

EDITORIAL



In The Same Boat Finally

Secretary Snyder recently observed that any further increases in income taxes must fall with the greatest weight on people with small and moderate incomes.

This should destroy, once and for all the old illusion that we can pay for the government by the simple expedient of soaking the rich.

In the higher brackets, the income tax is now only one step short of confiscatory.

This should have one extremely salutary effect. Everybody—from the man who works with his hands to the executive who runs a big company—now has a direct and personal interest in taxation.

The Freight Cars Are Rolling

U. S. Senator Carlson of Kansas recently paid high tribute to the railroad industry, the Association of American Railroads and the Interstate

Commerce Commission for the manner in which they have cleared up the boxcar shortage situation in the West.

The boxcar problem was the result of a number of factors, of which one of the most important was the outbreak of the Korean war and the sudden step-up in the rearmament program.

In April alone, deliveries of new domestic freight cars totaled 8,274, an increase of 18 per cent above the March figure and 41 per cent above February.

Looks Like A Good Move

It is encouraging to see the city take steps to establish a fund for the construction of a sewer system and sewage disposal plant.

retiring of bonds that may have to be issued to get actual construction underway.

The tax levy would not run in excess of ten years. So far as the water meter assessment is concerned, that is in the province of the council and could be discontinued or extended as necessity demands.

Words of encouragement have come from many citizens who feel that the question of installing a sewer system in Heppner has long since passed the question of necessity.

There seems no justifiable reason for seeking delay in the construction of a sewer system. It will have to come sooner or later and having in mind the trend towards higher labor costs, to say nothing of materials and engineering, it would seem the sensible thing to do would be to

support the council's proposal.

The editorial tile is doffed to Miss Ingrid Hermann of Ione, choice of the committee for queen of the 1951 Morrow County Fair and Rodeo.

"Some Americans, stricken with fear, are willing to barter freedom for some small measure of safety and survival."—David Lawrence, Mayor of Pittsburgh.

"There are billions of dollars that can be cut from the non-military budget. And they should be. Why should the American taxpayer tighten his belt when the Government continues its merry spending spree?"—Oakland, Calif. Voice.

"Many Americans do not doubt this country's financial ability to maintain the nation in a garrison state for a number of years, or even to fight a full-guaged war, if necessary.

The American Way

THE "MAN" FOR THE JOB

By GEORGE PECK

History is a-making in Mississippi this year. For the first time a woman tossed her hat into the ring for the governorship of that state.

Mrs. Cain's platform is predicated on one idea and I quote her: "To restore to the people of Mississippi their sovereign rights as citizens of their state and the United States."

1. Refuse any further Federal Grants-In-Aid. 2. Reduce taxes. Specifically, abolish state income tax, black market tax, admission tax, estate tax, chain store tax, slot machine tax and malt tax.

3. Reduce cost of state government by consolidation, transfers and eliminations of existing (106) state bureaus and agencies to a total of 26.

4. Tax the cooperatives. (Mrs. Cain believes they would prefer to be taxed as a matter of fairness. They've never had an opportunity to pay).

5. Sound public health program but within the bounds of state and county aid only. No federal funds. 6. Opposition to all New Deal socialism which includes subsidies for farmers, unemployment compensation, federal aid to education, socialized medicine and compulsory health insurance.

7. Purge present Welfare Department rolls, repudiate further federal aid and make sure that

only absolutely destitute people are aided by that department. . . . 11. Suitable laws to protect the right of Labor to belong to a labor union or not, as it sees fit.

That, my friends, is quite a platform. But, if elected, will the lady live up to it? Is it just another candidate making a lot of promises for the sole purpose of getting elected? Well, let's look at the record—Mary Cain's record.

In 1943, during World War II, U. S. Senator Bankhead introduced a bill, part of which proposed to subsidize small-town weekly newspapers.

Reaching for her typewriter, Mary Cain dashed off an editorial that was copied in thousands of newspapers across the nation. Part of that editorial follows:

"And now the press of the nation is being approached with an insidious scheme to PAY for our patriotism. My paper is small—so small that I wonder at my temerity in speaking thus. It is poor—so poor that it depends almost entirely upon the job work I do to sustain it. . . . I am a young woman who could use a goodly sum such as this would net me. But, I tell you frankly, even if this bill passes, I shall not accept the money. . . . This is an independent newspaper. It accepts no pay for government advertising and publishes only what it deems best for the needs of this town."

In large measure due to this editorial the Bankhead Bill was not enacted and the free voice of the rural press was saved. Again space does not permit recounting the many things Mary Cain has said and done to prove she is bitterly opposed to paternalistic government, even when it promises to feather her own nest.

Not being a citizen of Mississippi, I have no vote there. I wish I were, as it would give me great pleasure to vote for Mary Cain as often as the Mississippi law would permit. She strikes me as being just the "MAN" for Mississippians to install as governor of "Ole Miss."

30 Years Ago

Born on Wednesday, June 15, to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Rhea, a 10-pound girl.

On June 9 City Water Commissioner Pruyon took samples from the water in the city mains and forwarded them to the state board of health. The report shows the water is pure and contains no injurious properties.

The 10 year old son of Lawrence Redding suffered the breaking of an arm Tuesday when he took a fall at the family home in Eight Mile.

Mrs. J. L. Wilkins came up from Arlington Tuesday evening where she enjoyed a visit with her father, E. C. Maddock at the Grande hotel. She will visit friends here for a few days before returning to her home in Astoria.

Mayor Noble and his wife moved into their new home this week. The new residence is one of the finest in the city. J. E. Higley, recently with the Northwestern National Bank of

Portland, has been elected to the position of assistant cashier of the Farmers & Stockgrowers National bank of this city. He has taken the place of C. M. Sims who recently resigned. D. A. Wilson, who has been bookkeeper for the bank for several months, has also resigned.

Postmaster Richardson informs us that beginning July 1 the delivery window at the post office will be closed on Sundays and holidays.

The Umpqua River route to Reedsport was originally surveyed for a railroad and was later abandoned, even though over a million dollars had been spent on a tunnel.

The Smithsonian Institute will investigate three former Indian camps back of McNary Dam on the Columbia river in Oregon now under construction. The Institute hopes to uncover Indian relics before the waters backed by the dam cover them.

HEPPNER GAZETTE TIMES

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O. G. CRAWFORD Publisher and Editor

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Colorful John Day Country Has Horses—Fossilized or Frisky

This motorlog condensation, which appeared originally in the June 3 issue of the Sunday Oregonian Magazine section, is the third of an annual series sponsored by the Oregonian and the Oregon State Motor Association. This and subsequent motorlogs were based on winning event motorlogs from the Oregonian's recent "My Sentimental Journey" contests.

BY LEVERETT G. RICHARDS CRAZY over horses?

Try Grant county, a horse heaven where past, present and future meet. If you don't like your horses alive and lively you can dig them, old and ossified, out of Oregon's famous fossil beds.

There's a changing panorama of scenery ranging down from the spectacular to the soothing. The fossil beds themselves compare with Zion and the Grand Canyon for color, in addition to their archeological interest.

The area is rich in relics of Oregon's own gold rush. It is still the wild and woolly West where a dude can ride the range with sure-enough cow pokes on a newly opened dude ranch, or hunt, fish and loaf if he likes.

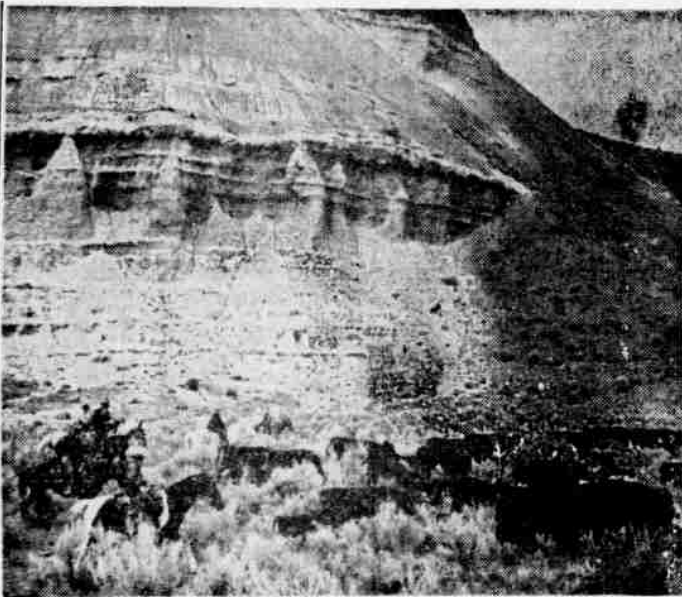
This fascinating fastness has been accessible only by a nine or ten-hour drive through the Columbia gorge via Arlington, until recently. It is only 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 hours from Portland over the motorlog's new direct route. Paving of the last 20 miles over Ochoco mountain in June will speed it up still more.

You hit the John Day river deep in a rocky canyon at the junction of highway 28 with highway 19. If you're heading on eastward to John Day, drive slowly and watch for Picture gorge, which starts at the junction. It isn't marked by any sign.

But on the south side of the highway immediately adjacent to mile-post 125 you'll find the Indian pictographs that give the gorge its name—if you get out and look for them. The strange, prehistoric figures are painted in red ochre on an oil base at the foot of the rock cliff.

You'll want to see more of the John Day valley, but we first turned north on highway 19 to follow the John Day gorge to the fossil beds.

Following this busy little river you find yourself suddenly in another world, where



Rounding up dogies in shadows of John Day fossil beds.

sabre-toothed tigers stalked the ornery oreodon only a few score million years ago, where rhinos roamed and turtles did whatever turtles do. Most of their bones have turned to stones while waiting for man to find them. But the beds in which they have snoozed away their Rip Van Winkle past are bedight in all the latest shades of shocking pink, blue, green, mauve and lemon. The whole earth-long story is told in one bold, dramatic tale in Sheep rock, towering 3566 feet above the sea level, 1337 feet above the river at milepost 123.

There is a turnout and historical marker, but there are no name posts for this or other points of interest. To find them better clip out this article. They aren't marked on the maps, either.

Driving down the gorge alongside the racing John Day you will catch continual glimpses of other fossil beds in technicolor, along canyon walls capped by flows of lava. At milepost 119 a sign "Fossil Beds" directs you (not by name) to Turtle Cove, called by scientists "the best and most extensive fossil collecting ground" in the region, which is considered one of the most important in the United States.

It's more than that. It's a temple of natural beauty that rivals the Taj Mahal or the cathedral at Rheims for beauty of color and architecture.

Even more striking is the Cathedral formation that smites the eye as you round a sharp curve just before you hit milepost 116. This is one of eight state parks in the Grant county area, but is inaccessible at present and unmarked by signs.

Here the canyon narrows to the point of claustrophobia, only to widen suddenly at about milepost 111 into a peaceful panorama straight from a storybook. It looks like a natural golf course with the rampaging John Day foaming and dashing in a

wide curve through the middle of it. That's just what it is—a sporting nine-hole golf course.

It's also the 70-acre front yard of Art Waldorf and his Rodeo Canyon dude ranch, capable of accommodating 80 guests—the first answer so far supplied to the question of what to do when you get to central Oregon, besides digging fossils. Waldorf, his wife Rena; his son, Jimmy; his pretty blond daughter, Betty, and her husband, Bill Amis, started out running cattle on their 36,000-acre spread in the heart of the fossil beds.

They had no intention of duding. But the location, the spacious ranch houses, the easy Waldorf hospitality and the ranch-house cooking that always tastes like more proved an irresistible lure. Plenty of fossilized oreodons—a hog that ate like a cow—and whole herds of three and five-toed Eohippus horses have been found on the farm.

But they are a little old for riding, about 50,000,000 years too old. So we settled for a couple of 5-year-olds and joined the buckaroos who were bent on moving the main herd of 400 or so Black Angus cattle up the canyon wall to the open range on top.

On a good night's sleep—on our stomachs—the motorlog headed back to highway 28 toward John Day.

John Day and Canyon City, hub of the John Day country, are booming now, what with lumber and livestock both in urgent demand. But today's boom is just bubble-gum size compared to the excitement of the gold rush of 1862 that brought a reported 10,000 diggers to pitch their tents in Canyon City.

History of John Day and Canyon City is relived annually in its June '62 Days, while the county fair at John Day in September is one of the finest, with a parade rivaling the Pendleton Round-Up.

