

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER

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Society

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MANY HAVE admired the pluck of Dean Lovgren since the serious auto accident a number of years ago in which he sustained injuries that resulted in paralysis from the waist down. He has not allowed the handicap to stand in the way of living a useful and constructive life.

For the past three weeks, believe it or not, he has been operating a combine in harvest for Bob and Herb Peterson, and the report is that he is doing a very good job of it.

Dean is brother of Mrs. Bob Peterson. Bob installed some hand controls on a combine, and the young man uses them to handle the big machine like a veteran operator.

Getting up to the driver's seat posed a bit of a problem, but it wasn't hard to solve. The Petersons use a hydraulic lift on a wheel tractor to hoist him to the lofty perch and he stays there through most of the day, except to come down for lunch.

Dean is a Heppner High graduate, and he was active in student affairs there despite his paralysis. He is continuing his education at Blue Mountain Community College, and, we understand, will be back there in the fall.

A MAN dropped into the G-T office on a recent Saturday, introduced himself, and asked to buy a couple copies of the paper. In ensuing conversation we learned that he was from Portland and holds a very responsible position there.

This was his first trip to Heppner. He and his wife were out for the week-end, looking over this part of the state. They had come over the hills from Ukiah and spent the night at Cutsforth Park.

They decided right then that this was the country for them, and he started at once looking for four or five acres that he could buy in the mountains.

The man said that he was going to retire in a few years and wanted to get away from the confusion and congestion of the city, even though he had been there for many years — perhaps all his life.

Many of the more popular scenic spots and recreational areas are getting so jammed that they are as bad as living in the city.

The couple liked the peace and tranquility of our part of the state, and he was very much in earnest in saying that he expected to enjoy life in retirement in the beautiful mountain country that is our blessing here.

It was a very nice and pleasant visit, and it wasn't hard to understand his point of view.

The thought came that more and more folks who are harassed with city life will seek to get away from the crowd, and they will be "discovering" this part of the state more and more.

As Orville Cutsforth points out, a couple of good reservoirs in the mountains would bring many such folks here. It would take a good many newcomers in this vast area, to bring any semblance of the jams that one sees elsewhere at scenic spots closer to the big cities.

We saw to it that he was amply supplied with literature and papers before he left. We think he will be back.

RECOGNITION of Dr. McMurdo, which spread nationwide via the recent AP story, is now entering a worldwide phase. He received two fine and interesting letters, both dated July 15, from far away. One was from Charles E. Notson of Kaohsiung, Taiwan, Republic of China, and the other was from Perry Avery,

Istanbul, Turkey. Notson is a brother of Bob Notson, publisher of The Oregonian, and both had some of their early roots in Heppner. Their father was Sam Notson, who was county school superintendent here at one time.

Charles Notson, who is with the Christian and Missionary Alliance church in Taiwan, read about Dr. McMurdo in The China Post.

Avery, who is with the Union Church of Istanbul, states that his career as a Christian minister had its roots in Heppner, since he conducted his first service here. He read about our good doctor in the Turkish Daily News.

These two letters, besides congratulating Dr. McMurdo, have great interest for Morrow county readers and we expect to print them in full next week. Space is too short this week to permit doing it now.

WE MARVEL at modern medicine—and thankfully so. Just a couple of weeks ago it seemed that we had an unusually large number of items reporting many of our good people being hospitalized for one reason or another, but now we see many of them bustling about again, as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. Bill Collins is out again, as pert and cheerful as ever, after taking part of her vacation for surgery; and we see Arnie Hedman driving in a car after his major operation.

We just got the word the other day that Cyril Gallagher had been stricken with emergency appendicitis and rushed to the hospital for surgery. Cyril is on the Columbia Basin Electric staff.

But, lo and behold, on Monday we met him in the post office. No one would have thought that he had been hospitalized if they hadn't noticed the cane that he carried. The operation was performed on Thursday, and here he was, up and out, on Monday morning.

MAYBE ONE REASON that

Heppner is so well known in points abroad (about which Jim Barratt remarked on his recent visit) is that so many people seem to benefit from our town as a stepping stone for advancement. As they are promoted to higher positions elsewhere they are in places where travelers have occasion to bump in to them from time to time.

Think how many have been advanced through the First National Bank, for instance; how many Penney managers have gone on to bigger stores; how many Forest Service people have climbed the ladder; how many teachers and ministers have gone to bigger places—just to mention a few.

This is just a prelude to a bit of personal solace in seeing the Jim Follensbee family leave after only 1 1/2 years here. Jim

has been office manager for Columbia Basin Electric and now goes to Montana to become manager of the cooperative of Big Horn county there.

You may recall that he is the fellow who wrote a letter to the editor in reply to a bit of criticism that someone else had made about alleged unfriendliness of Heppner folks. Jim had only been here a short time but wrote that he found them the friendliest people anywhere.

This year he served as membership chairman for the Chamber of Commerce and has done a very good job of it.

We have to look at these people on the way up, as the old saying goes, like the fellow who watched his mother-in-law drive his new Cadillac over the cliff— with mixed emotions. One likes to see them advancing, but hates to see them leave.

COMMUNITY BILLBOARD

Coming Events

4-H TWO TRACKERS
Meet Tuesday, Aug. 6, 6:30 p.m.
Heppner Rodeo Grounds

KIDS KRUSADE
Monday through Friday, Aug. 5-9, 7:00-8:30 p.m.
Assembly of God Church
All ages welcome
Come and bring a friend
Special features—visual aid stories, prizes, puppets, songs

RHEA CREEK GRANGE PICNIC

Sunday, Aug. 11, 1:30 p.m.
Anson Wright Memorial Park
All Grange members and families invited to attend

FAIR & RODEO DANCE
Dance honoring Princess Sheila Luciani of Lexington Grange
Saturday, Aug. 3, 9:30-1:00
Heppner Fair Pavilion
Music by The Miss Fortunes of The Dalles

Coronation Ceremonies for Queen Berniece Matthews
Saturday, Aug. 10, 8:30 p.m.
Dance following, music by The Western Gentlemen of Condon

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What Are Policemen Made Of?

Police Chief Glen Kolkhorst, in talking to the Chamber of Commerce Monday on police-community relations, quoted an article from a recent FBI Bulletin which was a reprint from a column by Paul Harvey, noted commentator.

Since it states the case for the policeman at a time when so much is expected of him, we reprint it here:

"What Are Policemen Made Of?"

"Don't credit me with this mongrel prose; it has many parents; at least 420,000 of them: Policemen.

"A policeman is a composite of what all men are, a mingling of saint and sinner, dust and deity.

"Culled statistics wave the fan over the stinkers, underscore instances of dishonesty and brutality because they are 'news.' What they really mean is that they are exceptional, unusual, not commonplace.

"Buried under the froth is the fact: Less than one-half of 1 percent of policemen misfit that uniform.

"That's a better average than you'd find among clergymen.

"What is a policeman made of? He, of all men, is at once the most needed and the most unwanted.

"He's a strangely nameless creature who is 'sir' to his face and 'fuzz' behind his back.

"He must be such a diplomat that he can settle differences between individuals so that each will think he won.

"But . . .

If the policeman is neat, he's conceited; if he's careless, he's a bum.

"If he's pleasant, he's a flirt; if he's not, he's a grouch.

"He must make in an instant, decisions which would require months for a lawyer.

"But . . .

"If he hurries, he's careless; if he's deliberate, he's lazy.

"He must be first to an accident and infallible with a diagnosis.

"He must be able to start breathing, stop bleeding, tie splints and above all, be sure the victim goes home without a limp.

"Or expect to be sued.

"The police officer must know every gun, draw on the run, and hit where it doesn't hurt.

"He must be able to whip two men twice his size and half his age without damaging his uniform and without being 'brutal'.

"If you hit him, he's a coward; if he hits you, he's a bully.

"A policeman must know everything—and not tell.

"He must know where all the sin is—and not partake.

"The policeman must, from a single human hair, be able to describe the crime, the weapon and the criminal—and tell you where the criminal is hiding.

"But . . .

"If he catches the criminal, he's lucky; if he doesn't, he's a dunce.

"If he gets promoted, he has political pull; if he doesn't he's a dullard.

"The policeman must chase bum leads to a dead end, stake out 10 nights to tag one witness who saw it happen—but refuses to remember.

"He runs files and writes reports until his eyes ache to build a case against some felon who'll get dealt out by a shameless shamus or an 'honorable' who isn't.

"The policeman must be a minister, a social worker, a diplomat, a tough guy, and a gentleman.

"And of course he'll have to be a genius . . .

"For he'll have to feed a family on a policeman's salary."

Political Ads Must Be Paid in Advance

Conforming to the practice of most newspapers, The Gazette-Times is adopting the policy of requiring payment in advance for political ads, and for printing campaign material. Mr. and Mrs. Wes Sherman, publishers, announce.

Announcement is made at this time to give adequate notice to candidates, or those supporting candidates and measures, for the general election campaigns.

A high percentage of newspapers have followed this policy for some time, realizing that not all candidates can win and knowing that defeated candidates are sometimes delinquent in paying. On the books of The Gazette-Times are some unpaid accounts of candidates or supporters of candidates in previous elections. Cooperation of the public will be appreciated.

TO THE EDITOR

Posting Pleases

July 25, 1968

To the Editor: You may want to refer this note to someone else, please be free to do so.

I want to express my appreciation for the method of the posting of hunting signs up on Willow Creek.

I hunted this area last year during the Archery season and very much appreciated their system of posting green "Welcome to Hunt" and red "Safety Zone" signs. I have at least 4 other men in my church here that also hunted in that area and feel as I do.

I hope that somehow this information can be passed on to these people. Thank you very much.

Sincerely,
Rev. Milton W. Hopper
408 E. 10th Street
The Dalles, Oregon 97058

Pioneer Ponderings



By W. S. CAVERHILL

Our Mountain Springs

This is the time of year and the kind of weather that make the mountain visitors appreciate the galaxy of fine springs of pure water available in our nearby mountains.

No where in the Blue Mountains is there another such string of springs as along the Sky Line Road to the Washington border. Beyond Tollgate at roadside, or nearby, the route is dotted with them.

Gabriel, Wild Woman, Dead Man, Whisky, Sugar, Dusty, Skookum, Motett, Bone Spring, Huskey, Squaw, Bear, Trap, Bucksin, Hoods and Key. Whether the roads are dusty or rough, the springs are clear and cool. It might be interesting and helpful if some spirited group would check them out, taking a sip from each and mark the ones that need more development. They are nature's generous gift to local travelers.

The foregoing are roadside springs in the Eastern part of the Umatilla National Forest.

I am sure there are many like them in the Heppner-Condon area that need similar publicity and improvement.

MORROW COUNTY FAIR and RODEO

SATURDAY AUGUST 3

9:30 p.m. to 1 a.m.

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FAIR PAVILION

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