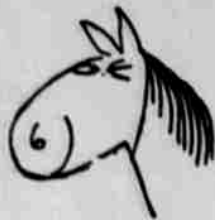


Horse sense

By ERNEST V. JOINER



February is a busy month. Feb. 22 is George Washington's Birthday, which is celebrated Feb. 18 so union members can have a three-day holiday. (Do you realize that if George Washington were alive today, walking around Portland in his powdered wig and white stretch pants, he'd be arrested for impersonating a woman?) Feb. 12 is Abraham Lincoln's Birthday, which, strangely enough, the unions aren't celebrating on Feb. 11 so they can have a three-day holiday. (Do you realize that if Lincoln were alive today he'd be eight score and six years old?) Scottish folk have just celebrated Candlemas on Feb. 2, which coincides with Ground Hog Day. We also have to sandwich into this month FFA Week, Boy Scout Month, Thomas Edison's Birthday, National Frankfurter Week, Annual Book Week, Susan B. Anthony Day and St. Valentine's Day.

Valentine's Day is second only to Christmas in the number of greeting cards sent. It is also second to Christmas in the amount of money spent for gifts, something few retail merchants seem to realize. In London a couple of years ago I visited the Tower of London where the first amorous message, a rhymed love poem, was sent as a valentine by Charles Duc D'Orleans to his wife while he was imprisoned after the battle of Agincourt in 1415. Valentines got popular in America about 1723, and the first commercial valentines appeared about 1800. Like a lot of our modern institutions, Valentine's Day dates back to the pagans. In ancient Rome it was a pastoral holiday in February when the names of young girls were put into a box and drawn out by youths. Whoever got who were partners for the whole year. Then the Christians came along and spoiled the fun by substituting the names of saints for the girls, and the boys who drew the name then had to emulate the pious life of that particular saint. In the 14th Century love triumphed over piety, and St. Valentine's Day was a boy-girl project again.

A lot of people in Eastern Oregon listen to the Jim Eason Show on KGO Radio, San Francisco, to boost their cultural level and expand their knowledge. Of course, he boosts his cultural level and



Beard... with Eason

expands his knowledge by reading the Gazette-Times. This week he took umbrage at a recent Horse Sense quip. "If your 'hair-rising' son reminds you that wearing a beard denotes wisdom and self-esteem, invite him to have a good look at the next goat he meets." "What," Jim bristles by return mail, "did I do wrong to make you so angry? I read your

ravings to my audience... I plug your paper... He enclosed this photo of his bearded self at the mike. Dammit, Jim, I never said a goat doesn't possess wisdom and self-esteem! Will making you an Honorary Commander in Morrow Co.'s Fightin' Amphibian Navy get us off the hook?

In the So-What-Else-Is-New-Department: The U.S. Bureau of Mines is planning a \$2 million experimental plant at Albany, Ore., to make oil and gasoline from wood chips. It is planned to process wood into six barrels of fuel oil a day to be refined into gasoline and other petroleum products. So be kind to Kinzua Corporation. It may be filling your gas tank one of these days. What's not new about this item is that During World War II more than a million automobiles around the world used wood gas to replace gasoline. So what's to research? And what's to research about those experimental windmills for energy production the government is putting up along the Columbia Gorge? As far back as the 1930s the prairies of the Mid- and Southwest were dotted with windmills with electric generators that furnished power for farm and home use. And how's the Oregon research coming along on liquified gas for automobiles, especially in view of the fact that farmers and ranchers in West Texas started using propane and similar liquified gases on their pickups and passenger cars about 40 years ago—and still are? And while environmentalists gathered at the wailing wall over devastation of our forests by greedy timber interests, why is it that there are today more trees growing in the South's 198 million acres of forests than at any time since the 1930s?

A cliché among the young is that when they speak out nobody listens to them. That supposedly, is very bad for everybody. Of course, it could be argued that what the young are speaking out on isn't worth listening to. To accept, and act upon what isn't worth listening to, is to invite disaster. But the young can take heart, for they have a lot of company. God speaks out clearly and forcefully, and the number of earthlings who pay attention are remarkably few. President Nixon speaks out, and you have a fair knowledge of the number of people who pay attention to what he says, Democrat or Republican. History speaks eloquently of the entire human experience, but so few harken to its message even though they admit the valuable lessons of history. I speak out, and you know nobody listens to me! Welcome to the great Fraternity of the Deaf, O you of tender years! You are not alone in that nobody listens to you, or takes you seriously.

Note to relaxed conservationists: To save fuel, don't use your power mower. Call up Euell Gibbons and he'll come over and eat his way across your lawn.



Mr. Magoo to the rescue.

Efficient carburetor is illegal

(ED. NOTE: Pat Michaels used to write feature stories for the Sebastopol (Ca.) Times when I published it. He has blown the lids off government chicanery before. But this, I believe, reveals a criminal conspiracy between government and the oil and automobile industries to bilk the people while depleting energy resources on hand and contributing to air pollution on the other.)

By PAT MICHAELS
Capitol News Service

SACRAMENTO - If the State of California would let you, you could travel to a small machine shop in Torrance which is frequented by race car drivers. There, you could have all your current smog devices removed and a simple \$50 carburetor installed.

As you drove away, you would have a car that meets the 1975 auto emission standards - you wouldn't be producing any smog at all. And, in addition, you'd double,

if not triple, the miles you get from a gallon of gasoline.

The only problem, if you did this, the State of California would most certainly consider you a criminal and would probably fine you severely, if not throw you in jail.

There is nothing wrong with the device. It is not dangerous. It is admitted by the only nine laboratories in the nation which test for smog that it is totally effective. And, it is a lot cheaper than the hang-on devices currently peddled by the auto industry, and required by law.

And, it is a lot less expensive than the huge and cumbersome devices which may cost up to \$1,000 which will be peddled to the public beginning with the 1975 cars, and which, admittedly, do not work very well and will not meet the '75 standards.

This story started with a dispatch by Capitol News Service a few months ago. It told of a University of California at Davis student who entered a national contest among engineering students

to develop a smog-free car. The student, a racing bug, traveled to Torrance and had what is called the "Kendig Variable Venturi Carburetor" installed on his car when he went back to campus.

His ancient full-size Mercury won top honors in the national event for being the closest to a smog-free car. Not only that, the student found he'd not only met the '75 standards, but he'd also increased his mileage - from 12-miles-per-gallon to 30-miles-per-gallon.

However, after winning the contest, the student had to remove the carburetor and reinstall his old gas-eating carburetor and smog devices - his car again polluting the air and gulping gasoline.

Current smog devices remove only a small portion of the smog from the exhaust. And, they are largely responsible for enormous gas consumption.

This reporter traveled to Torrance to find out why the Air Resources Board had banned the carburetor and, in effect, ordered the California Highway Patrol to arrest or cite anyone who was found to have the device on their car. The CHP's position is that the law requires you to have specific smog devices, and if you don't, you will be busted.

And, even though this device may reduce auto emissions and increase mileage, the law, in effect, says you can't have it.

At the small machine shop operated by Pollution Controls Industries, Inc., this reporter witnessed a new Pinto on a test track. It barely used gasoline. Emission meters plugged into the exhaust showed absolutely no reading for auto emissions or NOX emissions (oxides of nitrogen). The car seemed to have exceptional horsepower - which dropped measurably when its normal carburetor and smog devices were turned. And, the needles on the emission meters went wild, then.

The Kendig device was invented by a short, wiry man named Willard Z. Kendig - a guy who's been around cars most of his life. And, he explained, his device is simple. It is so simple it is made of only 105 parts, while the normal carburetor on our vehicles has 318.

Yet, Kendig's device delivers a precise amount of fuel to the engine, he says, has automatic compensation for altitude and eliminates the need for a choke, accelerator pump, multiple circuits, needle valves and jets. And, is never stalls, achieving constant acceleration from idle to full throttle, he says, without hesitation.

When this reporter asked the company's president, Haig Marashian, what other proof he had that his device made cars smog-free, he provided me with a list of the nine laboratories in the country which check cars for smog. They had certified that cars equipped with the Kendig device met the 1975 auto emission standards.

Why, then, can't you buy the device for your car without being considered a criminal in California?

First, the company won't sell you one, because they don't want to be a party to any trouble you might get into. But, more importantly, Marashian believes his device is being "closed out" by what he calls the "big four automobile manufacturers." He hints darkly that the auto industry wants to zap the public the \$300 to \$1,600 the proposed systems will cost.

And, he says, his device "only cost \$1.5 million to develop while the auto industry has spent \$24 million to develop a device that still won't work." He says the auto industry engineers have put a blackout on his device "because we did, for far less money, what they haven't been able to do."

And, until recently, he suggests, the oil industry wasn't too happy about any kind of gas saving device.

These pressures, he feels, keep the laws the way they are and prevent Pollution Controls Industries, Inc., from marketing their device to other than drivers of hot boats or dragstrip cars. And, even they can't buy the device in California because Marashian doesn't want any trouble.

At the machine shop, at the time this reporter was there, was Sam Hanks, the winner of the Indianapolis 500 back in 1957. He knows about cars. "This thing is the greatest device for cars that I've ever seen," he said.



Catholic OK for 'Exorcist'

BY LESTER KINSOLVING

There is happy news for the nation's masochists, voyeurs and sadists - particularly the weird variety that gets their jollies from watching the torture of children.

For that box office smash (\$2 million the first week), "The Exorcist," is to have a sequel. Next month, Hollywood's Capital Productions plans to release "The Sexorcist."

"Variety," which headlined this thrilling news, did not mention any details of "The Sexorcist's" content - the very thought of which boggles the mind. For "The Exorcist" appears to be the picture with everything - including official Catholic approval.

The Division of Film and Broadcasting of the U.S. Catholic Conference has rated "The Exorcist" "A III" - "Morally unobjectionable for adults, with reservations."

In fact, says this organization, which is the successor to the famed Legion of Decency, this film's "special effects, make up, camera work, editing and lighting" constitute "a unique example of film making."

Among special effects noted by the movie critic for "Newsweek" magazine (which is hardly regarded as a conservative periodical):

- 1) The film's 12-year-old devil-possessed girl "Masturbates with a crucifix."
- 2) "She screams the most obscene language ever heard on the screen."
- 3) "Her face and body a ghoulish wreck of blood, pus and welts, she kicks a doctor in the groin and makes lewd overtures to her mother."

Georgetown University, a Jesuit-owned institution which allowed this sado-masochistic spook story to be filmed on its campus, did draw the line at permitting one of its altars to be desecrated. (And since such devilish desecrations are allegedly fatal, this deprived Hollywood of what would have been a special effect indeed.)

Even without such crossing of a new frontier of taste, the faintings, retchings, screamings and nightmares occasioned by this film have been keeping the wire services busy throughout the nation.

The film's producer has announced several believe-it-or-not coincidences which allegedly took place during the filming, and which surely suggest that Old Nick himself was ominously on location.

Even the communications officer for so sophisticated an archdiocese as San Francisco, announced that archdiocesan permission had been given for a priest to drive a number of demons from one of the city's suburbs.

It is unfortunate that there are apparently no such priestly teams available to hold special services for the considerable number of psychotics who are convinced that rather than being possessed by Satan, they are either God or Napoleon Bonaparte. But those under such divine or Napoleonic delusions should soon be outnumbered by those who, through the suggestions of priests and producers, become convinced that they have been occupied by Satan himself.

Fortunately there are some Catholic Priests who have denounced this sick horror story by Georgetown graduate William Peter Blatty. There is Fordham University's Father Raymond Schroder, who describes the book as a "Commercial gimmick-shocker... a piece of Catholic nostalgia of more service to the cause of superstition than to true religion."

One good effect may emerge from "The Exorcist" however, in that it may well be the last time any thinking person ever takes official Catholic censorship seriously. For the very same film and broadcasting division which approves the public filming of a little girl masturbating with a crucifix, has given a C rating ("Condemned") to the films "Magnum Force" and "Class of 44." (A decade ago a condemned rating was given to "The Pawnbroker," while "The Carpetbaggers" was approved.)

Understandably, for neither of these two films had Catholic priests as heroes, nor were they photographed on a Catholic campus, nor did they reinforce Pope Paul's June 1972 announcement that Satan really exists.

The mail pouch

EDITOR:

I have been stationed in Southeast Asia and the Far East for the past four and one half years, but have kept well informed of the happenings in and around Heppner.

My father, being classified as one of the world's worst letter writers, has faithfully each and every year subscribed to the Gazette-Times for me (bless his heart). My mother claims to be in the same category as my father, but she's not. She writes several times a year.

At any rate, the reason for this letter is an article spotted by my keen old eyes in these times of crisis while I was saging though the Pacific Stars and Stripes (the military's answer to the Heppner Gazette-Times).

The High-Rent District...

TOKYO (AP) - A piece of land in Shinjuku, a shopping and amusement center in downtown Tokyo, is the most valuable in Japan for the second consecutive year, with an assessed value of 8,440,000 yen (\$28,133) a tsubo (3.3 square meters), the Tax Administration Agency said Wednesday.

Land in Ginza, Tokyo's "Fifth Avenue," which had led the list of assessed land values until 1972, is assessed at 7,750,000 yen (\$25,833), the agency said.

Incidentally, 3.3 square meters is barely more than 40 square feet! Keep smiling.

SP5 G.L. HICKS,
APO SF 96343.

EDITOR:

May I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere gratitude to the people of Heppner and especially to my cousin, Mrs. Edna Turner, and my aunt, Mrs. Mattie Rood, and the staff at the hospital.

It was a bit of a shock to find I couldn't take a taxi to the hospital, and I am the world's poorest hitchhiker, but when the weather is in the below zero mark, exceptions can be made. I found the kindest of people to take me back and forth to the hospital to visit my relatives.

To all these people and the operators of the Northwestern Motel and Mr. and Mrs. Russel, a big "Thank You. If any of you want to vacation in British Columbia may I in my home give you the same welcome that you gave me?"

MRS. JOCIE DALE,
Maple Ridge, B.C.,
Canada.

COW POKES

By Ace Reid



"Naw, we ain't got gasoline 'er water but if your car can run on cold beer fer fifty miles—there's a nice station there that might fix you up!"

Yours truly,
MAYOR ROY.

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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

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