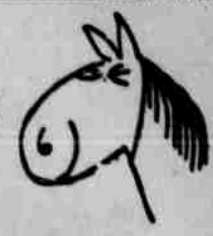


Horse sense

By ERNEST V. JOINER



Happy New Year to our alphabetical overseers, the FBI, CIA, ILO, GPU, VA, OHD, SS, EQC, DEQ, BPA, DC, HUD, HEW, BLS, AEC, CAB, EPA, FCA, FCC, FMC, FPC, FTC, ICC, SEC, USDA, FDA, OSHA, ACA, CIO-AFL, NMU and the CPUSA—without whom life could be less complicated. And to the OAA, APTD, AB, SSI, FAP, AFDC, PHS, UNICEF, EEC, IMF, FHA, FRA, DOT, ECOSOC, CLC, WPI, OEC, AIM, NASA, EPO, ICCS, GAD, LCDC, AND ETC, all of which proves that if we only learn the alphabet, who needs to read?

Happy New Year to Elizabeth Holtzman (D, NY), one of the axe-wielding woman libbers, who plans to change her name to Ms. Holtzperson. Happy New Year to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who is expected to pay a visit to the United States in 1975, to the Heppner Mustangs who will win the C B Conference again, face Pine Eagle again in the quarterfinals, and break the jinx by winning; to President Ford and Vice-President Rockefeller, both holding offices to which they were not elected, thus proving elections aren't necessary to provide us with rulers; to Ford, General Motors, Chrysler and American Motors—the "four on the floor" fellows; to Lever Bros. for inventing a new scent that is driving teenagers out of their minds—it's called Clean.

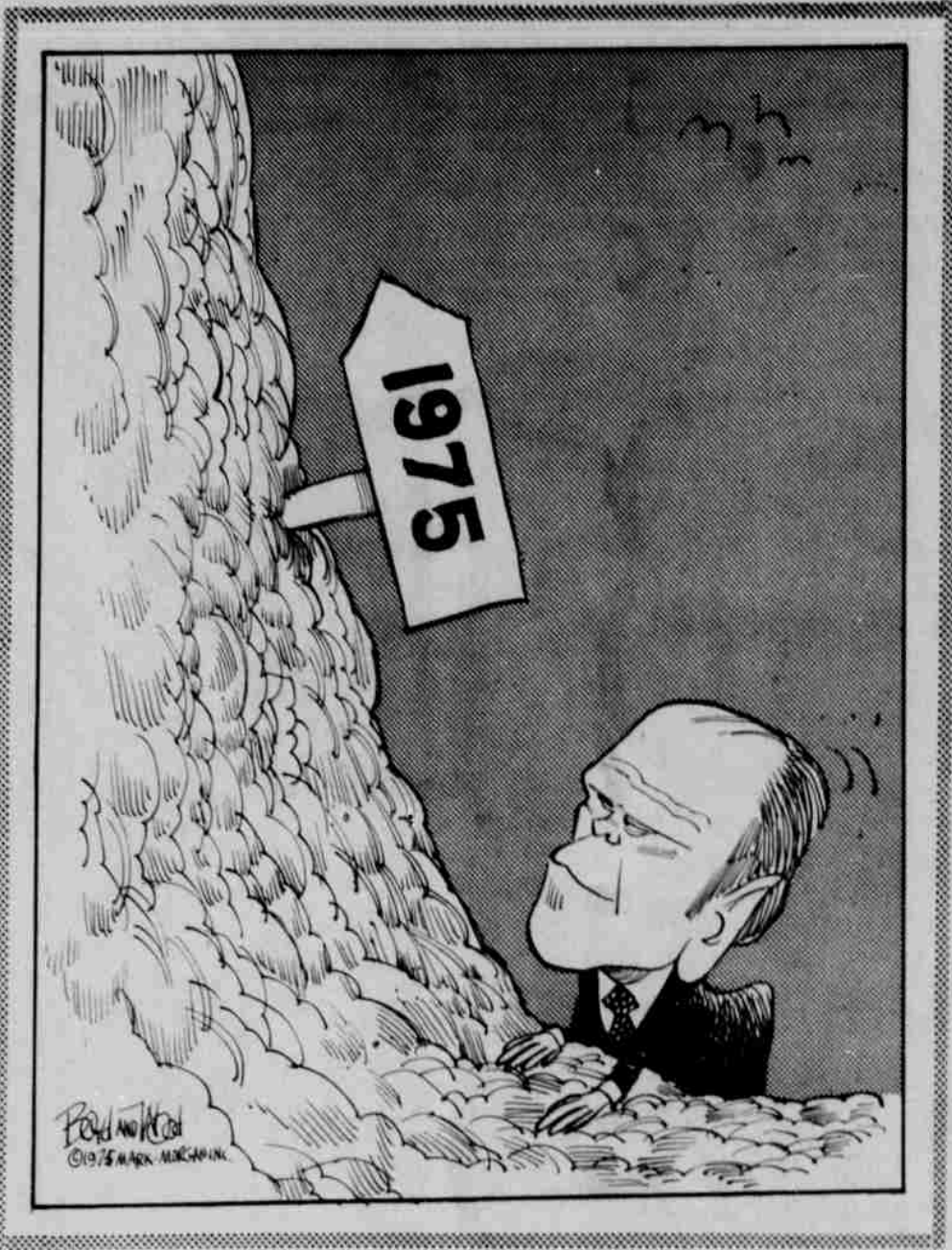
I have had a real education this past year, and I wouldn't have missed it. For the first time we have a president and vice-president, neither of whom were elected by the people. If we can survive this we might want to think about abolishing elections all together. Which would save a lot of money and result in our getting the same people to lead us as we'd elect in the first place. And then there is Carla Schwenk, 9, of Astoria, who is suing the Boy Scouts because she can't join. I am quite sure the courts will allow little Carla to join the Boy Scouts, and she's going to have one hell of a time on those overnight camping trips into the mountains. I predict a jump in Boy Scout enrollment when it becomes permissible for girls to join in all that fun. It should beat sex education in the schools, what with having this great and wholesome outdoor laboratory to play around in. And up in New Milford, Conn., two Baptist ministers are threatening to sue the schools because state officials require 6th grade boys to attend cooking classes. The ministers claim it tends to make homosexuals of the boys! I want a Congressional Medal of Honor struck for Dan Cassin of Atlanta. When two holdup men came into his grocery store and started shooting and beating up on people, he pulled his .38 pistol and killed one of the punks and wounded the other. But the way things are these days, Cassin is likely to go to prison for murder and his store given to the surviving robber as compensation for an "unprovoked attack." Beginning in January, the federal debt will pass the \$500,000,000,000 (looks more grim than just writing \$500 billion, doesn't it?) and the taxpayers will be paying \$1,000 a second just to pay the interest on it. It's worth sticking around another year just to see how bankrupt a government can get before the taxpayers foreclose on it!

Heppner's holiday home decorations were outstanding, considering the suggested curtailment of energy use. It was a pleasure to drive through the streets at night. Other cities and towns didn't do so well in this department. Down in Reedley, California, Candy Cane Lane has always been a showplace at Christmas. Residents of a certain area cooperated to provide brilliantly decorated trees and huge lighted Candy Canes. It drew visitors from a wide area every year. But for the past two Christmases there has been no Candy Cane Lane. Thieves moved in to steal the colored bulbs and even the candy canes, and many of the outdoor painted scenes were destroyed by vandals. Residents along Candy Cane Lane had to give up. Those who persisted in decorating their homes for Christmas had to string their lights high around the eaves of their homes, above the reach of petty thieves and vandals. There have been similar incidents reported in the press around the country. May it never happen in Heppner.

Who says there isn't much going on in local police circles? Well, the constabulary hasn't nabbed any of the 10 Most Wanted Persons during the past annum, but they have contributed law and order locally and some amusement. Officer Dave Panter insured himself a cold Christmas when, just a few days before the festive occasion, he gave his wife a ticket for making an illegal turn. If you think it has been cold in Heppner, what about the meals Dave must have been getting at home since then? Then Chief Gilman got his Christmas party at the Wagon Wheel. The waitresses have noted all year the chief's habit of taking paper napkins and rolling them into long ropes, leaving them to be cleaned up. For Christmas he got a gaily decorated box when he gathered with friends around the restaurant's "round table." Inside were all the beautifully roped paper napkins he had fashioned the past year! And Friday Officer Chuck Holt stopped in front of Heppner Cleaners and left the engine of his car running while he did an errand. On return he found he had followed his own advice and locked the car doors. The engine continued to purr until he could find another set of keys to unlock the car. Then he drove off, red-faced.

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the SOVEREIGN STATE of AFFAIRS



Oregon Country

"Oregon's weekly column"

Rick Steber
Kristi Ottoman



Silas Christofferson was Oregon's original aviator—an Edison of the air, a daring flier, an airplane builder and a man of vision. It was Silas Christofferson of Portland's East Side who built the Northwest's first flying machine, a boat with wings. And he took great delight in leaping up the Willamette River, flying under one bridge and over the next while every eye in Portland watched. Silas ended up with a lot of firsts. He was first to build an airplane with an enclosed fuselage and a motor that pulled, instead of pushed, its way through the air. He established a world altitude record of 20,000 feet on a flight over Mt. Whitney and the world distance record of 302 miles along the Chapi Range from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Perhaps the most remarkable event of Silas Christofferson's colorful life occurred during the 1912 Portland Rose Festival. Festival officials had offered him \$1,200 if he could fly his home-made aircraft off the top of the 10-story Multnomah Hotel, and he had quickly accepted. Asked why he was willing to attempt such a feat, Silas replied, "This is an age of doing things first. Be original. Don't copy. That is the only reason I am making the flight. It will be the first in the history of aviation. I am not unaware of the danger, but I have every confidence in myself." The first days of June found Silas building a raised deck on the roof of the hotel. Made out of overlapping fir boards, the deck was scarcely 20 feet wide and only 150 feet long. At last the day of the event June 11, 1912 arrived. The clouds that threatened rain weren't even noticed by the estimated crowd of 45,000 who stood shoulder to shoulder for blocks around the hotel. Others perched on nearby rooftops or hung precariously from windows and fire escapes. Each craned his neck to catch a glimpse of the birdman. As the moment arrived, Silas went around and shook hands with a few of his closest friends. Then he settled himself in front of the engine and nodded his head to have the propeller spun. The Curtiss Rheims motor sputtered to life. He allowed the engine sufficient time to warm up, warped the wings to make sure all was well, and then he released the brake. The clumpy wooden craft shot forward, the 40-horsepower engine pushing it towards whatever its fate be, only 150 feet away. The boards of the decking slapped together as the weight of the plane passed over them. And then, 30 feet from the end of the runway, Silas laid back and tilted the front wing plane. He had reached the "jumping off place" where either a flight or fatality had to occur. The tricycle wheels of the little craft were three feet above the runway when it skimmed over the Pine Street side of the hotel. The crowd gave a tremendous roar and 12 minutes later Oregon's original aviator landed safely on the polo grounds at the Vancouver Barracks.

The mail pouch

EDITOR: In regard to your story of "how it happened" at the basketball game between lone and Heppner. It makes a good space filler when you have nothing else to print. I'm sorry, Mr. Editor, but the way I saw it and the way the video recorder has it your little story just isn't "the way it happened." P.S. Congratulations to Heppner High School for winning a sportsmanship trophy!

LINDSAY KINCAID, Ione.

EDITOR: I wish to take this means of showing my appreciation for the wonderful Christmas I had. It's hard for me to write so I am using your paper as a means of letting everyone know how much I appreciate everything I received, and I know all of us in the nursing home feel the same. God bless everyone.

MRS. LEONA SMALLWOOD, Pioneer Mem. Nursing Home.



UNLIKELY LETTERS by WILLIAMS

Mr. Aaron Burr Weehawken, N. J. Dear Sir: I accept your challenge to a duel, and I have a ten dollar bill with my picture on it that says I can beat you.

Yours, Alexander Hamilton

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR: The fellers seemed special happy to git to the country store Saturday night, and I don't think it was all because most of em had family around the house that they'd enjoyed about as long as they could. I figger some of em was glad of the chance to git out of the kitchen where they been stuffing all week. Then to, Ed Gonty was showing off the new chain for his pocket watch, and Bug Hookum was sporting a hand painted necktie with his checkered flannel shirt, and they weren't no doubt in the world about them two items being Christmas gifts. Ed was tickled with his new chain. He said his daughter that lives in the city found it at a anteeq sale, but it is brand new. Bug said his old lady give him the necktie that was made by young people in the church. Bug said he was practicing wearing the tie so he wouldn't choke so bad when he had to wear it to church so other wimmen could see his old lady was supporting the church young people. Actual, Ed and Bug and the rest of the fellers held up real good through Christmas, and they all was thankful to enjoy another Christmas season and be ready to see another year come in. Thinking about the New Year, Ed told the fellers he was mixed up about the sale of gold being legal agin at the end of December. Ed said back when we had gold money he kept a \$5 gold piece in a sock under his mattress, and he figured as long as he had that peice his Pa had give him he wouldn't be broke. Under this new deal, Ed allowed, we got to use paper to buy gold and the gold ain't good fer nothing. You can't spent it, and it won't draw no interest in the bank, Ed said. The only thing you can do is keep it and hope you can sell it fer more paper than you paid fer it. Isaac Cornfodder, that does a heap more listening than talking at our sessions, spoke up to say he was glad Ed mentioned the new open market fer gold. Isaac said he don't know nothing about finances and less about stocks and the gits what he don't know mixed up. But Isaac was worried on account the Government was selling the gold that he thought was behind our paper money. Deficit spending, he said, was spending what you ain't got, and now the money we got won't be backed up by nothing. On top of that, he declared, from what he can find out they won't much gold be changing hands anyhow. The big broker houses will deal in gold like they do in stocks, and folks with money will be buying and selling gold they won't ever see. The gold rush of '75 will be mostly paper shuffling. General speaking, Mister Editor, the fellers ain't what you say up on the money market, and ain't none of em suffering gold fever. But it was Bill Weatherford that allowed you can bet folks is setting up nights right now figgering ways to turn a paper buck in the gold business. Fer instans, he said, drunks that sell their blood fer booze money now will peddling their fillings.

Yours truly,
MAYOR ROY

A new Billy as White House chaplain

By LESTER KINSOLVING



Billy Graham, who has been invited to the White House by every president since Harry Truman, has not been invited by President Ford. The world-famous evangelist has not been invited to San Clemente, either, even when his "long-time friend" was dangerously ill. Billy was able to talk to Mrs. Nixon by phone while conducting a crusade in Norfolk. But there have been no invitations to visit, or to conduct any house services, in the ex-Western White House. Billy Graham has apparently been replaced as the unofficial White House chaplain by another Billy. The Rev. Billy Zeoli of the Independent Presbyterian Church is vice-president of Gospel Films, Inc., of Muskegon, Mich. He recently spent four days with the Fords; and conducted prayers in Mrs. Ford's hospital room just prior to her operation. Every Monday morning a Zeoli prayer memorandum, entitled "God's Got a Better Idea," is placed on the presidential desk in the Oval Office. Mr. Ford, who first met Zeoli at a Congressional prayer breakfast, introduced him to the House of Representatives as "a religious leader of tremendous influence." This introduction was in one sense literal. For Zeoli had already begun attracting national attention as a pioneer parson to tremendous people in the National Football League. Zeoli, a former leader of the Youth for Christ of Indianapolis and graduate of Philadelphia College of the Bible and Wheaton College in Illinois, was one of the first of a growing number of official or unofficial team chaplains. A widely circulated photograph shows him standing at the blackboard instructing Dallas Cowboy Star Roger Staubach and Coach Tom Landry in what Zeoli points to as "God's Game Plan." The effect of this "relevant" terminology in the expanding theology of perspiration can be seen in other football evangelists. For example, there is Norm Evans, lineman for the Miami Dolphins and author of the book, "On God's Squad." One excerpt from this book is of particular note to those who regret the absence of any bona fide description of what Jesus Christ actually looked like: "If He (Jesus) were alive today," writes Evans, "I would picture a six-foot, six inch, 260 pound defensive tackle, who would always make the big plays and who would be hard to keep out of the backfield for offensive lineman like myself. I have no doubt he could play in the National Football League. This game is 90 per cent desire, and his desire was perhaps his greatest attribute. Yes, he would make it with the Miami Dolphins today and He would be a star in this league." Whether or not President Ford has ever been led to contemplate such a colossal Christ is not known. But former pro Peter Gent, in his novel Dallas North Forty, has drawn a poignant picture of religious football in his locker room prayer scene (which could be even more electrifying by attaching Norm Evans' concept of The Lord in The Line): "...the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever and ever, Aamen." The supplicants rose to their feet and broke into a long animal roar, preparing for battle as the Monsignor had so eloquently put it. "Let's kill those...!" Tony Douglas screamed, leaping off his knees.

