

Obituaries

Elmer S. Ladd

The funeral for Elmer S. Ladd was Saturday at the United Church of Christ in Ione. Concluding service and vault interment followed at High View Cemetery near Ione.

Mr. Ladd, 65, of Ione, died of cancer Wednesday, July 12, 1989, at Pioneer Memorial Hospital in Heppner.

He was born Oct. 10, 1923 at Stockton, Calif. to Elmer and Ollie Davis Ladd. He grew up in the Stockton area and attended school there.

Mr. Ladd joined the service during World War II, serving with the U.S. Marine Corps. After returning from the Marines, he carried on the family farming operations in San Joaquin and Fresno counties.

On Feb. 14, 1960, he married Lorraine Mackado on the Ladd Ranch in Stockton. They moved to Oregon in 1970 and began farming on a ranch near Ione.

Mr. Ladd was a life member of the Ruth Locus Chapter of Eastern Star, the Marine Memorial Club in San Francisco, the Condon Elks Lodge and was a member of the Morning Star Masonic Lodge, the Stockton Scottish Rite Bodies and the Ben Ali Shrine in California and also served many years on the Morrow County Fair Committee.

Survivors include his wife, at the home; son, Richard of Ione; daughter Sylvia of Ione; step-daughter, Christine Sullivan of Suisun, Calif.; sister, Wilma Ladd Martin of Condon.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Ione Public Library, P.O. Box 125, Ione, OR 97843 or the Eastern Star Cancer Research Fund, c/o Mrs. Lewis Halvorsen, P.O. Box 413, Ione, OR 97843.

Sweeney Mortuary, Heppner was in charge of arrangements.

Randy Dallan Osborn

A graveside service was held Tuesday afternoon June 27, at the Burns Cemetery for Randy Dallan Osborn, 24, of Hermiston. He was killed early Sunday morning June 25 in a one car accident near Seneca.

Osborn was born May 6, 1965 in Burns. He was the son of Gary Osborn, who preceded him in death July 23, 1966, an Mattie Jewel (Owen) Cason of Carlin, Nev.

He left Burns when he was in second grade to live in Heppner, but returned to attend Crane Union High School and Burns Union High School.

He had worked the past couple of years for Land's Photography in Hermiston. His hobby was also photography.

Honorary bearers for the graveside service were Harold Gibson, Lucky Carr, Danny Barrington, Bill Owne, Harold Woodruff, Wayne Lewis, Scott Schoen and Bruce Dunn.

Osborn is survived by his mother Jewell Cason of Carlin, Nev.; grandparents Cher Osborn of rural Burns and Ed and Inis Owen of Mt. Home, Idaho.; brother Wayne Lewis of Milton-Freewater, and sister Renee Schoen of Milton-Freewater.



Randy Osborn

Hospital Notes

Pioneer Memorial Hospital in Heppner reports admitting and discharging the following patients during the past week:

Juanita Carmichael, Heppner-admitted July 8, discharged July 17;

Ed Dick, Heppner-admitted July 9, discharged July 14;

Judie Laughlin, Heppner-admitted July 11, discharged July 14;

Helen Salter, Ione-admitted July 14, discharged July 15.

Ricky Roberts was discharged on July 12.

EASTERN OREGON OUTDOORS



by Mark Bagett



Professionals Fish For Bass Not Dollars

So you wanna be a professional tournament fisherman? Yeah, like those bass pros we see on TV--those boys have it made. Like when we watch Ray Scott, President of Bass Anglers Sportsman Society (B.A.S.S.), hand one of them a check to the tune of 60 or 70 thousand dollars at the end of a tournament just for doing what many of us do for recreation.

"There is no one I know or have heard of that goes into tournament fishing--that's successful at it--that does it just for the money or just for the glamour or just for the prestige," said B.A.S.S. pro Renaud Pelletier as he cast his buzzbait toward some shoreline cover. "You just can't make it that way; you won't last long."

We were fishing a slough of the Columbia River near Pelletier's home town of Longview, Washington. I was on assignment for a national bass-fishing publication and was counting on Pelletier to provide important research information as well as some outstanding photo opportunities. He delivered, in true tournament fashion.

Cast after repeated sidearm cast was made into the thick shoreline tangle, under overhanging limbs, around fallen trees, into isolated clearings in weedbeds. And each cast, Pelletier's black surface gurgler plopped softly down less than an inch from its intended target. When I wasn't taking photos of Pelletier or the three-pound largemouth bass that was consistently smacking his bait, I was flinging a black buzzbait as well. Now, I consider myself a pretty fair bass fisherman, having competed in a tournament circuit myself, and take pride in my ability to fire well-aimed casts into likely-looking bass cover. But this day it was not to be.

"Whoops, I'm hung up," I said, embarrassed that the near weedless bait had become entangled in a profusion of dead limbs poking from water's surface.

Pelletier mashed the foot control of the electric trolling at the bow of his elegant Ranger boat and maneuvered us into a position that allowed me to free my wayward lure.

"You have to have a real love for the sport itself," Pelletier continued. "Otherwise you couldn't dedicate yourself to the sacrifices you have to make, like the long hours of driving, being away from your family, and the money that it costs you to participate in any major professional tour."

What--it costs money? And here we thought hundreds of sponsors were banging these guys' door down to help pay their way. In truth, sponsors are interested only in winners and contenders; it's up to the angler to achieve this recognition first, out of his own pocket.

"It can be quite a financial strain," Pelletier said. "There are a lot of young guys out there who are great fishermen and aspire to fish professionally, but don't really have the funds to do so. If they don't have some success fairly early on to get some sponsorship, it gets really tough, financially."

"Uh, Renaud?"

"Oh, you're hung up again? No problem."

"Anyway, I don't want to overplay the sacrifices," Pelletier said, swinging the boat around, "because I think they are outweighed by the rewards and satisfaction you get from tournament fishing if you are dedicated enough to do it."

Pelletier's rewards have been many. Long recognized as a top competitor in tournaments throughout the Northwest, his 1981 win of the B.A.S.S. Federation Western Regional championship at Lake Powell earned him an entry in the famed BASS Masters Classic. In 1988, after competing fiercely in the BASSMASTERS national professional circuit, including a big third-place finish at the Missouri Invitational last fall, Pelletier has again qualified for the Classic, to be held in August on the James River in Virginia. Out of the hundreds of pros in that circuit, Pelletier finished 29th in the race for Angler of the Year.

While Pelletier agrees that it is more difficult for anglers from the Northwest to get started in tournament bass fishing on the national level, he says that once established, Northwest fishermen often make good competitors.

"The quality of the bass fishermen from the Northwest is equal to that of anyone in the country. Since most lakes here are not just teeming with bass like so many of the good southern fisheries, Northwest fishermen are used to the fact that they have to work harder and more deliberately for each bite--and it makes them better fishermen."

Pelletier repeatedly returned to the fact that fame and fortune isn't the primary goal for the majority of the tournament pros regardless of where they're from, that their true wealth is found in doing what they love most.

"The guys that are successful at making careers at it are the ones who do it because they want to be good at bass fishing," he said. "The guys that want to make a career out of it because they foresee huge financial rewards rarely make it."

Births

Brendan Charles McElligott-a son Brendan, was born July 4, 1989 to Thomas and Laura McElligott of Heppner at Good Shepherd Hospital in Hermiston. The baby weighed 7 lbs. 9 ozs.

Grandparents are Dick and Loa McElligott, Ione and Robert and Marie Ackerman, Snoqualmie, Wa.

Great-grandparents are Hank and Betty Ackerman, Dusty, WA. The baby joins four brothers Ethan, 12, Bryan, 8, Daniel, 10 and Robert, 2 at home.

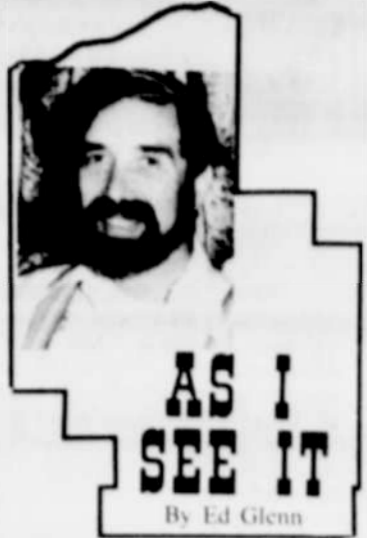
Joseph William Focht-a son Joseph was born July 4, 1989 to Paul and Yvette Focht of Irrigon at Good Shepherd Hospital in Hermiston. The baby weighed 5 lbs. 8 1/2 ozs.

Anthony Daniel McKenney-a son Anthony, was born July 6, 1989 to Terri S. McKenney of Irrigon at Good Shepherd Hospital in Hermiston. The baby weighed 8 lbs. 4 ozs.

Alan Michael Rietmann-a son Alan, was born July 6, 1989 to Brian and Sharon Rietmann of Ione at Good Shepherd Hospital in Hermiston. The baby weighed 7 lbs. 12 ozs.

Tawny Dee Ellis-a daughter, Tawny, was born July 8, 1989 to Dee and Kelley Ellis of Boardman at Good Shepherd Hospital in Hermiston. The baby weighed 6 lbs. 9 ozs.

On Being Alone



I'm learning what being alone is all about.

I've heard of loneliness for years but just hearing about it is not the same as when it comes home to roost. We'd been married 22 years just two weeks ago. Harold is now 18, through high school and bound for college this fall. Laurel will be a sophomore, a JV cheerleader and has just discovered boys.

I remember many of the good times: those early college days when we counted our pennies to buy a loaf of bread or a package of hot dogs, the '55 Chevy we had with the floor shift she had so much trouble learning to use; the law school days like the time we were snowed in and sewed quilt tops until we used up every scrap of thread in the house.

We went fishing for steelhead one time early on. I'd been before enough times to verify the 200 hours per fish average, she hardly knew which end of the pole to hold. She stayed in the car and read while I played and landed a nice one but when I finally talked her in to trying it, she caught her first on the second cast.

I guess I never told her how much I appreciated her sympathy when I felt hurt about something, her laughter when I made a bad joke, nor her mere presence when I felt alone.

She's really one of those "Super Mom's" with always enough time to run one of the kids to a ball game or play practice, to help with homework and to meet out discipline when it was needed. And still time to keep house and cook and sew and garden. She made time to go to court with me once in a while, to help bottle wine and lend a hand at the Box Company. Lately she's found time to pull weeds, harvest and pack herbs, at the Herb Farm. And prune grapevines, why she's the best grapevine pruner anywhere about.

And for the last 15 years or so she's had time to pursue a career. Her real love is history. And she so loves history that teaching it to others gives special satisfaction. Especially when she can teach it in a way that it is relevant to some of the problems our young people face today and will face throughout their lifetime.

I guess you can see why I feel lonely now that she's gone.

I should have known it was coming. There were plenty of signs. I look back now and can see that she's been planning to leave for several months. And I suppose to some extent, I encourage her to go. When two people live together as long as we have, I guess they become a little less sensitive to the others needs and wants.

Take the lawn for example. We've lived out here on the hill east of town for nine years now and she's wanted a nice lawn and flower beds and such ever since. I could never see much profit to be made from a lawn, only a lot of hard work keeping it growing, green and mowed. So I've been slow in doing any lawn work. She'd like it to be much more and I surely wish now I'd have found the time.

The paper work. She's neat and orderly, well organized. I'm much more inclined to look for the big picture and miss the details. For years I had a secretary to file and organize the paperwork so I've developed the bad habit of just letting the mail and bills and stuff pile up. She has her paper work all carefully filed, indexed, and organized so she knows just where everything is. She's often disappointed that I don't do the same. I'm going to try harder to do that.

But the fact remains, she's gone and I'm awful lonely.

Harold and I went to the movie last night. But it wasn't a lot of fun. The seat next to me was empty. There was no hand there to hold during the tender scenes, no familiar laugh at the funny parts, no one to whisper to when I wanted to comment. That's what loneliness is I guess.

That great big California King water bed was awfully big last night and awfully empty. I didn't sleep well. I wondered if it would be better if I'd roll out a sleeping bag on the floor. When I got up this morning there was no one bustling about in the kitchen. Laurel is away to camp, Harold was sleeping late and the house was so empty and lonely, I went to town for coffee in the hope of escaping this feeling.

Her birthday is on Wednesday. And I have no gift to get a gift to her. I haven't been too good about the cards and notes on birthdays and anniversaries over the years and I know that has been a disappointment to her. She remembers someone's birthday on nearly every day of the year.

I don't mind telling you that my Francie is gone and I'm lonesome for her. I want her back more than anything in the world.

She left on Sunday to go to summer school. And she'll be back on Friday. Welcome home, Dear, and Happy Birthday.

Thank you for making my 50th Birthday so wonderful and memorable. A special thank you to Gale, Dona, Gene, Henry, Margaret, Frank, Gregg, Kathy, Curtis, Melissa, Mike, Stanley, Sandra, Joe, Josie, Bob, Skip, Barbara, Shirley, Lloyd, Dorothy, Bev, Cal, Peggy, Leo, The Bowman's and thank you to everyone who helped me celebrate. It was a GREAT Day!
Thank you, Betty Mathews

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