



● As expected, President Ford vetoed the Willow Creek Dam authorization bill last week because he said "it raised unresolved issues relative to the general principles and standards governing the evaluation of water resource projects," and if that isn't calling a spade a spade I'll come over and eat your Christmas tree ornaments. I suppose Ford has saved the republic from excessive spending and rescued us from inflation by killing this \$13-million project. Yet it hasn't gone unnoticed that the day after Ford saved us the cost of the dam, he indicated he would sign a \$5.5 billion bill passed by Congress that would create unproductive jobs for the unemployed. Our little old \$13 million dam wouldn't put anybody to work on a needed (and promised) project, but a \$5.5 billion replica of the WPA will. The \$13 million for the dam isn't in the public interest, but \$5.5 billion filched from the taxpayers' purse to hire 330,000 paper shufflers and leaf rakers is in the public interest. A \$13 million dam is inflationary. \$5.5 billion to produce nothing is not. That \$13 million compares with the money spent by President Ford and his entourage to Martini recently to jawbone with the President of France, a meeting that produced nothing for the present or the future. And so this kind of political logic has shot down a relatively inexpensive dam that could have saved lives and property and one which has been sought since the flood of 1963. Perhaps this is the penalty Heppnerites pay for not being (1) poverty-stricken, (2) composed of a racial minority, or (3) for not being a band of criminals seeking salvation through government rehabilitation programs.

● This is as good a place as any to repeat the old story about the promises of congressmen. This congressman went to an Indian reservation to speak in behalf of his election campaign. "My good friends, I'll see to it that the government helps our Indian brothers." "Bazonga, bazonga!" cheered the assembled redskins. "I'll work to get better housing for you," the congressman went on. "Bazonga!" the Indians shouted. Thus encouraged the congressman warmed up. "I'll see to it that you receive relief and annual welfare payments." "Bazonga!" the Indians roared. After the speech the congressman was chatting with the chief and looking over a pasture full of the chief's prize bulls. "They are marvelous animals," the congressman told the chief. "Do you mind if I walk over and have a closer look at them?" "Ugh, OK," the chief grunted, "but be careful not to step in all that bazonga."

● The demise of 1974, may it rest in peace, was another in a series of years wherein Americans were called upon to survive such things as the continuing nuclear threat, pesticide residues, Communism, Watergate (s), wet armpits—and viewers-with-alarm. The latter is the more deadly. The past year has found our self-appointed and self-anointed soothsayers finding everything hazardous to our health, including fresh air and food. Environmental viewers-with-alarm have all brought commerce and industry to a halt, as witness current shortages of consumer goods. One group of "viewers" predicts the end of mankind through lung cancer induced by tobacco. It makes no difference that death rates from major lung ailments, including cancer, are 700 per cent less today than in 1900, having dropped from 430 deaths per 100,000 population to 90—and during the same period that cigarette smoking reached its highest peak. Another "viewer" is convinced that Americans are digging their graves with knives and forks, and exhorts them to fasting or to eating birdseed and cornsilk, laced with manure. He will refuse to discuss the fact that within this century the average length of life in the U.S. has been extended from 47 to nearly 70 years. Still another "viewer" is in divinely-imparted wisdom that heart disease is going to get us all unless we give up meat. He is oblivious to records indicating that death rates from major heart disease have declined from more than 500 per 100,000 population in 1928 to about 400 per 100,000 today—the period of our greatest per capita meat consumption. These "viewers" must get some emotional kick in scaring the daylight out of their fellowman. As for these "viewers," one could hardly be expected to find a vegetarian cheering wildly during "Eat More Beef Week," and few nudists are going to be moved to tears over the "Make it Yourself with Wool" contest. A prohibitionist and teetotaler is not always a qualified judge of what it takes to make a good highball, and nobody takes seriously the spinster who writes books on child care. We should no more expect these well-intentioned "viewers" to be swayed by facts than we should expect a chorus of Valesii emuchs to sing a spirited rendition of "There's Nothing Like a Dame." I predict that 1975 will be another year we all survive our viewers-with-alarm. The girls will keep right on getting prettier and the boys will keep on getting taller, heavier and more handsome and intelligent than their fathers. This may result in death by disappointment for all our viewers-with-alarm, a happy thought I shall hold for the coming year!

● According to 1973-74 population estimates by the Center for Population Research and Census at Portland State University, Morrow and Wheeler counties are the fastest growing counties in Eastern Oregon. Morrow County ranks 9th in growth in the state; Wheeler County ranks 4th. That sounds pretty impressive until we discover that Morrow County gained only a total of 170 persons! Then the PSU center broke the gain down by towns as follows: Heppner, 20; Lexington, 15; Boardman, 120; Ione, 50; and Irrigon, 50. Which adds up to 255 instead of 170. Well, back to the adding machine, kids!

● It's time to take another swat at our environmental gadflies. Here at the newspaper we get rolls and rolls of printed material from environmental groups describing how our forests are being destroyed by unscrupulous timber interests who are only interested in profits. According to the U.S. Forest Service, the United States in 1970 grew 32 per cent more wood than it cut, based on total growing stock. At the present time we have 754 million acres of forest in this country, which is three-fourths of the forest here when Columbus landed. If this is destruction of natural resources, we need a lot more of it.

● Soviet-built tractors are being sold to farmers in Mississippi, with Alabama and Louisiana to be opened up soon for Soviet exploitation. The Soviet tractor, the Belarus, sells for about \$3,000 less than a comparable John Deere or International Harvester made in this country. Russia can make the tractors cheaper because of its slave-labor policies. International thinkers like Henry Kissinger and Nelson Rockefeller have been instrumental in the U.S. pouring money into the Soviet Union to make sure that the tractors will compete with American products which are made with high-priced and highly taxed labor. Obviously, American tractor manufacturers cannot continue to produce tractors that won't sell because Russian tractors sell for less. A farmer facing bankruptcy isn't likely, no matter what his political feelings, to buy a John Deere when he can get a Belarus for \$3,000 less. So our own industries close down and our unemployment rolls swell, all because the internationalists who control America want to build up Soviet industry at the expense of our own.

● If you think it was cold Monday morning, wait until your wife sees what she didn't get for Christmas!



## Assessors qualify under new laws

SALEM—John Lohdell, director of the Department of Revenue, announced Wednesday that he had certified seven recently elected county assessors as qualified to take office in January, 1975, including Everett Harshman of Morrow County.

All submitted documentation for study by the department to determine eligibility for office under the terms of the newly enacted county assessor's qualification statute. This became effective upon voter approval of the constitutional amendment on Nov. 5.

Four of those elected in November were certified appraisers and met the requirements based upon their past experience in assessors' offices. On Dec. 17 Lohdell informed them that they were certified to hold office. They are: Roy Long, chief appraiser, Union County Assessor's Office, LaGrande; Henry Hudson, chief appraiser, Columbia County Assessor's Office, St. Helens; Cecil Zemke, appraiser, Deschutes County

Assessor's Office, Bend; and Arthur Johnson, former chief appraiser, Clatsop County Assessor's Office, Astoria.

The other three were given the option of a hearing before the director prior to his final decision. Only two chose to do so.

William Meedks, Roseburg, and his attorney, D. R. Denick, Roseburg, presented testimony Dec. 11 during a hearing, and Ken Bylund,

Eugene, testified in a hearing on Dec. 13.

Harshman, Morrow County assessor-elect for Morrow County, was offered the opportunity of a hearing but chose to waive that right. He based his case on documents he submitted.

Lohdell said, "They demonstrated under the statutes that they were qualified."

In each case the decision was made based upon a complete staff investigation

### quote/unquote

"Rumor has it that the Democrat National Committee voted unanimously to buy the Watergate complex and change the name to Chap-paquiddick Inn. Bobby Baker has been named the new manager. Billy Sol Estes is maitre d'hotel, and Walter Jenkins is in charge of the locker room. Ted Kennedy has been named life guard."—The Macon (Ga.) Herald.

"This Christmas the United States Court of Appeals has ruled the Nativity scene must be dropped from the Pageant of Peace because of excessive government entanglement with religion. That's pretty strange. I've often wondered how a government can claim to be totally divorced from any association with religion—and then call a national holiday to celebrate the birthday of Christ or set a Thursday in November as a national holiday to give thanks to God."—Sisseton (S.D.) Courier.

### GAZETTE-TIMES OUT DEC. 31

The next issue of the Gazette-Times will be published Dec. 31 because of the New Year holiday. Regular publication of the newspaper begins with the Jan. 5 issue. News and advertising for the Dec. 31 issue should be in no later than Monday, Dec. 30.

## Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Ed Doolittle's daughter that works in the city is spending the holidays with her folks. Ed told the fellers at the country store Saturday that the first thing she done when she got in the house was drink three glasses of water. She said she had read about all them chemicals in the city water, and she just couldn't wait to get home and drink some plain water right out of the ground. She said after them reports on New Orleans water this common country variety that ain't homogenized, enriched and chemical treated left a better taste in her mouth.

Ed said he had been following the Environmental Protection Agency's call for closer checks on all water treatment after them New Orleans tests showed that from the standpoint of getting cancer, folks there would be better off drinking water straight out of the Mississippi.

But Ed said he recollects just a few years ago this same outfit was telling us we were fast running out of air to breathe, and we were going to have to cut off all our engines and not build no fires until we got the air cleaned up.

Then come the fuel shortage. Ed allowed, and sudden old coal heaters and wood cook stoves was being encouraged to save oil and electricity, and the air could take care of itself. Ed said we best take the EPA serious, but with a big grain of salt.

The fellers was general agreed with Ed that the EPA and all agencies that deal with the public health has got to stretch a point to make one. Jest like doctors have to build a big safety margin in their medicine, these outfits has got to make a situation sound terrible jest to get your attention. If the bottle says one pill ever four hours, the doctor knows some of us figger if one pill is good three would be wonderful, so he's got to plan it so three won't kill us.

When the EPA says the single family home is the ruination of America, it's jest trying to let us know we ought to think more carefully about how we use our land cause, like the old preacher said, the good Lord ain't making no more of it.

Still, allowed Bill Weatherford, we got to guard agin too much control, like where we got it so a man can't feed his own table scraps to his own hogs that he is raising fer his own use.

General speaking, the fellers was fer strict control of the other guy. It's fine to outlaw him burning his leaves, but if I decide to burn a pile of tree trimmings, that's my business, was their line of thinking.

What we need, declared Bill, is to get back to where to say a feller is sound as a dollar mean't he was well, not sick, and where candy wasn't coming out with less sugar and whiskey with less proof.

Speaking on this line, Ed said we ought to get back to living in such a way that when it comes time to preach our funeral, the preacher can do it without running the risk of going to hell fer lying. Mister Editor, that ain't a bad creed.



### Hoaxing the clergy

By LESTER KINSOLVING

Some anonymous jester recently sent San Francisco's Catholic Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken a gift subscription to Playboy.

A certificate notified the Archbishop that he was receiving Mr. Heppner's mammary monthly—as a gift from Lester Kinsolving.

Whatever clown was responsible for this prank should know that (A) the Archbishop declined the gift—graciously, since he has a sense of humor, and (B) Kinsolving's thrift would never allow that kind of spending, and (C) as far as practical jokes on the cloth go, sending Playboy to prelates is, comparatively, bush league practical jokery.

Take for example Philadelphia's "Phantom Counterfeiter," who recurrently plagues Philadelphia's Archbishop John Cardinal Krol.

This practical joker is more vicious than silly—for he regularly steals or reproduces the Cardinal's letterhead. With its engraving in bright red of the Cardinal's residence address as well as his official seal, this letterhead is so dazzling as to impress the recipient almost beyond caution.

This was my reaction last year when I received on this letterhead a message signed "John Cardinal Krol"—one passage of which looked like the religion story of the decade: "The church is older than the U. S. Government and wiser. I have been able to make a significant contribution to our nation by passing along to my dear friend and our beloved President the immeasurable value of mastering the art of surveillance and infiltration of dissident groups."

After re-reading this astounding letter, I noted the date—April 1—and telephoned the U. S. Catholic Conference in Washington. They investigated and promptly disclosed that the letter was a complete hoax.

The "Phantom Counterfeiter" has also used the Cardinal's letterhead to invite publishers of Philadelphia's highly-critical underground Catholic paper, "Substandard and Times," to join His Eminence on a flight to Poland. Reportedly this forger has not yet decided to use the Cardinal's letterhead to reassign all of the Philadelphia Archdiocese's leading pastors to obscure mission stations.

If he does, this action will be momentarily traumatic—but nothing in comparison to the experiences of the late Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, Wall Street, in 1880.

"Gentleman Joe" was the pseudonym of a man named Fairfax Williamson, who had been dismissed from Trinity's Sunday School faculty for immorality, by order of another clergyman, years before Dix became Trinity's rector. Williamson was apparently a monumental letter writer. For within one week, Dr. Dix was confronted by the following who received letters sent in his name:

Salesman for two horses, a toupee (Dix had ample hair), dancing lessons, Acme Safe, locks, stoves, kitchenware, organs (4), farm equipment (3), breakfast food, steam engines, old clothes (28), pawnbrokers (14), shoe dealers (40), a tattoo artist, four attorneys to advise Mrs. Dix about divorce, one physician to treat Dix for reported epilepsy, and a whalebone corset salesman to equip the Sisters of St. Mary.

Postal authorities finally nabbed "Gentleman Joe," who was sentenced to three years in Sing Sing prison. There he died, perhaps justifiably, of ulcers.



COLUMBIA BASIN Electric board of directors took action at their meeting Dec. 19 to reaffirm a previous "letter agreement" on a Washington public power supply system project near Hanford, Wa. A board resolution asks for 10,000 KW of power to be contracted from the supply system on their nuclear project No. 4. Although Columbia Basin has a power supply assured from BPA until 1994, unexpected large loads could cause a problem for the local corporation without some back-up power supply. Manager Dave Harrison said the co-op would likely not begin receiving any power from the project until 1994, and in the meantime would resell the power for about a 9-year period preceding that.

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