

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

a weekly ('s)

look at things
by Terry Hager

It was gratifying, albeit a little surprising, to see a jam-packed city council chamber Monday night as citizens responded to a cut in swim pool services.

The pool proponents left no doubt in anyone's mind that they wanted an operating pool this year...and they're willing to raise the necessary funds to do it. The city went half-way, lowering the amount needed to guarantee operation of the pool, \$3,600 versus \$8,600, by July 1.

Both groups need to sit down now—as they are doing—and hammer out an agreement as to who is responsible for what funds, when and who will administer those funds. There should be no confusion on this matter so there will be no hard feelings later. Secondly, the pool proponents should have the confidence in their city administration to turn the funds over—with recommendations—to the city and let the proper agency run the pool.

A personal thanks this week goes to the staff of Pioneer Memorial Hospital from this column. Last week—Tuesday to be exact—an obnoxious cold overcame the "power of the mind" and put this writer in the hospital with pneumonia for a few days.

From the nurses' aides to the bearded wonder, Doc Gifford, the care was excellent and earned our utmost confidence and praise. Thank you, all.

TO MORROW AND TOO TOMORROW
By Tom Franks

The solution to the coyote-sheep problem may be forthcoming from Australia. According to a recent news item a lady in that country has patented a chastity belt for dogs. Perhaps it could be designed for those fortuitous coyotes.

Really True

"Truth is stranger than fiction." Don't remember who said it, but a recent Oregon court case, in a county adjoining Morrow, proves it again. Here is the story third hand:

It all started one morning when the lady of the house challenged her husband at breakfast to get busy and fix their travel trailer. "If you can't do it, get a repairman," she insisted. Her husband promised to fix the trailer.

That afternoon, she arrived home from work and, on walking to the house, saw two legs projecting from underneath the trailer. Overjoyed at her husband's efforts, she reached down, in passing, and gave him an approving tweek below the belt.

On entering the kitchen, she was greeted by—you guessed it—her husband. "Who's under the trailer!" she exclaimed. "The repairman," her husband replied.

Our slightly upset lady explained to her husband what she had done and insisted that he accompany her while she apologized.

When the two got outside, they got no response from the repairman. On looking under the trailer, they saw that the repairman was unconscious. Seems he was so startled with her attention that he raised up and bumped his head on the trailer frame!

An ambulance was called and the attendants rushed the concussed repairman to the local hospital. The husband and wife went, too.

As the attendants unloaded the unconscious victim, the husband told them how the accident happened. The attendants reportedly doubled up with laughter and dropped the repairman. His leg was subsequently broken in the fall.

The repairman went to court. We don't know how much if anything he was awarded, but we understand the court proceedings were marked by constant recesses to allow jury members and spectators to regain their composure.

Don't Pretend

The advent of warmer days is causing clothing to be shed. Used to be that a lack of clothing was considered immoral and women wasted enough material in dressing to cover three others who were poor.

A great number of American bodies anymore, mine included, are hardly suitable to stir prurient interest. What was once a trim body is now skirted with an inner tube and the dimples in my face run a far second to the dimples over my kidneys.

Up at the Heppner Clinic, I frantically took off my shoes and jacket to get under 200 pounds and I don't even have a major fight coming up.

I am getting to a moment of truth. One of the old-time cattlemen from the midwest once told me that you can tell a true cattleman when you "see the reflection of his boots in his belt buckle." Trouble is, I don't have any cattle, but it seems a lot of us can afford to pretend.

Letters to the Editor

Where's the park?

Editor:

When Hager Park was donated and dedicated to the City of Heppner last July 4, I was very pleased to be able to live so close to what I hoped would be a new green spot in town. Recently I visited Heppner with a caravan composing the Linfield College Band. When giving directions to get to my house, I included the fact that I live across the street from the park—thinking the land would at least be planted with grass by that time. Everyone from Linfield who came to my home asked where the park was, leaving me to point out a mass of weeds that becomes more overgrown each day.

I'm proud of my home and neighborhood and am wondering if the city cares enough to do something about an eyesore that not only is offensive to those living near Hager "Park," but to those who pass by it.

Shannon Kelly

Welcome response

Editor:

You recently published a letter that I had written to you and I have received some responses from others in my age bracket.

I left one 64 years ago and I had thought when I wrote you that there might not be a living soul that ever heard of me. But there was.

Believe it or not, but I got a phone call from a man right here in San Jose who had survived the Heppner flood.

I even received a letter from a girl who was my "heart-throb" in one when I didn't know much about life or love. But I liked her. She saw my letter and wrote to me. She lives in Heppner now and is a five-time great-grandmother, she says. What a thrill it was to hear from her. She is 80 years old now.

I do not feel at liberty to divulge the names of those who wrote to me, but I love them for writing and I hope that others will write.

Those of you who are 80 or over will remember me. My family is gone. I am the only one left.

I am writing to all who wrote to me and between us, we have information that should go down in Morrow County history.

The letter which you published previously brought replies from people I thought were long gone.

I think that this is bringing together a lot of us "oldsters" who have been lost. And I am very thankful that you printed my letter.

I hadn't realized before how far-reaching your paper was.

Gerald A. Rice
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Hospital notes

Activity at the Pioneer Memorial Hospital from May 24 through June 6 included: Dismissed—Geatta Cox, Carl McDaniel, Larry Mills, Linda Connor, James Nelson, Terry Hager, Irene Padberg, Vernon Gilman, all of Heppner; Linda Wright and Van Hubbard, Ione; Bill Van Winkle, Lexington, Judy Hampton, Kinzua, and Stephen Shaw, Spray. Still hospitalized are: Brian Ertz, Lawrence Brady, Stacey Kennedy, of Heppner; Marie Rinehart and Terrisa Edwards of Condon.

Sifting through the TIMES



It gouged a deep and indelible mark into this town's history on a Sunday afternoon 74 years ago.

The Heppner Gazette (not yet the Times) was there to report the tragedy, but by its own admission, "Words cannot express the horror, the awful destruction," of June 14, 1903, the day of the Heppner flood.

Under a banner headline of Days of Sorrow in Heppner, the account begins...

"Without a second's warning, a leaping foaming wall of water, 40 feet in height, struck Heppner at about 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon, sweeping everything before it and leaving only death and destruction in its wake.

"Nothing in the history of the Western country can compare with the awful disaster, and it can only be realized by eyewitnesses."

As is the case with many eccentricities of nature, it struck quickly, without warning—leaving the victims stunned and confused.

"In the middle of the afternoon dark clouds commenced to appear in the south and a short time before the flood a heavy rainfall commenced with an electrical storm.

"The rainfall was not heavy enough here to cause any alarm...."

"Owing to the roar of thunder and the noise caused by the heavy rainfall, the roar of the awful torrent was not heard, and a great many people knew nothing of it until their houses commenced to move.

"There was a wild rush for the hills amid scenes that are indescribable.

Although much of the town was leveled, the destruction went far deeper than the houses and businesses that lay in crumpled heaps. Families were torn apart, loved ones were lost—some never to be found again.

One thing that was not crushed was the spirit of the survivors.

"While the waters were receding, the survivors were organizing and search was immediately commenced for the missing. When the searchers were forced to quit by darkness, many bodies were recovered. At the first approach of daylight, the entire town was out. Nobody slept.

"The town is now well organized for the dispatch of the immense amount of work."

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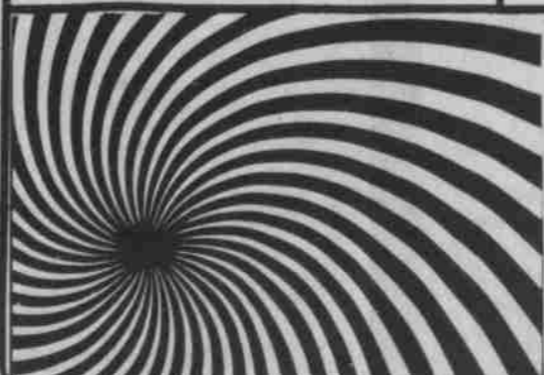
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TRY THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE THURSDAY & FRIDAY