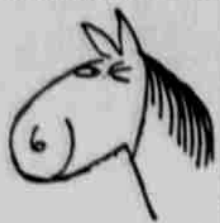


Horse sense

By ERNEST V. JOINER



Happy New Year!

The object of a New Year, the late G.K. Chesterton once said, "is not that we should have a new year. It is that we should have a new soul and a new nose, new feet, a new backbone, new ears and new eyes. Unless a man starts on the strange assumption that he has never existed before, it is quite certain that he will never exist afterward."

Forgive me if I didn't put on the lamp shade, dance around the unlighted Christmas tree, kiss all the neighbors at the fatal stroke of midnight and play "Auld Lang Syne" on my trombone this New Year's Eve. It is difficult to welcome 1974 when I know it's going to be worse than 1973, which was worse than 1972, which was worse... The last time I engaged in New Year's Eve hilarity was back in the 1930s when the national anthem was "Happy Days Are Here Again," or so President Roosevelt taught us. But that was before we got the bill for our betterment. Back then, any change had to be for the better, which shows how times and things can change. Our New Year's gift is that we must all work at our jobs from Jan. 1 to June 1 just to pay our taxes, and if that doesn't make us 5-12ths slave we should burn our dictionaries. A horrible thought is that our children will one day look back on these as "The good old days!" Well, Happy New Year, anyway; and try to make it through June 1, after which you can start working for yourself.

Habit is hard to break, and having a few horns on New Year's Eve is one of them. Pat Buttram told a story one time about the two fellows who had been having a few at the local tavern on New Year's Eve. "I just hate to think of going home," one said, "it always takes me an hour or more to go to sleep." And the other one said, "That's funny, I always go to sleep the minute I hit the bed." And the other one said, "So do I, but it takes me an hour or so to hit the bed."

Over at Beaverton, the Oregon Graduate Center has received a \$21,000 grant of your tax money (not mine; mine was spent to provide color television sets for Tanzanian natives) to develop a sex attractant that will cause hairy-chested male tussock moths to charge toward it and wind up ground into chicken feed. The idea is to plant the female's sex attractant in the woods, see how many male moths are interested, then decide how to dispose of those who fly blindly into those woods in search of a sex orgy. The headline in the Oregon Journal read, "Sex Might Spell Doom For Moths." Considering what sex has done to doom us mortals, the guys in the money-lined smocks may have something there!

Before we leave the subject of sex, how about the American Psychiatric Association decreeing that homosexuality should no longer be considered a mental disorder, but a normal condition? Gay organizations claim 20 million members in the United States, they say, and maybe that figured in shrinkers' unanimous vote to make the condition "normal." If homosexuality is now a normal condition, doesn't that make the rest of us a little queer?

There is an unbelievable shortage looming for 1974. Politicians. All over Oregon, and in all states with recently enacted laws calling for complete financial disclosures of elected officials, men and women are resigning their offices rather than publish their private financial conditions. The law demanding that public officials bare their private financial affairs is a monstrous invasion of privacy to which any person, in public office or out, should not be subjected. Does a person's ability to conduct a public office depend upon his assets and liabilities? Of what value to the public is a glimpse into the private financial affairs of an office holder? If a candidate were found to hold \$10 million in stocks and bonds, would it bar him from political office? Does not this practice tend to keep able and responsible people from seeking office? The impact of the Oregon law on financial disclosure, as witness mass resignations over the state, is to discourage all but the indigent (who have nothing to disclose) from offering themselves as candidates. Imputation of the law is that a man who has amassed some wealth through hard work and industry is unfit for office, whereas a man who has been unsuccessful and can produce a negative balance sheet is a proper person to be put in charge of public affairs. Any person, including the president, is entitled to the privacy of his financial records in the absence of evidence of a criminal act. It was a revolting spectacle to see President Nixon's personal income tax report reproduced on the front pages of the national press a few days ago. What's the next invasion of privacy by a curious public, the bedroom?

Not long ago Norman Rickert was privileged to get a traffic ticket for overparking in Pendleton. A short time later he got one for overstaying his welcome at one of our own beloved Heppner parking posts. Like any citizen worth his salt, he was complaining to his friend Bob Lowe, who maintains things around Pioneer Hospital. Bob, being a little inclined toward Longfellow, wrote Norm a poem to console him. While I have a firm policy against publishing anybody's poetry, I am reclassifying this one "editorial" to avoid breaking the rule:

DEAR NORM:

Some people park throughout the day and never pay one cent;
A few folks get all the tickets;
Where have the minutes went?

We live in a town named Heppner.
The town that is our own;
But a 2 buck rap in Pendleton
Really makes one beef and moan.

If I were you, I'd walk to town;
Or perhaps, I'd ride a bike.
Some days there's not a chance to win,
No matter what you'd like.

So leave your Saab on the driveway
And ride your bike to town.
Let the policeman keep their tickets,
It may keep your pressure down.

Our city needs more money
To bring it up to par;
It will come from our own pockets
When we over park our car.

So pay your parking tickets,
It is a petty fine.
The more they get from you, Norm,
Is less they'll take of mine.

Hillsboro is taking out its parking meters. The way it is going, Heppner will be the last town in Oregon to admit they don't regulate traffic or produce significant revenue.



"Happy New Year, everybody!"

The mail pouch

EDITOR:

The Horse Sense column of December 20, 1973 had an interesting item about the custom of being the first of a household to shout "Christmas Gift." The item further stated that you did not know "how the custom started, or where it went." It is my guess, Mr. Editor, that you do know, but are baiting your readers to see how many have roots in the Old South.

According to my great-grandfather, who was a plantation owner prior to the Civil War, the custom was used by the Negro slaves. Ordinarily, the slaves, who were living at the master's house, went to the back door, and on Christmas morning they were permitted to knock on the front door. When the master answered the door, the first to shout "Christmas Gift" received a gift from the other. It was the custom for the plantation owner to be a little slower in responding, much to the slave's delight. The master then proceeded to give a gift to the slave.

Later generations of Southerners took the practice to other states as they migrated from the Old South, but a gift was not always expected, merely the distinction of being the first member of a family to shout the words to another was sufficient.

MRS. SAM G. McMILLAN,
Milwaukie, Ore.

EDITOR:

I enjoyed your Horse Sense of Dec. 20, just like I've enjoyed all your columns since a mutual friend, Joseph Wolfskill of El Monte, Ca., gave me a subscription to the Gazette-Times as a Christmas present. Although I've never been in Heppner, it's like reading a newspaper from home.

An item in your Christmas column caught my eye. The custom of "Christmas Eve Gift" and "Christmas Gift" is undoubtedly Southern in origin. Prior to the War Between the States slave owners used to encourage their slaves in this custom.

DEL SCHRADER,
Arcadia, Ca.

(ED. NOTE—I appreciate the information. When your new book, "Jesse James Was One of His Names," is published be sure and save a copy for me.)

EDITOR:

Back in the good old days you could order a hamburger and pay for a hamburger. If you wanted french fries or salad you ordered them and paid for them.

Someplace along the line, it became impossible to do this. Now you must pay for french fries whether you do or don't want them.

All of Heppner's eating places practice this form of two-bit robbery. With the cost of living getting higher all the time, I'm sure there must be other people who resent this practice.

LOIS M. ALLYN,
Lexington.

(ED. NOTE—I'm with you! A good hamburger doesn't need added garnishment. It makes me wonder if restaurant owners have checked the cost of the potatoes they dispense so liberally. What used to be a very cheap food is skyrocketing in price. How about cutting out the fries and adding another ounce to the weight of the hamburger meat, fellows? Such a Heppnerburger could become nationally famous!

EDITOR:

This is a message to those people who do not file Oregon income tax returns and who might automatically discard the tax packet when it comes in the mail. Keep it! It contains the application for your property tax refund.

You are eligible for this refund, whether you are an owner or a renter, if your household income is less than \$15,000 a year and you are an Oregon resident.

But you must apply to get the refund. Just follow the simple instructions which are printed in large, easy-to-read print.

For households with a head over 65 and income under \$5,000 (including Social Security or pensions) the form provides an optional short form in the right-hand column. This requires no calculations for a homeowner; all you need to know is your property tax. For a renter, the only calculation is to multiply all the rent you paid in 1973 by 17 per cent.

The maximum refund under the optional form is \$200 or actual property taxes, whichever is lower, for homeowners. For renters, the maximum is \$100 or 17 per cent, whichever is lower. Anyone with property taxes over \$200 or rent over \$50 a month can get a larger refund by filling out the regular form in the left-hand column.

Extra application forms will be available at post offices, courthouses, Oregon Department of Revenue district offices and most banks after Jan. 1.

If you have any questions after you read the instructions, send a card to the Department of Revenue, Box 1000, Salem, Oregon, 97310. Include your telephone number and someone will call you.

The 1973 Legislature passed the property tax refund law to help most Oregonians. They gave you the opportunity, so use it.

(MRS.) BETTY NIVEN, Chairman,
Oregon State Housing Council,
Salem.

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Clem Webster told the fellers at the country store Saturday night that besides the fact he ain't got many years left, he was sorter sorry to lose 1973 forever. In spite of all the tribulation we have saw during the year, Clem said, he felt like leaving 1973 for 1974 is jumping out of the frying pan into the fire.

Looking back on the year looks a heap better than looking ahead of it, allowed Clem. He said he recalled back in 1972 that folks was looking to the next year when the boys was coming home from Vietnam. And there was other high spots, like Elizabeth Taylor didn't git married onct, and she even went back to her old man in time fer Christmas. The Republicans changed Cape Kennedy back to Cape Canaveral, but the Democrats got thru the whole year without dedicating Grand Coulee Dam agin, which says somepun in favor of the two party system, Clem allowed.

General speaking, went on Clem, if you don't consider the Republicans, 1973 was a pritty good year. But we caught a tiger by the tail at the Watergate, and we've been hanging on fer dear life ever since.

Ever time we think we can turn the tiger loose, Nixon or somebody in his outfit comes up with another "disclosure" that makes us tighten our grip. Clem said, Nixon has spent so much time digging holes to fill up holes, declared Clem, til nobody knows who or if anybody is running the country.

Natural, Ed Doolittle was disagreed with Clem, Mister Editor, but afore Ed could git the floor, Zeke Grubb jumped up to say the Federal Government reminds his of a meaning no onct heard of a lanatic. He said a fanatic is a feller that loses sight of his objective and redoubles his effort.

Zeke said Richard Nixon is like the shortstop that kept making errors til the manager went out to show him how to play. The manager missed the first ball hit to him and allowed that the shortstop had the position so messed up nobody could play it.

Ed final butted in to say that the Republicans at least is cleaning up their own house, which is more than he could say fer the Democrats. Ed said he was looking to 1974 when the President can git down to dealing with the country's real problems.

Ed recalled the story about the mama that had two sons. One went to sea, the other become vice president, and neither one was ever heard from agin. Ed said Mrs. Ford is going to hear a heap from her boy Gerald, that is being called "superveep."

General speaking, Mister Editor, Ed was pushing hope fer 1974, and all the fellers joined with him. Clem said he had heard that faith was believing what you know ain't so, but he was heading into 1974 on faith.

Clem said he ain't lost hope. There's allus hope fer folks that find out about their troubles by watching \$700 color televisions, was his words.

Yours truly,

MAYOR ROY



The disciples

BY LESTER KINSOLVING

"If the Church could successfully begin to deal with its own brokenness, it could more credibly witness to broken humanity."

So observed the Rev. Kenneth Teegarden of Fort Worth, just after he became president and general minister of the 1.4 million-member Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) at the denomination's national convention in Cincinnati last October.

His statement came as the 5,000 delegates were busily engaged in the familiar church convention activity of giving the nation lots of advice, by way of resolutions.

There were resolutions on what the U.S. should do in regard to strip mining, amnesty, the poverty program, farm workers, trade with Cuba, The Chilean Coup, Watergate, the Middle East, capital punishment and the White House.

But the impact of all these generally worthwhile and rightfully expressed concerns seem inevitably blunted by the apparent inability under the denomination's present law to require any real standard of conduct or belief from its clergy, once they have been ordained.

"We have no court systems or hierarchical systems," explained Dr. Teegarden when asked about the Rev. James Jones of Ukiah, Ca. Jones, "The Ukiah Messiah," has some 10,000 of his parishioners convinced that he is raising the dead, because they believe his claim that he is Christ reincarnate.

In New Jersey, researchers going through the papers and personal effects of another notable Disciples minister, discovered that the late Rev. Arthur Ford was a notorious cheat.

For as a famed medium he staged seances—even on TV—which fooled such sophisticated (although deeply mourning and therefore unbalanced) people as the late Bishop James A. Pike.

Yet the Rev. Mr. Ford, who secretly and extensively researched his clients (revealing "amazing" knowledge of incidentals in order to convince people that contact had indeed been made with their departed loved ones) was never investigated nor was he ever unfrocked or deposed by the Disciples.

While Ford was not listed, for several decades, in any Disciples' local conference, he was nevertheless able to retain the credentials of ordination in a generally respected denomination; which was useful in his occupation.

In a lighter and more amusing vein, which may herald something of a new occupation, the following ad has appeared regularly in Canadian newspapers in the Toronto area:

"Marriage services by the Rev. B.E. Leslie, ordained and registered in Ontario. For appointment or free brochure, please phone 671-4522."

Result: 300 weddings in little more than a year—with people coming hundreds of miles for the services of the Rev. Mr. Leslie, at \$15 to \$50. (In Southern California, this trend was noticed by Mormon Bishop Earl Bunker of Alhambra, who announced that he will solemnize any and all weddings—at no fee whatsoever.)

The Rev. Mr. Leslie requires no marriage counseling and operates with no questions asked—questions on religion, that is.

"What they believe is their privilege," explained Leslie—who had three pastorates in four years prior to his present occupation. "I'm a Christian (Disciples) minister and what I believe is my privilege."

Indeed it is. For among the apparently undisciplined Disciples this "Marryin' Sam" might without fear of any means of denominational censure or restraint, retranslate the Scripture to read: "Go ye into all the world and—earn your fee, with no questions asked."

2 deer--and a chair reaction

Charles Ray Ackerman, 19, Flying A Ranch, was arrested by the Oregon State Police, Dec. 21, for illegal possession of game animals, after a chase lasting nearly five miles.

The State Police had found evidence of two freshly killed deer, and managed to trace it to the Ackerman home. As police approached, Ackerman fled in his vehicle with the law in pursuit.

Ackerman finally crashed through a gate, damaged his vehicle and was unable to continue his flight.

He was arrested for eluding the police and illegal possession of two deer, both found in his vehicle.

Ackerman was lodged in the county jail, Canyon City, pending his appearance in Justice Court, Dec. 24.

Ackerman pleaded guilty to the charges and was sentenced to 30 days in the county jail, fined \$305 for attempting to elude the police and was fined \$205 and given another 30 days in jail for illegal possession of game animals. His rifle was confiscated by the court.

Prior to his court appearance it was found that Ackerman has a warrant pending against him for receiving and concealing stolen goods, and is also wanted by the United States Army for being absent without leave.

Office to assist in farm fuel

To better serve farmers and food processors in allocation of scarce fuel, Jack B. Robertson, Director of Region 10, Federal Energy Office, has established an "agriculture desk" in the Seattle headquarters.

Chief of the agriculture desk is Richard Sainsbury, for the past 17 years a manager and supervisor with the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Sainsbury will devote his

full time now to resolution of agricultural and food processing needs for fuel.

National Energy Director William E. Simon has stated that since farmers are being asked to greatly increase their production, they must receive the fuel needed "to do the job we've asked them to do."

Sainsbury telephone number in Seattle is area code 206, 442-7270. Address of the Federal Energy Office is Room 1151, Federal Office Building, 909 1st Avenue, Seattle, Wn. 98104.

COW POKES By Ace Reid



"Wul Jake, you ain't much of a bull rider, but you shore know how to hold a crowd's attention!"

THE GAZETTE-TIMES
MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER
Box 337, Heppner, Ore. 97524, Tel. 475-7228

"If you don't want it published, don't let it happen!"

The Heppner Gazette was established March 30, 1883. The Heppner Times was established Nov. 18, 1897. The two were consolidated Feb. 15, 1912.

Member: National Newspaper Assn., Oregon Newspaper Publishers Assn.

Ernest V. Joiner Publisher
Ernie Ceresa Photography and Sports
Ann Toney Office Manager
Marcia Bedorthe Advertising, Features
Phil Strandvold Shop Foreman
Peggy Taylor Operator, Circulation

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$5 per year in Oregon; \$6 elsewhere. Single Copy: 15 cents. Mailed single copy, 25 cents. No subscription accepted for less than one year.

The Gazette-Times assumes no financial responsibility for errors in advertisements. It will, however, reprint without charge or cancel the charge for the portion of an advertisement which is in error if the Gazette-Times is at fault.