

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER
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City Delivery for Heppner

If a person wanted to see representatives of most of Heppner's families and businesses in a single day without traveling all over town, all he would have to do would be to stay at the post office for that day and he could contact a majority of them.

Without city delivery, Heppner residents keep in close contact with this most important medium of communication.

As Postmaster Jim Driscoll pointed out in a talk at the Chamber of Commerce Monday, the Heppner office handled 565,615 pieces of mail in 1964, not including parcel post. Total receipts were more than \$40,000, and the \$40,000 has been considered as the breaking point for establishment of first class offices, although factors other than receipts are also taken into account.

The postmaster said that patrons might want to think about the possibility of seeking city delivery here. He doesn't know just how such a move should be implemented, but it is an interesting thought.

Undoubtedly our home delivery would be welcomed by a segment of our people, especially the elderly and handicapped who find it a chore to make the frequent trips to the post office.

Parcel post delivery would particularly be welcomed by many. Not infrequently does one see someone emerge from the office staggering under a heavy load of parcels.

On the other hand, businesses close at hand might prefer to retain their boxes at the office since they can get there quickly just after the mail has been distributed without waiting for the mail carrier to arrive.

Some day—whether soon or not—city delivery will come to Heppner. It is almost inevitable as the volume grows. Whether it means enough at the present for our residents to push for it is the question. It would be good to hear viewpoints on this.

As it is now, the post office is something more than just a center for the handling of mail. It is a place where our people rub elbows with one another, say their good mornings and exchange jocularities. Some of our residents might use the walk to the post office for their daily constitutional.

But for those who find it hard to get out to pick up the mail or to send a letter, and for those who live a good many blocks away, city delivery would be a welcome thing.

Incidentally, Postmaster Driscoll showed how the Zipcode system is being implemented and how it speeds delivery of the mail. There are probably still some dissenters who look with disdain on this trend towards figures and numbers in every aspect of life. The post office department recognizes their point of view and is tolerant of it—at least for the present. But those who want their mail to get to the destination in the least possible time should not forget "Mr. Zip." Addition of the code means that the letter or parcel can bypass some of the distribution centers and reach the recipient in the shortest time.

Clean Up—Company's Coming!

Getting underway across the broad and scenic wonderland of Oregon is a new summer campaign, "Company's Coming." This is the follow-up of, or complementary to, the now-familiar "Welcome to Oregon" promotion.

During the ensuing months, posters, stickers, publicity, billboards and all sorts of methods will be used to emphasize "Company's Coming," referring of course to the thousands of fortunate tourists who will visit our fine state.

In a sense it is just too bad for us Oregonians that we live in this state. We therefore cannot take a vacation to it. Think of the fortunate ones, for instance, who can leave the smog and congestion of harassed Los Angeles to come to cool, casual uncluttered Oregon on a vacation trip!

But for Oregonians, there are plenty of places in the home state where they can hide themselves and have a grand and glorious time without traveling to distant points. We can go to northeast Oregon, for instance, and in the primitive area there enjoy spectacular scenery not outclassed by the Alps in Switzerland. We can take a run to the coast and relax at the shore in surroundings of sheer grandeur, free and un-congested. Our lakes and rivers are superb. Well we remember the first time we saw Crater Lake and the thought that came to mind, "Surely nothing could be more beautiful than this."

But on the other side of the summer season, we play the role of hosts, and Oregonians more and more achieving a name for unequalled hospitality. Being proud of their state, they are happy to welcome tourists and delight in sharing its beauty and greatness.

There will be a goodly number of tourists coming to Morrow county this summer. The wheat and cattle country has beckoning attractions of its own. No one can say that he has really seen the state until he has come to know the particular beauty of Eastern Oregon.

In our role as hosts we need to put our best foot forward. Now, with spring coming on full tilt, we need to clean up, brighten up and remember "Company's coming."

Ione already has had a cleanup day; the Heppner-Morrow Chamber of Commerce is considering some plans. Downtown we can keep the walks tidy, paint store fronts. Home owners can get their yards in order. Everyone can contribute for the benefit of the company who is coming, and the bonus is that we will enjoy our home county all the more ourselves!

Chaff and Chatter

Wes Sherman

IT IS TRADITIONAL that when a soldier is wounded in combat, he receives a purple heart, but the badge of distinction for a do-it-yourself carpenter is a bulky bandage at assorted places on his person, a favorite place being the fingers, so vulnerable to errant blows of a hammer.

We noticed the other day that do-it-yourselfer Orville Cutsforth has two adjoining fingers on his left hand swathed in bandages, and this testifies that he was injured in the line of duty again. It happened when he was working on the porch or steps to his new home. He dropped a heavy plank on them. One would think that after his years' experience, Orville had long since been entitled to distinction as a do-it-yourselfer, but he has eared his stripes once more.

THIS IS by preface to the fact that this, once more is do-it-yourselfer season. As surely as the grass comes up in the spring, the yen to fix that fence or remodel the kitchen comes to mankind. Probably more truthfully, however, it comes to woman-kind, but she was equipped with elbows to nudge the man of the house into becoming a perhaps not-too-willing do-it-yourselfer.

Surprising is how much a person can do on a project, even though he doesn't know one end of a saw from another, after he gets started. We once launched into a project of finishing a basement room. It got to be an obsession. We'd think of plans through the night and recall getting up at 5 a.m. to go down in pajamas to the basement to implement some idea. That was the time we smashed the left thumb, a la Orville. It was a beautiful sight with its red swollen pulp and a proud black blood blister under a battered nail. A hacksaw cut below added a service stripe.

PROBABLY one of the first elementary things that a do-it-yourselfer learns is that generous and understanding building suppliers manufacture a type of molding to cover any mistake. If your boards don't come within a 1/2-inch of meeting, you can buy an attractive moulding to cover the hole (although some use 1/2-inch putty), and once it is applied, it appears that this trim was a vital and important part of the project (which, under the circumstances, in truth, it is). If you don't saw the moulding straight—and a true do-it-yourselfer never sawed straight in his life—you can buy another moulding for a few cents that covers up the back marks on the bigger moulding.

Many probably have yet to discover what real friends the home carpenter has in his building suppliers. They don't know the sympathetic professional ear they will get by pouring out your troubles to Howard and Jo Pettyjohn, to Tim Moore at Tum-A-Lum or to Erv Anderson. And it's surprising what these kind folks can find to meet your particular problem.

And if you need a gadget to go on the end of that whosis, or a thingamajig for the whatit-out of the kitchen, chances are that John the handy man to have across the street) or Claude Buschke at Gilliam and Bisbee can take care of it.

Folks like Arnie Hedman at and Matt Hughes can help with Case Furniture and Ray Ayers (mole problems, counter tops and that sort of thing. Rancy Lott can help work out electrical problems. A do-it-yourselfer can have some shocking experiences when it comes to wiring.

And when you've earned your spurs after sawing a wrist with a hacksaw or jabbed a screw-driver into your thumb, the Murphys at Humphreys and Jim Myers at Phil's Pharmacy are waiting with all kinds of adhesive bandages and remedies.

SECOND thing to remember is that it is recommended that you live next door to a building contractor. (We did when we built the basement room, and his doorbell rang more in that period than it ever did before. We'll always remember Norman Gatz, Dallas, for his help! Usually you can milk him for a little needed advice, and if you play your cards right, you can generally get him to come over and demonstrate. At that point, you have the battle won. Once he gets into it, he'll probably stick with it for a few hours, and if you have the job well laid out, you can get a lot of crucial work done in that time. Meanwhile, keep the wife posted to fend off calls to him from other do-it-yourselfers who might come seeking his "advice."

If you are afraid that there is some possibility that he might send a bill for his "counsel," the wife could have a piece of chocolate cake ready to give him to play on his conscience.

Of course, if you really get stuck and all things fail, you have to admit you're licked and call up someone like Maurice Groves, Howard Keithley, Avey Taylor, Frank Adkins, Bruce Bothwell or Eddie Thorpe to bail you out. This isn't really a bad idea, because when they get through, it will look like a polished job, and you can still strut

your stuff and declare, when friends come, "Look at my do-it-yourself project!"

Excuse me, I've got to go out and fix my gate again.

MAMA PUBLISHER, headed for Soroptimist convention in Salem this week-end, has pretty well succeeded in worrying herself into a tizzy. After babying the publisher and children over a 25-year period, she doesn't know how we can survive alone for three days. She knows that the editor may be able to write a news story but can't make coffee without burning it.

She'll probably wind up laying in enough provisions to do us for a month. We face this major crisis undaunted. Young Jim can now cook an egg good enough so that it doesn't break a tooth when you bite into it, and Cathy knows how to make toast. Then the restaurants are only a block away down the street.

It wouldn't be a real problem in watermelon season. That comes already cooked, to all intents and purposes, and is good and filling.

But we can always go back to the simple fare. In boyhood, one of our favorite dishes—morning, noon or night—was raw rolled oats with milk and sugar. And whatever happened to good old bread and milk.

Then on occasions when Mother Sherman, who is just like younger mother Sherman in babying her family, was not home for lunch, the boys would make a beeline for the fruit cupboard. What could be tastier than a jar of home-canned peaches. Utterly satisfying without anything else.

The sad truth is that the editor could go on an accumulated blubber for three days without eating a bite and it would be good for him.

But we're thinking of the kids, you understand!

WERE FINDING OUT, after using our own classified ad, that it is sometimes a good idea to jump back out of the way quickly after inserting them. We've had a great many calls on the metal we advertised for sale for making do-it-yourself bullets and sinkers. Our first customer, Bill Rill, took the total supply of scrap type metal (112 pounds) we had on hand. There have been many more since him. When we get some more on hand, we'll put in a tiny classified ad and offer it again on a first come basis.

Morrow County CROP-WEATHER SUMMARY (From U. S. Department of Agriculture)

For week ending April 16
Soil moisture adequate. Summer-fallow operations continue with most all areas now complete first or more operations. Grain and hay made greatest growth of season this week with warm days and not too cold nights. Spring wheat and barley 90 percent emerged and in stooking or lesser stages. Spring oats 90 percent seeded but not emerged. Spring grains are looking good. Many winter grain fields look spotted and are growing slowly. Asparagus is making some growth this week. Most cattle are out on pasture and range but some feeding is still being done. Ranges and pastures have been slow to come. Hay stocks are low.

Mrs. Lucille Parrish and son Alvin, who is now employed at Kinzua, traveled to Grass Valley Sunday where they were Easter visitors with her sister, Mrs. Tom Fraters.

TO THE EDITOR

Box 476
Castle Rock, Wash. 98611
April 16, 1965

To the Editor:

Please let me know when it is time to renew my subscription to my favorite paper.

I just read about Ervin Anderson's home on Jones Street burning. It brought back many early day memories. I think I was about six or seven years old when my father, James L. Yeager, built that house for Will Rush for the use of his on-in-law Leo Crabtree to live in. At that time the only houses on what is now Jones Street were the Gilliam house, built by Dr. Swinburn, and our big two-story house. That same year my father built the Anna Gilliam house on the corner of Jones and Church Streets. The old Dan Horner house was across the street from us on what was Alkali Street, now Water Street. All the land between the Yeager home and Gilliam's house on the west side was used as a big corn field by Mr. Rush. On the east side of Jones Street was a big livery and feed stable yard. They used to bed down big bands of sheep to be loaded out on the big double decked sheep care. Have seen as many as eight or ten thousand head of sheep there at one time.

Also remember when they used to drive cattle and horses right down Main Street to the stockyards. Many times when I was a kid around Heppner I went down to the stockyards to watch the cowboys break horses for the army cavalry. I remember Joe White, whose folks had a kind of hotel near the Willows (Heppner Junction) and New Jones used to be the leading cowboys. Joe White never used a saddle or bridle, just a rope halter.

Heppner was a great race horse town then with the race track up Willow Creek near where Scoop Hager and Phil Mahoney built their homes some years ago.

This is the order in which the old homes on Jones Street were built. (At first there was no Jones Street); Gilliam house (Dr. E. R. Swinburn); old two-

story Yeager house; Anna Gilliam house, corner Church and Jones; George Sperry house next to Gilliam; Mrs. Leland's house; Leo Crabtree house (Anderson's); remodeled years ago by O. M. Yeager for Harley Brothers. Frank and Lillian Turner once lived in this house. I also built the little house next to the big house.

O. M. Yeager
Sincerely,

Delake, Oregon
April 16, 1965

Dear Wes:

It has been some time since I have begged space in your valuable columns, but feel you will forgive me for breaking in at this time. Having been an editor and publisher, I am not unfamiliar with the tendency of the readers to register complaints about things that displease them and in the light of your "profile" of Pat Mollahan, I want to be among those who voice their good will for the splendid job you did—and I can't think of anyone among your readers who would not be pleased, yea, delighted.

Like many other oldtimers, it was my pleasure to know Pat for many years and to experience the warmth of his friendly greeting, whether as official or layman, and it warmed the cockles of my heart to see him recognized for the good citizen he has always been.

Permit me to add a few lines in relating an incident that was typically "Pat-ish". In 1963, I was returning to the coast from Pullman, Wash., and arrived in Heppner a matter of about 30 minutes before the parking meters closed shop for the day.

I parked next to the police car at the Masonic building corner, got out to drop a coin in the meter only to find I had nothing less than a quarter, and was less than a quarter to the corner about to step into the corner store to get some change when Pat showed up. After a hearty greeting I explained my predicament and he told me it was not likely I would get a ticket that late in the day but inasmuch as there was that possibility he would take care of it. And so I would take care of it. And so I would take care of it. And so I would take care of it.

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Garden Club Views Planting of Dahlias; To Hold Annual Sale

The April meeting of the Ione Garden Club was held last week at the home of Mrs. Mary Lundell. Mrs. Edith Nicholson assisted the hostess.

Mrs. William Rowland demonstrated the planting of dahlias by planting three tubers in Mrs. Lundell's garden. She remarked, as she went through the planting steps, "The dahlia is a cool weather loving plant, so it is planted in a hole 6 to 8 inches deep. It is fine to mix a little bone meal in the bottom of the hole. Lay tuber down with the eye up, cover with two inches of fine dirt. The hole may be filled in more as the dahlia grows. By leaving the hole, it can be filled with water where it is needed the most."

Mrs. Fredrick Martin gave a talk on "Our National Forest Garden." She told the names of the plants that are protected by the U. S. Department of Agriculture and that a permit must be obtained from a forest officer before one is permitted to gather them. Mrs. Martin distributed pamphlets containing information about wild flowers and the rules governing them.

Final plans were made for the annual plant sale on Wednesday, April 28, in the Builder's Supply building, from 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. Advance orders may be made by contacting Mrs. Martin, for chrysanthemums, dahlias, pussywillows, Shasta daisies, and many other perennials and annuals. Pie and coffee will be sold throughout the sale, as well as a large variety of baked goods.

The next meeting was announced for Tuesday, May 11, at the home of Mrs. Wallace Wolff near Heppner.

friendly gentleman Heppner had on its police force.

With best wishes for your continued success, I beg to remain
Yours truly,
O. G. Crawford

COMMUNITY BILLBOARD

Coming Events

HEPPNER HIGH BASEBALL
Pilot Rock at Pilot Rock.
Saturday, April 24, 1 p.m.
Blue Mt. College at Heppner.
April 29, 3 p.m.
Heppner High field, Rodeo ground.

RUMMAGE SALE
By Civic League
Friday, Saturday, April 23, 24,
from 8 to 6.
Tri-Co Bldg.

BAND CARNIVAL
Saturday, April 24, Fair Pavilion Bldg.
Supper, 6:00 to 7:30.
Door prizes, booths, dunk tank, all kinds of fun for everyone.

ELK'S HIGH SCHOOL PARTY
Heppner, Ione High school students.
Friday, April 23, 8:30 to 11:30 p.m.
Elk's Temple.

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TAX-EXHAUSTION?



If income taxes caught you short this year and you had a hard time paying them, now is the time to make a resolution not to let it happen again. Regular savings will enable you to meet such "emergencies!"

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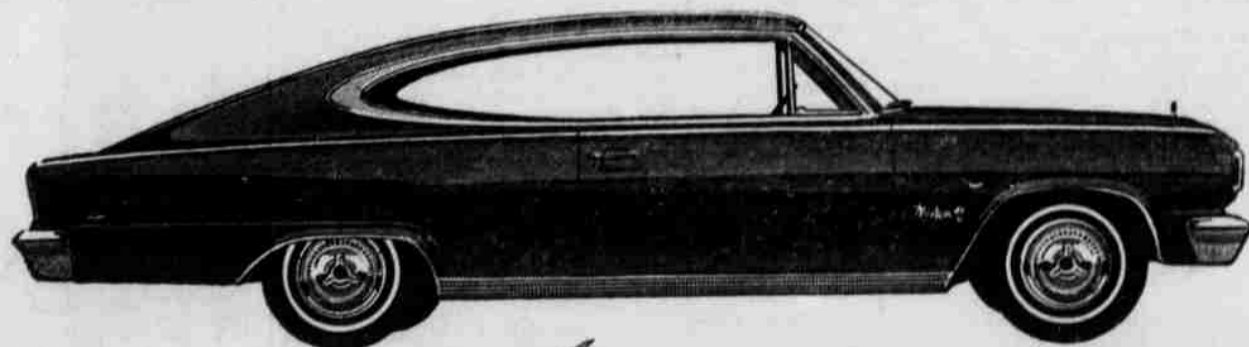
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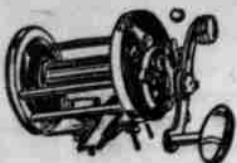


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