

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE-TIMES

Heppner, Oregon 97836
Phone 676-9228

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER

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Two Worthy Projects

On the next two Saturday nights there are events scheduled in Heppner well worthy of taking a few hours time of all. Both are things that the public will enjoy, and, in doing so, they will promote beneficial projects.

First is the countywide auction for benefit of the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry at the fairgrounds Saturday, May 13, to be preceded by a dinner given by Granges starting at 5:30.

All proceeds of the dinner and auction will go to the new \$200,000 Max Lehmann Memorial Agricultural Hall at OMSI in Portland. Morrow is one of the few counties in the state which has not yet contributed to this project.

The agricultural hall will be the first of its kind in the nation. Agriculture, Oregon's second largest industry, needs the understanding and support of all the state's citizens. The new hall is being designed to contribute materially to the understanding of agriculture by urban people. It will illustrate the importance of science in the development of agriculture and will provide a stage to demonstrate present and future benefits of scientific research in that field.

There is a great need to interest and encourage young people in taking up careers in agriculture, as Morrow county ranchers well know. Nationwide, some 15,000 jobs open up each year in agriculture and related fields, but only 5,000 college students graduate in areas which qualify for those jobs. The new agricultural hall at OMSI will point up the advantages and opportunities afforded in agriculture, both through exhibits in the hall and in the various educational programs planned in conjunction with it.

OMSI was built by private funds and is self-sustaining. All money for the new development is coming from private sources. The hall will have exhibits from all sections of the state, covering the many facets of Oregon's economy.

Loren McKinley, director of OMSI, will be here for the dinner and auction and will bring a quantity of goods to be auctioned. The dinner will be delicious; there will be many fine things on sale; it will be a good chance to get bargains; and, as is true with all such cooperative community-wide events, there will be a lot of fun visiting with neighbors.

On the following Saturday—May 20—will be the Jaycees' talent show in the junior high gymnasium. There are a number of good reasons for saving this date and attending the show. First, it will provide an enjoyable evening, and it will be a special treat to see the talent that our area has to offer. Secondly, it will encourage the good work of those who perform and give them an incentive to carry on and do better. Third, it will support the Jaycees whose many civic projects for the area make them well deserving of the boost. Finally, it will provide funds to be used for other projects to benefit the community and the area. Admission charge is nominal, but your attendance will help.

Also, it still isn't too late to enter. If you would like to perform or know of anyone who you think should take part, call Gail McCarty or Harley Sager now and tell them. They will appreciate your help.

Beaches are for the Public

Oregonians—who cherish the privilege of using and enjoying scenic resources and attractions with which this state is so richly blessed—should be alarmed at the threat of losing access to its Pacific ocean beaches. The matter is now before the legislature and subject to controversy in a conflict between public use and private ownership to the high tide line.

Eastern states and California have seen public use of ocean beaches severely limited by the encroachment of private developments which block access, put up fences and bar the public with "no trespassing" signs.

There seems to be outside capital coming to Oregon, particularly from Californians, to do the same thing here. Probably nowhere in America do citizens love their freedom and independence more than Oregonians, and they should rise to squelch this threat to what is the state's outstanding scenic attraction, and, to many, its foremost recreational resources.

Our people take it for granted that because they are Oregonians they have a right of heritage to enjoy certain natural resources. They share this right with others visiting the state. They take a pride in the state's rivers, lakes, mountains, forests, and its ocean front.

For many years, they had understood that ocean beaches belonged to the public. Now it is rather appalling to hear that deeds of private property owners extend to the high tide line, or the wet sand. If this is literally true, and the owners move to enforce their title, there would be limited access to the beaches and greatly curtailed use of the recreational possibilities. After all, one can't build a bonfire or roast wieners in the sand.

House Bill 1601 seeks to protect what the Oregon public thought was its right to the use of the ocean beaches, including the dry sand. Opponents state that it has legal technicalities that make it a bad bill to enact. For all we know, this may be true, and perhaps a new bill should be written.

In any event, it is pretty certain that Oregonians will expect the legislature to work out a plan that will assure public use for all time to come. Governor Tom McCall, Secretary of State Clay Myers, and the Highway Commission are to be applauded for their staunch stand towards this end.

We know of one coastal development, limited to those rich enough to pay for frontage lots at breath-taking prices, where a gate bars the roadway and a man is on duty in a sentry box to keep out the general public. Because of the topography of the area, this also controls the beach.

Without control by the people through its government, the wealthy would eventually monopolize all our natural wonders. It must not happen to our ocean beaches.

Heading for a Mistake

All indications are that the legislature is certainly heading towards putting a sales tax vote to the people as a measure to relieve property tax. The public has waited for more than four months to hear the proposal that the lawmakers will offer, but it still has not been unveiled.

One good guess is that the statewide vote on the sales tax will come some time after November 15 to capitalize on the reaction from property tax statements. If this should prove true—and we hope it isn't—the move would be so transparent that it should bring considerable reaction from the public.

Proponents of the sales tax in the legislature are using every kind of an argument to justify it and try to show the people that it is inevitable. We firmly believe a sales tax would be one of the worst mistakes this state could make.

The proponents say that this is the only way that they can bring the relief to property tax in such proportion—running up to 85% in their estimates. In doing so, they cast aside the matter of broadening the income tax as a possibility on the grounds that it would not bring relief to such an extent. How does the legislature know just how much relief the public wants on property tax? Maybe the public would like to continue to exert local control without being dependent upon the state for the bulk of financing for local programs.

So the proponents turn a deaf ear on those who insist with good reason that the sales tax will penalize those least able to pay. They point out, time and again, that Oregon is one of the few states without a sales tax—as if this is a reason for enacting one.

We should be proud that we have no sales tax; we should promote this fact to bring visitors here. We should be aware of the high cost of collection of the tax, both by the state and by the terrific burden on small business. We should remember—even in the hue and cry that property tax is too high (which it probably is)—that the Oregonian has a lower total tax than residents of any other Pacific Coast state, and lower than Idaho or Montana. We should realize that a sales tax will be a severe economic blow to our fringe areas, such as neighbor Milton-Freewater.

We should be prepared for the nuisance that will be involved and of the hardships it will work on some segments of our economy. We should remember that it will bring property relief in greatest measure to public utilities, who least need it, and that the consumer will have to make up the difference. Attitude of utilities to this time seems to be that they don't intend to materially reduce rates to compensate the public for the lower property tax payments.

Despite the "economic surveys" it stands to reason that the fellow with a large family (and often he is the fellow with smallest income) is going to have to pay a disproportionate share of tax if a sales tax is enacted. He has no organized lobby in the legislature, but he has a vote. Remember, too, that the total tax load per person will inevitably rise in Oregon if a sales tax comes, and that it has to come out of some pocket.

And finally, remember that once the door is open for a sales tax of say 3%, it won't be many years until the legislature will be looking towards increasing it. When that time comes, the taxpayer will look back to 1966 and think that he wasn't in such bad shape then as he thought.

Before the legislature convened for its 1967 session, we were among the many who looked to it with great hope for a good solution to the property tax dilemma. Now, after being in session for four months and being perhaps the most costly session in state history the program still has not been crystallized. The session is inevitably yielding to the pressure, power and politics to propose a sales tax as the "only way," and if this turns out to be the proposal to the people, we, like thousands of others will be greatly disappointed.

In ensuing issues of the paper, we expect to write on other specific matters concerning the sales tax, the first considering the cost to business of the collection of the tax.

Chaff and Chatter

Wes Sherman

WE REPORTED last week that the Eighth Grade Four proceeded without any trouble of any kind, but we learned later that there was one unfortunate incident that someone may be able to help correct.

One of the Portland Eighth Graders was using his father's Hawkeye 127 camera and had it with him on the bus when the tour made its last stop at Larry Lindsay's place. After taking a picture, he left the camera in the bus when he got out to join the rest of the crowd at the Lindsay ranch. His young host also remembers that he left it on the bus.

But when the youth came back to the bus, the camera was gone, and it could not be located anywhere.

Apparently someone else took the camera by mistake. The Portlander's host family is anxious that it be returned so that the loss of the camera won't mar his memory of the trip. Anyone who can help on this matter is asked to contact the Gazette-Times.

FROM the "Off the Beat" column of Jack Rickard in the Corvallis Gazette-Times recently comes this item:
"OSU's new dean of science, John Ward, has a favorite story he's told for years.
"It happened on a 1958 trip to Vienna. Ward and his wife were on a sightseeing trip up the Danube River in a group that included a few Americans.
"The three-bus party was stopped at the river while the buses were being ferried across. Another American came up to Ward and said he wanted to swim the Danube and wondered if Ward would hold his clothes.
"He agreed and the two went upstream. The stranger jumped into the swift river and headed across.
"Ward's bus was due to go across, so he gave the clothes to another American in the third bus, the one the swimmer was riding in.
"But while riding across, they saw the swimmer get caught in the current and disappear out of sight around the corner. He looked doomed.
"Later the sightseers stopped for lunch and there was the swimmer, a bit wet but in good health. He got a big round of applause from the entire group for his daring stunt.
"Ward was delighted in telling this story and at dinner Wednesday night he was relating it again.
"And seated at the same table was Scott McMurdo, who was in Vienna the same time.

"It was McMurdo who swam the river."
Scott, of course, is son of Dr. and Mrs. A. D. McMurdo of Heppner.

WHEN THE CHAMBER of Commerce took the field trip to the Boeing development and the north end of the county Monday, Don Doerflinger, Boeing manager, asked that no story nor pictures be printed on the Boeing installation without clearance through the Seattle office. We are willing to respect this request since it is their property, and so will not use any story nor pictures on that part of the trip until this has been submitted and cleared through Seattle. It isn't that any secrets were revealed that the general public doesn't already know, but this is a matter of policy of the company.

WE CAN REPORT, however, that Mayor Dewey West drove to the Boeing site in his pickup truck. Then he boarded the bus with the rest of the crowd. We got to visiting with him about this and that, and we were still chatting when the bus pulled away to go back to Boardman. A few miles away, Dewey came to and said, "Ornigosh, I drove my pickup out there."
Back at the Boeing security building, the bus stopped to let Doerflinger off and Dewey asked the manager to take him back to the test site. Doerflinger was happy to oblige but Dewey missed the tour of the port commission facilities as a result.

IF LEONARD MUNKERS is called upon to make many trips with the big Greyhound-type bus on such byways as he traveled on the Port of Morrow lands Monday, he'll probably have to figure out a way to make the long vehicle bend in the middle.

One road on which he drove the bus was just wide enough for the big rig. It paralleled a fence, then abruptly turned right, through a gate. The opening was just wide enough for the bus. Leonard didn't have much maneuvering room, but by some skillful negotiating he managed to wrap the bus around the gatepost without touching the side nor getting stuck in the sands that beckoned behind.

It would have made a good picture if the bus had got stuck, and the Chamber members had to fall to work digging it out. Oh, well, you can't win 'em all.

WE HAVEN'T had a good yarn from Orville Cutsforth in some

TO THE EDITOR...

Band Was There

Dear Wes:—
Now if some of my "offerings" are becoming dull and monotonous I know your editorial acumen will direct this one to the wastebasket and no offense to my part (ED. NOTE: Keep 'em coming, Art!).
So far as I am concerned I sometimes wonder, in pondering my ancient days in Heppner, if my viewpoint has become a bit befuddled and somewhat dimmed.

Anyway there was a time when the daddies, and others of about their age but not yet sealed in the holy bonds of matrimony, had a very fine band composed of all the better known and accepted band instruments of those days. This band, needless to say, was one of our town's best assets—as good bands always are. Today only the youngsters seem to have the proper approach, as well as the talent and inclination, and the elders just sit and listen. How comfortable, and doesn't little Billie sure swing a mean trumpet!

But I want to recall one occasion when our Heppner Silver Cornet Band was really chagrined, and a lot of others along with the band members. That was the day Will J. (Bill) Furnish, popular Pendletonian and Republican candidate for the governor of the State of Oregon, was due in Heppner to address a rousing political stemwinder.

Preparations for this momentous event had been going forward for several days—the big announcements in both the Gazette and the Times, posters plastered on barns and other choice spots controlled by party members, etc. Yes, politics were played straight down the party line in those days. You were either one of the good guys or one of the bad, depending on your party bias.

Alone and sad as well as drab today, the Union Pacific depot in my time was as much a part of our daily activities as any other part of the community. The train left in the morning and came back in the afternoon, every day in the week except Sunday, when the engine was in the round house and the coach and baggage car were resting on the siding near the old water tower. But departures and arrivals were always the occasion for much a-bustle (and I may add, bustles were quite the mode then) and ado, expectation, and just plain curiosity. The "Iron Monster" sure brought out the crowd, although I understand that on a per capita basis, the late Heppner in the shade when it came to greeting the train.

To the depot on "Will J. Furnish Day" came the band playing "There Will Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" and other such stirring pieces. I will say that about half the Republicans in town were on hand and a few Democrat kids dodging behind buggies and other rigs, tossing rocks at some of us good Republican kids. Then of course there were the members of the welcoming committee composed of leading dignitaries and headed by Mayor Frank Gilliam.

The train arrived on time, all passengers alighted, but there was no Candidate Furnish. It was a bitter pill for the Republicans and only the Democrats were cheerful. Mr. Furnish, it seems, was stricken at the last minute in Pendleton and never boarded the train. He recovered completely, however, and was defeated in the general election

time—other than his letters to the editor—but he told some good ones on this trip.

Orville said he and Mel Boyer often hunt coyotes by airplane out in the range country, which the C of C crew was inspecting Monday. But those daggummed coyotes are so smart that they run below the high power lines of Bonneville Power, apparently with the knowledge that the plane isn't going to crash into the wires to shoot the man.

But Orville wouldn't let them outfox him. He and Mel would fly under the wires and flush out those coyotes.
I dunno about that. If I were Orville, I'd think my hide was worth more than that of any blamed old coyote. I'd let the denizen of the desert retain his pride.

THEY SAY that 80 per cent of the American people have never flown, and after listening to Orville, I'm rather glad I'm one of them (although I have made a few little hops).

He told about taking off from Boise airport one time. The man in the tower cleared him for takeoff in his little plane just a few seconds before he also cleared a DC-6 and a jet traveling parallel.

When Orville realized these big ships were coming up behind him, one on either side, he knew he was in for trouble. He gave his plane full throttle, but knew it wasn't enough. The big airplanes quickly overtook and passed him. Then he was caught in their backwash. This flipped Orville and he went out of control.

"My left wingtip wasn't more than two feet off the ground at one time," said he. But he got things straightened out all right.

Orville still probably would vote in favor of having the man in the tower take a mental examination.

Senator Testifies

To the Editor:
I thought you would like to have a copy of the testimony I submitted on behalf of appropriations for the Willow Creek Dam project.
With kindest regards,
Sincerely,
Sen. Wayne Morse
The testimony follows:
Willow Creek Dam
The Willow Creek Dam project has been under consideration for almost 30 years. The original study on the project was authorized by the Flood Control Act of 1937. The presently proposed project was authorized by the Flood Control Act of 1965. It would provide multiple benefits, including flood protection for the city of Heppner, irrigation, sports fishing, recreation, and municipal and industrial water supply.

The flood control aspect of this project is most important. In 1903 virtually the entire town of Heppner was destroyed as the result of a "cloudburst" type of flood. The Heppner flood was the fourth worst flood in the entire history of the United States in terms of lives lost. It is regrettable that the President's budget for the Willow Creek Project for fiscal 1968 is zero. In order that preconstruction planning may continue and that construction on this urgently needed project may be undertaken at the earliest possible date, I ask the Committee to approve an appropriation of the full amount useable by the Corps of Engineers for the coming fiscal year, namely, \$160,000.

The Early Days

To the Editor:
The early days are gone, but not forgotten.
We come into this world naked and go out the same way. That method hasn't been changed to this present day.
And we got married at thirty as a general rule.
Now they get married as kids and still go to school.
Our Uncle Sam then was in the pink.
His income was beyond expenses and didn't need red ink.
In early days, bankruptcy was rare and considered a disgrace in Oregon 1906 there were 5174 bankruptcies filed—a shame for the American race.
Now they have vacated the silver dollar with copper just trying to get by.
That lessens the value, takes out the jingle. I wonder what else they will try.
The diseases those days were hard to cure.
For they wouldn't tell what they were until they matured.
Now if it is mumps, diphtheria or maybe run down health, they will put you through the clinic and remove you of your wealth.
Well, our cattle were fairly good stock. Chickens were Plymouth Rock. Our ducks and geese were super fine and Poland China was our swine.
We milked the cow with the crumpled horn, made our own butter and raised our own corn.
Now she can uncrow her false leg from her carcass, cork up her bottle of dye, put her false teeth in a basin, and don't forget to remove that glass eye.
And the false wig is for beauty as well as a lot of style.
The rouge is used for complexion and that lasted for quite a while.
But when she is all assembled and on the market under supply and demand, young fellows I want to warn you might get splinters in your hand.
Well, it's "put on your old gray bonnet, with not very much upon it, and prepare for the trip some day."
On the highway up to Dover there isn't any clover, and that time isn't too far away.
Scott Brown
4934 N. E. Pacific
Portland, Oregon

Heppner Relative?

Dear Sir:
My name is Kaskel Heppner and I am 54 years old. For most of those years I have been led to believe that a great-uncle of mine, after whom I had been named, went west in the late eighteen-forties or early fifties. He settled, I have been told, in Oregon. Other folk apparently came and settled also and eventually there sprang up a town which was called Heppner, after the original settlers.
Having lived with this story most of my life, I longed some day to visit Heppner and find out whether the story as I know it is true or forever lay the myth to rest. It now happens that my wife and I will be in Heppner about 1 p.m. on May 24, but I do not know just where to look for the information I desire. Whether to use the library, the county clerk's office or to peruse old newspaper files.
Being intimately connected with the newspaper field in New York (Member and former secretary of the New York Press

Photographers Ass'n), I decided to contact the editor of the newspaper in Heppner in the hope that he (you) might be kind enough to advise me where to look for the facts, the local folk lore and legends of the area.

It must seem rather strange to you, and quite nervy on my part to bother you, that we would travel across the country mainly to satisfy what could be termed idle curiosity. The fact remains that this has bothered me for so long that I just had to do something about it, hence this letter.

I am enclosing an envelope already stamped and addressed which I hope you will use to reply.

Please accept my sincere thanks for having taken the trouble to read this somewhat garbled letter and for any information you might divulge.
Kaskel E. Heppner
New York, N. Y.

(ED. NOTE: If anyone is interested in visiting with Mr. Heppner when he arrives, please leave word at the Gazette-Times office).

Pioneer



Ponderings

By W. S. CAVERHILL

Bill Beamer who stood tall among the pioneer stockmen, Bill summed his sheep on Lick Creek north of Prairie City. Friction was beginning to develop between the sheep men and cattle men. They were crowding each other on the open range.

Bill moved his sheep onto the range and took his camp tenders into Prairie City for supplies, and a bit of carousal. Bill treated everybody in the saloon as a matter of public relations.

The next day four armed men rode into Bill's camp and told him to move out.

Bill didn't move.

He said "You drank my whiskey last night and now you want me to move. I'm staying." He did, but the friction on the range became more serious as time passed, until the national forests were established, and the allotment system stopped the range wars.

Incidentally, I believe a man by the name of Chiasey was the first supervisor of the area. His office was in Heppner.

Sixty years ago, I was a member of a crew that marked the forest boundaries and allotment areas on part of the National Forest. There was much opposition for some time from some of the more aggressive stockmen, but it stopped the shooting.

When you patronize Gazette-Times advertisers, you help make a better paper. Tell them you saw it in the Gazette-Times.



Coming Events

HEPPNER HIGH TRACK
Sub-district meet at Madras, Saturday, May 13.
District Meet at Burns, Saturday, May 20.

OMSI DINNER, AUCTION
Saturday, May 13, Fair Pavilion
Dinner from 5:30 p.m.
Community Auction, 7:00 p.m.

MOTHER'S DAY DINNER
Sunday, May 14, Elks Temple
Roast Beef Dinner, 11 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
\$1.50 per person, 75c for children through 5th grade

AUTO ROAD-E-O
Tryouts Sunday, May 14, 1 p.m.
County Fairgrounds.
For boys & girls, ages 16-19.

IONE RAINBOW INSTALLATION
Friday, May 20, 7:30 p.m.
Ione Masonic Hall
Linda Nichols, new worthy advisor

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