

# Horse sense

By  
ERNEST V. JOINER



Americans may never become reconciled to the fact that morals cannot be legislated for people. There is no law that will regulate a man's desire for alcohol, when feels like it. He will fulfill his sexual desires no matter what the law says. He will gamble just as there are cracks to spit at, horseshoes to pitch, or horses to run. Yet government has spent 150 years trying to control the morals of this country, and it has been its most significant failure, as any rational person would have (and did) predict. This week we were treated to the spectacle of the Oregon City Elks Lodge being fined \$750 for unlawful gambling. Big deal. Some district attorney with an eye on higher office surely must be at work in Oregon City. Perhaps he would explain why he hasn't raided the Catholic Church's perennial bingo games, and thrown some good father into the dungeon. Or lock up the 4-H Club the next time they toss a "cake walk" to raise funds for worthy projects. What does he propose to do about the Shriners who every year sell lottery tickets to raise funds for crippled children? And what is the law going to do with me, who each day "matches" three or four friends to see who buys the coffee at the Wagon Wheel? If the law locked up every person who violated the gaming laws of this state, there wouldn't be enough people outside to turn the cell key. But we will keep right on hiring expensive policemen to arrest us for doing what we know we're going to keep right on doing!

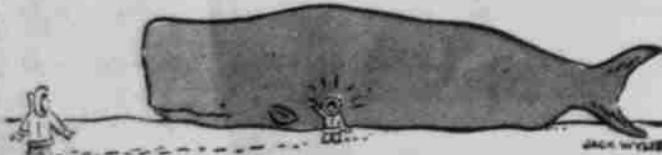
Everything is a gamble. You are betting every morning that you'll make it through the day. You bet your life when you cross the street. You bet your life the food you eat doesn't contain ptomaine poison. The farmer bets his crop will miss the drought, the hail, and low prices at harvest time. The rancher bets every minute of every day that disease won't wipe out his herd. All gamble that it will rain before disaster strikes, all of us gamble it won't keep raining once it starts. Survival itself is a gamble with the elements, the economy, and the government. But the same man who gambles every day of his life for survival is often the first man in line to vote to outlaw a slot machine and a friendly game of poker—on grounds that such wagering is immoral.

The city council voted to retain parking meters on city streets Monday night. It also voted to have the meters repaired at a cost of \$10 each, plus parts. Five hundred dollars is appropriated to get the project started. Ten meters are to be sent to the factory each month for repair until all 118 are in working order. So the city will spend approximately \$1200 to repair these street-side two-headed bandits, a disgrace to the city and an insult to the man who wants to stop and shop in Heppner. There is \$365 a month coming in from the meters as revenue. Take \$50 a month away from that for repairs. Then take \$100 a month away from that to pay a man to collect the nickels. That leaves about \$215 a month. Few cities would spend \$215 a month to make its streets ugly—or to encourage people to park and shop elsewhere. Shopping centers are in direct competition with small city businesses; parking is free in all shopping centers. I personally will drive 10 miles out of my way to avoid having to pay tribute for the privilege of parking on streets I've already paid for, and in order to get out and spend my money. People don't have to pay these nickel-eaters any more, and sooner or later Heppner will be forced to do what is should do now—tear those unsightly, penny-ante monsters out by their roots.

I'm getting along fine without having to eat all that pork beef, chicken and lamb. All one has to do is to learn to barbecue peanut butter, and life goes on like as before. I heard of a butcher down south who was training a new clerk, and his orders were: "If somebody comes in and asks the price of two pork chops, you say, 'five dollars.' Then you watch the customer very carefully. If he doesn't wince, you say, 'and 95 cents.' Then you watch him even more carefully and if he still doesn't wince, you say, 'Each!'" Murray's Drug is expecting a new and fabulous perfume any day: Eau de Bacon and Eggs. The Terror of Willow Creek claims his old Bull Durham sacks are finally coming in handy. He uses them as shopping bags. Things certainly have changed. Coming back from Northern California last week I sustained considerable damage when my U-Haul truck hit a chicken that was crossing the highway—\$5.95 for a headlight lens and \$95.00 for the chicken. And I didn't even get the salvage!

You recall a few weeks ago we had several ads in the Gazette-Times from Santa Rosa and Sebastopol, California. I ran into two people who placed those ads from Santa Rosa. One reported that our expert cleaning technician, Bill Collins, came by his filling station and identified himself as being from Heppner, then claimed the gallon of free gas he had advertised for any Heppnerite who stopped by his place. Then, at Benjelmo's Delicatessen, the owner said he hadn't had his Gazette-Times more than two hours before some woman came rushing in with her own copy, and wanted to know why he was advertising in the Heppner newspaper. "You ever been in my store?" He asked her. "No," she replied. "Then," he said, "that's why I advertised in the Heppner newspaper." He said he got more results from his one ad in the Heppner Enlightener than he got from one he placed in his hometown paper. My point is that if Bill Collins would drive 725 miles to fill up his gas tank, and get one free gallon, he might drive around the corner to a Heppner merchant and do the same thing—if the fellow ever thought about inserting an ad in the first place!

I'll bet I saw a million head of cattle between Santa Rosa and Heppner last weekend, and it made me wonder just how severe the meat shortage really is. Then I ran across the Aug. 1 cattle report put out by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. According to the report, on July 1, 1973, there were nearly 131 million head of cattle and calves compared with 122 million on Jan. 1. The number of all cows and heifers that have calved and are on hand this July 1 total 53.8 million head, up 4 per cent from July 1 last year. Beef cattle are up 6 per cent nationally. Milk cows are down only 2 per cent from last year. The cow inventory in the three top cattle states—Texas, Missouri and Oklahoma—have present-day increases of 15.9 and 4 per cent respectively from July 1, 1972. The record year for calf production was 1972. The 1973 prediction is that 1973 will break that record. So the so-called shortage is not with the producers of meat. The fault is with the U.S. government, which is allowing foreign nations to outbid us on our own beef. This makes beef cost Americans more. Which means that Americans are paying the cost of the beef sent to Japan, and I hope the Japanese have the courtesy to thank the American consumer for picking up the tab for their beef!



"Got it straight? . . . Tartar sauce and a bottle of white wine."



"Do you think they'll ever learn?"

## The mail pouch

EDITOR:

I love what you have done to the paper. I am enclosing my check for a year's subscription. The articles are so informative and interesting. Your spirited approach is just what Morrow County needs to get everybody interested and involved in community issues and activities.

I am glad to see more news about the younger people. I haven't kept in touch much since graduating from Heppner High in 1969, so I am always looking for news of my old friends.

Some of your readers may like to write to my brother, Lee, who graduated from Heppner in 1970. He has been stationed in Japan since April with the Air Force. His address is: A1C Lee E. Huson, 544645626 Box 1107, 6921 Security Wing, APO San Francisco, Ca. 96210.

Our parents, Jay and Leona Huson, and sister Mary are living in Umatilla. Last September the Soil Conservation Service transferred him from Tillamook to the Hermiston office. I am working for an advertising agency in Portland. I really love my job but like to come back to the Eastern Oregon country quite a bit.

Good luck with your paper. I hope you like Heppner as much as we did.

KAY HUSON,  
Portland

EDITOR:

I just read your July 19 issue and it came to mind that the Gazette-Times is the only paper serving all of Morrow County. Being new to the area I feel that you have failed to recognize the fact that the Morrow County Fair and Rodeo is the main event of the year.

Our Fair and Rodeo Court represents Morrow County and it is my feeling that each member of the court deserves to be pictured on the front page of the paper. So, my finding the picture of Princess Sherry Kemp on the back pages of the paper prompted me to call this oversight to your attention.

Really, sir, do you feel that the Sidewalk Bazaar warranted the whole front page of the paper?

I'm sure others share my views and that you do understand my feelings.

SHERRI O'BRIEN,  
Pendleton

(ED. NOTE—There is no one page of this newspaper any more or less important than the other.)

## Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Ed Doolittle allowed during the session at the country store Saturday night that what this country needs more than a good five-cent anything or a freeze on prices is a freeze on the standard of living.

Ed told the fellows that he had saw by the papers where it now takes \$11,446 a year for a family of four to keep up what the U.S. Labor Department called a "moderate standard of living."

What has gone up faster than the price of hamburger, declared Ed, is living in the manner to which we become accustomed. Ed was of a mind that "moderate living" today would be of called filthy rich living 25 year ago.

Ever time Congress meets, moderate living gets more expensive, was Ed's words.

He said we got along a heap cheaper back when we used to compare ourselves with the Russians, and we figured we was well off if we had more food, more spare time and more gadgets in the house than they did.

Actual, Ed said, we has gone so far ahead of the Russians we has gone back to comparing with one another, and ever time a new and bigger color TV is made all of us that ain't got one is living below the Government's poverty level. A feller that ain't got but one TV and one car ain't got a chanet to qualify fer the moderate living side of life, Ed allowed.

Clem Webster's preacher had stopped by the store, and he was full agreed with Ed. The preacher said folks in this country is confusing affluence with inflation, and he said

affluence was living better than you got to.

He said it's confusing to talk about a loss of useable income when we keep setting records in sales of new cars, boats and campers, not to mention spare homes at the shore and in the mountains. The preacher said he had saw where, even after allowing for price increases, useable family income in this country is up 22 percent since 1965.

General speaking, broke in Clem, people has got numb to money loose in this country. Clem said he used to worry about the \$400 or so billion the Government is in debt, but now he can read about 20 consultants gitting \$100 a day apiece to help Nixon figger a legal way out of the Watergate and it just seems like the way to do things in Washington.

Clem said he never had heard of a billion anything until he was 30 year old and some sanitary worker from the county seat was talking about germs on the dipper at the church pump.

During the New Deal he heard billion used in connection with money and he ain't heard it used no other way since.

Personal, Mister Edior, I come from the discussion with the idea that you newspaper editors is handling the affluence and inflation news in a bad way. Stead of reporting where the dollar sid on the Paris exchange, tell us about the salted pitachio exchange. I put a penny in one of them machines in the barbershop last week and it give me four nuts. I got 10 five year ago.

Yours truly,  
MAYOR ROY

EDITOR:

Three cheers and many thanks for the grand job Marsha Young and Judy Gentry are doing with our newly formed swim team.

As far as I can find out, Heppner has never had a team before these young people put their talents together and got the ball rolling.

The team had real competition when it met at Prineville. Marsha had to stay here and tend the pool, so Judy was on her own.

She looked great alongside the "professional" coaches the other teams had. The coaches came up to encourage her on the good work that had been done in the short time the team has been in existence.

We've got a lot to learn in these competitions, but with people like Marsha and Judy our team will be well trained.

The entire town should be proud of them. Give them and the team support at the swim meet on Aug. 19.

DONNA BERGSTROM,  
Heppner

EDITOR:

History unfolds on the second floor of the Pioneer Court House. I found out when I went in one day.

First, a pleasant young guard on the floor directed me to the second floor and this I reached by riding the elevator, the shell of which is the original cage of iron, now all gold and white. But the case inside is entirely new and electric.

Arriving, I was peering in doors when Helen Murdock, secretary to Judge Alfred Goodwin, offered to show me about.

Perhaps the most interesting room is the United States Court of Appeals, 9th Circuit. The furniture in all of the rooms is old and solid wood and completely refinished.

Furniture and clocks from a by-gone era have come from Montana, Washington and California. Large hand-carved tables were unbelievably beautiful; a tall upstanding desk and one reclaimed from former court houses are back in daily use.

Five of the original white marble fireplaces and one red one have been cleaned and are as they were in the Judge's chambers (originally the only heat).

In Judge John F. Kilkenny's office I saw P.W. Mahoney's large rolltop desk which he had used in his own law office in Heppner and which he had given to his old and dear friend, Johnny Kilkenny, to keep always in his Judge's chambers.

The rolltop desk had formerly belong to Calvin L. Sweek, a Heppner attorney and later a Circuit Judge in Pendleton, and before that to C.E. Woodson, Heppner attorney and a former state legislator.

Mr. Woodson's daughter, Margaret Woodson Beere, has followed in her father's footsteps, and has been an attorney in Los Angeles for many years.

John F. Kilkenny is the senior circuit judge of the Court of Appeals. Judge Kilkenny was born in Heppner and later practiced law in Pendleton before moving to Portland.

His secretary is Louise Kopp of Pendleton, so Eastern Oregon has contributed its bit in beautiful furniture and nice people to the Pioneer Court House, for which Judge Kilkenny has labored many years to bring to its fruition in historic interest and beauty.

JOSEPHINE MAHONEY BAKER,  
Portland

P.S. So as not to forget the historic past, Judge Kilkenny owns one highly polished solid brass cuspidor given him by his father, John S. Kilkenny, when he first started his young law practice. (This was called a "spittoon" in those early practical years).

EDITOR:

Cassandra Chapel, Ione, and I were fortunate enough to have been selected by the local Odd Fellow and Rebekah Lodges to represent them on the annual United Nations Pilgrimage for Youth, sponsored by the lodges.

Now that our month-long trip is over, we are eager to share our experiences. We saw so much and learned so much that we feel we have something to tell.

I would like to take this opportunity to announce that we will gladly make speaking dates with any organization in the area—no matter what size—who might be interested in hearing about our trip, either in general or on one specific part.

We will be able to speak any time after mid-September. Right now we are gathering our information and waiting for our slides and photographs to be processed.

If any group is interested, they should write to me or contact me at 989-8402.

Thank you for letting us use this means to announce our availability. Your cooperation is really appreciated.

GREG DAVIDSON,  
Lexington

**THE GAZETTE-TIMES**  
MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER  
Address: Heppner, Ore., 97534. Tel. 674-9226. P.O. Box 327.  
The Heppner Gazette was established March 30, 1882. The Heppner Times established Nov. 18, 1897. Consolidated Feb. 15, 1912.  
Member: National Newspaper Ass., Oregon Newspaper Publishers Assn.  
Ernest V. Joiner, Publisher  
Ernie Ceresa, Photography-Sports  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$5 per year in Oregon, \$6 elsewhere. Single copy, 15 cents. Mailed single copy, 25 cents. Minimum billing \$1.

### Where to write

Sen. Mark Hatfield, 463 Old Senate Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20510.

Sen. Robert Packwood, 6327 New Senate Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20510.

Rep. Al Ullman, 2410 Rayburn House Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20515.

Rep. Wendell Wyatt, 414 Cannon House Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20515.

### REMEMBER THIS? . . . . . . REMINISCE!

55 Years Ago.....1918

Dr. N.E. Winnard was called to the Joe Batty place on Eight Mile last Saturday to investigate a reported case of small pox. He found on his arrival, that all the members of the Batty family had had the disease and that it had spread to some of the neighbors. Ray Young having been confined to his bed. Dr. Winnard quarantined both the Batty family and the Young Family and is keeping a close tab on the neighborhood to see that no more cases develop which are not reported. The disease was brought to this country by a daughter of Mr. Batty who had been visiting The Dalles with an aunt who had the small pox while she was there. The girl was let out of quarantine too soon, and two days after her arrival home she was taken sick.

Word has been received here that Sam Stephens, Heppner boy who enlisted in the Marines just after the United States entered the war, was wounded some time ago in one of the engagements in France. Sam received at Boche a bullet through the hip and has been laid up in the hospital ever since.

E.H. Meyers, sheepbuyer, shipped out 14 cars of sheep from the Heppner yards Monday morning, billed to Chicago. The sheep consisted of ewes and lambs which Mr. Meyer purchased from W.T. Matlock, L.V. Gentry, of Heppner and Blakely & Clough of Monument.

The new fire alarm, an electric siren, is now installed to the southeast corner of the roof of the Roberts building. The switch board having arrived on Monday. The thing certainly makes a horrible noise, and enough noise to wake the dead. There will be no excuse for anyone not knowing there is a fire when this alarm is turned loose.

What about houses in Heppner to care for those who will be coming in town when school opens? Not a house to be had now and the demand will grow rapidly in a very few weeks. The situation was bad before the fire came and now it is of course much worse. Can't something be done to relieve the situation or will these people have to live in tents?

37 Years Ago.....1936

Struck by a bolt of lightning, as an electrical storm passed over the Rhea Creek section, the Emil Groshens home and four other buildings were destroyed by fire.

Mr. Groshens gave an account of the fire saying, "I was ready for bed and was reading, Bernice (Mrs. Groshens), was working in the kitchen. Suddenly there was an explosion and the house rocked. My first impression was that we were experiencing another earthquake. I got to my feet and went to the kitchen and found Bernice, in a dazed condition. Going to the sleeping porch, I found Dick kind of dazed and he complained of something having struck him, an object of some kind. When the boy looked out and observed that it was getting light outside, I ran out and discovered that the house was on fire.

What I saw outside gave the appearance of the house being split in two. It was burning on both sides and the whole upper story was ablaze. From the way the blaze was spreading I knew it would be futile to try to use the water system and we turned our attention to saving what we could.

Marion Green, four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Cornett Green, swallowed a foxtail just before noon yesterday. The little fellow suffered considerable pain for a time, but the offending morsel had gone the way of all food by the time the doctor arrived, and he believed it would not give further trouble.

One Year Ago.....1972

Early-morning lightning between 6:00 and 6:30 Monday caused minor damage in different parts of the county.

Perhaps the worst results of the electrical storm were at the Lewis Halvorsen ranch outside Ione. The family were asleep when the lightning struck there about 6:00. It ruined the TV tower, and in turn the high voltage shot through some of the house circuits blowing out the TV, refrigerator and a clock. The curtains also burned, as a result of the lightning.

The Gazette-Times received their new Compugraphic machine. The new machine will replace the Justo-writer that is now in use.

Harvest was temporarily halted Tuesday as neighbors rushed to the scene of a fire which broke out on the Harrison Weatherford Circle W. Ranch and spread to the Harvey Smith ranch.



"Now, me and Maw wouldn't have had all this if I hadn't been in Iron and Steel — Maw wuz a ironist and I wuz a stealin'!"