

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE-TIMES

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER
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If Newspapers Were Like Radio

If newspapers were like radio, they would preface every news story with "Ta, ta, ta, taaaaa — The Gazette-Times is about to bring you the latest story for its vast audience!"

The same story would be finished with the paragraph, "Read the next story by exclusive Gazette-Times coverage next week."

Did you ever hear a radio newscast that didn't start and end in some such manner?

But newspapers aren't like that. They have often been criticized for not promoting themselves enough, and it has been said, perhaps with some truth, that they are losing their public image against the glamour of television and the continuous self-promotion of radio.

The weekly paper plugs along week after week reporting community activities, protecting the public's right to know, promoting civic progress, informing its readers of matters of interest.

It sounds rather stereotyped to say that newspapers stand as a bulwark for freedom in America at a time when socialism seems to be constantly encroaching. But the free press does fill this role. It does speak for the people and is a vigilant guardian of their rights. It does seek to search out and demand corrections for injustices. As such, it is more important today than it ever has been.

It doesn't matter much whether the paper serves a very small community or whether it represents a metropolis. It still stands as the voice of the people.

The Gazette-Times has served Morrow county for more than 81 years and during this time many editors—many fine ones—have done a great job, clear back to John Watermelon Redington.

After such a time some folks may tend to take the weekly newspaper for granted, although the expressions we receive from readers indicate that many do not.

The occasion for these remarks is National Newspaper Week, October 10 to 16, and it may be a good time to reflect what the community would be without a newspaper.

Who would tell about the upcoming meetings, report on the school board, report what next year's taxes are going to be, give the results of last week's football game, report on Mr. and Mrs. Jones' new grandson, list what bargains the merchants have this week, tell of a coming bull sale, publicize the 4-H, plug for a Red Cross drive, boost a community dinner—ad infinitum.

At the same time, the staff wishes to extend appreciation to all those who make a weekly paper possible in Morrow county. It is among the oldest in the state. A newspaper just would not be printed without advertisers, and a big thank you is in order for them, and secondly to those who support them. Without this business, the firms could not advertise.

Our correspondents work diligently for little pay to bring community news from around the county, and many friends help us by dropping in with items and advertising.

We won't sound the trumpets—as radio does—but we will take this moment of self-indulgence to say that we believe a weekly newspaper is something to be treasured and appreciated.

Dramatic Presentation of Civil Defense

Need for Civil Defense seemed to come a little closer to home as a result of the all-day meeting here Tuesday presented through the Division of Continuing Education of the Oregon State System of Higher Education.

By using problem situations in a dramatic workshop type of organization, all of the more than 60 taking part were in a position of giving serious thought to the roles that they might play if a nuclear attack did come to the Northwest.

They didn't merely sit back and listen to horrifying statistics and possibilities, but they buckled down to some solid thinking on what would happen and how the situations could best be tackled.

Civil Defense has always had a tough job in selling itself because Americans traditionally seem to be procrastinators and optimistically think they can arise to an emergency when it comes. Some prefer to take the attitude that "it won't happen," while others—the fatalists—declare that if it does happen "it will be too late anyway."

Civil Defense tries to point out that it is reasonable to assume that it could happen, and we should be prepared if it does happen. But it is hard to get and sustain public interest.

Of course, a nuclear attack isn't the only kind of disaster that might strike and make it imperative that the county is well-organized for emergency. Natural disasters can come—such as the 1903 flood—and man-made disasters occur, too, such as the one recently experienced with the rioting at Los Angeles. Civil Defense can play vital roles in these, as well as in the wartime emergencies.

Comments made by those participating in Tuesday's meeting indicate that they felt it was significant and important. The dramatic presentation, including the luncheon-time conversations with NORAD headquarters by direct hookup, really brought some vital points home to our people.

With this seed sown and with the extremely good participation it is reasonable to expect that local officials and leaders will follow with basic planning for emergency that could serve us to great advantage some day.

Who knows? It could be a matter of life and death some day. There is no harm in being prepared, and it is the sensible thing to do.

That Old Willow Creek Highway

When our residents travel from here to Portland, few of them take the old scenic Columbia River route any more. It is nice to travel when friends come from the east and to enjoy on a Sunday afternoon, but generally they are too busy to endure its narrowness, its crooks and curves.

But every time they go to Portland they have to travel a road that is just as bad, just as ancient, just as outgrown, and just as hazardous. It is the Willow Creek highway—the one that our local people have pleaded—oh, so many times—to have improved. Our delegations have appeared so often at the Highway commission meetings that they have nothing left to say. We have written so much on the subject that we feel like a nagging wife.

But the fact remains that when you meet a car on one of those blind curves at night, it makes your spine tingle. "Will we miss or hit?"

The traveler need not go on an ocean excursion, he rides the waves of the Willow Creek highway for 50 miles.

When one comes off the new cutoff from 80N towards Cecil and hits the old road, it is so narrow that is seems almost incredible that this is the route that feeds a large segment of Morrow county, over which much of its commerce must flow. Many in the Willamette Valley would term it a cowpath, and the name is rather truly descriptive.

Something over a year ago the division highway superintendent promised that his crews would keep working at the highway until some substantial improvements were made. The inference was that Horseshoe Bend would be eliminated entirely.

Some curves have been widened, true. These are considerable improvements. But very little has been done for some time, and no organized program has been publicized that would give our people a lift in morale and give them some definite assurance of progress.

Of course, the winter floods caused great damage across the state and created an unusually heavy demand for funds. But most of that is now by the board, and this county deserves some consideration for better access.

We're light in population, but we're human beings. We have to reach our homes and businesses. We have to send our children to school over these highways.

We don't deserve to be forgotten. It is nice to be patient and understanding, but how patient can we be?

The money lost on the one error by the commission in construction of the John Day river bridge on the Columbia River highway would have done wonders if spread up Willow Creek.

Democracy indeed is ruled by the majority with the majority paramount, but it protects the rights of the minority, too.

Chaff and Chatter

Wes Sherman

WHILE A lot of folks go out collecting artifacts and relics as hobbies, all Bud Peck has to do is wait until these things come to him. He just digs them out of tires that he has to fix.

A year or two ago he dug an arrowhead out of a truck tire when the tire went flat. This week he has a big square spike that came out of another tire. The spike, some five inches long, is of the variety that old timers used in putting up their buildings.

Bud said that he finds quite a few square nails in flat tires. Apparently they come in on farm rigs after they are picked up in driving around old barnyards and homesteads.

Jack Glavey says that these old square nails had some qualities that our present nails don't have. They didn't have sharp points, but flat points. When they were driven through a board, the nails crushed the wood fibers, instead of pushing the way through. This meant that they were not so apt to split the board, and the fiber ends alongside the nail made them hold better.

ROD MURRAY has been moving slowly and carefully this week after conducting his own unplanned and impromptu rodeo last Wednesday. He was out on the range roping horses on the hill behind the fairground when his mount shied and bolted as he roped a yearling.

His horse took off bucking down the steep hill and Rod could see a barbed wire fence coming up at the bottom. He realized the horse hadn't noticed the fence. So Rod bailed off without a parachute. He rolled down the hill and under the fence while the horse jumped the fence.

One of the barbs took a nick out of his ear, and other's scratched his chest. After he caught the horse, loaded it in a trailer, took it home to lone. Rod found he was having trouble getting around and breathing. He went to the hospital and discovered he had several cracked ribs.

We'd urgently suggest to his friends that they don't come up and give him a hearty slap on the back this week.

ADULTS PROBABLY haven't given it much thought but all the kids in the country know that Halloween is just around the corner. They have been making a run on costumes, masks and other goods in the stores already.

We were visiting with Mary Van Blokland in Van's Variety the other day, and she really has some weirdies there that carry out the spirit of Halloween.

One of the current fads is the Troll doll, not particularly a Halloween item, but akin to it. These rather hideous looking little creations are becoming the latest fad for youngsters, and Mary has some special Heppner High troll dolls that she had made.

According to old folk lore, the trolls live under the hills and mountains in Scandinavia and

at midnight the hills and mountains raise up on glowing stilts and the little troll coming out to play. However, if a human being comes near, or when the day breaks, the trolls all scamper in under the hills and mountains and they close in on top of them. If any humans can catch a troll before they disappear, though, the little dolls are supposed to bring good luck forever. Theory is that if a person rubs the shaggy hair of a troll, it brings good luck.

Well, Ireland has its leprechauns and Scandinavian countries have their trolls, apparently.

Another fad that is gripping the kids are these "lover bugs" and "bed bugs." They have invaded the variety store, too.

IT SEEMED just a wee bit fantastic at the Civil Defense luncheon at the Wagon Wheel Tuesday that the group actually was in direct contact with the North American Defense Command headquarters at Colorado Springs, Colo., but it was—via microwave telephone—furnished through the courtesy of Pacific Northwest Bell.

Col. William James, a public information officer at Colorado Springs answered questions from the group. Betty Brown kept wanting to ask the colonel if he knew where Heppner was, but didn't quite get to it. However, at the conclusion of the novel presentations, the colonel asked, "By the way, where is Heppner?"

And after all serious questions were asked, someone couldn't resist asking him if he would give 7 to 5 odds on the Dodgers in the sixth game of the World Series. The colonel replied that he was in favor of the Twins.

FIRST TIME visitors to Heppner Monday were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rich of Dallas, and it was a nice surprise for the G-T owners. Rich is a retired owner of a plumbing and heating establishment and once lived about a block from the Sher-mans. He found us at Chamber of Commerce Monday just as the meeting was breaking up. Harold said that he had always wanted to come to Heppner since he had heard so much about the town, and they decided to drop in while en route home from a trip to Colfax, Wn. We couldn't have been more surprised than if he were Santa Claus himself.

We once did a little glazing work at Harold's place, when oldest son was a paper boy. Young Dick got a little enthusiastic and threw the paper through Harold's front door. That was all right except the door was closed and made of glass panes. We learned to be well equipped to fix neighbors' windows in those days. There was another occasion when young sprout's foul ball hit and penetrated a big front window at the house across the street, and still another time when No. 3 lad got a Frisbie for Christmas and christened it by letting some fresh air into the front room of another neighbor's house via the front window. If you don't know what a Frisbie is, watch

Mobile X-ray Slates Visit in Boardman

The Oregon State Board of Health Mobile X-Ray survey unit, Tuberculosis Control Section, will be in North Morrow county on Tuesday, October 19, to take chest X-rays, according to an announcement received from Mrs. Lowell Chally R. N., Morrow County Health Department.

It is scheduled to be in Boardman at the Hitchin' Post from 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon, and the A. C. Houghton Elementary School at Irrigon from 3:00 to 6:00 p.m. Mrs. LaVelle Partlow, Irrigon postmaster, will head a group of community workers aiding the unit at Irrigon. The Mothers' Club of Boardman with Mrs. Bryce Wright as co-chairman, will also provide volunteer assistance during the Boardman stop.

Umatilla Electric Co-op association, Hermiston, is providing the unit with power and hook-up service.

It is hoped that everyone will take this opportunity to be X-rayed.

your TV commercials or visit your nearest toy store.

No, Harold had not forgotten the front door incident and was keenly interested in how son Dick is now doing.



Coming Events

HEPPNER HIGH FOOTBALL
Heppner Vs. Madras
Friday, October 15, Heppner Rodeo Grounds, 8 p.m.
Support the Mustangs!

REBEKAH BANQUET
Thursday, Oct. 14, 6:30 p.m.
Hotel Dining Room, no-host
Official Visit State President.

SMORGASBORD DINNER
St. Patrick's Parish Hall
Sunday, October 18
Serving from 3 to 7 p.m.
Everyone welcome.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST
District Soil Conservation
speech contest
Heppner High Multipurpose Room
Wednesday, October 20, 8 p.m.
Public Invited.

RUMMAGE SALE
By Heppner Civic League
Friday, Saturday, October 29, 30
Tri-Co Building
Benefit for kindergarten.

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Know Your Newspaper Better

The News of a Lifetime

The Gazette-Times has been reporting news about you for a long time. Think of how much has happened to you since you were born . . . that's when the first report appeared. And perhaps the next was your fifth birthday party.

Everything Important . . .

That's what has appeared in the paper about you. Your activities in the Boy Scouts or Rainbow Girls. When you fell from the tree and broke an arm! When you made the high school basketball team, or starred in football. Or appeared in the class play or talked in a speech contest. And then when you were graduated from high school. Perhaps military service next, and The Gazette-Times kept the folks back home posted on what you were doing there.

College, and After . . .

College next, and again this paper followed and reported your important activities. Proud day, when you received that degree—we saw it in The Gazette-Times. And then you were married . . . your picture in the paper. What a fine-looking couple! Children follow . . . the cycle of news in the paper begins again. But you are not forgotten because of the new generation. The news about you continues as long as you live.

A Newspaper Service

The news of a lifetime . . . for you and yours. This is a service The Gazette-Times gladly and willingly gives to this community.



Mrs. McDaniel Back After Trip East

Mrs. Carl (Sylvia) McDaniel returned home last Wednesday following a three weeks trip to Maryland where she visited with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Barnes, and greeted her new grandson.

Mrs. McDaniel arrived by air on September 15, going to Lis-bon, Md., where the Barnes family lives, and the grandson, Douglas Paul Barnes, arrived on September 17, weighing eight pounds. He is the third child in the family. His two sisters are Andrea, 4, and Leslie, 2½.

The trip was "great," said Mrs. McDaniel, who was on vacation from her duties as Morrow county treasurer. She said that she enjoyed the return day flight better than the night flight east.

While in the east she visited the grave of President Kennedy, went to the southern part of Maryland to visit her sister and husband at Solomons, on Chesapeake Bay and the Pawtuxet River mouth. On the return north they stopped at the Arlington cemetery and the campus at the University of Maryland where a niece of Mrs. McDaniel is attending her third year.

The countryside was especially pretty at this time of year, she said. Temperature on the first part of the visit ranged into the 90's but it dropped to a milder range the third week.

Airman Graduates

Airman Warren L. Williams, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford A. Williams of Lexington, graduated Sept. 17 from the Aviation Mechanical Fundamentals School at the Naval Air Technical Training Center, Memphis, Tenn. During the four-week course he was introduced to mathematics, physics and principles of electricity. He studied atomic structure, static and dynamic electricity, magnetic theory, and the theory of construction of aircraft batteries. This course prepares Navy and Marine Corps personnel for entrance into more advanced courses at the center.

'66 FALCON



America's economy champ with a new sporty look—now in its third million!

Falcon is all-new for '66. New lean, low, long-hooded styling—with a special flair all its own. New interiors—the roomiest, most luxurious ever. New stronger, more durable unitized body. New smoother-than-ever ride. But it's still Falcon—thrifty and low in price! Falcon for '66 . . . the best buy in compact-car history.

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