

# Horse sense

By  
ERNEST V. JOINER



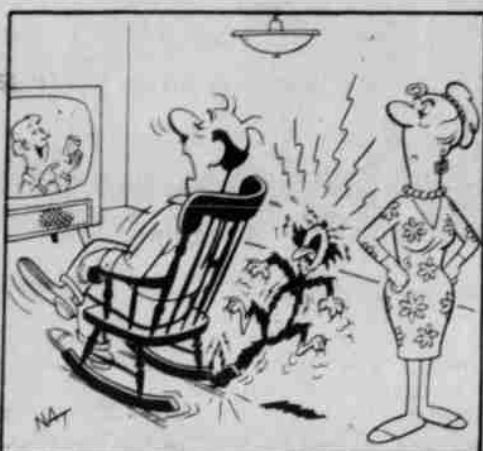
February marks the advent of the Silly Season, so here's the scoop on how things were, are, and will be. The post office was open Monday, Feb. 3, for Lincoln's Birthday, but will be closed on Monday, Feb. 17, in observance of Washington's Birthday. The reason the post office was open Feb. 3 is not because Feb. 12 is actually Lincoln's Birthday, but because Lincoln was a Republican and freed the slaves. Washington, as any schoolboy should know, was born on Feb. 22. But no schoolboy could understand why Washington's Birthday is being observed on Feb. 17. On the other hand, the courthouse offices will be closed on both days, Feb. 3 and Feb. 17, which is just as well because if Lincoln's Birthday hadn't been Feb. 12, which was celebrated Feb. 3, that day would still be a holiday because Feb. 2 was Groundhog Day, which means the following Monday (Feb. 3) would have been a no-work day anyhow. Oregon state offices observe holidays on both Feb. 3 and Feb. 17, but banks will be open both days. The reactionary Gazette-Times will celebrate Lincoln's Birthday on Lincoln's Birthday (Feb. 12) and Washington's Birthday on Washington's Birthday (Feb. 22) to enable us to write the obituaries of all those who got killed on the long weekends of Feb. 3 and Feb. 17. But we will close Feb. 25, which is Purim, and spend the day fasting. To compensate, we will remain open the preceding Saturday to make up for the loss of Feb. 25. Some Heppnerites who eschew Lincolnian and Washingtonian natals, and who have never developed a fondness for groundhog, may want to reserve their jubilation for Afro-American History Week, Feb. 9-15. The importance of this occasion can best be understood by pointing out that whereas both Lincoln's and Washington's contributions to society are commemorated only two days each, Feb. 3 and Feb. 12, Feb. 17 and Feb. 22, respectively, Afro-American History buffs require a full seven days of dancing in the streets. Which is something, considering that the earth was created in only six days. And that's the way it is this February, except that Leap Year gives it 29. But not this year. Happy Valentine's Day, Feb. 14!

There is evidence that we may again intervene in South Vietnam's war, if indeed we ever left there. An aircraft carrier left for an undisclosed destination a few weeks ago. Military officials denied it was headed for Vietnam waters. Sure enough, it turned up there. Herb Caen, columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle, reported on Jan. 5 that a Pan Am 747 took off from San Francisco that day for the Far East with almost every seat taken, mostly by men, a rare thing since 747s seldom fly full in January. The reason, he said, was that the men are military pilots representing three U.S. squadrons, and were making the trip in civilian clothes by official orders. Caen added, "this story will be denied by the military," and the public will not know of the incident. Until it's too late, of course. Is it possible that Congress and President Ford don't know these things are going on while they assure the people that American fighting men will not be sent back to Vietnam?

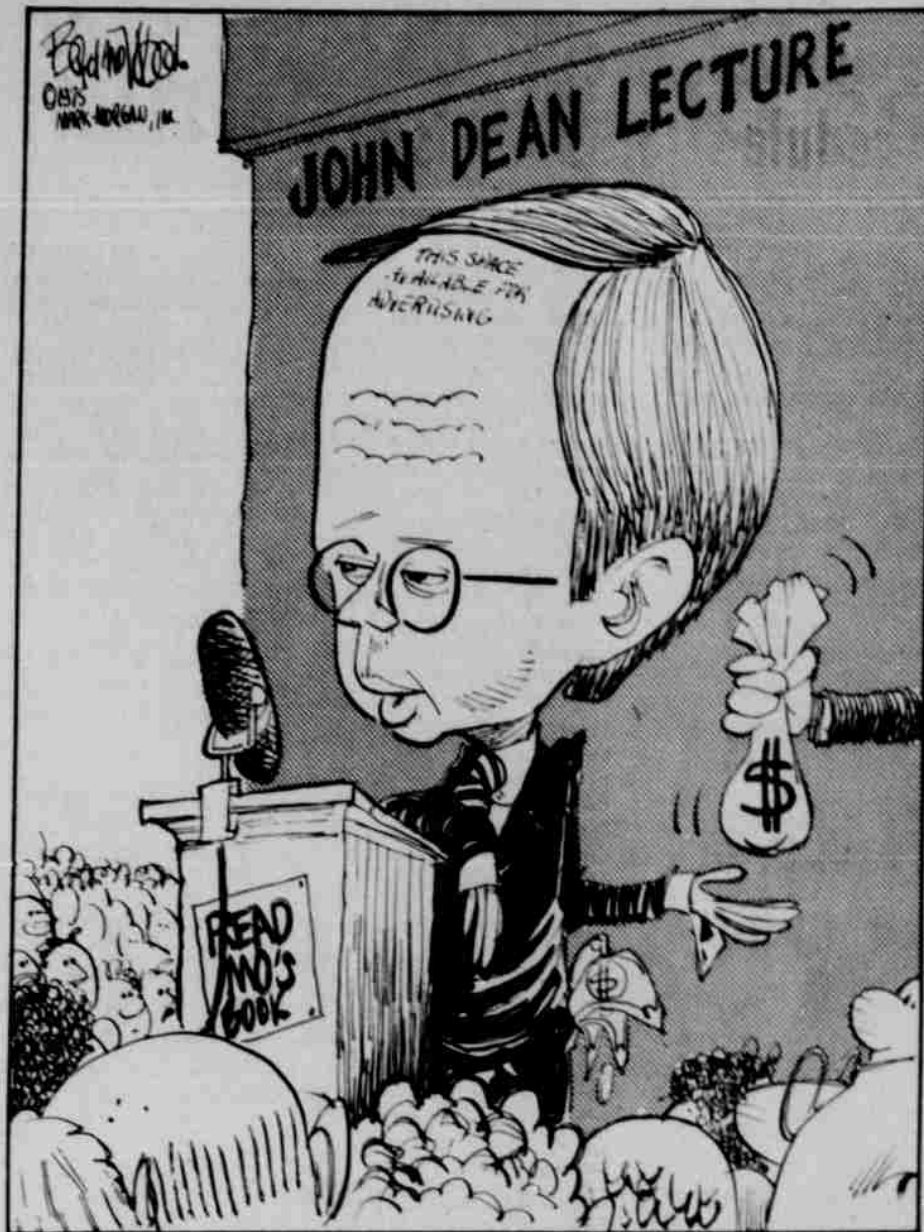
A funny thing happened last year in Webster City, Iowa. The news media agreed not to mention vandalism in that area for a three-month period after residents pleaded that if no publicity was given, vandals who had been wrecking the town would lose interest. During the three-month trial period no news about vandalism appeared in the media. During this moratorium, according to police records, there was a 30 per cent increase in vandalism. There is a lesson here, the same lesson that always develops when crime and mischief go unreported to the people. One of the most effective deterrents to youthful crime is publicity. Scoldings, fines, probation and rehabilitation programs are seldom as effective as having the names, addresses, and details of the offenses published—along with the names of the parents. In Sebastopol, Ca., such practice cut juvenile arrests 50 per cent the first year. The police chief said the decline was due to two things: the fury and embarrassment of the parents of the offenders and the ridicule heaped upon the culprits by their fellows.

It isn't good news to hear that a criminal is at large in the community, but it makes citizens more alert and watchful. It's bad when there's a mad dog loose in town, but people deserve to know about it so they can take safeguards. Nobody likes to hear there's a pet poisoner on a killing spree, but the news makes them take better care of their pets. Similarly, if there is a tire slasher and a gasoline thief at work, every resident is better off for being forewarned. All this is part of a newspaper's business, advising the public of crime and mischief in order that the public may take steps to protect itself. Apparently, the sheriff of Morrow County disagrees with this premise. He refuses to discuss his cases with anyone from this newspaper, although he frequently does out "selected" items to the East Oregonian in Pendleton. By withholding crime information, the public is being denied an opportunity to assess how the sheriff's office is being run and how effective it is. Too, the practice of not revealing the names and offenses of law violators means that the people are being denied the right to know who the offenders are. In short, the offenders are operating under the protective cloak of the law. You, the citizen, enjoy no such protection in this county—the offender does.

Anyone worried about inflation and high prices today should have been at Fort Union, New Mexico, in 1865 and 1866. Ben Moffett, National Park Service, reports that today's prices are heartening when you consider what they were 100 years ago at Fort Union. A gallon of kerosene cost \$1.50 a gallon at the army fort, and sugar went for as much as \$1 a pound. The old fort sat astride the old Santa Fe Trail, and was the principal supply depot for most of the Southwest. In 1865, a can of peaches cost \$1.50; tea, \$3 a pound; coffee, \$1.25; sardines, 75 cents a can; can of tomatoes, \$1.50; and a cotton handkerchief to wipe away the tears of inflation, \$1. Today's inflation, by contrast, is sheer prosperity when you consider that the 396 persons employed at Fort Union during this time received an average monthly wage of \$45-\$12 a month for a private! So cheer up. Things have been much tougher in what we erroneously refer to as "the good old days."



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"In Conclusion I Would Like To Say That I Hope My Experiences Prove To You That Crime Does Not Pay. (That Will Be \$3,500.00, Please.)"

## The mail pouch

EDITOR:

As we approach our bicentennial, we are accomplishing what all the armies of America's enemies have failed to do. That is to cut us off from our natural resources, destroy our industrial might and reduce us to a nation of agricultural peons.

Over-zealous environmentalists are taking care of the first act. Lackluster, fumbling bumbling leaders in our energy program are handling the second act. The final act will be the natural result of the first two.

We have in the Western United States the greatest single deposit of oil this world has ever known, 500 billion barrels. This single deposit pales the combined oil lakes of the Mid-East, the Alaska north slope plus the oil of South America. If this source had been developed, there would have been no need to build a 2,000-mile pipe line across the frozen tundra. There would have been no need to pour our depleted gold reserves into the over-glutted treasuries of an anti-American shield. Furthermore, the principal by-product of this oil reclamation is ammonium sulfate, a fertilizer so necessary to food producers of this country.

I am referring of course to the 2,000-foot thick shale oil deposits of the Green River Basin of Colorado and Wyoming. The government gave several parcels of this land to several competing oil companies to facilitate the development of these deposits. That was like sending the fox to guard the hen house. As long as there is an oil lake that these companies can push a pipe into and pump it dry, they are not about to spend their time or money searching for new methods of oil extraction. They came up with the answer, "It can't be done."

Remember when the only good thing coming out of our space program were the laughs the world was getting from our failures? At that time it was a triple-headed program. The Army, Navy and Air Force competing, jealous, withholding secrets. It was not until after NASA was formed and was given the power to cut bureaucratic red tape, to bring the genius of America's engineering might under one head, that we were able to achieve our goal in space.

Yes, oil can be extracted from shale. Any high school chemistry or shop class can do it. In the Green River Valley there is a 200-year supply of American oil. However, unless we form an energy commission with the power of NASA to coordinate the engineering brains of America, we will never realize it's benefits.

If this should happen, the torch so proudly held by the lady on Liberty Island will flicker out. From our dugout canoes, as we watch the soaring carrion seekers, we will say, "It might have been."

I've written my congressman today. Have you?

WALT WEBB,  
Condon.

EDITOR:

I have just been reading the letter in the Jan. 30 Gazette-Times from Frances Cox Griffin. I went to school with Frances and would like to get in touch with her. Could you send me her address in Beaverton? I live in Albany but have a daughter who lives on Canyon Drive just out of Beaverton and I go there often.

I was born and raised in Heppner. My grandparents, John and Mary Hughes, were among the original Irish settlers and I was brought up on stories of old Heppner history. My dad was born and died in Heppner.

Anyway, would love to talk to Frances, and maybe you could put me in touch with her. Thank you.

MRS. ELLEN HUGHES BORRALL,  
Albany.

(ED. NOTE—Mrs. Griffin's address is 6985 S. W. Hall Blvd., Beaverton 97005.)

## THE GAZETTE-TIMES

MORROW COUNTY'S NEWSPAPER  
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## Graves . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

dirt roads. Some of them have patches of paving placed there by the Americans during World War II.

Mrs. Graves showed color slides of the area she visited after the ACWW conference last October.

The slides showed green trees in full bloom, for although it was approaching winter here it was spring in Australia. "I expected to see trees such as we have here with pine trees in abundance, however, their forests are mostly varieties of eucalyptus trees," she reported.

She also mentioned that beef was selling for 25 cents per pound and sheep that had sold for \$25 each were selling for \$2 each.

President Harold Kerr, announced that at the last board meeting, the board had voted to raise all chamber memberships \$10 per year.



"How romantic . . . a heart shaped pizza pie!"

## Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Trust the wimmen to straighten out this country. Here we are in the dead of winter, and we got so many troubles I doubt if the ground hog got up the nerve to even check the weather. He probable figured he'd be better off in his hole come rain or shine. This country's policies are rattling around like a peanut in a gourd, but the wimmen is gitting us back to basic issues.

Bug Hookum reported at the country store Saturday night that he had saw where a woman has filed suit in federal court to do away with pay toilets at all public places that deal in interstate travel, like airports.

Her reasoning was the kind of common sense we need to git us thinking straight. She said if the Good Lord had wanted us to have pay toilets, we all would have been born with exact change.

And Bug said he saw where a member of the legislature in North Carolina had introduced a "public relief law" to outlaw pay toilets in that hole state.

Between the pay toilets and gitting the Supreme Court to order the Little League to let girls play, we're going to git the country moving in short order. Bug allowed.

General speaking, Washouse Weatherford agreed, you can all wrong this country to make the right move at the wrong time and viser verser. Bill had saw where a Philadelphia nightclub owner was fined \$300 for advertising for "beautiful girls only" to work in his place. He had to change his ad to read "beautiful wimmen and men," and it was left up to the reader to figure out if ugly men and wimmen could sue for discrimination together or separte.

Actual, Bug said, ever time a court rules on anti somepun it opens the doors to 10 more cases. No sooner do we say a feller on a bus has the right not to have cigarett smoke blowed in his face than some poor devil sues cause he can't git welfare cause he eats garlic, and the welfare folks say he smells bad on purpose so nobody will hire him.

Pretty soon, Bug said, he's looking for a Government ruling that anybody traveling across state lines has got to gargle, spray under his arms and wear shoes or be held in violation of federal anti-stink laws.

Next, we'll git to fat folks that take up to much room on the bus, and after that we'll have to control crying babies and danderf so's not to offend anybody.

Ed Gonty reminded the fellers that February has the birthdays of Abe Lincoln and George Washington, and Ed said he wondered what them two would think about some of the business that takes up Government's time these days. Fer sure, allowed Ed, they would be surprised to see that a country they helped build could be moving so fast without knowing where it was going.

About the only time we slow down is to see how clost the Russians are behind us, was Ed's words, and to check on how many ways the two countries have figured out to blow each other up the quickest.

Yours truly,  
MAYOR ROY



## How to overwhelm a Presbyterian

By LESTER KINSOLVING

Once a year a group dynamics marvel (or horror, depending on one's point of view) is staged by leaders of the United Presbyterian Church.

The vital necessity of this annual national gathering was explained recently by the retiring moderator of this event which is called the General Assembly.

"A General Assembly is almost consistently more liberal than the constituency," declared the Rev. Clinton Marsh. "To understand this, one must watch the dynamics of a General Assembly. I've watched commissioners (delegates) almost have to take their left arm and push their right arm up to vote, because they were going so contrary to the baggage they brought with them."

Just what is it that accounts for all this strenuous arm-pushing which is so contrary to the "baggage" (which baggage includes, presumably, the hopes of the people these commissioners were elected to represent)?

Explained Dr. Marsh: "After some of these people have wrestled through the dynamics of the Assembly, they will have heard the issues put in a broader perspective . . . people who hadn't, you know, read anything but Mr. Kinsolving's sort of stuff back home, would now come here, and get a chance to see and hear these issues put in a broader perspective, that they're people who would vote more liberally than when they left home."

(Dr. Marsh was not exclusively anti-Kinsolving's-sort-of-stuff. For he also angrily charged that "Presbyterians have made Reader's Digest your Bible—despite its vicious lies about the World Council of Churches!" Time magazine fared no better than Kinsolving and the Reader's Digest, for, according to Dr. Marsh, the famed weekly newsmagazine had covered a previous Assembly in a manner "so wrong that it appeared that the reporter had not even been there!")

What antidotes does the Presbyterian high command have to counteract such reportorial villainy?

Well, almost any ecclesiastical power structure has not only the distinct advantage of incumbency, but an aura which seems to impress many of the devoutly susceptible with the idea that the speaker's platform is a modern Mount Sinai, with the assembled leaders thereupon speaking for the Almighty—directly and invariably—their manuscripts all having been composed by fiery fingers.

This awe-inspiring impression is implemented by paper in the distribution to each and every commissioner of no less than 2,245 pages of reports (an estimated one million words) of required reading.

If after this deluge any commissioner is still at all rebellious, he is usually mashed by the parliamentary genius of the Assembly's stated Clerk, a Kansas attorney named William P. ("The Wizard of Wichita") Thompson.

The Presbyterian power structure is therefore able, year after year, to go right on winning Assemblies while, across the nation, continuing to lose the war. For example:

—In 1971 this seventh largest denomination in the U. S. lost more than 100,000 members and began a downward slide in financial income which reduced the national budget 25 per cent.

—In 1973, the headquarters power structure spent \$6 million more than it received in income, and met the resulting deficit by using the denomination's financial reserves. (In 10 years, \$40 million in reserves has been cut in half with \$32 million worth of commitments and mortgage guarantees made despite the reserve balance of only \$20 million.)

—This September, 41 national headquarters staffers were terminated as a result of the financial catastrophe, which also brought a reduction in the \$150,000 designated for scholarships for clergy children (down to \$45,000) and minority groups (cut one half, down to \$28,000).

There was no reported cut in the \$37,500 salary of the "Wizard of Wichita" who has led the denomination through all those disastrous years (including the secret Presbyterian donation of \$10,000 to the Angela Davis Defense Fund. Dr. Marsh, has also been provided for, with a new Presbyterian job in Atlanta.

## Any left-hander can be president

There is something sinister about President Gerald Ford. Pictures of Mr. Ford signing legislation disclose that, like the late President Truman, he is a sinistral—a left-handed person.

Sinister, the Latin word for left, has cast a cloud over lefties for centuries. The Devil is depicted as left-handed, while God is synonymous with right. The Gazette-Times publisher is left-handed, which should be some consolation to the Devil.

One Biblical scholar found the Testaments contain 80 complimentary references to the right hand and 20 derogatory allusions to the left.

The Italian word for left, mancino, also means deceitful. In Russian, left is nolevo, with the connotation of being sneaky. In heraldry, the bar sinister indicates dubious parentage.

Now psychologists conclude it all has been a bum rap. Left-handed individuals not only are no trickier than their right-handed brethren, goes the new theory, but frequently are more creative.

The doctors cite such examples as Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Picasso. Nor did being left-handed hinder Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, Charlemagne or Lord Nelson.

Handedness is believed determined by which hemisphere of the brain is dominant. The National Geographic Society says, with most persons the left hemisphere, which governs the right side of the body, is dominant. So the majority of the world's population is right-handed.

But research indicates that when the right lobe of the brain dominates, or when neither side of the brain assumes a controlling role, the individual becomes left-handed.

