

Horse sense

By ERNEST V. JOINER



Our proof reader is on bread and water these days. Last week Ola Ruggles' name appeared in our news columns as "Old Ruggles." We're sorry about that typo in the wedding story where the couple, instead of exchanging wedding vows, were reported as exchanging "wedding cows." And the "hat trimmed with spring flowers" should never have turned out "the hag trimmed with spring flowers." What we meant to say was that another lady was still under the doctor's care—she still under the doctor's care. The way things are going around here I dread the day Gardner's puts on a shirt sale, and I have to proofread the ad. The people of Heppner are being very kind about these typographical gremlins that have been causing pain and amusement since movable type was invented. I recall that a British clergyman almost suffered banishment as a "man who lost the faith" when his book, "Lives of the Saints," appeared as "Lies of the Saints." About the same time a bunch of printers were tried and heavily fined for neglecting to correct a version of the Bible that read, "Thou shalt commit adultery."

In a poll conducted by the Gazette-Times last year, residents of Heppner voted 5 to 1 for removal of parking meters from city streets. Later, the common council unanimously voted to retain them, which may indicate how well the council is observing the wishes and desires of its constituents. Now that Ernie Ceresa has been elected to the council, the matter of parking meters is expected to surface again, but in a different way. Ceresa proposes that each council meeting isn't opened with prayer, but with his motion to abolish the meters. Ceresa maintains that parking meters are gambling devices—that they are automatic machines that bet a dollar to your nickel that you can't get back before the red flag pops up and our friendly policeman is writing your ticket. The city, he says, should not be in the gambling business because gambling is illegal in Oregon. But the city is not only operating and maintaining gambling devices, it is forcing residents to patronize them! Even in Las Vegas, he says, gambling is not compulsory; gambling in Heppner is.

Well-fed Americans have been in hiding since UPI reported several weeks ago that "one-third of the dog and cat food sold in city slums is being eaten by human beings." Ever since this story fanned across the country a man caught buying a sirloin steak was considered by do-gooders to be an enemy of the state who lived off the fat of the land while his fellow human beings were reduced to eating dog and cat food. Well, people who eat as they should can surface now, lift up their heads and rejoice in removal of their guilt. The story was a hoax. It all started when Michael Jacobson, who works for a consumer group, told a Washington Star-News reporter about a book he had written in which he rated dog food above his dogs in nutritional value. Somewhere in the interview, Jacobson "guessed" that a third of dog food in ghettos was eaten by humans. Today he doesn't remember making such a statement, and has no idea where he got such a figure if he had made the statement.

I have a notion that when James Stipe gets out of jail for shooting Terry Thompson's cow last week he's going to do some thinking about whether "honesty is the best policy" and question whether "confession is good for the soul" or even that "the truth shall set you free." Persuaded by his father to tell the truth about shooting the cow (for which the owner had been compensated) and even with the district attorney pleading for a reduction of the crime to a misdemeanor because it was a first offense and because the owner would not press charges, young Stipe was ordered to pay an additional \$605 as a fine, spend five days in jail and lose his hunting rights for three years. Just think, if the boy had lied the chances are 50 to 1 that he would have never been convicted; and, if he had been convicted, the chances are that the fine would not have amounted to the \$605 he is stuck with for being candid with the court. And if he had just lied he probably wouldn't be in jail either. Virtue is, indeed, its own reward. 'Tis better, no doubt, to lie like hell than to languish in jail.

Last week we published a "Quote-Unquote" from a 1966 automobile instruction manual advising that a car engine can be run on kerosene, alcohol or even bad whiskey in cases of emergency. Now comes Jean Chambrin, a Frenchman who has invented an internal combustion engine that runs on water and alcohol. He has invented a small black box that "cracks" water molecules into their components, hydrogen and oxygen. The engine runs on 60-40 mixture of water to alcohol, which would make fuel cost less than half the cost of gas-line at the present time—and alcohol can be made from almost any living organism. While the oil companies fidget and scientists scoff, television crews from France, Italy and Holland have already filmed M. Chambrin starting his engine—a film not likely to be shown in the United States at this time. Chambrin says his engine runs on pure alcohol, but it loves whiskey just as well, and really thunders into life on brandy.

About the nicest observance of Thanksgiving is by families of the Episcopal Church who have decided to prepare the annual feast at the parish hall and invite all the lonely people in town. The invitation includes persons who cannot be with loved ones due to work, great distance, energy crunch, or other reasons, and who would otherwise spend a lonely and dreary Thanksgiving Day. I think this is a heart-warming gesture, coming at a time when worldwide conditions make us wonder if there's anything left to be thankful for. Well, for one thing, we can be thankful we have such families who, already strapped financially from having to put food on the tables of a half-hundred ungrateful nannies, still have the will to share what's left with their lonely neighbors at Thanksgiving time.

Not many newspapers have their own resident handwriting analyst, but the Gazette-Times does. In recent years handwriting analysts have become valuable in the field of questioned documents, and the testimony of handwriting experts is accepted in the courts. Many banks, insurance companies, department stores and industrial complexes employing thousands of people retain handwriting experts to verify signatures on contracts and examine all handwritten documents. Applications for employment are often related to the analyst and a report on an applicant's handwriting secured before employing him in a sensitive position. The first short column on handwriting appears in today's Gazette-Times, based on samples of two persons' handwriting recently received at the newspaper. Readers are invited to send samples of their handwriting to Margaret McNair, care of the Gazette-Times. Because of lack of space only a few selected ones will be analyzed. From those selected, only one or two words will be clipped for publishing to protect the identity of the writer.



Yasser Arafat, Diplomat
The mail pouch

EDITOR:

I am currently working with what one would call a "hard core" drug user and would like to make some comments on various areas of the recent article, "Rap Session on Drugs."

The question of whether or not marijuana leads to the use of hard drugs is a pertinent and important question. It deserved a more informative answer than "Most alcoholics started out drinking milk." Not all heroin addicts started their drug dependence with marijuana. Some used their parents' diet pills (uppers) and sleeping pills (downers), some snuffed glue, and still others started with the opiates like cocaine, codeine, or even heroin.

There is no test to give to decide if one person will use drugs while another one won't. But drug dependency is directly related to how well a person deals with stress and various problems. Of the addicts I have talked to, most admit they cannot handle stress. They are afraid of responsibility, failure, pressure from parents and friends, criticism, rejection, and even love. They are copping out. While using drugs, you "feel" the way you want. You don't have to worry if you're flunking out of school or if you're behind on your payments. The world becomes very unrealistic. There are no threats and no pressures. You don't have to deal with your feelings or thoughts or fears. The inability to handle stress and the above mentioned "freaks" is not a symptom of drug addiction. It is the cause.

Drug use, abuse, or dependency (whichever term you like) is a result of a deep seated problem. You cannot cure drug addiction by driving an addict out. You must cure the underlying problems. For this reason, I am against treating juveniles and adult users in the same manner. Although, in a sense, we already do. Placing people in jail or prison to "learn a lesson" has not proven effective, nor will it ever prove effective. All we are doing is drying them out for a relatively short period of time. Our penal system is not equipped to deal with the drug offender. We see them over and over again, usually within two years, returning to the same jails and prisons.

This is not because they have not "learned their lesson." Many of them know they are incapable, socially unacceptable people but they don't know how to deal with the causes. Many return on purpose. They know they need help and they want it. And few towns or cities have anything similar to a really effective drug rehabilitation program to which they can turn. Our penal system today, especially the one in which I am involved, is termed rehabilitative. It is not rehabilitative to the drug user. People who are addicted to drugs are usually very capable people, both physically and mentally. They do not need home ec. classes or vocational rehabilitation. They need counseling. They need help in understanding why they are afraid, what they are afraid of, and how to deal with their fears. Their fears are crippling them.

Few drug addicts are reality-oriented people. They are afraid of reality because they cannot deal with it. Prison does not help the drug addict become more productive. It's just a period of time in which they are "clean." The girls I work with are in a type of limbo, just waiting until they get out. I have seen girls beg to be placed into a drug rehabilitation program and be turned down by our penal system because "if one gets into it, they'll all want to." This inability of our penal system to answer a call for help in a productive manner is the fault of all voters and tax payers. I, personally, would rather see a judge sentence a drug addict to five years of counseling than five years in the state penitentiary. Incarceration of drug addicts, without counseling, is an ineffective method of dealing with the problem of addiction.

I am of the firm conviction that young people of this generation are not given responsibility. Responsibility is neither a right nor a privilege. It is a fact of life. It is something each person must have if he is to be productive within our society. Of the girls I work with, very few of them were even given the chance to prove they could be responsible. It is a known fact that when a child or teenager is given any amount of responsibility or freedom, they will test it. This testing is an important facet in accepting ones own limits and capabilities. But all too often, I hear "Just because I was late one night out of three, my mother never let me out after dark," or similar phrases. Children should be given responsibility early so they learn how to deal with it. If not, when they leave home, and test it, they often go over-board because they don't know their own limits. And since they can't find any limits within themselves, I see them in the state penitentiary.

I do not say that parents do not raise their children right. Who is to say what is right or wrong? But I do say that parents have a tendency to try to keep their children from making the same mistakes they did. And as a result, the children often make worse mistakes. From looking at "my" girls, I would say that the worst mistake a parent could make in this day and age is to not give their child responsibility and allow him to test his own strengths and weaknesses before he hits the big wide unprotective world and blows it. To the students who say our parents never listen, I say do something the girls I work with never had the guts to do.

Make them listen to your problems. If you feel the generation gap is too wide, find a third party. Don't talk it over with your friends. They are in the same boat you are and they're probably having the same hassles. Friends are great to cry on, but they are not unbiased and they can't help you cry out the big problems.

I wish that each and every one of you who read this could meet the girls I work with. But just meeting them would not be enough. Addicts are very closed and suspicious people, and it takes a long time to establish trust and find out the things I have tried to impart to you in this letter. Since few of you have that kind of time to spare, I suggest you read two books which are very informative and well worth the time and effort. "Go Ask Alice," author anonymous, Avon Books, 1967; and "We Mainline Dreams" by Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber, Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1973.

KARLA WEATHERFORD



Oregon Country
"Oregon's weekly column"
Rick Steber
Kristi Ottoman

Her pretty skirt held high, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Jane Barnes lithely stepped from the rowboat to become the first white woman to set foot in the Northwest.

Miss Barnes began her career as a barmaid in a hotel in Portsmouth, England. But one late February evening in 1813 her curvaceous charms attracted the attentions of Donald McTavish, new chief factor for the Northwest Fur Company. McTavish was so overwhelmed by the buxom blond beauty that he invited her to be his mistress and accompany him aboard the Isaac Todd bound for a port half a world away. He allowed her to "shop at my expense of course, for whatever your heart desires." As Miss Barnes bought every available dress and bonnet in sight McTavish lavishly furnished the Isaac Todd with "bottled porter, excellent cheese and prime tinned English beef." He included enough of the comforts of home to solace the 13-month voyage in the finest of style.

The Isaac Todd crossed the bar of the Columbia on April 17, 1814, and dropped anchor near Ft. George (Astoria). The sight of such a maiden made quite an impression on the fur trappers at the fort as she was the first white woman any of them had seen since leaving England months before. And as might be expected, McTavish had his share of difficulties from the envious trappers who willingly gave up their Chinook lady friends for the chance to win his lady's favors.

But McTavish's good times soon came to an end when the company called him to Montreal. The hardships of the overland trip made it impossible for Miss Barnes to accompany him.

Rather than leave his fair-haired beauty unescorted for the long months ahead, McTavish selected a lucky young gentleman by the name of Alexander Henry to protect his lady. Henry had shown more than a passing interest in Miss Barnes and he wasted no time in accepting the generous offer.

But this too was destined to be a short affair. As McTavish and Henry rowed a longboat to call on Miss Barnes with their news, they capsized and drowned in the cold Columbia. Left a double-widow, Miss Barnes spent little time mourning. She paraded about attired in gowns that displayed her figure to best advantage. And as might be expected she had a long line of suitors.

One gentleman admirer by the name of Cassakas came calling. He was the son of Concomly, the one-eyed chief of the Chinook tribe. In return for her hand he promised, "I will send 100 sea otters to your relations; never ask you to draw water or dig for roots and you will be mistress over my other four wives."

Miss Barnes rudely refused Cassakas saying, "I could never tolerate a flat head, half naked body and copper colored skin be smeared with whale oil." Miss Barnes returned to England and one can only speculate as to what finally became of her. But you can almost see her sitting on the bar in Portsmouth telling stories from half a world away. Maybe not the most virtuous she was still the first white woman to set foot in the Northwest.

Inter-Agency - -

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

(Continued from P. 1)

center will provide games and activities. Volunteers are needed to carry out these activities. She also requested that organizations planning any food drives to fill the center's Christmas baskets, to notify her so she can make plans for the baskets which go to the needy at Christmas. She expressed fear that the baskets might not be too full this year because of the high cost of food.

A new day care center is being planned for the City of Boardman. It will be housed in the 4-H building there.

On Nov. 21, the Juvenile Advisory Council will hold an open meeting at the Court House. Edward James, from the Mental Health Division of the Umatilla Indian Reservation, will talk about alcoholism. His presentation will begin at 8 p.m.

TATONE, BLACK, PECK WIN IN BOARDMAN

Seventy-three per cent of the voters of Boardman turned out to fill three vacancies on the city council, Nov. 5.

Elected to office were Joe Tatone, former mayor, 72 votes; incumbent Ron Black, 84 votes; and Jerry Peck, 96 votes. Peck will be the only new member on the council.

Jon Starke, the fourth candidate, received 46 votes.

I've heard about looking gift horses in the mouth, but it's seldom you see a feller kick one in the teeth. It looks like that's what William Field is doing. He is a farmer near Shelby, Michigan, and he got a \$10,000 grant from the Government for damage to his crops. Now he is spending half of the money to urge folks to get rid of the law that let him get it.

Bill Weatherford brung up this matter during the session at the country store Saturday night. He said Field ain't biting the hand that feeds him, he's trying to cut off the hole arm. Ed Gonty said he was glad to see somebody try to make a case agin all the giveaways, but he wasn't shore the place to start was on programs for farmers and ranchers.

Field said he wants to put a stop to giving money to everybody that asks for it without looking into the reasons. Ed said Field was complaining cause some folks weren't waiting for disasters, they was putting in fer grants if the weather report called for a 50 per cent chance of a cold snap that would hurt their crops. Ed said the way he read the papers, the feller was just trying to cut down on disaster grants without disasters.

General speaking, Bill allowed, the federal Government has kept a heap of small farmers and ranchers from going under in bad years, and he was strong in favor of most of the programs. Bill said he would admit that it gits out of line when a big farmer can plant 200 acres of gords knowing he's going to plow em under and collect his disaster grant cause they ain't no market fer gords. But Bill was of a mind that tax money is used in a heap worst ways than to help the farmer.

Bug Hookum was agreed with Bill. Bug said he don't know nothing about foreign policy and he gits that mixed up, but he is yet to figger why some folks think it's the merciful thing to do when we cancel billions of dollars in debts India owes us cause India said it was embarrassing to owe that kind of money. Then they use our money to build a atomic bomb. A feller like Spiro Agnew can settle the \$175,000 worth of improvements taxpayers made on his house for \$1,100 and then sell the house at a big profit. Bug went on, but if a dirt farmer gits a low-interest Government loan to try to keep the bank from taking his tractor he's violating some guideline.

Practical speaking, broke in Ed, the bigger you are the more help you can get. Ed said he recalled in the Depression President Hoover set up the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and one of the first loans the RFC made was to the Bank of America. Hoover said later than 90 per cent of the RFC loans went to small businesses, but he didn't add that the big outfits got 90 per cent of the money.

I was Zeke Grubb that put the stopper in the jug, Mister Editor. Zeke said if we think we got a giveaway Government now we ought to let Nelson Rockefeller run it a couple of weeks.

Yours truly,
MAYOR ROY.



Protestant hypocrisy in New York

By LESTER KINSOLVING

NEW YORK—Long after he had become a millionaire several times over, comedian Bob Hope continued his entertaining of U.S. troops in Vietnam, a contribution that had won him the deep gratitude of millions of GIs overseas during World War II.

No one during World War II ever suggested that Hope either loved war or was an instrument of President Roosevelt's foreign or military policy.

But the long U.S. involvement in Vietnam was so questionable that numbers of militant clergy critics concluded that Hope's annually spending Christmas trying to bring some cheer to lonely soldiers was almost a war crime.

Hence, by the narrow margin of three votes, such clergy were able to oblige the Protestant Council of New York to reverse its previously announced decision to award Bob Hope the annual "Family of Man" award.

Hope good-naturedly responded to this monumental insult by remarking that he had already received a great many awards.

For some reason or another, there was no such reversal when this award was announced as being made to Presidents John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, as well as Dr. Henry Kissinger, none of whom were prominent as Vietnamese war protesters. (They were, or are, all prominent and powerful enough, however, to draw a good crowd to the annual "Family of Man" dinner.)

The 1974 recipient of this award, by vote of the city's 1700 member churches and 2,000 affiliated business firms, is the Rev. William Tolbert Jr., President of the Republic of Liberia since 1971, and, since 1951, Vice-President to the late Liberian strongman William Tubman.

Is there careful investigation of all recipients of this award for "broad massive contributions to humanity . . . all mankind as one family under God"?

"We try to be careful," replied the council's top executive, Dr. Dan Potter.

Has the council gone on record in opposition to racial segregation?

"By all means," replied the Rev. Dr. Potter. "There have been repeated resolutions condemning racial segregation."

Then what does the Protestant Council of New York make of Article 5, Sections 12 and 13 of the Constitution of the Republic of Liberia, to wit:

"No person shall be entitled to hold real estate in this Republic unless he be a citizen of same. . . . None but Negroes, or persons of Negro descent shall be eligible to citizenship in this Republic."

After a brief but pregnant pause, Potter answered: "I didn't know about those provisions. But should a mother say to her child 'I can't love you because you smoke'?"

Indeed not. One child of God who smokes, and is head of another racially segregated African country, is Prime Minister Baltazar Johannes Vorster of the Republic of South Africa.

But since the segregation in South Africa is imposed by whites rather than by blacks (as in Liberia), Dr. Vorster is not at all likely to be honored as in President Tolbert's citation:

"Leader of one of Africa's most progressive republics. . . . continued commitment as a Baptist minister to the Christian religion in Africa. . . . His faith and ideals have been translated into concrete action."

THE GAZETTE-TIMES
MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER
Box 337, Heppner, Ore. 97836
Subscription rate: \$6 per year in Oregon, \$7 elsewhere
Ernest V. Joiner, Publisher
Publishes every Thursday, and entered as a second-class matter at the post office at Heppner, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at Heppner, Oregon.