

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

Heppner, Oregon 97836
Phone 676-5228
MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER

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Those Were Wes's Awards

Elsewhere in today's Gazette-Times, there appears a story on five awards that the paper received last week-end at the convention of the Oregon Newspaper Publishers' Association.

Those are Wes Sherman's awards. We at the Gazette-Times cannot put on paper how we truly felt about Wes Sherman. Yet he was never afraid to compliment us for the work we were doing. And he did that publicly, in his column, Chaff and Chatter.

Wes Sherman, though, never tooted his own horn. His work in this community was done untrillingly, yet often without reward. He served as president of the Heppner-Morrow county Chamber of Commerce, and still stayed up until one and two o'clock in the morning to get his newspaper work done.

His involvement in the community was not with businessmen alone, either. Many young people can be thankful to Wes Sherman for his letters of recommendation for scholarships and college applications.

This, too, he did in his spare time. And yet, as we all realized his unselfishness, we rarely, if ever, took time to compliment him.

Before he left on his vacation, which was his first in eight years here, he told us of the awards that the Gazette-Times had been nominated for.

"They're probably just third place," he told us. None of them was. In fact, two were firsts, and the other three second places.

Those awards are truly a tribute to his ability as a newspaperman. We will remember him as a newspaperman, but we will remember him as more than that.

Some of us at the Gazette-Times will remember him as the man who gave us our first job in the business. Some of us will remember him as a friend and helper.

We can always say with pride we once worked with him.

We had a lot of things planned for this summer after he returned. Now, those things may never be realized. But the awards are good enough for us. — ka

GUEST EDITORIALS . . .

Wes Sherman . . . '30'

By LAWRENCE SPRAKER, retired
Publisher of The Stayton Mail

Perhaps the most outstanding news coverage ever by Wes Sherman, in over 25 years as a newspaper man, appeared in these columns only a fortnight prior to his passing from us.

This story exemplified the high quality of the Shermans' dedication to their craft. But Wes, we learned closeup, when he was our associate editor-publisher of The Stayton Mail in 1958-61, did everything in an all-out way; no half measures.

His news and editorial page columns reflected a keen interest in people. His writing was like a friendly letter where in he climbed into the envelope and sealed the flap.

And, incidentally, he was the speediest man on a news typewriter we've seen. "Writing's my meat," he said once when this ability was observed by a fellow craftsman.

In a letter, received only last week, Wes wrote that the planned three-week trip to Boston would be his longest freedom from a country newspaper deadline in 26 years. Then, only eight days later, he faced his own "30" in Washington, D. C. A shock that struck so suddenly on his family and friends throughout the state, including particularly in Stayton and Dallas where he had served so well in newspaper news and managerial capacities before going to Heppner.

To his widow and children we, as others, extend our profound sympathy.

Wes was ever ready to help along a cause that meant betterment of his community or county, and with intensity of vigor that was much above average for his craft. Heppner, we venture, must have benefitted materially by his eight years at the mast of The Gazette-Times . . . a leadership that established him, in our opinion after 43 years as a reader of the G-T, as one of its most illustrious editors.

As a family man, he also was outstanding, as most of you who know the Shermans personally cannot but have observed. When in our opinion after 43 years as a reader of the G-T, as one of its most illustrious editors.

Mrs. Sherman now is faced with a heavy burden but doubtless, the community and the loyal employees will lend her every assistance in carrying on. She has been a wonderful helpmate and knows all the front and back-shop ins-and-outs of the arduous task of publishing a weekly newspaper, particularly in an expansive open-space area such as is Morrow county.

Our Closest Neighbor

By THE CONDON GLOBE-TIMES

The staff of the Condon Globe-Times was stunned by the news Monday morning of the untimely death of our closest neighbor in the publishing business, Wes Sherman. We were particularly stunned because Wes was more than just a friend, he was our helpmate in time of need.

Although he was a publisher of a small town newspaper, the same as we, and had the same deadlines to meet, he was always willing to come to our aid when we had problems.

Many is the time that we would call at the last minute for a picture or a news event and Wes would always come to our aid. For the past several years, he had made our plastic cuts for pictures, and even though he had his own pictures to do, he always made sure that we received ours on time.

Many is the time that we worked together printing ballots for elections or some other job for which we did not have the necessary equipment. Not only did he let us use his equipment, but also, sometimes, his employees, and for this we are deeply indebted.

In our estimation he was one of the greatest publishers and editors that we have ever had the privilege of knowing. His passing is made a little easier by the contribution he has made to the small town newspaper industry.

Our condolences and sympathy are offered to his wife, Helen, his children and to the residents of Heppner and Morrow county, in their loss of a husband, father and a great publisher.

Chaff and Chatter

Wes Sherman

BOSTON, MASS. — When they build these turnpikes and thruways through the East, they should provide an additional lane, perhaps tucked inconspicuously underground like a subway. This would be especially for tourists so that they could meander at will, stop to read road maps, and spend a few moments in meditation at each important intersection, trying to figure whether to go left or right.

For surely there is no allowance, as it now stands, for a bewildered traveller to consider whether he is lost or not. Frequent signs admonish him not to stop on the shoulders. Other signs forbid him from making U turns and turning back. This is to prevent any cowardly tourist, however panicky he may be, from crossing on one of the frequent connecting links between east and west lanes and heading for home. These strips are reserved for emergency vehicles only.

Once you pass through a toll gate and are handed your ticket, there is only one course—straight ahead.

On the turnpike—or thruway—it is sort of like being in prison. You can't stop, you can't leave without paying, and you have no choice of restaurants, gas stations, rest rooms or gift shops. You use the ones provided for you by the state turnpike authority at the "service areas" provided perhaps 40 miles apart. If you need gas, and the particular service area has Conoco, you buy Conoco. If you get hungry, you enter the eatery provided at that particular service center and stand in line with your tray, making your choices from the often meager selection provided.

On this trip no service station attendant at any of the non-competitive service areas has offered to wash our windshield. Why should they? There is no station across the street competing for the business.

ACROSS ANY ONE of the states, one may get fed up and leave on one of the exits provided. Across the whole of New York's thruway are perhaps 60 exits. But the only way you can make time is to use the thruway.

We have found New York to be the greatest nuisance of all. It cost \$5.40 to cross the state on its vaunted thruway. Around the Niagara Falls area, you can hit three or four toll stations on short sections of the highway in a distance of perhaps 15 miles. Some of them require you to toss the correct change in a curiously shaped gadget, scientifically designed no doubt, as you pass through a lane at the toll station.

The first one of these we hit was just below Chicago. We were in a stream of traffic that was crowding hard and we tried to act like somebody who knew all about it. We tossed the required 15c into the "hamper" and started to move away, but we noticed the red light still signalled "Stop." However, feeling we had done our civic duty in meeting the cost of construction of this remarkable concrete installation, we continued on. Then a loud buzzer started to sound behind us. This sort of makes one's scalp prickle, as if he had just about stepped on a rattlesnake which was throwing one into panic by buzzing his rattles.

But the deed had been done, and we scooted away, expecting sirens to blow and searchlights starting to play on our car. But no officer of the law followed us that we know of. They may have "Wanted" posters out throughout New York for Oregon license DCU 557, for all we know.

THESE EASTERN states have

the most efficiently designed speed limits ever to be wholly ignored. On the turnpikes and freeways, they range from 60 to 75 miles per hour, depending upon the state.

We were rolling through New York, going 75 on the button, and a huge semi-truck, pulling a trailer rolled around us as if we were standing still. All the trucks that use these thruways are high-powered rigs, and they really roll.

Signs in some places warn that the thruways are patrolled by aircraft, but it is doubtful if many arrests are made for speeding. Most of them post a minimum speed of 45 miles per hour and warn trucks doing less than 40 on steep hills to keep their emergency blinkers going to prevent rear-end pile-ups.

BUT DESPITE their shortcomings, the thruways are a blessing to travellers. With the amount of traffic in the East, the places where the road narrows to two-way traffic is sheer torture.

They say that one may go from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Boston without hitting a stop light—thruway all the way. This is true, except for the toll stations, and they will stop you, all right!

In getting to Boston and going via Niagara Falls, a short distance out of the way, we have paid probably \$15 to \$20 in tolls. The natives, however, feel that New Jersey is the worst state for tolls.

A person is always supposed to have correct change, and the best way is to get a handful of coins, together with some dollar bills, and put them in the ash tray or some other handy container.

We haven't had the nerve to find out what might happen to us if we handed one of the toll collectors a \$20 bill or a Traveler's Check.

SOME OF THESE thruways are made of concrete with wide expansion joints, and a heavily loaded car will go thump, thump, thump for hundreds of miles as it hits those expansion joints—like beating a drum. But others are smooth and very well constructed.

Around Boston, the traffic is the worst we have seen. Actually, in the open country in the east, there is no more traffic on the thruways than there is on the Banfield Expressway close to Portland. But if you travel at the speed limit, you are the last one in line. The speed is much faster, on the average, than we are accustomed to.

You may look in the mirror, see no one behind, and before you know it some other vehicle, perhaps even a truck, has slipped up on you.

But this traffic in Boston is something else! On the highways, drivers here have never heard of the word "Courtesy." They will barrel right through a "Yield" sign and sideswipe you if you don't get out of the way. In downtown Boston, there are no dividing lines on most of the streets and cars roam all over. They will be parked bumper to bumper on streets clearly marked "no parking." Where the parking is all gone, they will double park and leave their unattended vehicles sitting in the street.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW! We went to downtown Boston today, via the suburb of Malden, actually a part of Boston. You know what was going on? A sidewalk sale! Yes, sir, just like Heppner. There is a strict law against jawwalking, but people mended all over the streets. Their sale was going over big.

too. We didn't buy anything but got a kick out of looking around. They had some good bargains, but we don't know where we would ever load anything more into our car.

WE'LL HAVE to say that Niagara Falls is the biggest disappointment of the trip so far. Maybe it was because we took a wrong turn in getting there and wound up trying to find our way out of a maze of steel mills belching smoke and smog and out of a ghetto district that brought home to us the real plight of the cities.

Heavy smog covered the entire area. The falls themselves are a remarkable natural attraction, not to be minimized, but man has virtually ruined the setting, except for the Niagara Falls park area, which is set aside around the falls.

The town of Niagara Falls is a rather dirty place and plays up to the tourists like an amusement park, featuring beer joints, souvenir shops, and cheap eating places.

Worst of all, the Niagara river is polluted and stinks like an ordinary sewage system. We took a walk around in the evening, and the odiferous aroma and smog made a person's eyes burn—hardly a romantic situation for a honeymoon!

The American Falls is completely dry for the time being. Army engineers have shut it off with a cofferdam to survive the rock structure on the theory that faults are developing that may damage their scenic beauty. But this makes the Horseshoe falls on the Canadian side even greater. The "drought" will continue until December 1.

IN DRIVING across this vast nation, one feels its greatness. There is much more open country in the populated east than we had visualized. There are open farmlands even near the big cities. Suburbs of the Boston area are well secluded with trees and shrubbery, and there are many beautiful estates and homes surrounded by large expanses of well-kept green lawns.

To really get the feel of the country, one needs to explore off the thruways. In the small villages, you often run across something very interesting or historic. So it was when we slipped into West Grange, Iowa, and found the birthplace of Herbert Hoover. A fine museum and library is now located here together with the tiny house in which he was born and his father's blacksmith shop, the latter filled with the tools, horseshoes and equipment he used. This was a lovely place—serene and tranquil.

We pulled off the highway, too, at Montpelier, Ohio, and found this was the birthplace of Dr. Paul Siple. We recalled how, many years ago, Siple, as a Boy Scout, went on the original expedition of Admiral Richard Byrd to the Antarctic.

It seems that every community has some claim to fame, and it is most enjoyable to visit them.

Iowa, with its rolling green fields, is one of our favorite states now. The corn isn't yet "as high as an elephant's eye" but more like six or eight inches at this time of year, and there is no sign of irrigation.

WE ARE GETTING the feeling that America's strength is basically in its rural areas. The big social problems are developing in the crowded congested cities to threaten our way of life.

TO THE EDITOR . . .

Reevaluate Dam

To the Editor:

In reading the Gazette-Times of last week and noting articles on the front page headed "All Ullman Appeals for Project" and "Judge Jones Tells of Good Reception on Trip to D. C." Do you think a flood control dam is being sought for the right area? Why is everybody pushing for a Willow Creek project, especially after a flood of Monday night, that did not come from Willow Creek at all?

If the Willow Dam had been in, Heppner would still look like it does today. Yes Willow and Hinton creeks ran, but all damage was done from a dry canyon area, so to speak. Wouldn't it be more sensible to construct more smaller dams in some of the side canyons, to help take care of run-off, rather than all that money in one dam which wouldn't have helped Heppner June 9, anyway?

Another part in one of those articles that I can't see the

necessity of is that Morrow county officials may urge that Heppner be declared a disaster area. Compare the losses of damages to persons in Heppner and those losses of soil, hay, grains and other land damages, to landowners and the land loss will be by far greater. Yet there is no mention of urging that those landowners with severe land damages be declared a disaster.

It does seem odd that the very paper that tells of Monday night's flood out of "Shobe Canyon," also had two very definite articles of pleas (one before and one after the flood) for a flood control project on Willow Creek. Do they want flood control or recreation? Perhaps the project on flood control should be re-evaluated.

Sincerely,
Grace McKinney
Ione, Oregon

MEETING CALENDAR

Monday, June 30—
Chamber of Commerce, Wagon Wheel Dining Room, 12 Noon

Tuesday, July 1—
AF & AM No. 69, 8:00 p.m.
Wranglers Riding Club, Fair Dormitory

Wednesday, July 2—
Willow Lodge, IOOF Hall, 8:00 p.m.
County Court, 10:00 a.m.
Morrow County Jaycees, 8:00 p.m.

Thursday, July 3—
Holly Rebekah Lodge, Lexington, 8:00 p.m.
Sorooptimist club, Business Meeting, Wagon Wheel Dining Room, 12 Noon

PROPERTY TAX FAX

If you have a question concerning real or personal property please state all the facts as briefly as possible and mail it to Joyce Ritch, Morrow county special assessor, under the name "PROPERTY TAX FAX." Please ask only one question per sheet.

QUESTION:
I am purchasing some property on contract and have duly recorded the contract. Can I require that the tax statement be sent to me each year?

ANSWER:
The answer is no, unless the seller makes you his agent to receive the statement. The Law Section of the State Tax Commission reviewed various court decisions (CF 1026-W, 3-12-69) and concluded that the signature on the authorization given to the tax collector for the purpose of receiving the tax statements, must be that of the record owner and not of the contract purchaser, lessee or mortgagee. The record owner can designate the contract purchaser as recipient.

COMMUNITY BILLBOARD

MORROW COUNTY GEM and MINERAL SOCIETY
Saturday, June 28
McMurtry Building, 7:30 p.m.

WRANGLERS RIDING CLUB OVERNIGHT TRAIL RIDE
Saturday, Sunday, June 28-29
To W. E. Hughes cabin on Johnson Creek

LOCUST CHAPTER OES INSTALLATION
Locust Chapter No. 119, OES Open Installation
Sunday, June 29, 7:00 p.m.
Ione Masonic Hall

RUTH CHAPTER NO. 32 OPEN INSTALLATION
Ruth Chapter No. 32 Open Installation Meeting
Monday, June 30, 8 p.m.
Heppner Masonic Hall

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