



The Battle of the Water-Logged Tank

with Bob Quinn, the Water Doctor

If you think a water-logged tank is something that fell off a supply ship and had to be abandoned before it reached the beaches of Normandy in World War II, this column is for you!

In a properly functioning well water system your pump works in partnership with the pressure tank. As water is drawn off from your system, the pressure in your tank drops below a preset level and signals the pressure switch to activate the pump.

In fact, the pressure tank allows for the use of small quantities of water without starting up the pump every time you turn on a faucet. A normal pump comes on at 40 lbs. and shuts off when the pressure reaches 60 lbs. with a cycle time of a minimum of one full minute.

If your pump cycles faster than this, the well doctor's diagnosis is likely to be a "water-logged tank." Not only is the constant cycling wearing out your pump, but the extra power cost can add substantially to your energy bills. Best advice: have your system examined by a qualified technician.

Water is a geological cocktail so **DRINK MORE WATER!**



Did You Know...

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Bob Quinn is the owner of **Quinn's Well, Pump and Water Filtration** located at 6811 Williams Hwy. We install, maintain and repair complete water pumping systems, and we offer a complete line of water filtration equipment. Contact our professional staff by phone, e-mail, or visit our office. quinnsowell.com CCB #192047

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TALL TALES FROM THE EDITOR

Family tales or Biting ankles

This past spring I flew out to Arkansas to visit some family who live around the little burg of Shirley.

My trip there took a day longer than planned as my flight from San Francisco was delayed by five hours. I bet you can't guess why we suffered through this long delay. Actually, you couldn't guess in a million years. Really. Well, the reason was that the flight attendant had discovered a broken megaphone. FAA rules state that a plane can't fly without a working megaphone. How else could the flight attendant announce "Cover your heads" to all passengers as their lips are pulled over their foreheads while the plane drops from 30,000 feet to 1,000 feet in a few seconds as it nosedives into the ground. Or she might announce "No pushing from the back of the line. You'll all get your chance to jump before ..." or "Drop those box cutters now." Anyway, it took five hours to locate a working megaphone, so I missed connecting flights. Thus continued another adventure in flying and communing with the ever so diligent, orifice-probing Transportation Security Administration (TSA) folks. (Did you know that the TSA is the largest government bureaucracy since the creation of the defense department?)

A couple of days after my arrival in Arkansas, my sister Paula drove me and my parents, who are approaching their mid-80s, to Crossville, Tennessee. We traveled there to see my dad's sister, Aunt Joan, and two of my cousins, Steve and Rick Porter. I hadn't seen any of them in a few decades.

We had a wonderful two-day visit filled with family stories. Steve and I reminisced about our glory days in the Hand-Me-Downs rock band. This was my first rock band and Steve had been the original lead singer. Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones had to have copied Steve's stage moves.

There were many other family tales from way before my time—about speakeasies; whiskey-running; all-night

partying in 1920s Chicago (incidentally, the mayor of Chicago attended a cousin's wedding in 1949). Whiskey, Chicago and politics—this was some interesting stuff.

Then there was great-grandma Hendricks, a Nazarene preacher, riding around on a mule and proselytizing in the back hills of Kentucky. Maybe she was trying to make up for all the above-mentioned Chicago shenanigans.

The tales continued into the 1930s and the Great Depression, when the family ate lots of navy beans. I was also told about killer blizzards that blew snow through the cracks in the house, followed by mummifying summer droughts in Nelson, Nebraska, where my father's family lived.

In the 1940s, my Aunt Joan was a dance instructor for the Fred Astaire Dance Studio in Indianapolis, Indiana. Apparently my father didn't have the dancing gene (it skipped me, too), because my mother had to ask him out twice to high school dances before he accepted. Lucky me!

While we were reminiscing, my father confessed that he'd always wanted to be a train engineer, especially on the old steamers.

Our talks about trains and politics brought us to the current depression that we're in. All were in agreement that it really is a depression, no matter what the talking heads dribble on about.

Of course, not everyone has suffered in this latest depression. I recently read that for every 90 cents us bottom-feeders on the money train earn, the top .01 percent pocket a cool \$18,000.

From 1950 to 1970, that top .01 percent only pocketed a measly \$162 to every 90 cents us bottom-feeders made.

When's the last time you read about a corporation sending a corporation to death row?

Are the Robber Baron days back or what? Oh, Jay Gould (1836 to 1892) would be as proud today as when he put the screws to everyone with his Union Pacific Railroad in the last half of the 1800s, along with his other railroad cronies. Jay Gould is the man who set the high bar for predatory industrial capitalism. Railroad, coal companies and steel companies ran the country. They handpicked who was going to be president—they couldn't lose with either side of our one-party system. They even controlled the Supreme Court—the court never ruled against them for many decades.

One of their chosen ones, President Rutherford B. Hayes, wrote in his post-presidential diary about America, "It is a government by the corporation, of the corporation and for the corporation." I think we're on the same road today. Why? We have a supreme court that says you can't curb the amount of money that's donated for political races—it's a First Amendment right. Mega corporations and unions love this ruling.

The court also has ruled that corporations are the same as people. You bet. When's the last time you read about a court sending a corporation to death row? Or sentencing a corporation to life in prison?

So while we clamor up and down the right or left leg of the one-party system—for abortion, against abortion; for prayer in school, against prayer in school; cut capital gains tax, leave capital gains tax—these types of issues don't create jobs, don't put money in your pocket and do not have any bearing on your financial future. But they do keep us from issues such as the "parting out" of America, downsizing the American dream, and a tax on most everything you do, need or pursue.

So while we've been biting each other on the ankles over these social/moral issues, Wall Street and the likes have cleaned out our bank vaults.



The Editor, J.D. Rogers
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