

# Sifting through the TIMES



## VIEWPOINT EDITORIAL LETTERS COMMENT

### Business license a bust in merchants' eyes

Heppner is seeing some "grass roots" government first hand.

Last week it came to light the city council was thinking about instituting a business license; an act that requires the passage of an ordinance, that is, a municipal statute or law.

By the end of the week, the Heppner Merchants Committee, a branch of the Chamber of Commerce, had circulated copies of the rough draft of the ordinance and more than 30 business people attended their regular monthly committee meeting Friday to voice their disapproval of the license.

To a person, the consensus was "we don't want it."

#### EDITORIAL

The business people did not object to the \$12 annual fee suggested for the first year, but, they did object to the reason for the license. As stated in the rough draft of the ordinance; "It is necessary that business licenses be levied and fixed for the purpose of securing revenue to assist in deferring the cost of police and fire protection and the cost of other

necessary municipal services."

It is a bit much, to think the \$800 or so the licenses would have raised for the city coffers would really go very far in offsetting police and fire costs—especially after taking out attorney fees for drawing up the ordinance and the cost of publishing the ordinance in the paper.

The businessmen and women were, in fact, objecting to more government involvement in their livelihoods. We agree.

There are valid arguments to be made for having an ordinance requiring a business license because it does give some control over what types of business will be allowed to locate in a community. At last Friday's meeting someone said there was no need to control business, that to do so is interfering with free enterprise. We wonder what the reaction would be if someone chose to open a "massage" parlor on Main Street tomorrow.

At any rate, the city council was doing its job in bringing up the issue of a business license; the community such a license would affect responded and made its wishes known; and now we feel the city council can finish its job—drop the idea of instituting a business license.

The usual process here is to wade through the dust, pull out the old volumes, stack the appropriate intervals on the desk and begin the search...playing the role of the perquisitor and using as a reference one of the few sources that doesn't add a new splash of color or an enhancing flourish each time the event is recounted.

The weekly newspaper maintains its place as a community yardstick—measuring progressions and chronicling setbacks—and hopefully coming up with a reflection of the time and place in which we live.

This week it was necessary only to go back to 1957 for the following piece, reprinted from the Baldwin (NY) Citizen, which captures the substance sought by this column and the entire paper.

#### Why A Weekly Press?

Surrounded by hefty daily newspapers, on-the-spot television newscasts, frequent radio news broadcasts, all covering important events foreign and domestic—what does the suburban reader get out of his local weekly?

What he gets, if his weekly is a good one, is a detailed knowledge of the community in which he lives, in which his children are raised, in which his private life is passed.

Daily newspapers, television, radio—all are called the "mass media," and rightly so. They deal, as they should, with mass events, mass movements—when an individual enters, he is, almost always, an individual whose actions have had an effect on a large number of people for good or for bad. The mass media are, and pride themselves on being, the voice of The People.

But I am not a people. You are not a people. We are persons, you and I, and we need to know what is happening that affects us as persons, and what the persons we live

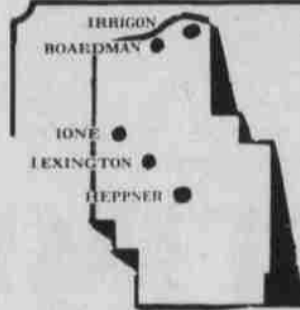
among are doing that will touch our daily, private lives. We want to know, also, how larger events touch us. We may read in the dailies, for example, that the State education department has decided that all schools must offer certain courses in this or that field. This means little—until we find, on reading our local weekly, that the high school our child will attend next year has shifted its curriculum to offer the mandated course.

The local paper, also, can act as a lever to raise standards in local government, to improve local facilities, to acquaint the individual voter with actions of his particular representative in government—and to acquaint the representative with the principal subjects of concern to the local community.

The local weekly can help preserve the importance of each man in his own right. It is a cynical old saying that everyone is created equal, only some are more equal than others. The engagement of your daughter is as important to you and to God as the engagement of the president's daughter—and, though the metropolitan daily may find little of no room for this supreme event, the local weekly can and will tell your world of her happiness.

There are other functions for the slim, sometimes unpolished little sheet to perform—it can trumpet the merits of your own home town, tell you where you can buy that dress without going miles away, warn against community blight and tell you that Aunt Millie is back from Florida and your fourth grade teacher is in the hospital—maybe you should send her a card?

All these things the dailies, television or radio cannot do. Their news must interest everybody, must affect The People. They deal with the great of this world. For news about you and me, read us.



### TO MORROW AND TOO TOMORROW

they are born after they are born! Many people get off on the wrong track with a little Christian training and inter-

pret the word flesh to mean skin and tissue. The word flesh is used in the Christian doctrine to describe a condition of the psychology and

not the physiology of man. So it is true that murderers are born but they are born in the human soul and not by the pound.

By Tom Franks

Overheard in a Heppner cafe:  
 First farmer—"How was your wheat crop?"  
 Second farmer—"Got 40 bushels."  
 First farmer—"That good huh."  
 Second farmer—"Yes, but we had to cut the whole place to get it."

#### Snooze Capitol

One of the most impressive things about Heppner is the number of snooze chewers among teenagers.

Back in my day snooze was the providence of bush league baseball players and drug store cowboys.

I guess I did have my try at it. A friend got hold of some "Spark Plug" and off we went to the local movie house. I accidentally swallowed mine and had to run to the lobby for inordinate amounts of water and popcorn. Later I tried some Beechnut on the mound but it didn't seem to improve my pitching so I gave it up.

#### Born To Kill

Murder, strife and envy are not biochemical effects but procedures in the human heart untouched by love.

Behind the argument for the death penalty often stands the belief that a person who murders is born to do so. If one truly believes in "bad seed" one might also find cause to believe that we can breed saints.

The observation that man is the only creature that kills, outside of the confines of the need for survival, is often the basis for the argument that he should be more like the other animals.

The fact is that man is not like the other animals and never has been. It is also true that murderers are born—but

### Letters to the Editor

#### Memory rails

Editor:

The recent article on the Union Pacific rail run from Hinkle to Heppner brought back memories of an earlier but no less glorified train.

Our family moved to Heppner from Butter Creek in September, 1928.

Time flies doesn't it? Fifty years this coming September I entered the 3rd Grade at Pleasant Point School, a one room school house which, I believe, is still standing. Shouldn't it be preserved as a museum piece?

Our teacher was the beloved Juanita Leathers Carmichael, the pride of Hardman, and now a resident of your town with her husband C.C. "Judge" Carmichael.

Among my classmates were the Cunninghams, Cunhas, Dalys, Swaggarts, Hottmans, Allan Struthers, Raymond Clark and, possibly, one or two others I have overlooked.

However, let's go back to the train story for a moment or two.

This now ancient "Iron Horse" was the life line between Heppner and Portland.

Familiarly known as the "Galloping Goose", Main Street literally "died a slow death" if the train was several hours late. If I recall, the departure time from Heppner Junction was about 3:50 a.m. with a scheduled Heppner arrival at 6 a.m. The train carried a combination passenger, mail and baggage car along with a few carloads of freight which straggled behind. There was switching enroute at Cecil, Morgan, Ione and Lexington. If my memory serves me correctly, one of the engineers was a man by the name of Egan. Also, a gentleman by the name of Hapgood was a member of the crew, too. Here, though, I may be in error. Or was it Ason?

The importance of the train to the economy of Heppner was that it carried nearly all of the staple foodstuffs and many other important business items from the shelves of Portland wholesalers to keep such grocery stores as Malcolm Clark's Red & White Store (Will Ball worker for him), Thomson Bros., Hyatt & Dix and Hustons operating. Not to forget such fine drug stores as Humphreys and Pattersons; hardware stores such as the People's Hardware (LaVerne Van Marter, Sr.) and Gilliam-Bisbee. Not to forget that fine Chinese restaurant, the Elkhorn, run by Eddie Chin and that Main Street "Toots Shor" establishment, Earl W. Gordon's Soda Fountain ran in conjunction with his wife Charlotte. Hey, I almost forgot Hanson and Sam Hughes grocery. And the meat markets ran by Henry Schwartz and A.E. Burkenbine.

Oh, yes! Memories! Memories! Why don't they make business establishments like the foregoing anymore?

Oh I could ramble on and on and mention the excellent teachers I had from the fourth through the eighth grade and the classmates I will not readily forget. Teachers names, oh yes! Miriam McDonald, Juanita Crawford, Blanche Hansen, Juanita Leathers and that fine band leader from Canby, Harold Buhman. Classmates such as LaVerne Van Marter, Charles "Buttermilk" Cox, Leonard Gilman, Jonnie Hanna, Jim Healy, Kathryn and Marjorie Parker, Louise Anderson and others too numerous to mention. Who can forget Neil Shurman, Don Mabree, W.R. Poulson, Jim Burgess and Lucy Rodgers, school superintendent.

Lastly, "Dad" Driscoll whom, I believe, was the only one to have faith in Notre Dame beating USC in 1932 (27-0) and won himself a sizeable bet.

William "Ole" Mitchell  
 Daly City, Ca. 94015

#### Preserve our heritage

To the people of Morrow County:

Your county Historical Society and your county Museum are dedicated to the preservation of those things which our forefathers found necessary or worthwhile, in order that they might build a home in this raw and hostile land and begin to earn a living.

There is, however, one phase of this work that has not been undertaken. This is the gathering and restoring of the machines and tools that the farmers, stockmen, miners and loggers used to subdue this frontier.

Most any oldtimer will tell you that a greater part of the early tools and machinery were hand made. If they weren't made in the farmer's own shop, they were made at a local blacksmith shop.

As wood was cheaper to obtain and easier to work with, most early machines were of wood with a little iron at the worst points of strain or wear. Due to this fact, the machinery should be maintained in a suitable building when it is gathered and restored.

As a result of two World Wars and their scrap drives, much of our inheritances have already been gathered and beat into swords. But if we do not tarry too long, I believe that there is still enough things that can be gathered to make a very respectable and worthwhile machinery museum.

I have contacted several people whom I thought would be interested in preserving our machinery heritage and along with the Historical Society, we feel that we should press forward with plans to obtain a suitable site and then erect a building. If action is not taken soon, the opportunity will vanish forever.

I would very much like to hear from anyone who is interested in a project of this nature.

Anyone who has machinery that they would like to see restored and preserved or who has ideas on building sites or ways of financing buildings please contact me as soon as possible.

Harold K. Peck  
 Chairman, Antique Farm Machinery  
 Morrow County Historical Society

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