

Horse sense



By
ERNEST V. JOINER

Horse sense is that inestimable quality in a horse that keeps it from betting on a man.

• During the past years I have attended rodeos in Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma and California. It cost me from \$3 to \$7.50 to get in to see a handful of cowboys do their thing. The shows were slow and disorganized, but well attended. So when I went to Heppner's rodeo over the weekend I was totally unprepared for what happened. First, no rodeo in my memory ever had 289 entries. Second, it is not within my memory that 10 out of the top 15 RCA rated rodeo performers in the nation ever attended any rodeo other than the national championship rodeos. Third, I have never seen any rodeo run off so quickly, so smoothly or was more well-organized than was the Heppner Rodeo. Fourth, I have never seen a better bunch of rodeo workers, all volunteer, who knew their business as happened at the Heppner Rodeo. Fifth, I have never seen a rodeo where there were performers from so many states, and from Australia and Canada. Sixth, the rodeo stock was of high quality, well-trained and mean as they come, which is why even the top hands never came close to setting any records here Saturday or Sunday. Many a roper got his time average lowered, and some calves were so lightning fast the cowboy never even caught up with them. The rodeo, advertised as "The Fastest in the West," was all of that Old Timers tell me the famed Pendleton Round-up never had all these things, and over these the events are slow-paced in order to, as one cynic put it, allow everybody time to get drunk between events!

• What I have just seen in Heppner is the best organized, fastest, best-managed, colorful rodeo. It cost me \$3, and that's the price of a ticket to a good movie. It made me wonder why so many people were trying to con their way inside without paying—and why so many people stayed away on Sunday afternoon. Maybe Heppnerites have been spoiled with good rodeos here. If so, they ought to attend others around the country so they can compare Heppner Rodeo with them. There was only about \$5400 taken in at the gate (a new record). It should have been \$10,000, considering the quality of the show.

• Two weeks ago I began to worry about the parade. Randall Peterson, who heads up the parade, was contacted for a list of entries in the parade. "We haven't any," was his reply. He explained that everybody who showed up for the annual parade got into it, and nobody could predict what would happen. I predicted a total disaster for any "spontaneous parade," especially when I found there were no bands to head it up. I couldn't have been more wrong. Decorated floats, old cars, stage coaches, and unusual entries literally came out of the woodwork Saturday morning. I saw my first and only 1906 Sears & Roebuck automobile, a real stage coach, a steam threshing engine belching steam and smoke, some of the finest horseflesh in the country, and original parade entries that would make the Rose Parade any old day. A couple of thousand people knew better than I what to expect, as they lined Main Street for a fine parade that took an hour to pass.

• The Morrow County Fair itself was something that would have done credit to a county of 10 times Morrow's population.

I am told (and the whole fair, rodeo and parade proves it) that people have been working for months, quietly and without any fanfare of publicity, to put the affair together. Then, on the appointed day, it all broke out in a spontaneous burst of enthusiasm, color and talent. The whole thing is incredible, and I doubt it could happen anywhere but here. I have nothing but admiration for the hundreds of silent, quiet people who labored long and hard without compensation to produce what I consider a fine specimen of creative art.

• The Gazette-Times took more than 200 photographs of the weeklong activity. Many of them, because of space limitations, will never be published. But in this issue, and next week's issue, you will be seeing the ones we have selected for publication. You may not be pleased at the ones we print, or the ones we elect to leave out. But we will be doing our best to choose the ones we think are good and which capture the spirit of the occasion. Some pictures do not come up to our standard of quality, and will not be published. Some won't fit our limited space, and won't appear. But we have a reason for what we do, and few people will understand unless they are willing to take a six-month crash course in newspaper production. We have no axes to grind, being newcomers, so if we leave someone out be tolerant enough not to complain that we're "discriminating" against someone or some organization.

• We are newcomers here. It will be a long time until we are "accepted" by the community. There is an aura and respect accorded those who were born here, something akin to being blessed by the Pope or elected to the Football Hall of Fame. Hell, we had to born somewhere, and we can't help it if our parents didn't have enough sense to let it happen in Heppner! You're a great people and we like you. We like your country, else we wouldn't be here. But we came here to make a living, to produce a good newspaper for you, and be as much a part of your world as you will allow. We didn't come here to win any popularity contest. Any editor who sets out to be popular is either doing a poor job of newspapering or he's a damned fool. In spite of some caustic criticism directed toward the Gazette-Times of late for what we consider pretty trivial reasons, we shall continue to run the newspaper the way we please. If it offends anyone, he can simply stop reading the paper. But we must run it our way. I doubt anyone would appreciate our advising them how to raise wheat and cattle. So why not be charitable and let us run our newspaper.

• I was surprised to emerge into Monday's bright sunlight to find Heppner's parking meters, looking cold and penniless, still standing, a marshalled row of inhospitality in a town that boasts of its hospitality. Two days before I was a witness to a conspiracy of ranchers and businessmen who offered \$125 in cash to the rodeo cowboy who could rope and pull up the most parking meters. Unfortunately, they all got drunk Sturday night, or forgot the purse money offered, or were too debilitated to do anything about it. A hasty summoning of the conspirators Monday revealed that the offer still stands. They are dedicated to liberating the purchasing population of this perfidious penn-ante form of banditry. The city council could make it easier on everybody by ordering the meters out, but I suspect its members are so much in love with the Iron dime devourers that even bruising one would get a man more time in the county slammer that he'd get for rustling cows. There was a time in this country when an unjust tax on tea netted a king-sized war for King George of England, and an unjust tax on whiskey started another one known as the Whiskey Rebellion. When people accept a tax on the streets they've already bought without rebelling, it makes me wonder if the descendants of those fiery old timers haven't grown soft, flabby and incapable of standing up to their elected officials. Your comment is invited.

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Like Zeke Grubb's preacher likes to say, tempus shore does fugit!

Here it is the last part of August and time for the younguns to git back in school for another year. The mammas are outfitting the girls in new frocks, and squeezing the boys in shoes that was to big for em last spring. And the mommas probable are looking forward to a little quiet and time for theirselves around the house.

The fellers was talking about school starting Saturday night at the country store. Zeke Grubb got to thinking about the old days and how far we has come in education matters. Use to be a boy took his lunch to school and the kids made up their own games at recess, Zeke said, but now they got supervised everything from exercise to eating.

The kids that use to eat whatever their ma packed for em now is at the supermarket buying seven differunt kinds of canned food to be shore their cat gits a balanced diet, was Zeke's words.

Talking about recreation, Clem Webster recalled when you played ball in the pasture, and if you got to town you could allus watch the big game thru a knothole in the fence. Nowadays, Clem said, we got covered ball fields big enuff for it to cloud up and rain inside of, and that knotty lumber they use to make ball park fences out of is going into \$45,000 houses.

They ain't no way to keep up with the changes, agreed Bug Hookum. He said he had saw by the papers where in Minneapolis a Italian that got rich making frozen Chinese food had named "Honorary Swede of the Year," so in some ways the more we change the more we remain the same. We're still the melting pot of nations, Bug allowed, and the pot is bubbling.

And like we allus have, we're trying to figger whuther to treat burns by covering em or leaving em open to the air, and we can't decide whuther coffee is good or bad for us. Bug said he had saw two coffee reports last week. One said coffee drinkers is more likely to have heart attacks, and the other said when a feller wakes up with a headache and feeling general mean, it's cause he needs his coffee.

General speaking, said Clem, you can't tanker to heavy on research. He said he had saw where this feller had reported that male dogs exposed to car fumes don't show no interest in female dogs.

A feller that saw this report called up to say it was right, cause he hadn't had nothing to do with his wife since the muffler in his car started leaking. Research showed, tho, that he was mad with his wife cause she had run over a motorcycle and tore the car muffler off.

Personal, Mister Editor, that research report reminds me of the time the fellers took a poll on who had ever thought of divorcing his old lady. All of em said they hadn't, but Bug said he had thought a few times about shooting his.

Yours truly,
MAYOR ROY.

Your worries . . .

David E. Mitchum, Mental Health Director

Worrying, tension and anxiety are a normal phenomenon. We would be in severe danger if nothing ever bothered us. Worrying is one of nature's ways of defending and protecting us against making some dreadful error which could hurt us either physically or emotionally.

Our life today is complex and is changing rapidly. We are met by many conflicting demands. Most people can survive a crisis fairly well. The average person lives through many emotional and upsetting situations and bounces back when the crisis is over. It should be understood, therefore, that an occasional bout of anxiety and tension is quite normal. Although it is unpleasant, or even painful, there should be no cause for additional concern.

How do you recognize, then, when anxiety and tension is abnormal?

When even the smallest problem overcomes you, affecting your job and human relationships and you no longer able to function adequately in society, professional help must be sought.

This is a gradual development; quite subtle and deceptive in character, the condition may be well advanced before others recognize the seriousness of the problem. However, a person usually knows if he is unhappy, if he is ridden with guilt or has feeling of inadequacy. He at least knows that he does not feel well. The person who seeks help and tries to help himself while he is still able to do something about it, has a better chance of retaining his mental health. If he waits too long, he can become seriously mentally ill.

If you can think about your problems instead of worrying about them, you are going in the right direction. Try to understand what bothers you. If you feel inadequate, unable to cope with situations, imagine yourself doing the very thing you fear. Be yourself as you would like to be, as you can be. Then hold that picture.

If you suffer from nervous headaches, nervous indigestion or any other physical symptoms, don't try to prescribe for yourself. Go to your family doctor. Help him by being completely honest with him no matter how unimportant you think it might seem to him. Don't ask a friend to prescribe a remedy for you. The objective advice of a trained person is what you need. You may wish to go to your minister or priest. You may wish to go to your Mental Health Office.

The Mental Health Office is at 128 W. Willow. It is open from 8:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Monday through Friday. The telephone number is 676-9161. You can call for an appointment or be referred through your family physician.

Don't expect that anyone can cure you overnight. Remember that it took you a long time to get that way. Emotional problems are deep-seated. There is no such thing as an easy cure all. The most anyone can do for you is to help you understand yourself. You must do the work. You must have faith; you must believe that you can find your way to a happy, useful positive life.



"Wul, Jake, I wuz only kidding when I said this shot would either kill 'er cure her!"



"Funny looking courtroom!"

The mail pouch

EDITOR:

I want to thank all the nurses, nurses aides and all the others who used their cars to take those of us at Pioneer Memorial Nursing Home, who were able to go, to the Saturday parade.

It certainly gave us all a lift. God bless each of you who helped make it possible for us to see the show.

MRS. LEONA SMALLWOOD,
Heppner

EDITOR:

I hope this newspaper will take time to do a little research and an article about Effie Munkers, "Margie."

She took time out to babysit half of the population under 55, and she worked at the school and hospital. She, least of all, knew how many people feel the loss of this fine woman.

Her years were many but they should not have passed without someone taking the time to remember what she did for us all.

FRANCES C. GRIFFIN,
Beaverton.

EDITOR:

Since rodeo is over for another year, I think it appropriate to answer Carroll Tufts Key's letter on rodeo that you printed last week.

She states: "The electric prod may be used but not as Mrs. Virginia Eddy suggests." Mrs. Eddy had stated: "They are electrically prodded in the most sensitive areas."

I've not been prodded with the hot shot on my spinal column as have the rodeo horses on the bucking chutes. But from previous experience of having gotten the hot shot on the bare skin of my arm, I can say the sensation is like having a piece of flesh torn out clockwise. I'm sure shots placed near the central nervous column would be a most sensitive spot. I have a photo of the big black and blue spot on my arm, the result of being prodded with the hot shot last fall at a conference in Walla Walla.

We all know hair is a conductor of electricity, so it doesn't take much calculation to know the results a hot shot produces.

From where I sat Saturday at the Heppner Rodeo I witnessed Alvin Deal on Cocklebur, Doug Vold on Pine Mountain and Jock McDowel on Play Boy get the prod shot in the spinal column area to help get a more violent start.

The North Coast Times Eagle, Aug. 10, 1973, had an article and pictures of their two-day rodeo by Ted Taylor. "Yelled one cowboy who was awarded another try because the bronc he drew didn't buck enough, even after being jabbed with an electric cattle prod."

The description of Kurt Johnson on Bad Jose went like this: "Then Bad Jose was herded into the cramped chute and Kurt lowered himself onto the broad back, a mass of bone, muscle and scared grey hide."

Rodeo stock are not only tormented with hot shot prods, but branded and rebranded by the searing hot branding irons. The beautiful picture of peaceful, easy life in green pastures as painted by Mrs. Keys most certainly does not apply to professional rodeo stock that start their rodeo life as far north as Canada in the spring and are on a continual trucking spree from one dusty, dry, hot rodeo corral to another until they reach the warmer states for winter rodeo circuits.

State Sem. Clem McSpaddin, Oklahoma, and others have tried to insult our intelligence by promoting the idea that the flank strap is comparable to the comfort of a man's belt. Mrs. Keys and others are propagandizing that the flank strap is comparable to a woman's girdle. This type of tall tale should be added to the Paul Bunyan list of stupid lies.

LOIS WINCHESTER,
Heppner

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Grand Marshal Mike Bengel.



Kryn Robinson with her first place steer in the intermediate division. Kryn went on to win the Grand Championship award with her steer.



Karen Richards shows her grand champion hog at the fair auction.

You can be proud of your
1973 Morrow County
Fair and Rodeo . . .