

# THE HEPNER GAZETTE-TIMES

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Phone 676-9228

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER

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**WESLEY A. SHERMAN** EDITOR AND PUBLISHER  
**HELEN E. SHERMAN** ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER  
**ROD (SPIKE) PARDEE** Advertising Manager  
**MARION ABRAMS** Society  
**JIM SHERMAN** Pressman

**ARNOLD RAYMOND** Shop Foreman  
**REGGIE PASCAL** Linotype Operator  
**RANDY STILLMAN** Apprentice

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## 'They Just Stood There...'

Heppner's municipal swimming pool has had a fine record for very few accidents, and this speaks well for the supervision there through the years.

There was near tragedy at the pool last Thursday evening, however, and from the shock of it comes some thoughts on being prepared for the future, as well as some ideas that may help prevent future incidents.

Were it not for the action of Stuart Dick, lifeguard, a life surely would have been lost. He brought a young woman from the bottom of the pool and managed to get her out, but she was not breathing and there was no pulse. He described the color of her face as a "dark blue."

Dick showed excellent training in proceeding with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, even though it seemed that it was too late. He stuck with it until she started breathing. He recognized that the girl had a physical ailment that probably contributed to the mishap, and he had to adjust the normal mouth-to-mouth procedure, under additional handicap, to save her life.

Startling is the fact that this young woman apparently was at the bottom of the pool—in nine feet of water—for some time before she was noticed there.

In the particular spot where she had gone down, it is difficult for the lifeguard to see the bottom from his stand. Also, the bottom of the pool was dirty, and the young woman's suit apparently blended with the discoloration on the bottom.

The "new" pool will remedy some of these conditions. As Dick points out, there is no way to clean the bottom of the pool now without draining it. A vacuum cleaner is needed, and it is understood that one will be part of the equipment for the new pool. Would it be possible to get one now?

Lights underwater around the wall of the pool would help prevent this situation. The city has planned on getting them for the "new" pool, if the money is available. The incident last Thursday points up the fact that these lights are not just a frill but are important to safety.

A rather stunning thing that comes to light out of the incident was the reaction—or lack of reaction—by the other swimmers. It would seem that some education needs to be given the swimmers on this point. Some of the others apparently noticed the young woman lying still in the deepest part of the pool but thought little of it. Finally, one girl told another swimmer to go tell the lifeguard—instead of recognizing real trouble and hastening to go or to shout immediately to the lifeguard herself.

When Stuart brought the young woman to the surface and over to the side of the pool, he had the problem of getting her over the relatively high ledge at the edge. He called for assistance, but the youngsters were too stunned or frightened to respond. There were no adults swimming on this evening. He had to get her over the ledge himself and in doing so lacerated her knees on the edge.

"They froze," he said. "They just stood there and watched."

The lifeguard then called for someone to run and call the ambulance, but again came the dull reaction. Eventually, someone went to Peggy Snyder inside the bath house, and she went to a neighborhood house to call the ambulance, not knowing what the problem was.

The high ledge at the pool's edge is another thing that will be corrected with the rebuilt pool. Jerry Sweeney called attention to this very thing when plans for the pool were being considered. He said, "If it is necessary for a lifeguard to rescue someone, he'll have a hard time getting them out." The "new" pool will have "rollout" edges near the water level.

Another point: There is no telephone at the pool. When it is necessary to get an ambulance, someone has to run to a nearby house. It would seem that this should be corrected.

In reflecting back, Dick blames himself for not specifically designating some one person to go call for the ambulance, and to tell them to specify, in calling, what the problem was. Since Peggy got the information second hand, she knew only that there had been an accident and relayed that information. Consequently, the ambulance arrived without a resuscitator.

The fact that the youngsters at the pool didn't rush to Stuart's aid at the time of crisis gives a person pause, but maybe it points up something else. Do we take it for granted that our children will know when someone is drowning, and thereby assume too much? Who has told them specifically what a drowning person acts like?

They seldom see a person in real trouble in the water, and perhaps no one has ever told them just what to do when it happens. It would seem that users of the pool might profit by holding practice drills at unannounced times through the season. The lifeguard could show the youngsters how to help him get a person out of the pool, instruct the kids in how to go call an ambulance, how to recognize a person in trouble, and even the elemental matter of how to call the lifeguard.

There has been much material on how to save a drowning person, how to give artificial respiration, and so on, but have we overlooked the elemental things—of teaching our children how to recognize a person who is in trouble in the water, and the details of how to lend a hand.

We think, too, that the city should consider having two fulltime lifeguards on duty at all times. Dick has had some help part time, but not all the time.

When the pool gets as much use as it does in a summer like this one, it would seem to be a difficult chore for one person to keep an eye on all the swimmers. If one were stationed on his "tower" while another was moving about the side of the pool, the swimmers would get better policing.

This young lifeguard did an outstanding piece of work in saving the life of the Portland girl last Thursday night, and he is to be commended for it.

But looking back, there are some good lessons to be learned in seeing that it doesn't happen again.

If your youngster is a swimmer, this is a good time to take him aside and discuss with him how to recognize another swimmer in trouble, point up the urgency of shouting to the lifeguard immediately, and give him some pointers on how to lend a helping hand without getting in the way.

## Chaff and Chatter

Wes Sherman

WITH SPIKE PARDEE gone from the staff, leaving Friday, and off to seek his fortune somewhere else, we were back on the advertising beat again this week. After hibernating in the G-T office for the past eight months, it was kind of nice getting out to see the improvements that have been made around town.

When we went into Central Market, we didn't recognize it. We hadn't been in the store for six weeks, since Momma Publisher has been buying the groceries.

Clint and Co. have really been doing things, with the old back end of the store now devoted to a self-service meat department. All the meats are neatly wrapped and labeled.

Ernie McCabe of the meat department has a smile a mile wide, as if he had just discovered a miracle. He makes a pile of hamburger, puts it in one machine and it comes out in even quantities. Then he wraps it with some self-sealing paper on another new gadget. A taut wire cuts the paper.

Then he puts the packages, one at a time on a scale. A computer automatically prints a label with the weight, price per lb., and the value of the package. This thing works so neatly it even excludes the weight of the paper, so the old days of a butcher weighing his thumb with the product are gone.

Ernie then pushes the packages against the label, which is automatically waxed with an adhesive, and the label adheres to the package. Quite a far cry from the old days.

Up above some big beautiful raised letters, "Quality Meats," adorn the new section, with a raised and painted replica of a steer in between. Birch paneling forms the backdrop.

The old office, from which Clint used to survey his kingdom is gone. There is a new office in front of the building to give better service to bill-paying customers, and Clint and Forrie Burkenbine have a hidey-hole in the back room for

their business office now. Oh, I tell you. If a guy doesn't keep up with things and get around them make all kinds of improvements without you knowing it.

ANOTHER ONE of those surprise visitors materialized from nowhere Friday morning in the person of Gene Teague of Stayton. Some will remember that Gene was our rodeo parade grand marshal a few years back, riding his famous stallion, "Mr. Chevrolet."

Well, sir, Gene was headed for Salmon River country in Idaho this week.

He'd stopped by to see his long-time friends, the Paul Browns, Jim Farley and others, and dropped in to join us in a cup of coffee.

Gene won just about all the honors available with "Mr. Chevrolet." He took the Grand National at the Cow Palace, and has accumulated many other trophies from major shows. Gene rode the beautiful horse in the Pasadena Rose Parade for several consecutive years at the invitation of the festival association.

But now he has gone into another exciting avocation, in addition to selling Chevrolets from his garage in Stayton. He has become a river guide. This apparently stems from his interest in the North Santiam White Water festival, now held annually. He is among those who promoted this event, and this year some 200 crafts of all kinds and descriptions participated. Weather was nasty, but everyone got soaking wet and had a good time.

Just before visiting here, Gene had been down on the Rogue River, guiding a party, and he was headed to meet a party of dignitaries on the Salmon.

Among those expected to be in his boat was Senator J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas. So Gene is going to take Sen. Fulbright down the "River of No Return." But knowing Mr. Teague, we're sure he'll get the senator back all right.

## Memories Of The Old Fair Building

By ART CRAWFORD  
PART IV

### 1907 "Money Panic"

On a warm summer day in 1907 I was drafted for the most important task of my young life. My duty, to prevent a "run" on the Lexington branch of the Bank of Heppner. Rumor had it that some of the depositors in the area were becoming a bit nervous over the banking situation. So if a run on the branch came about there would be ample funds on hand to pay off to the last depositor.

It was the "money panic" year. The year of the "Clearing House Certificates" and things were getting a bit touchy throughout the country as a whole. Father told me to saddle up Old Henry, my grandfather, J. V. Crawford's pride and joy, and ride him around to the bank's rear entrance on Center street. This I did. Mr. Wharton and my father came out and

lister came out of the bank to see what I wanted and when I pointed to the money bag he could scarcely believe it. For while he knew the money was being "rushed" as a safeguard against a rumored run on the bank, little did he think the job would be entrusted to a 14-year old boy. The run on the bank at Lexington never eventuated. I am glad to report.

**Fabled Well Down Below**  
On my most recent visit to Heppner, May-June 1967, I made a point of going over the ground upon which the Fair Building had stood for so many years. What I was particularly looking for was some sign of indication there had really been a well under the venerable structure. Old timers always said there was a well and that it produced excellent and very cold water. When the big flood came, its waters rushed all around the Fair Building, which was probably some 200 feet from where the flood reached its crest. The basement was filled with water and mud. (By the way, I never did find out just how much of a basement was under the building.)

After the flood relief workers had completed the huge task of clearing away the wreckage and debris generally, a pump crew set to work getting the mud and slime, along with the water out of the Fair building basement. The work of pumping went on for days. As I remember, the hose looked like it might have been borrowed

from the fire department and the pump was a double action rig that was manually operated by a long up-right handle that was moved forward and backward. Water and mud seemed to run down the gutter in a steady stream but there was so much silt, which had to be shoveled into a wagon and carted away to some distant point of dumping. City officials were highly concerned over the sanitation problems and they were taking all possible precaution.

Finally the day came when there wasn't much coming through the hose but clear water, then there was nothing at all. Before pulling out the rig, it was decided to wait a couple of days and then try the pump again. This time the water came out in quantity and it was crystal clear. Again there was no more water, so an investigation got under way and what did they discover? The nozzle of the hose was found to have dropped into the old well. For several days they had been pumping the old well dry. This could have gone on endlessly, so the pumping crew finally decided to call it a day and they quit for good. So there must have been a well under the Fair Building after all.

But flood or no flood, Sylvia Shipley Wells remarked when I related the above story to her, "They seemed always to be pumping water out of the basement of that building when I was a little girl living back on Oak street." (Case Apartments now occupy the site of the old Shipley home.) I agreed with Sylvia and suggested it was more likely due to poor street drainage than anything else. But that old well, that's a story persisting in legend if not in fact.

**So Ave Atque Vale—**  
You grand old pile of brick  
Your destiny met fulfillment  
And your days were filled  
with pride  
All Heppner folks just loved  
you  
To the very day you died—

There even may have been tears shed  
For the fond memories that  
you held  
Twas brutal treatment that  
they gave you  
An ignominious end — and  
also, alas,  
Your successor, tho neat and  
tidy, too  
Will be selling Richfield oil  
and gas.

**Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wishart.**  
Hood River, visited over the week-end in Heppner with his brother and family, the Jim Wisharts.

**Misses Gail Batty, Karen McCurdy** and Susan Lindstrom, all summer school students at Oregon State University, enjoyed a short week-end vacation at their respective homes.

## Boardman to Bid Farewell to Old Town at Picnic

By MARY LEE MARLOW

BOARDMAN—Plans are being made for a no-host community picnic to be held here Sunday, August 13, on the school lawn for anyone who has ever lived here or had friends here.

Since the old town of Boardman is now non-existent and everything is gone except the school and the old city hall building this will be the last affair held in the old town. All are invited to attend.

Anyone wanting further information may contact Mrs. Harold Baker, Mrs. LaVern Partlow, Mrs. Leonard Bedord or Mrs. Eldon Shannon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Seehafer were hosts for the annual Greenfield Grange picnic on the lawn at their home Sunday afternoon. There were 22 present. Out of town guests were Russell Belshe of Moro, and Mr. and Mrs. Kay Brown of Umatilla. Others included Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. Chub Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Baker and son Dale, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Broadbent and children Cally, Rickie and Marty, Mrs. Walter Hayes, Mrs. Rollin Bishop, Jack McEntire, Mrs. Leo Root and Mrs. Frank Marlow.

The Boardman City Council last week awarded a garbage franchise to the Hermiston Sanitary Service, operated by F. E. Sullivan. The city will bill for this service in the future, putting it on the water and sewage bill. For any further information on this call the city hall.

Z. J. Gillespie announced that water and sewage service had been completed in the first addition to the city of Boardman, and this will give the city 20 more services.

**Princess Dance Planned**  
The Boardman Tillicum Club held a potluck dinner Tuesday night of last week at the home of Mrs. LaVern Partlow for members and their families. Final plans were made for the princess dance in honor of Linda Tate on August 5 at Heppner.

Mrs. Ralph Skoubo is chairman of the music committee and announced music would be furnished by "The Gophers" of The Dalles. Mrs. Dewey West, Mrs. Carroll Donovan and Mrs. Ronald Black will be in charge of the food.

Plans were made to take a tour of the Boeing test site July 14. The next meeting will be held August 8, the place to be announced later.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Farmer and daughter Sue of Metropolitan, Ill., visited from Friday to Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harwood. They are former residents here. Visitors last week at the Harwood home were Harwood's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Broten of Tacoma, Wash.

Mrs. Leo Root went to Wasco Wednesday last week to visit at the home of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Root, and accompanied them to Portland where they visited Mrs. Root's brothers and sisters-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Mefford and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mefford. They brought her home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ball and Mrs. Glen Carpenter returned home Sunday from a nine day's trip which took them to Glacier National Park in Montana, and to Lomond, Letheridge and Banff, Alta., Canada, and back through British Columbia. They also attended the Calgary Stampede.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Risley and children Melodie, Bobbie, Tamme and Grace Ellen went to Payette, Idaho Saturday to visit at the home of Mrs. Risley's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Forthman. Mrs. Risley and children remained there for a week's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. LaVern Boylan of Hermiston were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ron Daniels.

Mrs. Roy Partlow and daughter Joannie and Mrs. Harold Baker and daughter Karen and Kristie went to Portland last Friday to visit overnight at the home of Mrs. Partlow's sister, Mrs. Helen Wahlstrom. Ron Baker returned home with them after spending two weeks at Perry's Sport Camp there.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Russell attended a reunion of the Russell and Beers families last Saturday at Mayer State Park near Rowena. There were about 75 present. The Russells visited overnight in The Dalles at the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Reed.

Mrs. Elvin Ely went to Whitstran, Wash. Monday to take her grandchildren Renee and Ricky Ely to visit at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Newell Vaught, for two weeks. Rena Ely is visiting her other grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Osborne, in Hermiston.

Russell and Tommy Carpenter of Payette, Idaho, are visiting for two weeks at the home of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Jenkins. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vern Carpenter, brought them down a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ron Daniels and children Pam, Vickie and Scott have returned from a week's visit in Caldwell, Idaho, at the home of Daniels' parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Daniels.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bedord

## Salem Scene

by Everett E. Cutler

### Initiative Moves Seen As Tax Structure Threats

In ignoring the "what's the use" critics and reaffirming his intention to call the legislature into special session this fall, Governor Tom McCall apparently thinks something can be done to cut property taxes without recourse to some initiative petition ideas now being promoted.

Such faith in Oregon legislative process can be justified by the record, according to some students of taxation, despite the 1967 assembly's failure to reach agreement on any local tax relief plan.

In recent years, they note, lawmakers have directly reduced homeowners' bills through the Property Tax Relief Act of 1965 and referral of the successful cigarette tax to Oregon voters. Indirect relief has come by way of increases in basic school support and other state money directed to local aid; the new gasoline tax increase will give more road and recreation area funds to cities and counties.

Furthermore, they point out, legislators have eased the burden on elderly homeowners through the senior citizens' homestead exemption and have fought off elimination of the state personal income tax deduction now allowed on property taxes paid.

And despite popular clamor for repeal of property-tax exemptions, elected state leaders consistently have refused to allow application of local taxes to homeowners' personal property. This practice creates a big tab in many states, and is a significant exemption not allowed business taxpayers.

Mindful of Oregon's business climate, legislators have encouraged business growth through legislation as the Inventory Tax Relief Act of 1965. That act is phasing out half of Oregon's inventory tax, which actually is a property tax paid by businessmen on goods in stock.

Other incentives to spur growth in business and employment have included exemption from tax liability of goods shipped into Oregon for transshipment elsewhere; the "green belt" provision offering property tax relief to farmers and the exemption from taxation of buildings while under construction. Beginning Sept. 13, persons or industries installing anti-pollution facilities, instead of being penalized for im-

proving property, will be allowed some tax relief on the new equipment.

Most important for both homeowners and business is the high degree of uniformity of assessment and administration among all classifications of property which has been achieved over the years. Because of this, tax experts note, Oregon has become the model state insofar as property tax equality is concerned.

In spite of past legislative efforts, most also will agree that property taxes are too high, that we place too much reliance on local taxes to support burgeoning local needs. Like current legislators, however, they fail to agree on an answer to property tax relief demands. Harmony comes closer when considering ways NOT to solve the dilemma, some of which are embodied in initiative proposals.

Among these are well-publicized ideas to place a flat 1 or 1½ per cent limitation on property taxes through Constitutional amendment. Although appealing on the surface, these generally are regarded as disastrous, for such limitations would slice local revenues from one-third to half without providing other resources to pay education and local government costs.

Other proposals gaining favor in recent weeks would extend property tax relief only to homeowners. Such ideas, whose proponents include State Treasurer Robert Straub, Portland Young Republican Club and some Democratic legislative leaders are being challenged on grounds that (1) they display lack of confidence in the record compiled by legislators and (2) they would severely damage Oregon's business climate.

On the latter point, those who would seek equal relief for all classes of property argue that business and industry already shoulder the greatest property tax burden. Special relief to residential property owners would shift an even larger percentage onto business property.

More industry and year-round employment provide the answer to a balanced, non-seasonal Oregon economy, according to businessmen. This is particularly important in a state where the three largest industries—forest products, agriculture and tourism—are highly seasonal. And Oregon's uniform property tax structure, they maintain, provides a major inducement to expansion and diversification of industry—which in turn, means more jobs.

In any case, the threat to Oregon's economy posed by such plans, and the defeat of a number of school budgets around the state, is causing some re-evaluation of the whole tax reform program. Governor McCall said last week he may call a special session earlier than September "if a crisis intervenes."

And present legislators, despite the taxation record to be written in Salem over many earlier years, now are learning from the folks at home that ill feeling over 1967 session results is widespread and will not easily be forgotten.

## Pioneer



## Ponderings

By W. S. CAVERHILL

### Monday Morning's Desk

"Straws in the wind" and rubbish in the mail are the conditions and things that a business man must wallow in on Monday morning before he establishes the day's course of work.

He must scan the news headlines for international shock waves, the weather forecast, the stock market and his appointment calendar. There will be a pile of mail matter from current bills to insurance and medical advice from experts. There will be circulars on special opportunities to improve your income, sharpen your memory, and what to feed the dog.

Whether you are obese, anemic or flat chested, sooner or later some eager beaver will mail you a remedy. There will always be "straws in the wind" and rubbish in the mail, and the best way to avoid the annoyance of them is to come an hour late. By that time your secretary will have riffled out the junk and will be ready to give you an outline for work.

She will have a consensus of your personal image among your customers and perhaps add a spot of local gossip that has nothing to do with your business.

and son Billee and Mrs. Guy Ferguson have returned home from a trip to Long Beach, Wash. They were gone four days. Mrs. Bedord and Billee spent the week-end at Brush Prairie, Wash., visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Vern Moe.

Shirley Earwood, Mrs. Ralph Skoubo and Ella Sutton left Sunday to take a group of youngsters to Pineroot Camp near Blanchard, Idaho. They included Larry and Susan Ball and Diane Rash.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rash went to Walla Walla, Wash. Sunday afternoon to get the youngsters who spent last week at the Kiwanis Camp there. They were Linda Ball, Dale and David Lindall, Tracee Ferguson and Tamara McKenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Culp and Mrs. Gene Winters were in Portland Wednesday, July 12, to select fabrics for Mrs. Culp's home salesroom.

### COMMUNITY BILLBOARD

### Coming Events

**HEPPNER SWIMMING POOL**  
Open Tuesdays thru Fridays, 1 to 4 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.  
Open Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 7 p.m. Closed Mondays start July 24

Second session of swimming classes for beginners, intermediates and swimmers to start July 24  
Parents swim free Friday nights when accompanying children

**RODEO DANCE**  
Honoring Princess Maureen Doherty of Lexington  
Saturday, July 22, 9:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.  
Heppner Fair Pavilion  
Music by The Henchmen of Heppner.  
Everyone Welcome!

**LITTLE LEAGUE TOURNEY**  
District Tournament, Friday, Saturday, July 21, 22  
Hood River field  
Willow Creek League, first game, Friday, 4:00 p.m.

**MORROW COUNTY PICNIC**  
Annual Morrow County Picnic Sunday, August 6  
Laurelhurst Park, Portland  
Potluck dinner  
Everyone welcome.

Englishman's son  
**SPONSORED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY**  
**C. A. RUGGLES**  
Insurance Agency  
Heppner

P. O. Box 247 PH. 676-9625