

Horse sense

By

ERNEST V. JOINER



● This item is for those interested in knowing how much of our tax dollars were dumped into the Willow Creek Dam project before it was killed on grounds that it wouldn't return a reasonable profit. According to Col. Nelson P. Conover, District Engineer, Walla Walla District, Corps of Engineers, the total congressional allocations to date total \$803,037. As of Sept. 30, 1974, the Corps had spent a total of \$623,125. Col. Conover, complying with a request from Mayor Jerry Sweeney for a breakdown of costs of the ill-fated dam to date, gave the following accounting: general design memorandum, phase 1, \$155,000; general design memorandum, phase 2, \$214,000; real estate design memorandum, \$22,000; environmental impact statement, \$25,000; letter report for Heppner city water supply facilities, \$5,000; real estate actions, \$17,000; surveys and explorations, \$150,000; and plans and specifications, \$35,125. With \$623,125 already spent "just studying" the dam it isn't hard to see how difficult it would be for the dam to show a profit. There is about \$180,000 already allocated that has not been spent, which may explain why crews from Walla Walla are back in the area "making studies" and tests for a dam that won't be built—The money is there and it must be spent. This means \$180,000 worth of new holes will be bored around the dam area for no other purpose than to spend the money! When it's all over, there will be enough holes on both sides of Willow Creek to make a fine underground condominium for every prairie dog in the nation. It makes us wonder why the unspent \$180,000 couldn't be returned to the general fund for more "profitable ventures"—like financing a nuclear plant for India, subsidizing wheat shipments to Russia or bribing Turkish farmers not to raise poppies, again!

● Note that the Corps of Engineers spent \$25,000 of our money for an environmental impact statement on Willow Creek Dam. The dam being remote and removed as it is, could hardly have had much of an environmental impact on anything or anybody. But this bit of foolishness and extravagance was made mandatory by the National Environmental Policy Act passed in 1970, largely through efforts of Sen. Henry "Scoop" Jackson of Washington. But even \$25,000 may have been a bargain, for since 1970 more than 5,500 environmental impact statements have been filed with the Council on Environmental Quality. The cost of the average impact statement ranges from \$25,000 to \$75,000. These statements can contain thousands of pages and take months to a year to complete. When they are finished, only a few highly trained technicians can even read them. The impact statement wasn't the downfall for Willow Creek Dam, but the statements are responsible for many of the consumer shortages we now enjoy. As an example, take the paper industry. At best, U.S. paper mills were hard-pressed to fill the country's demand for paper. Then EPA was born. One big paper mill, faced with spending a hundred million dollars on such things as impact statements and conforming to EPA pollution requirements, found it financially feasible to close the mill rather than meet EPA standards. The result is the current paper shortage. It raises the question whether the goal of hard-nosed environmentalists is a sudden cleanup of the environment or the destruction of American industry. In any event, a better, more sensible and orderly way to meet reasonable environmental standards must be found if the nation is to retain its industrial might.

● Whether in whimsy or in frenzy, Jim Fitzgerald of the Dallas, Ore., Itemizer-Observer wrote in his editorial column last week that since President Ford has asked the American people for suggestions on how to cut the cost of living and save energy, he is of a notion that there should be no Christmas this year. Fitzgerald says the perfect answer to the cost of living and the energy crunch is summed up in one word: Scrooge. Scrooge may have been a scoundrel, but he had his energy, food, and solvency. Christmas, as we must know, has gotten completely out of hand. It is observed in the United States in a manner that would make Jesus Christ sorry He ever had a birthday. It is a time when Americans express their love for all living things by chopping down a tree. The occasion is an orgy of spending and dissipation that leaves us all financially ruined, emotionally drained, physically exhausted and gastronomically glutted. The way we observe the birthday of the Savior is as meaningful as if we instead, threw Christmas to the lions—provided we could find enough of either to make a party of it. Just think, by cutting out the sending of Christmas cards alone we can save a billion dollars a year and lift the burden from an overtaxed postal system. And, in 300 years, we could pay off the national debt with the savings made on no-Christmas card Christmas! By eliminating Christmas wrapping paper, ribbon and decorations we can save another billion dollars. Add to it another billion a year to be saved by refusing to buy Christmas trees, which would also save a billion board feet of timber for useful purposes. Think about the billions people would spend on non-essential gift goods during the holiday madness, and another billion to be saved for not having to advertise appeals to make junior, Susie, uncle or grandma just for more handkerchiefs, face lotions, perfumes and foot warmers. It is impossible to calculate the cost of the booze that will be bought and consumed this Christmas in the name of the Prince of Peace, or the dollar value of toys to be distributed to over-indulged children, not in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ but in the name of that old pagan rogue, Santa Claus. If people are serious about Christmas they will take a day off to attend church services, the way it was intended. And on Dec. 26 we could get back on our jobs instead of spending a week in bacchanalian revelry, battling hangovers and indigestion while the world is deprived of the necessities made possible through our productive efforts. The gross waste of time, money and energy at Christmas is as abominable as the rape of the wilderness and pollution of the air. Brother Jim has a great idea. Up with Scrooge! "Happy No Noel" to all!

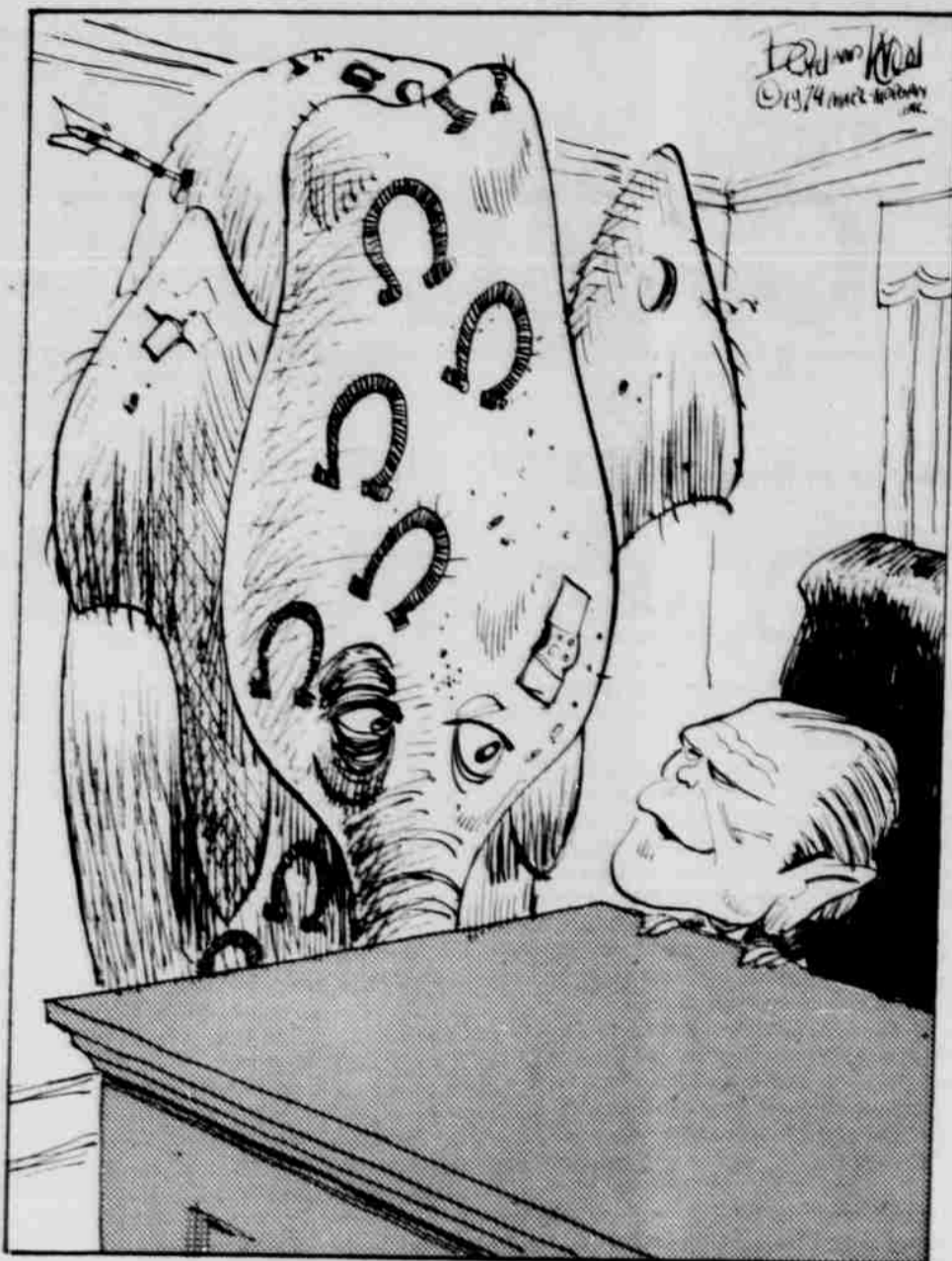
● Overheard at the Wagon Wheel: "Things are so competitive, it's dog eat dog. I don't believe it. Sometimes it's just the opposite." "That guy is getting so old he doesn't even fall down as fast as he used to." "There's a lot of satisfaction in driving a school bus—just realizing those kids aren't mine." "There's one thing I don't understand about you Weight Watchers—where does the weight go when you lose it?"

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"Well...Other Than That...How Was The Election?"

Oregon Country . . .

By PATRICK STEBER

Grain harvest is even more exciting than Christmas to the kids of Eastern Oregon. But to the grownups it means long days of hot and dusty work.

Neighbor helped neighbor for it took 20 to 30 men and up to 40 mules to harvest an average field. Mule drawn binders cut and bound the wheat, dropping it in the field for men to pick up and carry to the thresher.

The thresher, usually steam-operated, was the center of activity—and dust. It chewed through sheaves of wheat, separating the grain from its stalks. A 100-foot belt attached to the thresher operated the grain separator and wind-stacker which blew the straw and chaff over the men and into a pile while the clean grain rolled down a trough where it was sacked and loaded on wagons.

Harvesting was hard work and the men needed good, hearty food, and lots of it, to keep up their strength. It fell to the women to fuel these crews and each woman took her turn as the threshers moved to her husband's farm to cook breakfast, dinner and two field lunches for 30 hungry men.

But a woman looked forward to it—in a way—because her reputation as a cook depended on this annual spurge. Competition was keen and the wood plank tables set on sawhorses sagged under the weight of the feast.

Heaping platters of fried chicken and smoked ham were placed within easy reach all down the table along with piles of mashed potatoes and stacks of steaming corn on the cob. Filling the empty spots were mounds of fresh-churned butter and steaming biscuits and corn bread. There was corn cob jelly for the biscuits and watermelon pickles to munch on.

The mail pouch

UNLIKELY LETTERS

Colonel Wm. Prescott, Commander
American Troops
Bunker Hill
Boston, Mass.

Dear Colonel:

Have received your order to hold fire until we see the whites of the enemies' eyes. They had a booze party last night and their eyes are all bloodshot. Please advise.

Yours,
Caleb Stone, Lieut.
Infantry

Grazing lands up for bids

The Department of the Navy invites bids for the lease of land for grazing purposes at the Naval Weapons Systems Training Facility, Boardman. Bids are being solicited for the lease of 7,360 acres in the north portion of the facility. Grazing of either cattle or sheep will normally be limited during each year to the period Nov. 1 through April 30. The lease term will begin on Nov. 15, 1974 and end on Oct. 31, 1975, with lessee's right of renewal

annually for two additional one-year periods. The general public is invited to bid. Sealed bids will be opened at 1:30 p.m., Nov. 14, 1974, in Building 206, Western Division, Naval Facilities Engineering Command, San Bruno, Ca. 94066. Bid forms and other information may be obtained from that office or from the Public Works Office, Naval Air Station, Whidbey Island, Oak Harbor, Washington 98277 (Phone (206) 2572211, extension 4348).

CROSSROADS REPORT

DEAR EDITOR:

My querious neighbor says he has been studying the matter of how come the situation in Washington seems to get more messed up every day.

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And he has reached the scientific conclusion that this results naturally from a situation where small minds are constantly wrestling with large problems.

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Which causes compoundation of foul-ups because if the miniature mentalities knew how much there is that they don't know, they wouldn't be miniature.

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

quote/unquote

Should a gasoline shortage occur again Petroleum Today has dug up this advice from a 1908 automobile instruction manual: "If your engine is warm and you run out of gas, you can always get home on kerosene, or alcohol, or even bad whiskey." Skool!

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Them folks in the Bible didn't have nothing on us when it comes to speaking in tongues. We got a tongue for ever trade, and you newspaper folks are caught square in the middle of all of em.

I saw by the paper where some school people had a series of "articulation seminars," and I read the piece through without finding out what went on. The best I could come up with was they was trying to figure out what each other was saying.

You see where folks "identify" with this kind of car or "relate" to that kind of weather, and it all runs together and you don't know what anybody means.

Nowadays, a feller that gets sick is "hospitalized," and if he can't git there by hisself he is "ambulanced." It won't surprise me to read where some poor devil is ambulated and hospitalized on Sunday and funeralized on Wednesday.

The fellers touched on this matter Saturday night at the country store. It was Clem Webster that was talking about the off-year elections, and he said they must be called that cause when politicians don't have a national ticket with a coattail to grab they jump in their campaign saddles and gallop off in all directions.

Politicians, declared Clem, is the master of the feedback. He allus is ready to say what he thinks folks want to hear. And if he ain't sure he just speaks politician and nobody can tell if he's fer or agin anything.

Speaking of the elections around the country, Mister Editor, the fellers come up with a reserlution that I wish you would give some thought to.

They are fer passing a law saying that the winner in ever race has to go around and take down all the posters that both sides put up. Clem said that ought to give the public servant a feeling of doing somepun fer the public right off the bat. They already is laws agin sticking them "Vote Fer Me" signs everwhere, but nobody pays any attention.

Clem said when the President starts campaigning at the World Series on television like he did last month they ain't nothing sacred to politicians. You might of noticed that they don't even refer to one another as "my honorable opponent" any more, but they all can promise the Rotary Club at supper to cut federal spending, and the next morning at breakfast they can guarantee the Farmers Home Administration they'll vote fer more housing and water systems for everbody.

Personal, Mister Editor, I git everthing backwards. I see where newsprint is going up \$25 more a ton cause one company went up and all the rest had to follow to keep from losing business. I know a doctor that use to charge \$15 fer an exam, and he got one ever now and then. He went up to \$75 fer the same physical, and he's got more than he can do. To keep up with competition today, you got to git your prices up there ahead of everbody.

Yours truly,
MAYOR ROY.



Cake and fresh cold milk and homemade ice cream filled in any empty spots in the men.

It was the kids' responsibility to wave leafy branches over the food to keep the flies off while the men shook the chaff from their necks, sauntered over to the washbasins and finally plopped down at the heaping table.

There was little conversation as they settled down to the serious business of eating. As soon as there were appreciatively noticeable dents made in the servings talk returned, loaded with compliments for the ladies and stories of a woman on "another ranch" who always shortchanged the men on food.

"Why her favorite mealtime expression," one of them would say, "was, 'well, well, now wasn't I a good guesser, just enough and none too much.'"

The kids listened to the stories with only half an ear as they anxiously watched food slowly disappearing. But at last the men headed back to the fields and the kids scrambled—manner weren't strictly remembered today—to gorge themselves on their favorite food.



Missouri Lutheran Congressional champion

By LESTER KINSOLVING

Under the administration of President J.A.O. Preus, the 3 million-member Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod has approximated either the early stages of the Thirty Years War, or a perpetual extension of the Battle of Gettysburg.

More than 1,000 of the denomination's pastors have banded together to form a protest organization called ELIM (Evangelical Lutherans in Mission) which the Rev. Dr. Preus would obviously relish ELIMinating. For ELIM is supporting "Seminex," the "Seminary in Exile" which was formed when the overwhelming majority of the student body and faculty of the denomination's Concordia Seminary in St. Louis walked out rather than submit to the Preus brand of orthodoxy, which requires a belief that Jonah was literally swallowed by a great fish.

On the other hand, President Preus can rejoice that among Lutherans in Indiana he has a champion in Congress, a stalwart layman who has moved to implement the Preus anti-abortion position. Congressman Earl F. Landgrebe (R-Ind.) has introduced a bill which he describes as "a tax exemption for unborn children . . . from the moment of conception."

That moment, he explained, "would be determined by calculating 280 days prior to the date of birth of the child. 40 weeks is the normal human pregnancy." Congressman Landgrebe also noted, "There might be some people who would be so base as to repeatedly become pregnant and repeatedly kill the unborn child in order to obtain additional tax exemptions."

But the Hoosier Congressman is fully prepared for any such base, in utero tax evaders. "I have written the amendment with the '280 days prior to the birth' provision," he points out.

This clever strategy amounts, however, to a concession that the fetus or embryo can suddenly stop being a human being if it is subsequently miscarried before the Landgrebe 280 day proviso.

Perhaps it is this contradiction (or, more probably, the general absurdity of this "Embryo Exemption Bill") that accounts for Landgrebe's failure to enlist more than one co-sponsor of this bill—despite his circulation throughout the House of a "Dear Colleague" letter.

Guam's delegate, Antonio Borja Won Pat, agreed to be a co-sponsor. But no one else did—even though Landgrebe's office staff received several inquiries about this letter from the offices of other Congressmen. They wanted to know whether it (the "Dear Colleague" letter) was a hoax.

Congressman Landgrebe has further defended the faith by a surreptitious dropping of Bibles under the seats of a Moscow movie theatre—for which he was arrested and subsequently released by a generally astounded Soviet police.

He further demonstrated his theological acumen by being the only member of Congress to vote against cancer research bill, because "finding a cure is costly and will only change which way you're going to go."

Finally, another theological impact was manifested in Congressman Landgrebe's poignant announcement, "When you don't understand me, take me on faith . . . Don't confuse me with facts. I've got a closed mind."

The students and faculty of "Seminex" might well consolidate their problems with a "Draft Landgrebe" movement to make the Congressman president of the Preus-controlled Concordia Seminary in St. Louis.



"Do I Think Apathy Was A Factor In The Election?...What Election?"



Some people say that buttercups mixed with salt and hung from the fingers will cure toothaches!