

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
CRAWFORD PUBLISHING COMPANY
and entered at the Post Office at Heppner,
Oregon, as second-class matter.
JASPER V. CRAWFORD, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Year \$2.00
Three Years 5.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months75
Single Copies05

Official Paper for Morrow County

Mr. Willkie, American

AFTER hearing considerable campaign propaganda, we wondered if a country of 135 million people were not truly capable of producing more than one man big enough to be president. We saw Wendell L. Willkie and the question was answered.

Like millions of other Americans we had heard little of Mr. Willkie before the Republican convention at Philadelphia named him to head their ticket. We had read that he was once a democrat, had in fact voted to nominate Mr. Roosevelt for president as a delegate to the democratic national convention eight years ago, and not trusting the politicians too far we suspected that a trade might have been effected to bring out a compromise candidate whom anti-New Deal democrats could support with a clear conscience.

Having doubts like these in mind, and still wishing to see administration of the federal government removed from hands that have played all too freely with destinies of the people, we welcomed the opportunity that became ours last Sunday to meet Mr. Willkie face to face. It was but a moment... A cursory handshake... A gracious smile... A large bulk of healthy, vibrant humanity... But we were satisfied. Wendell L. Willkie was man enough to be president, by all the standards we had learned to judge men.

The opportunity to meet Mr. Willkie came through courtesy of the state republican central committee in answer to request of the presidential candidate that he be permitted to meet newspapermen of the state while en route through it on the train. Our group boarded the train at Salem and was privileged to ride to Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Willkie came into the car together and stayed but a few moments to shake hands with the newcomers. Any opportunity to converse with the candidate was immediately obviated by presence in the group of a man who once played football with him in high school and a lady who was his high school English teacher.

Former teammate and teacher had been chatting for some time before Mr. Willkie came in. Their appearance as regular every-day Americans was not belied by their greeting for Mr. Willkie. They started kidding him about things that happened in school, and "Wendell," as they addressed him, stood much like a bashful, over-grown schoolboy—munching peanuts the while—and exchanged ready repartee in the same vein. It was easy to see that all were reared in the typical American school... It assured us that Mr. Willkie had his feet on the ground; the ground of red-blooded Americanism.

Mr. Willkie had been through several gruelling days of campaigning before he reached Salem, and a few minutes before we saw him he had stood in the hot sun for five minutes to address the throng who greeted him there. In spite of it all, he appeared fresh and relaxed. He might have been on a busman's holiday from appearance, and it led us to believe that he really was thoroughly enjoying the work cut out for him.

Mrs. Willkie impressed us as being a very sweet, typically American wife who had taken good care of her

figure. She was a breath of fragrance as she passed, wearing gardenias. Her blonde smile reflected a depth of true friendliness. In her appeared real reason for the enthusiastic, impromptu singing of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" by the crowd packing the Portland auditorium to whom she was introduced the next morning.

Passengers from the Willkie special were caused to worm their way along a narrow aisle, walled by humans, as they passed through the Union depot. Police had difficulty in keeping the passageway from being entirely closed by the many people, anxious to glimpse the Willkies. The crowd extended on along the street many blocks from the station as the Willkie caravan went through to the hotel. Anxious faces were seen all along the line. It was a quiet crowd showing little display of ribaldry. Three raucous voices only were heard to shout the name of Mr. Willkie's opponent.

Through request of Mr. Willkie himself no seating reservations were made at the auditorium. That everyone believed it would be necessary to get there early to get a seat was verified by the auditorium being filled a full hour before his scheduled appearance. We thought we would be there in plenty of time, but arriving ten minutes before the doors were closed we had to search assiduously for the lone, isolated vacant seat that we were privileged to fill.

People seated in the auditorium knew they had a long wait ahead of them and all were orderly. They entered into the spirit enthusiastically when Tommy Luke started to lead them in community singing. Their patience was not shortened by announcement that Mr. Willkie would be fifteen minutes late, but they evidenced plenty of pent-up energy in the cheers that greeted his arrival. Governor Sprague's appropriate and forceful introduction received an ovation, which was prolonged as Mr. Willkie arose.

It was to be expected that those in the auditorium were enthusiastic supporters, and they showed their enthusiasm for the message at pointed intervals. Mr. Willkie attempted no oratorical heights. He spoke straight from the shoulder as man to man. He hesitated not at challenge, and he effervesced the vigor with which to back it up.

Before seeing and hearing Mr. Willkie we wondered if much of the "build up" about his having the trait for understanding the American heart like that possessed by Will Rogers were not just so much build up. Now we are sorry that our ability to portray him is incapable of sufficiently emphasizing our opinion that such build up has been all too conservative.

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Winter Pears of Northwest To Be Free Lunch Food

Close to 200,000 boxes of Pacific northwest pears will find their way to school houses throughout the nation, where they will become part of the school lunch program provided for some three million youngsters of low-income families. The

Surplus Marketing administration has recently agreed to purchase 194,400 boxes of pears from Oregon-Washington growers this year, who are facing a serious situation as the result of the elimination of foreign markets.

The administration will purchase U. S. No. 1 Bosc pears, not wrapped, at \$1.05; Anjou, U. S. No. 2 or better, standard wrap pack, \$1 in the mid-Columbia area, 95 cents in Wenatchee and Yakima; Comice, U. S.

combination grade, standard wrap pack, \$1.15. Bosc and Comice varieties will be purchased in the Medford area only, in accordance with recommendations of growers, says Morris J. Robb, SMA purchasing agent at Portland, who completed the details of the purchase program.

Through its surplus removal programs the department of agriculture will distribute many carloads of fruits, vegetables, dairy and livestock products to every state in the union this year, in connection with the school lunch project. More than 43,000 schools in low-income sections of the nation served free lunches last year under a similar plan. Three million youngsters out of nine million considered eligible were reached last year, while this year the department hopes to assist five or six million of them.

The school lunch idea has been made possible through the cooperation of rural women who, in local communities, parent-teachers associations, women's clubs, church and welfare groups, have planned and served the lunches after materials were supplied.

G-T want ads get results.

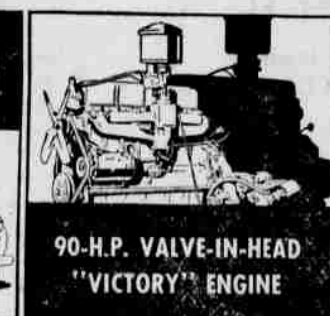
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FEATURE BY FEATURE



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