

Horse sense

By
ERNEST V. JOINER



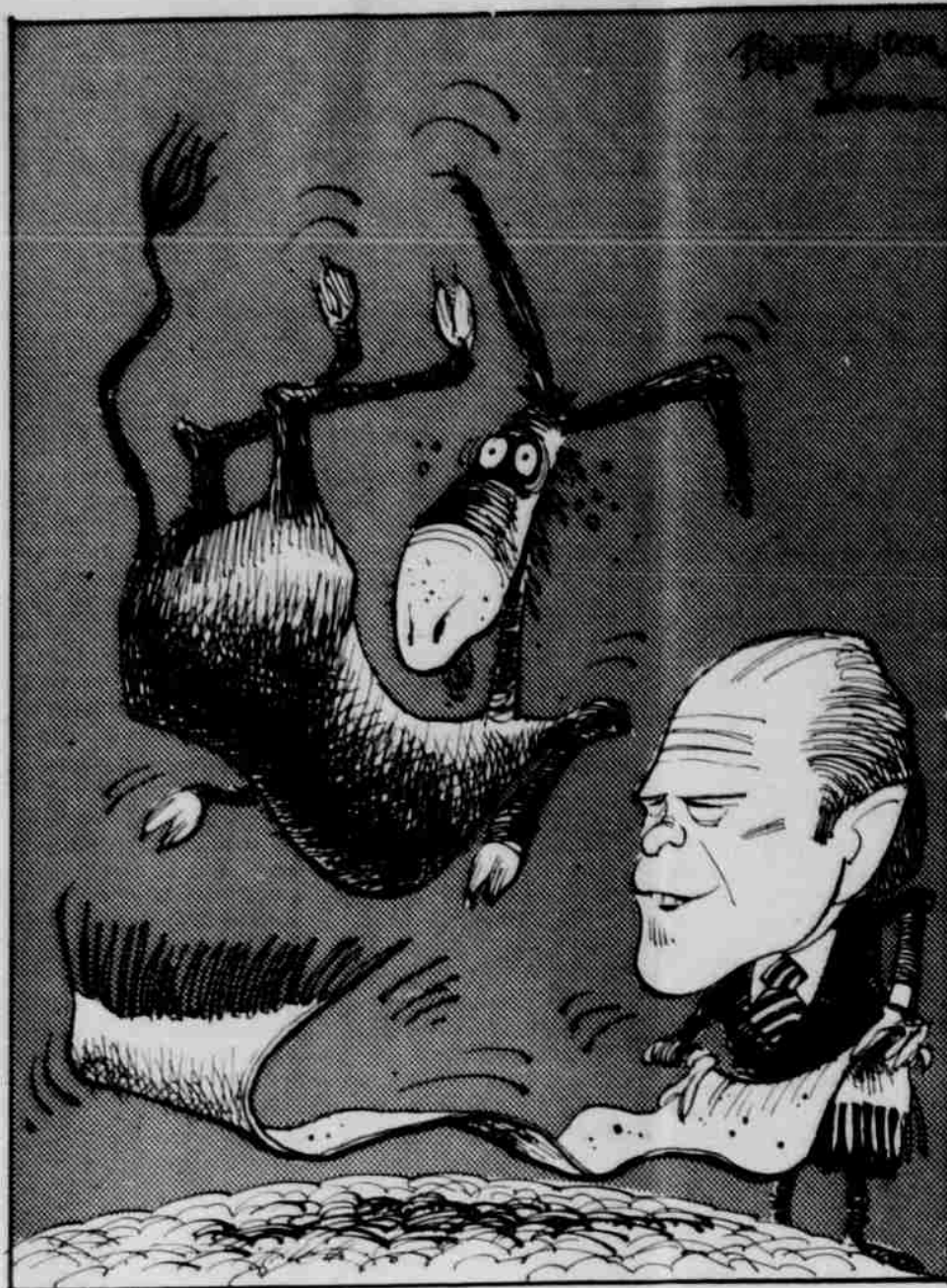
President Ford has called upon the American people to endure hardship and deprivation in order to curb inflation. He meant that we should all sacrifice by paying higher taxes, buying less and building as little as possible. Within a week of his ringing call for sacrifice on the part of all Americans, he asked Congress to appropriate \$850,000 for the direct benefit of former president Richard M. Nixon. This includes \$244,000 to set up an office for the ex-president. The rest of the gratuity was not itemized. This kind of nonsense will cure as much inflation as the lady did who decided to do her part in curbing inflation by burning her falsies. As one American who is stuck for his share of this \$850,000 I am entitled to wonder just what kind of an office the resignee-in-disgrace needs that costs \$244,000, and what the American people may expect in return. I feel no obligation to furnish Mr. Nixon a private office, and if I did, isn't \$244,000 a bit high? If the office is to be used as a place where Mr. Nixon can compile his memoirs, which he plans to peddle for \$5 million, he ought to be able to afford his own desk and typewriter. Since the rest of the \$850,000 wasn't itemized, I am of the notion that it will be spent on rehabilitating Mr. Nixon and to settle him into civilian life. I haven't been able to find out how much money Mr. Nixon's lifetime pension amounts to, but if all this is added together it seems to me that the late president has as good a job in retirement as he had in the White House—and in San Clemente, Key Biscayne, Camp David and all those other presidential retreats. If this is the kind of self-sacrifice, self-denial and hardship the American people are asked to endure, we're going to have a ball fighting inflation! I have no desire to hound Mr. Nixon or add to his troubles now that he has departed the scene (if he has departed it). But I do think it's time he started earning his own way in the world and stop depending on handouts of public money for a living.

In order for us to pay for the "sacrifices and denials" of our leaders in Washington, the annual subscription rate for the Gazette-Times goes to \$6 in Oregon as of Oct. 1, \$7 outside Oregon. Now that a cup of coffee in local restaurants has gone to 20 cents (so they can pay their fair share of inflation brought on by sacrificing public servants) I don't suppose we can be blamed for asking 8.66 cents per copy for what we work all week to produce. If this newspaper isn't worth the cost of a half-cup of coffee, it isn't worth putting out in the first place.

And while I'm as mad as that alligator was when the swamp dried up, what about President Ford's plan for raising federal taxes to curb inflation? Taxes, like labor and materials, is a part of doing business. When a manufacturer puts a price on his product he takes into account all expenses involved in making it. That includes taxes. So, if there is a rise in taxes there is a corresponding rise in the cost of consumer goods. The tax is passed on to the consumer. Soon the consumer hasn't got enough money to buy the goods he needs, and must demand more for his labor. Then the manufacturer grants the labor pay raise and adds the additional expense to the cost of his product. Thus the vicious cycle is repeated, and inflation grows. Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller says he would favor relieving the tax burden on middle income families and raising it on corporations and high-volume producers of consumer goods. That's just as brilliant as Mr. Ford's plan to cure inflation by adding to it. Won't the corporations and other businesses add the increased tax to their goods and services, thus wiping out any tax advantage given to lower income families? I don't know who's advising Washington on matters of economics, but they ought to be charged with some of those high crimes and misdemeanors we've been hearing so much about. Why is it that no one in high government has come up with the obvious answer to inflation—fire half the paper shufflers in federal employ, abolish needless bureaus and commissions instituted to harass taxpayers, stop financing every crackpot idea overseas, and stop propping up foreign governments while ours goes to hell!

Jim Eardley, the East Oregonian's "Eardley Bird," printed this item in his column last week. It illustrates what a terrible time God would have trying to get the world created under conditions that exist today. The task is comparable to that of some poor taxpayer trying to build himself a patio for his home or a tree house for his son. It's called Genesis 1974:

In the beginning God created heaven and earth. He was then faced with a class action law suit for failing to file an environmental impact statement with HEPA (Heavenly Environmental Protection Agency), an angelically staffed agency dedicated to keeping the universe pollution free. God was granted a temporary permit for the heavenly portion of the project, but was issued a "cease and desist" order on the earthly part pending further investigation by HEPA. Upon completion of his construction permit application and environmental impact statement God appeared before the HEPA Council to answer questions. When asked why He began these projects in the first place, He simply replied that He liked to be "creative." This was not considered adequate reasoning and He would be required to substantiate this further. HEPA was unable to see any practical use for earth since "the earth was void and empty and darkness was upon the face of the deep." And God said, "Be light made." He should never have brought up this point, since one member of the council was most active in the Sierrangel Club and immediately protested, stating: "How was the light to be made? Would it be a coal fired or nuclear fired generating plant? Would there be strip mining? What about thermal pollution? Air pollution?" God explained the light would come from a huge ball of fire. Nobody on the council really



The mail pouch

UNLIKELY LETTERS

Zons
Chief God

Sir:

I want to see the eye doctor like you said.

This clown told me to cover my one eye with my hand and read the chart on the wall. It

didn't work.

Yours,

Cyclops

by Williams

understood this, but it was provisionally accepted assuming (1) there would be no smog or smoke resulting from the ball of fire, (2) a separate burning permit would be required, and (3) since continuous light would be a waste of energy, it should be dark at least one-half of the time. And so God agreed to divide light from darkness and He would call the light "day" and the darkness "night." (The council expressed no interest with in-house semantics.) When asked how the earth would be covered God said, "Let there be firmament made amidst the waters; and let it divide the waters from the waters." One ecologically radical council member accused Him of double talk, but the council tabled action since God would be required first to file for a "firmament" permit from the ABLM (Angelic Bureau of Land Management) and further would be required to obtain water permits from appropriate agencies involved. The council asked if there would be only water and firmament, and God said, "Let the earth bring forth the green herb, and such as may seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, which may have been in itself upon the earth." The council agreed to this as long as native seed would be used. About future development God also said, "Let the waters bring forth the creeping creatures having life, and the fowl that may fly over the earth under the firmament of heaven." Here again the council took no formal action since this would require approval of the Game and Fish Commission, coordinated with the Heavenly Wildlife Federation and Audubongelic Society. It appeared everything was in order until God stated He wanted to complete the project in six days. At this He was advised by the council that His timing was completely out of the question. HEPA would require a minimum of 180 days to review the application and environmental impact statement, then there would be the public hearings. It could feasibly take 10 to 12 months before a permit could be granted.

And God said, "To hell with it!"

There's always somebody smart enough to outsmart the parking meters. Take these manually operated meters in Heppner, the ones where one must turn a lever to deposit the coin and activate the time indicator. A growing practice here is for a motorist to park, put a penny in the meter, but without pushing the lever. When the policeman spots the car with the "expired" sign up, he is required to trip the lever to see that the meter is in order. When he does trip the lever, the coin is deposited, the time indicator shows 12 minutes parking time, and the officer can't issue a parking meter citation. It's driving Chief Dean Gilman nuts, heh! heh!

Sam McMillan in his new and interesting book, The Bunchgrassers, tells some stories for the first time about Lexington. Lexington used to have a fine newspaper, the Lexington Weekly Budget. It was sold in 1890 to J.W. Coffey of Heppner, who moved it to Heppner and changed the name of the paper to the Morrow County Record. In the obituary column of the last issue of the Budget, McMillan writes, there appeared the following notice: "DIED—At Lexington, Oregon, Oct. 16, 1890, Lexington W. Budget, aged two years and three weeks. In order to escape the ignominy of becoming a floating abomination upon the rising tide of debt, it chose with bare bodkin to make its own end while yet it could pay for its own burial. The sands of the shore will drift o'er its grave, but no stench from its carcass will float on the wave." There are a lot of surprises in this little volume. And it's fun reading, too. The book is available at the Gazette-Times office, autographed by the author, himself a former resident of Lexington.

CROSSROADS REPORT

DEAR EDITOR:

A lot of bewailment is being heard these days about the large number of people taking heroin, pot, alcohol and other mind-bollixing materials.

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Many of the fuddlement addicts say they are trying to find themselves which doesn't make much sense to folks who don't know they have been misled.

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But we spend millions trying to save the dope heads' lives, while patting ourselves on the back for being noble, and refusing to admit the harsh fact that they, we, and the world would be better off if we just let them go.

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

quote/unquote

"Most still believe that a democratic system is run by the majority, when in fact it often is not. The truth is that democracy, as practiced in the United States, tends to be run by the best-organized minority."—Thomas Coyne, Assoc. Prof. of Finance, University of Akron.

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

The fellers was talking about the new president and the new way of doing things in Washington during their session at the country store Saturday night. It was Bill Weatherford that come up with the idee of sending in Ed Gonty's name for appointment to any federal agency that spends money, and Bill said that don't leave many out.

Ed, who is remembered as The Terror of Willow Crick, had told the fellers three weeks afore that he was strong behind President Ford when he told Congress they ain't no use in asking the people to spend less unless the Government starts to spend less. Ed said he long has been of a mind that they must be research agencies in Washington that don't do nothing but look for new ways to do research, and that the best way to prevent fire is to find the youngun with the matches.

Practical speaking, declared Ed, he didn't know which was the biggest waste, to do some of the research we're doing or to give the money to a foreign country. Both ways, he said, the grants and loans all sink without a trace.

Ed had saw that since 1946, America has give a total of 135 different countries aid, and this figger includes some that ain't even countries today, and some that weren't countries until they got our money to git started. All told, Ed said, we have give away nearly \$159 billion that went thru the alphabet from Afghanistan to Zaire. We give millions to places Ed said he ain't never heard of, like \$33 million to Botswana and \$76 million to Somalia.

If you could space projects, Ed said, we has researched away as much as we've give away. He had saw where we done a \$70,000 study of the sweat of aboriginals in Australia, and it took \$20,000 to look into the mating calls of frogs in Central America. Another \$20,000 went to find out why younguns fall off tricycles, and Rep. Lee Hamilton of Indiana found we had backed a \$577,000 project that teaches wimmin how to play with their children. Since the Government can't say ain't to nobody wanting money, they spend \$121,000 to find out why folks say "ain't."

Course, broke in Zeke Grubb, the Nixon people took a lot in that didn't go back out. Zeke saw this report where ambassadors to foreign countries had give \$1.8 million to Nixon's 1972 campaign. Zeke saw a breakdown by countries, and he said the trouble Ireland is having showed up in the giving. The ambassador to Ireland give jest \$10,000 to keep his job, while the ambassadors to little Luxemburg and France forked over a whopping \$300,000 apiece. That's called greasing the wheels of power, was Zeke's words.

Speaking of research, Mister Editor, I saw where a college professor and a casino manager studied why folks gamble. They decided it's because people want to win some money. I hope we didn't spend any more on that one than we did to find out that tricycles turn over easy.

Yours truly,
MAYOR ROY.



Death before dishonor

BY
REV. LESTER KINSOLVING

MASADA, ISRAEL—Israel has had to fight four wars in 25 years. Now there is widespread apprehension of yet another war—due to the vast amounts of military equipment being sent to the Syrians by the Soviet Union.

Four wars, constant peril at the borders, almost the highest taxes in the world and the ultimate payment—2500 sons, brothers, husbands, fathers, killed in action last October.

What keeps the Israeli morale from breaking—considering the constant peril of a population of three million who live surrounded by the sea and more than a hundred million hostile Arabs?

A frequent explanation is the familiar "no alternative"—but it's more than that.

Perhaps the most meaningful answer is at the top of this precipice, 1000 feet above the Dead Sea—where Israeli officers have been given their commissions in a midnight torchlight ceremony.

Here, in the century before the birth of Jesus Christ, King Herod, the great builder, erected himself a mountaintop fortress and palatial stronghold which he called Masada.

In 66 A.D., Jewish rebels called Zealots seized Masada from Roman troops, which began the famed revolt against Rome.

Four years later, Titus captured Jerusalem and destroyed Herod's Temple, which crushed the rebellion except for the fortress of Masada. Two years later, the Roman Procurator Silva took the 10th Legion which, together with auxiliaries and thousands of Jewish prisoners, numbered some 15,000. He laid siege to Masada, where 986 Jewish men, women and children held out for three years.

Finally, the Romans under cover of siege machinery, built a ramp up the mountain. When the Jewish leader Eleazar realized that the Romans would break through in one more day, he called the people together and told them:

"My loyal followers, long ago we resolved to serve neither the Romans nor anyone else, but only God. Now the time has come that bids us prove our determination by our deeds... Let us at once choose death with honor and do the kinder thing we can do for ourselves, our wives and children, while it is still possible. After all we were born to die. This even the luckiest must face. But outrage, slavery and the sight of our wives led away to shame with our children—these are not evils to which man is subject by the laws of nature. Men undergo them through their own cowardice if they have a chance to forestall them by death and will not take it..."

"Is anyone too blind to see how furious the Romans will be if they take us alive? Pity the young whose bodies are strong enough to survive prolonged torture. A man will see his wife violently carried off, will hear his child crying for him even as his hands are fettered. Come! While our hands are free and can hold a sword, let them do a noble service! Let us die unenslaved by our enemies and leave this world as free men in company with our wives and children."

The next morning the Romans found 979 people, dead rather than enslaved. Today in Israel this gallant nation is lifted up in the affirmation: "Masada Shall Not Fall Again."



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(ED. NOTE—On behalf of the city, thanks! The council may order these meters from Aaron Bros. Art Mart, 4450 Blackstone Ave., Fresno, Ca.)



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