

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE-TIMES

Heppner, Oregon 97636
Phone 676-9228

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER

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Ione Could Use a Fire District

Surely with the disastrous fire at Herb Ekstrom's, the wheels must have started turning again for a Rural Fire District around Ione.

It seems so sad to see a fire truck go to the edge of town while a building burns a block away. This is the way of the Insurance Age in which we live.

The Rural Fire District as it provides fire protection in its area, reduces insurance rates and increases the mental well being for having protection for each individual.

The cost of the tax can be made up in the savings on insurance rates.

Heppner seems to have measured their fire district for as far out as they can go in 5 minutes. Conditions and terrain of the road determines how many miles they can go. Pilot Rock has the biggest Rural Fire District in the state of Oregon. Their district goes out past Nye Junction.

Milton-Freewater has talked and fought Fire District for years.

It actually takes an individual or two or three who believe wholeheartedly in such an undertaking who will research the answers to all the questions and work to sell the idea to everyone within the district.

Ione probably has these individuals. Good luck, to them!

The Jobs Need to Be Done

We seem to be getting nowhere with our flood control efforts here at Heppner. So far, the status is still quo — nothing.

Sen. Packwood's office on July 17 sent us word that the Army Corps of Engineers in Walla Walla had informed its office that prospects for Shobe Canyon above Heppner "do not look promising."

The Corps promised a study would be completed in a couple of months and they would make a formal recommendation at that time.

One of the alternatives would divert the water around the hill to the proposed Willow Creek Reservoir. They stated that appeared too expensive. Another proposal calls for concrete channels to be constructed and again, the cost appears too great to make the project feasible.

Sen. Packwood said the Corps told him that the problem is continuing to be studied in an effort to solve the flooding troubles which caused an estimated \$75,000 in damages from floods in 1969.

The purse strings holders on the Willow Creek project are pinching too tightly, too, it seems to us. Bureaucratic foot-dragging will never solve our problems. In spite of valiant efforts by many individuals here, the County Court, our Congressmen, we are still faced with nothing but future possibilities.

We believe the situation is too serious to be ignored. Perhaps a new and fresh approach is necessary. And we're not at all sure we know what that might be — however, we do have a suggestion.

It has been considered impolite to put folks on the spot. However, as we said, we're pretty tired of being ignored and we'd surely enjoy seeing some action!

Perhaps a mammoth effort would do the trick. To lead this new effort we would like to nominate Governor Tom McCall, leader of the State of Oregon. We have the feeling through his efforts he could obtain the ear of President Nixon. Our story must be told and retold until the claws of understanding of the seriousness of this matter really take hold.

Save Those Coupons

All of Oregon is being alerted to save Betty Crocker coupons for the purchase of artificial kidney machines, (Home Dialysis Unit). This machine is the ONLY lifeline for many persons afflicted with kidney failure.

At the present time there are 22 of these machines functioning within Oregon and it is anticipated that the Kidney Association will screen and train one additional patient per month for the next year. The cost of the machine is \$3200, but it's provided FREE of charge to patients according to need.

All coupons may be left at Elma's Apparel in Heppner, Del's Market in Lexington and Bristow's Market in Ione.

Mrs. Joel Engleman has been named Morrow County chairman.

Notes from Linda

July 9, 1970

Dearest Mom, Chuck, Dale, and anyone else who takes the time, trouble, and pains to read my letters whether out of a sense of family obligation, curiosity, or whatever; Hello!

Now for the second installment. I can tell from all the thousands of letters I received just how much you all enjoyed the first one. First though, since I said nothing or very little about myself or my family, to put your mind at ease, I will say this. I have the most wonderful family in all of Germany, except that they do too much at times and I feel like a guest instead of a long lost sister. But I will tell you more about them later, perhaps in my third installment.

A couple of things that I learned about Europe while in Brussels are (1) drinks, such as water and coffee, and bread do not come with a meal. They are paid for extra. (2) If you use any water to wash your hands in the bathroom, you pay for it also. I had some other things, but I can't remember what they are.

After standing outside the hotel with all of our luggage, having passing cars and people stare at us; everyone from my hotel and the one across the street, about 75 people in all, started for the train depot.

Crossing the street with all your luggage is quite an accomplishment in Brussels, if you live to tell about it. Putting all of one group's luggage together in the right rooms on the train takes tact, cunning, audacity, and quickness of movement. Unfortunately, for us, the train was late and we had none of the above. So we spent half of the time to Köln or Cologne if you prefer, sorting out luggage and people, but we came out all right in the end.

By the time we reached Duisburg, we almost had a system worked out. Two people would get on the train, find the rooms and open the windows, while outside on the platform, the luggage was lined up and as quickly as possible two people would pass it up to the windows. Getting it off was just the reverse. It was quite interesting and I'm sure if we had all summer to practice we could become quite adept at it, but I'm glad we're travelling by chartered bus around Germany, so we don't have to bother.

On the train to Duisburg, I was in a compartment with Mary Jo, Betsy, and Becky and we sang songs until some people got on in Dusseldorf. The country here reminds me of Illinois and Iowa; flat and green. Of course at Duisburg, we met our families, but I will save that for my next letter.

Auf Wiedersehen,
Linda

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Memorial Christian Church
120 N. Oak Cliff Blvd.
Dallas, Texas 75206
Donald L. Campbell, Minister

Dear Sir:

The enclosed letter from a Texas minister's wife may not be new to you. It has been published in many local papers, church newsletters and papers, posted on Police Department bulletin boards, and has appeared in several secular publications. I cannot personally vouch for the authenticity of the letter, but I suspect from its contents that it is genuine. Nevertheless, it does say much that might be of interest to people of Morrow County.

I am a graduate of the Dallas Police Reserve Academy and am assigned work in the Identification Bureau where I contribute a little time each month. From the standpoint of experience in that Department alone it would seem that this letter does express some quite valid points to consider. And, of course, my ministerial work supports such view points. Not all people could or would agree with the statements of the minister's wife.

Your paper continues to be a great joy to receive and keeps me abreast of County activities and happenings. It is a very

fine paper and I commend your work.

I do hope the land has been blessed with cool, moist weather. I talked with my father, Roy Campbell, last week and he said crops looked excellent but that some weather help was needed to produce a really good crop.

If you can use this item, fine. If not, there shall be no worry. Thank you.

Cordially,
Don Campbell

**A MOTHER IMPLORES:
"PLEASE BE BRUTAL"**

Unsigned, anonymous letters normally do not gather too much attention in a newspaper office. But this one earned a rapt reading.

It is good, as you depart for vacation holiday, to leave the column in the hands of a lady who describes herself only as a minister's wife.

It is the copy of a letter written to the chief of police of a large Texas city:

"Dear Sir:
"One of the most common phrases heard in our society and our city today is 'police brutality.' Perhaps I don't understand the meaning, but I would like to give you one mother's viewpoint on the subject.
"To begin, I should first tell you that I have two teen-age

To Those Who Claim Ours Is A Sick Society

PUB'S NOTE: I recently returned from the airport to find a note on my desk stating that a reader had stopped by and left a meeting notice that he would like to put in our paper. I bounced on the material, for anytime anyone takes the trouble to bring a news item to our office, in person, we try to give it priority treatment.

In this case, after my first glance, I let an "Oh Oh" seep out, for so often people bring us articles that have no relation whatsoever with aviation and we are forced to call, explain and then file the material in file No. 13.

Such was the category of this material, submitted by a flyer who quite obviously is not beating the drums for support for the H.E.L.P. committee, an organization whose stated purpose is to Help Eliminate Lawless Protesting, meeting twice a month in Seattle at the L.B.E.W. Bldg., 2700 1st Ave., at 8 p.m. on July 6, 20, Aug. 3 and 17.

After reading the article accompanying the meeting notice, under the above heading, I felt compelled to reprint it here, regardless of whether it was aviation oriented or not, for it somewhat matches my own feelings . . . and methinks yours too.

. . . And there are those who claim that ours is a "sick" society. That our country is sick, our government is sick, that we are sick.

Well, maybe they're right. I submit that maybe I am sick . . . and maybe you are too.

I am sick of having policemen ridiculed and called "pigs" while cop-killers are hailed as some kind of folk hero.

I am sick of being told that religion is the opiate of the people . . . but marijuana should be legalized.

I am sick of being told that pornography is the right of a free press . . . but freedom of the press does not include being able to read a Bible on school grounds.

I am sick of commentators and columnists canonizing anarchists, revolutionists and criminal rapists but condemning law enforcement if it brings such criminals to justice.

I am sick of paying more and more taxes to build schools while I see some faculty members encouraging students to tear them down.

I am sick of Supreme Court decisions which turn criminals loose on society—while other decisions try to take the means of protecting my home and family away.

I am sick of being told policemen are mad dogs who should not have guns—but that criminals who use guns to rob, maim and murder should be understood and helped back into society.

I am sick of being told it is wrong to use napalm to end a war overseas . . . but if it's a bomb or molotov cocktail at home, I must understand the provocations.

I am sick of not being able to take my family to a movie unless I want them exposed to nudity, homosexuality and the glorification of narcotics.

I am sick of pot-smoking entertainers deluging me with their condemnation of my moral standards on late-night television.

I am sick of riots, marches, protests, demonstrations, confrontations, and the other mob temper tantrums of people intellectually incapable of working within the system.

I am sick of hearing the same phrases, the same slick slogans, the pat phrases of people who must chant the same things like zombies because they haven't the capacity for verbalizing thought.

I am sick of reading so-called modern literature with its kinship to what I used to read on the walls of public toilets.

I am sick of those who say I owe them this or that because of the sins of my forefathers—when I have looked down both ends of a gun barrel to defend their rights, their liberties and their families.

I am sick of cynical attitudes toward patriotism. I am sick of politicians with no backbones.

I am sick of permissiveness.

I am sick of the dirty, the foul-mouthed, the unwashed.

I am sick of the decline in personal honesty, personal integrity and human sincerity.

And most of all, I am sick of being told I'm sick. And, I'm sick of being told my country is sick—when we have the greatest nation man has ever brought forth on the face of the earth. And fully fifty percent of the people on the face of the earth would willingly trade places with the most deprived, the most underprivileged amongst us.

Yes, I may be sick. But if I am only sick, I can get well. And, I can help my society get well. And, I can help my country get well.

Take note, you in high places. You will not find me under a placard. You will not see me take to the streets. You will not find me throwing a rock or a bomb. You will not find me ranting to wild-eyed mobs.

But you will find me at work within my community. You will find me expressing my anger and indignation in letters to your political office.

You will find me canceling my subscription to your periodical the next time it condones criminal acts or advertises filth.

You will find me speaking out in support of these people and those institutions which contribute to the elevation of society and not its destruction. You will find me contributing my time and my personal influence to helping churches, hospitals, charities and those other volunteer backbones of America which have shown the true spirit of this Country's determination to ease pain, eliminate hunger and generate brotherhood.

But, most of all, you'll find me at the polling place. There, you'll hear the thunder of the common man. There you'll see us cast our vote . . . for an America where people can walk the streets without fear . . . for an America where our children will be educated and not indoctrinated . . . for an America of brotherhood and understanding . . . for an America no longer embarrassed to speak its motto "In God We Trust."
Pat Michaels

sons and I cannot help but want the best for them. I am a 'typical mother' in that I don't want to see them hurt by anyone.

"I am not a typical mother, for I see things many mothers never hear of, much less become involved in, because my husband is a minister. We see the very best and the sordid worst . . . I would like you to be brutal with my sons. Is that a surprise?"

"If you find them speeding in a car, please be brutal. I have sat at the hospital, holding a grieving mother's hand because of someone's mistake. That was brutal . . . I have gone with my husband to tell a wife her husband has been killed. That was brutal . . . I have helped nurse a beautiful teen-age girl crippled in a wreck. That was brutal . . . I have played organ music at funeral services for babies, teen-agers and adults because someone drove too fast. That was brutal.

"If you should catch my under-age sons with liquor in their possession, please be brutal . . . I have sat all night by my husband's side trying to help piece together two under-age young men's lives, both broken by drinking. That was brutal . . . I have listened to the horrors experienced by another man while he was drunk and heard him recall the many jails he had served time in. That was brutal.

"I have helped feed hungry children because a drunken father didn't come home. That was brutal . . . I have tried to console a mother whose daughter was killed after being struck by a drunken driver. That was brutal.

"If you should find my sons with drugs in their possession, please be brutal . . . I have tried to help rehabilitate a woman just out of prison for shooting her husband while she was drugged. That was brutal . . . I have seen a handsome young man turned into an ugly old one because of drugs. That was brutal . . . I have seen a young mother addicted to drugs scream and rave for lack of a 'fix.' That was brutal.

"If you find my sons committing any kind of an immoral act, or carrying pornographic material, please be brutal . . . I have listened to the cry of a young girl who was pregnant but not married. That was brutal . . . I have been present when a young boy and a young girl broke the news to their parents that they had to marry. That was brutal.

"I have tried to comfort a mother whose beautiful daughter was criminally raped. That was brutal . . . I have seen a promising young man with a brilliant future have to give it up and too young to assume the responsibilities of a wife and baby. That was brutal.

"If you ever see my sons taking something that isn't theirs, or willfully destroying property, please be brutal . . . I have walked into a hushed church that was stripped of everything that could be sold. That was brutal . . . I have seen a lovely home and yard completely torn up by vandals. That was brutal . . . I have wiped a little boy's tears and helped him hunt for his stolen bicycle. That was brutal.

"If you should ever catch my sons doing anything illegal, please be brutal.

"I have come to realize that your kind of 'brutality' cannot in any way compare with the brutality that comes from breaking our laws. My husband and I have tried to teach our sons that their rights end where someone else's begin.

"We believe they have learned this lesson, but in case they forget, we look to you and others who influence their lives—teachers, coaches, etc.—to see that they remember. And if you must be 'brutal' to remind them, please be brutal!"

"I do not want my two boys to grow into two grown-up boys. I want them to become men, able to assume their places in the world and make a contribution. I sincerely hope they will never need your help—but if they do, and you must, then be brutal."

(Felix McKnight,
"Dallas Times Herald")

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Heard:
Enclosed is our check for renewal of the "home-town" paper for another year. We look forward to reading it each week and keeping up with the local news.

Congratulations on a fine publication.

Skip and Jean Ruhl
Rt. No. 1 Box 226
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Ooops! Last week Mr. and Mrs. Walt Josewski of Foreman, N. D., were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Nash. We seemed to have spelled it Jofewski. During their visit here, Mr. and Mrs. Josewski, and their son and daughter-in-law also visited with Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Jensen.



ARRANGERS: Linda Curtis, Elaine Schultz, Dove Schultz will sing at the Assembly of God Church tonight.

Arrangers Gospel Trio Sings Here Tonight

The Arrangers Gospel Trio will sing at the Assembly of God Church tonight (July 23) at 7:30 p.m. While they are in Heppner, they will be guests of Pastor and Mrs. Ellis Parker.

The Arrangers have been traveling for many years . . . presenting the Gospel through anointed singing and the preached Word.

Dave Schultz, Elaine Schultz, and Miss Linda Curtis compose the Arrangers Trio.

The Arrangers have toured the United States, appearing in concert, radio and television; and have several record albums available.

The lives of the Arrangers are dedicated through full-time Ministry to the Churches of America. The greatest desire of their hearts is to see souls saved and the Ministry of the Holy Spirit in each service. Revival has been felt in many churches of varied denominations as the Arrangers have ministered.

Bonnie and Robert Wed
Miss Bonnie Jean Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Morgan, and Robert Ball, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ball were united in marriage Saturday evening, July 18, at 8 p.m. at Valby Lutheran church, in the presence of relatives and immediate close friends. Miss Teresa Stefani acted as Maid of honor, and Mr. Edward Sherman as best man, with Miss Tina Stefani lighting the candles. Pastor Rudy Mensch performed the ceremony and Mrs. Paul Tews was organist. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Stefani in Ione. The tea table was centered with a wedding cake, and flanked with a pink and white floral arrangement and candles. Mrs. Jim (Jerry) Spaavalo cut the wedding cake, and Mrs. Gerry (Judy) Davidson served the coffee, with Miss Marsha Ball presiding at the punch bowl. The young couple are at home at the O'Meara apartments in Ione.

Bostwicks Have Son
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bostwick, of Heppner, are the proud parents of a baby boy born Sunday, July 19, at Pendleton Community Hospital. The dark brown haired baby boy has been named Matthew Branch and he weighed 7 lb., 11 oz. He joins an 11-month old sister, Jennifer Lynn, at home.

His grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Ethan Pugley, Pendleton; and Mr. and Mrs. James W. Bostwick, also of Pendleton. Great grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Golden, Apple Valley, Calif.; and Mrs. Julia Lokken, of Milton-Freewater.

'Thank You' From Linda
Excerpts from a letter from Linda Cooper, in Moers, Germany, Linda asked the staff of the Gazette-Times to thank the people of Morrow county for her, and felt the best way was to use portions of her letters.

July 17
I have been having fun, and only because the people of Morrow county were so generous. I really am the lucky one. We come back to the U. S. on August 16, my birthday, but I will hopefully go to Philadelphia for a while to visit my uncle. I have been with my family since July 4 and they are simply tremendous. My two sisters have a great time teasing each other and I enjoy it also . . .

I couldn't help but laugh when you asked me who Mary Jo is, but I suppose you wouldn't know her. I don't know if I have told any one who she is. Mary Jo is the American leader of my group. She is really great, and we enjoy her so much. She is about 26, from Ann Arbor, Mich., and, at the end of this summer she is going to marry another Experiment leader, who is in Italy with a group of college girls right now . . .

I must not send this letter without some mention of the weather, everyone talks about the weather. Monday, when I went to Holland, it was beautiful. The sun shone, the sky was blue and clear. The rest of the week it has poured down rain and it has been terribly cold. Today it hasn't rained, but it has been cold. This trip is so great and without the people of Morrow county . . . well, I think I said that at the beginning of this letter.

Love, Linda
Auf Wiedersehen

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Lovgren attended the National Elks convention recently in San Francisco. They attended the opening ceremonies on July 12. About a thousand delegates were not able to get in as the crowd was so huge.

Edda Mae became ill and when they got home she was taken to Pendleton Community hospital. She expected to have major surgery there yesterday.

COMMUNITY BILLBOARD

NAZARENE YOUTH RALLY
Sunday, July 26, 7:30 p.m.
Film—"Beloved Enemy"

RODEO DANCE
Honoring Princess Michelle Miller
Aug. 1, 9:30 p.m.-1:00 a.m.
Music by "Page 12"

Rhea Creek Grange Picnic
Aug. 2—1:00 p.m., potluck
Anson Wright Park

SHRINE FOOTBALL GAME
Aug. 22—Pendleton

MORROW COUNTY FAIR
and RODEO, 1970

Fair—Aug. 24-28
Morrow County Open Horse Show—Aug. 28
Rodeo—Aug. 29, 30

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