

Horse sense

By ERNEST V. JOINER

There was an interesting court case here last week. It involved John Weller, 20, of Lafayette, Ca., who was arrested in May at Irignon for possession of marijuana and amphetamines, the latter classified as a dangerous drug. Freed on \$150 bond and indicted by a Morrow County grand jury, he was to have been arraigned July 17 and enter a plea. However, without a formal hearing, Weller, a junior at OSU and a business administration major, was smart enough to circumvent prosecution by suddenly entering a plea of guilty. Judge Henry Kay promptly fined him \$50 on the marijuana charge and \$250 on the amphetamines one. The interesting point is that the maximum fine for marijuana is \$100 and the maximum for amphetamines is 10 years in prison and/or \$2500 fine. This appears a very lenient approach to putting drug abusers out of business. All Weller had invested in this case was a \$150 bond. He didn't even have an attorney's fee to pay. If a hearing had been held, and it had been determined that the man's character and circumstances warranted such lenient punishment, there could be no criticism. But as it is we have no way of knowing that Weller was entitled to special consideration. All of which is a very poor way of discouraging people from involving themselves in drugs. The fines assessed cannot even cover expenses involved in the young man's apprehension, which involves time and work by the State Police; cost of assembling the grand jury, the mountain of paper work and the district attorney's salary. So we lose money on the deal and we also lose another round in ending the drug business.

I don't know why a couple of items in the Gazette-Times should kick up a storm in Texas, but it has. My old banker friend Charles Spear of Sherman, Tex., has taken off his fair share of my hide for stating in this column that the poor people in the United States are the richest poor people in the world. "You ignore," he writes, "that 5 per cent of the families control 95 per cent of the wealth producing resources; that 75 per cent of the people are the great silent majority; and that 20 per cent of the individuals live on 5 per cent of individual income." And then he really warms up. "There are 25 million old and poor, sick and disabled living in families that have to spend 50 per cent of income on food, and half the cat and dog food sold for human consumption." All of which may be true, and none of which I ignore. But granting the truth of his statement, poor Americans are still the richest poor people in the world. The poor are much worse off in any other land, which makes my thesis sound. Yes, 5 per cent of U.S. families control 95 per cent of the wealth, but more of that wealth dribbles down to the poor than in the other nations of the world. Is there another country where 5 per cent of the people do not control 95 per cent of the wealth? This doesn't make the U.S. situation right by any means, but it makes us better by comparison.

Then Charles shouts at me for not supporting gun control legislation, asking: "Most big city police chiefs want gun control—why in the hell don't you?" That's simple. I don't support gun control because gun control is impossible. Come up with a formula for abolishing guns and I'll vote for it. Find a way to keep guns out of the hands of criminals, and I'll support that. But don't anybody kid me that "passing a law" is going to do anything but disarm honest men and make honest men better prey for the criminal. If laws stopped criminals, there wouldn't be any criminals would there? So don't give us another law to play with like the ill-fated Volstead Act. As long as guns can be smuggled into this country and bootlegged, and as long as guns can be made with a piece of lead pipe in a home workshop, there will be guns—and they will be always found in the wrong hands. One might as well pass a law against poverty as passing one against gun ownership. One makes as much sense as the others.

A couple of years ago I was in the Vatican's gift shop in Rome to buy a ceramic painting, and the salesgirl told me that for an added \$5 I could get the art object blessed by the Pope. It seems strange to me. I told the girl, that everything offered for sale in the church's gift shop hadn't already been blessed by the Pope. If this shop, and everything in it, is operating without the blessing of the Pope (I said, warming up to my subject) then I don't see why I or anyone else should bother to patronize the place. After all, all the Pope would have to do is to stroll through the place one time and bless everything in it "in perpetuity" and have an end of the business. Then the merchandise could be advertised as having been pre-blessed, and whatever the cost of the blessing could be included in the retail purchase price of the goods. By this time the salesgirl was confused and embarrassed and quite willing to wrap my picture and be rid of me. But the "pre-blessing" idea kept nagging at me. It still does.

I think the idea for pre-blessed food began with some salty Texas newspaper editor who had spent half a lifetime standing with bowed head and pinched stomach at public banquets while some personage offered rambling and interminable paeans of thanksgiving for the food that was getting cold on the table. The task of directing divine approval to food usually goes to some frustrated thespian with a fine vocabulary and stentorian delivery. By the time this fellow has called down blessings on everybody from the farmer who grew it, the volunteers who served it and the purposes to which it is to be put, we are apt to forget why we were there in the first place. Time, you have heard, is valuable. It is, in the final analysis, just about all we have. Therefore, its conservation is just as necessary to us as is the conservation of our forests, streams and air.

Who will be the first processor to package pre-blessed foods? Fortunes have been made in putting pre-cooked foods in attractive packages because it saves time and trouble. So would pre-blessed food. By buying pre-blessed food at the supermarkets the sacrament of asking the blessing at meal time could be ended without endangering our salvation. It would cut drastically the time spent at banquets and public gatherings. It would also eliminate the possibility of getting a shoddy, immature or inadequate blessing at the table, because these pre-blessings would be prepared and given by the best blessers in the land, who would be present during the manufacturing process at the factories—like those inspectors from the Food Division of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. As a nation of time-savers, people are always coming up with new ways to save time at their jobs in order to extend their leisure hours. Just think, by eliminating tedious dedications of food to a host of high purposes, perhaps a full year of a man's life could be rescued for investment in more fruitful pursuits, like having more time to spend in the bars, on the golf links, or just listening to exhortations of our political saviors. Of course, pre-blessed food will cost a little more. But you don't expect to be blessed for nothing, do you?

You can get your brains knocked out for yelling "Hey, boy!" at a colored fellow these days. But it's okay to yell, "Hey, man." Which goes to prove that we're growing up.



Sailing vessels on the Columbia River

Wind and schooner-rigged barges once moved all of Eastern Oregon's freight up the Columbia River. The birth of the steamship was to signal the end of the reliance on the Gorge winds but the river refused to give in easily. The Venture was the first steamship and she was built at Cascade in 1853 by R.R. Thompson and Lawrence W. Coe. They intended to drag her over the Dalles-Celilo Portage with the use of timbers as rollers. Sure enough they somehow pulled her over the portage and into the water on the other side but for some unexplained reason the crew cast-off her lines before she had up a full head of steam. The current caught the strug-

gling craft and sent her crashing back over the falls. Not to be discouraged by one failure, Thompson and Coe immediately began building, at the mouth of the Deschutes River, a 110-foot steamer, the Colonel Wright. Launched Oct. 24, 1858 the Colonel Wright became the first steamship to navigate the Columbia above the Dalles. Captain Len White signed on as commander for the staggering sum of \$500 per month. Captain White had also been the first to navigate the Willamette from Albany to Harrisburg and finally all the way to Eugene. There was a fortune to be made in those years. Tons of freight were shipped at the

going rate of \$80 per ton. One storekeeper figured that by the time a miner's shovel got as far as Idaho the freight charges amounted to over a dollar each. Passengers stood in line to board the three weekly trips. From 1861 to 1864 more than 100,000 passengers paid the \$60 fare for the 30-hour trip from Portland to Lewiston, Idaho. And if they wanted a bed or a meal they paid a dollar extra. Captain White resigned as commander after his salary was reduced and the fearless Thomas Stump took over. For the next 20 years Captain Stump made the run from Celilo up the Columbia. Having tamed the Columbia the Colonel Wright and Cap-

tain Stump were sent on a similar mission up the Snake River. After struggling upstream through the Snake River Canyon for eight days the steamer, caught in a dangerous eddy, was thrown against the rock wall. Eight feet of her bow, keel and sides clear to the deck were torn away. Captain Stump beached her and the crew made repairs as best they could. Then they started down the raging Snake. In less than five hours they covered the 100 miles it had taken eight days of battling to gain. In 1865, her job completed, the Colonel Wright was brought down the Columbia and dismantled.

Rural America rediscovered

Americans are on the move again, a determined current running against the long-time flood from farm to city. They may be only a steady trickle so far, but they are changing their ways for two kinds of reasons, born of experience. One-time rural Americans, now that they've seen the big cities and perhaps lived there for some years, are heading back to where they came from. Ex-city folks, now that they've learned a bit about life down on the farm, are heading off to where they think they want to be.

However, since then the migration away from rural America has continued apace. In 1960, 15.6 million still lived on farms and small towns. Only 10 years later, there were 9.7 million. On the other hand, a small-town banker in Minnesota may have been speaking for many rural Americans when he told a writer that the flight from the farms has leveled off. In only the last decade, Vermont has acquired a shadow population of part-time residents almost equal to its permanent population. Quote after quote in the book praises rural America: "Here a person is somebody." "Here we don't have to put up with crowds." "Everybody here is as good as everybody else." "It's a great place to raise kids." "I like to live in a town where I'm called by my first name." "Here I can leave a footprint."

Many new rural Americans came as greenhorns. A college graduate turned down a promising bank job to become a fledgling and then highly successful pig farmer. A picture editor of a city newspaper moved his family to a New England village and a new life of repairing cars. Rural living still has chronic problems. "The trouble is there's nothing to hold the young people," says a prairie farmer's wife. "There are no jobs, no opportunities..." There is more than one side to small town life. "People still take an interest in one another," says one man. Others complain about busy-bodies. And a man living on a former dairy farm had this view: "Having a piece of land affects a man. He watches every little change—in the weather, in the seasons. And he learns to be himself."

In small towns, farms, and ranches across the country they were located and interviewed by writers of the National Geographic Society's latest book, "Life in Rural America." The book's words and photographs portray a world longingly remembered, or forgotten, or never known at all. It's a world that survives rich and wholesome despite a century of being drained of its population. In 1880, most Americans lived on farms and only 28.2 percent in cities with more than 2,500 population. At the close of the century President Woodrow Wilson had his own way of describing America's past: "The history of a nation," he said, "is only the history of its villages written large."

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CROSSROADS' REPORT

DEAR EDITOR:

A news story tells about an 18-year-old hood breaking into an old couple's home to rob them and, while he was mauling the old man, the old lady went and got their home pistol and killed the marauder.

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Which sensible, Christian act undoubtedly saved the lives of many good people the young thug would have encountered in a long career.

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And her constructive act also reduced by one the number of plundering people who favor the anti-gun crusade because it would disarm their prey and let them enjoy safer working conditions.

D.E. SCOTT,
Crossroads, U.S.A.

quote/unquote

"Writing is like defecation: you do it to get rid of something."—Daniel J. Voorstin, Author Director, National Museum of History and Technology.

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Ever now and then some outfit figgers out how long it takes folks to do this or the other. Usual its' how long a working man has to work to pay his taxes and buy his groceries. Most of these surveys that I've seen compares the average American with the average Russian, cause for a long time that was who we was supposed to be busting our gut to stay ahead of in everything.

Well, Mister Editor, Saturday night at the country store Zeke Grubb come in with a clipping that compared Americans with Russians. This survey give a report on where a average worker's day went 10 year ago and today. Zeke said he was surprised at some of the things the Tax Foundation come up with, and passed along some of em fer general enlightenment of the group.

In 1964, reported Zeke, a feller had to work two hours and 35 minutes to pay taxes on all levels. Ten year later, he works two hours and 38 minutes of ever eight-hour day to pay his taxes. Housing in 1964 cost him a hour and 22 minutes of labor ever day, and this year he spends a hour and 24 minutes keeping a roof over his head. Today, he works 61 minutes to by food fer his family, and 10 year ago he had to work a hour and 37 minutes to keep somepun on the table.

Zeke said probable what the figgers prove is that you can prove anything with figgers. It looks like, though, declared Zeke, that the working man then and now is about in the same boat, and no matter how hard he rows he stays in about the same spot up the creek. He's working five hours and three minutes now to pervide food and shelter and pay his taxes, where these hard facts of life cost his five hours and 34 minutes 10 year ago. Course, some time in the middle of the afternoon, said Zeke, he's going to have to look out fer somepun to wear and he's going to have to put some aside fer gasoline to git back and forth to work.

Actual, broke in Ed Doolittle, they ain't no way to account fer all the surveys. Ed said he recalled everbody was crying about high prices back in 1964, but back then the federal Government talked about debts of strength and debts of weakness, and we was operating on a dollar based on the 1939 value. Ever now and then, Ed said, we raise the year we base the dollar on so can say the dollar is worth 53 cents of the 1966 dollar stead of the 37 cents of the 1939 dollar. Then we turn right around, said Ed, and declare that the copper cent costs more 1974 copper to make than it's worth any year.

General speaking, the fellers was agreed with Ed that what the average working man needs in this country is 1974 wages and 1939 prices. Aside from that arrangement, they said, we might as well keep being compared with the Russians fer all the good it'll do the feller that spent ever cent he could rake and scrape then, just like he does now.

Yours truly,
Mayor Roy



Church hosts whores

By LESTER KINSOLVING

"Only persons of genuine Christian experience and character, whose character is above reproach and who are free from harmful practices that could mar their influence or compromise their witness can receive the approval of the United Methodist Church as ministers of the word, sacraments and order. A bishop, minister or lay member of an annual conference shall be liable to accusation and trial upon any one of more of the following charges: immorality, crime, or other imprudent, unchristian, or unministerial conduct."—Sections 306 and 1521, United Methodist Book of Discipline, 1972. UNITED Methodist? Book of WHAT? DISCIPLINE? Ho Ho

Anyone still laboring under the delusion that there is any discipline left in the national structure of the nation's third largest (10 million) denomination, need only to visit San Francisco.

Over on Ellis Street near the Tenderloin section of this beautiful city is the Glide Memorial Methodist Church, a large structure whose builder, the late Lizzie Glide, was an evangelist and widow of an oil man. Mrs. Glide built the church and left it healthily endowed in order that it be "a center for Christian evangelism."

What, Glide has become should be of note to anyone who is inclined to expect that the Methodist Church is a trustworthy beneficiary of memorial gifts, despite its Book of Discipline and its system of powerful bishops who can assign or remove all clergy.

Glide has for some years been in the hands of the Rev. A. Cecil Williams, a generally screeching, pseudo-sacerdotal clown with an absolutely insatiable lust for publicity, together with an uncanny ability to sniff the self-promotional possibilities in new and more spectacular outrages.

Having gotten his beaming and hisurute face on national TV repeatedly (among other reasons in acting as middleman for the Symbionese Liberation Army and before that as one of Communist Angela Davis' two (2) Christian chaplains) the Rev. A. Cecil has now outdone himself, by using his Methodist Church to host a convention of whores.

Moreover, the floozies organization was given \$5,000 in Glide money to assist in their campaign to reform vice laws. The Rev. A. Cecil has not (as yet) announced any plans to turn Mrs. Glide's Memorial Church into the nation's first Methodist Brothel, which may impress his guest trollops as somewhat square.

Not only that but the passing up of a glorious financial bonanza, which might replace some of the Glide funds so massively expended — on such worthy and deserving projects as a pornography museum. After all, there are those who mention the alleged prostitution of Mary Magdalene (which Biblical scholars question) as well as the willingness of Jesus Christ to talk with harlots (although to tell them "Go and sin no more.")

Perhaps, however, the real reason that the Rev. A. Cecil has not already attracted new national headlines — as the Methodist Church's very first ordained pimp — is because right next door to Glide Church is the office of Methodist Bishop R. Marvin Stuart.

Shortly after Bishop Stuart first arrived in San Francisco three years ago, there was a discreet inquiry about all those illustrations of fornication which covered the walls of a good portion of the Glide crypt — along with piles of soiled bedsheets each weekend, which indicated what might be termed an impressive amount of erotic endeavor.

Bishop Stuart inspected the premises, discovered the evidence, gave orders — and subsequently accepted the resignation of Glide Foundation's director, the Rev. Lewis Durham.

The Rev. A. Cecil, however, is something else again. For unlike Durham, Williams is not white, but a militant black who is ready at all times to cry "racism" at any critic. This apparently pays off. For as of one week after the Methodist Whores' Convention, Methodist Bishop Stuart was still silent.

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