paper for Morrow County

### James P. Rhea Was Pioneer of County

James P. Rhea, 86, whose death occurred at Hillsboro Friday, July 12, was a Morrow county pioneer, coming here when both he and the country were young. With his brothers, Thomas and C. A. Rhea, he settled on Rhea creek west of Heppner where he engaged in the stock business and general farming. He was also interested in the First National bank. After disposing of his interests in Morrow county, Mr. Rhea moved to Washington county, which was his home at the time of passing.

Surviving are three sons, Earl of Portland, Conser of Freewater and Clarond of Cummings, Cal. There are also eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Monday at the chapel of Miller & Tracy in Portland. Interment followed in Riverview cemetery.

### Mongolians Freed on Creek Ranches

Two truckloads of Mongolian pheasants were unloaded in the county this week, the first consignment of 667 birds being delivered here Tuesday morning. The birds came from the state game farm at Pendleton.

Assisted by J. Logie Richardson, president Morrow County Hunters and Anglers club, the farm representative took the first load to the Kirk place on upper Rhea creek and the distribution was carried out to the confluence of Rhea and Willow creeks at Jordan siding. The birds are eight weeks old and just beginning to show their coloring.

Wednesday a second load of the birds was taken to the Glavey ranch on upper Rhea creek and scattered from there to the mouth of Willow creek. Today another load of the birds will be released on Butter creek.

### Spectators Hinder Work of Firemen

Fire fighters were called to the J. I. Hanna ranch Sunday afternoon to help put down a grass fire. An alarm was sounded in town and the fire truck started out before it was learned the fire was several miles from town. A pickup with a cargo of sacks was sent out to assist the Camp Heppner brigade.

It is reported that the road leading to the scene of the fire was blocked with automobiles loaded with curious sightseers and that it was with some difficulty that the fighters gained access to the field. The firemen are wondering just why people are anxious to see a fire but have no intention of helping to put it down: They would like to see some regulation requiring the curious to either stay home or be forced to get out and help fight the field fires.

### CALL FOR WARRANTS

Outstanding warrants of School District No. 1, Morrow County, Oregon, up to and including Warrant No. 6127, will be paid upon presentation to the district clerk. Interest on said warrants not already called ceases July 19, 1940.

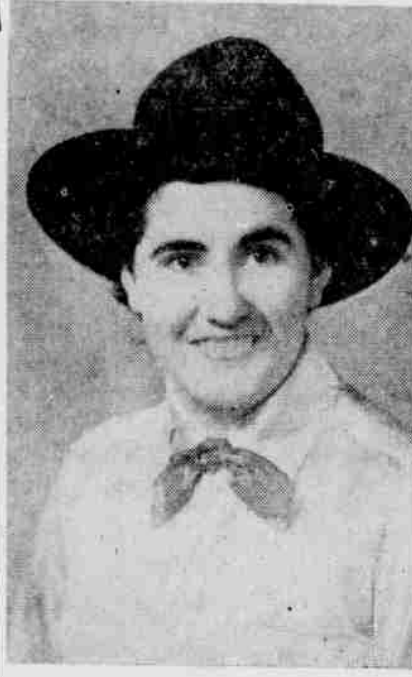
ROBERT A. JONES, Clerk,  
School District No. 1,  
Morrow County, Oregon.

### RODEO PRINCESS



BETTY LOU LINDSAY  
Willows Grange

### RODEO PRINCESS



PATRICIA DALY  
Lena Grange

### Firefighters Have Their Jokes Despite Strain of Long Hours on Firing Line

(Contributed)

Many tall tales of fires and fire fighting were circulated at Juniper camp during the lull of "between shifts" when men were too tired to relax and fall asleep. In spite of the terrific strain of long hours on the line expending every ounce of energy contained in each individual body to fight a common enemy, there were times in the lineup for meals and at morning roll call, which incidentally was for 3 a. m., for some horse play, jokes and laughs.

The men driving the heavy equipment unit and the forest road bulldozer soon came to be known as the Gold Dust Twins and daily looked the part.

Another laugh was raised over the fact that there were upwards of 300 "Whispering Smiths" in camp. Only our "Smiths" were white on both ends, where perspiring feet and perhaps a splash of cold water to the face had removed some of the soot of charred logs and the grime of honest toil. The Whispering Smith story came through an episode of the last war, when some soap box orator was preaching the downfall of the United States. A by-stander who was Smith, said, "I am half white and half black but I will be d--- if I stand by and hear some so-and-so talk that way about my country." Whereupon the mulatto whipped out a razor that looked like a folding cleaver and made for the agitator who also made for the edge of town with Smith just one slash too far back to reach the rear of his trouser seat.

Some incidents had a touch of pathos as the little fawn who tried to make friends with men too busy to give it the attention it plead for. Daily its plaintive cries for a mother who had disappeared into the raging fire brought lumps to throats already parched with heat and dust.

The bob cat which came out to the line with hot, burning dogs or feet, and who vented his wretchedness by scaring the patrolman off his beat on the fire line, brought a kindred feeling of sympathy as most everyone in camp had hot, burning feet.

Then there was the tired, weary crew of boys who had made it nearly to the top of the fireline, lifting with an effort each foot in turn, as they had spent many weary hours swinging "pulaski tools" in the face of the fire. They had lifted tired bodies up the almost perpendicular wall many hundreds of feet when they met a bear going down. Anyhow the boys said they stopped running where they crossed Potamus creek.

A staunch hearted youngster from an eastern state, probably from the "Sidewalks of New York," had quite an experience. He had been taught to face the fire without dread but when an irate pheasant hen attacked him he turned tail and sped to the protection of his foreman, yelling for aid at the end of each and every jump while the hen fluffed up to a ball of fury, tried to flog his flying heels. When he could get his breath, he said, "Good God, what was that?"

Many deer and elk fleeing from certain death would come out of the raging furnace, running as fast as fleet feet would carry them. The shrill chattering of squirrels who cursed from the fancied security of tall trees and who refused to leave their hard earned caches of cones laid by for the winter. Few of them will need the cones now.

The broken cadence of "hoedogs" as they dug deep into the roots to try to form a trench from which to backfire. The sharp staccato of axes biting deep into the living tissue of trees, sacrificed in an endeavor to protect others of their kindred. Aching backs, burning eyes, lungs congested by the heavy pall of gaseous

smoke while the steady drone of "cats" or tractors as they are more familiarly called, made known that the battle continued, night and day. Yes, the boys will have many memories to take back to distant states.

### CHILDREN EXAMINED

Child health conferences held at Boardman, Hardman and Heppner this week resulted in 42 children of infant and pre-school age receiving examinations. Of this number, four were given vaccinations and five re-

ceived diphtheria immunization. Fourteen children were examined at Boardman, nine at Hardman and 19 at Heppner. This concludes the summer schedule of conferences. The work will be resumed in October, dates for which will be announced later.

A son, weight 9 pounds, was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Monahan at the Aiken maternity home Saturday, July 13.

### CRESTED WHEAT GRASS CLEANING

Cleaning rate 3/4c per pound, including hammering out and cleaning the doubles, purity and germination tests by the Federal Laboratory at Corvallis. This does not include special seed sacks. We will put the seed back in the original sacks unless instructed to do otherwise.

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