

Heppner Gazette-Times

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER
PHONE 6-9228

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Thoughts of Fair and Rodeo in the Air

This is the time of year that a person is apt to ejaculate suddenly, "Holy Smoke, school time is just around the corner!"

Although the warm weather belies it, summer is fast on the wane. Indeed, Back-to-School advertisements are beginning to fill the papers and take command of TV and radio commercials.

But even more imminent is the Morrow County Fair and Rodeo.

Committees have been working quietly but industriously on plans for these events for weeks. Suddenly, however, they are just about upon us. The fair opens August 22 and runs through August 25. The rodeo, this year separated from the fair, will be September 2 and 3. Preceding the rodeo will be the Wranglers' horse show on Friday, September 1.

Although we've never been privileged to see any of these events in previous years, we've heard that they have features that make them outstanding in the northwest, and we're among those keenly anticipating these celebrations.

After looking through the fair premium list, we can see that this event will be jam-packed with exhibits and interest. A view of the rodeo program shows that it spells "A-C-T-I-O-N" with a capital A.

The big parade, Wranglers' show, and other special events surrounding the fair and rodeo will make these memorable times for one and all.

Many will be participating, of course, but it is time for others to mark the dates to attend. And it's time for everyone to contact friends elsewhere and invite them to come.

Litterbugs on the Loose

An editorial in the Hermiston Herald tells of the increasing seriousness of the litter of beer bottles, cans and other trash at Hat Rock park and of accidents caused by it.

An article in the Sunday Oregonian declares, "Small Beer Can Becomes Big Nuisance." It points out that in one year 800 Americans are killed and nearly 75,000 seriously injured as a result of cars striking or swerving to avoid litter on the highways. It adds that more than \$50 million must be spent each year to clean highways alone.

At a recent meeting of the Heppner-Morrow County Chamber of Commerce fear was expressed that private owners of land in the mountains will close their property to recreationists unless visitors stop littering cans, bottle and trash.

Orville Cutsforth tells how grazing cattle which step into discarded open vegetable or fruit cans ultimately die from the resulting injury unless it is discovered, the animal roped, and the can removed.

In a little curbside recess at the corner of Main and Willow streets in downtown Heppner, papers, discarded cartons and trash collect as an unsightly greeting to visitors—within 12 feet of a big trash collection receptacle. Businessmen some years ago, we understand, pungled up quite a bit of money to provide these receptacles.

These are just evidences of the fact that the infestation of the litterbug is becoming increasingly serious. Conscientious citizens have long deplored the litterbug principally because of the unsightliness of his work. But with the increase of population, greater demands on recreation areas, and the increase in throwaway cans and cartons, the problem is becoming a real hazard to life and property.

In Aumsville last year a resident was nearly killed by a beer bottle tossed from a passing car.

Oregon has rather stringent laws aimed at the litterbug, but the problem is to catch him. He's more difficult to stop than the grasshopper infestation.

Missouri has a law that requires those found guilty of littering the highways to clean one mile of roadside. Like many other problems we have, it is probably true that responsibility for scattering trash hangs on the shoulders of a minority of the citizenry. A great many people now carry litterbags in their cars and are careful to use them.

But some don't care, and they don't teach their children to care. If parents would insist that their children pick up every gum wrapper and every milkshake carton that they toss away, the next generation might do better, but many parents don't take that trouble.

We lived across from a drive-in restaurant for two years, and the young people who frequented the place never thought of depositing their paper cups, cartons, napkins and straws in the collection cans. It was all dumped on the ground. Everyone of these patrons, it seems to us, was on his way to becoming a first class litterbug.

The Oregonian story reports, however, that there is an increasing national awareness and indignation at this problem, and an immense advertising campaign is going to come out soon to combat it, prepared by the National Advertising Council.

Unless something is done, there will be an increasing loss of privileges for all because of the damage done by the few. For instance, who can expect a private property owner to allow picnickers on his lands if they leave a mess of trash in their wake?

Great strides have been made in Oregon, particularly, towards forest fire consciousness by the Keep Oregon Green campaign. The public at large now considers it a shameful thing to throw away lighted material in a forested area. A similar intense campaign and even stiffer laws may help eradicate the litterbug.

Of all people, Morrow county residents should be particularly careful because park and recreation areas are at a premium here.

The Chamber of Commerce is interested in a project to help promote parks. One idea might be to get out an attractive placard to post rather profusely through our recreation areas asking the public's cooperation on disposing of trash.

Health Officer Lists 'Dog Don'ts'

Dogs are fine friends, but a few simple "don'ts" can reduce the toll of 600,000 persons bitten by dogs in a single year, says Dr. L. D. Tibbles, Morrow County Health Officer. Don't give dogs to children under six; don't wake dogs suddenly; teach children

to care for and not to tease dogs; don't take food away from dogs or interfere in dog fights; don't run or bicycle with a dog if that excites him. And vaccinate your dog against rabies. Additional information concerning rabies vaccination can be obtained from the health department office (phone 6-9911) or from Dr. J. W. Norene, local veterinarian.

Chaff and Chatter

By Wes Sherman

YOU COULDN'T blame people of Heppner for "bustin' their buttons," so to speak, when they read about Len Gilman clobbering the would-be hijacker of the Boeing 707 in El Paso last Thursday. The incident not only shoved Len into the national limelight, but brought nationwide attention to his home town of Heppner.

These would-be desperadoes just naturally ran into the wrong guy this time. He didn't go for that nonsense, and the blow he delivered would have done credit to a battle on a TV western.

Len, as everyone here well knows is a son of Mrs. Viola Gilman, brother of Chief of Police Dean Gilman, and his wife is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harlan McCurdy, Sr. Their son, Lance, is working for Dick Wilkinson this summer.

We'd say that Len's background pretty well prepared him for the role he played in this aborted hijacking. We remember him at Pacific University and used to write about his athletic exploits as editor of the P. U. Index. He always did seem to be the sort of fellow who could take care of himself and handle the other guy, too, if he needed to. Now he has had years of border patrol duty behind him.

You can be sure that Heppner isn't the only place that will be excited about Len's good work. You can bet that the P. U. Alum-niks will be full of it, which will be all right with the old Badgers in this area including Harlan McCurdy, Ed Dick, Dr. Ed Schaffitz and others.

Brother Dean called Len Monday night and said he talked to him about a half-hour. The latter's main concern was his thought that he has been getting too much publicity.

We hope he forgives us this hometown indulgence, for what little publicity we add through the G-T's little circulation is only a drop in the bucket to what he has already received. The hometown claims a right to be proud of him.

THESE ARE three kinds of ham that we know of: 1. The kind that comes from pigs. 2. The kind that would like to act but can't quite. 3. The dit-da (or Morse code) kind.

Now the term "ham" for the short wave radio boys (category 3) isn't a term of disrespect. It is their own name for themselves. They are Amateur Radio Operators, actually, and where they picked up the name,

"Hams," for themselves, I don't know.

But Heppner is full of "hams" of the radio variety, and more would-be amateurs are springing up all the time. I heard that at one time there were 37 licensed operators in Heppner, which should have given it about the highest ratio per capita of any town in the state.

Dropping by the Wee TV shop the other day, I listened to Haskell Sharrard grinding out "Da-dit, da-dit, da-da, dit-da," (the "CQ" signal, or the call going out to some other "ham.")

Another amateur was trying to make connection with Haskell, and the air waves were full of squawks and squeals.

Among the current radio bugs are Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Raymond, Clarence Baker, Ralph Taylor and Mrs. Etta Parker, all with conditional licenses; Earl Blake, with a general license; and Bill Aldrich and Sharrard with novice tickets.

Another older ham around here is Ray Smith who apparently created quite an interest in the hobby.

But once a guy gets the "bug" he's really gone. There's a fascination to "working" other hams in all parts of the county that grips them, and a real ham will plaster his walls with QSL cards that he gets from other hams he has "worked."

My brother succumbed to the radio fever in his early years and has been licensed since 1927 as WTMA, now operating at Reedville, out of Portland. In earlier years seemed as if he would shut himself up in his "radio shack" and you wouldn't see him for days. The "two-letter" call marks him to all other operators as one of the real old-time hams.

So, wives, mothers, children, be prepared for the worst. Haskell says they are going to start a class this fall, and all interested—men, women, children—are invited to take part.

This is not to discount the work of these boys. In war time or time of emergency they become a very valuable national asset. They can get their code through the air when other methods of communication fail.

SPEAKING of ham, we think the meat in the markets of Heppner is delicious and is a real treat for "foreigners" from the valley. The boys in the meat departments of our local stores put out fine products, and it is

From our EARLY FILES

From the files of the Gazette-Times August 6, 1931

Two large stacks of alfalfa hay, estimated 80 tons, were entirely consumed by fire on the Ralph I. Thompson farm on upper Willow Creek.

The Heppner Log and Lumber Co. installed a planer to run lumber through at the rate of 100 ft. per minute. A box factory will be started in a week to ten days.

Boardman-Mr. and Mrs. Claud Coats and daughter, Echo, motored to Hardman on Thursday to visit relatives.

Mrs. Lucy E. Rodgers and Mrs. Orve Rasmus left Sunday afternoon on a vacation to Bandon.

Special on permanents continued another week. \$5 and \$6 Du-Art permanent waves next week also. Chapin's Beauty Shoppe.

Dr. A. D. McMurdo returned home Sunday evening from the convention of the Eastern Oregon District Medical association held at Wallowa Lake.

One—Publication of the One

among those things that we enjoy here.

And speaking of fine local products, the Morrow County Creamery's Pride of Oregon ice cream is tops. We consume a lot of ice cream in our family, and we have had quite a few varieties, too, but Pride of Oregon is the best. You don't have to take our word for it, either, you can ask Claude Cox who makes it.

The hot weather has been quite a busy time for Claude. He has been furnishing 3600 pounds of ice to the Western Pipe Lines crews alone. They use it in their drinking water.

ROY CARTER, the genial grocer in Howell's Economy Market, is pretty modest about it, but he has written a novel that has a good chance of being published. The title is, "Ballad of The Hunter," and manuscript is now in New York with an agent. It comes from experiences and ideas that Carter has had and observed during the past few years, he said. Other writing Roy has done includes a number of short stories. We surely hope he clicks on the book and know his friends in Heppner would buy a good many copies if it is published.

Independent has ceased after running six years under the ownership of W. W. Head who was also the editor.

TO THE EDITOR . .

Dear Sir,

I request the hospitality of your valuable column for the following lines. I do hope you will help me. And God will help you too, Amen.

I am an African boy 18 years old. 5 ft. 6 inches tall, weight 130 lbs. with black hair, brown eyes and brown in complexion. Writing you from the Lagos, the capital of Nigeria. I should like to have some pen pals all over your wonderful country to exchange Nigeria products with. Nigeria's goods are bony-carvings in shape of human beings and animals, wall plate, knives, candle holders; also walking stick, handbags, slippers, purse, wallet, billfold, all made with crocodile, snake and lizard skins; African comb, callabash, sea-shell bow and arrow, drum, hides and skins of all animals designed ivory, etc. In exchange of shirt, sweaters, sport shirts, dress shirts, all in medium sizes; pants, waist 28 or 29; camera, watches, etc. My hobbies are footballing, boxing, ping-pong and collecting post cards, bill dollars, etc.

I am looking forward to receiving letters from both sexes regardless of age by air mail. God be with us all, Amen.

Oiatunji Osho
16 Princess St.
Lagos, Nigeria

Dear Mrs. Sherman:

I would like to compliment you on your very fine paper. I enjoyed reading it immensely.

I am sure you have seen newspapers which did not attract your attention at all no matter what the headlines read. Well in my work I read from 32 papers up a day, which I only skip read. But I read your paper through yesterday when it arrived and enjoyed it. The type is clear and

Buschke Gives Prize For Barrel Racing

In a story last week telling of prizes offered for various events at the forthcoming Morrow County Rodeo, the committee overlooked one prize.

Claude Buschke of Gilliam and Bisbee is donating a belt buckle for the barrel race of the Oregon Barrel Racing association, Max Barclay, rodeo secretary, states.

the lay out one which was pleasing to read.

I work for "Trade Journals" back east as a correspondent, which I find very interesting.

The very best of luck on your new business.

Enclosed find a check for 1 year subscription also would you please send me your 32-page special "Welcome" edition. I will remit as soon as you let me know the cost.

Yours for more enjoyed reading.

Ann Dickens,
Free-Lance Writer-Photographer
P. O. Box 825
Bend, Oregon

STAR THEATER

Fri. - Sat. Aug. 11-12
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Robert Ryan, John Dehner, Teresa Stratas. Color and CS. Outdoor drama in the towering timberlands. PLUS

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Break 8, show out 10:45

Sun., Mon., Aug. 13-14
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