

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE-TIMES

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MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER

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Our Talkative People

Sometimes we suspect that at the heart of some of the problems in this country is the fact that most of us talk too much.

But if the booklet, "The World's Telephones," is a true index, perhaps we aren't as bad as the Canadians. This points out that Canada retained its world title on telephone conversations during the year 1966, averaging 664 per person. The United States was the second most talkative with 648 calls per person.

However, the United States has far more telephones than any other country with 98,789,000. This is close to half of all the telephones in the world—208,500,000. Certainly the lines of communication must be better by far in the United States than in the USSR, which has only an estimated 8,400,000 telephones. If our population is 200 million, then our number of telephones average nearly one to every two persons.

The interesting booklet on The World's Telephones, published by American Telephone & Telegraph Company and distributed here by Pacific Northwest Bell, points out that the number of telephones increased by 13.4 million in the year 1966.

The marvelous progress made by telephone systems for our talkative people is brought out by the fact that now a person may sit at his desk, or take the phone in his home, and reach a person at any of 96 per cent of the world's telephones.

A person can call places that he has never heard of. In 1967 connections were established with Brunel, Cayman Islands, Qatar, the Spanish Sahara, and Greenland. Operator dialing of calls from the United States was extended to Norway, Spain, Sweden, Hong Kong, Malaysia, the Philippines and Singapore. The time is rapidly approaching when many United States customers will be able to dial their overseas calls directly.

Second to the United States in the number of telephones—would you guess it?—is Japan with more than 16 million telephones.

If you have often tried to reach a party by telephone and found the line busy, it is understandable. There were nearly 122½ billion calls made in the United States during the year 1966!

Probably there are many parents who will aver that the big increase in the number of calls in this country is due to the fact that their daughters are reaching teen age!

Now this ease of communication, as contrasted with the days of our grandfathers, may be considered a detriment—a contribution to the softening of our people. But watch a teen-ager on the telephone, and it is difficult to tell whether she is talking to a friend or taking a course in physical education. She (and we use the personal pronoun in the feminine gender advisedly) will stand on her head, or lop over the davenport with head down to the floor and feet draped over the back, or do a jig on one foot while carrying on an animated conversation.

But if the telephone companies have made it easy for us to be a talkative people, it is nothing compared to what they have in store for us.

We see by the ads (unfortunately not in this paper) that the scientific wizards of the telephone companies are speculating on the development of dial telephones, without wires, to wear on the wrists; others that permit one to view the person to whom he is talking (in color, no less!); and home telephones may be used to reach computers for figuring income taxes or getting any type of information.

One day the time will come when your home telephone can be set to follow you and transfer calls to you, wherever you may be. About the same time, you will be able to dial your kitchen stove when you're away and turn on the oven so the roast will be done when you arrive back home.

A hundred years from now—or less—our population will be doing things by telephone that we can scarcely imagine. Our talkative nation will look back then at the old pioneers of 1968 and wonder how the hardy people of that early age ever got along without these taken-for-granted conveniences.

OUCH! POSTAGE HIKE PAINFUL

Going to Move? Please Notify Paper of Change of Address

When Uncle Sam's post office department increased postage rates, he also made some other increases that many people don't realize.

One such is a 50% increase on the cost of notifying publications of address changes when the recipient of the publication doesn't take care of the matter himself.

Prior to January 1, a paper paid the post office 10c for each such notice. Now it pays 15c. In a year's time, even on a small paper like the Gazette-Times, there are a great many such notices, for quite a few subscribers fail to remember to notify the paper when they move or otherwise change their addresses.

The postage hike thus gets the paper going and coming. Its second class rates were increased, and when it is not delivered because of an address deficiency, it has to pay the advanced rate for the post office notice.

Sometimes several papers pile up in a post office undelivered, all destined for the same address. And the paper may get several notices—at 15c each—notifying that the address is insufficient or has been changed.

If all subscribers will be thoughtful and courteous enough—as many are—to notify The Gazette-Times in advance when an address will be changed, this post office charge will be avoided and the paper will follow the subscriber to his new address without delay.

The paper is absorbing, for the present, the increase in mailing costs, but this consideration on address changes will be appreciated. And one thing more — when you notify the paper of your address change, will you please also give your former address. We know where many of our subscribers live when we recognize their names, but out of 1700, we don't know them all, and giving the old address as well as the new one is most helpful in making the change.

The Rhyming Philosopher

POSTERITY

I ESTABLISH NO CLAIM TO A MANSION OF FAME
OR A HOUSE FULL OF MUSEUM TREASURES;
BUT I NOW MUST CONFESS WE'VE AMASSED QUITE
A MESS

OF RELICS OF PAST HUMAN PLEASURES.
WE'VE SAVED CORKS I HAVE POPPED
AND THE CLOCKS THAT HAVE STOPPED
AND BALL-POINTED PENS LONG EXPIRED.
OLD SCHOOL BOOKS AND PENCILS AND KITCHEN
UTENSILS,
AND GADGETS WHICH SINCE CAME UNWIRED.

THERE'S BOXES OF LETTERS FROM OLD FRIENDS
AND DEBTORS,
AND TOOLS WHICH HAVE LONG LOST THEIR
HANDLES.
THE KITCHEN'S A HAVEN FOR COOK BOOKS WERE
SAVING,
PLUS CARTONS OF USED BIRTHDAY CANDLES.

THE ATTIC IS LOADED WITH GARMENTS OUT-MODED,
AND CHESTS FULL OF TOYS, MOSTLY BROKEN.
THERE'S TRAPS FOR OUR GOPHERS, AND UNDER-
STUFFED SOFAS,
AND SOUVENIR PLATES FROM HOBOKEN.

WE MAY HAVE OBSESSIONS FOR HOARDING
POSSESSIONS,
BUT SOMEDAY IT WON'T LOOK SO FUNNY
IF SOME LUCKY GRANDCHILD DISCOVERS THIS JUNK
PILE
HAS NOW BECOME ANTIQUES WORTH MONEY.

HARRY W. FLETCHER

Chaff and Chatter

Wes Sherman

IT HAS been said that a broad general education best fits a person for the newspaper business, and we can verily believe it. One never knows what he is going to need to know.

Take the story this week on grade school auditorium-gymnasium where they have removed all the plaster.

It reminded us of the old story of Chicken Little and we wanted to use this in connection with the piece on the gym. We remembered the part, all right, about the thing (forgotten what the "thing" was) falling on the head of Chicken Little, and then the little chick going into hysteria and reporting wildly that "the sky is falling!"

But we couldn't remember to whom he spread the story. So we queried Mrs. Sherman and Gail Burkenbine, as follows: "To whom did Chicken Little report that the sky was falling?"

Both looked up from their work simultaneously and replied in unison, "What?!" And we got two searching glances similar to those we often get when members of the staff have some concern that we are going off our rocker again.

HOWEVER, neither could bring enlightenment, and we let it pass, but Gail went to work on it.

Fifteen minutes later when I went by her desk, she enumerated: "Foxy-loxy, ducky-lucky and turkey-lucky."

Then it was our turn to give her an incredulous look, until we tumbled that she was just coming up with the answer to an editorial request.

And Mrs. Co-Publisher added, "Henny-penny." Well, sir, we felt right proud of our staff that they are so well versed in literature. See how the broad general education comes in?

WE WERE trying to convey some of this to son Jim who needed some convincing that English literature is worth the taking.

"You run into Shakespearean quotations every day," said his father from the depths of his wisdom. "Some of our most common expressions have their backgrounds in Shakespeare, and we don't even realize it."

Sometimes it is difficult to interpret articles which refer to Shakespeare's characters in analogies unless we know them through his works.

The lecture over, 17-year-old

son regarded us with wondering eyes, then softly intoned, "Forsyth and gadzooks, they may well verily be right."

And thereupon he turned up the volume on his record player featuring Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass.

SO YOU don't know about this modern generation.

Watching a favorite TV program the other night, we were interrupted when grade school daughter came up with books and papers in hand.

"Will you help me with my exponential notations?" she said (and I hope this is spelled correctly).

This was enough to pull my eyes away from the tube even though Ironside was about to crush an arch criminal with a castigating diatribe.

"Ex-what notations?" we ejaculated.

"Exponential notations," she replied calmly. (And again we apologize to her teacher if the spelling is undermining the instructor's good works.)

"What subject does it have to do with?"

"Math." (She didn't add "of course," but it was in her eyes—anybody knows what exponential notations are.)

"Well, honey," we confessed, "I don't know anything about them, haven't heard of them."

We had to be honest about it. She shut her book, went to her room and we got in on the end of Ironside's diatribe.

—And to think that they didn't have enough adults sign up for the Blue Mountain evening course on "New Math for Parents" to offer the subject. Shame, shame!

OH, THESE kids today may know their exponential notations all right, but we'll wager they can't tell you a thing about Chicken Little!

GORDON McNABB of the Associated Press, Portland, called Monday and told us that the AP is doing a feature story on Dr. A. D. McMurdo. The East Oregonian is providing it for them, and Avon Melby has written it for the EO.

McNabb was interested in Dr. McMurdo's age. So we went across the street to visit our good neighbor.

"Well," said the doctor when we asked him about his age, "it's like the active old fellow said when he was asked his age, 'My age is none of my business!'"

We're looking forward to seeing the story. The doctor has

Walter Becket, Son of Pioneers, Dies January 11

Walter W. Becket, who had been a resident of this area for the past 81 years, died Thursday, January 11, in Pioneer Memorial hospital following a short illness. He would have reached his 83rd birthday in February.

Funeral services were held Saturday January 13, at 2:00 p.m. at the First Methodist church, with the Rev. Melvin Dixon officiating. Vault interment was in Heppner Masonic cemetery with Sweeney Mortuary in charge of the arrangements.

He was born February 24, 1885, in Weston, the son of J. W. and Catherine Stall Becket. He was brought by his pioneer parents to the Eightmile area when he was one year old, where the family settled on a homestead ranch.

On June 3, 1908, he was married to Carrie Forbes in Portland. They were engaged in wheat ranching in the Eightmile and Liberty districts until his retirement in 1946, when they moved into Heppner.

He was an active member of Heppner Elks Lodge No. 358, of Heppner Masonic Lodge No. 69, AF&AM and a patron of Ruth Chapter No. 32, Order of Eastern Star.

Surviving are his wife, Carrie, of Heppner; a son Laurence; Heppner; a son-in-law, Claude Buschke, Heppner; a sister, Mary Becket, Heppner; two brothers, Gen. John Beckett, La Jolla, Calif., and Charlie Beckett, Heppner. Also, four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Serving as pallbearers at the service were Gerald Bergstrom, Arnold Springer, Ervin Anderson, Frank Anderson, Don Gilliam and Jack Healy. Vocalist was Janet Johnson and organist was Pauline Miller.

had a fabulous career, and most of us realize that it would take a big book to do a complete account of his life.

BILL JONES, editor of the Lariat, which is published in Vancouver, Wash., had some very nice comments about Joann Griffith of Spray in his last issue of the publication, which is read widely by all interested in horses and rodeos. We reprint his comments because we heartily agree with him. All who have worked with Mrs. Griffith on anything to do with the Northwest Rodeo association undoubtedly assent.

"Again we are tickled pink to see Mrs. Don (Joann) Griffith re-elected to the important post of Secretary-Treasurer and publicity (of NRA). Joann has really pulled her weight and much more in the NRA team these past years and is certainly a credit and invaluable asset."

"The Lariat is especially pleased to welcome Joann again for 1968 because of her fine assistance with news stories and pictures, her reliability, graciousness and friendliness. It has been a privilege to work with and for Joann and the NRA and the Lariat treasures this association and pledges to continue our help to the best of our ability in '68."

Well said, Bill.

ALWAYS A WELCOMED GIFT—A gift subscription to the Gazette-Times. Only \$4.50 per year anywhere, with gift certificate. 47tfx

Pioneer



Ponderings

By W. S. CAVERHILL

Our Fiscal Tornado

That has built up an economic turbulence that has clouded our business skies with deficit spending, time payments, international imbalance and wads of paper money — threaten our present prosperity.

It began as a small whirlwind (a dust devil) in the early '30's. The national debt was 35 billion and was increased, with some misgivings, to \$50 billion. Since then there has been little official concern about its increase. The Vietnam War is costing 2 billion a month. That may end eventually, but the interest on the national debt, costing 1 billion a month, will go on forever. The demands for increases in wages by service and industrial workers, granted and yet to be met, add to the turbulence.

Unless Congress and the administration take courageous and early action, this cowboy leaning against the corral gate makes this economic forecast: "Cloudy."

Services Held For Curtis Rhea

Curtis C. Rhea, a former Rhea Creek rancher, died Wednesday, January 10, in Hiersche's Nursing Home in Pendleton at the age of 85. He had been in failing health the past two years. He had made his home in Stanfield since 1924, after leaving the family ranch.

Services were held at Burns Mortuary Chapel, Hermiston, on Saturday, January 13, at 2:00 p.m., with the Rev. Leon Bolen, pastor of the First Methodist church, officiating.

Mr. Rhea was born at Heppner, the son of C. A. and Sophronia Rhea. The parents were the first settlers in the Rhea Creek area.

He was a 62-year member of Heppner Elks Lodge No. 358. Graveside services were conducted at the Echo cemetery by five of the lodge members, Claude Graham, Darrell Padberg, Dave McLeod, Marshall Lovgren and Bob Mahoney.

Survivors are the widow, Mabel of Phoenix, Ariz.; two sons, Carl W. of Lexington and Robert W. of Stanfield; five daughters, Sophronia Kirkham of Island City, Oregon; Alice Buckley of Yakima, Wash.; Marie Hedrick of Stanfield, Mary Ashbeck and Josephine Liesegang, both of Echo; a sister, Josephine Jones, Heppner; 17 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Pallbearers were six grandsons, Jim Liesegang, Don Hedrick, Curtis L. Rhea, Calvin Ashbeck, Melvin Ashbeck and Alvin Ashbeck.

Jim Dyck and children Jimmy and Susie of Cheney, Wn., have been recent visitors the past several week-ends at the home of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Art Dyck, and to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Connie Dyck, while Mr. Dyck is a patient at Pioneer Memorial hospital.

TO THE EDITOR

Likes Philosophy

Dear Helen and Wes: Compliments and thanks to you for sharing Harry W. Fletcher's wonderful "rhyming philosophy" with your readers. If the rest of his work carries that type of advice I'm sure the sick, greedy old mixed-up world could use some more of his dignified, encouraging suggestions, and I'm hoping you will continue to help him sow more of his uplifting thoughts and ideals.

Sincerely
Lois Winchester

(Ed. Note: Other readers have called to say they also enjoyed this new feature in The Gazette-Times. The second rhyme is printed on this page, and the feature will be continued indefinitely.)

Rev. and Mrs. Lane Barton of Bend visited in Heppner Saturday and Sunday at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Dirk Hinchart. Rev. Barton conducted services of confirmation at All Saints' Episcopal church on Sunday morning. Following the services, a coffee hour in honor of the Bartons was held in the parish hall of the church.

COMMUNITY BILLBOARD

Coming Events

HEPPNER HIGH BASKETBALL Burns at Heppner Friday, Jan. 19 Grant Union at John Day Saturday, January 20 Wahtonka at The Dalles Friday, January 26, league game Support the Mustangs!

ELKS DINNER Swedish Smorgasbord Dinner Saturday, Jan. 20, 6:30 p.m. Followed by dancing to Western Gentlemen Old Timer's Night, Jan. 25

ARBUCKLE SKING Bus leaves Heppner Library each Sat. morning, 8 a.m., returns 5 p.m.

POMONA GRANGE Monthly meeting, Saturday, January 27, 10 a.m. Willows Grange Hall, Ione Dinner at noon, program at 1:30 p.m. All Grangers urged to attend

Old Timer's Night and Clam Feed, Thursday, Jan. 25 PUBLIC CARD PARTY St. Patrick's Parish Hall Monday, January 29, 8 p.m. Bridge and Pinochle, \$1 admission

Everyone welcome each Sat. morning, 9 a.m., returns 4 p.m.

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

SWEDISH SMORGASBORD

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20
HEPPNER ELKS TEMPLE

Varieties of Swedish Dishes
—MEATS, VEGETABLES, SALADS, DESSERTS—
SERVED FROM 6:30 to 8:30 P.M.

Enjoy the Dinner and Dancing
To Music by
THE WESTERN GENTLEMEN
Of Condon
From 9:00 P.M.
FULL EVENING OF ENTERTAINMENT
\$2.50 Per Person

TAX NOTICE

This is the
Final notice to taxpayers
before the real property tax foreclosure is published in the Heppner Gazette-Times

Unpaid taxes for the year 1964-1965 or prior are delinquent and subject to foreclosure. Payments must be made by February 15 to avoid foreclosure proceedings.

C. J. D. BAUMAN
Sheriff and Tax Collector - Morrow County