

Horse sense

By ERNEST V. JOINER

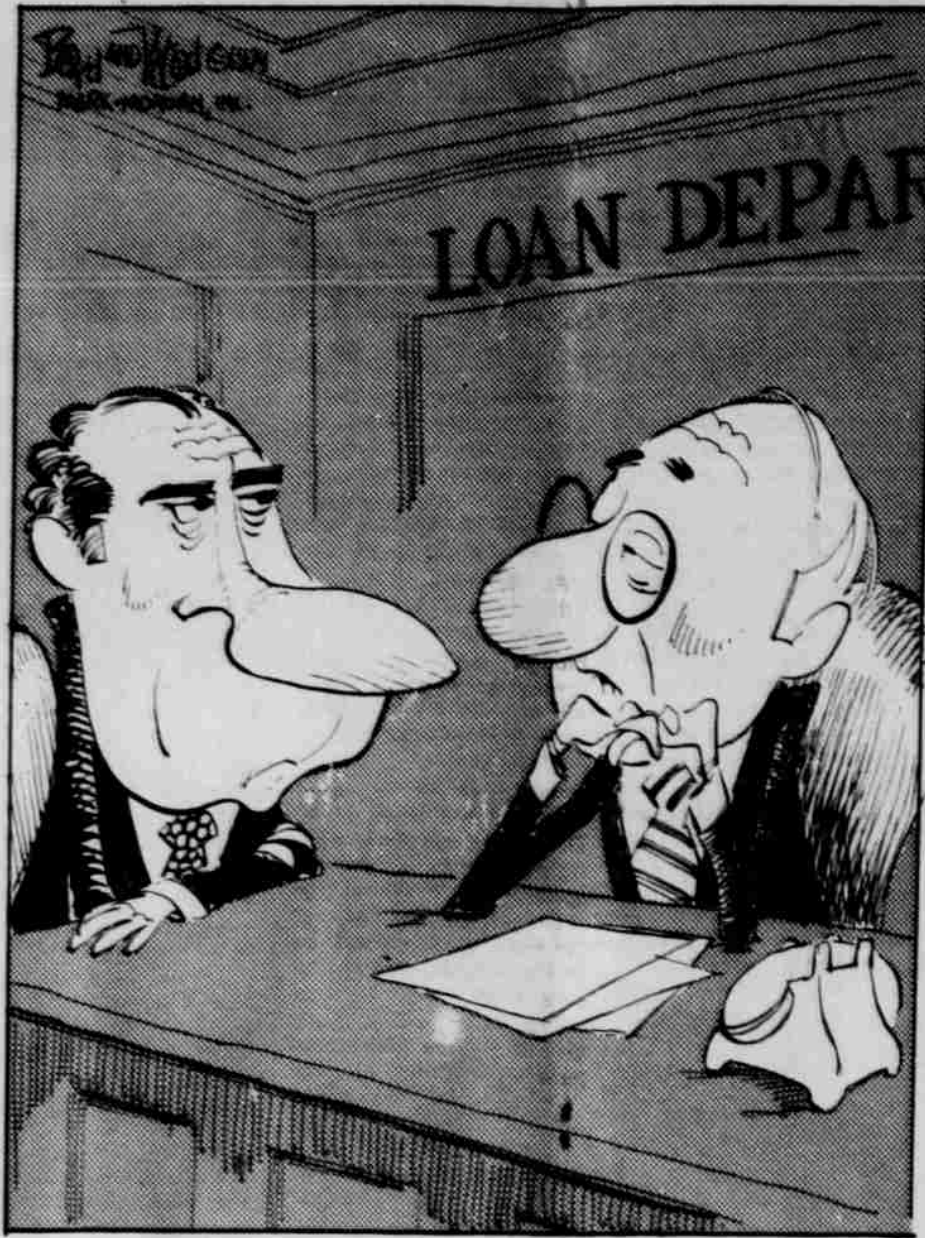


Last week we published a letter from a California reader in which he invited this newspaper to follow the example of the San Francisco Examiner and cancel the weekly religious column written by the Rev. Lester Kinsolving, an ordained Episcopal priest turned religious writer. First, we don't follow the Examiner's example in anything, much less in the selection of editorial writers. The fact that Mr. Kinsolving is charged with being a "minor gadfly" is precisely why we publish his column in the first place. Society owes a great deal to its gadflies. Upton Sinclair was a gadfly. Jack Anderson (who I like) is a gadfly. Ralph Nader (who I do not like) is a gadfly. But they all serve a great purpose in getting the truth to the American people that would not result if reporting were entrusted to "established journalism." Gadflies question, probe, dig, sift, sort, verify and analyze—all the things straight reporters ought to do but don't. They keep people in politics, business, commerce, religion, education and sports comparatively honest. They therefore need to be fed, tolerated, encouraged and even admired. Our reader stated that Mr. Kinsolving has destroyed the reputations of a lot of innocent people. He was not specific in this charge, and cited no instances. But I have the feeling that the clergy has its share of vice and corruption, just as does any organization with millions of dollars entrusted to its care. Organized religion is big business. It handles billions of dollars worth of property and hundreds of millions in cash. The pension fund a major denomination may run into hundreds of millions of dollars. That's a lot of temptation for those in charge of its management and investment. That kind of money brings out whatever larceny lurks in the human soul, none of which is strangled by a clerical collar. Gentlemen of the cloth are human beings first. It is our gadflies that keep them reasonably honest, too, for power and wealth tends to erode and corrupt otherwise moral men. So the fact that Mr. Kinsolving is a gadfly is poor excuse for dismissing him. Whether he deserves being dismissed for ruining reputations of "innocent people" depends on just how innocent those people are, or were. I doubt anybody wants to dismiss the Watergate hearings just because some innocent people have been hurt. When the time comes when Mr. Kinsolving's columns emphasize rhetoric, pure literary style and approval of the clerical establishment instead of writing the behind-the-scenes story and reporting it without regard to whom it may affront or injure, we shall fire him as a columnist.

If Roice Fullerton plans on having any dental work done within the near future he is advised to get it done out of town, because Dr. Harold Huber is looking for him with buzzing drills at the ready. Last week Roice's new pickup and camper was parked across the street from Dr. Huber's tooth laboratory. The dentist observed this fine new rig, and left the patients he was attending long enough to cross the street and get into the camper and inspect the marvel. Just as Dr. Huber was inside and admiring the camper, Roice comes out of his Chevrolet garage, climbs in the pickup and drives off leaving Heppner's finest and onliest dentist pounding on the door, beating the walls and screaming just like one of his patients. Roice had the radio up high and didn't hear the batterings and pleas from inside the camper (or so he said, probably to avoid being killed by one of the maddest dentists this side of the Mississippi). After about 10 minutes of aimless driving Roice stopped and Dr. Huber seized his chance to escape. A few minutes later Dr. Huber was back attending to his patients, all of whom still had their mouths open. It's a good thing for all of them that Roice wasn't headed for California.

Over at Hermiston last week a student got expelled from school for streaking. While the student must have known the penalty for getting caught, the punishment seems a bit drastic considering that our more hirsute psychologists are busily informing the ignorant American masses that streaking is healthy and desirable. For myself, I rather fancy the practice. But I doubt if it is the unfettered spiritual freedom it purports to be. It must have its drawbacks; for example, wouldn't a streaker have deep-seated fears about being tailgated? I never thought I'd see the day when both men and women wore the same one-button suits, and that women would look so much better in (or out of) them than the men. If this thing continues it will certainly provide the answer to that age-old query, "What's he got that I haven't got?" In Denver, a girl streaker who got snared by the police complained that she was thrown into a cell, nude, while the cops paraded by to check her measurements from time to time. That confuses me, for I thought that was the object of the game, or am I missing the deeper meaning of streaking? In Sebastopol, Ca., some irreverent kid streaked the First Baptist Church at the high point of last Sunday morning's service. "But," the excited minister later told reporters, "we caught him by the organ!"

As sure as the glad Easter season rides in on springtime breezes, as certain as sap rises and buds burst in the warm sun, so comes the perennial summons from Washington that adherents of the Willow Creek Dam project smear themselves with dung and ashes and lie unto the Abomination-by-the-Potomac, there to give testimony in behalf of dear old Willow Creek. April 25 is the appointed day when harried Heppner citizens are asked to expend some \$500 each for the pilgrimage, and there, for the 99th time, to plead with government bureaucrats to give us what all of them have already said we need and deserve—a small dam, for our lives' sake. If the Lord were in the dam business it would be proper to pray in silence at home and save the money. But since it is our "public servants" from whom this bounty must flow, it is required that the ritualistic pilgrimage be made, that our delegated pilgrims genuflect toward the prevailing political wind, be contrite, humble and meek enough to inherit a dam. The Washington knotheads have decreed that the project needs more "citizen input." Our citizens have already "input," and mightily. For 40 years they have put out the "input." Every county and city organization of consequence has inputted pleas for the dam. No organization has done otherwise. Our most influential citizens have made the trek to mecca before, and for the same reason. There they have commingled their tears with those of our senators and congressmen in supplication for the dam. There have been years of testimony, studies, endorsements, polls and reasoned thought favoring the dam. We have been rewarded with lies, false starts, forked tongues, black hearts and hot air from our senators, our congressman and our Corps of Engineers. It has come to the point where the only way we can gain our self-respect is to tell one and all the aforementioned gasbags to take their dam and stuff it. We can now take out \$20 million flood and disaster insurance on our homes and businesses cheaper than we can make the annual trail ride to Washington—and let the damned government pay us the \$20 million at flood time that wouldn't have cost it but \$10 million if the dam had been built. That's the kind of reasoning the government can appreciate.



"\$450,000 Is A Lot Of Money To Borrow. How's Your Job Security?"

The mail pouch

EDITOR:

Morrow County CowBelles would like to express their appreciation for your wonderful cooperation in publicizing the Beef-A-Rama.

Thanks to your front page picture story and the excellent advertising throughout the Gazette-Times, more than 200 attended the event. We really appreciate your help in promoting the beef industry.

CLAUDIA HUGHES, Secy.-Treas., Morrow County CowBelles.

EDITOR:

There seems to be a misunderstanding and I would like to clear the records as to who invented the so-called "Dirty Trick Bag."

At present, the vast majority both here and around the world seems to think that Mr. Nixon was the inventor. That's not true at all, but this I will say, he's a Technician First Class as an operator of this "kit."

The true inventors of the "Dirty Trick Bag" was the Chamber of Commerce. It was first used about 200 years ago when the Chamber of Commerce took taxation from the rich and pushed it down the necks of the poor, and to this day most of the people in the world as well as the United States cannot figure out why the rich don't have to pay taxes. That is why, if you doubt my word, and if you care to, you may dig down through the pile of millions and millions of laws and you will find it on the bottom.

Now I don't know whether the Chamber of Commerce sells these "kits" or leases them to operations like the IRS, FHA, AF of L, CIO, CIA, city hall, county commissions, state governments and bureaucrats; and of course, uncle and his boys, and let's not forget the Veterans Affairs. But whether they sell or lease these "kits" I would like to say that the Chamber of Commerce must have a very enterprising project for the profits most certainly go into the billions of dollars, because there must be thousands of these "kits" in use, not only in the United States but Russia and other parts of the world, like Vietnam, Korea, and Chile.

So in closing, I feel the Chamber of Commerce should get the credit where credit is due. They invented the "Dirty Trick Bag Kit," and I'm paying more than my share of taxes.

OTTO H. JORGENSEN JR., Scappoose.

Flood . . .

(Continue from Page 1)

The group, The flood season for the Heppner area is the month of May. The group felt that in regards to setting up the warning system, "the sooner the better."

The Morrow County Court has been requested to send a letter to the Defense Civil Preparedness Agency telling of the urgent need for the system. The agency will be working with local groups to establish and install the systems.

Heppner will serve as the first installation of such systems. According to Dave Bauman, Heppner was first chosen to initiate these flood warning system programs because it was a "prime site" due to its past history.

Mrs. Venice Hendericks accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Dale Chick to Eugene to visit his parents.



"Maybe we'd better wait... I've got the hiccups!"

Alcohol seminar here April 15

The growing use of alcohol by all ages in society is a growing problem. Alcoholism has affected more than nine million people in America. It is considered to be the second largest disease nationally.

The people of Morrow County are not isolated from these problems, and because of this the Morrow County Extension Service is sponsoring a special public program, "Alcohol, Everybody's Business." The program is scheduled for

Monday, April 15, beginning with coffee at 1:30 p.m. in the Methodist Church basement in Heppner. The program will begin at 2 p.m.

A panel of three will present the program: Dick Takei, alcohol co-ordinator for the Eastern Oregon Mental Health Center; David Mitchum, Mental Health Director for Morrow County; and Pastor Mark Johnson, chairman of the Morrow County Alcohol Committee. Pastor

Johnson has had experience as a counselor in the Hazelton Alcohol and Treatment Center in Centerville, Minn.

Birdine Tullis of the County Extension Office, sponsoring the program, said this is not a "preaching session" telling people not to drink. Rather, it will identify problems surrounding excessive drinking and discuss ways of handling these problems. There will be an opportunity for those attending to ask questions, she said.

Mrs. Tullis said each extension study group should send at least two leader-teachers to the session if their members can not attend en masse. Because alcoholism is a difficult subject to deal with, she said, the panel of experts method is being tried. "Whether this method of presentation will be tried again will depend on the response of the public."

The public is invited to attend this meeting.

the SOVEREIGN STATE of AFFAIRS



BOYD and WOOD



Amazing Bishop Gooden

BY LESTER KINSOLVING

LOS ANGELES - He is very possibly the oldest bishop in the world - and, unquestionably, one of the mos irrepresible.

The Rt. Rev. Robert B. Gooden, who will celebrate his 100th birthday this year, continues his frantic pace by tearing all over Southern California to preach, confirm, counsel baptize, marry and bury the flock.

Officially, this diminutive dynamo is the retired Suffragan (assistant) Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Los Angeles. He can be no means be described as retiring, however as authorities of one hospital discovered when he smuggled himself out in the front seat of an ambulance, after convincing the driver that he had fully recovered.

In actuality he is living proof that (1) a Christian need never retire from good works, and (2) the Senior Citizenry ought never to be underestimated.

They were underestimated four years ago. A group of way, way out young social activists entrenched themselves in the diocesan power structure and attempted to run over Bishop Gooden.

It was at a time in which the property of much of organized religion had become a tempting target for hungry hierarchs whose treasuries had been depleted through wild and wooly social engineering.

The way outs in the Los Angeles diocese concocted a real estate deal with the giant Boston firm of Cabot, Cabot and Forbes, a golden goose proposal to sell the land under St. Paul's Cathedral for a giant high rise.

The Cathedral, an attractive Spanish style edifice, nestled among hotels and office buildings downtown, was "seriously damaged" by the San Fernando earthquake - they claimed.

Not only were there observers who strongly disputed that the damage was serious, but the schemers soon learned that the generally smiling Bishop Gooden had gotten wind of their plan - and was no longer smiling.

So they cleverly arranged to cut him off speechless at the Diocesan Convention - which proved to be a disastrous blunder.

For the widely beloved Bishop's announcement that he had bee "suppressed" caused headlines all over Southern California - right along with his trenchant observation that income from the sale of St. Paul's "would be frittered away, and we would have neither money nor property . . . To tear down a House of God in the city for money would be wicked!"

When the Bishop helped organize "The Citizens Committee to Save St. Paul's," the schemers made their second major error. One of them described this organization as "a small dissident group."

Yet, when the wreckers were preparing to level the Cathedral, and the social engineers had all but spent the resultant income in advance, they learned to their horror, that their profitable demolition had been stopped in its tracks.

It seems that Bishop Gooden, and his elfin band of "small dissidents" had gotten to the City of Los Angeles' Municipal Arts Commission. This official agency obligingly proclaimed St. Paul's a "Cultural Historical Monument," which cannot be touched, much less demolished.

There are many bishops in history who have built cathedrals. But how many - as they approached their own centennial year - have saved one?

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

They say that discussion is light without heat and argument is heat without light, and I've heard it said that discussion is an exchange of ideas, while argument is a exchange of ignorance. Mister Editor, I ain't figured out complete what Saturday night's session at the country store was, unless it was a exchange of some well-lit ignorance.

Fer instand, there was Bug Hookum recalling the days when skinny dipping was the only way to swim. Bug said he was born about two generations to soon. In them days, segregation was the rule and swimming was the reason. Now, naked running is co-ed, and the only reason Bug said he has heard is to be looked at. Bug said he was of a mind that the best reason fer all this running around naked is to show that we don't have to have a reason fer everthing.

Zeke Grubb was quick to swap that piece of ignorance fer a report in your newspaper about where the Environmental Protection Agency found that burping cows is polluting the air. The EPA said the cows in this country burp 50 million tons of hydrocarbons into the air ever year, and that 10 cows burp enuff gas ever year to heat a small house. Now that's the kind of information we turn to Washington fer, Zeke allowed. If you can figger out a reason fer it, you're either a cow or you work fer the Government, was Zeke's words.

Actual, Mister Editor, the fellers spent practical all the session coming up with reports that sounded a heap like swapping ignorance. It was like a question and anser program without the anwers. Most of the talk was like them cows burping in the atmosphere. They was a lot of hot air and not much to do about it. Like when Josh Clodhopper said he had heard where a scientist has figgered out how to tell what a chicken is saying when it cackles. Josh said he reckoned the best way would be to be another chicken, and he wondered along these lines if it takes a politician these days to figger what a politician is saying when he cackles.

Josh said if the EPA could measure the cackles of a Congressman on a swing through his district this spring, they'd find he was burping enuff gas to run his car from town to town, special if he's a Republican trying to run on his record out of one side of his mouth, deny all association with the Nixon Administration out of the other, and in between try to convince us he's working on Willow Creek Dam.

Clem Webster broke in to say he was feeling out of sorts on account of this being the month most folks have to send in their income tax. Clem said he keeps thinking of how much better President Nixon is at filling out his 1040 than he is at working a yo-yo at the Grand Ol Opry like he saw him trying to do on TV during his swing around the country last month to let folks see he is just a regular feller. Clem said Nixon's yo-yoing reminded him more of the presidential statements on Watergate.

Yours truly, MAYOR ROY.

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