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Cutting High School Sports

Now that Portlanders are realizing that the city's school board was serious in stating that the interscholastic sports program would be eliminated if the budget election didn't pass, consternation is spreading.

The \$6.5 million levy didn't pass, and the board has acted to chop the sports program, as well as making other cuts in the school system.

To many parents and school patrons this may seem to be too severe a step, but the board apparently feels it is necessary, and it should be in the best position to know.

Through the years there have been frequent comments from time to time about high school and college sports being overemphasized. Some would curtail interscholastic sports, and probably others would favor eliminating the programs entirely.

But now this move in Portland brings it right down to the nub: Just how important are sports in the secondary educational system?

Nothing as drastic nor on as large a scale, has occurred on the sports scene as the Portland action, and this brings it into focus for more serious examination.

Probably the sports program in our high schools is a more integral part of our educational system than we have realized. The physical education aspect of the schools has become a part of the warp and woof of the total curriculum.

There are some students who find their best incentive through the sports program. It is the morale builder that carries them on. Without the opportunity to participate many of these youngsters would surely become high school dropouts.

To students who are athletically inclined, sports gives an opportunity to achieve success, as well as to develop their physical prowess. It is a chance for them to get a glow of pride that some of them could never experience from getting 4.0 grades because some never could attain such scholastic success. This is notwithstanding the fact that some athletes are also fine students.

The sports program does contribute to fitting young people for society and for taking a place in life. It teaches them to meet other youngsters on a person-to-person basis, to learn the elements of a competitive system, to appreciate the values of sportsmanship. A high school sports program, properly operated, has the capacity to make backward participants blossom into promising citizens. Any community can point to examples.

All this is true if the program is not over-emphasized and the "tail doesn't wag the dog." Perhaps in some schools, there is more stress on sports than there should be, and the athletic department becomes more important than the academic program.

This obviously isn't true in Portland because the board didn't cut any of the academic program. It didn't cut out English, mathematics or science. It cut sports.

If curtailment had to be made, it seems quite fitting that it be made in the realm of sports, as being of lesser importance in the total program.

The fact that it is considered very important, however, becomes evident with the uprising around Portland to have it restored. The city folks are finding that they can't have their cake and eat it.

While the sports program may be of prime importance in the minds of many of the youngsters, it may be considered equally important by their parents. It would be a bit hard to tell whether the kids become more involved in their interschool competition or whether the zealous parents are more enthused—even rabid sometimes.

What if Portland's move would spread to other towns where budgets have gone down to defeat? Then, what if it spread to all schools in the state?

Our feeling is that it would be a real tragedy. An important part of the secondary system would be gone. It would leave something less than a whole system of education for the youngsters.

And when voters start to cast ballots against a school budget after they have been told in all earnestness that such cuts will be made, they should consider the consequences.

High school dropouts do become delinquents in many cases. Delinquents cause trouble and become costly for society to support. They aren't making constructive contributions.

This doesn't apply only to the kids taking an active part in the competition. It affects the cheer leaders, the bands, the pep clubs, and the thousands of students that spend time going to the games and keeping occupied by taking this interest.

There is no citizen who doesn't have a stake in our educational system. His family may be reared and gone, or he may be childless, but he couldn't enjoy civilization as we know it today without education.

We don't blame him for not punting up when he thinks he is getting a bad bargain, but we would urge him to consider whether he might be holding a nickel so close to his eye that he can't see a dollar in the distance.

There are many angles to this school sports matter. They involve community pride and prestige. It becomes a status symbol for a community to say that its team won the state tournament in 1950. Many find it stimulating and enjoyable entertainment. They see the kids putting forth to their fullest extent, and as one Portland school board member said, "There is no other activity in which they participate 100 per cent."

If it came to a wager, we'd bet that Portland will have a sports program, come fall. It may come from volunteer fundraising efforts; it may come from another budget vote; it may be somewhat curtailed. But it will come.

It's too much a part of our way of life to consign to oblivion, as well as being important in developing kids.

Chaff and Chatter

Wes Sherman

IT PROBABLY isn't wise to accuse an attorney of anything because he knows the legal angles which might make it backfire on you. But we've been accusing Bob Abrams of trying to start a new musical combo, "The Four Flats."

Perhaps, however, the "four flats" involved in this allegation aren't the kind that are conducive to beautiful music. As a matter of fact, they may have brought forth some sounds from the attorneys that were anything but symphonic. Certainly no mortal would have censured Robert if he had vented non-melodious rantings which would have paled Ringo Starr and Company, under the circumstances which prevailed.

You see, the Abrams family went on a church outing to Olive Lake in Ukiah country over the Fourth week-end. Before they arrived home at midnight on July 4, they had four flat tires on their van.

In fact, if Bob wished to enlarge his combo, he could make it "The Six Flats" by recruiting Ned Clark and Milo Prindle, who were also on the outing. They each had one flat, making it some sort of record that should hold up for local ecclesiastical outings for some time to come.

Mrs. Abrams came to town with the van on July 3. On Tuesday morning, back at camp, they found a tire going down. She apparently had picked up a bit of wire in the tire on the trip.

They put on the spare, and broke camp in early afternoon. They went just a couple miles when the spare gave out. The Rev. Dirk Rinehart gave Bob a lift to Dale. There he had both tires fixed, and Rev. Rinehart took him back.

Merrily on the way again, the Abrams got to this side of Nye Junction when a blowout on a front tire brought another halt to things. Bob put on the newly repaired spare, and this lasted until they were headed down Franklin grade. There it gave up again.

Bob's mountain climbing and hiking experience at this point came into good use. He and daughter Libby started hiking. They got to the Jay Wheelhouse home, but no one was there. They continued towards Bill Weatherford's when Tom Gony appeared along, stopped, and took them to Heppner. Here they obtained professional assistance, got back to the van, made repairs and finally made it home.

It was a long day. They had left camp probably about 1:30 p.m. and made it to Heppner by 11:30 p.m.

P. S. The Abrams van now has a new set of tires.

THERE WERE many Shriners in Heppner Saturday, what with the mountain meeting going on at Cutsforth Park, and Queen Darlene appearing here on behalf of the Shrine A-2 and B football game. Most of the visitors were strangers to us. There was one who came from some distance whose name I couldn't recall but his fez was familiar.

SATELLITE watching appears to be the new sport around here. We didn't realize it until we heard on a recent telecast that Echo I was due over in a few minutes. We stepped out into Willow street to give a look. John Lane came over and inquired if we had spotted "it" yet, saying that it was due at 11:22.

Then Officer John Mollahan drove by, inquiring the same thing. Both seemed to know at once what we were seeking. And in a few minutes, we noticed one of the "stars" in the west starting to move across the sky. It was apparent that it was traveling at a pretty good clip, and so we presume this was Echo I.

Next morning Spike Pardee reported in a little sleepy-eyed. He said that he and Vic Groshens and some of the other neighbors had spent a good deal of the night watching for satellites, and declared that they had spotted four.

On Thursday night we discovered Echo I going west to east, then a short time later, Echo II going north to south. Since then, we've heard that "everybody's doing it." Well, it's kind of fun on these balmy nights, when it seems good to be outside anyway. Does a person good to look up to the heavens and contemplate on the vastness of things, as well as the modern miracles.

NELS ANDERSON, in a letter accompanying a story on his work in Niger, writes that Harriet Isom, a former Heppner girl, is in Niger, too.

A few weeks ago, she and I went to Lagos, Nigeria, to bring back two Jeeps for an AID project," he writes.

"Our trip is a story by itself, including losing the battery out of one of the new rigs and having to tow it for 300 miles with a wire that kept breaking, over the dustiest roads there are in Africa.

"Only a good Eastern Oregon wheat truck driver could have done this—Harriet has had lots of experience in this on her father's wheat farm near Pendleton."

If we don't have Nels' story in this week's paper with pictures of the work being done in Niger, we'll try to get it in next week. It is very interesting, and it can be seen that he has ac-

complished a lot in his two years there.

PHIL McALMOND, who appeared at Chamber of Commerce here Monday, did an excellent job of taking movies of Vietnam on his 10-day trip there, despite the fact that he broke his light meter and couldn't replace it—even on the black market. He took his pictures by guess, and most of the footage looks like a professional job, even though he declares he's strictly an amateur.

McAlmond said that he queried Bob Duncan before setting out to oppose Sen. Wayne Morse in the Democratic primary next year. Duncan told him that he hadn't made up his mind on whether he would enter the race, but said he had no objection to McAlmond entering, too.

Duncan also said frankly that he didn't believe McAlmond had a chance of defeating Sen. Morse, but McAlmond, the first to enter any major campaign as an avowed candidate, decided that he would give it every effort and has been doing so.

He made the trip clear to Heppner just to show the film here, then headed right back to Portland. He had to be in Washington, D. C. the next day. So he has set a long, hard and expensive schedule for himself.

McAlmond, who differs sharply with Morse on the conduct of the Vietnam war as well as other matters, says that a current survey shows that if an election were held now, he would receive 31 percent of the votes, Morse 40 per cent and 29 per cent are still undecided.

Thus, he thinks he has already made substantial inroads in his campaign to unseat the senior senator.

We suggested to the candidate that Sen. Morse seemed to have the ability to come out ahead even though he appeared to be soundly "cussed" and "discussed" by many vocal voters in a campaign. McAlmond said he was aware of this and had spent some time trying to analyze why.

It will be interesting, anyway, McAlmond, with his personality, zeal and convictions, might do better against Sen. Morse than most candidates with the handicap of name unfamiliarity.

Pioneer



Ponderings

By W. S. CAVERHILL

An Old Timer's Analysis Of Our Deficit

Most pioneers shunned excessive debt. Some of them had learned the hard way. They were conservative. The economy was built on work and production. Then bright boys saw a vision, "The New Deal," a good idea if they had kept national income more nearly in balance with expenditures. They didn't. Now we face a deficit of \$30 billion and will carry a debt of \$365 billion. In addition, we have people grown shy of additional taxes. What does a \$30 billion deficit mean to us? \$150 for every man, woman and child in the country. For a family of six, \$900. Will they get part of it? Not much. The same people who have profited by former deficits will get most of it, and call for more. The escalation of debt, private and public, has been a nice climate to live in but somewhere there is the shadow of disaster. That is what an old timer thinks.

Frank Unrein Takes Marine Training

Marine Private Frank L. Unrein, son of Mrs. Jack McTimpney of Heppner, was graduated from eight weeks of recruit training at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego, Calif.

He will now undergo about three weeks of individual combat training and then, after leave at home, will report to his first Marine Corps assignment.

The intensified Marine recruit training emphasizes rigid physical conditioning and survival techniques, both at sea and ashore, to develop self-confidence and endurance. Marksmanship with the M-14 rifle and 45-caliber pistol are equally stressed, and close order drill instills the traditions of Marine Corps teamwork.

High School Library Open on Wednesdays

The Heppner High school library will be open for circulation of books on Wednesday afternoons on July 19, August 2, 16 and 30. Mrs. Madge Thomson, librarian, announces. On alternate Wednesdays, the library will be open from 7 until 9 p.m.

Memories Of The Old Fair Building

By ART CRAWFORD
PART III

Mrs. Elinor Snow of Heppner, daughter of the late Ed and Clara Luella Brown Adams, was born in the Fair Building on Sept. 23, 1927. Her brother Delvin was also born there and their mother passed away while living there.

Elmer Beaman, the pioneer wood and coal man lived there in his retirement years and it was there he spent his last days, I am told.

Among newbyweds who started housekeeping in the Fair Building were Mr. and Mrs. Otho G. Crawford (Viola Dice) at that time music teacher in the grade and high school. O. G. was working on the G. T. at the time. In later years he became publisher of the paper. He now lives in retirement with his second wife, Rosal, in Lincoln City, Ore.

Mr. Dawson Was a Kindly Man

Going back downstairs again and taking up further discussion of the old Fair Store when under the management of Mr. Giger, I recall that in 1902 Mr. Dawson, who was always so kind to children and so often said, "O, to be a boy again," had charge of the drygoods department. He and Mrs. Dawson lived in the E. R. Bishop house, now the site of Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. on the corner. Both lost their lives in the flood when their home was swept away. Some of the others working in the store about that time included Frank and Elmer Spaulding, fine athletes, especially in baseball and football. They were brothers of Mrs. Giger.

Ross and Charlotte Giger, the two Giger children, were dear friends of the Crawford children and I remember well the last time I saw them. The school vacation period in 1903 had just started and I was at the depot to say goodbye. Mrs. Giger and the children were leaving on a trip to Portland and then to Eastern points for a visit with relatives. In a matter of days the whole world changed for them as it did for many others. They were never to see their father again. His was one of the first bodies recovered in the flood. The children, as far as I know, never returned to Heppner. There was nothing to come back to. Mrs. Giger did make a brief visit later to attend to business matters.

The West Side Athletic Club

Who ever heard of that one? But since it again involves the grand old Fair Building and Dr. Swinburn duty compels me to relate the activities of the West Side Athletic Club. This organization — would you believe

"gang"—had only three members and its basic idea was the improvement of the physical body, if not the brain. Its organizers received their inspiration from TIP TOP WEEKLY, one of the prolific products from the pen of the late Burt L. Standish, who set a record for this sort of literature. The little brightly-covered periodical came to Patterson's Drug Store every Tuesday on the dot and there the kids lined up to get their copy at 10 cents per. They must follow the magnificent feats as demonstrated in the unlimited prowess of the Merriwell brothers, Frank and Dick, and their associates as well as their foes and adversaries. More entrancing than today's soap operas on television, I truly believe. We got the message and decided to emulate the Merriwells in every possible way. So the West Side Athletic Club. The three and only members were Abe Blackman, Earl Halleck and myself. Our track and field suits were our very B.V.D.'s, the working hours were from 5 to 6:30 in the morning, and all operations started from the rear lot (open country) behind the old First Christian Church. The agenda of events included the high and broad jumps, the pole vault, discus, javelin, the 100 yard dash and the distance runs. We ran through all of them. You will note I didn't mention the shot put. We didn't have any. The distance runs took place down to the end of Gale street, and return, I may add.

Pilfering on the Drain Pipe

Yes, we didn't have a shot put but there is usually a solution to every problem. Halleck wasn't around, but Blackman, who was really the brains of the club, came up to me with a paper bag in his hand and said to me, "Come on Art, I am going to get the shot put." I promptly fell in line and we meandered over toward the Fair Building. I remember the annex had just been completed. We went around the Main Street front and down to the rear of the annex side. Abe moved over to the corner of the old section, where a drain pipe came down from the roof, pulled a tool from the paper bag which he said was a key hole saw and right before my eyes he took off some eight or ten inches of the pure lead pipe at the bottom. Meanwhile my eyes roamed up to the overhanging veranda upstairs rear of the Old Fair, and there, of all people looking down upon the entire proceedings, was Dr. Swinburn. He didn't say a word. We left with the loot. A day or so later, on our morning workout, Abe came over from his house across the street and dropped a perfectly

rounded ball at our feet, saying, "Well fellows, here's our shot put." How he ever molded it I never knew. It was a secret he never revealed, but as I said, Abe was the brains of the club. A short time thereafter, Henry Blackman, Abe's father, received a bill from the doctor for one piece of lead drain pipe, "Sold to Abe." Abe had to pay, you can bet on that if you knew his dear old father, Henry. By the way, the West Side Athletic Club was short lived, though it endured some six weeks of a long hot summer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Rev. and Mrs. Dirk Rinehart and Ann returned Monday, July 10 to Cove for a two-week stay during Junior Camp Session.



Coming Events

HEPPNER SWIMMING POOL

Open Tuesdays thru Saturdays, 1 to 4 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.
Open Sundays, 2 to 7 p.m.
Closed Mondays
Second session of swimming classes for beginners, intermediates and swimmers to start July 24

RODEO DANCE

Honoring Princess Berniece Matthews, of Ione.
Saturday, July 15, 9:30 m. to 1:00 a.m.
Heppner Fair Pavilion
Music by The Henchmen of Heppner.
Everyone Welcome!

ALL-STAR GAME

Little League All Star Game
Willow Creek Little League
All Stars vs. Boardman All Stars
Friday, July 14, 6:30 p.m.
Little League field, Heppner.
District play-offs, Hood River, July 21-22.

FAREWELL DINNER

Lexington Christian Church
Saturday, July 15.
Honoring Harley Sager family.
Potluck dinner, 6:30 p.m.

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