

Horse sense



By ERNEST V. JOINER

Portland attorney Phil Lowthian wore a President Nixon mask to a party at the Benson Hotel last week and got arrested for violating a city ordinance prohibiting the wearing of a mask or disguise. The district attorney later declined to prosecute the man, but the ordinance remains on the books. Now, when Halloween arrives in Portland and the trick-or-treat brigade turns up at the door with their false faces, Portlanders can call the cops and have all the little rascals thrown in jail. I don't know how Portland handles the problem of actors in dramatic productions who assume disguises and often wear facial masks to portray their parts. But whoever elects to play the role of Santa Claus in Portland next Christmas could be in for a real shock.

While this comedy was being enacted, the same district attorney was dismissing a prostitution charge against a 78-year-old man, Murray V. Griffith. Griffith was arrested after he was approached by a woman police officer who gave HIM \$50 to engage in sexual activity with her! This clear-cut case of entrapment is the result of a new Oregon law which makes it illegal for a man to accept payment from a woman for sexual hankypanky. I suppose this is one of the gems members of the last legislature are so proud of that they carried on extensive letters-to-the-editor campaigns congratulating each other on the brilliant record of that session that enacted legislation so ridiculous and confusing that it may take 50 years to undo it. A special session had to be called last week to repeal one of its classic blunders, the real estate law that had paralyzed the real estate and construction business in the state. Oregonians will feel the real blow of that legislative session on July 1, when many of the new laws will go into effect.

As a sample of what to expect, there is a news item in this issue of the Gazette-Times that should make you proud of your legislators. Septic tanks no longer come under the Health Division, Department of Human Resources. Instead, people with septic tanks have been delivered into the tender hands of the Department of Environmental Quality—which is something like throwing a heretic into an executive session of the Inquisition. From now on, if you need to repair a septic tank you will pay DEQ a \$15 fee. There will be an inspection, and the equivalent of an environmental impact study, and the usual redtape and expense before you can make the repairs—if DEQ permits you to make them at all. If you want to put in a new septic tank, there is a \$30 heist of your pocketbook, plus the folderol about the environment.

Thanks to the late and enlightened legislature, Morrow County is in for big trouble. We have got to hire a building inspector, a plumbing inspector and an electrical inspector. There doesn't seem to be any of these available in the county. So, in order to comply with the law, we have to import them. Where can you find a qualified inspector in these three categories who will move here for less than \$15,000 a year—each? And once they're here, it will be something like putting them on a pension. There isn't enough construction to keep them busy one-tenth of the time. Maybe they can write memos to each other to while away the time. If Morrow County doesn't hire these inspectors, the state will do it for us and send us the bill.

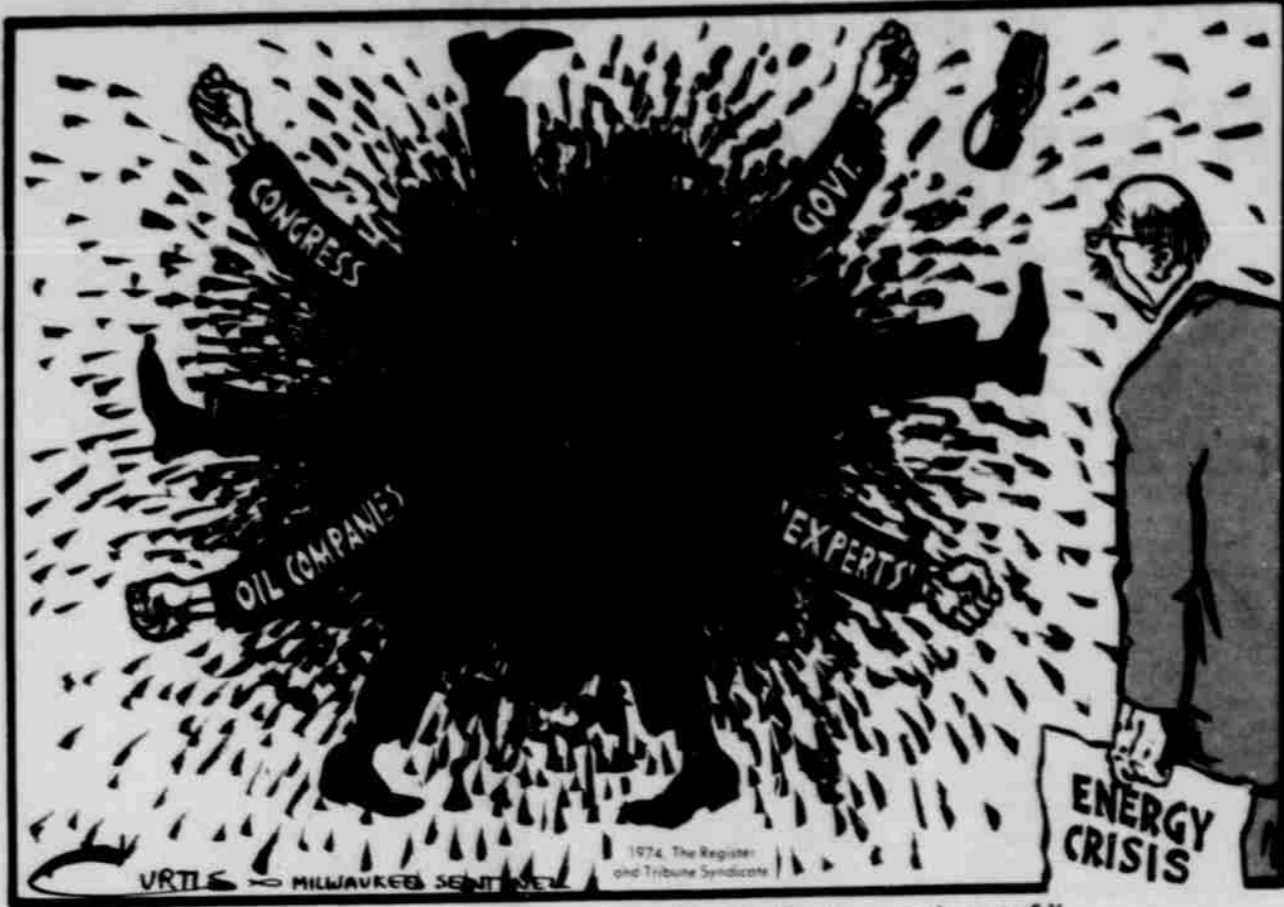
"No man's Life, Liberty or Property are safe while the Legislature is in Session..." (1 Tucker 248, N.Y. Surr. 1866). It's just as true 100 years after that was written.

A surprise accomplishment of the 1973 legislature is its overwhelming approval of a declaration of war against Russia and Japan. In a move that must have amazed even the most ardent ecologist, stunned the Kremlin and rocked the Japanese Diet, the Oregon legislature created a 50-mile zone off her coast in which Russian and Japanese fishing will be prohibited. In international law, this is tantamount to a declaration of war. Gov. McCall, who recognized the unconstitutionality of such a measure, vetoed it. But the legislature has served notice that it has votes to override the veto when the new session opens on Feb. 11. McCall, anticipating the veto, has started recruiting an Oregon Navy and has advertised for a used destroyer to use in blasting Russian and Japanese boats out of our hallowed waters. It makes no difference to the legislature that Oregon has no jurisdiction at sea, and the federal government is only concerned within the 3-mile limit in most cases and to 12 miles in another. From there on out the waters are controlled by international law, which is going to be one hell of a shock to the Salem bill- and buck-passers.

Thus Oregon joins Morrow County in organizing its own Navy. Our own Navy consists of one sea-going vessel bought in 1967 for \$4500 to "patrol the Columbia River" in the interest of marine safety and law enforcement. But it's drydocked in a Heppner garage, 30 miles from the Columbia, and gathering cobwebs. Maybe we can consolidate with Oregon's Imperial Navy and put this mini-destroyer of ours into the hands of the Fighting Legislature led by Commander McCall. I can see it now. Bands playing as the SS Morrow County slips into Willow Creek for its run toward the Columbia. Sheriff John Mollahan at the helm and a volunteer crew of ex-U.S. Navy salts singing "16 Men on a Deadman's Chest" and the spectators damp-eyed as Morrow County's Navy moves out to grapple with Russian and Japanese invaders of our 50-mile limit. The next sound you hear will be Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's teeth dropping.

Not long ago, in a burst of brilliance, I conceived the perfect solution to the problem of irresponsible and idiotic legislators. My plan is simple. Pay our legislators \$100,000 a year each, but on one condition—that they never meet. If as many as three of them ever meet their salaries would terminate. Statistics prove that the people aren't robbed or deprived of their liberties until these legislative clabber-heads get together. So the obvious solution is to see that they never meet. And never meeting to plunder the public, the people can at least enjoy the liberty and property they have left at this point, secure in the knowledge that they won't wake up some morning to find themselves taxed and retaxed, slaved and enslaved. I guess I ought to get the Legion of Honor for that one!

Paul C. Arnold, the Gazette-Time's Colorado editor, has come up with a story about how Congressmen use their time when they have better things to do, like getting Willow Creek Dam built before they argue about it for another 40 years. Barney Ford, according to Arnold, was an escaped Negro slave who went to Breckenridge, Colo., during the Civil War. He took up a mining claim on the hill east of town, which the natives called Nigger Hill. When the civil rights virus and the Up-the-Minority mania swept the country, Congress deliberated at great length about what to do with Nigger Hill, which had, by this time, gone onto the maps and records and into the history books. Finally, they enacted a law abolishing Nigger Hill and expunging the name from all maps and records. The official name is now Barney Ford Mountain. And that, Arnold adds, "is how you make a mountain out of a hill." I don't guess it made any difference to Barney, who had gone to that great Integration in the Sky—but not before he went to Denver, built the first three-story hotel in town, and became a respected citizen and businessman, without help from Congress.



"Isn't there a better way to get to the facts, gentlemen?"

The mail pouch

EDITOR:

I was quietly enjoying a cup of rotgut at the Fern Inn in Guerneville, minding my own business and reading your paper when another masochist sidled up to me and said, "Heppner...where'n'tell is that?" Often wondering about that myself, I mumbled something vague, "North...some place," and pointed in the general direction of up.

I got to thinking about the good PR job you're doing for Heppner, because I surely must be the only one down here crazy enough to subscribe to your paper.

Still, I'm prejudiced in favor of your gutsy writing and I like people who call a spade a spade (I hope the NAACP doesn't picket me for that!) It is refreshing to read of Heppner's little problems instead of the buggers in the White House or the other buggers who set fire to Monte Rio School.

Last week, as you may know, we had floods. The Fern Inn's motel complex was awash and the septic tanks filled with water. There was an enormous explosion in the main house at Fern Inn caused by the ignition of methane gas which escaped from a waterlogged septic tank. I wasn't there at the time, but it blew the plate glass windows in and two kids and the owner out! No one got hurt. The plate glass window was also in the bar...followed shortly by the owner. I have made a suggestion to the proprietor of the restaurant section and it is that she quit serving them damned Mexican beans.

It has been (using the occult language so popular today) "many moons" since you and I took Jack Daniels to lunch at the country club in Sebastopol and if things keep going the way they are, Jack Daniels and I may see a lot more of each other.

Consider this "a letter from home" to offer encouragement to some enterprising soul to construct a road between here and there...wherever you are. The people in Heppner seem mighty fine though, but be sure not to let them know we miss you. They might give you a complimentary plane ticket back.

Things are pretty bad with the economy this year, what with the oil crisis and that. Why, the only thing the young folks are giving to each other is hepatitis.

I ran for the Monte Rio School Board last summer, the way a man runs after a bus...and finds he's on the wrong one. Winning a seat on the board was like winning 10 rounds with Cassius Clay; uh, Muhammed Ali. Anyway—both of 'em! The way EJKERASHUN is today in California, I could pyook...if only I cud spel.

Made no New Year resolutions this year, except to make none. However, I did make a few wishes for our overworked, underpaid people who aren't on government payrolls, junkets or claimed as accessories or dependents. May the lawmakers be duly bound by red tape. May the bureaucrats discover you've "spent it all" before they do. And, may the Good Samaritan who helped you across the street after a night with Jack Daniels and who ran off with your wallet, discover this to be a truly cashless society.

Having kept lions to keep burglars at bay, as well as two coyote-German Shepherd dogs, three peacocks and assorted stray wildlife helping itself to the food available, I have been told many times that I am eccentric. If "being eccentric" means that one gets the most out of life; that one speaks one's mind so that friend and foe alike know where they stand; then yes, I am an eccentric. One needs enemies because they will always point out one's deficiencies and shortcomings in life; but, on the other hand, the friends one has are equally as dependable. So, when I croak, I'll have many good friends, of which you are one.

All the best from Monte Rio.

MIKE ERICKSON, Monte Rio, Ca.

EDITOR:

Enclosed is a check for a one-year subscription to the paper.

I have lots of relatives in Heppner, Kinzua and Lexington, and people I still know after many years away from my home town.

I wish you could find a good news person who would find lots of local news. I know many people who are distant places still like to hear of some of the old timers.

MRS. BLANCHE (GROSHENS) DEMPSEY, Portland.

EDITOR:

Fire destroyed an apartment house in Lakeview last weekend. Friends of the Reish family will be glad to learn that everyone got out safely, but the family lost almost everything.

Ramona was able to save her kitten. Her brother Robert saved her, her cat and dog while Billy was waking two elderly women and getting them to safety. Mrs. Reish was on crutches following recent surgery.

The Reish family used to live here and the children attended Heppner Elementary School a few years ago.

If friends of the family wish to help them, the address is General Delivery, Lakeview, Ore. 97630.

I understand their problem, as we lost our home a few years ago.

ALENA ANDERSON, Heppner.

EDITOR:

An increase in assessed values does not mean the taxes will raise. The property class that will raise in value by 43 per cent is only about 1 per cent of the total property in Morrow County. This is farm land without farm deferral located 10-12 miles south of Boardman running north to the Columbia River.

An increase in taxes is determined by the increase demands of the budgeting districts as well as the values. 1973-74 tax rates were lower partly because the school received \$65,728.34 from revenue sharing which was an offset from the total school budget of \$1,408,422.00, leaving \$1,342,693.66 to be collected from taxes.

It is impossible to determine what the increase in value will be for the 1974 assessment roll. We have a long list of new construction and mobile homes. However, industrial and commercial buildings which are incomplete the first of January can qualify for an exemption under ORS 307.340 if they aren't in use at that time. ORS 310.608 allows a 40 per cent exemption to personal property assessed values of inventory, livestock and farm machinery. This will be approximately \$2,500,000 value loss and will absorb a good share of our anticipated increase.

At this point it is impossible for anyone to say what our total value increase will be. With the laws of the state I would say using our right to vote is the only control we have over tax increases.

JOYCE BERGSTROM, Assessor, Morrow County.

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

The feller that runs the country store has worked out a energy crisis system he calls BYOW.

He explained to the fellers Saturday night that means bring your own wood, and that's what he wants us to do. He said he got the idea from reading in one of the magazines put out by the oil company he does business with.

Since he has a old wood heater in the back of the store, and a oil heater closet to the front where the paying customers are, he said he figgered he was on a "interruptible" oil rate. This means if a customer has two ways of heating, he can be interrupted with one and switch to the other. So far, the store feller said, he ain't been interrupted by the oil people, but he wants to lay by some wood jest in case.

It's strange, Mister Editor, how the shortage of gasoline and heating oil can change your life.

We fellers used to think nothing of getting in our pickups and driving separate to the store. Now we work out a pickup pool, where three or four of us ride together. It's going to be more than strange if it gits to the place we have to walk.

Actual, I look fer some of the old songs to come back. There was one, I recall, about a feller "walking my baby back home."

That ain't had no public understanding amongst young folks fer the past generation. A boy without a car was a boy without a girl. But I see by the papers where the cities that is having no-driving Sundays people are getting out and finding they enjoy walking. It may be that we'll even start talking to one another on the streets. Fer so long we took pedestrian to mean a person going to or from his car and it's hard to think of a feller walking as actual going somewhere.

Ed Doolittle was thinking along the same line Saturday night. He said he had saw where this country was shipping wrecked cars to Hungary, where they use the spare parts to keep their cars going. Ed said that looked like to a good a deal to last. We got paid fer gitting rid of junkyards. Now with gasoline running out, nobody won't need to fix their cars, and there will be a junkyard in every driveway.

Practical speaking, Mister Editor, this country runs on hope. With a public and private debt in the hundreds of trillions, and monthly payments running more than we make, we got to believe in the future.

This is the same human nature that causes a fisherman that gits one nibble to set in the hot sun all day. Even as we hear how bad the shortages are, we git a feeling that everything will work out.

Personal, I was talking to my old lady about the general shortage situation and blaming the politicians. She said I was barking up the wrong tree. She said the politicians are all right, what we need is a better class of consumers.

Yours truly,

MAYOR ROY.



Moslem fanaticism

BY LESTER KINSOLVING

"The Jews are accursed by God through the prophets... They have deviated from the teachings of Moses and have attempted to murder Jesus Christ... They have no connection or right to have any presence in Jerusalem. The Wailing Wall is a structure they weep against; another wall can be built for them to weep against."

These words are not from MEIN KAMPF, or from such aged and virulent Jew-baiters as the Rev. Gerald L.K. Smith or Father Charles Coughlin of Detroit.

They are from a speech made in December and an interview given in November — of 1973 — by King Faisal of Saudi Arabia. The King is known as the "Protector of Islam."

This title was for several centuries a euphemism for the Arab leader who controlled Mecca and Medina — and who could therefore extract fees from religious pilgrims.

Since "The Protector of Islam" still bars all Jews and all Christians from the cities of Mecca and Medina, the world's nearly one billion Christians might do well to contemplate what would happen if this feudalistic Moslem fanatic were to gain control of Islam's third holiest city — Jerusalem.

The world's Christians might also ask why their leaders in the Vatican and the World Council of Churches said nothing when the Arab Legion invaded the Old City of Jerusalem in 1947, destroyed the synagogues and for the next 20 years excluded all Jews from even visiting the Wailing Wall.

Now, when the death ovens of Auschwitz have been cool for less than three decades, the world's Christians should have expected that King Faisal's obscene, neo-Nazi outburst would have evoked so strong a reaction from the Vatican and the World Council as to be page one news throughout the world.

If there was any reaction from either Geneva or Rome — other than ear-splitting silence — it somehow escaped the attention of most of the wire services.

This appalling silence should be encouraging to a wide spectrum of people, including Father Daniel Berrigan — who appears willing to do or say anything just so that he can keep in the headlines.

Last October he addressed an audience of Arabs in Washington and excoriated Israel with such stupendous venom and inaccuracy that fellow liberal Catholic and scholar Michael Novak cited this event as an example of "The New Anti-Semitism" of the far left.

Across the Potomac near the Arlington Cemetery, George L. Pierce, head of a tax-exempt organization called the National Youth Alliance, was busy publishing such periodicals as "Attack!" and "Blackmail!" The latter is a one-sheet contention that the nation's TV networks as well as "the great majority of the 62,000,000 newspapers published in this country every day" are controlled by "Zionists."

Pierce, the former ideological officer for George Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi Party, was following the post-1967-pre-oil-embargo Arab line, which goes like: "We as fellow Semites can hardly be anti-Semitic — We don't hate Jews, we just oppose Zionists."

This verbal weaseling is apparently no longer necessary. For Maj. Gen. Idi Amin ("Big Daddy") Dada, Uganda's progressively maniacal Moslem dictator, has written the Secretary General of the United Nations to say that he appreciates Hitler's attempts to exterminate the Jews.

Still another Moslem firebrand is Libya's Muammer Quaddafi, who is so erratic an extremist that his fellow Arab leaders have reportedly begun to shun him. In his rage at being satirized Quaddafi recently demanded that unless the government of Italy had a Jewish editor in Turin fired, he would break off diplomatic relations. To its everlasting credit, Fiat, the giant automobile manufacturer which owns this editor's paper, has at this writing refused to buckle under to such extortion.

But such extortion may well increase — especially if there is no protest of such immorality and anti-Semitism by the leaders of Christianity.



This is the backbone of Morrow County's Fightin' Navy, 30-foot of sea-going wildcat, all ready to answer Gov. McCall's call for a showdown with Russian and Japanese fishing boats found violating Oregon's new 50-mile offshore limits. The ship lies at anchor in the county road department warehouse at the fairgrounds. (See Horse Sense for details)