

Horse sense

By ERNEST V. JOINER



- A reader has invited me to assess the United Nations. OK. In 1950 there were 700 million illiterates in the world, and in 1966 the UN decided something had to be done about it. Education projects were initiated in 15 countries, from Ecuador to Afghanistan. In 1974, eight years later, the UN committee in charge of eradicating illiteracy has issued its report: the number of illiterate adults in the world now number 800 million.

- Every year the nation's do-gooders flex their idealistic muscle to urge the nation's mayors and governors to proclaim United Nations Week and that it be observed in schools, churches and civic organizations, and by newspapers. There is always a plenitude of printed material provided glorifying the high-sounding goals of the organization and its glorious (but exaggerated) accomplishments. Governor Thomson of New Hampshire was requested to proclaim a United Nations Week last year. Instead, he proclaimed a "Truth About United Nations Week" during which he observed that: "It is imperative that the children of today and of the next generation know all the facts surrounding its (UN) shortcomings." He listed some of those shortcomings, which, in other times, might have provoked the American people into toppling the imposing UN building and its preposterous membership into the Hudson River. The most significant accomplishment of the UN, it appears, is far from a healthy one. It has succeeded in placing the tiniest, most impotent and most backward nations on an equal footing with the world powers, thus depriving the world of a strong and influential nation capable of exerting respected leadership. As of now, there is no respected and influential force to stabilize world feeling. Great Britain has departed the world stage, and the U.S., a newcomer as a force in international affairs, has had a brief fling at what Britain endured for 100 years, and quickly tossed the ball to the United Nations. There has never been a day of peace in the world from the day the UN was organized in San Francisco. That should tell us something.

- The editor of the Cashmere Valley Record, Cashmere, Wn., was counting his civic blessings on last week's editorial page. He was speaking of the good life in Cashmere, and how residents seem to just take it for granted. For example, "Perhaps you haven't noticed," he wrote, "but Cashmere doesn't have those nuisances which have blossomed over most of the country, in large and small towns alike. They're called parking meters, and they generate more bad will for a town than would a sulphur plant or a fertilizer factory." On the other hand, Heppner loves them. People drive long distances just to shove money down their endless iron gullets. They support the town's economy, make merchants prosperous and lend a charm to the county seat that endears it to all. Anything that so contributes to the financial and aesthetic quality of our town should be recognized. Therefore, we call upon Mayor Sweeney to proclaim "Parking Meter Week" in Heppner, during which time the meters will accept only quarters; free beer will be served in the saloons, and there will be dancing in the streets.

- In 1968 the federal gun control law went into effect. Since that time criminals have been stealing, according to federal figures, 100,000 guns a year. Just like the National Rifle Association told the government in 1968, that if the law were passed peaceful people would do without guns and criminals would not.

- Those of us who have watched the rise and fall of governments around the world have learned to recognize signs that those in power are in trouble. First, certain constitutional rights are curtailed. Second, guns are outlawed or confiscated. Government leaders know when the people have been pushed too far, and these two moves are always calculated to render the people helpless to turn upon them. There are now more than 60 bills in Congress to outlaw, license, restrict or confiscate guns now in the hands of American citizens. Congressmen have gotten the message, but have the people?

- You heard about the shoot-from-the-hip ecology nut who devised this bumper sticker for his VW: "Eat a beaver, save a tree."

- A Heppner bank official estimates that his bank processes between \$50,000 and \$100,000 worth of local checks a week given for purchase of goods and services outside Heppner. The other bank estimates its depositors spend an equal amount of money outside Heppner each week for needed items. That comes to a minimum of \$100,000 a week spent elsewhere by depositors of the two local banks, and a maximum of \$200,000 a week. Admittedly, a great deal of this money goes for items that cannot be purchased locally. But if the minimum outgo could be cut by 50 per cent it would mean \$2,500,000 additional dollars a year spent locally where it would benefit every citizen. An additional \$2.5 million a year spent here might also be an inducement to businessmen to make a greater effort to capture the extra business through improved stocks, service, competitive pricing and store modernization. The figures also should dispel any notion businessmen may have that Morrow County residents are forced to shop locally because "There's no place else to go." They have found some other place to go. The problem is, how best to win them back home?

- The observation that from \$100,000 to \$200,000 a week of the consumer dollar is being spent outside Heppner is bolstered by a study made by the Morrow County Chamber of Commerce last year in cooperation with the Cooperative Extension Service, Oregon State University. It is disturbing reading. For example, residents on farms and ranches over 30 miles from Heppner (including Spray, Monument, Kimberly, Fossil and Kinzua) hardly patronize Heppner firms: 59 per cent buy no groceries here at all, 58 per cent no hardware, 71 per cent no children's clothing, 72 per cent no automobiles, 67 per cent no heavy appliances. There's much more, including the fact that the Gazette-Times was shown as doing a poor job—a little matter we're struggling to overcome.

- Quoting from the survey: "The percentages do indicate a real potential for business expansion." Right. One way to begin tapping this rich potential is to realize that there is no such thing as a "captive customer." People shop where they find what they want—price, variety, service, courtesy, convenience and surroundings. Few trade in Heppner because they have to. Once that is settled, we can get on with making Heppner a better market place.

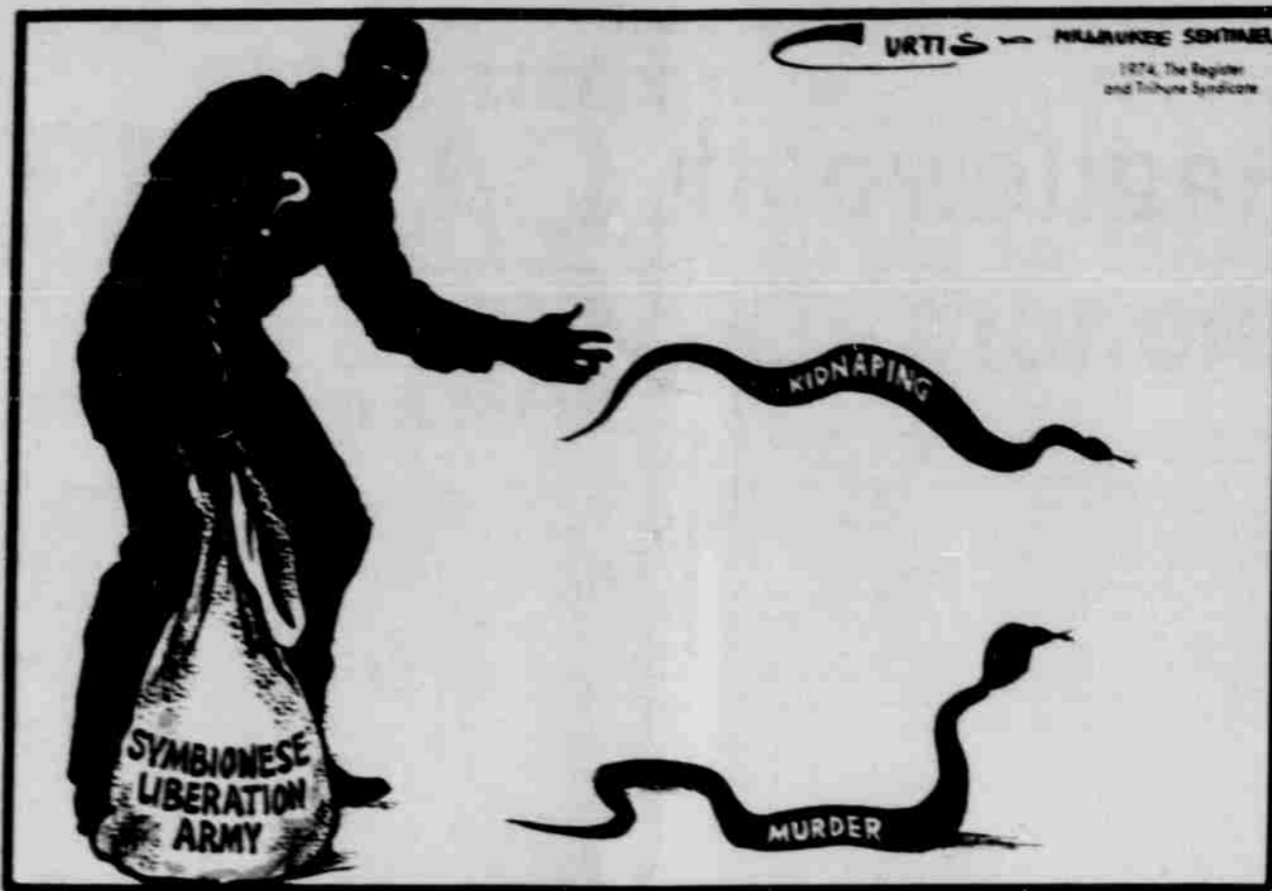
- Women's Lib has accomplished something. We don't hear anything more about the Brotherhood of Man.

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER
Box 227, Heppner, Ore. 97121, Tel. 474-9228

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

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"Ye shall know them by their fruits." — Matthew 7:16

The mail pouch

EDITOR:

Now that I am no longer a resident of that Great and Sovereign State of California, I can tell this story. I couldn't tell it before, because there are still some Native Sons of the Golden West (native born Californians) who have their lynch ropes ready, in case they ever find a member of that "first family."

Steinbeck said we entered the state through the Needles area, but he is wrong. The first family of America's Latter Day Argonauts crossed the California border from Oregon.

We had offered our benevolence to the states of Washington and Oregon, but they fumbled the ball. Therefore our talents were bestowed upon your sister state to the south.

We started out in '28 (some of us couldn't make a living there even before the dust bowl, or perhaps it was by judicial request). We traveled west by northwest. Any one observing this twin jalopy caravan, could tell that we were of the more affluent. We had two mattresses secured to the top of our car. There were also chicken coops tied fore and aft.

That fall we pulled into the Yakima Valley, where we stopped to pick apples. We pitched camp near a group of Indians who had come off the reservation to wuck in the fruit. When Pa saw our red-skinned neighbors he "reckoned as how we'd better not get too close to them Injuns."

His fears were unfounded. When the Indians saw us, they immediately folded up their teepees and went back to the reservation. It was seven years before they ventured into the valley again.

The people of Washington treated us kindly. That winter they closed up their larder and turned on the deep freeze. The pastoral winter scene among the patriots of Yakima Valley was reminiscent of a scene played 150 years previous, in a valley named Forge. But unlike the other valley, the patriots of Yakima never lost a man. In fact, come spring we had gained two leather-lunged recruits, dressed in tri-cornered breeches.

Yes, and come spring we headed south. We found the people of Oregon most obliging. They gave us gas, food, tires, a pat on the back, anything we needed to keep us moving. They moved us right on across the California line.

The Native Sons were down south guarding the Needles sector. We got all the way to the San Joaquin Valley before they discovered we were in the state. (There was no news media in those days). Well, sir, when they found out where we were, they were howlin' mad. We couldn't understand why they didn't like us, so we decided to stick around and find out.

We joined forces with the Afro-Californians and our friends from the south of the border. Then our kin folks from Muskogee, Tulsa, and Ponca City started driftin' in. But the natives were still kickin' up a fuss and trying to get rid of us. That is until the day my uncle Ezekiel and his son Chester crossed the border at Needles. That was the day Sacramento lowered the Golden Bear flag to half staff. Their legislature said, "My God, we had better give up, they may have more like that back there."

That was a long time ago, and here I am back in Oregon. But you good people of Oregon don't have to fret none cause there ain't gonna be no population explosion. My kinfolk they are so integrated now you can't hardly tell them from people.

As for me, well, time takes it's toll, even on oil wells and reproduction glands.

WALT WEBB,
Condon.

EDITOR:

In 1964 I attended a legislative conference in Washington, D.C. I suddenly found myself a minor celebrity of sorts among the 100 conferees — not because of anything I had done, but simply because I was from Oregon.

"How do you manage to elect such wonderful people from Oregon — like Senator Morse and Senator Maureen Neuberger?" they asked.

COW POKES

By Ace Reid



"Maw, you have been so concerned about the fuel shortage I solved it, bought you a new axe and a load of wood!"

"Oh, it's not hard," I replied. "They are such capable people that Oregonians just naturally recognize their outstanding qualities."

I remember when Morse and Neuberger stood together (and alone among all senators) in a filibuster against our government's giving away Telesat to ITT — the same ITT that has won for its monopolistic self so many favors and special privileges direct from the public treasury.

Do you remember when Morse single-handedly began to lecture and inveigh against our getting involved in a war in Indo-China? People did not understand the implications of this matter at the time — but how right his judgments proved to be!

People of integrity and vision and deep understanding are too rare in Washington today. So, if Wayne Morse decides to run for his old seat in the senate, I shall wholeheartedly work for his election with all the resources at my command.

If there is anything our government needs today, it is integrity and clear thinking. With these qualities Morse is richly blessed — in the same way that Irving Brant, Justice William O. Douglas and Archibald Cox are. We need their counsel, their advice, their rare sagacity.

DOROTHY LEEPER,
Concord, Mass.

EDITOR:

How many generous Christian people of sharing compassion realize that \$60 million a day is given to charities? Americans are setting an all-time record for generosity—and gullibility.

If you are interested in distinguishing the worthy cause from the unworthy, please read page 82 in the February issue of Reader's Digest, "Charities." According to it, war-defense is the biggest item in the U.S. budget. Research is second in line for pork barrel handouts. Our government puts out millions of our tax dollars to perform repeat research, for the sake of researching research. If so, why does the public feel it must pour more of its dollars into every "gimmie" gimmick that comes along? Each month people are burdened with two or three types of seals, stamps, gadgets, etc., sent by mail requesting aid for this or that. Then the "can" gimmick pops up at all times of the year to prey on conscientious Christians who feel they must share with their less fortunate brothers.

Another use tax money is put to is in the area of animal torture. Few realize that research careers in animal torture is growing. The latest big push is a Congressional bill to use zoo animals as laboratory tools. If SB 2774 is enacted another cruel agency in the executive branch will deliver zoo animals to researchers for use as laboratory experimental animals. If you feel zoo animals should not be added to the number of helpless animals already used in laboratories, write and urge Sen. Howard W. Cannon, chairman, Committee on Rules and Administration, to kill the bill in committee. If it comes out of committee, ask that he vote against it. Also write your own Congressman and Senators in Washington.

LOIS WINCHESTER,
Heppner.



Glenn Morrison is the newest member to the Gazette-Times staff. Morrison is a 1973 graduate of BMCC and was employed at the North Coast Times Eagle in Wheeler, Ore., before coming to Heppner.

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

It's hard to realize that for more than two months three fellers got away from it all and took a real long look at this old world.

They set out there in space and jest went round and round. Them record space travelers weren't even here for the Super Bowl, but they probable will git to see a TV rerun in the summer.

Serious, Mister Editor, the fellers at the country store was talking Saturday night about the time we live in. Most of the fellers was alive when the Wright Brothers first left the ground in a airplane, and they never cease to be amazed at flying in space in the same lifetimes. And changes jest as big has come about in everthing we do.

For instant, Bug Hookum was talking Saturday night about these vacation resorts for dogs and cats. He said he saw by the paper where folks are paying up to \$8 a day to send their pets to these places that give em breakfast in bed, stereo music, parties and maid service.

Bug said the American Pet Motels is a national chain, and it shows we has come a long ways since the days we thought our dog was living good if he had a dry spot under the house and a few leftover biscuits thrown to him onct a day. Now a beap of folks would love to be living their dog's life.

Clem Webster recalled not many years back when cigarettes was recommended by doctors and baseball players. Now, allowed Clem, these same people are telling us to walk a mile, not fer a Camel, but fer a breath of clean air. It's hard to realize, said Clem, that soda pop that now is fer fun was a medicine not long back, and that nobody nowadays tells you to put tobacco juice on bee stings.

What was good fer us is bad, and they ain't much around now that's legal, low in pollyasaturates and otherwise healthy that was even thought of a generation ago, was Clem's words.

What thought Clem of cigarettes was this offer he saw a St. Louis printing plant has made. They are giving a \$500 bonus to workers that quit smoking fer two months, but the folks have to pay the money back if they start agin in a year. Clem figured if the company charges interest on the money, they got a good thing going.

More folks than ever is smoking, Clem said, and more is quitting, which means a lot of em is quitting more than onct.

When the astronauts got back from space they must of been surprised to learn that whisky now is good fer us. According to this piece Zeke Grubb reported to the fellers on, a study at a Illinois University shows that drunks stand the cold better than sober folks, the item didn't say if the feller that wrote the report was ready fer the cold.

Final, Zeke said, it ain't enuff that booze gits a new image, he has saw where snuff dipping is making a comeback amongst school younguns that quit smoking.

Yours truly,

MAYOR ROY



Compulsory celibacy

BY LESTER KINSOLVING

WASHINGTON — His rise in the Roman Catholic hierarchy had been phenomenal: First he was secretary to Bishop Floyd Begin in the California Diocese of Oakland, then Vice Chancellor of the Diocese; then Pastor of St. Francis de Sales Cathedral — all when he was hardly 30.

Joseph Skillen was still wearing a black shirt when I met him in late December in the office of Congressman Jerome Waldie (D. Calif.), where he now works. But the shirt was no longer the vesture of a Monsignor, as he was also wearing a red necktie.

On his desk was a photograph of a notably attractive brunette, his wife Penny, also from Oakland.

In Rome, presumably, is Skillen's application for laicization (reduction from the priestly to the lay order) about which he remarked, "These things seem to take longer these days."

Meanwhile, though he remains a priest, he is excommunicated for having married.

"Well, I certainly don't feel any the less a member of the Church," he remarked when asked about the excommunication, "and we continue to go to Mass." He said it wistfully, expressing his gratitude that from Bishop Begin, and his priestly colleagues in Oakland, there has been nothing on the order of a nasty reaction.

"He (Bishop Begin) looked disappointed," he explained, "but he was gracious."

In Manhattan, the Archdiocese of New York recently launched a \$100,000 advertising campaign in an attempt to recruit candidates for the priesthood. From Kentucky, Jason Petosa replied in writing:

"I know a priest here they could have for only an eight cent stamp. He's orthodox, relatively hard working, and anxious to be of service. The only thing they might find unacceptable is my wife."

Yet the Vatican has long accepted the wives a Catholic priests of such Eastern Rite bodies as the Melkites, and is engaged in a growing rapprochement with the Episcopalians (Anglicans) whose priests are allowed to marry.

Some observers are theorizing that the obstinate insistence upon compulsory celibacy is due to economics. For it is less expensive to feed and house bachelors than couples and children (lots of them) due to the contraceptive ban. There is also speculation that celibacy is a device whereby Curia conservatives are driving record numbers of liberal priests out of the Church.

If this is the case, the price is heavy in that the loss of good priests like Skillen is serious. There is also the continuing and possible increasing occasion for scandal, as the conservatives are dragged further into the 20th century.

Recently, for example, Father Eugene Kennedy in a serious psychological study cited cases of priestly dating, and even rarer occasions of priestly concubinage.

This was promptly seized upon by "Newsweek" magazine as a sort of literary baptism for a torrid, five-page expose of "thousands of U.S. Catholic priests," whom the titillating article described as caught up in a virtual national epidemic of ecclesiastical fornication.

Father Kennedy promptly and emphatically disassociated himself from the article, which was subsequently cited by the "National Catholic Register" as evidence that "No publication in the country more consistently distorts the facts about things Catholic than 'Newsweek'."

At the same time, the loss of even one good priest might be regarded as tragic enough to change the 12th century celibacy regulation, which apparently was never applied in the case of the 12 Apostles. (First Corinthians, Chapter 9, Verse 3)



In Holland, stale bread was at one time placed in babies' cradles to ward off diseases. This didn't work if the baby ate the bread!