

Horse sense

By

ERNEST V. JOINER



Residents of Heppner will have a chance to go to the polls Dec. 3 and make amends for 20 years of neglect of their city water system. The present system never met any accepted standards in the first place. The well-intentioned people who built it were interested in getting water at the least possible cost, a philosophy that too often proves to be the most expensive route, as this one was. The years have merely compounded the mistakes made in the beginning, and added to the cost of finally bringing the water system to standard. Let's get things straight. There is no reasonable choice in this election. The bonds must be approved. If they are not, residents will have to take full responsibility for the fact that high and elementary schools are being furnished only 15 and 20 per cent, respectively, of the water required by state standards. A fire at either school could hardly be combated with present pressure. The chances of an even worse calamity, I leave to your imagination. If those bonds are not approved, every home in town stands in danger of total destruction should it catch fire. If they are not approved, fire insurance rates are almost sure to be raised. If they are not, water is almost sure to be rationed to present users. If they are not, present water rates will have to be raised, perhaps doubled, to keep repairing the Mickey Mouse system now in use. In the end, the system must surely collapse. No water, no town. As I said, there is no reasonable alternative to citizens turning out in force and approving the bond issue to solve this town's present and future water problems.

Gov. McCall's efforts to keep visitors out of Oregon must be paying off. For the first time in the history of their operation, Oregon's six port of entry information centers show 15 per cent fewer visitors for the six-month season which ended Oct. 31, as compared with figures for the same period last year.

Did you know that belching cows are the No. 1 source of air pollution in the United States? The Environmental Protection Agency said so in a recent issue of its house organ, EPAlog. To quote the article correctly: "Burping cows must rank as the number one source of air pollution in the U.S." The story goes on to relate how cows "burp 50 million tons of hydrocarbons into the atmosphere annually, and that 10 cows burp enough gas to heat a small home." Brilliant. Those are the boys who are running the country now! To its credit, EPA later said it had made an error and that the whole thing was just a joke. According to the professional journal, Modern Veterinary Practice, it sure was. The 50 million tons was to low a figure, MVP editorialized; furthermore, "those emissions definitely don't come from the area of the head." And the publication, Feedlot Management, commented that it goes to prove what farmers and ranchers have long suspected—that there isn't a person at EPA who knows the front of a cow from the rear!

U.S. News & World Report recently took our native environmentalists to task for their all-out assault upon the basis of American production-energy. Pollution control restrictions that go beyond all bounds of reason have resulted in fuel shortages for production of electricity. The environmentalists' attack upon nuclear power has set that field back many years. Without energy, manufacturing of consumer goods has been slowed, resulting in shortages in many areas and higher costs in all areas. These attacks are upon industry, whose technology and productivity has made American the strongest and wealthiest nation in the world. But no longer, the report says. The United States, thanks to a deliberate campaign to cripple U.S. energy production, now ranks fifth among the major nations in terms of production as measured by total output per person. And, it adds, the position of the United States as the wealthiest nation in the world is highly questionable. Lack of production means a lack of wealth; a lack of wealth is a lack of power; and lack of power means loss of world leadership. U.S. News & World Report has said what I have said here—that the irresponsible and short-sighted ecology nuts have brought this country to the brink of disaster. That's why all of them must be considered as my enemies. They have succeeded in doing within a few years what our sworn enemies, including Russia and China, have failed to do—topple the U.S. from its dominant position abroad and sow confusion and discord at home. The foes of American capitalism never had better allies than our native "ecology nuts."

Lois Winchester is back from the Humane Society convention in Atlanta, and, according to her Mail Pouch communique, the animals are safe again. I was interested to hear that she enjoyed hearing a speech by Ashley Montagu, anthropologist and social biologist. Mr. Montagu is the author of "The Anatomy of Swearing," from which I recently quoted generously in a column extolling the virtues of good, honest, lusty swearing—and which got me excommunicated from the cultured community! I was also intrigued to hear about Amanda Blake (Miss Kitty on "Gunsmoke") and her encounter with a cowboy who took a dim view of her association with the Humane Society. Miss Kitty, belted the guy in the midsection. It made me wonder why Lois and her associates in the Humane Society got such a satisfying charge out of this incident; whereas, had a human being administered a "big backhand whack in the middle" to an animal he would, with the blessing of the Humane Society, been fined or imprisoned for cruelty to animals. I suppose the moral is that it is laudable for one human being to hurt another, but criminal for a human being to hurt an animal. Which brings me back to my original thesis: I like people more than I like animals, and in a showdown between the two, my sympathy is with people.



"Whew, my doctor told me if I didn't quit drinkin' it would kill me, and it nearly did today!"



"Was it me or was it Watergate?"

The mail pouch

DEAR MAYOR ROY OF HARDMAN:

I wuz readin' the other day where you might be forced out of office in Hardman.

How soon we fertig once we leave our home town, get a edgocation and live in a big town like Heppner. Mr. Mayor, if I wuznt so edgocated, or if you'd slow down a little and throw in a "you all" onct in a while, I bet I could pass you off as one of us! I aint saying you aint as good as us, and I believe I could make you Mayor of St. Charles, Va., my home town.

I wuz from a small coal mine town, but to the eyes of a little girl that town looked awful big. Still, I used to love to see a big city and be in a place where they didn't have those little houses behind the big houses. And I used to wish I wuz so far away I'd never hear of the town of St. Charles, Va. That happened to me, Mr. Mayor.

Well, after being gone for 28 years I'd love to see it wrote about in the paper so I could remember St. Charles, Va. I went back there this summer. It'll be a ghost town in another two yrs, just like Hardman. But I'd like to be reminded once in a while that there was once a booming town of St. Charles, Va.

So, if you have to move to a new town I'd be plumb-proud to make you Mayor of St. Charles, Va. (honorary, of course.) I could send your column to my friends that are left there, and even them as has wandered to bigger places, and they will be proud to read about the good old days and shed a few nostalgic tears for a town that is dying but yet will live on because there is a Mayor Roy of St. Charles (honorary, of course).

The way I figger, a small town is like a human being after they're needed by so many people for so many years it's sad when they get too old and run down to be any use to nobody any more. Then, Mister Mayor, that's when they need someone to help them remember the good old days, good times, dear friends and loved ones. Aint that what memories are for, remembering?

ANNA MAE STEAGALL,
Heppner.

EDITOR:

The Humane Society of the United States held its annual conference Oct. 18-21 at Atlanta. The theme was "Of Man, Animals and Morals." The program consisted of animal control programs, wildlife, humane education, legislation, animals in biomedical research, rodeos, investigation procedures, fund-raising, animals in school projects and euthanasia methods.

The accomplishments of the HSUS in the past 12 months have been tremendous. The results will soon make mammoth strides to make this a better world for people and animals to live in. The keynote address, "Of Man, Animals and Morals" was given by Ashley Montagu, anthropologist, social biologist, author, editor.

LOIS WINCHESTER,
Heppner



"Take the wheel, Henry, here comes a lamp post!"



This is Mike, man's best friend, the Bill Weatherford's dog, and a frequent visitor to the office of the Gazette-Times. So frequent, in fact, that he has been accused of writing the newspaper's Horse Sense column.

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

I see by the papers where office workers for this big company had a throw-away day. They went through all their files and got rid of all the paperwork that had been put on microfilm or replaced by more records.

In one day, according to the piece, they cleaned out 1,060 file cabinets and not only saved \$150,000 on the cost of new files, they found some office space they thought was lost forever.

Saturday night at the country store I mentioned this item to the fellers. Republican Ed Doolittle, that ain't had a happy thought since Watergate opened, said he wondered what would happen if government at all levels was to have a throw-away day. Ed said we'd have empty public buildings all over the country. And we'd find a heap of empty chairs behind a lot of cleaned-out desks to, was Ed's words.

Why is it, Ed wanted to know, that everything we do in this country, from making copies to running short, we do to much of.

Ed said he was reminded of a story 45 year ago about a hunting trip Will Rogers took to Africa. The Saturday Evening Post was paying him \$1 a word to send back pieces on what he was doing. Ever time Will got a shot at some animal he'd put it in his report, and he'd allus write that he went "bang, bang, bang" at whatever it was. The magazine sent him a telegram and told him to quit shooting so much, cause he was costing em \$1 a shot.

Will's dollar-a-shot ain't a drop in the bucket to what it's costing taxpayers to set down what all is said and done in government, Ed said, and after all is said and done they is a heap more said than done. It costs us \$200 a page to put out the Congressional Record, and that ain't a start. Ed said he had saw this piece where copies of speeches made in the Senate in the last session of Congress weighed 218 pounds and run to nearly 20 million words. And when you think of all them agencies with their millions of memos in quadruplicate, Mister Editor, it ain't no wonder we're running short of paper like we are everthing else.

Fathmore, allowed Clem Webster, onct a government record is in the file, it's there forever. Clem said people in government have a mortal fear that what they don't write is official unless it's wrote down, and fer Ed's benefit he added that a heap of em in Washington are wishing they had thought of a throw-away day a long time ago.

Actual, Ed said, we have to start with getting rid of people in government and work up to the paperwork. He had saw where the secretary of Health, Education and Welfare was cutting his public relations staff 70 per cent. He got rid of 184 jobs and 70 consultants, and he found 680 people that could be put on other work. On top of saving \$20 million, the move will git rid of 275 HEW publications, and still leave plenty.

Yours truly,
MAYOR ROY.



Korean Christ?

BY
LESTER KINSOLVING

WASHINGTON — Full page newspaper ads, radio spot announcements and posters plastered to every available space within five miles of the White House all heralded his coming.

So did a small regiment of eager and politely aggressive youth who sold tickets for \$9 to his three lectures. But the giant photographs of the serene, majestic and well-retouched face of the Rev. Sun Myong Moon are deceiving. For the preaching style of this founder of Korea's Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity (Unification Church, for short) is neither quietly Confucian nor Shangri-La-like.

Instead, the Rev. Mr. Moon, whose young followers venerate him, comes on like Charlie Chan in convulsions. This impression is implemented by Bo Hi Pak, an earnest-looking young man who resembles actor Keye Luke. Pak translates all of Moon's alternately howled and hissed blend of cliches, simple Fundamentalism, Oriental incomprehensibilities and anti-communism.

The Rev. Mr. Moon is engaged in his second national tour, which will take him to 21 major U.S. cities. In Washington, on a Sunday night, he attracted a capacity crowd of 1500. Most of this predominantly youthful crowd loudly applauded Moon's two-hour speech — thus manifesting the lingering susceptibility of many American youth to anything Oriental, however outlandish.

For Moon's interminable harangue resembled a tobacco auction conducted by an ex-drill master of the Kamikaze Corps during an earthquake.

"Christianity Today" magazine reports that Moon was excommunicated by the Presbyterian Church in 1948, and that the sect he organized in 1954 maintains that since he is married to the Holy Spirit (who is Moon's comely wife, number three) he will succeed where the "Jewish Christ" failed.

The Rev. Mr. Moon was not available for interview because, according to his public relations department, "his schedule is tight." Neither was the treasurer of the Unification Church, a William Torrey, who replied that "no useful purpose would be served" by allowing the press to have access to any of the Sun Moon Church's financial records.

These records could include spectacular wedding fees on the occasion in 1970 when the Rev. Mr. Moon attracted international attention (along with the envy of every wedding chapel in Las Vegas) by officiating at the marriages of 777 couples all at once.

The stockyard effect of this massive matrimony is explained away by one Unification Church brochure which contends that this unusual event demonstrated "love within the family unit is the key to world peace."

But when asked if these 777 marriages had, therefore, also been consummated in unison, assorted spokesmen for the denomination (either giggling or furious) refused to comment.

Apparently they feel that they don't have to explain anything. For after all, no matter what their leader does or says his press kit contains a powerful form of endorsement which should be of especial interest to the citizens of North and South Carolina, New York and Massachusetts.

For the beaming Sun Moon has somehow managed to have himself photographed while shaking hands with U.S. Senators Jesse Helms, Strom Thurmond, James Buckley and Edward Kennedy.

