

EDITORIAL

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Value of Highway System Proved

Although the plans of the state highway commission for an interior route from Eastern Oregon to Portland are only fairly begun, the wisdom of a secondary system was plainly demonstrated this week when hundreds of motorists were diverted from Highway 30 over the Hermiston-Lexington-Heppner-Condon hook-up due to water-blocked stretches of the river highway. Time was, not so many years ago, that motorists would have hesitated to come through this way but now the highway authorities can assure them that the so-called secondary highways are that in name only and the only handicap in detouring this way is the additional mileage.

To many of the motorists passing through here for the first time it must have been a pleasant diversion. The country is at its best right now and with a change of view at every turn of the road—and the turns are quite plentiful in this hilly region—there was excitement to aid in checking the monotony of added mileage. It is safe to venture so far as to say that the highway, between Heppner and Condon afforded them as much thrill as any highway of similar length they may have been over lately. It is picturesque country and if they thrill to spectacular routes the Rock Creek grade has plenty of what it takes, especially the first time over.

It is expected that within a few years the Wasco-Heppner highway will be completed to Condon, while another route has been studied that will connect Fossil with some point along either the Sherman highway or Highway 97 farther south. These inland highways will not only take some of the load off of the Columbia route but will prove invaluable in times of blockades along the route or in a case of military necessity. And they will give countless thousands of tourists a better insight into what makes Oregon tick, for this is the grassroots country where the things we eat, where some of the materials for making the things we wear, and many of the other comforts of life are produced. Racing madly up and down the Columbia along the northern borders of these grassroots counties, the traveler has no idea what lies back of those sand hills. Perhaps the flood has been of some benefit to them in putting them in closer touch with the real Eastern Oregon.

Why Not Make It General?

There is nothing to compel anybody or any municipality to change to daylight saving time, but in view of the fact that much of the coast territory is now an hour ahead of us would it not be a good thing to follow suit? Timetables are kind

of jumbled up and all is confusion—especially on the radio.

It is not apparent to what extent the power situation might be aided if Heppner should go on daylight saving time. Possibly it would make little difference in that respect. But most of us could make better use of the daylight if we were to get up an hour earlier, grind out our eight-hour shift and have a little more time for work in the yard and garden or some of those extra-curricular duties coming under the heading of civic activities.

Early morning in the summer is a glorious period too many of us miss. Much of that glory has been robbed by the heat of the day before most of us start out activities. If by moving the clock ahead an hour we can catch some of this gift from nature it will be worth while.

If the council votes to place Heppner on the earlier schedule for the summer months there will be little objection voiced in town. Nobody suffered under the change of time during the war and since this is a voluntary measure it should be accepted more cheerfully.

When Disaster Strikes

Sympathy is of little avail in times of crisis unless that sympathy can be put to practical use, yet in the case of the Vanport disaster there is not too much that the outside world can do. All that can be done is being accomplished thru the efforts of the people of Portland and the relief agencies centering there. Flood conditions, still in a dangerous stage, make it next to impossible for effective aid from upstate communities regardless of the desire to help.

That is the situation as it stands at present but there may be occasion for extending aid in one form or another later on and when that time comes Heppner should be at the head of the list in proffering assistance. Portland is absorbing the burden of looking after the flood victims at present. The city people have opened their homes to the homeless and relief agencies are providing food and clothing as far as possible for those who were fortunate to get out with their lives.

It is a picture that recalls, vividly, the scene that was enacted in Heppner 45 years ago, although the floods were of a different nature. Here the water rushed through and left its wreckage behind. Relief work started immediately and it was possible to search for bodies within a few hours after the flood had passed. It is a different story at Vanport where flood conditions still prevail. Not until the water has subsided will it be possible to get an estimate of the loss of life and to recover the bodies of the victims.

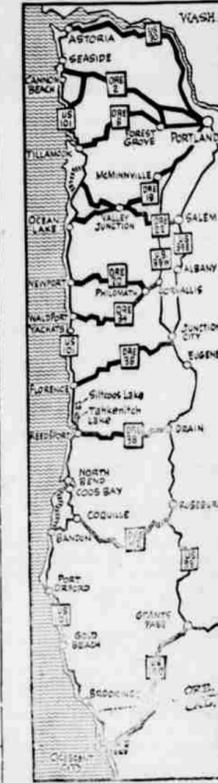
Oregon's Many Roads to Seacoast Investigated by Motorlog Party

This is a continuation of a motorlog article, written in the form of a letter and appearing in The Sunday Oregonian May 30. The motorlog was made by the Oregon Motorlog Party in cooperation with the Oregon State Motor Association. The letter-article was written by Ann Mabe, staff writer of The Oregonian, in her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Beach, Grand Forks, N. D.

DEAR AUNT ANNIE AND UNCLE PAUL:

Dad tells me that you are finally planning to sell your house and move from North Dakota winters to a milder climate for your retirement. May I put in a plug for Oregon? If you had been with Chuck and Wendy and me last week end I wouldn't have to do any arguing.

If we only could show you the greenness of our spring, it even astonished us and we're used to it all the year around. Picture the ragged dark green of heavy stands of Douglas fir, with the pale new green from the first leaves of the deciduous trees against it. Add the white of dogwood.



A network of ten paved Oregon highways connects well-traveled U. S. 99 with coast.



The AAA motorlog car stops to writer and small daughter can inspect a small redwood. Huge stands of larger trees are available on a Myrtle Creek-Crescent City side road.

The pink of old apple orchards in full bloom, the crimson of wild currant, thick marsh yellow of skunk cabbage, solid fields of wild blue iris blown by the sea wind. Look closer for buttercups, wild violets, whole hillsides of wild strawberries.

Put on your sun glasses to drive through the solid lanes of Scotch broom, bright yellow banks of it many times higher than a man. Watch bluejays and swallows and humming birds and white slender gulls. Listen to the repeating beat of surf. Watch the wriggling and astonishing mass of silver smelt as they sweep in on the high tide at Yachats to spawn on their own special sands.

Add a ferryboat ride, broad bridges, ocean-going vessels in harbors, sun-bleached pilings in rivers and bays. Walk out to the farthest point beyond a westward-warning lighthouse. Steer an outboard motor across a placid freshwater lake, throw out a fly—or an anglerworm—and catch a trout or a bluegill. Stop for a double-dip ice cream cone.

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Surprise a quick-footed doe on a mountain pathway. Shudder with the amazement of identifying the track of a cougar in soft mud. Eat a New York cut steak so thick you have to leave some on your plate. Buy a fresh cooked crab from a roadside stand. Stand silent before a redwood growing before Columbus ever thought of the New World. That's only a sample of our three-day trip. This motorlog took us over 1001 miles of highway and to everything I listed above—and much more.

Synchronized department propaganda machines went to work on every cut, to harp that budget reductions mean only a restriction of services. That payroll remain the same is proved by Democrat Senator Harry Byrd's figures. Mr. Truman plays the New Deal game by tossing expensive, pseudo-social proposals into the Congressional lap as fast as he can think of them to create the impression that the Republican Congress gave tax relief unwisely.

With the aid of his State Department he plugs for greater European relief; he presents mounting national defense claims that seem inconsistent, yet which serve to sharpen the horns of the Congressional dilemma. Now he digs deep into the Harry Hopkins bag for increased social security and other such "reforms" that all sound wonderful, but have one big common catch—they all require the taxpayer's dollar.

It all adds up to a Presidential budget of more than \$43 billion, which threatens to wipe out our new take-home pay increase for many pay days to come. That's Mr. Truman's position today. Every dollar that Congress tries to save in expenditures he "balances" with a new expenditure plan for another cause—any cause. At the present time it is estimated that Congress is \$500 million or more ahead in the reduction contest, which is just about \$2.7 billion short of what they should be—that is, \$2.7 billion short of making ends meet.

And there are still 2,000,000 government employees helping to spend more than 5 times as much money as the government spent before the war—WPA and all!

Mr. Truman may choose now to keep payrollees rather than maintaining services; but the taxpayer may put in a veto in November.

4-H Club News . . .
The Wee Little Workers Sewing and Cooking club, led by Mrs. John Graves, with Betty Graves and June Van Winkle as junior leaders met at the John Graves home on Saturday, May 22. Officers were elected at this meeting: Janet Howton, president; Shirley Meyers, vice president; Judith Howton, secretary; Marlene Griffith, reporter.

The junior members worked on their needle cases during the afternoon. Lunch of salad and cocoa made by the club members was served to the nine members present.

The next meeting of this club will be held June 5 at the Jasper Meyers farm on Butter creek.—Marlene Griffith, reporter.

MISSIONARY MEETING
Mr. and Mrs. Algott Lundell will be hosts at their home in Gooseberry Sunday afternoon to the Ladies Missionary society of the Valley Lutheran church. The group will assemble at 2:30 p.m. The meeting will be open to members and friends.

Mrs. Will Morgan and Mrs. ton Morgan were Heppner visitors Saturday from Monument. They came to assist the American Legion auxiliary in the annual Poppy Day campaign. Mrs. Will Morgan said her husband is to return home this week from the veterans hospital in Portland where he had been several weeks taking treatments and recuperating from a severe heart attack.

HEPPNER GAZETTE TIMES
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O. G. CRAWFORD
Publisher and Editor

30 YEARS AGO

From Heppner Gazette Times June 6, 1918

The public is hereby notified that the speed limit is 15 miles per hour. Anyone exceeding that limit will be arrested and prosecuted.—W. W. Smead, mayor.

A class of six girls and six boys graduated from Heppner high school on Friday last. They are Norma Frederic, Neva Hayes, Lea Briggs, Isabel Wilson, Anna Doherty, Florence Ralston, Vawter Crawford, Garnet Barratt, Norton Winnard, Leo Nicholson, Arthur Campbell and Earl Gordon.

M. D. Clark, local merchant, went to Portland Monday where he took the Scottish Rite degree in Masonry. He is a member of the Liberty class inducted at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Johannes Troedson and daughter, Miss Anna, of Morgan were in Heppner Monday. Their son Carl is now in France, having enlisted a short

time ago with a regiment of engineers.

Peter Bauernfeind, well known Morgan resident, made his first trip to Lexington this week in 25 years. He was here to look after some land matters in the Frank Habelt estate.

Free Soo, a Chinese gardener on the Alex Cornett place in the lower end of town, died last Saturday after a brief illness.

Miss Isabel Wilson, a member of the graduating class, has accepted a position in the Heppner postoffice.

Heppner Elks lodge will hold flag day exercises in their lodge rooms Friday evening, June 14.

W. F. Barnett, Lexington merchant, transacted business in Heppner Tuesday morning. He and Mrs. Barnett and Miss Dona returned last week from Portland where they went to consider plans for their new residence

which they expect to erect in the near future.

Washington Week

By CHARLES L. EGENROAD

Washington, D. C.—The taxpayer's dollar has become the President's pawn to block the success of the 80th Congress in fulfilling its 1946 election promise to the nation.

Every effort of the 80th Congress to save dollars for the American taxpayer has been met with a challenge that has its roots in the New Deal.

Proof of the pudding does not come from Republican sources but, strangely enough, from the Democrats themselves—beginning with President Truman's comment a year or so ago when he said: "This is not the time for a tax cut." Since then many things have happened for the good and the bad of the American taxpayer.

Congress talked of cuts in government expenditures, and actually succeeded in slicing off more than \$2 billion last year. But now it finds that, without Administrative control of budget cuts, only services to the public get reduced, while bureaucratic payrols remain unaffected.

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PENDLETON'S MOTOR-IN THEATRE

Show Time—When darkness permits

Friday-Saturday, June 4-5:
"ESCAPE ME NEVER"
Errol Flynn, Eleanor Parker, Ida Lupino
Warner News and Cartoon Comedy

Sunday-Monday, June 6-7:
"LOVE AND LEARN"
Jack Carson, Martha Vickers, Janet Paige (Miss Dam Site)
Color Cartoon—Short Subjects
—also News

Tues.-Wed.-Thurs., June 8-9-10:
Double Feature
"ADVENTUR EISLAND" in Cinecolor
Rory Calhoun and Paul Kelly
"BOWERY BUCKAROS"
The Bowery Boys
Technicolor Cartoon

KEELED COOL

COOLING, COMFORTING, REFRESHING
FOUNTAIN DRINKS — naturally suggest

June

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SODA, SUNDAE, COKE, or your own special
favorite at our soda fountain.

Saager's Pharmacy

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Watches, Clocks, Diamonds
Expert Watch & Jewelry
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Office upstairs Rooms 11-12
First National Bank Bldg.
Phones: Office 783, Home 932
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Phone 2832
Superior Dry Cleaning
& Finishing
- N. D. BAILEY**
Cabinet Shop
Lawn Mowers Sharpened
Sewing Machines Repaired
Phone 1485 for appointment
or call at shop.
Heppner, Oregon

An old-fashioned American was a fellow who thought nothing should cost more than five times what it was worth.—Cuba (Mich.) News & Review.

Listening to Chairman McGrath's protests that Harry is just misunderstood brings to mind the shrewd statement of a Southern preacher, "Excuses am de skin ob de trufe stuffed wid a lie."

If you axe us what we think of the President's success in splintering the Democrat party we'll remind you of the old saw: "He's not the best carpenter that makes the most chips."

With prices what they are today, when you call a man a ham you are really inferring that he is worth a lot of money.—Waterloo (Ind.) Press.

Bureaucrat: One who proceeds in a straight line from an unwarranted assumption to a foregone conclusion.

Copper & Brass Ware

—rust proof, lacquered, handspun—
in Chinese Lanterns, Wishing Wells,
Scalls and Planter Lamps . . .
A shining addition to any room in the house.

Flowers, in and out of season
Flowers for any occasion.
The Flower Shop