

Horse sense

By ERNEST V. JOINER



Congressmen, who quietly raised their annual income by about \$9,000 a few weeks ago, are back for more. There is a move among these public "servants" to jump their present official pay of \$42,500 (which does not include the \$9,000) to \$58,400 a year. Two Republican members have criticized the attempt. Rep. H.R. Gross, Iowa, said it is an "incredible, unconscionable move at this moment." Rep. Bill Scherle, also of Iowa, called the proposal a "blueprint to fleece the taxpayers' pockets." The proposed salary increase comes at a time when both Democrats and Republicans publicly decry inflationary spending both in and out of government. But Congressmen do not practice what they preach. Some of them are making as much as \$60,000 a year on fees from speaking engagements, which must be added to their present salaries and gratuities. While congressmen were decrying public apathy in the recent general election, in which about 40 per cent of the qualified voters participated, the record of congressmen was equally apathetic. In the 1973 session, out of a total of 100 important energy bills, only 44 senators were present and voting. The rest of them were out making extra money through oratorical moonlighting, junketing all over the world at taxpayer expense, or at home urging the people to vote. The Wall Street Journal recently reported that important appropriations bills have passed with less than half of the senators present and voting. The American voter has just as good a record for voting as have our representatives in congress. The difference is that our representatives in congress get paid, in salary and allowances, more than a quarter of a million dollars a year for staying away from a vote. The American voter stays away for nothing. Americans are prone to forget, if indeed they ever knew, that when a congressman spends as much as three terms in office and is subsequently defeated, he can still retire at a handsome salary for the rest of his life. In my opinion, congressmen are grossly overpaid for the work they do. Perhaps if we made \$1-a-year-men of all of them, including the president, we could find out quickly how many of them are motivated by a desire to serve their country as "public servants" and how many seek the offices to line their pockets and achieve power over others. Until then, I doubt we'll ever know for sure.

When I hear a dewy-eyed liberal complain how evil and gluttonous America is because we have only 6 per cent of the world's population yet consume 30 per cent of the world's resources, I am not going to attempt to keep from throwing up. I don't suppose it would do any good to point out that while that figure is probably exact, America with 6 per cent of the world's population also produces 46 per cent of the world's economic output—and that we are the greatest exporters of grain. We have one-tenth of 1 per cent of the world's population employed on American farms feeding more than 25 per cent of the world's population. By contrast, the Soviet Union has 50 per cent of its working class on the farms; China has 80 per cent of its population on farms. Both produce insufficient food for their own needs, and have to buy it from us—or from Canada. There is a reason why American agriculture is the greatest on earth, and why it got that way. Our agriculture is the greatest because it is a product of brains, science, management, and experience working in a free agricultural climate. It's soil and climate is no better than that of Latin America, Eastern Europe, Russia, Asia and Africa—all of which, incidentally, were great exporters of grain in the 1930s and all of which cannot now feed themselves. They are reluctant to discuss why their situation has changed. All they did at the U.N. World Food Conference in Rome last week was to whine for an annual handout of 100 million tons of food each year, free of charge, from the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz told them to till the soil and feed themselves. Bless his heart. I suspect that he knows that these "welfare nations" are like "welfare families." They're not going to do for themselves what they can have others do for them.

Before I'm typed as an ogre who advocates the wanton killing of cattle, it should be established that I believe in the strong administration of the laws in our courts. In past columns I have decried the namby-pamby administration of justice in our courts today, and urged a firmer stand against offenders. The criticism of the man who killed a cow here a few days ago was made, not because of the severe penalty exacted in that case, but because that sentence was not compatible with a similar case involving the wanton slaughter of two deer wherein the offenders got off with \$75 fines. In the cow case, private property of one individual was destroyed and the penalty was \$200 in restitution, \$805 in fines, five days in jail and suspension of hunting license. In the deer case, the property of all citizens was destroyed. The deer case, compared to the cow case, was a slap on the wrist. Let the penalty for killing be as severe as the court can make it, but apply the penalty equally to all offenders in similar cases.

There is a man in Pendleton who stands convicted of killing two people. He got 10 years, which means he'll serve perhaps two. People have rallied to his defense, promising the guilty man a home, job, education and rehabilitation. If he had killed two cows instead of two human beings, would he have received the same sentence and the same offers of home, job, education and rehabilitation?

It is settled in law that a person who admits his crime, makes restitution, cooperates with the law and offers hope of rehabilitation is shown some leniency by the courts. Were it not so, there would be little reason for an accused to make restitution or cooperate with the law. I am not, as Terry Thompson argues in his Mail Pouch letter, expounding the virtues of lying. What I said, and what I mean, is that had Mr. Stipe maintained his innocence, refused to make restitution and hired an attorney to defend him his chances of escaping any punishment would be great. And, if convicted, the chances would be that the punishment would be much lighter than that imposed in justice court. That speculation is not anti-cattlemen or immoral. It is a conclusion based on previous cases of a similar nature, and one I believe to be valid. A man should tell the truth in court. But if he's going to be "hung" for doing so, the wiser and more practical course is to survive by lying. Lying isn't virtuous, but if the alternative is to be "hung," what choice does a man have?

School board

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habits of industry, gain first hand knowledge of the problems faced by a worker and become a productive person in society. The board tabled the plan for further study.

Barbara Hug was appointed to the transportation committee to fill the vacancy left by Al Akesson. Zoe Billings was approved to replace Akesson on the budget committee. Linda LaRue was hired as a permanent bus driver for the lone area and John Marick as custodian at the school in lone. As of Jan. 1, Helen McCabe will become head cook at the lone school, replacing Margaret Akers, who is retiring.

Bus 7, once used in the Boardman-Irrigon area, has been advertised for sale. The board voted to sell the bus to the highest bidder.

A letter from the junior high students at Riverside, thanking the board for letting those students take a field trip to the World's Fair in Spokane was read. The letter stated that for some of the students it was the first time they had been in a city of that size and for one student it was the first time he had eaten in a restaurant.

Board member Jerry Peck was absent from the meeting. The next meeting is scheduled for Monday, Dec. 16, at the district office in Lexington, beginning at 7:30 p.m. The Long Range Planning Committee will meet Dec. 3 at Riverside High School in Boardman at 8 p.m.



The Same Old Thing Again This Year

Oregon Country

"Oregon's weekly column"

Rick Steber
Kristi Ottoman



The most important person to southern Oregon's gold miner was not the assayer, or even the bartender, but the muleskinner—the jehu who drove his team up narrow and rutty canyon trails to deliver tools, supplies and mail to the busy mining camps.

The teamster had a captive market and got almost any price he asked for freight charges. But every bit earned was put back into the business.

A beginning teamster's first earnings were used to buy another pair of mules and a bigger wagon. As his affluence grew so did his team, from four mules to eight and finally the ultimate—a ten-mule team with a pair of horses to lead.

A team larger than twelve couldn't be handled on the tight corners. Even with teams of six or more a second wagon had to be hitched behind the first to make a back action to keep the entire procession on the road. Two wagons could haul twice as much freight but were twice as much work because they had to be hauled one at a time around short corners and up steep grades.

The mail pouch

EDITOR:

On behalf of Heppner High School, I would like to thank the community of Heppner for its tremendous support and sportsmanship shown during the 1974 football season. Not only just at home games, but also away from home.

The game at Halfway proved just how great the Mustang supporters are. They traveled over 400 miles, and well out-numbered the Pine Eagle supporters. In talking to the Pine Eagle Sheriff Posse, they told me how impressed they were with the Heppner people. Not only were there people from Heppner, but people from all over Morrow County were there supporting the Mustangs.

Without community support our athletic teams could not survive. The great number of Mustang supporters is an important incentive to our athletic program.

Thank you once again for your tremendous support to the athletic program.

DEAN NAFFZIGER,
Athletic Director.

EDITOR:

In your fervor to defend a young man who confessed to shooting a cow, it appears that you failed to get your factual information correct. The cow was owned by Steve Thompson, Pendleton, not me, as you stated. The meat, which you stated went straight into our freezer, was given away to two men who helped dress out the animal.

Oregon cattlemen in 1973 suffered losses in excess of \$400,000 due to cattle theft, vandalism and hunter carelessness. Ranchers are usually not fortunate enough to apprehend these persons and get a conviction, but when we do, we feel that the sentence should be severe enough to discourage others from doing the same thing. If Mr. Stipe had destroyed your printing press rather than a cow, would your opinions on law and justice be the same as those set forth in last week's Gazette-Times? Just as your presses are essential to your business, live cattle are necessary for cattlemen to make a living. As a newspaper editor in a community with an agricultural economy, it would be hoped that you would take a more positive position toward the problems of the ranchers and farmers.

As a rancher and concerned citizen, I have nothing but praise for the law enforcement officers who worked two days to apprehend Mr. Stipe and for Judge O'Connor who sentenced him.

You seem to thrive on controversy; however, your editorial overstepped the limits of moral good taste when you stated, "Tis better, no doubt, to lie like hell than to languish in jail." In your position one would hope you would lend some support for our judicial system instead of expounding the "virtues" of lying and deceit.

TERRY THOMPSON,
Heppner.

A skinner's most important investment was his team. It wasn't the number that counted as much as their size and stamina, and prices of \$1,000 to \$1,500 for a mule weren't uncommon.

With an investment of that size a teamster was sure to see that his mules received the best of care and attention, but he was just as sure that they would pull with every ounce of strength.

While Easterners considered a ton of freight an adequate load for a team of mules the western jehus would start by loading a ton for each animal and adding to that. The standard rule to loading was, if the team could start the load it could carry it.

But the mules were never allowed to get tired or winded. Loads were hauled in 60 to 80-foot pulls up the rocky mountain trails and in 10-foot pulls on the steepest grades. Between pulls the animals were rested and watered at intervals. A driver would never start another pull as long as an animal was panting.

But if an animal were to get careless or indifferent the teamster would let him have it. Mule talk was the polite term for the language laid upon those beasts and it was laid on as heavy as the whip which accompanied it.

Completing the first-class muleskinner's outfit were foxtails and silver stars decorating the bridle and bearskin-covered hames. Bells were hung from the traces and miners could tell who was coming into camp long before they saw him just from the jangling of those bells and the whistles of the driver.

EDITOR:

I want to go on record as protesting the administration of justice in my beloved Morrow County if the facts as you presented them in the Nov. 14 issue regarding the case against James Robert Stipe of Prineville are true.

What is it that is passing for justice in Morrow County these days? When I was a boy growing up in Lexington, it used to be said that if one had a man he wanted to kill, he should lure him to Heppner before he pulled the trigger. The case against the Prineville lad is clearly a miscarriage of justice to the opposite extreme.

As an instructor of political science, I have long advocated the elimination of justice courts administered by untrained personnel. The case against young Stipe provides me with more ammunition than could any textbooks, the author of which having never been to Morrow County.

SAM G. McMILLAN,
Milwaukie.

UNLIKELY LETTERS by WILLIAMS

Master Hans Brinker

By-the-Zeider-Zee Holland

Dear Master Brinker:

I regret to inform you that your acceptance of silver skates for performing nullifies your amateur standing.

Herman Van Tassel

Chairman

Amateur Athletic Group

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

The fellers got to talking about the good old days Saturday night at the country store, and we was busy most of the session trying to figger out when the good old days was.

It was general agreed that when they were depends where you were and what you were. Fer instans, Ed Doolittle said his daughter that lives in the city come home last week and brung a friend to visit. The girl that come with her, Ed said, was raised in the big city, and she thought milk comes in plastic cartons and eggs come from aside milk in the grocery store. Ed said when his old lady come in from the barn with the milk and offered the girl a glass fresh from the cow that she about fainted. The girl said her Ma had allus told her that milk that ain't been pasteurized is full of deadly germs, and she wanted to know our cow had been pasteurized.

The good old days, Ed allowed, was when Ma would come in with the bucket of warm milk, strain it through cheesecloth to take out the bits of hay and other foreign matter that might of dropped in the bucket when old Bess switched her tail, and pour the younguns a glass afore she set the rest up fer the cream to rise. The good old days was when you got up mornings and went out and got your breakfast egg from under the hen, Ed said, instead of waiting till they boxed and called Large Grade A.

Fer Zeke Grubb, the good old days was when calico was nickel a yard, when all the stores had a cracker barrel and free cheese, when dipers was made of flour sacks and wool shirts sold fer 50 cents apiece. He recalled when the wimm-knitted all the family socks and when nails was used for buttons on your pants and coats. He was talking about the days when a few drops of kerosene on a spoonful of sugar would give fer a cough, and castor oil was laced with a dab of turpentine fer body. When the doctor come to the house deliver the baby, and he wouldn't expect his \$10 fee till I come back to deliver the next one.

Mister Editor, the fellers went round and round on why and how the good old days was good, but I got the feeling that they was a heap better to look back on than live in. My own recollection is that when a good pair of shoe was \$1, wag was 50 cents a day, when you was lucky enough to find a job that didn't pay off in potatoes and fresh meat.

Wishing back on them days reminds me of the letter I saw in one of the papers the other day when this fellar was asking where he could buy some Army C rations. Only a man that ain't never had none would want some.

Actual, in them days problems was simpler, but the solutions was just as tough. When I was a boy, we use to have big fusses at the church over who got to set in the arm corner and which family got their names on the window nearest the front. Now they just quarrel about money.

Yours truly
MAYORRO



What religious news is fit to print?

By LESTER KINSOLVING

BOSTON—"Deep differences of opinion on what news is fit to print" is the only official explanation offered as to why the editor of S.J. News was fired.

S.J. (Society of Jesus) News is the monthly newspaper of the Jesuit Province of New England, which has in recent months been perhaps the most newsworthy of all the Jesuit provinces in the world.

The fired editor, the Rev. James G. Hietter, S.J., has quite conscientiously, tried to live up to the S.J. News title—by reporting the actual news, whether good or bad.

This apparently won him the enmity—although, to be sure the (furious) interest—of both conservatives and liberals. The liberals were incensed when Father Hietter raised the perfectly legitimate question as to whether the Rev. and Hon. Robert Drinan, S.J. (D-Mass.) still has the required ecclesiastical permission to serve in Congress.

Congressman Drinan does have permission, from New England's Jesuit Provincial (superior) the Rev. Richard Cleary, S.J.

But editor Hietter quotes Boston's Archbishop Humbert Cardinal Maderios as saying, "I have made it very clear that I don't approve of priests in political office."

And while Maderios' famed predecessor, the late Richard Cardinal Cushing, had given Father Drinan his enthusiastic consent to run, editor Hietter cited Canon 139, in which the bishop's permission is required for a priest to run for political office.

The issue is further clouded by Drinan's Congressional district including parts of both the Boston Archdiocese as well as the Diocese of Worcester—whose bishop, Bernard Flannagan, has no objection to Drinan in Congress.)

Priest-editor Hietter infuriated the conservatives as well as the liberals by breaking the story that Provincial Cleary ordered Father John McLaughlin, S.J., to leave his White House post. Shortly after reporting this news in the S.J. News, Father Hietter was fired by Provincial Cleary.

"Father Cleary has the authority to fire me," acknowledged Hietter during a telephone interview with this column, "although it may be that he should explain precisely what are these deep differences regarding what news is fit to print. Since both Drinan and McLaughlin were originally given permission to serve in Washington, I felt the people had a right to know all about these newsworthy priests."

Then the fired editor concluded: "You can't have a free press, or an interesting press, that is controlled."

One reason why so many local, regional, or national religion house organs are either so deadily dull or basically untrustworthy (at least when they deal with the denominational power structure) is in failing to realize or implement the truth of this statement.

One significant document which seems to bear out Father Hietter's conclusion was published in 1971, a 20,000 word pastoral instruction entitled "The Media, Public Opinion and Human Progress." Among the conclusions of this Vatican document, approved by Pope Paul VI, was: "The safety of newsmen should be assured because of the service the reader to man's right to know what is happening."

But priest-editor Hietter, who tried so hard to implement "man's right to know what is happening," remains at the writing fired, with no other job offered him by the Society of Jesus.

Interestingly, the Jesuit magazine America reported from the recent Synod in Rome the following statement by Father Pedro Arrupe, General of the Society of Jesus, who is also known as "The Black Pope":

"The Church can offer positive help to those involved in the mass media in several ways: by sincerity and openmindedness in giving exact and complete information by promptness in furnishing information; by accepting criticism with humility and loyalty; by understanding the conditions under which newsmen must work, exposed as they are to the tyranny of deadlines, of popular moods and of the need to break stories."

Father Hietter will no doubt be happy to hear this.

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER

Box 127, Heppner, Ore. 97538

Subscription rate: \$6 per year in Oregon, \$7 elsewhere

Ernest V. Joiner, Publisher

Published 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.