

# Horse sense

By ERNEST V. JOINER



• Last week in this column mention was made of the open method in which people in this section of Oregon conduct business; how they have faith and confidence in each other in their business dealings. Something happened the other day that proved the point. Ernie Ceresa was at Lone High School taking pictures of a football game when he noticed another photographer, loaded down with expensive and sophisticated photo equipment, who was also taking pictures of the game. Ernie introduced himself to the man, a Mr. Duncan, who owned a photo shop in Baker, and said he wished he had that kind of equipment. "No problem," Duncan said, handing Ernie the equipment he was admiring. "Take it, try it out, and if you like it, I'll let you have it at my cost. "But you don't know me or even where I work," the astonished Ernie replied, and managed to give him his card as the fellow climbed into his car and departed for Baker, leaving Ernie holding more than \$200 worth of electronic flash equipment that would do credit to the New York Times photo section. Two weeks went by without any word from Duncan, so we called him on the phone. "If you like the stuff, send me \$151.50," he said. You don't find that kind of dealing in other parts of the country. Bill Weatherford once bought a new car from Fulleton Chevrolet, and told Roice Fulleton he was going to drive it to Canada. "I'll pay you when I get back," he said, driving off in the new car. Roice didn't even have Bill's name on a slip of paper!

• Not everybody, of course, can come here and do business in this manner. One pays his bills, gets a reputation for fair dealing, and gets to be known as a man of his word. After that, he can enjoy the trust of his friends and neighbors. That's the way it should be. No man is entitled to the confidence of people until he earns it. And to keep that confidence he must keep on earning it, day in and day out. A small price to pay for such a priceless possession.

• Gov. Tom McCall makes things lively in his state. The colorful and flamboyant executive has presided over a multi-million dollar publicity campaign to entice visitors to Oregon. And just when 10 million out-of-staters began to believe him, he makes a trip to Santa Barbara, Ca., to announce that his administration is considering measures to keep tourists out of Oregon!

• He told his audience in Santa Barbara that tourists are in danger of destroying "what they come to see" in Oregon, and that 10.5 million tourists a year means 21 million feet "trampling over our flora and fauna." (Come on, governor! Flora, being plant matter, can be trampled by foot, but fauna? Methinks the governor may be suffering from a new but popular malady, Instant Ecology.

• I assume the governor has considered the constitutionality of personally regulating interstate commerce, which means that he will not be permitted to erect custom offices and issue passports to qualified visitors.

• What he could do is undertake a propaganda campaign designed to acquaint Oregonians with the dubious blessing of doing without the \$450 million left in the state each year by out-of-state visitors. It could be that the state doesn't need the money as badly as it needs untrampled flora and fauna.

• At present, Oregon taxpayers are having to pay for expensive advertising to attract visitors here. Since 1935, the Travel Information Unit of the State Highway Division has been placing ads in more than 140 newspapers and magazines annually, and buying time on dozens of television and radio stations across America, urging visitors to come and enjoy Oregon's goodies. Taxpayers also pay the salaries for a staff that sends out vacation news stories and scenic photographs to more than 500 newspapers and magazines each year, all calculated to lure visitors to Oregon. The governor could halt this expense and at the same time slow down the influx of visitors from abroad.

• Another step toward his announced policy of insularity would be to wipe out the State Information Centers that provide maps, brochures and special information that assist visitors in enjoying their vacations. The centers at Ashland, Astoria, Klamath Falls and Portland could be closed, saving a great deal of money and electrical energy, while discouraging visitors. At the same time he could use his influence to disband the Oregon Travel Industry Conference, a private organization that engages in the shady promotion of tourism in Oregon among people all over the world. The Oregon Chamber of Executives, which cooperates with the Highway Division in maintaining 40 certified tourist information centers in Oregon, could be persuaded through loyalty and patriotism to cease and desist. Has this administration thought about secession?

• The money saved by closing down these polluting and ecologically damaging agencies could be diverted to a new program to be called Operation Bad Mouth. This bureau would be charged with fostering bad feeling toward Oregon. It could be headed by Howard Cosell or Don Rickles, who have had considerable success in alienating people. Oregon's many Chambers of Commerce could stop bragging about their towns and stop lying about their population and payroll figures. Special medals and incentives could be devised for presentation to citizens who do the best job of downgrading Oregon as a place to visit. Only as a last resort, any Oregonian found guilty of asking friends and relatives from "outside" to visit him might suffer revocation of his citizenship, plus other penalties as the governor may decide. Convincing "other Americans" that Oregon is a lousy place to visit could be the over-all aim of Operation Bad Mouth.

• I have enough faith in the American people to believe that once it be known they are unwanted in Oregon, they won't come.

• Any man who thinks he is going to be happy and prosperous by letting the government take care of him should take a close look at the American Indian.

• Dave Harrison, manager of the Columbia Basin Electric Cooperative, is a patient, long-suffering man. He has to be, for he deals with state and federal bureaucracies. These state and federal bureaucracies have for the past many months been urging people to curtail the use of electricity. Columbia Basin decided to do its part. It spent thousands of dollars on a publicity campaign to educate the public in ways to conserve electricity. It worked well. Whereupon the Bonneville Power Administration, the federal agency that furnishes CB with its power, fined Columbia Basin \$100 the other day—for selling less power this year than it did last year!



"Do I smell blood?"

## Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

The fellers was back on UFOs during the session at the country store Saturday night, and Zeke Grubb announced that he had thought the situation up one side and down the other, and he had figured out that UFO means unknown frightened observer. The way Zeke worked it out, all the sightings around the country lately is of space pilgrims looking for a place to live. What must've happened, went on Zeke, is that where they come from was running out of everything, and they are wanting to get out and start all over, like the folks that kept moving west in this country til they run out of country. When we had to stop, California was the result, Zeke said, and now California's six-lane roads, hamburger stands and hotdogs is backingferr east to the other ocean and the next east-to-west wave of civilization might be more than we can stand.

Zeke figgered them unknown frightened observers is finding to much of what they left home to git away from. It's odd, allowed Zeke, that while them pore devils is here looking fer a home, we got folks thinking serious about the day when we're going to have to set up colonies under the ocean and on the moon jest to have enuff room fer everbody to move around on this old world. The grass is allus greener on the other feller's planet, was Zeke's words.

Picking up this line of thinking, Ed Doolittle said he wondered if the UFOs had checked out China. Ed said

he saw this report on China in a magazine, and it told how that is the only major country in the world that balances it budget ever year. They ain't no modern problems in China like deficit spending, Ed said, and over here the government and everybody in it and under it is living on credit. Ed said he had saw where eight out of ever 100 Americans owes more than all they got in the world is worth, and two out of the eight has got monthly payments that amount to more than their income ever month.

These folks, Ed said, are like the feller that said the only way he could afford to buy apples fer \$1.25 a peck and sell em fer \$1 was to do a mighty big volume of business.

Clem Webster said he wasn't wishing the UFOs bad luck, but it might be a good idee fer them to look in on the Russians and Chinese. Since the rest of this world can't understand em, it might turn out that these space pilgrims could fit right in. On the other hand, them Russians is subject to trade the pilgrims right out of their green, four-legged pants fer a few bushels of U.S. wheat they got at a real bargain.

Personal, Mister Editor, I figger the UFO sightings will drop off to nothing as winter sets in and folks won't be out as much. But if we run out of heat, we may turn out to be frightened observers looking fer rescue.

Yours truly,

MAYOR ROY

## The mail pouch

EDITOR:

I enjoyed the feature story about Grandma Gracie. It was excellent.

The one featuring Hardman's history was the best I have read. Letters from Mayor Roy are, to me, a homey way of expressing provocative thoughts, besides bringing to mind a place and people that could otherwise be forgotten.

I hope you will continue to publish such interesting stories about persons and places.

This letter is written to let you know that I appreciate the manner in which you finally responded to criticism.

MRS. ESTHER BARNETT, lone.

EDITOR:

You seem to have a real mad for what you call Instant Ecologists. But you never have come right out and said you

were for or against conservation of our natural resources, or whether you thought industry should be allowed to continue its damaging and polluting way.

I find it very hard to believe that you just don't care what happens to our forests, air, streams and wildlife.

ELBERT DANIELS, Corvallis.

(ED. NOTE: I care very much about preserving forests, air, streams and wildlife. But it took 200 years to get us in the mess we're in now, and our Instant Ecologists aren't going to undo 200 years of damage in 20 minutes. We can reverse things gradually without seriously dislocating the economy. This sudden, mad dash toward "ecology now" is responsible, mainly, for our shortages in many critical fields, such as energy. I shall expand on this in the Horse Sense column soon.)

## Coffee makes the world go 'round . . . . . Heppner, too!

By DONALD J. FREDERICK

The coffee break—that popular forum for the exchange of ideas, gripes, and gossip—is one of America's hottest fringe benefits.

More than 90 per cent of all employed persons in the United States have coffee available to them in office or factory. They drink about 50 million cups during daily coffee breaks.

Although Americans consume some 40 per cent of the world's coffee imports, their drinking habits rarely are imitated in other countries, the National Geographic Society says.

The Japanese prefer coffee at least twice as sweet as the average American brew. The Swedes like theirs much stronger.

Italians relish cafe espresso, a dark, rich liquid concocted in a gleaming, steaming, spouting monster of a machine. Ugandans make a savory blend of coffee and bananas.

In Arabia, where the coffee plant first was cultivated, the beans are roasted, pulverized, and boiled for each brew. Few business deals are completed without a cup of coffee. Arabs consider a water chaser after a coffee break a breach of etiquette.

The name for coffee in almost every country of the world comes from the Arabian

word qahwah—an honored title meaning "that which gives strength"—and its Turkish derivative, kahveh.

The beverage once was so popular in Turkey that if a husband failed to keep his wife supplied with the brew, she had grounds for divorce.

In its thousand-year history, coffee has blended with many whims. When the Italians first took to the drink, they seemed more concerned with clarity than flavor. To settle the grounds, they added eggshells, codfish skin, and isinglass.

Prussia's Frederick the Great limited coffee-roasting licenses to the cream of society, and warned the poor that drinking the beverage caused sterility.

Undaunted, illegal roasters thrived, and Frederick, who brewed his coffee with champagne, had to employ a corps of "coffee sniffers" to follow the unmistakable aroma and arrest the lawbreakers.

Coffee was more readily accepted in Austria. The Viennese today drink gallons of coffee and are finicky about the way it is served. A traveler once saw an elderly Viennese gentleman carry his cup from a dark coffee house interior outdoors to make sure it was the exact color he had ordered.

The Boston Tea Party converted many Americans to coffee drinking almost over-

night. Later, the pioneers who settled the West always managed to find room for some

coffee beans in their crowded covered wagons. The precious commodity often was used as a peace offering to the

Indians, who quickly developed a taste for the beverage. Coffee retained its popularity even after the West was

won. An old range tradition calls for testing coffee with a horseshoe—when the shoe floats, the coffee's ready.



The Round Table at the Wagon Wheel Restaurant fills up with Heppner's town "wheels" at about 8:30 a.m. every week day to josh, joke, rehab current events and drink coffee. It was in such an atmosphere that local businessmen decided to raise the first \$75,000 locally to build Lake Penland. Many of the city's problems are aired (even solved) here. They meet again at 2:30 p.m., but the morning session is the more productive. At 8:45 a.m., give or take a minute, there is a coin-flipping to see who pays for the coffee. At this session, left to right, are: Clint McQuarrie, Howard Bryant, Bill Weatherford, LeRoy Gardner and Police Chief Dean Gilman.



## Nixon's very own church

BY LESTER KINSOLVING

Four days after the running mate he twice selected became U.S. history's Vice Presidential felon, President Richard Nixon went to church for the first time in almost six months.

More precisely, he went downstairs to the East Room of the White House, where, under giant portraits of George and Martha Washington, Abraham Lincoln and John Quincy Adams, he holds his very own church.

Richard Milhous Nixon is still carried as an "active member" of the East Whittier Friends Church in California — one of whose elderly members told a writer for The Christian Century magazine the following:

"I lived in Whittier for six years and the only time he (Nixon) came to our church was to have some pictures taken during a political campaign. When he was in this area over a Sunday and went to church at all, it was usually to one of the swanky churches on Wilshire Boulevard."

Since Watergate, the church's board has twice discussed whether Active Member Nixon should be dropped for continuous inactivity — even to the extent of never attending Washington's Friends Church where Herbert Hoover worshipped regularly.

And despite the fact that these Whittier Quakers apparently quaked at the thought of disowning Friend Nixon, the President still appears to prefer to run his own church.

The result is not quite as blatant as Charlemagne snatching his crown from the Pope's hands in or fer to crown himself. Nor is it quite comparable to the wealthy Texan who, when asked if he belonged to the local church replied:

"Hell no! The local church belongs to me!"

There is, however, no mistaking who runs things in Nixon's Church. For in striking contrast to most churches and synagogues, which open with praise of God in hymn or prayer, the Nixon Church leads off worship with "Opening Remarks" by You Know Who. And even if such a folksy peroration is really needed, it would appear to be far more appropriate at the close of the service—and only then if delivered by Mrs. Nixon.

The President does permit the visiting preacher to do the praying although the singing is done by a visiting choir. On this particular occasion the preacher was a Presbyterian minister who doubles as a Republican Congressman from Indiana, The Rev. and Hon. William Hudnut's sermon, "The Religion of Abraham Lincoln," was well delivered, and the subject was guaranteed not to offend or embarrass the Proprietor of the Nixon Church, who, after the service, shakes hands with the congregation — just like the preacher.

While watching this greeting of the parishioners, I was hailed by Wyoming's thoroughly congenial Junior Senator Cliff Hansen, who invited me to join him in the Presidential receiving line.

Both the President and Mrs. Nixon were polite; he crisp and understandably concerned to keep the line moving — she the essence of grace and charm. Our meeting took approximately 25 seconds.

Three seconds later, however, I was confronted by a furious young man named Jack D'Arcy, who works for President Nixon's Press Secretary, Ron Zeigler. Eyes flashing and nostrils flaring, D'Arcy informed me that I was guilty of "unethical behavior" because I, as a journalist, had gone through that line which, he said, was out of bounds for journalists.

Never having been told of this ground rule, and in seven years as a religion reporter never having been segregated in a church coffee hour (although I was once thrown off the campus of Bob Jones University) Mr. D'Arcy's accusation seemed especially annoying.

Perhaps, I thought later, Mr. D'Arcy was simply trying to protect the President — just like those exemplars of "ethical behavior" Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell and Dean (none of whom incidentally was among the parishioners that Sunday at the Nixon Church).