

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE-TIMES

Heppner, Oregon 97836
Phone 676-9223

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER

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Why a Weekly Press?

Surrounded by hefty daily newspapers, on-the-spot television newscasts, frequent radio news broadcasts, all covering important events foreign and domestic—what does the suburban reader get out of his local weekly?

What he gets, if his weekly is a good one, is a detailed knowledge of the community in which he lives, in which his children are raised, in which his private life is passed.

Daily newspapers, television, radio — all are called the "mass media." And rightly so. They deal, as they should, with mass events, mass movements — when an individual enters, he is, almost always, an individual whose actions have had an effect on a large number of people for good or for bad. The mass media are, and pride themselves on being, the voice of The People.

But I am not a people. You are not a people. We are persons, you and I, and we need to know what is happening that affects us as persons, and what the persons we live among are doing that will touch our daily, private lives.

We want to know, also, how larger events touch us. We may read in the dailies, for example, that the State education department has decided that all schools must offer certain courses in this or that field. This means little — until we find, on reading our local weekly, that the high school our child will attend next year has shifted its curriculum to offer the mandated course.

The local paper, also, can act as a lever to raise standards in local government, to improve local facilities, to acquaint the individual voter with actions of his particular representative in government—and to acquaint the representative with the principal subjects of concern to the local community.

The local weekly can help preserve the importance of each man in his own right. It is a cynical old saying that everyone is created equal, only some are more equal than others. The engagement of your daughter is as important to you and to God as the engagement of the president's daughter—and, though the metropolitan daily may find little or no room for this supreme event, the local weekly can and will tell your world of her happiness.

There are other functions for the slim, sometimes unpolished little sheet to perform—it can trumpet the merits of your own home town, tell you where you can buy that dress without going miles away, warn against community blight and tell you that Aunt Millie is back from Florida and your fourth grade teacher is in the hospital — maybe you should send her a card?

All these things the dailies, television or radio cannot do. Their news must interest everybody, must affect The People. They deal with the great of this world. For news about you and me, read us.

—Baldwin (N. Y.) Citizen

Chaff and Chatter

Wes Sherman

A LIGHT plane landed at the Lexington airport one day last week, and the pilot reported to Mel Boyer, airport operator, that he had spotted a fire in progress in an area southeast of the field.

Boyer, who did a great job of stopping a field fire near Lexington recently by drenching it from the air with his spray plane, was ready for this one. He had his plane loaded with 150 gallons of water and ready to go.

He took off for the fire scene and had no trouble locating it. He could see a man apparently trying to stop the fire with a spray hose. Boyer swooped low, cut loose the 150 gallons and was right on target. Both fire and the man took a drenching.

The pilot banked around and came back to assess his effectiveness. Then he could see that the man held a weed burner and not a hose. Nobody was in the air with Boyer to see whether his face was red or not.

Bernard Doherty later called Boyer and thanked him for his help, but politely asked that he be allowed to burn his weeds henceforth without having them wet down.

At least that's the way it was reported to us. But let this not discourage Pilot Mel. He surely can be a great help on a fire as he proved at the field fire at Lexington.

ANOTHER REPORT we heard the other day, but can't confirm for sure, was that the Dick Carpenters were competing for a new record on flat tires, gunning for the 4 flats recorded in one day held by Mr. and Mrs. Bob Abrams.

The Carpenters took off last week headed for Round Butte in order to get a few days "away from it all." Carpenter had some tough little mid-summer school problems that were bugging him and wanted to be free from pressure for a few days.

The report is that he had three flats on the trip, and the days were hot, too. That, of

course, is short of the Abrams record.

Nice try, anyway, Dick. One nice thing about it is that it is pretty hard to worry about school problems when you're jacking up the rear of a car with one of those ungainly bumper jacks the manufacturers harass you with.

THOSE ZEALOTS who encourage people to go on vacations so that they can come back all refreshed, rejuvenated, and rarin' to go hadn't better take a look at Bill Hust.

Poor Bill is one of those unfortunate—like us—who is a sucker for the sun. Just a short while under the bright summer rays, and he turns the color of a lobster.

When he went fishing on the Rogue last week, he tried to protect his face with a cap, but the sun got to him, and he returned home badly blistered and swollen around the lips, cheeks and chin. For a couple of days, he could hardly talk because of the swelling.

Fortunately, Bill found plenty of office work to do at Penney's when he got back this week. He didn't want to be on the floor, since exposure to sympathetic remarks of customers and to the ribbing of his fellow merchants might be worse than the sunburn.

We're surely not going to jibe him for we've been that sunburn route. Best thing we can do is stay inside and hide under the rug when the sun is barreling down.

MANY IN THIS area were tickled to see Gene Heliker and Bob Baker on the KGW-TV Telescope program Friday morning, appearing as members of the combo, "The Morning Reign." The group, with six in the combo, played several numbers on the program. The Willamette U. boys, playing out of Salem, are gaining fame with their group.

GENE WINTERS saw the picture of the Giants in connection with this column last week

Peterson Recalls Great 1903 Flood From Valby Area

(Editor's Note: When C. R. (Richard) Peterson of Corvallis returned to Heppner for the Memorial Day Reunion Picnic, he said that he would like to tell his story of the 1903 Heppner flood. The following is his account. Peterson, now 80 years of age, came to the Valby district in 1888 and was there when the storm came that "washed Heppner away." Peterson is a cousin of Oscar Peterson, former county judge.)

Dear friends, relatives, schoolmates and friends, so many I cannot enumerate them:

My father, mother and I came from Sweden to Arlington in June of 1888 and got off the train there. There was someone there who could speak both English and Swedish, so we got a ride on a freight wagon to Lexington with all our worldly possessions — a home-made trunk, crammed full, a Swedish spinning wheel, a square box coffee grinder and the clothes we had to protect us from the cold and heat. Dad had \$5.00. Uncle John E. Peterson, Dad's oldest brother and the father of former County Judge Oscar Peterson, met us at Lexington with a freight wagon and took us to his homestead cabin two miles northwest of Valby church.

Enough of this, I was to concentrate on some of my memories of the Heppner flood of June the 14th, 1903.

Dad and mother had taken a team of horses, hitched to a wagon and loaded my other brothers and sister Esther aboard for a visit to Charles Anderson at the head of Eight-mile Canyon for the day. Since it was Sunday, no one was working in the fields. Charles Anderson was the father of Frank, Charles, Howard, Victor, Alfred and Ben.

My brother, Ture, and I were at home, watering and taking care of 10 or 15 head of cows and calves including our milk cows.

It had been sunshine and warm. At about 1 o'clock or 1:30 some dark stormy clouds began to show up in the southwest. So I said to Ture, "It looks like it is going to storm." We began to get the cattle rounded up and get home where we could be protected. The clouds were getting darker and heavier very fast. We got to the house and got the cattle gathered around the buildings and barn; by that time, we had big hail stones as big as marbles and rain in showers. We got the pony into the barn but the rain was pouring down so hard we just made it to the house. These are the buildings one-half mile north of Valby church. Of course, we did not have as many buildings there then as there are now.

Ture and I got into the house and we were in the dry. We watched the water come down in sheets and the ground was covered with water in a very few minutes. It looked as if it was about three to four inches deep all over the ground. It just came so hard that everything was floating. The calves were huddled under their mothers. If they had been out by themselves, it would have been a guess whether they would have made it.

The folks made it home before dark and everything was okay. The next morning Dad and I wanted to see how everything was in Eight Mile canyon. There were no fences across the channel of the creek that carried away the surplus water.

We had gone about one-half or three-fourths of a mile when Mr. Courter, our neighbor, came over the hill, and we waited to see what news he had about the storm. Mr. Courter was the father of William (or Bill), Bert and Effie.

It was not hard to strike up something to talk about; Mr. Courter had a phone in his home—a barbed wire line with some seven or eight phones out west of Heppner to the ranchers.

He said, "Have you heard of Heppner being washed out and hundreds of people just washed away and the buildings demolished by such a disaster.

and recognized right away the blond grizzer who was unidentified in the photo. Gene says that he is Bill Austin, ex-OSU, who was there at the same time he was a "few" years back.

Austin was among the possibilities we considered in tickling the memory cells of the cranium, but we didn't know for sure. Thanks for your confirmation, Gene.

King of Beasts

DANCE

Live Music

EVERY

Friday & Saturday

At The

WAGON WHEEL CAFE

Heppner 676-8997

4-H Club Hears Talk

Sixth meeting of the South Springs 4-H Riding Club was called to order by Gwen Drake on July 26 at her home. Roll call was answered by naming the parts of a saddle. Gwen gave an interesting report on Arabian horses.

Sherry Kemp, reporter

Mr. and Mrs. Don Hough traveled to Cascade Park, below Foster Dam, last Sunday where they attended the Canoy family reunion.

that anyone has ever heard of." And of course we had not because we had no phone and no one could otherwise get the true impression of such a holocaust. Mr. Courter said, "They are calling for help from everywhere; help of any kind is needed."

Dad and I got one team of horses and a wagon and went to see what could be done to help.

There was hail as big as hen's eggs, ice, debris of every description, hogs, sheep, chickens and human bodies piled up. Only teams of horses were strong enough to pull and break things up to find more bodies.

There was a continuous procession of corpses and mutilated bodies up the stairs of the Roberts Building and some of the missing were never found.

They had got some of the old wood stoves lined up on the higher ground and some cooking was being done there. They had to carry water in pails and wash tubs. Working night and day used up lots of energy.

The water in lone spread typhoid germs and some families had several taken away by typhoid fever. It was a long time before the water was safe for human consumption.

Years passed before Heppner got back into the business of progress. Farming was mostly stock until that time. Sheep, cattle and horses accounted for most of the area's income, but the grass was being eaten close to the ground in overstocking. So all the tillable land was plowed and cultivated to produce our grain crops which are now the main source of income.

Richard Peterson

Pioneer



Ponderings

By W. S. CAVERHILL

Fact or Fantasy?

The reader may judge. This is it, heard whispered over the coffee cups at a recent meeting of our club.

The information was fragmentary, and given reluctantly. Put together, it seems, that the management officials of an enterprise near here decided to get a mechanical man to do odd jobs and the janitor work. They wanted to avoid the usual "coffee breaks." Having decided the matter, they purchased a second hand robot on the installment plan, put him on the payroll as "Bot" and set him to work.

For a time everything was fine. Push a button here and "Bot" would get down on his knees and scrub the floors. Push another button there, and he would climb a ladder and wash the windows. He would dust the furniture without any prodding.

Not being satisfied with that, they pushed old "Bot" too far and he began to rebel. What they had failed to do when they took him on was to give him an intelligence test. What they didn't know was that their mechanical man had an IQ equal to the best college athlete, and a temperament as unpredictable as a glamor girl.

Perhaps he was tired of being pushed around, or began to feel the inferiority of his position. Whatever it was, one morning when the head clerk pushed a button, "Old Bot" didn't kneel, climb a ladder, nor use the duster. He went berserk—threw everyone out of the building, broke up the furniture, ate the

TO THE EDITOR

Another Charge

Aug. 3, 1967

Dear Wes: We certainly enjoyed your charge to the BankAmericard. However, pre-dating this handy device, how about the Charge of the Light Brigade? Everyone in this small shop is a fan of your fine column and newspaper. What a splendid job you folks are doing for Heppner.

Kindest regards,
Charlie Heard, Editor
Pilot Rock News

Likes Letters

To the Editor: Enclosed please find my check for another year for the paper. I have enjoyed the paper very much, especially the letters from Mr. Yeager and Art Crawford.

We are all old timers of Heppner. Thanks for an interesting paper.

Yours truly
Mrs. Frank Barclay
2409 N. E. Union Ave.
Portland 97212

program of work for the day, locked the door and took for the hills.

They say the police won't look for him. Some think that "Bot" is hiding somewhere along the Road South. If he is, beware. He's a smart collection of brains and bolts, and he's mad and mean.

That's the story.

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Saturdays
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GENE ORWICK

Won a Miller
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
 Adult Swimming Lessons start Tues., Aug. 15, 6:30 p.m.

RODEO DANCE
 Honoring Queen Verina French of Lena Community
 Saturday, August 12, 9:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.
 Heppner Fair Pavilion
 Music by The Good Vibrations of Portland
 Everyone Welcome!

4-H HORSE SHOW
 Sunday, August 13, 1:30 p.m.
 County Fairgrounds
 Events include showmanship, horsemanship and horse judging
 Fair Premiums awarded

QUEEN CORONATION
 Full evening of fun, Saturday, August 12, Rodeo Grounds
 "Smoker" for all ages, Tug-of-War, games, concessions, coronation ceremonies
 Sponsored by Morrow County Jaycees

GRANGE PICNIC
 Rhea Creek Grange Families and Friends
 Sunday, August 13, Anson Wright Memorial Park
 Potluck dinner, 1:30 p.m.
 SPONSORED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY

C. A. RUGGLES
 Insurance Agency
 Heppner
 P. O. Box 247 PH. 676-9625

DANCE

MORROW COUNTY FAIR and RODEO

SATURDAY AUGUST 12 9:30 p.m. to 1 a.m.

MUSIC BY The Good Vibrations Of Portland

ADMISSION \$1.50 Per Person

Honoring QUEEN VERINA FRENCH MORROW COUNTY FAIR PAVILION HEPPNER

