

opinion



feedback Amway editorial a sham

To the Editor:

An opinion column in your November 19, 1980, edition contained numerous entirely false comments about Amway Corporation.

Since I have no idea how to contact directly the person using the byline of Karen Prouty, I am asking you to correct the many errors she made. Perhaps printing my letter would be the simplest way to set the record straight for your readers.

First, there is no requirement in Amway that any of the more than 750,000 independent distributors of our products purchase any specified amount of inventory at any time. Prouty's claim that "You wind up with a contract you signed as a newcomer in the business that obligates you to sell \$100 worth of products that you can't possibly fulfill without taking the money from your own pocket, because if you don't fulfill the contract, your business, the people working under you, and your profit—all go to that friend of your (sic) who showed you the business" is an example of totally distorting the facts. Actually, the penalties Prouty cites are applied against **sponsoring** distributors who violate either of two very specific Amway rules against overloading those they sponsor with inventory they cannot sell. To prevent such "inventory overloading,"

Amway requires the sponsoring distributor to buy back any unused, marketable products or literature remaining when a distributor leaves the business. If a sponsor fails to repurchase such materials, he or she can be subject to the penalties Prouty listed. The rules also specify clearly that if no sponsoring distributor will repurchase such leftover inventory, Amway Corporation itself will do so. In fact, the corporation provides and fulfills an absolute money-back guarantee on any of the more than 300 Amway products plus more than 2,000 brand-name goods sold through our Personal Shoppers Catalog Service.

Second, the initial investment buys far more than that Prouty described only as "a lousy blank chalkboard, a couple of pieces of fancy chalk, and an empty notebook." In fact, the Amway Sales Kit (which sells for about \$20) contains all the product literature, forms and information needed to start your own Amway business. An optional Product Kit offers ten of Amway's most popular items which are easily demonstrated and sold.

Third, Amway simply does not "seduce newcomers into the business" or try "Exploiting, among other things, Christianity and a Positive Attitude."

The writer also contends falsely that somehow newcomers to Amway are sub-

jected to "a brainwashing process" and chooses to illustrate her erroneous claim by describing some type of event where thousands chant "Yes, We Believe" or "Amway or No Way." During my career with Amway, I have seen many distributor events (including some attended by thousands of persons) but not once have I heard anyone using the chants Prouty refers to so confidently.

This writer's false vision of what Amway is and does climaxes with the outrageous falsehood that "Amway people have a CULT that tears people away from their family and friends who can't 'See the Light' of 'Amway or No Way'." Nearly 75 percent of all Amway distributors are operated by husband and wife partnerships. Most of these involve the family's children actively as well. Anyone familiar at all with Amway could list many cases where parents, children, grandparents and even aunts and uncles all operate their own independent Amway distributorships.

My letter would run far too long if I were to cover in detail each error of fact and perception that appears in Prouty's article. This covers only some of the most glaring distortions that were printed in your newspaper.

Sincerely,
Casey Wondergem
Corporate Public Relations Officer

With a bat

Beating the post-Christmas blues

By Mike Rose

Of The Print

Mobs of people with a crazed look in their eyes. Blaring at the decimal of a 747, "Silver Bells," "Silent Night" and "Frosty the Snowman Had a Very Shiny Nose" or whatever. Kids bawling and shoppers swearing. Shell-shocked store clerks trying to be pleasant. "Merry Christmas," they say through tightly clenched teeth. It's sort of like stuffing a tiny cage full of rats.

Christmas shopping, just one of the joys of the holiday season. Alas, it's all over. The relatives have left and, with some luck, won't be back until next year. Gifts have been returned for cash. Maybe you broke even in terms of the money you coughed up for gifts. The odds are, you didn't.

You'll need the money for some new car floor-mats. The inside of the car has had a sour stink ever since New Year's Eve. No amount of washing and scrubbing can completely get rid of the lovely aroma of clam dip, beer and vomit. Drinking and driving don't mix.

Another nauseous matter is the annual invasion of obnoxious relatives. Aunt Lenore tells the funny story that she tells every year. The one about how she caught you and so and so behind the garage having a pissing contest when you were 8 years old. Everyone has a good laugh. Even your girlfriend. You fondle the fireplace poker and fantasize

about brutal murder. Be patient, you tell yourself. She's just a sweet old lady. It's very possible that she'll kick the bucket before this time next year. All you can do is hope.

At dinner you can expect the usual holiday fare, compressed sawdust fruitcakes with epoxy fruit. Pumpkin pie that's actually made from squash. Of course, there's turkey; and of course there will be turkey leftovers for days: turkey soup, turkey salad, turkey casserole, turkey tacos, turkey surprise. The list is endless and revolting.

Look what the tide washed up. My favorite, canned cranberry sauce, the kind that doesn't have any whole cranberries at all. It slides out of the can in a big glop and quivers like a salted slug. Incidentally, this type of cranberry sauce was spawned from early genetic experiments with sewage sludge. It was originally intended to be used against the Germans and Japanese during World War II. Today, most of it is bred in an abandoned salt mine in Utah and is gathered by lobotomized criminals.

Taking down the Christmas tree and tossing it in the trash can be a sad occasion. Have you ever tried burning it? Wait until the tree is good and dry and then touch a match to it. Poof! It's great. It's like having July fourth early! The kids will love it.

Feedback

Thanks to all

To the Editor:

I wish to extend my sincere thanks to the students of Clackamas Community College for your efforts on my behalf in the campaign for Clackamas County Commissioner. Republicans, Democrats, and In-

dependents rallied to my support.

Meeting the thousands of people in our County, and especially at your College, has provided me not only with more insight and a greater understanding of the problems you face, but also with a personal dedication to the future.

Bev Henderson

staff

THE PRINT, a member of the Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association, aims to be a fair and impartial journalistic medium covering the campus community as thoroughly as possible. Opinions expressed in THE PRINT do not necessarily reflect those of the College administration, faculty, Associated Student Government or other staff members of THE PRINT.

office: Trailer B; telephone: 657-8400, ext. 309 or 310
editor: Thomas A. Rhodes
assignment editor: Matt Johnson; news editor: J. Dana Haynes
arts editor: R.W. Greene; feature editor: Steve Lee
sports editor: Rick Obritschkewitsch
photo editor: Duffy Coffman
staff writers: Linda Cabrera, Edward M. Coyne, Amy DeVour, Tamara Isackson, Tom Jeffries, Mike Rose, Susy Ryan
staff photographers: Brenda Feltman, Ramona Isackson, Sue Hanneman
typesetter: Kathy Walmsley; graphics: Lynn Griffith
cartoonist: J. Dana Haynes
advertising and business: Dan Champie
adviser: Suzie Boss

