

Horse sense

By
ERNEST V. JOINER



Perhaps someone can explain to me, and to readers of this newspaper, the thinking of the state bar association toward advertising. The bar long ago ruled that for an attorney to advertise constitutes an "unprofessional and unethical" act for which he may be held accountable by the association. On the other hand, the Oregon Bar Association each week sends to all newspapers in the state a column of helpful legal hints entitled, The Family Lawyer. The idea is to convince newspaper editors that it is a "public service" for them to run these columns free of charge. Note the inconsistency. Is it ethical and professional for many lawyers to advertise and promote their welfare, but unethical and unprofessional for one lawyer to do the same thing? Is it unethical and unprofessional to pay a newspaper for a lawyer's advertising space, but ethical and professional if the lawyer can persuade the newspaper to run the same advertising free of charge? It appears to me that the bar has adopted the attitude that any advertising it can get free is ethical, but if it must be paid for, it's unethical. As far as The Family Lawyer column is concerned, it will go into the Gazette-Times' garbage can until it's paid for. Oregon lawyers charge their clients \$50 an hour for their services. They can well afford a couple of bucks for something that does such a good job of promoting their own interests.

I have noted over the years that more and more professions are discovering that advertising is "unethical." After years of building up their professional image through advertising that acquaints the public with their services and the desirability of using them, they have become successful and sassy enough to join together to declare it "unprofessional and unethical" to advertise the services they formerly did. They didn't think in like manner when they were turning backflips for hamburgers and resoling their shoes with the backs of school tablets. It should be a personal decision as to whether advertising is good or bad, needed or not needed. What I resent is these freshly anointed guardians of the public good donning their holy robes of professionalism to relegate advertising to a position usually reserved for shady ladies.

After two years of observing Veterans Day on the fourth Monday in October, hereinafter referred to as Oct. 22, Oregon this year returns to the traditional Nov. 11 date which marks the armistice ending World War I, except in Heppner, of course, where the post office will be closed Oct. 22, which will make things just fine because the post office will be closed when all the businesses are open, and the post office will be open Nov. 12 when all the stores, schools and grandma's knitting class will be closed, except that Veterans Day this year will be observed as a state holiday on Nov. 12 because Nov. 11 falls on Sunday, and any idiot knows that you can't go fishing twice in one day. But Monday, Nov. 12, is a holiday for state employees, and some banks that don't elect to take Oct. 22 may settle for Nov. 11. Federal workers will continue to observe the fourth Monday in October as the holiday, which is, as aforementioned, Oct. 22, which has nothing to do with Nov. 12. Classes in state colleges and universities will be open both dates, and public schools and community colleges will observe the November date except those that will stay with Oct. 22. On the other hand, The Wagon Wheel Boozetorium and Hamlin's Tavern, House of Great Spirits will be open Oct. 22, Oct. 23, Nov. 12 and 13, and even before and after. The Amalgamated Mushroom Pickers Local No. 29 has decided to close down operations both dates, but the Steak Sauce Society will stay open due to a dispute as to what day it really is and some members complaining they didn't know yet what is an armistice. The Gazette-Times, which does not recognize any holidays except Christmas, Thanksgiving and Robert E. Lee's Birthday, will remain open on both Oct. 22 and Nov. 12. It is for a certainty that a directive will arrive at the Heppner Post Office before this paper hits the street directing this branch to (1) close both dates; (2) be open both dates; or, (3) go for Dec. 7. But there is one thing you may be sure of. This newspaper will continue to bring you the last minute news on observations of Veterans Day, which, hopefully, will be held henceforth on July 4. Veterans Day has been cancelled due to a conflict of interest between Oct. 22 and Nov. 12.

The Award for Meritorious Service just conferred upon Mrs. Sadie Parrish by Miss Frances G. Knight, Director of the Passport Office of the U.S. Department of State, may seem to some like just another pat from a politician. It isn't. Miss Knight is no politician. During her tenure as chief of the passport division, she has streamlined operations to reduce the time and cost involved in issuing passports to American citizens. She achieved one distinction that no other government "bureaucrat" has in modern times—each year her department returns to the U.S. government's general fund millions of dollars in profit! Such has been her efficiency that passports are normally received by the applicant within 10 days; and such has been her efficiency that she heads, as far as I can determine, the only federal office that consistently turns in an annual profit from the operation. As a result, Miss Knight has been under constant attack from other civil service department heads. Members of Congress, alert to the possibility that one office showing a profit may set a "dangerous precedent," have openly urged that Miss Knight be replaced with a less efficient and dedicated director. She has, to put it like it is, struck terror into the hearts of confirmed government spenders. I know of no other person in the federal establishment from whom I would rather receive an award than Miss Knight. For the sake of the American people, I hope she can hang onto her job.

COW POKES

By Ace Reid



"Oooh, I bet this is fixin' to hurt!"



"Here we go again!"

The mail pouch

EDITOR:

Page 3 in the Oct. 4 issue of the Gazette-Times, which was devoted to 4-H Club Week and its 5.5 million young members nationally with particular emphasis on Morrow County, struck a nostalgic nerve with me.

More than 25 years ago when I was editor of a semi-weekly newspaper in Alhambra, Calif., a young lady named Mrs. Ruth Watkinson came in with her husband and two children and applied for a photographer's job.

Ruth showed me samples of her work, but better yet took some pictures on the spot and then rushed into the darkroom from which she emerged moments later with sparkling glossy prints. She was hired.

It wasn't until months later that I learned Ruth's story, and this would probably interest Morrow County's oldest 4-H Club leader, Everett Struckmeyer of Boardman.

She admitted shyly one day, "You've probably heard of my mother, Mrs. Lettie Fields, of Shenandoah, Iowa." I hadn't, so she explained, "She founded the 4-H Club movement."

Ruth had a couple of famous grandfathers, too. One was Henry Field, the Iowa seed company owner who broadcast over his own radio station, KPWF (Kind Friends Need Friends). The other was Dr. Benjamin Shambaugh, distinguished chief of the University of Iowa Political Science Department.

Last I heard many years ago, Ruth, her husband, Bob, and two kids were heading for the wide-open spaces in Oregon. Would that be the John Day country?

DEL SCHRADER,
Arcadia, Ca.

ED. NOTE—Thanks, Del, for that interesting information. Perhaps some of our readers would know Ruth and Bob Watkinson. If so, advise us and we will put them in touch with their old friend Del Schrader.

Now, about the environment . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE—This whimsy with a moral was submitted by Zella Prindle. It was published in the March, 1973 issue of Woodall's Better Camping, in a department known as The Deacon Seat, conducted by Bill Riviere.

There really isn't much to be said for the month of March. Not up in this country, at least. Winter renews its grasp slowly, reluctantly, the storied promise of spring yet weeks away. Hunting season is long gone, trapping has ended, and it's still a short eternity to trout fishing. If I had my way, we'd drop March from the calendar.

There seemed no way to do this, so I snowshoed over to Cletus Dingley's cabin, timing my arrival for supper, of course. Knocking was needless—he'd heard the crunch of my bearpaws—and I shoved the door open. The kettle on the old Kineo range spouted calorie-laden vapors.

"Smells almost good enough for bear-bait," I said. "You got enough for two?"

"I seen ye comin' crosst the lake," Clete replied. "Tossed in some kitchen scraps." He set out an extra plate. "Pot roast," he added. "Small junk o' moose haunch."

We set to the meat tender, the potatoes brot-browned, the carrots sweet and firm, the onions asserthing themselves delicately. Country butter disappeared into the saleratus biscuits, and as for the coffee, a small dog could have made tracks on it. In time, I sopped up my plate with the last biscuit, and then belched.

"Ye kin work thet gas off by wipin'," Clete said.

Afterwards we fired up Old Horsehair Aromatic Parlor Mixture easily overwhelming my Reindeer Moss Rum-Tinted Rough Cut. We sat without words, each contemplating the kerosene lamp's tiny flame. It was a man's contentment—silence, a warm cabin, full bellies, and full pipes.

Then came the buzzing, distant and faint at first. It grew to a snarl, and finally to a roar, headed our way.

"Snowmobile," I suggested.

"Ain't never heard a chain saw travel thet fast," Clete said.

The machine charged into the campyard, the engine sputtered, then sizzled, footsteps, and a knock on the door. "It'll open if n' ye'll push," Clete said, raising his voice only slightly.

A red snowmobile suit, topped by a yellow helmet, entered. Buckles unbuckled, snaps unsnapped, zippers unzipped, and a man emerged.

"Are you Mr. Dingley?" he asked.

"Even. Cum in."

"I am Boswell Brodskins. I came to see you about . . ."

"He'll keep fer a spell. Climb out o' thet outfit an' sit down. Hev ye et supper?"

"Yes, I've eaten." Brodskins started peeling off his rigging.

"Cup o' coffee, then?"

"Please, I'd like that." Clete introduced me, filled three cookhouse tin cups with coffee, turned up the kerosene lamp.

We draped ourselves around the shed-door table.

There was small talk for a couple of minutes. "I cal' ciate you got sumthin' importin' on yer mind," Clete suggested finally.

"It's about the Passadumkeag State Forest," Brodskins explained. "They are going to cut timber in there."

"I hear'n tell they wuz," Clete said. "The state put the timber out on bids. Passadumkeag wuz high bidder." The

EDITOR:

Here is our \$6 for another year's subscription. I feel you are doing a good job on my home town paper. You see, I have only been gone from Heppner for a year.

I do have one question. What is this Mayor of Hardman deal every week? I must have missed something someplace. To me it doesn't seem to make much sense. I have spent a lot of happy times out there with my Grandparents McDaniel. At first I thought maybe it was going to tell some history of Hardman, but to me you are poking fun at the people from there and I don't feel that is right.

We were planning on coming to Heppner for Grandparents Marshall's golden wedding anniversary, but were in the middle of a move. For all the people who didn't know, my husband went back into the Air Force and is stationed at McChord Air Force Base. Our address is 2100 112th St. S. Apt. H-6, Tacoma, Wn. 98444.

I am another member of the graduating class of 1969 and have enjoyed all the stories about classmates as did Kay Huson.

MONA LISA (MARSHALL) PELESKY,
Tacoma.

ED. NOTE—Each week Mayor Roy pays tribute to the solid, commonsense type of thinking that characterized pioneer settlers of Hardman—the kind of thinking that made this country the greatest and which, please God, will never go out of style. The Mayor is a philosopher and a wit of the Josh Billings and Will Rogers schools. He comments on everything in this fast-paced society. He uses strange language because (1) it is the kind once used on the western frontier and (2) because it slows the reader down to make him digest the kernel of the message. He is disappointed anyone thinks he is insulting the Hardman he loves, for no such thing is intended. He has, in my opinion, done more to put Hardman on the map in three months than anybody else has in 30 years. Thank you for allowing me to explain Mayor Roy.

EDITOR:

I have read some of your articles concerning ecology, etc., in your newspaper and asked myself, "is this guy for real?"

Well, readers out there—rest in peace. We all do not think saving our earth and nature's animals from man's desecration as the joke of the year.

I fail to understand why mankind must control everything that is in a wild state—the course of rivers, the height of mountains, and creatures of the wild.

Even hunting has developed in a psychic need for man to assert his dominion over wildlife by cutting down wild and free animals in the name of "sport" and not food for survival. Added to this is the cruel and heartless form many rodeos take and in the name of "entertainment." And then there are the predator "control" programs. Can man really conserve one species by destroying another? In the long run, I doubt it very much.

Has mankind become so sick and demented that he cannot enjoy a pure and pristine earth and revel in nature's natural and beauty and wonders? Must her creatures be abused to satisfy man's insatiable appetite for killing, torturing and maiming? Need our Mother Earth be senselessly polluted and ravaged all in the name of progress, to eventually find we have progressed so far we have swallowed ourselves in our own garbage and greed?

The following food for thought is quoted from "The Brothers Karamazov" by Fedor M. Dostoyevsky:

Love animals. God had given them the rudiments of thought and joy untroubled. Do not trouble their joy, don't harass them, don't deprive them of their happiness, don't work against God's intent. Man, do not pride yourself on superiority to animals; they are without sin, and you, with greatness, defile the earth by your appearance on it, and leave traces of your foulness after you—alas, it is true of almost everyone of us!

KATHY HARRISON,
Albany, Ore.

ED. NOTE—See "Now, about the environment . . ." this page.

"Passadumkeag" Clete referred to is the Passadumkeag Lumber, Pulp, Apple Box, Tongue Depressor, and Toothpick Company. "They figger ter cut 70,000 cords o' pulp," Clete added. "an' nigh on ter a million feet o' long logs."

"But that is state forest. It belongs to the people. It should not be cut."

"Ye got a good reason fer not cuttin' it?" Clete asked.

"It should be saved from desecration for future generations, for the enjoyment of all, its pristine beauty forever preserved."

Clete glanced at me. He tamped down the Old Horsehair, tilted the pipe bowl over the lamp, and revived the glow, puffing slowly as Brodskins went on.

"This callous indifference to our environment, this rape of the woodlands, must be halted."

"What ye got in mind?" Clete asked.

"The Save The Forests League."

"I ain't hearn tell of it. Who belongs ter it?"

"It's made up of concerned environmentalists. We would like the Seboomook Guides' Association to join us to save the Passadumkeag State Forest from loggers."

"How do ye cal' ciate ter do this?"

"By having the forest made into a state park, to be preserved for everyone's enjoyment."

Clete pondered his coffee mug a moment, then glanced up at the visitor.

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Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

A item in the paper said more and more folks is going back to small towns to shop. That is good news, and if we can get rid of drive-in winders for everthing from banks to funeral homes, we can get back to the business of dealing with one another face to face.

The piece didn't say why folks are trading more with their friends in their hometown stores, but I figger they got lonesome. I reckon I'm to old a dog to learn modern shopping tricks, but I ain't about to poke my money thru a hole in a bank wall, and I got tired of quick trying to walk them miles of rows of goods at their big shopping centers. I would ruther walk in a store, set down and tell the folks what I want and, by darn, set there til they git me satisfied.

I mentioned about the trade coming back to the small towns during the session at the country store Saturday night. Zeke Grubb come up with his theory fast. He said it use to be a feller couldn't see much in a small town, but nowadays wimmen dress about alike everwhere. Bug Hookum allowed that the reason was that small town folks is staying at home cause they're afraid of gitting run over by all the bicycles zipping around them shopping center parking lots.

Practical speaking, said Ed Doolittle, he was glad to see they was more bicycles than cars sold in this country last year. He said it made recall the days when bicycles was transportation. Fer a generation, they was fer exercise, allowed Ed, and now people are finding out agin that you can actual git from place to place with em. The next thing you know, went on Ed, small towns will have their own bicycle shops and if gas prices keep going up and supply down, we might even git back to the blacksmith shop.

Actual, said Clem Webster, the blacksmith is back. Clem had saw where colleges is offering training as "farriers," and that's a fancy word fer a feller that shoes horses. Blacksmiths are called farriers, Clem said, cause these days they are pulling down incomes right up there with brickmasons, doctors and plumbers.

Mister Editor, with all the scratching and scrambling in high and low places over power and money, it's good to think about the days when all you had to do to keep up with the Joneses was walk as fast as they did. Now we spend it afore we git it, and if we don't have credit we can't git credit. I saw where this small town in North Carolina couldn't sell bonds to pay fer work on the sewer system cause the town never had gone in debt afore and didn't have a credit rating.

We got to foller our Federal Government's example. Where would this country be if our leaders in Washington hadn't gone in debt \$500 billion to git us someplace?

Yours truly,

MAYOR Roy.



Miracle Malpractice

By
LESTER KINSOLVING

Diabetes is once more proving to be the Waterloo of the faith healers.

In August there were deaths in both Canada and California due to faith-inspired throwing away of insulin.

In Toronto, potential faith-healer Mark Cowan told a coroner's jury that he had hoped to use his 20-year-old wife as an exhibit of a "miracle cure" and went on to dispose of her insulin.

In Barstow, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Parker were jailed on charges of manslaughter after they withdrew insulin from their 11-year-old son, Wesley.

The Parkers then joined some 200 other people in stating a ghoul's delight in the local funeral home. They attracted national attention by refusing to allow the boy to be buried for six days because, they assured everyone, his resurrection was imminent. (The boy was finally buried and the parents are currently held in lieu of \$10,000 bail.)

The Parkers claim that they were told by a visiting evangelist at the Barstow Assembly of God, that their boy had been healed of his diabetes. But the Rev. William Robertson, the denomination's Southern California District Superintendent, told this column that (A) Parker, months earlier, had become involved in a furious argument regarding the denomination's failure to share his belief in demon possession, and (B) The visiting preacher had not preached on faith healing, had never told the Parkers that their boy was healed, and had only prayed for healing.

"We believe in divine healing that does not endorse or condone throwing away of life-saving medications merely because the individual is presumed healed," commented the Rev. Mr. Robertson.

It is, of course, easy for the emotional people who jam faith healers' services to misunderstand the sermon. This kind of misunderstanding may well have been the reason why on July 5, 1959 diabetic Wanda Beach, 37, threw away her insulin and died after telephoning her mother to explain that she had been "completely cured" by a traveling faith healer named Oral Roberts.

Roberts, now a very big time TV producer, (having deserted the Pentecostal Holiness Church for the Methodists) was not available for comment at Oral Roberts University or, according to staffers there, anywhere else. None of the staffers at this glittering campus (the pride of Tulsa) knew anything about Wanda Beach.

There is no question, however, about misunderstanding of the late faith healer A.A. Allen, who wrote: "The gift of healing needs no help from doctors, for it is all-powerful to remove a cancer or a tumor." (The Rev. Mr. Allen died in 1970, in a San Francisco hotel room, of what Coroner Henry Turkel diagnosed as "acute alcoholism.")

Then in March of 1954, Van Nuys, Ca., school teacher Cora Louise Sutherland died of tuberculosis after having exposed thousands of school children to the disease because she had refused, as a Christian Scientist, to take an X-ray.

Instead, reported Time Magazine, she resorted to a Christian Science practitioner who charged her \$65 per month to "treat" her with prayer and readings from Mary Baker Eddy.

It remains a mystery why this lethal perversion of the freedom of religion is tolerated in the same nation where one must spend years of study to obtain a physicians license, and is forever thereafter threatened with malpractice suits.

To contend that freedom of religion is at stake is to suggest that it would be permissible for religious fanatics to revive the worship of Molech (II Kings 23:10) and its insistence on burning children to death as an act of human sacrifice.

Such a horrible fate was, of course, not the intent of the Parkers of Barstow. But like Cora Louise Sutherland, young Wesley is no less dead as the victim of what should be recognized and prosecuted as miracle malpractice.