

# Horse sense

By  
ERNEST V. JOINER



• If Sen. Bob Packwood did indeed refuse to attend a luncheon in his honor at the Enterprise Elks Lodge last week on grounds that the lodge practices "discrimination," he is going to be a mighty lonely man for the rest of his life. I assume the aide who made that announcement was referring to racial discrimination, although discrimination in any situation is looked upon in liberal circles as something akin to the prostitute singing in the church choir.

• Everybody, of course, practices discrimination. At the moment, we're hung up with the idea of giving job preference to blacks and Mexicans and any other racial minority large enough to hold a protest rally. It has become so blatantly apparent that the white race is discriminating against itself economically, politically, and even socially that one observer was prompted to confess that the person today with greatest chance of success is black, uneducated, unskilled and lazy. The pearls of our American culture are being tossed at the feet of such people today.

• Discrimination in itself is a commendable virtue. A girl practices discrimination when she chooses to marry one man over another. Business discriminates against the unskilled by hiring the skilled laborer. The family that buys a Datsun has just discriminated against General Motors. When the United States government sets up import quotas and tariffs it is discriminating against foreign producers and political regimes. Catholics discriminate against Protestants, and vice versa. The Christian and the cannibal haven't reconciled their differences, either. When 500,000 tons of the 1973 wheat crop goes to China, American housewives have been discriminated against. I know some bourbon drinkers who wouldn't be caught in the same social gathering with a confirmed scotch drinker. And when voters elected Sen. Packwood they showed marked discrimination in favor of him and against his opponent. Sen. Packwood probably enjoys this mass demonstration of political discrimination.

• Sen. Packwood may not be comfortable in the Gazette-Times office when he comes to Heppner during Fair Week. You see, I practice discrimination, too. I choose my friends and associates on whatever basis I please, not on the basis of what the current fad may be. Racial minorities are entitled to political and economic equality in this country, and that doesn't mean the special privileges they now enjoy. Political and economic equality doesn't give the black, yellow, red or people of whatever skin hue any special right to be invited to dinner at my house. This is no reason for me to drink, eat or associate with them. I happen to have a preference for the white race because I belong to it. I am not ashamed of being white. I will not apologize for it, in spite of the fact that we have our share of knotholes, bunglers and bums. In spite of many mistakes, the white race has been responsible for most of the progress we enjoy, and all of its democratic processes. And it has brought the blacks, browns, yellow and pinks, kicking and screaming in protest, right along with it. When the so-called minorities whine about a lack of social justice in this country, they forget that while the white man may not have invented it, he has done more to implement and prosecute it than all the combined "colors" of the world.

• There is any number of ways by which a person can achieve the dubious honor of being a damned fool, and this passion for making minorities God's chosen people is one of them. And when all the blacks are bank presidents, all the Mexicans are in the Congress, the Japanese and Chinese are the top industrial executives, and the Indians have been given the country it claims was stolen from them, I still won't have one as a guest in my house unless I like him personally and unless he has had a bath within the last week—at least.

• The Oregon Journal editorialized Tuesday about an estimated 30 million handguns loose in this country, and viewed with alarm that failure to outlaw the sale and ownership of guns can only lead to more killing and crime. We didn't learn a thing from the tragedy of the 18th Amendment (Volstead Act) outlawing the production, sale and consumption of liquor. It is just as easy to make a gun as it is a vat of home brew. In a Northern California high school workshop I discovered students hard at work-making handguns that shoot standard cartridges. When guns are made illegal, the law-abiding citizen will comply with the law. The criminal will not. He will make his out of a piece of gas pipe, if nothing better is available. There will be tons of guns imported from abroad. After all, if the full force of the government can't stop the import of marijuana and heroin, how can it stop the import of guns?

• The editorial made a point in that the good citizen who keeps a gun for protection is in greater danger of getting killed when confronted by a criminal who has the element of surprise on his side. The horse sense approach to this dilemma is to encourage every person in the country to get a gun and learn how to use it safely and effectively.

• The Journal cited 1971 statistics to show that 9,000 persons, including 94 police officers, were murdered with handguns. It did not cite 1971 figures to show that 50,000 Americans were murdered on U.S. highways by automobiles; which, I would say, would be equal cause to prohibit the manufacture, sale and possession of automobiles. Murder by handgun is no more immoral than murder by automobile. Would the Journal suggest we outlaw automobiles? There are, according to the same year's statistics, as many people killed by slipping in the bathtub as are killed on the highways. Would the Journal outlaw bathtubs? Or would it make sense to teach people how to stand up in a bathtub without breaking their necks?

• It is illegal to jump off the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, but 500 persons have done so. The sale of poisons is regulated by law. Ever hear of a person not finding enough of it to kill himself? The medical profession has been saying for years that Americans are killing themselves by over-eating. Must food intake be regulated?

• Just how much public concern should be shown a man who owns a gun but can't handle it, owns an automobile he can't drive, a platter of pork chops that drives him to gluttony, or a bath tub he can't master? It is up to the individual to master them.

# Alcoholism, Morrow County's health problem

By DAVID E. MITCHUM  
Mental Health Director

The prevention of alcohol dependency is commonly considered the biggest mental health or health problem in the county.

Some statistics indicate that up to 68 per cent of the Eastern Oregon State Hospital admissions from Morrow County are related to alcohol. Alcoholism is now declared by law to be an illness, yet few places are creating any program specifically designed to meet the problem.

The number of identified alcoholics who can stay dry permanently must be increased appreciably. The number of people requiring hospitalization for alcohol must be reduced. This requires a number of things. In the first place, it is going to be necessary for people to be willing to identify themselves as alcoholics, or at least as

people who have a problem with alcohol. This appears to be the most difficult aspect of dealing with the problem; that many problem drinkers deny the problem and thereby block efforts toward their rehabilitation. The price they pay is heavy. It is difficult to measure what alcoholism costs the individual, the family and the community in terms of dollars, personal happiness, health and productivity. For example, one cannot measure the negative effect of a broken home.

Mental Health Services for Morrow County can propose several suggestions to begin working on this problem. They are as follows:

1. A large scale educational campaign to a.) make the general public aware of the signs of alcoholism and ways to get help; and b.) to prevent young people from becoming alcoholics.

2. Active involvement in and by a local Alcoholics Anonymous group to a.) help members maintain sobriety, or b.) help them stop drinking if they have not already done so.

3. Utilization of all the medical facilities available to insure the patient's physical health as he attempts to withdraw from alcohol.

4. Medication a.) of a tranquilizing nature (nature of tranquilizers for alcoholics is up to the consulting physician and generally to be used with careful consideration to the possibility of extended dependence on drugs), or b.) antabuse for prevention.

5. Consideration by the court of legal decisions to coerce treatment measures (such as a probation requirement).

6. Active involvement in therapy using a.) behavior conditioning approaches when possible, b.) total family involvement, and c.) group therapy.

7. Possible utilization of the Half-way House in Pendleton or creation of a similar facility in Morrow County.

A few local citizens are interested in starting an AA group in Morrow County and have approached Rev. Ed Cutting, Methodist Minister, for help. The Methodist Church Board is willing to provide a room for this purpose and at least one AA member from Pendleton has agreed to help get the group organized. Mental Health Services for Morrow County will support and encourage this activity in every way possible.

## COW POKES

By Ace Reid



"Wul I ain't a litterbug, I put my beer cans in the floor board!"

## The mail pouch

EDITOR:

Usually you are pretty clear in reporting news, and I believe dedicated in presenting it in a way that all who read your paper can't miss reading what goes on.

However, in your Aug. 9 issue there were a few lines about a chicken that left lots of questions unanswered.

The reference led me to believe that you ran over a \$95 chicken. That whets my interest. Was it a Barred Rock, Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Red, White Leghorn, or what the hell kind of chicken was it? A crowing chicken, a laying chicken, or was it a household pet and sort of like one of the family?

And then under the circumstances, when you were in a hurry to get back to your new home and business in Heppner, I am curious to know what happened when you hit this chicken? Did you stop and report the collision to the owners? How did you arrive at the monetary value of the bird? Were herd laws involved? Did you voluntarily or involuntarily have the services of a third party to determine the value of the kill?

That was quite a chicken. It could have won a prize at the fair.

We would like to know the answers to all these questions, and to more that keep popping up.

W.W. WEATHERFORD,  
Heppner

(ED. NOTE—The matter was settled by the Internal Revenue Service, which has charge of such matters of price control, with the requested assistance of the National Mediation Board, and I'm sorry I ever brought the subject up in the first place.)

EDITOR:

It is so much joy to read your "common sense" column and Mayor Roy of Hardman each week. Those two are the reason for my subscription, and they are worth every penny of the cost.

I am delighted that you are back doing what you do so well—writing delightful criticisms of the ridiculous things the human race does.

LULU H. BRAGHETTA,  
Sonoma, Ca.

### 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.



"Must you always follow me about?"

## Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

It's powerful hot out here in the country where the air is the way the Good Lord made it.

I reckon, Mister Editor, that you've took to using your air condition umbrella to get from office to car and from car to house.

When they is a breeze it's nice on my porch, but when the air is dead still like it's been some days lately I spend a heap of time rocking. I have been reminded how a feller can do some mighty good thinking setting and rocking.

Fer instant, I figgered out quick to rock with the grain, cause when you rock agin the grain the floor squeeks and reminds the old lady of the chores she had laid out fer you. I was thinking jest this morning that you don't see front porches, much less rocking chairs, in new houses, and I think that explains a lot about the way things is going in this country. Rocking fer a spell puts a feller at peace with hisself and his world.

I was thinking about the fellers at the country store talking about privileges of paying taxes, and I thought how everthing can git turned around. It used to be a feller would brag about his youngun making the dean's list at school, but now everybody that knows anybody on John Dean's list is worried about what the CIA, FBI and IRS will find out about em.

And I can recall when a feller was sent to prison fer punishment, and now I see by the Gazette-Times where convicts go to Jaycee conventions and they got co-ed prisons. The boys in the old CCC would

of gladly traded their camps fer a modern prison term. It ain't no wonder the Ex-convict Clubs is growing, they got a tradition to keep up.

General speaking, Mister Editor, you can't trust tradition. Time was a preacher was give the benefit of ever doubt, but nowadays a heap of em keep their business and the Lord's business a fur piece apart.

This feller out here used to trade horses, but now he trades and fixes tractors and lawnmowers. He was telling me this preacher come in some time back with a tractor to trade fer a smaller one because he couldn't tend enuff garden to need the big one. The preacher said his tractor was in perfect shape, so the

feller give him a good deal on a trade. After the preacher left the feller tried to crank the tractor and found out the engine block was busted.

As luck would have it, the preacher come back to his shop the other day with his boy's motorbike he wanted fixed. The feller figgered the job and told the preacher he wanted pay in advance. The preacher got upset and said it looked like the feller didn't trust the Lord. "Well, I wouldn't say that," allowed the old horse trader. "I ain't never traded tractors with the Lord."

Actual, Mister Editor, I reckon human nature is like crab grass. The Lord put em here to stay. You can cuss em, pray over em, plow um under and beat em with a stick, but you can bet your bottom dollar they'll still be there.

Yours truly,  
MAYOR ROY.

## Red-faced swimmer

Will the low-downed side-winder who stole the bottom to a girl's swimming suit please not return it to the place from whence it was stolen?

A girl, after a busy day at the Heppner Swimming Pool, was returning home with her wet towel and her swim suit wrapped inside it. When she arrived home, all she found of her suit was the top portion.

A phone call to City Hall disclosed that the bottom had been found and would be kept at a local bank—for safe keeping, naturally.

At the end of a long hard day, an officer of the bank

decided to hang the swim suit bottom on a parking meter in front of the bank, hoping the girl would pick it up.

The girl's mother, believing the bottom safe until the following day, waited to retrieve daughter's bottom, only to discover that aforementioned sidewinder had stolen it during the night.

The bottom is part of a new swim suit. It can be returned to City Hall for relay to the bottomless girl—and no questions asked.

An don't say the Gazette-Times doesn't cover (uncover) all the news!

## REMEMBER THIS? . . . . REMINISCENCE!

1 Year Ago . . . . . 1972

Bob Abrams, Heppner, was elected Blue Mountain Community College board chairman Wednesday night succeeding Russell Dorran, Hermiston.

The first test of the new and old flood sirens were sounded Monday. Forrie Burkenbine said he was pleased with the test.

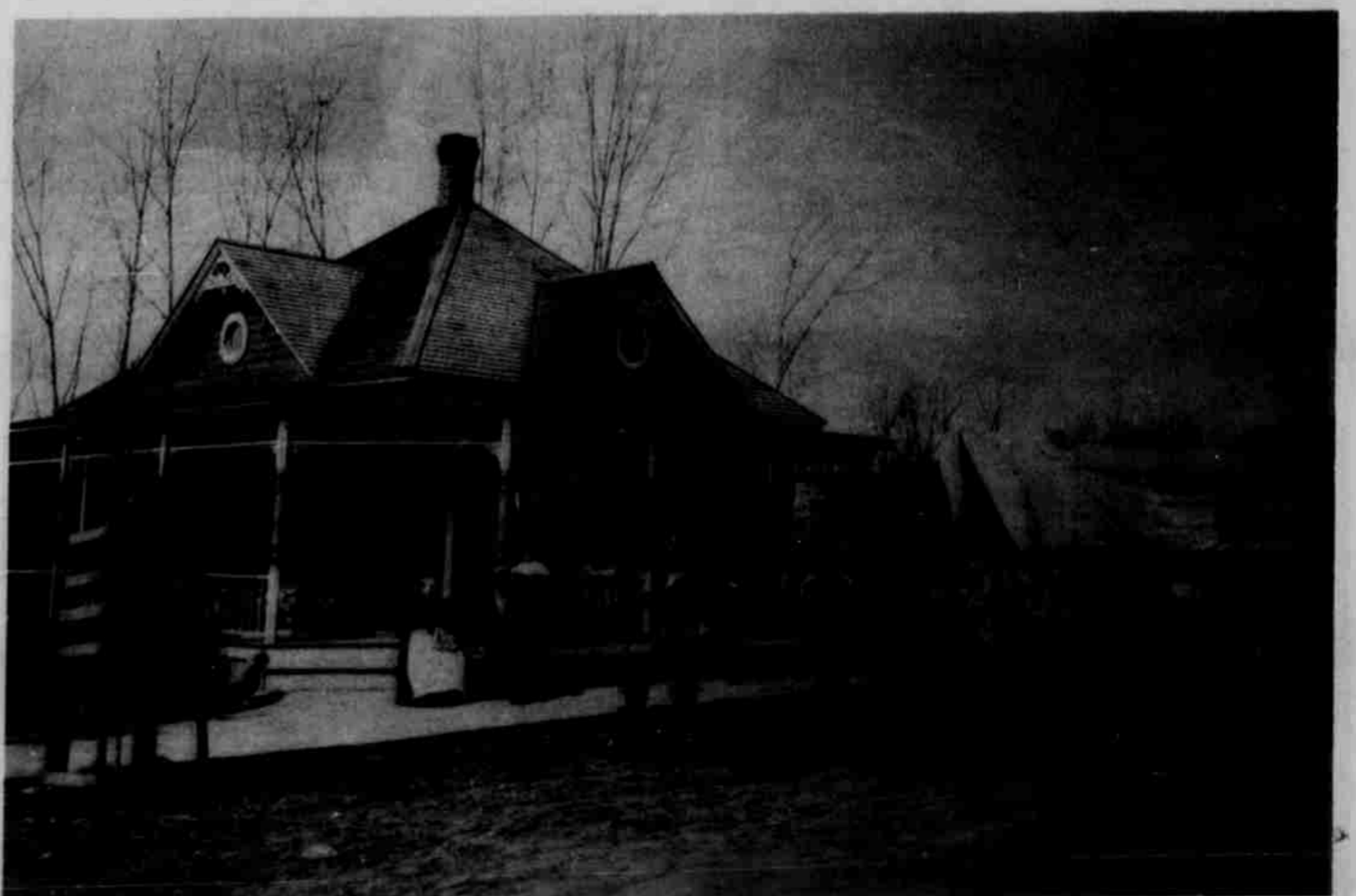
55 Years Ago . . . . . 1918

The heaviest windstorm ever know in the lone section, so report reaches this paper, occurred there at about 5:30 Monday afternoon, followed by a heavy downpour of hail and rain that lasted for more than an hour and a half. The course of the storm was from southeast to northwest and struck with full force at the Ben Buschke place on Rhea Creek and ending near the Henry Stender farm nine miles northwest of lone.

The storm swept area was two miles wide and 18 miles long and wherever the hail struck the grain fields were laid bare.

The heaviest downpour near lone occurred in Rietmann Canyon and on the hills just north of town. This caused the water to collect along the embankment of the railroad east of the depot and the gathering up of rubbish forced the water over the track and down the main street of the town.

Stores and basements along the street were overflowed and deposits of mud left to a depth of from one to eight inches.



Abraham Lincoln Swaggart and his wife are shown here seated on the steps of their Pendleton home, in this photo taken about 1905. Ezra Meeks, with the gun, is at the center of this historic photograph. At right is the driver and his ox team. The inscription on the side of the covered wagon is a map marking the old Oregon Trail. Children in the background are Lenore and Lois Swaggart.

### THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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