

Horse sense

By
ERNEST V. JOINER



"Horse sense is a sterling quality, but let's skip what it did for the horse." -Louis Hirsch

Reporter-Photographer Ernie Ceresa of the Gazette-Times made a 100-mile tour of the tussock moth destruction area in the Blue Mountains of Eastern Oregon Friday. The chaos, he reports, is unbelievable; 200 million trees are dead, a rotting monument to the stupidity of Congress-constructed outfit called the Environmental Protection Agency. EPA is a conglomeration of eggheads, long-haired intellectuals and ecology nuts who want us all back in the caves, and damned quick about it. EPA, given its extraordinary powers by a gutless Congress, has banned the use of DDT, the only known chemical capable of destroying the moth that is destroying the forests. EPA is hung up on the belief that DDT hurts the environment, EPA doesn't give a damn that the lack of DDT has ruined 650,000 acres of forest in four states, including Eastern Oregon. In a fight between tussock moths and mankind, EPA has aligned itself with the tussock moth. If I ever get into a bear fight I hope there isn't an EPA clown around to help. I know which side he'd throw in with. Now Congressmen, who Frankensteinized the EPA, are trying to regain control from their child. It may take them years to get the power they lightly tossed aside. Meanwhile the forests are being eaten. The world is being deprived of lumber. The denizens of the forests are dying from the moth. Recreation lands are blighted. Industries dependent on timber are suffering. And EPA is a very happy assortment of misfits.

Merlyn Robinson, in the Mail Pouch, has made some suggestions for improvement of next year's Morrow County Fair & Rodeo. Here are a couple of my own. This one was inspired by a conversation with a 4-H member who was showing a sheep at the fair. He said he expected to get \$240 for the sheep at the auction. His records show that the feed bill for this animal was \$200, which means that all he got for the sheep—and the long hours of tender, loving care and record-keeping for a year, was only \$40. That isn't much of an incentive to care for any animal for a year, maintain records, and then bathe and comb it the way it should be for showing at the fair. I am aware that Morrow County parents want their children learn to care for animals, which should be their reward. True, there is a moral lesson involved in raising a show animal. But there is something else that shouldn't be ignored, like "a laborer is worthy of his hire" and "industry should be rewarded." Profit is also the name of the game in raising animals. It isn't all character building exercises. I suggest the bidding for show animals at the annual auction begin at 10 cents above market price, not end there, as is the current practice. If parents are concerned that their children's animals might cost them too much, why can't father start the bidding a 10 cents above market price, just to insure a good return for the animal, then see if somebody will top it? If anybody or any organization wants to double the price, both parents and child should be delighted.

My young informant said he would welcome such an arrangement, and would work much harder so see that his animal make a good appearance. He also opined that one reason why there is a 10-cent above market price cutoff on purchase of fair animals is that "It's a good way to get freezer beef at a reasonable price." I hope he was wrong about that.

Why not consider auctioning off the prize-winning foodstuffs entered at the fair? I found myself wishing there was a way to purchase some of the baked goods, vegetables and fruits. Why not auction off those clothing entries, if they haven't been fashioned strictly for the owner? How about the art and handicraft items, too? This might afford a good income, far in excess of the cash premium offered by the fair.

But back to the livestock auction. The way I read the proceedings (I was there to purchase an animal and didn't get the chance) too many were already bought before they entered the auction ring. If there aren't enough animals for everybody who wants to buy, the more reason why the ceiling should be taken off and let the best man, or best-heeled man, win.

And a suggestion for next year's parade. Don't change a thing!

Saturday night I dusted off my fancy new boots, clamped the white hat on my head and headed for the old-time dance at Hardman's Opera House. It wasn't just a dance. It was more like a party. The band was right out of the hills, and the piano player was just drunk enough to be good. Most of the time all four members were playing in the same key, but the people on the old maple floor couldn't care one way or the other. It took about 20 minutes to get acquainted. One fellow offered a drink, which was accepted. Rather than retire to a bar (which I found didn't exist), I was led outside, down the highway 100 yards to a parked car. Mine honest fished a fifth from under a car seat, blew the dust off, and offered it to me—straight. No chaser. That bell must have jarred the Opera House! I went back in, was hustled onto the stage, and in my finest whisky tenor gave a rousing rendition of "You Are My Sunshine." Following which most of the guests left the hall for the parked cars. And I don't blame them. Men on the dance floor wore boots. All wore hats. Now and then they drifted to the lunch stand for delicious and substantial sandwiches and hot coffee. The piano player kept asking, "What gear are you guys playing in?" When I left at 1 a.m., nobody had bothered to tell him. Yep, it was a fine evening, a great party, and a great bunch of people. I think a lot more of opera now!



"I'll tell you now, that feller knows how to spoil a feller's Saturday night!"



"If you consumers need any more help, just give a call."

The mail pouch

EDITOR:

Please remove my name from your mailing list. I have enjoyed reading Heppner news in the years since I left there, but after your disgusting editorial of Aug. 16 I no longer want the GT in my home. Your views are not representative of the fine, decent people I knew and loved in that part of the state, and I think you owe them an apology. I know from growing up there that Heppner is politically conservative. But conservatism and racial bigotry are not synonymous terms. Your diatribe is comparable to the best offerings of the Ku Klux Klan and White Citizens Councils of the South. It must have been especially sickening to those families who recently hosted Japanese exchange students, to say nothing of the many families who have adopted children of other races. We agree on one point at least—there are many ways to make a damned fool of one's self, and you seem to have found yours. If I were to continue reading a paper edited by you, I would have to put myself in the same category. May I suggest you modify the title of your column? You could more aptly display the opposite end of the horse.

CAROL K. PORTER,
Durham, N.H.

ED. NOTE—The opinions expressed in Horse Sense are those of the editor. They are personal views. They do not reflect the opinions of this community, and is not intended that they be the opinions of anyone in this community except myself.

EDITOR:

Now that you have seen our fair city at its best or worst, I feel like answering Merlyn Robinson's letter to the editor, Aug. 23.

I lived in Portland during my childhood. About all the horses we saw were pulling vegetable wagons, with bells jangling to let housewives know the rounds were being made. On Grande Avenue was a tired old horse hooked to a banana cart. All these animals were thin and worn out. We kids all gathered around to pet them, a big thrill for us.

I once saw a horse broken. Several men put a sack on the horse's head and held it down until it was saddled and bridled and the rider seated. Then they jerked the sack off, hit the horse with it, and the rider began spurring and hitting the horse until it could no longer move and was white with sweat.

I have seen thousands of horses broken the past 42 years. My four daughters broke their own horses. We taught riding lessons, and our horses were never abused.

I agree with Mrs. Robinson that animals respond to kindness, but they are not abused in the rodeo chutes.

Back in September, 1909, five men got together for a play day. Harvest was over and they were looking for fun, probably helped by a little applejack. So they agreed to repeat the event each year. On Sept. 14, 1911, this little play day affair was officially named Pendleton Round-up. It's still going strong.

Anyone who believes rodeo animals are abused can sit on the fence near the chutes and get a birdseye view of what is actually happening.

Through the years we've seen a lot of horses hurt, but I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut more people have been hurt in accidents than have horses, and they're not doing much to stop that.

EDNA HUTCHENS,
Heppner.

EDITOR:

In the realm of what's happening now, it's nice to hear some complimentary words for our community. My solution for everyone is to love it or leave it. I did take journalism, do like fairs and rodeos, and do appreciate the efforts of young and old in our community.

Ain't it great to be able to voice one's opinion? Try it in communistic territory. If one can't say something constructive, don't say anything at all.

Vandalism could be curbed if the old woodpile still meant food and heat. Bottles and cans shine in the fog and keep children in pocket money. Women can't profit since they aren't allowed pockets by clothes designers.

All organizations should be delegated to making bulls-eye targets for mail boxes and road markers.

Why not have a 4-H and community clean-up day at the Fairgrounds a week after rodeo when all have recuperated?

Our parking meters seem to be a necessary evil. Farmers get their daily dozen before going in to pay bills or try to find parts when necessary. Perhaps more back door parking could be developed.

Vive la difference Constructive reporting keeps us on our toes. Don't square off at Morrow County folks. We're simple country people and we do swing together. Our membership isn't limited because of heritage, nor is it a closed union. Try us, like us, and be "us."

I enjoyed debates with Gazette-Times Photographer Ernie Ceresa. Animal photography is tricky. His unusual pictures of Mike Currin and Mary Healy highlighted last week's paper.

We need some fair improvements to make it easier for all. A big barn will benefit us all. Fair premium books should be mailed to all those who are out of town at least, or to those who exhibit regularly.

My hat is off to Queen Jeanne and her court. They made a terrific public appearance. They shone over visiting royalty. Publishing pictures is your decision, but instead of grass loungers we all could have paid more homage to Eva

Griffith, who helped celebrate 50 years of rodeos here.

An impartial decision is usually right, so I urge the rodeo board, in choosing future courts to get outside judges. I would also like to see girls who are interested and eligible for queen appear for public interview.

The coverage of parade and rodeo by television crews deserves applause. Video tape even revealed the cruelty of the whole thing, particularly in the riding events. Where else could a cowboy whet up so much need for liniment?

The only thing the cameras left out was the erratic behavior around the beer stand and the silent Saturday-night-after who were the non-applauders Sunday. People who don't like rodeo sport shouldn't attend. Our rodeo board and the law are both doing their jobs.

Here's to Morrow County—rural, rough and ready—and to many more fairs and rodeos.

MERLYN ROBINSON,
Heppner.

EDITOR:

Being former Sebastopol residents and having enjoyed your newspaper there, it is a pleasure to be reading your new paper, The Gazette-Times. We are grateful to our brother-in-law and sister, Paul and Evie Arnold of Dillon, Colo., for sending a subscription our way.

Heard you talking with Jim Eason on KGO Radio about two weeks ago, and decided to let you know we especially enjoy the Horse Sense Column. Also wondered if Mayor Roy of Hardman is a "brother" of Mayor John of Freestone?

BOB AND VANETA KARLE,
San Jose, Ca.

ED. NOTE—The Arnolds of Dillon are our best non-paid public relations team! Yes, Mayor Roy and Mayor John are brothers... helluva big family, you know.

EDITOR:

In the Aug. 23 issue of the Gazette-Times you printed a letter by Carroll Tufts Keys of Fossil, Ore., to which there was no part I agree with. It reminded me of a three-dollar bill. Please do not misunderstand me. You were asked to print the letter and you did. That is absolutely the way I want the press run. You throw us the ball, and if we can't carry it, then we have no right to win the game.

I know Mrs. Eddy. She's a wonderful person. I read her letter in the Oregonian and I agree with it 100 per cent, for it was all true. So, in seeing the Chamber of Commerce, who operate these commercialized torture enterprises called "rodeos" and the clowns who associate themselves with it, criticizing Mrs. Eddy (who will when she leaves this earth have a special place in heaven) a rebuttal is in order.

So I feel, Mr. Editor, in all fairness, you should print her letter as well as the "back up" letter.

OTTO H. JORGENSEN JR.,
Scappoose, Ore.

ED. NOTE—Space limitation prevents us from running both letters, but we are glad to republish the most pertinent one. It was written to the Oregonian and signed Mrs. Virginia Eddy. It follows. The \$10 which you enclosed is being returned, with thanks. This is a free and open forum, and there is no charge for "speaking your piece."

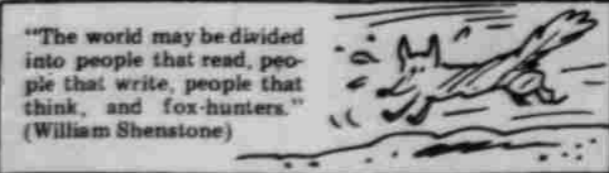
Please allow me to defend myself from J.D. Smith's letter remarking that: "Mrs. Virginia Eddy has absolutely no idea what she is talking about." He also denied my statements that rodeo horses are prodded electrically in their sensitive areas and that bucking straps cause pain.

My source of information are Charles D. Niven, M.A., B.Sc., Ph.D., (academic titles, Mr. Smith) and Mr. Mel Morse, President of the Humane Society of the United States, both of whose books are available in Portland book stores and the public library.

In order to reinforce my previous mild statements I quote from Mr. Morse's 1968 book: "The bucking strap is tightened until it cuts into the flesh of the loins, the pain is excruciating. The rider then climbs aboard and at that moment an electric prod may be jammed into the horse's rectum. The gate opens, horse and rider charge into view and the rider rakes the horse with his spurs. The crowd cheers as the horse bucks."

Punster Smith writes it is "a lot of bull" that rodeo animals are electrically prodded in sensitive areas. Well, he can lock horns with the state of Ohio over their law: "No person shall use bucking straps, flank straps or electric prods on rodeo animals." There must have been a reason for Ohio to legislate thus. The law was "...a shock to the Rodeo Association, for they require the use of the bucking strap because the bronco won't feel like bucking if it isn't binding into his flanks and penis, and especially if the electric prod isn't used."

Ohio is not popular with rodeo promoters and events are not on the increase there.



Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

We had a right good session at the country store Saturday night, Mister Editor, and the fellers covered the situation world-wide as usual. Clem Webster put the stopper in the national affairs jug when he called for the Nixon Administration to go into exile.

Clem said he had thought the situation up one side and down the other, and he was of a mind that since President Nixon ain't never in Washington anyhow, special when somepun underhanded is going on, he might as well move permanent to his place in California or Florida.

That way, allowed Clem, he could declare his estate a foreign country and running the United States then would be foreign policy. Nixon's track record is a heap better in foreign affairs than in domestic matters, was Clem's words.

Furthermore, went on Clem, we could call them millions we spent on Nixon's houses and grounds foreign aid, and, fer shore, we'd have one country in the world where the dollar would be welcome.

Clem said with all them airplanes and soldiers it takes jest to move Nixon from one place to another, we'd come out ahead giving em to him and making him a military power that could swing the world balance back in our favor.

Actual, Mister Editor, the fellers didn't take Clem serious, but Zeke Grubb was agreed that it's costing the taxpayers a heap more to keep up Nixon than we spend of some fair-sized countries. And not the least expense, said Zeke, is them 25 or so \$200-a-day lawyers he's got figgering how he can hold a 30-minute news conference and not say one thing new.

Ed Doolittle broke in to say the way the mood in this country is going he won't be surprised to hear the Nixon Administration blamed for the weather and the troubles of the Pittsburgh Pirates. After all, allowed Ed, the U.S. Weather Bureau is a federal service, and Nixon's son-in-law writes up baseball games. Ed said he had saw they is 1,400 advisory boards in the federal Government, and you would get the idea from the papers that the President has got a spy sitting on ever one of em.

The truth is, declared Ed, that folks in this country git use to reading a certain kind of news ever day, and they natural keep looking for the same kind. The papers keep digging to find somepun new fer the news, and this causes the littiest news to git the biggest attention, Ed said.

Bug Hookum was agreed with Ed that some news don't git play it should cause the papers keep digging in the same holes. Fer instant, Bug had saw where you can't trust the Boy Scouts these days. The Scout leaders flat lied to the boys at that Eastern Jamboree last month when they said a hot air balloon had come all the way from the Western Jamboree in Idaho. It had, but inside a airplane from a few miles outside of one to a few miles from the other.

A 14-year-old boy caught his chosen leaders in that one, Mister Editor. A little child shall lead us.

Yours truly,
MAYOR ROY.



Holy pro football

By
LESTER KINSOLVING

"Christianity and pro football are very compatible."

—Tom Landry, Head Coach, Dallas Cowboys

This remarkable statement was made last Fall, about a sport which opened its annual (and almost endless) season recently, with the College All Star Game.

Coach Landry made this statement shortly after Fleming Revell released a paperback book entitled "Supergoal - Great Football Pros on the Game of Life, With Billy Zeoli."

Zeoli holds pre-game evangelistic services for various pro football teams. A photograph on the back of this book shows him with Coach Landry, Quarterback Roger Staubach and a blackboard. Caption:

"Billy Zeoli explains God's Game Plan..." (That's precisely what it says on the blackboard: GOD'S GAME PLAN, complete with diagrams.)

Not to be for one moment outdone, the frenetic mentor of the Washington Redskins, Coach George Allen, has secured a team chaplain: Harlem-Gang-Leader-Turned-Evangelist Tom Skinner.

According to the Washington Star News religion writer Bill Willoughby:

"Skinner shows them the Locker Room Jesus, the man with hair on his chest and sweat on his brow and dirt under his fingernails. The man who needs a deodorant."

This theology of perspiration, as endorsed by such eminent jocks, was accentuated by a nationally televised Redskin Prayer Meeting in thanksgiving to God after the tromping of Landry's Cowboys. (There was no such telecast, however, when the Skins were subsequently swallowed by the Dolphins of Miami in the Superbowl.)

Yet this muscular faith very nearly came apart in December. For a flanker back of one of these devout coaches (Lance Alworth of the Cowboys) virtually put out of the game a linebacker (Redskin Jack Pardee) belong to the other - in what Brother Allen angrily charged was an illegal crack-back block designed and repeatedly ordered by Brother Landry.

The holy griddon heated further as Linebacker Pardee growled:

"That's what comes from the all-righteous Tom Landry who is holier than thou and all good!"

In response, Coach Landry announced "We didn't do anything illegal."

But meanwhile there was an additional detraction of the carefully nurtured aura of sanctified stadium turf. For the Dean of St. Louis University's Divinity School, Jesuit Father William J. Sullivan, writing in the national Jesuit magazine America, described: "The pro football mania... the Fall war games conducted by the mercenaries of the National Football League."

What an increasing number of critics describe as "America's new religion," is, writes Father Sullivan, "A human demolition derby... a business that masquerades as a sport."

Father Sullivan quotes Joe Namath's description of pro football's image ("brutality") as well as Los Angeles Ram Merlin Olsen's statement: "By the end of the game, you're an animal."

Despite this, pro football probably play religion for all it is worth this Fall—probably because this kind of far fetched holiness is bought by many - including those it is worth this Fall - probably because this kind of far-fetched holiness is bought by many - including those simple enough to rationalize that watching a team with a Locker Room Jesus is a sufficient surrogate at one's church or synagogue.

Fortunately, college football appears to be outgrowing this shoulderpad religion, as indicated by the state of Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian: "A football team is certainly not a religion."