

Port Orford News

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FROM THE... SCRATCH PAD

by Paul Peterson



Port Orford citizens will open the doors of the community this weekend as the invitation goes out to attend the annual Jetty Jubilee on July 2-3-4. From the schedule of events listed for the celebration, it should be one of the best efforts yet... providing the weather cooperates.

There will certainly be enough things to do... and for everybody. The dinghy races and kids games on Saturday have been expanded this year and a new feature (that should become an outstanding annual event) is the melodrama—that will be presented Friday evening and Sunday afternoon in the new community building.

Another new feature will be the dunk tank built jointly by the chamber and volunteer fire department. It should provide a lot of excitement for years to come. The tank will be located adjacent to Battle Rock Park and for three throws for a buck you can try and dump the "setter" smack dab into the water.

What the heck, there are just a whole bunch of fun type things to watch and do at the Jubilee.

Be there and enjoy it... it's the Bicentennial and cause for celebration.

-P-

I had a bit of a celebration of my own last weekend when I took bride off to eastern Oregon for a class reunion at Prairie City. Actually it was a reunion for five classes—'45 through '49, 'cause our classes were kinda small. I graduated in '47 with eight classmates. And with five boys and four girls... somebody always felt left out.

When I received the first notice of the event I guess you know I was really elated. Then the more I thought about it the more apprehensive I became. After all, a lot of water goes under the bridge in 29 years. And from my standpoint, I was pretty sure that everybody had changed but me.

I left P.C. in '48 when I and a classmate joined up in Uncle Sam's Navy and I hadn't been back since... except for a brief stop about 13 years ago while on the way through. So I hadn't seen any of the ol' school gang all those years. Matter of fact, everyone told me they didn't know if I even still existed.

That question was probably a result of an incident that occurred when that classmate and I were still in boot camp at San Diego. While on a weekend pass visiting my aunt and uncle in L.A., I became sick and was taken by ambulance to the Naval hospital at Long Beach where I spent the next 64 days. My buddy went on back to boot camp... and never heard from me again. Told me when I saw him at the reunion that he never knew if I lived or died.

And, of course, I didn't know any more about the "old gang," either. An occasional rumor or bits of info picked up from people I'd meet here who knew people from there. That was it. The ties had been severed.

Over the years, however, I'd dredge up memories about one P.C.H.S. friend or another... always curious about who married who, what they were doing, where they were living, how many of 'em had either fattened up or turned bald—or both. The kind of thoughts everybody has at some time or another. Like I said, I couldn't see as I'd changed too much so I was concerned about how many I wouldn't recognize. The more I thought about it the more amusing those thoughts became.

The first person I met when I returned was the guy I'd joined the Navy with. And just like I thought, he'd put on the weight, lost his hair and was getting old. And it was like that with everybody I met. Hard to believe.

Then came the night of the banquet. The reunion chairmen had put their little heads together and thought up some funny little awards, like who lost the most hair, who came the farthest, and like that. I'm sitting there having a big laugh over the whole thing until they announced an award for the person who had changed the most.

Well... any prize is better than no prize at all I always say.

They claim you can never go back and I guess that's right. But it sure was a lot of fun trying.

-P-

You all have yourselves a good time this weekend, ya'hear... and remember to watch your driving 'cause there will be a lot of folks a-foot during the celebration.



Salem Scene

by Jack Zimmerman

HUMBLING EXPERIENCE AWAITING CANDIDATES

Humility may be the most important trait for any holder of elective office.

This conclusion follows an early summer lull between Primary and General Elections, spent pondering goals of candidates and their ultimate assumptions.

The common goal, of course, is to win an election. That means receiving the greatest number of votes and being seated in public office.

Achievement of that goal is assumed a mandate—an order by constituents. Newly seated officeholders often declare they serve at the will of the people.

"The people have spoken and I am here to do their bidding."

A natural reaction—particularly during the flush of victory. But it's likely the least accurate and most hypocritical of any in our democratic process.

People in this case means the public—all the people.

Seldom, if ever, have all the people sanctioned any officeholder via the ballot box. All the people aren't even eligible to register to vote. Among the eligibles, many don't bother. And among the qualified registered, there are any number of reasons for self-disenfranchisement on election day by avoiding the polls.

Who really puts a candidate into office?

What motivates their choice?

How many even know for whom they're voting?

What is the significance of this analysis?

Anyone with all the answers would be capable of almost unlimited power in our society. Some answers are available. The fact others elude the most erudite perhaps lend strength to the system.

When you get right down to it, relatively few people put candidates into office. It's been said nationally about 60 of every 100 persons of voting age go to the polls. Half of those voting cast ballots for winning candidates, 18 vote for runners-up and 12 scatter their votes among others.

On that basis, we'd conclude 30 percent of people old enough to vote put candidates into office.

In actuality, the so-called mandate is even less significant. During the last General Election in Oregon the state boasted a population of 2,206,000. More than half—some 1,558,033—were of voting age. But only 75 percent satisfying the age requirement were registered. And no candidate received all the votes possible.

In that off-year election's most hotly contested statewide race, Gov. Bob Straub received 44,812 votes. State Sen. Victor Atiyeh got 324,751. Another 1,011 votes were cast for write-ins.

Simply for the sake of example, Gov. Straub's mandate came from less than 20 percent of all the people. Gubernatorial races doubtless attract a preponderance of those who vote. And if only one in five of all the people make that kind of decision, what does that tell us?

When it comes to deciding for whom we'll vote the reasons are many. Some are motivated by partisan leanings. Others seek candidates from either party who appear to embrace a particular philosophy. Some, we are led to believe, are influenced by charisma. And strategists usually seek name familiarity over everything else to catapult a candidate into office.

This leads to the next question and the answer leads us farther from a satisfactory conclusion.

A scientific survey of voters emerging from polling places during an even earlier Oregon election tested voter awareness of the candidates for whom they voted only minutes before.

The candidates involved sought seats in the State Legislature. Fifty-seven percent of voters questioned claimed they remembered names of the legislative candidates. Forty-three percent had forgotten or never knew.

Of those who professed they knew, only 34 percent actually passed the test by naming the proper candidate. Seventeen percent knew the name of their particular Democratic candidate, 16 percent named their Republican candidate, 10 percent named some person not running in the race and 14 percent had forgotten the name already.

None of the figures recited here come as revelations to candidates or to those deeply involved in the election process. Most of both are deeply aware and agonize considerably over the facts before making the decision to seek office and throughout campaigns once the decision to run has been made.

Once a successful campaign is concluded, some are led to believe they have discovered the answers. And while some candidates are more successful than others, many veterans eventually fail at the polls. Likewise, some campaign strategists have better records than others. But they all discuss success in percentages and no one bats one hundred.

This leads to the significance of such an examination and the significance takes us back to the beginning.

Humility. In light of the facts, every officeholder should emerge from the election process humbled by conditions under which the office was obtained.

It needn't destroy one's self-confidence. Indeed, achieving the goal should be an ego-builder. But only a colossal egotist permits conceit to rule modesty.

Letters to the Editor

The following letters are a sample of those written in response to invitations to the old-time class reunions being held this weekend.

Hello Hazel:

I was in Ontario, Oregon, when I received the Class Reunion message, but came here to do the engineering on the foundations for the new Clatskanie High School.

I plan on being in Ontario the 4th as I will have to pick up my mail and then change my address.

I worked on the survey and construction of the new highway between Gold Beach and Brookings, and was an assistant engineer on the Thomas Creek Bridge.

Presently, I am a bridge engineer with Oregon Bridge Engineering Co. of Springfield, Oregon.

I am enclosing \$10 and if it is possible, perhaps Miss Clark would enjoy a drive down the coast. If not, then you may have some plans for her.

The pupils of Miss Clark were certainly fortunate to have had her for their teacher, and I sincerely regret that I will be unable to be there.

Yours sincerely,

LELAND WHITE

Dear Hazel:

It was with great interest that I read your letter about Port Orford's plans for their part in the Bicentennial celebrations, and your plans to honor Miss Ruth Clark. I delayed answering until the very last minute, hoping I could work out something, but unfortunately Paris is a long—and expensive—way from Oregon.

I remember many of the people in Port Orford, especially your sister, Edna, and have a hazy recollection of her younger sister, you.

There were four of us Gillings children. Betty, Jean

(me), Billy (or John William, now known as John except to his family), and George.

Betty died at the age of 22, while a student at the University of Oregon. She was studying to be an architect, and while there won a scholarship.

Betty is the only one of us who was actually a student of Miss Clark's. Betty started in Port Orford High School for a few months before we moved to Wedderburn. We later moved to Crescent City, California, then to Medford, Oregon, where Betty, Bill and I all finished high school. Betty and I attended Southern Oregon State Normal School (as it was called then) in Ashland, taking their junior college program. Betty went on to Eugene, where she died. She was always asthmatic and sickly and her heart finally gave out while she had pneumonia. I went on to the University of Southern California (in Los Angeles), and years later took my degree. Nine years later, to be exact. It took a long time but I made it!!! Bill attended California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. He and I both took our degrees in 1941. George finished high school in Los Angeles, the army and the war got him, he returned and took a degree from Pepperdine University. Then law school, and he is now a practicing attorney in the Los Angeles area.

We have always felt that the education we received in the Oregon public schools was excellent and because of this none of us ever had any trouble finishing our university work. My own two children attended California public schools and I have always felt they did not receive the education that I had received in Oregon.

In 1943, I married an engineer, a graduate of the University (Berkeley) of California. We have two children, a son, unmarried, age 30, a professional musician, and a daughter, recently married, a professional ballet dancer. Frank and I have lived many places, Juneau, Alaska, Washington, D.C., Pomona, California; and since 1963 have lived in Europe. We were in Germany, four different cities, while Frank was with General Dynamics, and we are now in Paris, with Raytheon Company. As a result of being so close to so many countries here, we have been able to do a lot of traveling and to see many very interesting places.

I regret that none of us will be able to be in Port Orford in July, but please accept our contribution toward any expenses.

Affectionately,
JEAN GILLINGS CRAIG

Dear Hazel:

I received the message to all former students of Ruth Clark, and although I didn't know her well, I'm happy to contribute my \$5.00 towards her expenses. If I'm not mistaken, I think she might have been principal of Port Orford Grade School when I was in 8th grade there—your newsletter didn't make any reference to that, and I know that I did not know her during the time I was a student at P.O. H.S.

I am surprised that you tracked me down, though! How did you do it? I usually get a Christmas card from Wes and Vi Spencer, but haven't been back to Port Orford since we moved east five years ago.

As you probably know, I

WEAVER

REPORTS TO
THE DISTRICT

CONGRESSMAN JIM WEAVER



200 MILE FISHING LIMIT STRENGTHENED

The 200 Mile Fishing Limit became law in mid-April raising expectations that we would at last be able to protect our fisheries. But the question we all asked was whether or not there would be enough money to provide effective enforcement and management.

Last week the House of Representatives gave teeth to the 200 Mile Limit. To do this we had to add an amendment to the Department of Commerce appropriation bill earmarking \$25 million for regional Fisheries Management Councils created under the new law.

Under the new Congressional Budget Act, Congress must set spending targets for the next fiscal year, and then must stay within their strict budget ceiling when it comes to appropriating funds for the various agencies.

The House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee said enforcement of the 200 Mile Limit and operation of the regional Fisheries Management Councils will require \$25 million for the Department of Commerce, and \$108.6 million for the Coast Guard to buy equipment (2 high-speed cutters, 6 long-range surveillance aircraft, and 5 recovery helicopters). These amounts were their budget recommendations.

This is a small price to pay to rebuild our depleted fisheries. It makes little sense to watch the wholesale fishing tactics of foreign nations off our coast, and then turn around and purchase \$1.5 billion worth of our own fish from them.

The House expressed its overwhelming approval of the Merchant Marine Committee's recommendation when they passed the conference report on the 200 Mile Fishing Limit bill in March by a vote of 346 to 52. Yet the members of the Appropriations Committee approved no funding for the Department of Commerce, and only \$60 million for equipment acquisition for the Coast Guard for fiscal year 1977.

The Congress was unified in its belief that we must look beyond today and take steps now to insure the productivity of the sea for our future food supply. On Friday, the House passed the appropriation, and the mandate of Congress was not ignored.

was in the class of '48, but moved to Tacoma, Washington in mid-year. Are you getting up any kind of newsletter about classmates? Do you need a picture for anything? Sorry I can't attend—I know you'll all have a great time.

I have lost contact with Joy Leonard—and I know her sister is Sunny Leonard Fromm. Could you get her married name and address for me? I think she lives in Texas, or did at the last time I heard from her.

Would this item be of any interest to anyone: Donna Lou Marsh, a classmate of ours, was killed in a tragic auto accident in 1945. I made a sort of pilgrimage to her grave in 1964 and was really upset to see that the area had all been logged over. Apparently it made quite an impression on my daughter, Tina, who was 13 at the time. When she was in college, one of her assignments was to write a poem about the disappointment in revisiting a place from her childhood—since she didn't have any of that sort of experience herself, she remembered mine and wrote her poem, "Sara's Place." (She didn't know Donna Lou's name.) The poem was published in 1975 by American Collegiate Publications, "Who's Who in Poetry in American Colleges and Universities." If anyone would like a copy of the poem, let me know.

As I mentioned before, I have really been out of touch with Port Orfordites for some time—but would appreciate it very much if you'd remember me to Docia Sweet and Viola Spencer especially. I know that they aren't involved in this reunion stuff, but surely you'll have a chance to mention it to them sometime.

Tell all the Port Orford gang that if they ever make it to the East Coast, they'd bet-

ter look me up! We're not all that isolated—Portland is 2 hours by car from Boston. One of the reasons I like Maine so much is because it is so like Oregon, and I did love Oregon.

Thanks for remembering me.
Regards,
KATHY HELM VEREGGE

Traffic Increases

Traffic volume on most of Oregon's highways showed an increase in vehicular traffic in April, 1976, compared to April of 1975, according to the monthly report compiled by the Oregon Highway Division.

A summary of the permanent traffic recorder data for rural and urban state highways showed an increase of 10.8 percent in vehicular traffic in April, 1976, compared to April, 1975.

The first four months of 1976 showed an increase of 10.0 percent in vehicular traffic compared to the first four months of 1975.

You may not understand ALL of it. You may even refuse to believe SOME of it. Yet, IT'S ALL TRUE.



MYSTERIES
FROM BEYOND
EARTH
COMING SOON!
ONE DAY ONLY
COLONIAL
THEATRE

JAN'S CORNER

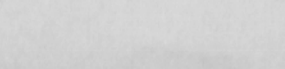
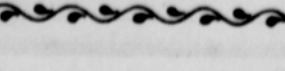
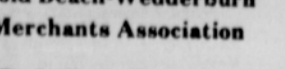
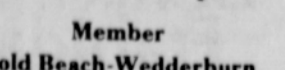
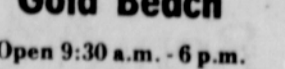
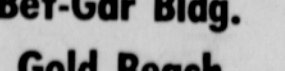
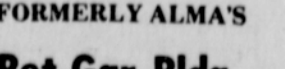
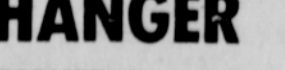
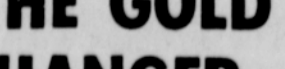
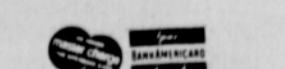
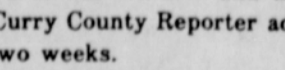
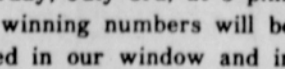
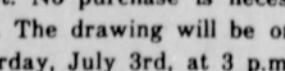
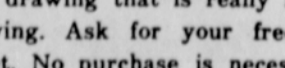
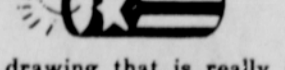
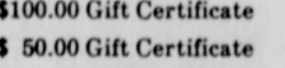
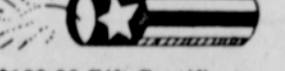
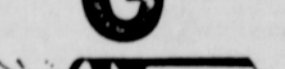
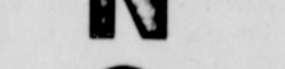
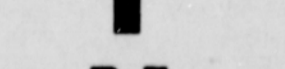
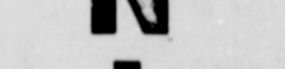
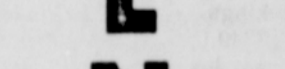
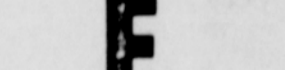
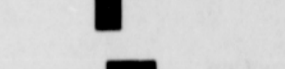
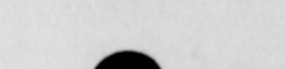
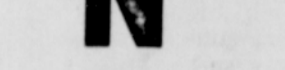
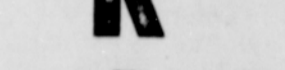
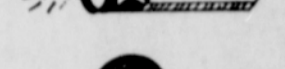
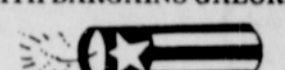
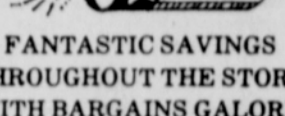
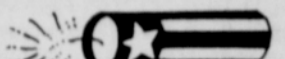
by Jan

Two months have passed since we have taken over the

store. We've been waiting for our new signs to arrive, but can wait no longer. Whether the signs arrive or not, we are going

to celebrate this Bicentennial weekend with a Bang-Up Grand Opening Sale... Thursday, July 1st through Saturday, July 3rd.

FANTASTIC SAVINGS
THROUGHOUT THE STORE
WITH BARGAINS GALORE



DANCING!

WITH

Jimmy Vee

During the Jubilee

JULY 2-3-4

9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

orford's

NEW RESTAURANT HOURS

6:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.

CEDAR ROOM

PORT ORFORD, OREGON

FRI. - SAT. - MON JULY 2-3-5
...and only you can see him!

WALT DISNEY
BLACKBEARD'S
GHOST

JUSTINOV JONES PLESSETTE

COLONIAL THEATRE

A drawing that is really a drawing. Ask for your free ticket. No purchase is necessary. The drawing will be on Saturday, July 3rd, at 3 p.m. The winning numbers will be posted in our window and in our Curry County Reporter ad for two weeks.

THE GOLD HANGER

FORMERLY ALMA'S

Bet-Gar Bldg.

Gold Beach

Open 9:30 a.m. - 6 p.m.

Member
Gold Beach-Wedderburn
Merchants Association