

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE-TIMES

Heppner, Oregon 97836
Phone 676-9225

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER

The Heppner Gazette established March 30, 1883. The Heppner Times established November 18, 1897. Consolidated February 13, 1912.



WESLEY A. SHERMAN EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
HELEN E. SHERMAN ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
MARION ABRAMS Society Circulation
JIM SHERMAN Pressman
ARNOLD RAYMOND Shop Foreman Printer
REGGIE PASCAL Linotype Operator
RANDY STILLMAN Apprentice

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

Judge Kilkenny Deserves It

Probably the best recommendation that can come to any man is that which stems from his "grass roots." If he has gained the complete respect of those who watched him in his youth; if he is admired by those who know him best; and if he retains their untarnished esteem as he achieves in maturity, then he truly can be said to hold a vaunted place among his fellows.

Such is the feeling of the native community towards Judge John F. Kilkenny of Portland at this time when he is being considered for a position on the nine-man 9th Circuit Court of Appeals. Judge Kilkenny, who was born in Heppner, was appointed to the bench in U. S. District Court, Portland, in 1959. Behind him were 30 years as an outstanding trial lawyer in Eastern Oregon. He had graduated from Notre Dame after attending Columbia Prep in Portland.

It has been pointed out that Oregon has not been represented on the 9th Circuit Court of Appeals since 1959, at the time of the death of James Alger Fee. Its jurisdiction includes 11 states—Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Alaska, Hawaii, California, Arizona, Utah, New Mexico and Montana.

Judge Kilkenny is a brother of Wm. P. Kilkenny and Mrs. Sara Cohn, both of Pendleton, and half-brother of Mrs. Irene Wyman and Mrs. Don Greenup, both of Heppner, and Bob Kilkenny of Lexington. He has the full support of local attorneys for the position in San Francisco. Attorney P. W. Mahoney has known him through much of his life and has the highest respect for Judge Kilkenny and his ability. This feeling is shared by other local attorneys who know him by reputation and through their work in law.

While serving on the U. S. District Court bench in Portland, Judge Kilkenny has also served as a visiting District Court Judge to Guam, Hawaii, Alaska, Washington, Montana, California, Arizona, Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania. He has been a pro tem judge in the 9th Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco and in the 5th Circuit Court in Atlanta and Houston.

There can be no question of Judge Kilkenny's qualification for the position; there can be no question of the admiration he engenders from his fellow members of the Bar. The State of Oregon deserves a man on the 9th Circuit bench who is familiar with the way state courts have interpreted Oregon statutes.

The Oregonian points out that this state has been "out-gunned in patronage battles" since the death of Judge Fee. It was never able to recover his seat on the 9th.

Appointment for the position will come from President Johnson. Judge Kilkenny is a Republican and was appointed to the District Court bench by a Republican president.

But this appointment should rise above patronage and politics. It is to be hoped that it will. Judge Kilkenny deserves the appointment from any point of view. His "home folks"—those who know him best back to his young days—strongly recommend him.

Statement Wounds Pride

Statement by Dr. Leon Minear, superintendent of public instruction, that 152 Oregon school districts are "substandard" has wounded the pride of many administrators and school patrons. It did here.

It was a bit of a shock to go down the list of the districts in the daily newspaper story, thinking that the Morrow county district would not be on the list, only to discover that it was there—in black and white.

It seemed sort of like a child who thought he had done a good job of cleaning up his room and expected a compliment from his mother, only to be scolded for falling to pick up his dirty sock.

It would have to be assumed that Dr. Minear released the statement in his zeal to urge the best possible education for our children, but it certainly wasn't done in the Carnegie tradition of "winning friends and influencing people."

People like those in Morrow county have worked hard, paid dearly in taxes, and made many sacrifices to achieve a fine educational system. Thus, while in the throes of these labors, it seems ill-timed and disturbing for him to utter a statement that the public will interpret as a remonstrance.

Perhaps Dr. Minear wished to "stir" the public, thereby to call attention dramatically to educational needs in the state as he sees them.

Supt. Ron Daniels of the Morrow county district expressed "dismay" at the statement. He states that an evaluation in this district took place in 1961, prior to the opening of new high schools in Ione and Heppner. Supt. Daniels points out—as school patrons here well know—that the county has been working steadily to correct building deficiencies. Four of its seven school buildings can be classed as "new"—two having been built in the past six years—and another new one is just rising. Only the Ione and Heppner elementary plants could be classed as old buildings.

Even though some of us (who are still not too old) can trace our school days back to the one-room buildings with cloakrooms on either side of the entrance (and feel that we got a pretty good education in them, too), it has to be recognized that standards are important and logical in this rapidly moving and competitive time. Nevertheless, there is some possibility that they tend to become too inflexible. One might point out that some teachers could give a youngster a first class education in a cowshed, but, of course, that is neither practical nor desirable.

At a time when property taxes border on the oppressive, when some volunteer citizens are working long hours for education (school board, advisory committees and others), and when the people of the district have been prone to give full cooperation and support to our school system (such as passing the budget on the first try), it would seem that encouragement is needed. Dr. Minear's statement tends to discourage.

Any who took a critical look at our school system would probably concede that Morrow county doesn't measure up to all state standards. But how much more good it would have done us if Dr. Minear had listed the steps toward meeting standards that the county has achieved—the new schools at Heppner and Ione, the new addition at A. C. Houghton, the start on Riverside High, and other progressive moves—and commended them. He could then have added the specific areas where further progress is needed. This, then, could serve as a guide to our district instead of wounding our pride.

Fair--A Family Event

When you go to the fair next week, you'll notice that those attending are in family groups. Oh, you might not find them walking around with arms linked, but chances are that if the boy is showing livestock or the girl is taking part in the dress revue, dad and mother will be right at hand.

And if mother is involved in the cake baking contest, little daughter will be there rooting for her.

This is one of the great things about fairs, isn't it? It's still one event where the family participates as a group. One doesn't go to the Morrow county fair to have a rip-roaring time, but he gets a deeper sense of pleasure—the kind that comes from achieving and knowing he has done a good job. Families feel the close association of common interest, and dad can be thrilled to see a son pack off a blue ribbon that has become a family tradition.

It has been a long time since the pioneer days, but fair time brings us back to the basics which were so important then and remain important today—cooking, sewing, homemaking, raising agricultural products. No matter how these things are refined by machines and modern techniques they are still necessary for human livelihood and families share them.

As you go to the fair with your family, you will feel that closer relationship, whether any of yours wins a blue ribbon or not. Even if you just go to marvel at the work of others, you'll notice it.

Emphasis is on youth activities, as it should be, but parents will be very well represented in open classes, community booths and many other activities.

It is truly a family event, and it's great to be a part of a family.

FREE BUCKING SHOW--

It Was Impromptu But Good - - (While It Lasted!)

(Editor's Note: Rodeo time is drawing near, and we are indebted to O. G. Crawford of Lincoln City, former Gazette-Times publisher, for this contribution as a "yarn on pre-Rodeo days," as he puts it. "It is doubtful if anyone now living in Heppner saw the little show, and I am trusting that you will accept my word that everything mentioned herein is the 'gospel truth'—pon my word of honor," he writes.)

By O. G. CRAWFORD
In long years past, it was no uncommon sight to see some horseman come riding into town on a shy nag that was "seeing the sights of the city" for the first time. The animal may have been broken to the saddle but aside from the familiar sights of range and ranch knew nothing of the dangers lurking on every hand in a more thickly populated area. An unfamiliar noise, a flapping canvas shade in front of a business house, or even a piece of paper fluttering in the wind could be the signal for an unannounced one-man, one-horse rodeo that never failed to draw an enthusiastic crowd—and free, at that.

The writer was one of those who got a big thrill out of witnessing such exhibitions and more than once was known to flee his stool and type case, composing stick in hand, and enjoy a battle between horse and man for a few moments. The 10-hour day was more endurable after that, particularly when such exhibitions occurred during the 7 to 12 shift in the a.m. (Because said writer was sanitary engineer as well as compositor in those earlier days of his career it was necessary to go to work an hour earlier than the rest of the personnel).

One thing that made unplanned exhibitions convenient for witnessing by representatives of the "Fourth Estate" was that both Heppner newspapers, the Gazette and the Times were in the same block and separated only by Willie Stewart's Livery Stable. The Times had the advantage inasmuch as the yard was on the north side of the stable and that was where the action was to be found. But if the clamor was loud enough the Gazette crew could get there in a matter of seconds.

Avoided Bucking
Although I had been used to horses from the time I was big enough to sit astride a cayuse I never purposely made a horse buck. It was fun to get into a race with some other boy with a girl now and then) but aside from making a pony "kick-up" I had no thought of becoming a buckaroo. I was of slight build, weighed in the neighborhood of 122 pounds at 18 years of age and had a feeling that a horse that meant business might toss me over into the next county. That thought may have prevented some jarring contacts with the ground and permitted me to attain manhood without crippling results.

There was one time that I staged my own show and I can't say that the excitement engendered was an unpleasant experience.

It was early fall and I was working for a few weeks out at the Johnny Ayers ranch on Little Butter Creek (later known as the Grover Swaggart ranch). Antone Cunha was looking after the ranch while Jack Ayers was on cattle round-up in the Middle Fork area of the John Day.

Cunha was the cook and I was the bottle washer. One day he announced that the larder was low and besides there had been no mail for quite a spell. That meant that I would have to saddle up a half-wild bronc whose only association with civilization had been traversing the trail between the Middle Fork of the John Day river and the Ayers ranch on Little Butter creek. Jack Ayers had sized the horse up and concluded he would make a good saddle and after a few rounds of acquainting him with the saddle and bridle, brought him to Butter Creek. Up to that point the educating had been successful but this product of the rugged John Day had not yet been introduced to the more modern concept of civilization, but boy, did he learn!

Blackie Skittish
From the ranch house to the top of the hill within the boundaries of the Ayers ranch was a distance of perhaps two miles. Everything went along smoothly until the boundary fence was reached. I had to dismount to open the gate and a little noise created in the loosening the top loop caused Blackie to jerk the reins from my hand. He ran a short distance and perhaps realizing that he was out in a great big world all by himself stopped and stood as if waiting for me to join him. He changed his mind when I got close to him, but instead of racing over the hill and out of sight he trotted back towards the gate and in a few minutes I was able to get hold of the reins and mount up for what I hoped would be a less eventful journey.

Everything went well until we approached town. As we were nearing Elder street I thought I heard a familiar sound, but it was too late. Blackie had heard it and before I could decide on another course he took off—right back up Hinton creek as hard as he could buck. I had no choice but to let him run, and I could only let him run until he got tired or had assured himself that he was in safe territory. An old steam wood saw could make considerable noise and to an uninitiated pony fresh from the breaks of

Chaff and Chatter

Wes Sherman

WELL, Hallelujah! The Chamber of Commerce taught the young sprouts (the Jaycees) a lesson again at the Tug-of-War at the Queen's Coronation Saturday night, and that valuable coffee can trophy comes back to the C of C.

Maybe this just goes to show that poetry doesn't win contests of physical prowess. If we had time on this busy hot day, we'd try to write a poem for the Jaycees' benefit.

One Junior Chamber member alibied that their anchor man, Reggie Pascal, didn't come through for them. They probably figured that Reggie, who is the big linotype operator for the G-T, would do the whole thing at the end of the rope.

Knowing Reggie as we do, we'd be prone to believe that he would have done the job for them singlehandedly if they had just got out of his way. (P. S.—Reggie says his excuse is that they didn't give him enough rope at the anchor spot. He says it might have been a different story if he had more rope.)

If the Jaycees are going to get that trophy back next year, they'd better start joining the young ladies of the community in their jogging sessions on the Heppner High track. Maybe they could be in shape within the next 12 months.

But we hasten to add that we don't mean to be as taunting as this sounds.

The Jaycees did a splendid job of staging the Queen Coronation again, and they deserve hearty applause for it. They are real good sports, and we're happy that the community has this livewire group to stir up interest.

Apparently everyone else feels the same way, judging by the estimated 750 on hand for the coronation.

BILL COX was in the office the other day, and surprisingly, was grousing like the rest of

the John Day it was a terrifying noise.

It was an uneventful ride from the Vee Gentry place back to town where we cut across the school yard and forded Willow creek, and proceeded across Main to Gale and up to the barn on the Vawter Crawford property. Blackie was quieted down by that time and appeared to like his new surroundings.

Does "Push-Ups"
I attended to the shopping and picking up the mail, all of which was placed in two flour sacks, one of which was draped and tightly secured around the saddle horn and the other placed behind the cante. Not only was this the proper way to carry supplies by horseback—it formed a double bucking roll which could come in handy in case Blackie decided to indulge in a few "push-ups" before taking to the road.

Starting about 7 a.m., we were rounding the Palace Hotel corner just as the hotel bus was loading. The bus was horse drawn and that did not excite Blackie. Across the street in front of the old Gazette building or Peter Borg's Jewelry store stood another monster of civilization—an EMP fire engine red automobile. One man was in the driver's seat and another

man was trying to crank the motor. There was a pop-pop-pop as the gas ignited, followed by a loud putt putt putt. Blackie didn't take time to consider what action to take—he took it!

Instead of taking off as he had done the day before he started going straight up and coming down stiff-legged. Bus passengers were starting to come down the steps of the Palace and there was some wild scrambling for safety, some of them running back into the hotel. About that time Blackie saw the steps and made for them in high bounding leaps. There were shouts of "Stay with him, kid!" and "Get that crazy horse out of here!" and other evidences of panic, but Blackie went right up the steps and stuck his head inside the lobby before deciding he was not welcome, and backed away.

And the rider? He was mighty thankful to be still upright in the saddle and to note that the baggage was intact. He also was thankful for the "bucking rolls" and for the fact that he did not wear spurs. A little scratching with the rowels and that black beauty might have tossed me through the second story window of the hotel, and that wouldn't have been polite if guests were present.

us on the heat. Now one would think that an ice cream maker would be delighted when it gets hot. But Bill reports an odd thing: When it gets over 85 degrees or so, says he, ice cream sales drop.

"Well, just think about it," he declared. "When you get so hot, you go for a glass of ice tea or lemonade and don't think about eating."

Maybe you're right, Bill, but as we perspire in this hot office right now with shirt unbuttoned and the sweat drops rolling down, we'd surely enjoy a great big dish of Pride of Oregon ice cream in any or all of its delicious flavors, including sherbet. Sherbet is a sure-bet in any weather, cold or hot.

WHILE members of our Barrett family (mother's side) were rubbing elbows at the reunion in Silver Falls Park, east of Salem, Sunday, a small plane flew over the tall fir trees.

A deep, booming voice came forth from the sky. "This is Smokey the Bear Air Patrol. Please be careful with fire in the woods." It was effective propaganda. There probably were a couple thousand people in that big park in all, and the place sounded like an animated bee hive.

But when "Smokey" started talking from the bird in the sky, all commotion ceased. They paused in awe for a few moments before normal chatter resumed.

We were once skeptical, but now we know "Yes, Virginia, there is a Smokey."

SERIOUSLY, this long stretch of dry weather is really creating one of the most perilous summers in the history of this state. The western forests are amazingly dry, and the streams are mere trickles.

But, as a recent message from Kinzua Corporation pointed out, the record has been amazingly good in fire prevention so far

in view of the hazardous situation. This testifies to the cooperation of the public, and all we can say is, "Keep up the good work, folks, and keep your fingers crossed."

FILE ON THE RANGE is a severe thing, too. Al Bunch saw his winter feed go up in smoke when Monday's blaze swept across some 500 acres of grass and stubble on his place. Origin is something of a mystery. Al speculates that it might have taken off from sun focusing through a piece of broken glass. It has happened before.

Melvin Moyer saw his house and contents destroyed by fire in Blackhorse Canyon last week with a loss estimated around \$12,000. That's a real blow.

Both of these men came to the paper office to see that thanks were expressed to all those who helped during their fires and after. They both reiterated what has been said so many times before by those who have faced heavy losses: "This is the best place in the world for people to lend you a hand when you really need them." That's the way with Morrow county people.

TYPING PAPER, Mimeograph paper and other office supplies for sale at the Gazette-Times office.

Two-for-one
**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
Pool will be closed for rodeo Saturday & Sunday, August 26, 27

RODEO DANCE
Friday, August 25, 9:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.
Heppner Fair Pavilion
Music by The Henchmen Dance, Western Style, Saturday, Aug. 26, music by the Western Gentlemen of Condon
Everyone Welcome!

MORROW COUNTY FAIR
and RODEO
4 H and Open Class Exhibits, Tuesday & Wednesday, Aug. 22, 23
4 H Dress Revue, Wednesday, 8 p.m.
Pet Show, Pig Scramble, Thurs. Aug. 24
Open Class Horse Show, Friday, Aug. 25, 9:00 a.m.

Big Street Parade, Sat., Aug. 26, Downtown Heppner, 10 a.m.
Rodeo, Sat. & Sun., Aug. 26, 27
Cowboy Breakfast, Sunday, 7:00 a.m.

SPONSORED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY
C. A. RUGGLES
Insurance Agency
Heppner
P. O. Box 247 PH. 676-9625
Spin the platter

Who's Who In Morrow County?

"Clues Hidden in Any Ad in This Section or in Any Ad by Merchants in This Newspaper"

1. This is a family fun contest. Entries welcome from every member of the family old enough to fill out his or her own. You may submit one entry per person at any OR ALL of the Sponsoring Merchants whose ads are heavily bordered in this week—but only one entry per person at any one store (more than one will disqualify all entries of that person for that week).
2. Anyone may enter unless a member of your family is employed by The Gazette-Times. Sponsoring Merchants and their families, and their employees and families are most welcome to enter EXCEPT during the weeks that the ad of your own store is heavily bordered in this section.
3. Nothing to buy. Use any slip of paper for entry blank. DO NOT put your entry into an envelope. Not necessary to be present at the drawing to win. Not necessary to be a subscriber to The Gazette-Times to participate.
4. WHO'S WHO may be anyone in Morrow County. Clues to his (or her) identity will be hidden ONLY in ads of Sponsoring Merchants (every sponsoring Merchant has a little ad in this group ad). Clues may be hidden in ANY ad of ANY name you think the WHO'S Sponsoring merchant. ANYWHERE in the paper. Clues will be scattered—many ads will have no clues, while others may have as many as five. This is a contest of skill, and we intend to do our best to outwit you. We'll be delighted if you succeed in outguessing us, in spite of our best efforts!
5. If by coincidence, the name of the WHO'S WHO (or other facts about him) happen to appear in news items, editorial matter, or other places in this newspaper, these will not count as clues.
6. To enter, write down the WHO in all the ads of the Sponsoring Merchants in this issue. Don't forget your own name and address! Then, drop your entry at any Sponsoring Merchant whose ad is between the heavy borders in this group ad this issue. You may enter at all four if you wish! There are no other places where entries will be accepted—and mail entries will not be accepted. Any member of the family may bring in all entries for that family. Children under 12 must be accompanied by an adult.
6. This week's contest starts when you receive this issue, and closes at 4 p.m. Tuesday of the following week. At that time, a drawing will be held. The first entry drawn that correctly identifies the WHO'S WHO will win \$50. If THAT entry also lists every clue hidden in all ads of Sponsoring Merchants, a BONUS of \$25 will be added. Whenever this BONUS is not won, it will be added to next week's BONUS which will continue to grow until it is won. Winning the BONUS requires a PERFECT list of clues—the exact number, and all copied exactly as in the paper (watch those capitals, etc.).
7. Every possible precaution will be taken to prevent typographical errors that might be mistaken for clues, but errorless typography CANNOT BE GUARANTEED (by anyone). The Gazette-Times will be the judge in all questions, and their decision is final.

PETERSON'S JEWELERS Like father, like son Something From the Jewelers Is Always Something Special	MURRAY'S REXALL DRUGS —HEPPNER— Fresh Patent Drugs Skillfully Compounded	GONTY'S SHOES Pipe For ALL	WAGON WHEEL CAFE FRED and CECILE OTT Featuring Fine Food Every Day of The Week
J. C. PENNEY —HEPPNER— ALWAYS FIRST QUALITY	TUM-A-LUM LUMBER CO. "MATERIALLY YOURS" Building Materials Boysen Paints	ELMA'S APPAREL —HEPPNER— Brand Names for Infants To Ladies	CENTRAL MARKET —HEPPNER— For The Most Complete Food Service
JACK'S CHEVRON STATION —HEPPNER— We Take Better Care of Your Car	GARDNER'S MEN'S WEAR THE STORE WITH PERSONAL SERVICE	VAN'S VARIETY —HEPPNER— There's Something For Everyone At Van's	HEPPNER INLAND CHEMICAL To Keep You Growing Better Is Our Business
PETTYJOHN'S FARM & BUILDERS SUPPLY —HEPPNER— Plumbing — Hardware	C. A. RUGGLES Farm Mortgages Arranged Phone 676-9625 P.O. Box 247 — HEPPNER—	IONE CHEVRON STATION Native JIM BARNETT Batteries and Accessories RPM Motor Oil, Atlas Tires,	MILADIES APPAREL "Everything in Ladies Ready-to-Wear" —HEPPNER— E loves E