

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE-TIMES

Heppner, Oregon 97836
MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER
 The Heppner Gazette established March 30, 1883. The Heppner Times established November 18, 1897. Consolidated February 15, 1912.

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION
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 Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., Monday through Friday; 9 a.m. until noon Saturday.

Subscription Rates: \$4.50 Year. Single Copy 10 Cents. Published Every Thursday and Entered at the Post Office at Heppner, Oregon, as Second Class Matter.

Depressive Prosperity

Irony of the nation's so-called wave of unprecedented prosperity with the consequent high interest rates and "tight money," which leaves most of us a bit confused and befuddled, struck home here this week.

Barney Malcom, president of Heppner Lumber Co., indicated that his operation is a "victim" of this "prosperity." Because interest rates are high and money is tight, construction across the nation has dwindled, and the market for lumber has declined.

Therefore, Heppner Lumber Co. will be shut down, beginning Monday, for an indefinite period. This will have depressive effects on this area, not only from loss of payroll, but also from loss of revenue that is fed back through the company for needed services and supplies. For instance, the mill is one of the largest customers of the power company, and the shut down will hurt them. Freight lines are hurt because they will no longer truck goods and supplies to the mill, and others will be hurt in an inter-connected chain reaction.

It is difficult for a great many of us, who are not expert in economics, to understand why workmen must sacrifice jobs, and payrolls must be lost to communities dependent on them because our country is considered too prosperous.

Maybe it is necessary for some communities to be such scapegoats and make such sacrifices, but we know one thing for sure—it smarts!

It is hard to feel other than bitter about it, especially when it hits such an operation as Heppner Lumber Co. This company has been a true friend of this community. Malcom has weathered all kinds of distress—floods, fire, personal physical trouble, and the continuous squeeze against the little sawmill operation.

But he has gritted his teeth and tenaciously moved forward, building a better and better operation. He has offered employment to men who really needed it. When college boys sought summer work, they could often find it at Heppner Lumber.

To us, Malcom's Heppner Lumber Co. represents something of the classical American business tradition, as we were taught in school years ago: One who has the initiative and resourcefulness can get ahead in this land of the free if he is ambitious and works hard, persevering against handicaps.

But today we are getting so involved with the complexities of Big Government, string-pulling economics, and artificial controls that our free enterprise system is relentlessly being destroyed. In its place is coming some vague ogre that is bewildering many of us and which we don't like at all.

True, when a rancher gets in distress because of the drought (on the ranges), or a freeze hits (as with the peas in Milton-Freewater), or when a local government is hit by floods (as with our county roads two years ago), beneficent Big Brother in Washington jumps in to help, if one can ferret all his red tape and regulations.

But where is Big Brother's help for Barney? Here's a fighter who can step into the ring and by his fortitude can win his battle against a gamut of adversaries, but when another stealthy opponent (in the person of high level government economics) comes up behind him and hits him over the head with a mallet, it may be a kayo blow.

And when all the Barneys in the United States gets kayoed, then what?

Dead Ducks and Killed Colts

As is true every hunting season, reports have started to come in of offenses that errant hunters have committed against ranchers and other property owners.

One rancher tells of giving dove hunters permission to hunt on his property. After they had gone, he found all his tame ducks missing. The presumption is that the visitors bagged the ducks. But perhaps this is an understandable mistake. Ducks and doves are so much alike! After all, their names both start with a "d"!

Another report comes of a rancher's colt being shot. Again, it is hard to tell a colt from a deer, since they both have four legs!

The same old question crops up: What to do about it? Ranchers don't want to be "anti-hunter." Many of them like to hunt themselves, and more and more are setting up systems where visitors may use their lands with permission. Some are issuing cards for the hunters to carry.

Maybe some day sportsmen and sports organizations will realize that more and more lands, especially in foothills, are being closed to them and will come up with some voluntary policing of their own numbers. We've always felt that if they would add a small fee to hunting licenses to go into a fund for restitution of damages caused by the wanton or ignorant minority, it would help the situation.

Connie Johnson, editor of the Blue Mountain Eagle, John Day, last week had an editorial tale that might be a suggestion for the Old Pros in hunting to use in controlling the "greenhorns":

Deer Hunters Fail Test

Deer hunting safety is something all sportsmen can afford to bone up on—no matter how expert you are in the woods, accidents can happen, and do. Every year I think one of the most effective sportsman training programs was one told to me by an Old Pro who lived up in Alaska.

The Old Pro and a bunch of his buddies were great hunters up north. They had a cabin in the best hunting grounds on the continent. Every year they bagged trophy deer, moose and elk.

The word about their success began to circulate around the territory, and before long they had outsiders begging to move in with them. Now some of these "greenhorns" offered all kinds of money to join the Old Pro and his boys on their hunts. This went over fairly well. The old hunters were getting rich, but soon their prime hunting grounds were being chopped up, burned and game was being killed and left for the wolverines.

Then one day one of the old boys was singled in the tall section by a creasing 270 slug. This was it! "We'll just have to teach these greenhorns how good hunters act," the Old Pro said after applying moose grease and a friction tape bandage to his friend's wound.

So that night, instead of telling their usual off-color stories, the old boys came up with a plan. And when a new group of greenhorns came into camp the next week, the Old Pro and his cronies were all ready.

When they set out into the woods for the big hunt, each greenhorn was accompanied by an oldtimer. According to the "plan" the greenhorn was outfitted with a large empty pack

Chaff and Chatter

Wes Sherman

THAT PENETRATING fire horn interrupted the Wednesday morning stillness, and the wondering concern that everyone feels when it sounds swept over our people: "Where is it? Whose place is on fire?"

The report came to the G-T that the Mollahan house was on fire. From the amount of smoke observed, the firemen felt that it would be totally involved by the time they reached the home, three miles out.

The trucks left with sirens howling, and Spike Pardee, G-T photographer, was hard on their heels in his little red Volvo, ready to get the pictures of this venerable house before it was consumed by fire.

But the story has a happy ending. "I weren't no fire. They were fumigating the house, and the 'smoke' seeping out of the building was from this work in progress."

We're happy that we have no pictures to print of the Mollahan house in flames.

ED GONTY'S sharp eyes spotted a little story in the Oregon Journal Tuesday that brought him promptly to the G-T office in the manner of one bearing great tidings.

The story told of the Senate appropriations subcommittee to include funds to start construction of the Ririe dam and reservoir project in eastern Oregon.

The second paragraph was the one that excited Ed's interests.

"Sens. Frank Church and Len Jordan said the subcommittee added \$200,000 to the public works appropriation bill to start construction of the project on Willow Creek."

Could it be that our Willow Creek project was the one referred to?

With Ed, we took the atlas and spotted the town of Ririe in eastern Idaho. And there, clearly marked on the map, is Willow Creek flowing by Ririe. Shucks.

BOB CANTONWINE, now basketball coach for the Dallas Dragons, came back to "home country" over the week-end to hunt the big buck and dropped in for a visit. It appears as if he has a few more grey hairs, but he is still the same Bob.

Rapid Robert had a rough initiation in Dallas when he left his position as hoop coach here a couple of years ago. He didn't have much material, Dallas was on a rather long predominantly losing string, and they are in a league of real stiff competition in the TVV.

He lost 11 games in a row, and that was pretty tender going for a fellow who had been used to winning in Heppner.

But Bob has done fine work at Dallas. (This comes via Gordon Kunke, coach there for years and now assistant superintendent, when he visited here during the summer). He has yet to win a pennant, but his teams are now holding their own, although he gets up and paces the floor when he thinks of prospects for the coming season.

Coach Bob had fine words for Coach Ed Hienstra. They were opponents when Ed coached at West Linn a couple seasons ago. And Ed has the same respect for Bob's work.

AFTER COUNCIL meeting Monday night, Carl Spaulding, manager of Heppner TV, took Mayor Clarence Rosewall, Councilmen Harlan McCurdy and Bill Cox, and the editor on a tour of the new microwave installation at the top of the high hill west of town.

We have to marvel at the talent and genius of the men who have figured out how to transmit and receive pictures via the air waves. A big "dish," about 10 feet in diameter and concave in shape, sits inside the new concrete building on the hill, facing a wall made of Plex-O-

Glass and pointing toward Goodnoe hill near Arlington, where other apparatus will relay TV signals from Portland.

As we crudely understand it, the signals come through the wall, hit the center of the "dish" and bounce back into a little square pipe, which leads up over the dish and down to receivers, one for each channel. From the receivers the signals go into more apparatus (which Carl calls "remodulators"). Then they are channeled through a small cable, and all on the same cable, mind you, to the downtown headquarters. Here, the different channels are somehow unscrambled and fed into local homes.

The "dish" is placed inside the building to protect it from influence of the weather. Oddly enough, it cannot be behind a glass wall because the glass tends to distort the signal, but the plastic does not.

The room is equipped with a heater and air conditioner to keep the equipment at the proper temperature year around. Carl says that Oregon Telecommunications, which supplies the microwave service, will have an investment of about \$80,000 in the local system—\$20,000 per channel. It will take a long time to recover that in the fee charged to Heppner TV.

Some wisecracks says that the pictures will be coming over the sets here upside down because the dish was installed wrong side up, but this makes no difference. Carl and Don Wise installed the dish themselves, and one has to marvel how they got it into the building. They put it through the Plex-O-Glass side, but if you see the hole in comparison to the size of the "dish," you'd swear it would never go through.

TV viewers have been having a bit of a bad time here lately with the Wasco translator shut down because their local people weren't giving the financial support they had to have. This cut off our Portland stations. But just be patient. Prospects are that television here is going to be much better than ever when the microwave installation is complete and kinks are worked out of the delicate equipment.

A LOT of names of rodeo hands familiar to local people will perform at the arena shows of the 56th annual Pacific International Livestock Exposition in Portland October 14-22. For the first time, the PI will bring together the top contestants of the Northwest Rodeo association in the Northwest Finals rodeo. Championship contestants will be the top 15 men of the associations in each of six events—saddle bronc, bareback and bull riding, calf roping, bulldogging and team roping.

Among them are many who competed in our Morrow county rodeo, and some who have been here at every rodeo for years. For instance, Gibb Gregg, the NRA's leading bronc buster, is well known here. He is from Dayville and won the bronc riding here in late August. Lymie (pronounced Jimmy) Stoner, president of NRA, will be there. He was at the Morrow rodeo and is a banker at Baker besides being a rodeo cowboy. Darrell Waddill of Seattle, leading team roping, will be competing at the PI. You'll find his name on many Heppner rodeo programs, and he competed here this year.

Besides having some fine Morrow county stock from such ranches as Herb Ekstroms and Kirk and Robinson, the PI will offer this interesting rodeo entertainment. It will be a show that many here will want to see.

We haven't asked him, but we know that John Venard, who has been promoting ticket sales here, can supply you. Give him a call or go see him at First National.

on his back.

The Old Pro got stuck with one of the greenest of the greenhorns in the bunch. But this was fine, the Old Pro thought, because the "plan" would surely get a good work-out on this trip.

Just after the two left camp, the greenhorn took a snap shot at a bald eagle flying overhead with his .338 magnum and missed. For this the Old Pro picked up a big rock and dropped it in the greenhorn's empty pack sack. "This is the only way you'll learn to leave protected birds alone," said the Old Pro. "Now you carry that rock."

Later the greenhorn broke a strand of wire on a fence while climbing over it. The Old Pro dropped another rock in his partner's sack. This went on all day.

Once when the greenhorn left a campfire burning, he was awarded two big rocks. And then he saw something coming through the bush—was it a deer? He blasted away at the bush and after a return barrage of swear words he found out that it was another hunter. Three more rocks in the pack.

By the end of the day, the greenhorn had pulled all kinds of boners and was carrying about 80 pounds of rocks to pay for them. This was terrible, he thought as he and the Old Pro were approaching the cabin at the end of the day's hunt. And it was really cold now. If they didn't get to the cabin before long, he'd freeze to death for sure.

Then, the final part of the "plan" came into view. This would prove whether the greenhorn or any of his young cohorts would pass the sportsman's test.

The two hunters came upon a deep river—on the other side was the cabin, and safety from freezing cold. It was evident they'd have to swim across. And the Old Pro stood behind the greenhorn—his gun raised—to make sure the greenhorn took his pack of rocks with him. "No litterbugging" the Old Pro said.

Later that night as they sat around the dinner table the Old Pro and his boys were surprised how many of the greenhorns didn't make it back across the river.

Eastern Oregon Phone Company Completes Goals

Now in its tenth year of existence, the Eastern Oregon Telephone Co. serving Pilot Rock, Boardman and Ukiah has completed many of its service goals in its continuing effort to bring better communication service to its customers.

In June, 1966, the company had 706 telephones, 1,178.5 wire miles of plant and an investment of \$285,621. In June, 1966, this has grown to 1,609 phones, 3,275 wire miles of plant and an investment of \$898,571, manager Walter Karnopp said.

On October 17, 1966, direct distance dialing equipment similar to the system at Pilot Rock and Ukiah will go into service for Boardman subscribers. This brand new, fast-growing city with a dial board 2 1/2 times larger than the old one, cut into service June, 1966, has 3 1/2 times as much outside plant as it had in June, 1965. The majority of the residential area of Boardman and the entire business has underground telephone service.

The long distance trunks at Boardman will be increased from eight to 15 on October 17, and at Pilot Rock and Ukiah in February, 1967, new long distance trunks of the latest design will be increased to 29 circuits.

At Boardman on June, 1966, all the rural lines were cut to two parties per rural line and at Pilot Rock and Ukiah the present rural line fill of 2.78 per line will be cut to two per line wherever economically possible. This reduction required a 200 line central office addition at Pilot Rock and by June of 1967, will have increased the subscriber carriers from 21 to 43 solid state carriers.

The Eastern Oregon Telephone Co. is unique in being the only company in Oregon with only two parties per rural line in a rural exchange area.

This month, a rate reduction was filed with the PUC, which gave all city subscribers in all exchanges one party and two party service for the same rate as they had paid for two party and four party service. This reduction accomplished over a 14 month period has saved the subscribers \$9513.00 a year for this improved service.

At Pilot Rock in 1963, an enlarged base rate area resulted in savings yearly for rural customers in the new base of \$432 per year.

To continue to bring the latest advances a PUC approved plan will give subscribers in 1972 all electric switchboards, with all the exotic services they afford and push button phones for all subscribers.

"A difficult challenge was presented to the company in attaining the high service goals it has met as it has less than 3.34 subscribers per mile or line in the three sparsely settled Oregon counties it operates in, where as the A and B company average is 6.65 per mile of line," Karnopp said.

"The projects began in 1956, and completed to June, 1966, cost in excess of \$612,950. However, the present service could not have been achieved for this amount. It was only with highly skilled technicians and the rehabilitation of selected used equipment that \$159,000 was saved, enabling us to provide the existing and future services at the present rates. Without the savings of \$159,000, a substantial rate increase would have resulted if the capital costs and fixed charges on this large amount of money had been spent," he added.

Money receipt books in duplicate and triplicate are on sale at the Gazette-Times.

TO THE EDITOR

Dear People:
 The Northern lights are shining. The grass has all but turned brown; the duck, geese and swans have settled down.

With a fringing of snow, and a hard nip attached to the Northern wind, I guess I can now say that winter has come now way. It's time for my long underwear, a parka and a pair or two of mukluks.

The summer, as cool as it was, has been good to Arlene (a VISTA roommate) and me. We've learned a lot in these past few months. We've gained in weight, muscle, spirit, and a sharpness to the eye.

We went to Berry Camp across the Bay to pick the tundra dry of its blue, black and salmon berries. We've hunted, we've danced (Eskimo style), we cook, and we clean—so it's not all work, as it may seem.

School is here, and just like the kids at home, deer students are waiting for the next holiday to come near.

Arlene is busy with adult classes of English, math and history. And my kindergarten class of 21 four-year-olds is a long way from being easy. It's a new world to them, as well as for me. Some of them play, some laugh, and then I have those who just want their mommy.

With the lovely people here who live in the poorest country in the United States, our work is cut out for us. I won't be bored, and I don't feel alone. In no time at all, my year will be over and I'll be home.

I know I will miss a year of my schooling, but this, too, is an education, and I want to share it with you.

I miss you all
 Leora Van Winkle
 Hooper Bay, Alaska

To the Editor:
 I have been receiving my Gazette-Times regularly here in the land of snow and blow. You will understand, however, that it is a week to ten days old when it arrives but still news to me.

Have been following the accounts of the progress of the fair and rodeo season and final results of same. I was particularly interested in your front page picture and item captioned, "Anyone Remember 53 Years Ago?" Hence this letter. I wish to answer that question.

I was there and the young fellow running alongside in the picture could well be myself. There is no doubt that I was doing that very same thing

with mouth open and eyes popping!

Memory brings back to me the fact that Christopherson's plane was the first I had been privileged to see, and I was allowed to even touch it! All in all, one of my great red letter days.

Sincerely,
 Carl P. Linn,
 Nome, Alaska

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Smith, Mrs. Bud Chambers of Hood River and Mrs. Verna Hylton of Medford were visitors on Monday, September 26, with Mrs. Lee Scrivener, Mr. Smith is a brother of Mrs. Scrivener, and Mrs. Chambers and Mrs. Hylton are nieces.

COMMUNITY BILLBOARD

Coming Events

HEPPNER HIGH FOOTBALL
 Friday, October 7, 8 p.m.
 Heppner vs. Burns. (League game)
 Heppner Rodeo Grounds

HIGH SCHOOL RECEPTION
 Wednesday, Oct. 12, High School Multipurpose Room
 Potluck dinner, 6:30 p.m., followed by get-acquainted meeting, 8 p.m.
 Special welcome, teachers and parents

HARVEST - SMORGASBORD
 Sunday, October 16, 3-7 p.m.
 St. Patrick's Parish Hall
 Public Welcome - Hunters, come as you are

MORROW COUNTY ROLLER RINK
 Open Fridays, Saturdays, 7-10 p.m., Sundays, 2-5 p.m.
 Heppner Fair Pavilion.

ELKS PINOCHELE TOURNAMENT
 Wednesday, Oct. 12, 8 p.m.
 First night of tournament play

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You can never be too careful when it comes to preventing fire! That's why good safety habits at home, at work, at play are the rule, never the exception. At home, check often to guard against accumulation of flammable debris, faulty wiring, other fire hazards. At work, obey fire department regulations to the letter. At play, make sure campfires are out, dead out. Caution now may save lives later.

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