

# Heppner Gazette Times

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER  
The Heppner Gazette, established March 30, 1883. The Heppner Times established November 18, 1897. Consolidated February 15, 1912



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## FROM THE HORSE AND BUGGY TO THE SPUTNIK. . .

Late in January of this year, the Gazette-Times received the following poetic accounting of a man's life. . . a man who was embarking on his 86th year. Most of those many years were spent in Morrow county.

This editor felt that the author, Spencer Akers, now a resident of Aumsville, Oregon, in writing of his feelings of those years, and what he hoped for in the future, had unknowingly and unintentionally provided us with a near-perfect work for use on the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Gazette-Times. This newspaper today observes its Diamond anniversary and we think it only right that what little delving into the past we are doing this week, should be done by a person who has seen this paper throughout practically all its life. His remembrances of the past are vivid as only can they be by a person who actually saw the changes take place—not by a Johnny-come-lately of the age of this editor who would have to rely on hearsay for his information. Most of his story was recorded through the years in the pages of the Gazette or the Gazette-Times.

We extend our thanks to Mr Akers for his contribution to our very limited anniversary observance this week, and until now he does not know how, or even if, it is to be used. The letter he wrote us when sending us the poetic history is also a part of the story, and we preface his writings with it:

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing some verse. Do as you like about publishing it. Being of the nature that it is I could hardly make it shorter. It is, as you can see after reading it, a picture of some of the things I have seen in this wonderful age of human progress and my reaction to same. I just merely touched upon some of the highlights depicting the scenes coming into view as I traveled along life's highway leading up to my eighty-fifth birthday. I could have made it twice as long and then would not have told half of man's success in reading Mother Nature's secret code relating to increasing his standard of living, health and happiness.

If you will turn back the pages of the Gazette-Times 50 years or more when your paper was known as the Heppner Gazette, you will notice some verse of mine in large type covering half the front page, titled "The High Cost of Living". In viewing the Oregonian today, Jan 21st. Art Brisbane pictures the high cost of living asleep in a tent on the pinnacle of a high mountain and John Q Public trying to awaken him by calling to his attention the business slump, unemployment drop, etc., it reminded me of that piece of poetry I wrote for the Gazette, more than a generation and a half ago, when you could buy a pair of overalls for 50 cts and could get a good meal at the Farmers hotel in Heppner for 25 cts. I have a copy of the Gazette of that date which makes pretty interesting reading. "Including my poetry" some might say.

Yours Truly, —

How do I feel at eighty-five?  
I feel that still I'm much alive.  
And with my automobile I ride,  
With Rose, my wife, close by my side.  
Down the pleasant life's highway,  
Just like I did in a former day.  
Those dusty roads of long ago,  
Weren't like the present roads you know;  
And Dobbin with his faithful mate,  
They only had a five-mile gait.  
And ruts and rocks along the way,  
Obstructed my journey in that day.  
In thinking about that ancient time,  
Induced me to write this rhythm and rhyme.  
Those horse and buggy days to me,  
Were filled with joy, mirth and glee.  
But no better days than they are now,  
When to my eighty-sixth year I bow.  
An octogenarian guy you know,  
Must use some sense and take it slow.  
Let others pass you if they must,  
Just stay behind and take their dust.  
They soon perhaps will run out of gas,  
You then can toot your horn and pass.  
I'll take it slowly so that I,  
Can view the scenes as I pass by.  
The new horizons coming into view,  
Is ever making the scenery new.  
All this has caught my scanning eye,  
As one by one they pass me by.  
The old millstone in time gave way,  
To the rolling mills of the present day.  
The horse and buggy we use to see,  
Progress took from you and me.  
And gave instead the automobile,  
Which proved to be a goodly deal.  
The airplane too, soon hove in sight,  
Manned by brothers whose name was Wright.  
This novel thing has come to be,  
A means of traffic o'er land and sea.  
I search the past a little deeper,  
And see the great McCormick reaper.  
And then the binder and combine,  
Which quickly came along in line,  
And greatly eased the farmers load,  
In harvesting the fields he sowed.  
The sulphur drug and penicillin,  
Has come along to kill the villain—  
The deadly microscopic bugs,  
We're thankful for those wonder drugs.  
There's many blessings that I find,  
Which came along to help mankind.  
From a new material called cellophane,  
To the diesel engine that pulls a train.  
Science has made it possible for man,  
To greatly lengthen his own life's span.  
He's greatly shortened his hours of toil,  
Tho he be a man who tills the soil,  
Or a union man who works in a shop,  
Or a miner, clerk or a common bell-hop.  
All these things and very much more,  
Were ushered in since days of yore.  
And now we turn another page,  
Which brings us to the atomic age.  
All those changes from the past,  
Makes one marvel and stand aghast.  
But the atomic age as it unfolds,  
Is much more wonderful to behold.  
The atomic age, what does it mean,  
Which came so quickly upon the scene?  
Does it mean that you and I,  
By letting some ruthless Russian spy  
Steal our secrets and get control,  
Thereby reaching their aim or goal  
Of making slaves of you and me,  
By bombing this nation from sea to sea?  
Or does it mean that all are bound  
To journey on to higher ground,  
And strive for peace for all we're worth,  
And make a heaven here on earth?

The nation's scientific field,  
Which for so long has been concealed,  
Is opening up throughout the nation,  
Revealing results of education.  
Contentment we note is mankind's goal,  
Including how to save his soul.  
We wonder when turning the atomic leaf,  
If joy is meant for the world or grief.  
A maniac if given the power,  
Can, in minutes or possibly an hour,  
Turn this planet upsidedown,  
Bringing havoc to every city and town.  
The Russian satellite I must mention,  
Which now is having the world's attention.  
Sputnik one surprised the world,  
As round and round the earth it whirled.  
But Sputnik two with Laika inside,  
And forced to take that long, long ride,  
Has caused Uncle Sam to prick up his ears,  
And greatly enhance his growing fears.  
It makes one wonder if Sputnik three  
Might be intended for you and me.  
And wing along like a great big stork,  
And drop its bundle upon New York.  
Uncle Sam scinges and trembles in fear,  
That its real destination might be right here.  
I'm hoping that Iven the great big bear,  
Won't suddenly come from his secret lair,  
And launch a deadly satellite,  
Intended to start a third world fight.  
This very thing the Russians could do,  
If the evidence we have is really true.  
All these changes have come about,  
Since I, the writer started out,  
In '73 on life's highway,  
In the tall-corn state of old Iowa.  
And came to Oregon in eighty-seven,  
A place some folks call Little-Heaven.  
Altho I'm pretty short on wealth,  
I'm rich in happiness and health.  
Too many times have I been told,  
At the rainbow's end there's a pot of gold.  
And all you'll have to do they'd say,  
Is pick it up and pack it away.  
On paying a fee and hastening there,  
I'd find it had vanished into thin air.  
It seemed those games of get-rich-quick,  
For me were very hard to lick.  
I've found that he who lives for gain,  
His life is shortened in the main.  
I'm thankful that I never sold,  
My lease on life for a pot of gold.  
To be contented and shun all fears,  
Has been my motto in later years.  
'Twill cure your ulcers and you'll feel better,  
If you'll follow this motto to the letter.  
Too many times I've been led astray,  
Which made it hard to get on my way.  
Even tho you go slow or a little faster,  
Some of the roads will lead to disaster.  
So one must ever be on the alert,  
And shun tricky roads and avoid getting hurt.  
So I take the road that looks the best,  
Tho it leads north, south, east or west.  
And if the road proves to be O.K.,  
I make good time along the way.  
Mills and valleys must come and go,  
While riding fast or going slow.  
The Bible says the life of men,  
Is set at three-score-years and ten.  
Those fifteen years I had to borrow,  
To make me eighty-five tomorrow.  
A lucky guy I happen to be,  
To be a long limb on my family tree.  
So this is my prayer that you and I,  
Will witness world peace before I die.

Spencer Akers,  
Aumsville, Oregon

## Volume 75, Number 1

Today, those figures appear on the front page of the Gazette-Times and they mean that with this issue this newspaper is celebrating the 75th anniversary of its founding.

We're not making much of a commotion about it, but we are just a little bit proud to be one of the few newspapers in Oregon to reach such a ripe old age, and if we reminisce a little we hope our readers will forgive us.

The old Heppner Weekly Gazette was, as far as we can determine, the first newspaper published in Heppner. Our records are very incomplete due to the loss of old files during one of the big fires to play a part in the town's early history, but it appears that the Gazette was established by Otis Patterson on March 30, 1883 and has been published continuously since under that name, or a combination of names resulting from the consolidation of subsequent publications with the Gazette. The discrepancy between the March 30 date and the date of this week's paper comes from the vagaries of our calendar which runs in a few extra days now and then. A weekly newspaper publishes 52 issues a year numbering each one from 1 to 52, then starting over. Last week we published the 52nd issue of our 74th year with the result that today we celebrate our 75th birthday—even if it is a few days ahead of schedule.

A lot of changes have taken place in those 75 years, and elsewhere on this page is the story of those changes told by a man who personally witnessed most of them.

In the newspaper field, the Gazette-Times has outlived quite a few other publications that once were a part of Morrow county. The Heppner Times, which was established here in 1897, lived for nearly 15 years before it was consolidated with the Gazette to form the name combination this paper still carries. Along the way too, was the Heppner Herald, but it dropped from sight in the early part of the century. Ione also boasted a paper at one time, and though we have never seen a copy, we understand that Lexington had its own in years past. There may have been others,

too, that we don't know about. Today, the Gazette-Times is the third oldest weekly newspaper to be published continuously since its founding in all of Eastern Oregon. The granddaddy of all Oregon weeklies is our next door neighbor, The Blue Mountain Eagle at John Day. It came into being in 1868. There are only 8 weeklies in the whole state, with longer whiskers than ours and we rank 21st in age among all newspapers, daily and weekly, published in Oregon.

A lot of ink has been spilled since the first Gazette came off the press and those subsequent pages have related some of the most important events in all history—the events of you and your family.

In writing about a small-town newspaper, a Midwestern small-town editor recently commented when called to task by a reader who complained that his paper merely carries "too many ads" or "all that stuff about Mrs Jones visiting with Mrs Smith last Saturday:

"... And yet somehow that small town newspaper carries the entire life of its community when serious reflection is employed. Little Miss Nancy Smith was born at the hospital and weighed 8 pounds 2 1/2 ounces. Little Nancy Smith entered kindergarten this week. Nancy Smith scored 14 points in the basketball game Tuesday night. Nancy Smith, the daughter of Mr and Mrs Joe Smith was married Sunday to Billy Jones. A son, John Jones was born to Mr and Mrs Billy Jones. Time passes—Mr and Mrs Billy Jones celebrated their 50th anniversary on Thursday evening—and services for Mrs Billy Jones were held Monday at the local church.

"So there it is—a slowly developing, nothing sensational story—repeated week in and week out. It's the story of small towns everywhere.

"No news—just the story of life."

That's what the Gazette-Times has tried to tell during the past 75 years—the story of life in Heppner and Morrow county. And, that's what we hope to do in the years ahead.

## THIRTY YEARS AGO

From the files of the  
Gazette Times  
March 15, 1928

A progressive dinner party was featured at the home of Mr and Mrs Gay M Anderson on Saturday evening. Mr and Mrs Anderson, Mr and Mrs J O Hager, and Dr and Mrs F E Farrior being hosts and hostesses.

Mr and Mrs Chas Cox, Mr and Mrs H A Cohn and Dr and Mrs A H Johnston entertained Tuesday evening at the Johnston home. Bridge was the diversion of the evening with 60 guests present.

Quite a bit of snow fell over the Hardman country and reached down as far as Rhea Creek Tuesday night.

The "H" club members very ably entertained the other students at Heppner high school Friday, March 9, with a pantomime of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Those taking part were Fletcher Walker, Henry Robert-

## From The County Agent's Office

By N. C. Anderson

At a recent meeting of the executive committee of the Morrow County Wheat Growers Association and representatives of the various farm organizations of the county, some of the projects and programs of the Oregon Wheat Growers League were outlined and explained. Of concern to wheat growers in this area now is the removal of white wheat from the Public Law 480 program. As a result, white wheat exports have slowed up considerably. At least one trip to Washington, D. C. has been made by officers of the league to have this situation remedied. With considerable amount of league money having been spent in the Far East to develop markets of white wheat,

Clarence Hayes, Gerald Slocum, Howard Evans, Terrell Bengel, Stephen Thompson, Val-olice Bramer, Onez Parker, Harold Gentry and Homer Hayes.

officials are concerned now that these potential users cannot obtain their needs. Recently the league has been assured something will be done on this.

Those wheat growers who have wondered about some of the actual accomplishments of the league will be interested in a recent report made by the Pacific Northwest Grain and Grain products Association which is sponsored by various segments of the wheat industry including growers, dealers, millers, country and terminal elevators, to which the league makes a substantial contribution. Since 1952 Pacific Northwest wheat growers have saved nearly \$5,000,000 in the cost of shipping their crops to market below what the freight bill would have been if railroads had been allowed to put in all of the rate increases they have asked for. Increases requested by carriers since 1951 have amounted to 50.12% with this association

being able to hold down the allowed increases to 28.18%. This one item alone has paid the wheat man many memberships in his local and state association.

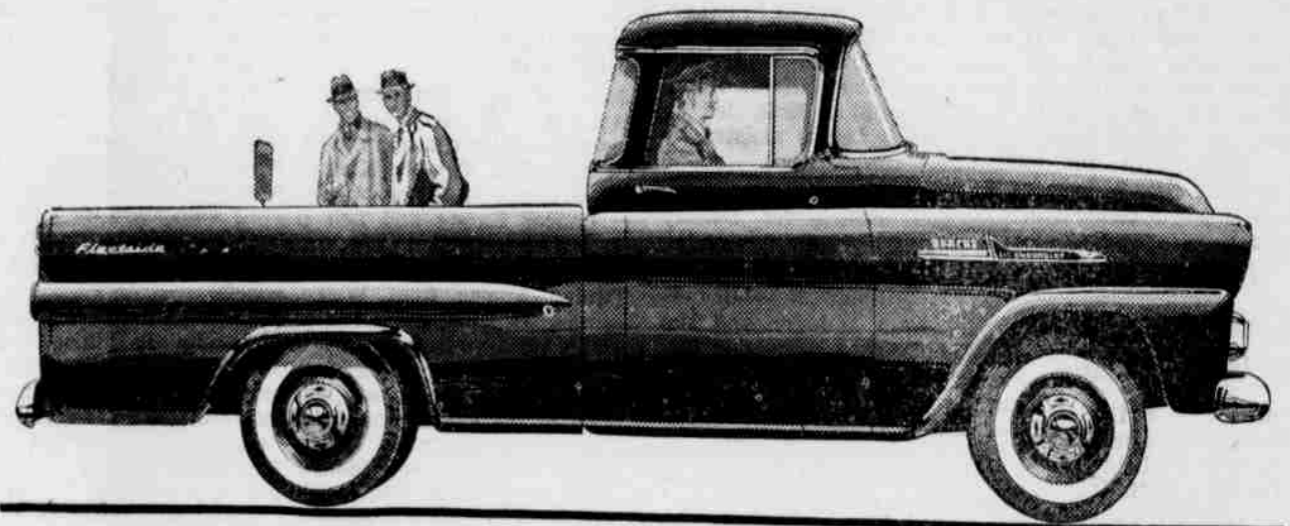
Pruning and grafting demonstrations have definitely been scheduled for Friday, March 21. There will be one in the morning and one in the afternoon in different sections of the county. Specific places where these demonstrations will be held have not yet been scheduled waiting to hear from persons who might like to have one at their place. C O Rawlings, horticultural specialist, Oregon State college will assist with the demonstrations.

Recently the state board of agriculture at one of their meetings discussed integrated farming including contracting. Robert J Steward, state director of agriculture told the group that the day is here when Oregon farmers should know their market in advance of production plans. This will help gear their operations to provide a quality product that will command high consumer acceptance. Board members who represent all areas of the state and most segments of agriculture noticed that in general those enterprises operating on an integrated basis tend to have greater economic stability. They point out that while farmers who contract may lose some freedom of choice in production and marketing decisions some have gained greater economic security by having an assured market for what they produce. It is impossible to pick up a farm paper any more without seeing reports on vertical integration and its rapid spread from area to area and from commodity to commodity. With a

(Continued on Page 5)

### STAR THEATER

Thurs, Fri, Sat, March 13, 14, 15  
**April Love**  
Pat Boone, Shirley Jones, De-  
lores Michaels.  
Sun, Mon, March 16, 17  
**The Hunchback of  
Notre Dame**  
Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony  
Quinn. Sunday, at 4, 6 and 8  
Tues, Wed, March 18, 19  
**A Man Called Peter**  
Richard Todd, Jean Peters.  
Tuesday night is Lexington  
night and Wednesday is  
Church street, Heppner night.  
Register for free ticket. See our  
monthly program for details.



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