

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE-TIMES

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MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER

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Be A Blood Donor

A person in good health between the ages of 18 and 61 is eligible to donate blood. The date March 24 has been set for the annual visit of the Red Cross Blood Mobile to Heppner. More people should become first time donors. The first time may be viewed with apprehension but composure soon returns when the donor learns the process is quite painless. Actually the most painful step of the several through the line is the prick of the finger for the drop of blood needed for testing.

The entire process involving interview, tests and refreshments usually requires about 45 minutes. The actual donation takes approximately 7 minutes.

It should be emphasized that blood is a fluid for which there is no substitute. Many advances have been made in the concept of blood therapy. These advances have stimulated the public's interest not only in blood procurement programs but also in the nature of blood itself.

Blood is a community responsibility. Every minute every day over 8 bottles of blood are used in this country to treat the ill and the injured.

Blood can be stored for possible use for only 21 days. No blood is wasted. All blood not used for transfusion is returned to the Red Cross Center where the plasma is removed and derivatives are prepared that are needed to do the jobs that whole blood alone cannot accomplish. Gamma globulin—to prevent measles. Serum Albumin—to combat shock. Fibrinogen—to stop hemorrhage. Red cells—to treat anemia. Frozen plasma—to treat hemophiliacs.

Be a First Time Donor. The blood you give—you won't miss. It saves lives.

A Matter of Responsibility

There is no denying that universities, in most cases, have leaned over backwards to adjust to the idea of greater student participation in university operations. But, little has been said of a fundamental question concerning expansion of student powers.

The president of Hofstra University, Dr. Clifford Lord, touched on this question when he said, "... I think one of the main problems of student governance is the very real problem of responsibility in a population which is in constant turnover to a degree that is not true of faculty, administration and trustees..." Dr. Lord was referring, of course, to the fact that student bodies change with each graduating class while the continuity of the university management must continue uninterrupted.

It would seem that there must be recognition of the ultimate responsibility that rests with the administrators who devote their lives to the welfare and progress of a university, just as there must be recognition of the fact that attending an institution of higher learning is in reality a privilege rather than a right—a privilege that heretofore has been reserved to those who could demonstrate certain scholastic accomplishments. Dr. Lord's point is well made.

REMEMBER THIS? REMINISCE!

FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO March 5, 1925

The Epworth League of the Methodist Community Church will give on Friday evening, March 6, at 7:45 a talk on China, illustrated with beautiful, colored slides.

Michael Doherty, sheepman of Butter Creek, died this morning at St. Anthony's Hospital. He was 42 years old, born in Ireland and came to America in 1906.

At the end of the week the stock of gents furnishing goods and haberdashery of the D. A. Wilson store was transferred to the new location in the Masonic building, and Mr. Wilson is getting pretty well straightened up in the new quarters.

The Galloway Telephone Co. sold out last week and will retire from business. Individuals along the line bought up the equipment, among them being Charles Bartholomew of Pine City, John Brosnan and Percy Hughes of Lena and Dillard French of Gurdane.

On Friday afternoon last,

Real Estate Transactions

Earl J. Blake and Margaret C. Blake to Jerry L. Thompson and Mary Lou Thompson. Lot 22, Blake Ranch Addition in Plat 1, Sec. 11, T4 SR 28.

Donald O. Leighton and Carla V. Leighton to David O. Beal and Dorothy Beal. Part Lot 8, Block 16 W, Sec. 25 T5 NR 26.

Patent, USA to Donald P. Marshall and Carol J. Marshall, 80 acres, S½SE¼ Sec. 15, T2 SR 23.

Norma L. Marquardt equal interests in NW¼ Sec. 22 T1 NR 25 to Homer W. Hughes and Major Marquardt Hughes, and to Carl Miller Marquardt and Betty Lou Marquardt, and to Billy B. Marquardt and Rena June Marquardt.

Judge R. L. Bengtson performed his first wedding ceremony when he joined in marriage Etta Hallam of this county and Zephyl A. Harrison of Monument, at his office in the courthouse.

During the past week Clive Huston disposed of the summer-fallow on his Sourdough ranch to Ray Young, and the latter and his family have moved from the Bell place and taken charge of the Huston place.

Crocuses are in bloom everywhere—just peeping out of the ground; their way of saying "howdy do, spring's here."

Pioneer



Ponderings

By W. S. CAVERHILL
2 plus 2 equals 4?

It seems to me that our fiscal experts who are toying with our national economy are ignoring a fundamental equation of sixth grade arithmetic that 2 plus 2 equals 4. They assume that 2 plus 2 equals 5, or 6, or 7. They get the extra digits by inflation of some sort. Whatever money the government pours into the economy must be recaptured from it, if the process is to be repeated. It cannot be done if too much is spent in the low income non-taxable brackets. A wide exclusion of such low income citizens imposes an increased burden on others who are already demanding a tax cut. If they are given relief it will involve deficit spending to fill the pot. Maybe 2 plus 2 equals 5 or 6 or 7.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Elaine:

I'm not the best typist in the world on this little portable—but it is better than my handwriting. We made a change in plans because of the weather, time and various reasons, so we did not go by Hemet on our way here after all. Hope to get to see David and his family on our way home but not sure about that yet.

As you know, we spent Christmas and New Years with our niece and family at Sunnyvale, then started south again along the coast. From Carmel to the mountains is the artichoke center, and we drove through thousands of acres of the plants in all stages of growth; it's easy to see the resemblance to the thistle family. The Big Sur area is surely big and rugged enough to be very impressive, but I was surprised at the lack of trees along the coast. Most of the time we drove where we could look down the jagged cliffs into the rocky seacoast. From San Simeon there were rolling grassy hills from the mountains to the seacoast where beef and dairy cattle abounded. By the time we got to Santa Barbara we were into the oil well country. The Santa Barbara beaches are lovely and we can see why they are up in arms about the oil leakage there. From Ventura east to Los Angeles it was mostly homes and business buildings interspersed with truck garden plots on all level spots. The freeways in L. A. are not too bad, providing it is not necessary to travel them during rush hours—and we saw to it we didn't.

We were blessed with nice weather all that time and until we were ready to do some sight-seeing on Sunday, then it opened up and poured. At that time we were located in a trailer park between Signal Hill and Long Beach airport—right in the middle of the oil wells. Everywhere we looked were the oil wells like a flock of overgrown grasshoppers hobbling their heads up and down as they ate and each is operated by what appears to be a motor similar to that on small tractors which run night and day. Sunday morning we drove down and explored all the by-ways of Long Beach Harbor. Did not see the Queen Mary as they are working her over getting ready to put on public display. After lunch we drove around by L. A. International Airport up to Wilshire Blvd., through Beverly Hills to the Museum and the LaBrea Fossil Pits. They were just as fascinating as we had expected and we inspected them all in spite of the soaking rain. By the time we finished that we were so wet, however, that we did pass up our intended visit to Forest Lawn.

The next day we moved to Garden Grove and went to have a look at Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town and on our way stopped off at the Movieland Wax Museum and Palace of Living Art. You probably have seen that or one similar, but we spent a couple of engrossing hours there and enjoyed every minute.

—don't know how they can make them look so real. When we got to Knott's Berry Farm found the biggest part of it was closed down because of the rain earlier that morning. We had lunch there and walked through the shopping area and Independence Hall section. I have a hunch that is the best part anyway, but we had no chance to get in touch with Arch Murchison, which we had intended doing while there. Next day we went to Disneyland only to find that it was closed Mondays and Tuesdays, then to the famous car museum near Orange Co. Airport to find it also closed that day. Deciding they all were in cahoots to save our money, we drove down to Newport Beach for lunch. Went through main part of the business district and out onto the peninsula toward Balboa, where we saw a nice looking place called Woody's Wharf with a very small parking area next to the street and a small guest dock on the bay. When we went in it was immediately apparent that it was an exceedingly nice place indeed, and one quite popular with extremely well-to-do persons. We were immediately ushered to a nice table even though there were some others waiting at the bar. Now, this would not have struck us quite so funny if we had not dressed to be walking through Disneyland in the rain—and two more eccentrically dressed HICKS you could not have found! Charles found his straw hat leaked like everything in the rain, so was wearing his Stetson, mit boots, whipcords and turtle neck sweater—I was sporting a skirt and blouse with black coat sweater and had at least slid out of my snow boots into pumps since it was not raining at the time. We decided later

that they probably thought we had horses at Santa Anita or just walked off of our crummy old Yacht in the harbor. Either way we surely did wish that you were with us as you could have appreciated how hilarious it all was, especially since the table between us and the window was occupied by a couple slightly younger than us and an older man and woman. From their conversation we discovered the older man was a friend who invited the others to sit with him since they had waited 20 minutes for a table. The older woman was mother of younger man and younger woman his wife. Mother was upset because she had horses at Santa Anita and tracks were closed by strike—wanted to know if she had chance of getting back on entry fees but son thought wouldn't get enough back to be worth the bother—probably not enough to pay for the two new suits he had just ordered from Scotland. Mother was bewailing the fact that cost of feeding horses, exercise boys, grooms, etc., went on were so high the owner got hardly anything back. Older man was quite put out because taxes, upkeep costs and help were making it almost prohibitive to maintain the three or four estates most of them had—he intended to let a couple go and just rent a place when he went to the various tracks—mentioning one in particular. The others thought it was nice but what would he do for garage space as there was only room for two or three cars and not much space for retinue. Two young women on one side were discussing present marital status and travel; one was married the last time at Monaco and since they had nothing else to do they toured Europe on honeymoon. Other one had not been to Europe for a terrifically long time—must be all of five years—and didn't even have a good map of Europe any more, but supposed they would probably hit the usual places on trip this spring. Three men on another side were much perturbed at the work to be done on their yacht which was laid up in dry dock. (We decided we just did not know the troubles the poor rich folks had. Tsk Tsk!)

Next morning we took off down the coast again, intending to stop and take a good look at the Mission San Juan Capistrano. Weather clear and sun shining once more. While parking car and trailer to go to the Mission, three very large bus loads of school children were admitted to tour the place—so, as usual we saved our time and money and settled for talking to the admission clerk, purchasing some slides of the place for the grandchildren, and talking for a bit with Indian clerk at souvenir shop across the street and obtaining story of the swallows. Ate lunch in San Elijo State Park where we watched surfboarders trying to ride the big waves in to the lovely beach. Drove on down to San Diego where we located a nice Trailer Ranch right on north side of Mission Bay.

Next morning a storm was moving in from the ocean so we decided to be satisfied with doing our sightseeing from the car. Drove over to Balboa Park and followed the Scenic Drive from there through business section and around San Diego Bay, across to Sea World and around Mission Bay. Couldn't see too well or far because of the rain, but it was better than nothing. Hope to go back some time as we liked San Diego better than anywhere else along the coast and would like to be able to see more of it. Since the storm was supposed to be extensive, involving most of California, we decided to take Highway No. 80 (S) directly east through El Centro to Yuma. Hit clearer, warmer weather by the time we reached El Centro and had warm clear night at Yuma. Drove on to Phoenix following morning and found temporary parking at a brand new mobile home park east of Mesa. Parked the trailer and headed east for Apache Junction area where we located a new park being completed just west of the Junction (2 miles) and within a few blocks of where we visited Harley and Alice Anderson many years ago. We signed up to stay here at least until March first so we will retain the location even if we should go other places for short visits. The last two days have been very busy locating a rental trailer and arranging to have it parked near us, for our friends Lamer and Joy Says of Moro—they will arrive about Feb. 4. His mother and husband have mobile home about 5 miles west of here.

Went to see Ed and Ila Albert who are at park about 3 miles from us, and yesterday located the new bldg. of Empire Machinery Co. just south of Mesa and made a call on Bob Grabbil.

Chuck Wagon

Last Thursday morning Jack Sumner drove us out to his ranch at Eight Mile. After a close inspection of his 4-place

Only change we could notice about him was that his thatch of hair is pure white. He says he leaves the Saturday night whooping and hollering to the young folks these days. He took directions to our trailer as mentioned bringing his wife out to meet us. Stayed and visited him so long did not get up to other department to see Tommy Doherty but will probably phone and say hello. Tried to call Vernon and Faye Munkers, but have not gotten through as yet. Have also contacted three families from the Moro area who are wintering in this part of the state.

It has been beautifully warm and sunny as far as we are concerned even though the natives seem to think it rather chilly. May get down to about 45 degrees at night but warms up quickly in the mornings and has been at least 70 degrees during the days, with pleasant sunshine. It is just as we hoped it would be when we came. As you can see, we have not had much time for sitting around as yet, but hope to do so soon. Have come to the conclusion that if retirement life is anything like this, aren't sure we will have time for it.

Would you please tell Y Editors where we are and that we are trying to enjoy it enough for all of those who wished to hitch on and come along with us.

As ever,
Helen R.

Dear Editors:

Do you remember the Skuzeski family who used to own a Tailor shop on Main street? Young John called me the other evening and we did enjoy talking about the Heppner news.

John and his wife, Marjorie (Peterson), are the parents of two sons who will graduate from high school this spring and be college material. John is the Products Engineer at Jantzen Knitting mills and specializes in the swim suit department.

His mother owns a small home at Yamhill and is near the middle son, Walter. The younger son, Ted, is the Control room supervisor at McNary on the Columbia river.

The Skuzeski were in Philadelphia last year and saw Peg Tamblayn Frank. She is with the Blue Cross. They now and then drive into Eastern Oregon and out into the John Day country and say it is unbelievably beautiful there now.

Sincerely,
Josephine Mahoney Baker
2545 S. W. Terwilliger,
Apt. 525
Portland 97201

Dear Heards:

You'll never know how your paper can make Dick get over being so homesick. Thank you so much for thinking of us at renewal time.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wallace
El Cajon, Calif.

Dear Friends:

Am leaving here March 1 to go north. Will you please change the address on my paper?

You have no idea how I appreciate the paper every Saturday. I read it from cover to cover. Yesterday afternoon Ruth Sanders who formerly ran the Hotel and was a Soroptimist was here and enjoyed my Saturday issue from cover to cover also.

I am having the paper sent to my daughter Ellen Marshall as my grandson Tony Marshall A/C is home on a 30-day leave from Crete in the Mediterranean. I am going north early to see him before he leaves.

Enclosed is a check for William B. Hughes Gazette.
Very truly yours,
Alice B. Hughes

School Lunch Menus

Presented
Through Courtesy of
Heppner Branch



Heppner Elementary and High Schools

Monday, March 9—Macaroni and cheese, spinach, celery sticks, hot rolls, butter, fruit Jell-O, milk.

Tuesday, March 10—Beans, franks, vegetable salad, rolls, butter, fruit crisp, milk.

Wednesday, March 11—Pizza, buttered corn, lettuce wedge, ice cream, milk.

Thursday, March 12—Potatoes and gravy, peas, rolls, butter, carrot and celery sticks, peach pie, milk.

Friday, March 13—School's choice and a good dessert.
HAPPY VACATION.

Grange Plans Multi-Benefit

Rhea Creek Grange are planning a multiple-benefit Pancake supper and Card party on March 21. Proceeds will provide their contributions to Red Cross, the Heart Fund, March of Dimes, Crippled Children, Cancer fund. The Pancake serving will be from 6 until 8 p.m. Mrs. Walter Wright WAC chairman, will chair the supper and card party.

Rhea Creek Grange will meet March 13 at 6:30 for a potluck supper and meeting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wright are dinner-chairmen. The program will be Medic Alert.

history. He feels methods must change in financial governmental policies regarding agriculture.

For every dollar of government subsidy, he added, the government gets back \$1.47 in increased taxes. Mr. Paulson says we must get back our stability. There is a vital need for the restoration of parity. Turnover of dollars from agriculture is 7 times (one dollar of agricultural income spent, generates seven dollars in the economy of the country.)

Agricultural prices could be increased 41%, he said, which would increase consumer prices only 1% plus about 6% on processed foods. Agriculture is 70 billions short and since it affects so much of the population, improvement is needed that will in turn affect the entire economy. He feels appeals should be made directly to the President.

The County Court is discussing the possibility of having a surveyor's office and telephone answering service here in Morrow County. Bob Baggett of John Day has filed for the position of county surveyor. His partner, Mr. Griffith, also of John Day would also be associated with him in the operation of a surveying firm.

Judge Paul Jones said that having surveyors here would be of great value to the county in order to have roads and ditches platted properly. Judge Jones said he would recommend an item of \$4,000 or \$5,000 to be added to the county budget as much needs to be done over a period of years to get rights of way, etc., corrected.

COMMUNITY BILLBOARD

DISTRICT MEETING

Ruth Chapter and Locust Chapter OES
March 9
Masonic Hall

BUDGET HEARING

School District R-1
Dist. Office
March 10, 7:30 p.m.

RAINBOW GIRLS

STYLE SHOW
March 11, 7:30
Masonic Hall

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Heppner

Notice To Taxpayers

Second quarter personal property taxes are delinquent as of Feb. 15, 1970.

Warrants will be served after March 10, 1970 by publication in the Heppner Gazette-Times.

Morrow County Sheriff and Tax Collector