

## Mustangs defeat Rams

By Bob Krein  
On Saturday, December 16, the Mustangs traveled back to Mac Hi to play the Columbia-Burbank Rams in the consolation game.  
The Mustangs jumped out to an 18 to 12 lead at the end of the first quarter, but found the score tied at halftime. The Mustangs came out slow and were down by eight at the end of the third quarter. The Mustangs battled back and tied the game, but were unable to make a last second shot.

The game went into overtime and two clutch freethrows by Doug Devin gave the Mustangs a two point lead. With time running out, a Columbia-Burbank player tied up the game and had a chance to put them ahead but missed the freethrow. The Mustangs got the ball and with one second left, the Mustangs' Russell Britt missed a jumper, but was fouled and made one of two freethrows to give the Mustangs the win.  
The Mustangs were lead by Britt with 19 points, Slater Mitchell with 10 points, 10 boards and six steals. Brandon Pedro chipped in nine points. The final score was the Mustangs 48 and the Rams 47.

The Mustangs are now 2 and 2 in pre-season. The Mustangs next games will be on December 29 and 30 in the Joseph tourney.

Heppner 18 4 8 15 3 48  
Col-Burbank 12 10 16 7 2 47  
Scoring-R. Britt 19; J. Britt 2; Pedro 9; Conner 1; Mitchell 10; Devin 7.  
Other stats were unavailable at press time.



### Frito the Spanish Reindeer



Santa and Mrs. Claus will visit Ione at 12:30pm and Heppner at 2:00pm, Saturday Dec 23, to give Good Wishes and Candy Canes

Sponsored by Ray Creek Saddlery

## Ponies win 3, lose one

By April Rollis  
December 14 and 16 were exciting dates as the Heppner Ponies took on the Irrigon Raiders and the Stanfield Cubs in Junior High Girls basketball.

A nice game was played against the Irrigon girls with the 7th grade Ponies on their feet ready to whip their opponent. With a lot of steals, fast breaks and "doing the right stuff" the Heppner girls were in the lead 20-0 during the first quarter, ending the game with a 38-17 victory.  
The 8th grade girls put their all in-

to their game, but lost by a disappointing four points, ending their game, Irrigon 28, Heppner 24.

On to Stanfield the following Saturday, the girls showed the Cubs that they meant business. After a tiring game, the 7th grade girls were all smiles after defeating Stanfield 32-18.

The 8th grade Ponies played a long, hard game letting the opposing team know that they weren't about to lose this game. Playing full court press on the Stanfield Cubs, the Heppner girls walked away with the game, winning 28-19.

### EASTERN OREGON OUTDOORS



by Mark Baggett



### Expect the Unexpected With E. Oregon Weather

Calendar watchers counting these final days until the jolly fat man in the fuzzy red suit shows up will notice the small notation of a somewhat less-celebrated event at the bottom of today's (or tomorrow's) date box.

For some reason, the "first day of winter" invokes roughly the same enthusiasm among many folks as getting their monthly electricity bill. Fact is, we of the little utopia known as eastern Oregon have usually had more than a taste of winter long before it becomes

"official." On the other hand, we will likely enjoy at least a modest helping of spring-like weather many days before March 20 rolls around, not to mention the bitter cold we will doubtless endure on some days thereafter. Whoever came up with those dates was obviously paying more attention to the equinox than to the weather of eastern Oregon.

Warm-weather enthusiasts should worry less about winter than they do spring. The first and last of each year is supposed to be cold (to which we eventually become more or less acclimated) and generally any drastic shift in the pattern is toward warmer temperatures. To be really cold is to delight in a week of shirt-sleeve, springtime weather—possibly even drive with your windows down—only to wind up shoveling snow the following morning.

Probably the coldest I've ever been was in the late spring of my sixteenth year. I was camped with my closest childhood friends, Dub Allen and Pat Kelly, at the annual Eastern Oregon Squirrel Shoot, a three-day event which challenged each contestant to bag the greatest total pounds of ground squirrels with a muzzleloading rifle. Our camp had all the comforts: a large army tent, a table and folding lawn chairs, three cases of pop, two rolls of chewing tobacco, a package of lunch meat and half a loaf of bread.

I was especially proud of my new sleeping bag, an advanced, lightweight nylon model touted by the manufacturer as one of the warmest beds for the money (\$12.95). Dub and Pat had brought bags borrowed from their fathers—big, bulky, obsolete things that were showing signs of heavy use. So envious were they of my new bedroll that several times I noticed them glancing repeatedly at my new bag, then back at each other, with raised eyebrows and half-grins.

Though the first two nights were quite balmy, I found my new sack to be a bit cooler than I had expected. Each time I moved, the cold, nylon lining would change any designs I may have had for immediate sleep.

A cold front moved in on the third morning, sending the mercury from the low-70s into the 30s in only a few hours, and by evening it was snowing flakes the size of poker chips. Naturally, we three were less than thrilled with such a dramatic weather change.

"My God, it's cold," Dub said. "I think I'll go to bed so's I can thaw out."

"Good idea," agreed Pat. "Might as well B.S. in the sack where it's warm. Hey, Mark, ain't you coming?"

If I had been chilly the nights before, this was off the scale of my cold-meter. Just crawling into my wispy nylon bag elicited muffled cries and goose bumps the size of bee stings, both of which grew progressively louder and larger with each passing second. The only up side to this bag was that any bugs or small rodents trapped inside could easily escape beneath me by passing between the pillars of frozen flesh. Clearly, my only hope to survive the night would be to catch pneumonia and bask in a high fever.

"This may come as a shock to you boys," I chattered, "but this bag ain't all it's cracked up to be."

Their utter surprise was evidenced by the gasping, snorting, almost giggle-like sounds that came from their bedrolls. Perhaps Dub would help me out, I thought. After all, I'd saved his bacon the previous winter by pulling him from the river after he had broken through the ice.

"Say Dub, that's a pretty good sized bag of your dad's, isn't it?"

"Yup, lots of room," he mumbled. "Warm, too."

"I'm nearly froze; 'spose there's enough room for two?"

Poor Dub and Pat, it was obvious they had been drinking too much pop, for the hysterical laughter that followed was a clear cut case of dangerously high blood sugar.

"And don't pull that 'saved me from the river' bull on me either," Dub said as soon as he could form the words. "The water was only a foot deep."

Whether I blacked out from the cold or actually fell asleep is uncertain, but I awoke the next morning to the smells of Copenhagen and scorched coffee, and to the sensation of Dub and Pat playing connect-the-dots with the goose bumps on my forehead.

"Quit shaking, Baggett," Pat was saying. "We're almost finished with our scaled-down model of the Blue Mountain range. See, even the color is right."

## Have A Safe & Happy Holiday

There's no telling who you'll run into, so keep your eyes open... and enjoy! Thanks so much for choosing us.



Van Marter & Kahl Insurance INC.



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## Pa rum pa pum pum

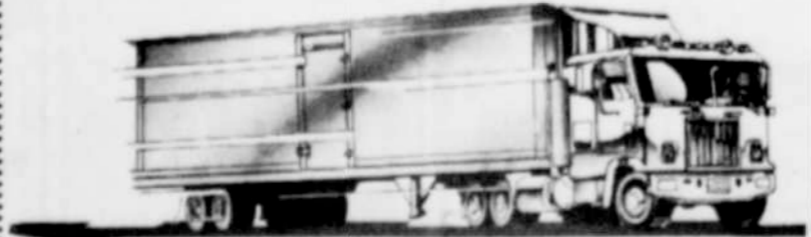
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and Many Thanks



Jerry's Barber Shop

### ATTENTION TRUCK HAULERS LOAD LIMITS

Now is the time to haul those heavy loads. Posting load limits on county roads are coming. Morrow County Road Department asks your cooperation for our roads.



### Births

Chelsie Marie Morter—a daughter, Chelsie, was born to Roger and Carla Morter, Heppner, Dec. 10, 1989 at Kadlec Medical Center in Richland, WA. She weighed 6 lbs. 1 oz.

Grandparents are Perry and Kathy Morter, Ione; Dexter and Corinne Miles, Heppner.

Great grandparents are Ethel Dunbar, Lexington and Melvin and Velma Siggeikow, Scobey, Mont. She joins a sister Julie, 3½ and a brother, Brian, 2.



### CHRISTMAS JOY TO ALL

With special thanks for your patronage and good will, we wish you a very happy holiday.

COURT STREET MARKET

Ruth, Jack, Shannon, Rita, and Candi

### Have a Happy Holiday

Let's cherish the spirit of Christmas and the joy of friendship.

Kuhn & Spicer & Staff



### Have a Merry, Merry Christmas

from the GANG at BEECHERS We will close at 4 p.m. Dec. 24th and Re-open the 27th



Look for our New Year's Gala Next Week

Beecher's Fine Foods and Lounge Ione - 422-7540



### Season's Greetings

Your friendship means a lot to us. Enjoy a wonderful holiday.

IONE HARDWARE