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MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER

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WESLEY A. SHERMAN
HELEN E. SHERMAN

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER

ARNOLD RAYMOND
Shop Foreman
Printer

REGGIE PASCAL
Linotype Operator

RANDY STILLMAN
Apprentice

GAIL BURKENBINE
Society
Circulation

JIM SHERMAN
Pressman

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GUEST EDITORIAL



Christmas and Hide-and-Seek

By FATHER RAYMOND BEARD

St. Patrick's and St. William's Churches

There is nothing irreverent in comparing a man's search for God to a game of hide-and-seek. A child's game with its father, all the skill and foresight on the one side, all the romance and excitement on the other! This game of hide-and-seek goes on all through the centuries, goes on in every man's life from the cradle to the grave.

Why is it that God, who loves us so much, makes himself so distant from us, so difficult to find? Dare we say it?—it is part of the rules of the game. He will make himself difficult to find, so that when we do find Him, the shock of triumph may be something unusual in our experience. Why does man, whose heart is made for God, and cannot find rest until it finds rest in Him, yet spends long days, long years of his life, maybe, trying to run away from God, to avoid his sight? Once more, it is part of the rules of the game; not that we should hide from Him, but that we should be able to hide from Him.

When the child hides from its father, the hiding-place may be fairly obvious, but the father can always make as if he didn't see. But when it is the father's turn, he always hides himself a little too well; children are always a little more stupid over their games than we expect them to be, pass and re-pass the place of concealment with unseeing eyes.

It is only part of the rules, therefore, that the child does not start out on its search alone; hand in hand, along with it, goes the mother, ready to drop broad hints about the best places to look in; ready, in the last resort, to draw aside the curtain, to open the cupboard door, and reveal the thrilling secret. Almost always the child's mother-wit has to be helped out by a mother's wit.

And the book of Proverbs will give us a hint here. It describes the wisdom of God, under the figure of a woman, standing beside Him during His work of creation, planning how the mountains shall rise, how the rivers shall flow, how the ocean shall keep its appointed limits. Then, quite without warning, comes the extraordinary verse, "I (the divine wisdom) was at His side, playing continually in His presence, playing in this world of His, because it is my delight to be with the sons of men." (Prov. 8:30-31).

Playing—there is no getting out of it, that is the only possible meaning of the word used in the Hebrew text. When man appears on the scene, that Wisdom which has till now been the majestic architect of creation becomes man's playmate; joins with him in the game. And what other game than this, man's search for God—a game that would be impossible but for the inspiration God himself gives! And if He did not help us a little, we should have no chance; we are so outmatched, the game would be all on His side if He did not, somehow, help us a little.

In the history of man, it was man first that hid himself from God. We know the story; Adam and his wife hid themselves among the trees of the garden. "The woman thou gavest me"—you gave her to be a help-mate, to look after me, to restrain me, and she has been no help at all. No recourse for Adam in the mother-wit of Mother Eve; she has only dragged him down, and covers there beside him, unsuccessfully hidden in her effort to avoid the scrutiny of God. Man began it; man issued the challenge; and from that time, through long centuries, he was like a frightened child feeling its way alone through the darkness, racked by a thousand causeless fears, searching for the God who had left so many proofs of His presence, but remained always hidden from sight. "Show us the Father, and it is enough" (Jn. 14:8)—yes, but the Wisdom God has bestowed on us was only a candle light in the darkness, not a mother to draw aside the curtain and tell us, "See, he is here!"

And then, in the fulness of time, God changed His hiding-place. Suddenly, while all was quiet around, with the deep stillness of a winter night, He came and hid in a little country town, came and hid in a manger, came and hid in the form of man. Not quite so silently for He betrayed Himself; just a movement of the stars, just the brush of angels' wings, was enough to raise the hue and cry among a few searchers, shepherd folk with their keen ears, stargazers with their sharp eyes. And so the hunt started afresh: Tell us, where is He born, the King of the Jews? The question, repeated to one passer-by after another, begins to sound like the chorus of some children's game. What, this tumble-down house in a back street, this drafty cellar underneath it—it's no use looking in there! He wouldn't hide in a place like that!

And then the door opens, and a woman stands there, a finger pressed to her lips; our Mother came out to help in the search. "Yes, He's in there; but come in quietly; He's asleep."

The God who does not dwell in temples made with hands, asleep in there! The God who neither sleeps nor slumbers, watching over Israel, in there asleep!

Blessed indeed is he who in Christmas has found the God and Father of us all in Mary's Son, has found the answer to injustice, poverty, fear and war in the Prince of Peace.

THE FAMILY—1967



Chaff and Chatter

Wes Sherman

WE EXPRESS gratitude at this Christmas season to all those readers of the Gazette-Times who rejoiced at the good news during 1967 and frowned at the bad; to those who chuckled with us at the humorous happenings and tongue-in-cheek ribbings that made print. We share sympathy with those who were saddened by the year's sorrowful events.

Our appreciation goes to all those who were tolerant of our shortcomings and who commended us when they felt we had it coming. These encouraging words helped our staff to do its utmost in putting out the best paper within the limits of its talents and resources.

Even though some community disagreements and troubles were noted, we sense a common bond between Morrow county people who are like one large family with many similar interests and problems. This extends to the many who have left the county but who continue to hold it with affection and regard it as "home."

WE EXPRESS particular appreciation to those whom we hold in high regard as our staff. Among them are the "unseen ones" in the backshop—Arnold Raymond, shop foreman, whose tenure with the Gazette-Times exceeds that of the publishers and who works long and strenuous hours so that the paper may reach subscribers on time each week; Reggie Pascal, the steady one who for 2½ years has never missed a day's work at the Linotype machine, the heart of the operation, setting thousands and thousands of words into hot metal type; to Gail Burkenbine, who came to us this year not knowing whether she could be a newspaper woman, but whose willingness and helpfulness have made her a real jewel in our front office; to son Jim who has hand fed thousands of sheets through the big Miehle press, and who uncomplainingly has often turned his back on some student activity on press day to help mom and dad get the paper out; and to Randy Stillman who has been vital in our operation by doing much of the unglamorous work, "killing" the paper after press day, distributing type, keeping the shop tidy and responding to do all manner of chores requested of him.

How we will miss Randy and Jim when they graduate from Heppner High and leave for college next year!

OUR COMMUNITY correspondents who contribute so much to the interest of the paper deserve the thanks that we feel most sincerely. They have made hundreds of telephone calls, written thousands of items and have given real boosts to their respective communities. We wonder how many hundreds of names have appeared in the paper through their efforts?

There have been many times that the paper was unable to get their news in on time—when space did not permit. We know how disheartening this is, and it is painful for us to leave out their items when we know how they have worked to get them.

But our correspondents don't complain about it. They continue their good work, week after week.

So, at this Christmas season, we wish to express the heartiest appreciation to Delpha Jones at Lexington, Diana Kincaid at Lone, Virginia Kelso at Kinzua, Donna Eppenbach at Irri- gion, Mary Lee Marlow at Boardman and Martha Matteson at Monument.

Katherine Lindstrom, who did the writing from Lone for several years, did a wonderful job, but she had to turn it over to someone else during the year and Diana Kincaid accepted the responsibility. The fine work that Diana is doing is evident in the paper each week.

As we get in the hustle and bustle of things during the year,

we too seldom express appreciation to these good people—our shop staff and correspondents—who are so faithful. So at Christmas time, we want to acknowledge that they are the life blood of the paper.

WHAT DO you think about the possibility of snow for Christmas? Some say they like it, and some frown about it, but even those who find that it brings them some hardship because of the cold or the difficulty in getting around seem to vent their complaints with a hint of elation in their voices.

One can't help but think it adds to the Christmas spirit. It still seems appropriate that Christmas be white.

THE COLD weather seems to bring on a rash of static electricity. We notice it in feeding our presses and in stroking Mike, the cat. Her fur crackles as you pet her. After doing so, hold a finger a sixteenth of an inch from her ear and both she and you will feel a sharp pop as the static discharges. Mike will then shake her ear with some indulgent irritation.

This static problem, according to an item in the Wyandotte News Herald (Mich.) and passed along by Carl Webb of the Oregon Newspaper Publishers, is playing havoc with some computers.

Electricity developed from the rustle of nylon underthings has caused the trouble in some instances. In one case in Detroit it developed that a \$1 pair of nylon panties worn by the woman operator set up enough static electricity to "bomb out" the electric brain of the \$1 million RCA typesetting computer.

The comment of the Michigan Press Association: "Something will have to be changed, perhaps the machine."

AT SCHOOL BOARD meeting in Irri- gion Monday night it came out that the safe at Riverside school that was "peeled" last Wednesday night, when burglars stole some \$880, is the property of the Federal government, since the Corps of Engineers is taking over the old school while replacing it with the new one.

Supt. Ron Daniels had to smile when he read a letter to the board from the Corps about the safe, stating that it is government property.

"We'll have to notify them," said Ron, "that it now has a hole in it!"

While commiserating with Principal Dan Daloso of River-



Peace

This holiday may all the joy of the first Christmas warm every heart.

HAMLIN'S SPORTING GOODS
HAZEL & FRANK

Pearl Jackson, Heppner Native, Dies in Weiser

Mrs. Pearl M. Jackson, resident of Weiser, Idaho, and Washington county since 1914, died at Weiser Memorial Hospital Thursday morning, December 7.

Funeral services were conducted Monday, December 11, in Northam-Jones Chapel. Graveside services were at Hillcrest, conducted by Fidelity Rebekah Lodge No. 7.

Mrs. Jackson was born September 12, 1897, at Heppner, the daughter of G. W. (Wash) and Anna Napier Thompson. The family home of the Thompsons was in the Sand Hollow area until moving into Heppner. Pearl Thompson attended Heppner grade and high schools, graduating in the class of 1916.

She married Delbert H. Jackson April 23, 1918, in Weiser where they lived until 1925 when they moved to Cambridge and lived there until 1938. Returning to Weiser, they farmed in the Crystal area except for the period from 1940 to 1943 when they lived at Parma where Mr. Jackson worked for the Bureau of Reclamation. In 1961 they retired from farming and moved into Weiser.

Mrs. Jackson was a member of the Christian church, Fidelity Rebekah Lodge No. 7, Unity Grange, World War I Ladies Auxiliary, and Ladies' Garden club.

She preceded in death by a daughter, Helen Bartenhagen, in 1952. She is survived by her husband, Delbert Jackson, of Weiser; one daughter, Mrs. Barbara Meihaff, American Falls, Idaho; three sons, Charles Jackson, Weiser, Frank Jackson, Seattle, Wash., and 2nd Lt. Richard Jackson, serving with the U. S. Army at Nuremberg, Germany; two sisters, Mrs. Lena Queen, Pendleton, and Mrs. Nell Jackson, Stockton, Calif.; one brother, George Thompson, Phoenix, Ariz., 15 grandchildren, and two great grandchildren.

Mrs. Jackson had many friends in the Heppner vicinity. She was last in Heppner a year ago when her father was brought to Heppner cemetery for burial in the family plot.

side, whose student body is suffering from the loss of their hard-earned funds, we suggested that since the safe is government property, he should call the FBI to track down the burglars.

WITH THE ROADS so slippery Monday night, the Heppner delegation to the school board meeting didn't know whether it would make it to Irri- gion or not. However, we were fortunate enough to ride with Director Jack Sumner and his four other passengers. After taking the trip in his big car with its studded tires, we became convinced that when we have to travel on slick highways we'd like to have Jack as the driver. He never slipped at all and seemed to handle the car as easily as if he were driving on a clear highway, although, of course, not as fast.

COMMUNITY BILLBOARD

Coming Events

HEPPNER HIGH BASKETBALL
Heppner vs. DeSales at Walla Walla
Friday, Dec. 22
Sherman Tournament at Heppner
Dec. 28-29

COMMUNITY CAROL SING
Saturday night, Dec. 23, 7:00 p.m.
By Community Christmas tree, corner Main & Willow
Everyone welcome
Cancelled if heavy rain
Sponsored by Ministerial Assoc.

COMEDY BASKETBALL
Fabulous Magicians vs. Faculty Men
Thurs., Dec. 21, 8 p.m.
Heppner High Gym
Benefit for H-Club

NEW YEAR DANCE
Saturday, Dec. 30
Music by The Henchmen
Fair Pavilion, 9:30 to 1:00
College and high school youth invited

ART DISPLAY
One more week
Bank of Eastern Oregon
Local talent displayed

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Ponderings

By W. S. CAVERHILL

There is little evidence left of the impact of the Chinese on the economy of the early settlement of the Blue Mountain country. Thousands of them provided much of the manual labor for the development of the placer mines. It was they who dug the 22 mile ditch from Unity to Mormon Basin and the ditch to the Grant diggings near Granite. During the winter they congregated in the nearest town, Walla Walla, Pendleton, Long Creek and John Day each had a "Chinatown." When placer mining faded, they drifted away, mostly to San Francisco. A few lingered for a time to work as cooks for the restaurants and herders for the sheepmen. Not many are left and their contribution has been forgotten. On a recent visit to Long Creek I was surprised to learn that a resident of the present generation didn't know that 70 years ago Long Creek had a colony of 40 hard working, gambling, opium smoking Chinese housed in a cluster of ramshackled buildings, "Chinatown."

Robert Abrams attended lectures in Portland on Saturday, December 16. Accompanying him for the day were Robbie and Francie Abrams.

Mrs. Jessie Sherman of Rapid City, S. D., is here visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Clint Agee for several weeks.

Henchmen to Play At New Year Dance

The popular local combo, The Henchmen, will be together again during the holiday season, and have scheduled a New Year's Dance on Saturday night, December 30, at the Heppner Fair Pavilion. Dancing will be from 9:30 until 1:00, with all college and high school students invited to attend.

Three of the four combo members are enrolled in colleges. Tim Smith, bass guitarist, is a student at EOC; Roger Leonnig, drummer, is at Portland Barber college, and Kathy Melby, organist, is at Pacific University. Lead guitarist, Jim Sherman, is a senior at Heppner High.

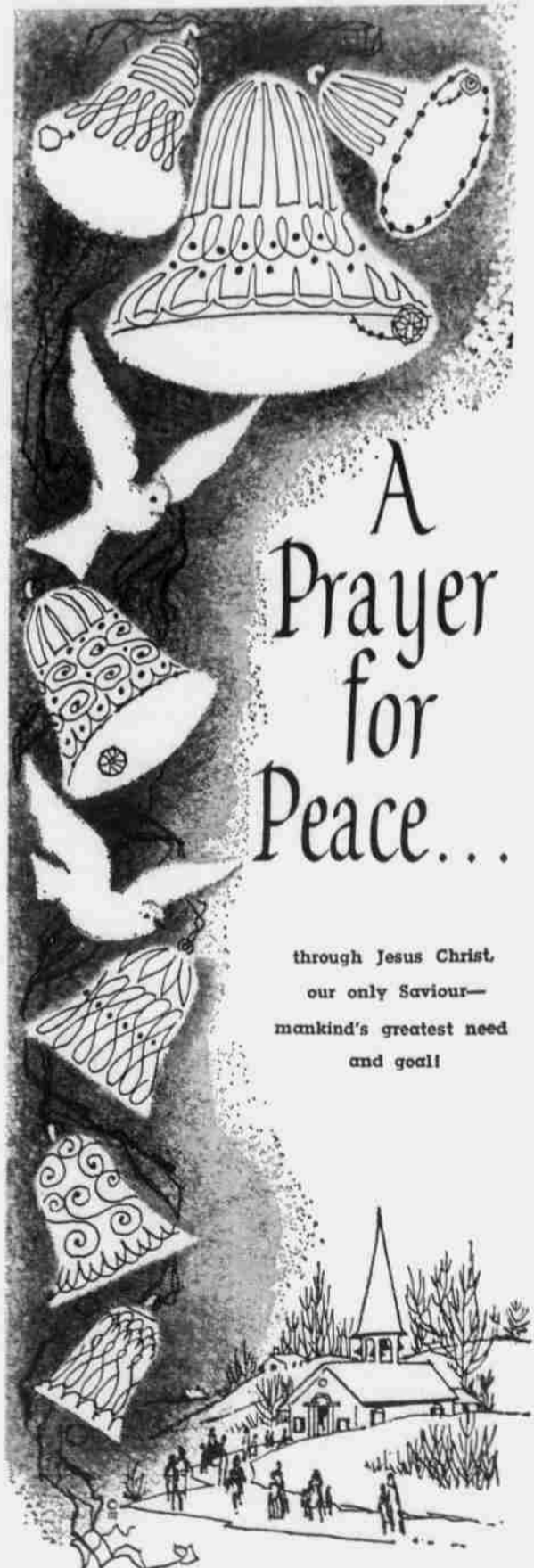
Rodeo Men Attend NRA Convention

Three members of the Morrow County Rodeo Board, Charley Daly, Tad Miller and Tom Currin, were among those who attended the Northwest Rodeo Association convention, held in The Dalles December 2 and 3.

Realizing that many of the smaller rodeos in the association have mutual problems, an association of NRA committees was formed, and scheduled to meet twice each year, in March before the season opens, and in October, as a follow-up. Bill Williams of the Molalla Buckeroos was elected president, and Charley Daly of the Morrow county board, was elected secretary-treasurer.

The men gave short reports of the convention at the last rodeo meeting here. Next regular meeting is scheduled for Wednesday evening, January 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete McMurtry entertained out-of-town relatives early this month. Mrs. Mary Alice Balsman and son George of Pittsfield, Ill., were accompanied here by Mrs. Ruby Adams of Spokane, and her sister, Mrs. Pearl Stattler, also of Spokane, after they had spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Idaho with relatives. The women are all cousins of Mrs. McMurtry.



A Prayer for Peace...

through Jesus Christ,
our only Saviour—
mankind's greatest need
and goal!

SOUTH MORROW COUNTY MINISTERIAL ASSOC.

- All Saints' Episcopal Assembly of God
- Church of the Nazarene
- Heppner and Lexington Christian Churches
- Hope and Valby Lutheran Churches
- Ione United Church of Christ
- Methodist Church
- Seventh-day Adventist