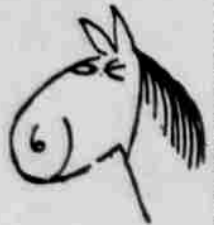


Horse sense

By ERNEST V. JOINER



There's good news. On Oct. 7, 1974, the U.S. Senate officially voted to end the Great Depression of the 1930s, 41 years after it was declared. This clears the deck for senatorial concern over the depression we're heading into now. Inspired, no doubt, by this timely end to the Great Depression, the senate also voted to end the mobilization of U.S. troops to fight in Korea. Many will be surprised to learn that the Korean War has never officially ended, and neither has the Vietnam War that the president ordered us into in the 1950s. It would be good news if the senate officially ends both the Korean and Vietnam Wars within the next 41 years. But while the senate was hacking the Great Depression to death, it failed to repeal the national emergency powers it gave President Franklin D. Roosevelt in March, 1933, to meet the problems of that Great Depression, which still makes the president more powerful than the Congress. Neither did the senate vote to terminate the Bay of Tonkin Resolution which gives the president the authority to declare war at any time, against anybody, anywhere he sees fit. Now that the senate has stirred to end the Great Depression there is hope that it will begin the long road back to resumption of its responsibilities instead of shifting them to the executive department.

I hope some of our subscribers read the nationally syndicated column by Don Oakley which appeared in the East Oregonian last week. It dealt with the unequal administration of justice in our courts. Oakley said a hypothetical case was submitted to New England judges recently, and the disparity in the sentences the judge would have imposed upon the hypothetical defendant was so great that it could be said there could be no equal justice under the law in that area. The same is true across the country, as Oakley noted. Punishment for identical crime varies from state to state, county to county, city to city and from judge to judge. Unequal punishment results because the laws are written and interpreted differently from one area to another, and because of the personal feelings and idiosyncracies of the judges. Killing a cow in Massachusetts isn't as grave an offense as killing one in Oregon. All of which is what I have been saying the past few weeks is the case in Morrow County. Mr. Oakley is fortunate in one respect. Because some Morrow County citizens don't know his address or telephone number he probably escaped some of the abuse I got for having argued the same point!

Contempt of court is not to be taken lightly, especially if the offender happens to be a newspaper reporter. In recent years many reporters have gone to jail and prison for contempt because they refused the order of a court judge to reveal the names of their informants. But such harsh treatment isn't extended to labor union members who violate a court injunction to cease picketing. In Portland last week a judge sentenced six labor union members for contempt when they ignored the court's prohibition on mass picketing at a North Portland plant. The judge literally threw the book at them by sentencing all six to perform 10 hours of community service work—or donate a pint of blood to the Red Cross. At least they were spared the indignity of having to stand in the corner!

For the first year of my residence in Heppner I was a devout advocate of the Willow Creek Dam project which has been kicked around for 40 years by the federal government. Due largely to my efforts to get the dam authorized, it was defeated in congress. Then I began a campaign to inform the people that the dam would never be built and that it was never intended that it should be built—and that the whole plan had been a political carrot dangled before the Morrow County electorate at election time. I said I didn't want the dam, and that anybody caught making plans for one should in all Christian charity be tarred, feathered and dumped at the city limits. Now that was something a dillydallying congress isn't about up to be put with! No sir. Tuesday morning Mayor Jerry Sweeney got a call from Washington informing him that the Willow Creek Dam project had been revived and has unanimously passed the House, and the only obstacle was a possible veto by President Ford. There seems to be no end to which congressmen will go to make a liar out of me. As long as I wanted the dam, there was no chance. The minute I turned against it, congress approves it unanimously! Now all I've got to do to get the president to sign the bill is to urge him to veto it, which I hereby do. All of which reminds me of the immortal wisdom of Mark Twain, when he said, "It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress!"

When Gov. McCall leaves office in January the taxpayers won't be leaving McCall. For the rest of his life the governor will receive about 45 per cent of his \$32,000-a-year salary, or more than \$14,000 a year, which is a nice deal for him considering that he has paid into his pension fund such a short time. The 1971 legislature passed the governor's pension law, but it was repealed by a referendum of voters in November, 1972. During these 17 months the governor paid 7 per cent of his monthly salary into the fund. The Taxpayers Protective Association went to court to deny McCall the pension, claiming that he should not be paid because the law had been repealed. Last week a circuit court judge ruled that McCall is entitled to his pension because he had fulfilled his part of the agreement called for in the now-repealed law. Oregon people are fortunate. Most states have not been alert enough to stop the pension racket beloved of politicians, and are supporting ex-office holders by the thousands for the rest of their lives. Legislatures are quick to institute such pension funds for government employees because they, too, ride the pension gravy train, and are anxious that this benefit be extended to everybody who works for government. In McCall's case he deserves the lifetime pension because he fulfilled the terms and conditions of a law passed by a foolish legislature. But the rejection of the law by the people will save them millions of dollars in the future—if they don't go to sleep and allow a subsequent legislature to pass a similar retirement bill.



The mail pouch

EDITOR:

Since July 1, 1971, Gov. McCall has paid in \$7,840 towards a dead pension plan.

Under this brazen act of legislation called "The Governor's Retirement Act," Gov. McCall would collect 45 per cent of his present \$32,000 per year salary, or \$14,400 per year, and in 15 years would collect \$216,000 or 27 times more than he personally paid in. Some people could go to jail for pulling a deal like that. Especially since the people of Oregon on Nov. 7, 1972, killed this "instant pension windfall" by a 2 to 1 vote, 365,218 to 289,934.

Acting Circuit Judge Paul Jones recently protected the governor's windfall, and by going against the majority vote of the people, thereby made an open mockery of the democratic process. Talk about a conflict of interest!

When the governor's self-interest is involved—where are all the pious mouthings about democracy?

In a republic the people's vote would be secure. Their repeal of a law by majority vote means repeal—period! The people majority are above the legislature, or any elected or appointed official including the so-called "divine right of kings."

What the judge should have done is ordered the money paid in by Gov. McCall to be refunded appropriately to him with interest, because the pension law no longer exists and the state has no authority to act otherwise.

After all, Tom McCall wanted the office of governor so bad. He was well paid for any services rendered—and that's that!

What we need is a new Declaration of Independence dated no later than July 4, 1976, plus a letter of protest dated today!

WALTER HUSS, Portland.

Oregon Country . . .

French-Canadian Louis Labonte was one of Oregon's original settlers. He was employed by John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Trading Company and he took himself an Indian wife, Little Songbird, daughter of Chief Kobaway of the Clatsop Indians.

Abandoning his trap line he decided to take up farming. And from a choice of nearly all the real estate in Oregon he chose 640 acres of river bottomland near Dayton.

He lived to see Oregon become a state and died Sept. 30, 1860, in St. Paul. But while he was alive he recalled in a journal of having seen grizzly bear in the Willamette Valley and of having watched Indians stalk deer.

Deer were plentiful in the early 1800s and during the fall breeding season, the bucks were pugnacious. In order to get near enough to kill them an Indian would take the head of a deer, including the hide of the neck and place it over his head. Then crawling on all fours and keeping the mouth of the deer head off the ground, as if grazing, he would creep to the down-wind side of the herd. He would also, so as to more closely imitate the actions of a deer, occasionally jerk the head from side to side as if driving away flies.

It wasn't long before a buck from the herd would spot the suspicious stranger. Stamping and snorting he would approach the Indian, always keeping himself between the herd and the stranger. Shaking with excitement of having to protect his harem, the buck would wheel on the intruder and challenge him to fight. Maneuvering for position he would begin his charge seventy or eighty feet away.

The hunter in the meantime would continue with the game until the victim was within range. Throwing the head aside he would let fly his fatal arrow from a crouched position.

But Louis Labonte saw what happened when the Indian chanced to miss his mark. He wrote that as often as not the buck would continue his charge at the suspected rival and gore him, trample him and sometimes even kill him.

Santa in town Saturday

Santa will greet Heppner's youngsters with candy this Saturday when he arrives on Main Street to open the holiday season.

After passing out candy to the youngsters he will go to the old library building at City Hall and youngsters will have a chance to visit with him and have their pictures taken in color by members of the Soroptimist Club, for a fee of \$1 per photo.

Heppner's merchants will get into the swing of Christmas as they will have various guessing contests in their store windows this Saturday only. Each merchant will award the lucky winner a gift certificate. On the following Friday nights, Dec. 13-20, merchants will remain open until 9 p.m.

Parking . . .

(Continue from Page 1)

The City of Eugene had a parking problem. They did not want meters and they did not want any employees parking in the spaces reserved for customers, so they passed an ordinance where an employee found parking in either his employer's or his neighbor's parking space was first warned and later cited and fined \$10. This ordinance is now being challenged in Oregon courts.

He also stated that as yet he has not filed condemnation proceedings against Mr. and Mrs. James Hager for their property on Main Street, but hopes to do so within the next two weeks.

The council refused to take any action on an outdoor light for the Heppner Child Development Center located on Minor Street. The center had requested the city to install a light in the front of the building because it opens at 6 a.m. and many mothers taking their children to the center have complained of poor lighting in the area. They had contacted Columbia Basin Electric and had been assured that a pole would be installed free, the necessary wire run and a light installed free if the center could find someone to pay the monthly light bill which would amount to \$36.42 per year.

A special meeting of the council will be held Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8 p.m.

EDITOR:

Your suggestion of making our congressional representatives "dollar a year" men would have a backlash. Who could complain about a guy who only makes a buck a year? Even I take home more than that. However, I do believe if a man agrees to work for a specified salary his boss has the right to demand he earns the money.

The Senate and House of Representatives are 3,000 miles away from Oregon. The complexities of our government have grown to such proportions that it is impossible for the average voter to keep up with the impending bills or know who is present to cast their vote.

There is one way the constituents could see how their man in Washington is doing. That is by placing TV cameras on the floor of the Senate and the House. In view of their past ratings, there would be no difficulty in finding sponsors for the program. It would be a natural for El Paso Gas or Oscar Meyer Baloney. From their past TV performances we are aware of the stellar acting ability of these great stars.

At a recent televised investigating committee, did you observe the masque of shock and disbelief portrayed by the senators when one of the witnesses suggested that some of their colleagues may have partaken a bit heavily of branch water and bourbon before voting on issues of importance?

Being on TV can have a great financial benefit to these gentlemen. The chairman of one of the committees has published several books. One of them sold quite well. It is titled, "The Wisdom of Sam Ervin." Now there is a man who has been in congress for over 45 years and no one ever knew he had any wisdom until he appeared on television.

With cameras on congress there would no longer be the excuse of a slanted media. "No one told me" or "I wasn't there." There would no longer be a need for huge campaign funds. At the end of his tenure if the congressman had discharged the duties of his office satisfactorily the voters would renew his contract. If he had failed, then no amount of money could get him re-elected.

We have seen how electronic spying devices are used against citizens. We have seen how government agencies can be used to break a malcontent. What we have seen only scratches the surface of what would be done if this power were placed in the hands of a group with dictatorial aspirations.

Before we, the governed, find Big Brother's cameras inside our homes it behooves us to place the cameras where they will work for us—inside the hallowed halls of government.

WALT WEBB, Condon.

EDITOR:

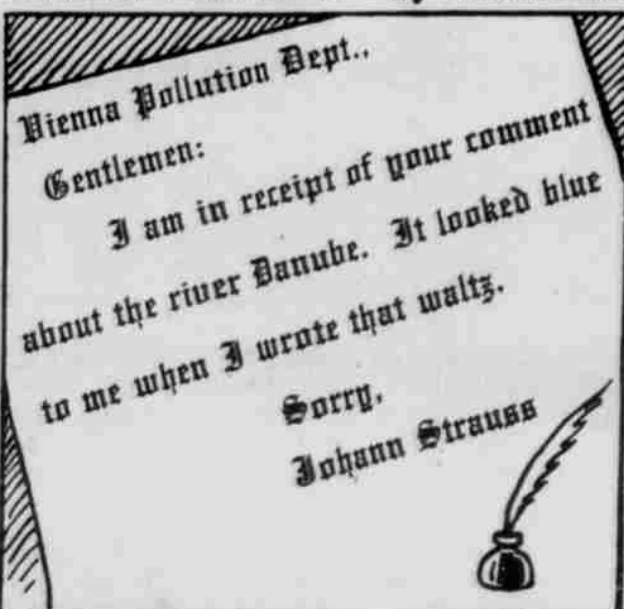
A doctor was looking over our community this past weekend in terms of possibly setting up a practice here. I was out of the county during the weekend but the reports I've received on my return confirm my feelings about what a friendly community Heppner is.

I would like to thank all of you who helped with Dr. Bezek's weekend. Each of you went out of your way to show Dr. Bezek around and make him feel welcomed.

On behalf of the Doctors' Search Committee, thank you to all of you who have helped the campaign by donations of time or money. We have a lot of work ahead of us before this campaign is completed, but if the spirit of cooperation to date is any indication, we will be successful in bringing more doctors to the community.

LIZ CURTIS, President, Doctors' Search Committee

UNLIKELY LETTERS by WILLIAMS



Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Years ago this woman come in the store with this poodle dog in her arms. Both of em had this puffed up poodle hairdo and they had their hair and toenails painted the same color.

I got the idee that people was trying to make their pets in their own image. But snap judgements has a way of coming unfastened. From what's been going on recent I ain't sure who's trying to change who.

Mister Editor, it's bad when folks eat dog food cause they're hungry, but it's worse when they eat the stuff cause they like it. It worries me that some folks think it's cute to wear a dog flea collar, but it's downright scary when they wear em cause they got fleas. It use to be if you told a man he was going to the dogs it was a insult, but the way things is going now it's a compliment.

I been wondering how to explain the difference between real horse sense and the common kind. I saw by the papers where up in Canada at one of their wild west celebrations they come up with a contest to see which could walk 100 mile the fastest, a man or a horse. It was the man, not the horse, that thought up the contest. If you come across a better way to tell what's horse sense and what ain't, I hope you'll pass it along to everbody.

General speaking, people git it in their heads that whatever way they do somepun is the wrong way. When we was growing up it wasn't a shame to git lice on you, but my Ma allowed it was a hang dog shame to keep em on you. She would scrub us all over and boil our clothes til we was raw and it was too rough on the lice to try to live around us. But the idee of wearing a lice collar no more come to her than it did to put deodorant on us to keep us from stinking. Her feeling was if we was clean we wouldn't stink, and if we wasn't clean they weren't no use in covering up the stink with perfume.

Zeke Grubb said at the country store Saturday night that one big mistake everbody makes nowadays is treating the pain instead of the cause of the pain. If we hurt we take a pill that may ease the pain but don't do a thing for the bad tooth. It appears to me that wearing flea collers is like that, and this piece I saw said pet stores in San Francisco now stocks collers with jewels on em and in all colors cause they're such a hot item fer people to wear. One store owner said she wore em herself, so I'll guess she put the collar on to show her dogs that people wore em so they were alright fer dogs.

Animals are getting the worst of the image deal. I see where a feller in Davenport, Iowa took a mitten his dog had chewed on to a art show and won a prize. He better not tell his dog or the pore mutt will git nervous like that chimp in the zoo that had a breakdown from trying to imitate the people that was imitating him. How many ways can a dog chew a mitten?

Yours truly, MAYOR ROY.



The Post's priestess promo

By LESTER KINSOLVING

In their continuing campaign to obtain official Episcopal Church consent for the ordination of female priests and bishops, the Women's Caucus of this three million-member denomination has shown a striking kind of ingenuity.

They retained a press agent who is not only clever, but who also has excellent connections. For Betty Bagdikian and her husband Ben are both alumni of the mighty Washington Post, where she once served as religion writer and he as national editor and later ombudsman.

The Post is owned by Katherine Graham (an Episcopalian) who is quite probably the most powerful woman in the nation, as she is the owner, also, of Newsweek magazine, as well as radio and TV stations—along with what might be called the first symbolic Presidential scalp in American history.

The Post's current religion writer, Marjorie Hyer, is therefore apparently at complete liberty to identify 11 Episcopal female deacons as "women priests"—a rather interesting ecclesiastical venture (for a secular newspaper)—especially since the denomination's highest authorities, General Convention and the House of Bishops, do not recognize the validity of their alleged ordination to the priesthood last summer.

Such reporting apparently has its rewards, however, as The Post continues to be the first to know what these ladies will be up to next. Moreover, the Betty-Marjorie-Post promo has something of a boffo effect on the public, which is not entirely unlike the effectiveness of the famed "Packaging of A President" in 1968. Yet this current PR is also beginning to show slight signs of transparency, such as the following:

When three of these priestesses violated their deacons' ordination vows by functioning as priests at Manhattan's Riverside Church, the first four pews, full of cameramen, focused on the communion service's breaking of bread. But the ladies weren't equipped with priests' wafers or even ordinarily sized bread loaves. They had bread the size of small manhole covers, which came off well on camera.

The offering at this service was announced as designated to feed the hungry. And, quite cleverly, it was sent to the Episcopal Presiding Bishop's Fund—instead of to a neutral feeding agency. When Presiding Bishop John Allin conscientiously refused to allow either his office or the hungry to be so used, Miss Hyer's reporting in The Post made him look monstrous.

After all but one Episcopal bishop ignored this affair at Riverside Church, priestess Alison Cheek of Annandale, Virginia, announced (by way of a large photograph in The Post) that she would again officiate as a priest—this time in Washington's swinging St. Stephen's and The Incarnation Parish. But the posed photograph showed Mrs. Cheek in a chaste of such style as to make her resemble a giant butterfly hovering over rector William Wendt—who looked as if he were the mad scientist in the film classic "Invasion of The Giant Aphids."

At each of these two services, there is Luther's hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," one of whose lyrics is: "The body they may kill." Since none of these ladies' bishops appears ready or willing even to mildly rebuke, much less kill these bodies—there is a glaring contrast between Luther facing burning at the stake and these ladies—who face camera lenses. There is also striking contrast to the first Episcopal female priest, ordained more than 30 years ago in a Japanese prison camp, under real risk, as a necessity in order that the sacrament be administered.

The overkill in all the current show biz is the very real possibility that the Betty-Marjorie-Post promo may have annihilated all Episcopal discipline, along with resistance to female ordination, given the unwillingness of the involved bishops to carry out their vows to "diligently exercise such discipline."

If in the future some avant-garde young priest announces that his conscience has told him that he is every bit as entitled to keep concubines as Kings David and Solomon, will his bishop advise, or consent?

 * 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 *
 * 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. *
 * * * * *
 * *****