

Heppner Gazette-Times

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER
PHONE 6-9228

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WESLEY A. SHERMAN
Editor and Publisher

HELEN E. SHERMAN
Associate Publisher



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Heritage of Truth—Frontier of Freedom

This is National Newspaper Week, and the many thousands of papers across the land are observing it in keeping with the theme, "Heritage of Truth—Frontier of Freedom."

A free press is fundamental to our democratic society. It has assumed as one of its duties the vigilant protection of the freedom that we enjoy in America. Truth is not only the heritage of newspapers in this country, but it is the solemn and pledged responsibility of the press.

We are not among those who think newspapers do no wrong. Some papers take their responsibilities as lightly as the citizen who repeatedly fails to vote.

Thus, National Newspaper Week is not only a time to commemorate and applaud the press. It is a time, and particularly so when the international situation is so serious, that newspapers need to examine themselves critically to be sure that they are worthy of the slogan, "Heritage of Truth—Frontier of Freedom."

Americans have a basic faith in the press. Millions almost blindly accept what they read in the papers as truth. To indulge in "yellow" journalism, to dote on sensationalism, to regard the story as the all-important thing without conscience are corruptions of the public trust—serious threats to our way of life.

It is our conviction, however, that most newspaper editors and publishers are dedicated to their jobs. They are guided by ethics in which they earnestly believe, and they act in good conscience, fully aware of their responsibilities.

Recently we have watched Jack Paar on his TV program as he soundly reprimanded the press. This came about after some papers criticized his television programs from Berlin and Russia. He cited instances to prove the press dishonest, inaccurate and unreliable.

Paar no doubt has some basis for his indictments, although he admitted on a recent program that he had been too inclusive and had later decided that not all the press is bad. (This is good to know!)

There is one good thing about Paar's rather vengeful tirades: it subjects the press to critical examination, and it should be able to stand it. Any paper that cannot stand such scrutiny is scarcely worth existing.

Despite the "Press Confess" campaign that he encourages, however, we feel sure that millions of Americans will continue to read their favorite papers with interest and zeal daily because the public has faith in the press.

As a partner in democracy with you—the public—this paper not only invites critical reading but encourages it. We are sure that editors everywhere—those who truly believe in the slogan, "Heritage of Truth—Frontiers of Freedom," feel the same way.

Practical Value of Buying at Home

Young son wanted only one thing for his birthday. We found the article in a local store. It cost \$7.50. Maybe in his exuberance the boy treated it a little roughly when he first used it. Anyway, it came apart.

Next day we took it back to the local store. The proprietor never quibbled. He didn't hesitate; in fact, he didn't even wait to hear the whole story. The article should have given better service, he declared, as he handed over a new one in exchange. It has since proved to be a good product, sold at a fair price.

If we had bought the article 50 miles away where we were not known, we might not have been given such unquestioning treatment. At best, it would have meant another trip, or waiting until we were ready to make the jaunt again. The merchant confirmed our conviction in one of the practical values of trading at home.

We believe that quite a number of people miss the logic in the arguments for trading at home.

There is a school of thought to the effect that a person can more than pay the cost of a trip by taking advantage of bargains in towns some distances away. Perhaps this is true in some instances, but oftentimes the person who makes this statement isn't so well versed on the economics of operating a car as he may be on his buying. Too, he must discount the value of his time to rationalize in this manner. It could be that he is "penny-wise and pound foolish."

It is true that a small town can't offer all the goods and services that can be found in a large one. It is also true that small merchants cannot buy some items at volume discounts and thus offer them at a cheaper figure.

But the home town merchant means much more than that to the consumer. He is the fellow whose taxes go to our schools, our city and our county. He is the fellow who is behind civic and charitable drives; he's the fellow who pungs up for every school annual, every civic and club endeavor; he's the fellow who is trying to build a fine community for you to live in and to raise your children in; he's supporting the local farmer and other industry.

In other words, when you trade with a local merchant, your dollars do double duty. You not only get what you buy, but your money stays home to go to work for you.

When your baby gets sick at night and you need a prescription filled, you don't call a drug store in another town. You phone your local pharmacist and ask him to get up. And he does it, willingly. He's your neighbor and friend.

Suppose your local merchant didn't get enough of your trade to stay in business. Would you enjoy going 50 miles to do ALL of your buying?

Maybe there was a time when Morrow county merchants didn't have to worry about trade going out of the county. But transportation has cut distances. Big stores elsewhere make glamorous appeals. The result hurts.

Perhaps its like a husband comparing his wife to a movie queen. The actress is enticing, no doubt, and she has the glamor, but the wife does his dishes and darns his socks. She gives him a pat on the back when he needs it and helps him when he's sick.

Your local merchant will stick with you when the "super-dupers" in big towns consider your dollars only as statistics in the day's take.

The local merchant asks no handouts, but he is entitled to a fair break. Local consumers should develop a home consciousness. They should trade at home when they can get comparable goods and services at comparable prices.

In this issue of the Gazette-Times merchants are starting a series of advertisements pointing out the advantages and benefits of trading at home. This is a series that has run in many papers throughout the nation, for it is as applicable in Paducah, Ky., as it is here. The person that trades at home is helping his home town.

We urge our readers to take a minute or two to scan these messages when they appear. They have real "meat" in them, and they may bring up some angles of this matter that you have not considered before.

Chaff and Chatter

By Wes Sherman

AT LEAST we now understand some of the problems faced by service station operators.

Jangling of the telephone hauled me out of bed at 1:35 a. m. Saturday. I had been sleeping so soundly that I wasn't sure, as I groped across the front room, whether I was dreaming this or whether the phone was actually ringing. It was.

"Hello," croaks I. "Hello," answered a lively male voice at the other end. "Say, we've run out of gas, and somebody said you'd be glad to come down and get us some."

"We don't have any gas," I managed to moan. "This is a newspaper." (At least, our "gas" is the wrong kind).

"Sorry," returned the chipper voice. "I must have the wrong number. I was trying to call Jack Van Winkle."

Whereupon, had I been the forgiving sort, I should have replied, as the old gag goes, "That's all right; I had to get up to answer the phone anyway."

But I said nothing—just crawled back to bed with a sympathetic thought for the local Chevron dealer.

(By the way, this would be a good time to read the editorial adjoining on trading at home).

THIS INCIDENT took me back a few years to the time that I was covering election returns all night in Polk county. One West Salem precinct hadn't reported, and we couldn't reach them by phone. Walter Foster, district attorney (who by the way has relatives at Lexington), volunteered to go over and see if he could get the dope needed.

By 3 a. m. he hadn't called back, and so I looked up his number in the Salem phone book and placed a call to his residence.

The phone rang about a dozen times before a very sleepy voice groaned, "Hello."

"Is Walter Foster there?" I asked. "No," came the rather disgusted reply. "You have the wrong number."

I looked up Foster's number again. Tried once more, thinking I had given the operator the wrong number.

The phone rang some eight or ten times before the same persecuted voice answered.

"No," he said again in answer to my query, "Walter Foster is NOT here!" Slam!

By this time it was about 3:30 a. m. I checked the book once more. Surely the operator had dialed wrong.

I called her again, and she made another stab at it.

This time it rang only about four times.

"No," came the reply again in a defeated hopeless sob. "Walter Foster has moved to a new address."

It is a pitiful thing to hear a grown man cry.

ED GONTY has been in a fix. The combination slipped on his safe, and he hasn't been able to get it open to gain access to his books and business valuables. Guess there are some experts around who could get it open, but they do their best work between midnight and 5 a. m. Ed doesn't want to wait for them at those hours.

THERE WAS a little bitter discussion at Chamber of Commerce the other day concerning reapportionment of representation in the legislature. Bob Abrams was called on to bring out the pros and cons, and when he mentioned that there was some talk of Eastern Oregon seceding from Oregon and joining Nevada, the members pricked up their ears.

"Say!" interrupted Jim Farley with enthusiasm, "Where will we move Las Vegas?"

A LITTLE BIRD told us that when Esther Kirms came to Heppner, her friends in the Dakotas tried to dissuade her on the grounds that this is a "cow town" and saying, "They drive cattle down Main street there."

Since becoming a Heppnerite, she has overlooked no opportunity to rib her friends about this remark, and whenever she can find a clipping or picture that has to do with cattle on Main street, she sends it to her friends.

(But we even heard tell that in some of these here big cities they even drive auttomobiles down the streets—and drive the pedestrians off.)

The other day Esther proved that the biggest Oregon city, Portland, has cows on Main street. She clipped a picture of the P. I. parade with the herd of Herefords on the street and sent it to her Midwest friends.

TONIGHT is the night of the annual Wrangler Buckburger feed. When my wife and I were

guests at their last meeting, the members seemed to have supreme confidence that any one of a number of members could easily go out and bag a buck for the main course, almost at will.

But some old-timer with long grey beard and glittering eye informed us confidentially that one of the membership in a recent year confidently volunteered to bring a buck, but as the day of the feed neared, he was still without success.

But, ah! Finally he trained his rifle on a horned animal and came forth with the needed meat. However, at that feed the members didn't exactly have "buckburgers," but rather, "goatburgers." The animal that most of the members who consumed

the burgers didn't know the difference.

Now, we hasten to explain that we don't vouch for the accuracy of this story. We only report what was told us.

FIRE CHIEF and Mrs. Charles Ruggles are prepared for all emergencies. Come fire or flood, they handle them calmly. But they had one the other day that threatened to upset their applecart.

A main pipe line gave out in

one of its rusted spots underneath their apartment and seemed intent on washing them away. They had to remove their built-in bathtub to get at the trouble. They managed to plug the leak temporarily, but something went awry, the line became clogged and water service was off in other parts of the building.

The Ruggles were scheduled to go to a wedding in The Dalles, but they had a reception at home instead for the plumber.

The Gazette-Times Staff Extends Greetings During National Newspaper Week



THE GAZETTE-TIMES staff is shown in this recent photo looking at a copy of the Welcome Edition printed June 29. Seated (from left) are Arnold Raymond, shop foreman; Mrs. Wes (Helen) Sherman, associate publisher; Wes Sherman, editor and publisher. Standing (from left), Mrs. Arnold (Avon) Melby, reporter; Mrs. Joe (Bernice) Hartle, press operator and bindery; Bill Sherman, apprentice; Joe Hartle, printer; and Mrs. Howard (Jo) Pettyjohn, society editor. This picture, taken by Charles Ruggles, appeared in the national trade publication, "Plus Business," printed by Metro Associated Newspaper Service.

How Your Home Town Paper Serves You --

- **Your Paper is a Civic Agency:**
The Gazette-Times supports every worthwhile civic improvement in Morrow County.
- **Your Paper Mirrors the Community:**
The Gazette-Times informs you reliably and accurately of all the news in the community. It also presents a picture of Morrow County as it goes to distant places.
- **Your Paper is a Market Place:**
Its classified ads bring an assortment of goods and services each week for buying, selling, trading, for rent.
- **Your Paper is a Public Forum:**
The Gazette-Times gives opportunity for everyone to express his views and airs, pros and cons on issues of concern.
- **Your Paper is an Instrument of Commerce:**
Merchants and businesses display their wares weekly in the Gazette-Times, offering the best bargains and services available.
- **Your Paper is a Guardian of Freedom:**
The Gazette-Times realizes that an informed electorate is a bulwark of freedom. It provides reliable information on proposed legislation and public business.
- **Your Paper is a Community Bulletin Board:**
It tells of coming meetings and events of interest to all organizations and individuals.
- **Your Paper is an Industry:**
Its substantial payroll supports five families, including 30 persons, and most of this payroll is channeled back into the community.
- **Your Paper is a Welfare Agency:**
The Gazette-Times, like all newspapers, champions every project designed to improve public welfare—Red Cross, Cancer Society, Polio Foundation, Youth Groups—and many, many more.
- **Your Paper is a Trusted Friend:**
An estimated 4500 persons read the 1400 copies of the Gazette-Times each week. They welcome it as a trusted friend.
- **Your Paper Brings Entertainment:**
The Gazette-Times offers columns and features designed to bring enjoyment to its readers. It offers a warm, homey tone in its coverage.
- **Your Paper is an Economic Force:**
This paper and its staff are constantly at work to help economic progress of the community, pointing towards healthy development of Morrow County.
- **Your Paper is an Educational Force:**
The Gazette-Times brings articles that educate through informing such as articles from the County Agent and Home Extension Agent to help farm families. It also brings school news, both administrative and student activities.
- **Your Paper Is A Customer:**
It buys thousands of dollars worth of goods and services annually to use in its plant. It pays substantial taxes to support the community.



Heritage of Truth—
Frontier of Freedom

Your Newspaper Constantly Works For You

GAZETTE-TIMES

SERVING ALL OF MORROW COUNTY