

Horse sense

By
ERNEST V. JOINER



• According to reports, the crime rate in the county has increased 1,000 per cent in the past six years. The schools in the county are anticipating an increase of nearly 50 per cent more students by 1977. More students, more crimes and if the crime rate increases proportionately, what are we going to do with our juvenile delinquents? We can't handle them now, without losing money, so what will we be doing within the next few years? As of July 1, the cost of housing any criminal in Pendleton has increased to \$15 per day. The present facilities at the courthouse are restricted to limited lock-ups, subject to various inspections. Last month's bill paid by the county to Umatilla County to house our prisoners totaled \$450. While this sum is significant, think of the man hours lost in transporting these criminals between Morrow and Umatilla County. Recently law officers transported two fugitives from Morrow County to Umatilla County on five separate occasions. Law officers claim they are spending half their time transporting criminals out of Morrow County. There are two existing problems besides the other previously stated: how much longer will Morrow County be able to continue to send their prisoners to Umatilla County, and how long will it be before the facilities in Umatilla County reach a saturation point that they will be unable to care for Morrow's culprits.

Facts, figures and surveys have been presented to the county court on numerous occasions, with the court rendering no decision. Perhaps the cost involved is too staggering for county residents, but the situation can only get worse if it will not improve with age.

• Has the county made another mistake? As of July 1, the Veterans Service Officer will be relocated to the basement of the courthouse, having been moved from its West Willow Street address.

In the past years veterans who had business to conduct with the service officer could park their vehicles near City Hall and walk into the ground floor level of the service office and discuss their business. With the new relocation of the Veterans office, a veteran will now have to descend a flight of stairs to meet with the service officer. For the younger veteran the stairs present no problem, but what of the older veteran, or his wife?

A veteran who served during World War I could easily be in his mid-seventies, and with this in mind I don't believe he should have to walk down a flight of stairs to talk with the service officer. He may not be able to do so.

The moving of the Veterans Service Office to the court house has some merit, it will save the taxpayers about \$1,000 in rent during the year, but couldn't this amount have been trimmed elsewhere?

• Last Friday while talking with Dave Franzen, the subject turned to Heppner City Council meetings. Franzen remarked, "You seem to have some interesting meetings at the council," he continued, "Most of the council meetings I have attended are dull and seem to drag on and on." "Perhaps now that Gunsmoke has gone off the air, during the summer months, I will attend some of the council meetings," he continued. "All I could add to Franzen's statement was the following: 'The only difference between the city council meetings and Gunsmoke is that you can tell how the western episode will end, not so with city council meetings.' Often what starts out to be a quite normal common council can erupt into hours of lengthy discussion. When this happens, I feel fortunate I don't have to sit through the re-runs."

• "Physical education will no longer be compulsory and courses in writing will be only for those who need them at Eastern Oregon State College, LaGrande.

Beginning with the fall term students will be excused from writing classes if they can show through a test and a written paper they do not need the classes. Three new writing courses will be offered. Credit for two of the courses will be variable, so students can show in the midst of a course that they can write, and after that they take no more classes in writing.

The above excerpt was taken from a news item in another newspaper. After 12 years of schooling, Eastern Oregon State College is going to determine if their students can write. If they are unable to write, what are they doing in college? E.C.

• "The Government is my shepherd; I shall not work; It maketh me to lie down unemployed. It leadeth me beside the still factories. It destroyeth my initiative. It leadeth me in the paths of unproductiveness in its image's sake. Yea, as I walk through the valley of the shadow of debt, I am fearful; For the Government is with me; Its inflationary policies discomfort me. It prepareth programs before me fit for the table of mine enemies. It promiseth gratification of all men's expectations; Its cup runneth over with lower living standards for all. Surely advertist shall mercilessly follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in an over-governed house forever."—Reproduced from Western States Meat Packers Association weekly newsletter.



ART GATES

"Ernie's hobby is cooking!"

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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"Obviously There's A Plot By The Administration To Make Us Appear Ridiculous..."

The mail pouch

EDITOR:

In December 1974, I gave you my opinion as to what was going to happen when the Chamber of Commerce puppet show got into full gear for 1975. Please let me elaborate. I said, they would turn out somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand bills or laws and my freedoms would be restricted about 60 per cent and my taxes upped.

After watching this show for forty years, one doesn't have to be a "Prophet" to know exactly what was going to happen, but they almost lived up to my expectations, 850 bills. Let's stop here, and give this modern day dinosaur some thought. If we took 25 of Nixon's most able attorneys it would take them about 30 years to be able to memorize them and that wouldn't be a guarantee, and by that time, these 850 will no doubt be amended at least a dozen times. "They say ignorance of the law is no excuse?" I don't know about you, Mr. Editor, but as for me, my brain feels like it's been run through a shredder!"

The Salem operation is just a drop in the bucket, because between Salem, Olympia, Sacramento, Scappoose City Hall and the thousands of law-making establishments throughout this USA and the "Grand-Daddy" of them all, Washington D.C., in 1975 they will shoot-gun through some 30,000 laws, and

this is a very conservative figure.

It makes one wonder, as to how stupid an individual has to be before he's intelligent enough to make laws. It doesn't seem that things are going to get much better, for I see where our legal departments are going to Russia to study Communist Law, but I know it won't get any worse.

Let us go back to Salem for a minute. One operator suggested that we keep these law making specialists on full time, because they only got out 850 of the almost 3,000 that were in the hopper. That suggestion would certainly stagger one's imagination. As far as I'm concerned, had they only made one law, in Salem, in 1975, that would have been one law that we certainly didn't need, for we are already wallowing around clear up to our ears in something like fifty out-of-law laws. Wouldn't you think, Mr. Editor, that would certainly be enough laws to run this USA?

They have something new going in Salem. It's called the "Gobbler Awards" and it's for the gentlemen who pull "Boo Boos" during the session. I would like to give each and every one an award and that would be a "Boo!"

OTTO H. JORGENSEN JR.
Scappoose

Lowé tells chamber of visit with Russians

"Last year when I read the Russians were returning to Vancouver for the dedication ceremonies of their historic flight, I appointed myself a one-man ambassador from Morrow County to attend the dedication ceremonies," said Robert Lowe, speaking before the Chamber of Commerce Monday.

He recounted his experience of his chance meeting with some of the Russian dignitaries and his meeting with the co-pilot of the historic flight, Lt. General Georgi Baidukov.

Lowe told of the interest the Russian people experienced when he presented them with

a hardtack biscuit, 38 years old, one of many the Russian crew carried on their first flight across the North Pole, June 20, 1937.

He told of their landing at Pearson Field and how General George Marshall met the fliers in his nightclothes. According to reports one of the reasons the Russians landed at Pearson Field rather than Portland was to receive military protection for their aircraft and to protect it from souvenir hunters.

Although the Russians planned to fly across the North Pole from Russia to San Francisco, they were forced to land in Vancouver when their

fuel supply was almost depleted.

"The Russians were not litter bugs, in any sense of the word and discarded many of their belongings in trash cans provided for them by the military," said Lowe.

One piece of hardtack recovered by Eugene Spencer, Portland, was given to Mrs. James Lowe, Bob's mother. After her death he discovered the biscuit in her writing desk and promised himself if the occasion ever presented itself, he would return the hardtack to the Russian fliers.

Through sheer luck he received his chance 38 years later. Following the dedication ceremony, he chanced to

meet the co-pilot along with other Russian dignitaries as they were preparing to have lunch. After returning the hardtack to the Russians, he and Ernie Ceresa, Gazette-Times, had the opportunity to visit with many other dignitaries. Gifts were presented to both Lowe and Ceresa, by the Russians and an agreement was reached whereby Ceresa would forward the Gazette-Times to the Russians in exchange for the Russian newspaper Pravda along with various photographs.

The Gazette-Times has been sent to Russia and both Lowe and Ceresa anxiously await the Pravda newspaper.



Robert Lowe, Heppner, on the left chats with members of the Russian newspaper Pravda. From the left, Bob Lowe, Strelinok, managing editor of Pravda, Preskov, journalist and television producer in Moscow. The other Russian gentleman is unidentified, however, he is with the news media.

Mayor of Hardman

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

With summer bearing down fer a fare thee well, the fellers at the country store was giving the drink box a workout. Not a one of em does enuff work to break a sweat, but they all got to wet their whistles before, during and after they hold their Saturday night review and preview of the world situation. After Clem Webster got his pop half drunk, and after he had complained to the feller that runs the store about the hot drinks allies being on the top of the pile, he raised a question about the Fourth of July.

Clem wanted to know what date of the month the fourth falls on this year. The last he heard, Clem allowed, all holidays had been moved to Monday, so he figured the fourth would have to be a Monday no matter what date it is. According to his calendar, Clem said Independence Day will be Friday, but from what he sees in the papers it will be the long Fourth Weekend. That's just as well, declared Clem, cause if it take more than one day to move everybody in the country from one place to another.

The idee of celebrating our independence today, Clem said, is fer ever American citizen to git in their cars and go somewhere. It don't matter where, cause folks where you go will be where you come from doing the same thing you're doing. What you got to do, though, said Clem, is drive hard enuff and long enuff to git tired and sleepy. Otherwise, them figgers the papers use to perdict the price of our celebration ever year won't hold up.

Zeke Grubb reported he had read where it took Thomas Jefferson 18 days to write the Declaration of Independence and that he didn't want the job to start with. After 199 years, Zeke allowed, we have got away from the kind of statesmen that is thinking of what the next generation will think of what they do. What we got now is politicians that is thinking of the next election, and voters that ain't thinking no farther ahead than what's fer supper, was Zeke's words. If the average feller thinks about Independence Day at all, said Zeke, it's about how much gas it takes to git there and back, and whuther he's got enuff credit cards to git by while he's there.

Mister Editor, the fellers was general disagreed with Clem and Zeke. Ed Doolittle said there is more interest in the reasons behind the Fourth of July this year than any time since they quit having the old soldiers parade and picnics. Mostly on account of the country's 200th birthday next year. Ed said the Fourth has meaning in most places. Actual, went on Ed, there is so much interest in history right now that he won't be surprised to see "History Sanctuary" signs going up with the "Bird Sanctuary" signs outside of ever town.

Personal, Mister Editor, I wouldn't pretend to tell anybody how to celebrate independence Day. As fer me, I plan to spend the day and the weekend counting my blessings and traveling on my front porch rocker.

Yours truly,
MAYOR ROY



Rowan's
Episcopal
overkill

By LESTER KINSOLVING

It is something of a phenomenon that political pundits such as William Buckley, James Kilpatrick, Smith Hempstone and Carl Rowan have all devoted advisory columns to the nation's 4 million Episcopalians.

Buckley, Kilpatrick and Hempstone, in advising this denomination against adopting an extraordinarily inept revision of its classic Book of Common Prayer, all show evidence that at least they are acquainted with this subject.

By striking contrast, columnist Rowan reveals himself as an almost total innocent about the denomination, in writing a column entitled "GALLING EPISCOPALIAN LOGIC ON WOMEN AND PRIESTHOOD."

To begin with, this headline is inaccurate because the word "Episcopalian" is a noun and not an adjective. But maybe Rowan didn't write the headline.

Midway through this Episcopal column, Mr. Rowan refers to the obligation of bishops to obey archbishops—an extraordinarily difficult requirement since there is in the entire United States not a single Episcopal archbishop (and no obligation to obey any Anglican archbishops overseas). Rowan concludes his column with yet another historic blunder.

"I would cringe no more were I at Salem watching people cursing witches while putting wood around the stakes."

Columnist Rowan may cringe a lot more when he learns that no woman was ever burned at the stake in Salem, Mass.

He may also possibly come to realize that this comparison of today's Episcopal Church with Salem's 17th century witch-executions (by hanging) is rhetorical overkill. So is his implication that today's Episcopal hierarchy is "as discipline-minded as any military command system any Prussian ever devised."

Such a description, when applied to almost any of the nation's Episcopal bishops, amounts to the same kind of hilarious absurdity as confusing ostriches with eagles.

Yet Mr. Rowan goes even further, by writing: "The hierarchy of the Episcopal Church is out to crucify those priests who have done nothing more than give effect to their convictions that women as much as men may claim to be the messengers of God."

The very idea that any of the bishops have "crucifixion" in mind, for such adept public relations men as the Rev. Messrs. William Wendt or Peter Beebe, is the equivalent of confusing Pie Face International with Murder Incorporated.

Mr. Rowan's prose also begs the question as to when he will issue an encyclical dealing with the wicked sexism of non-coed nunneries. For Rowan has ruled that current Episcopal Church law excluding women from the priesthood is "cruel enslavement to prejudices that antedate the Dark Ages."

Even if this overblown premise were granted, the fact remains that the Rev. Messrs. Wendt of Washington and Beebe of Ohio were neither enslaved or even drafted when, quite voluntarily, they swore to God that they would obey Episcopal Church law—this on the day they were ordained.

Rowan describes these two as "Men of Conscience," even though they both have publicly and proudly, violated this oath rather than resigning from this allegedly sexist priesthood (and their salaries).

Maybe Mr. Rowan feels that on the days when these two were ordained and took their vows, they were "Boys of Conscience."

He writes: "I watched the Episcopal Church put the Rev. William Wendt on trial here for permitting a woman to celebrate communion. And I neither wrote or spoke a single word of protest."

But after this momentary good sense expressed in his lead paragraph, Mr. Rowan confesses (finally, after Beebe was also put on trial) "I'm now convinced that what I thought was impossible is really happening."

It is indeed. For this denomination still includes some people—many of whom favor female ordination—who still believe that vows should be taken seriously—even if others like Mr. Rowan feel that this is "absurd business."